FROM DON BRITT

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER FROM Nov. 19, 1945 9/10

3 Ships

1. Oryoku Maru – CHET
2. Enoura Maru
3. Brazil Maru

Phases – as set down by War Dept.

I 13 Dec – Olongapo Tennis Court (Incl)

II San Fernando, Pam. – 27 Dec

III Enoura Maru – 13 Jan
(1 Jan)

IV Brazil Maru – Moji, Japan
(13 Jan) 31 Jan

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

1,300 Americans Died in 49-Day Trip

Starving Prisoners Suffocated in Dark, Crowded Holds

THIS is the story of the cruise of death. Forty-nine days of savagery and tragedy unequaled in the wdr in the Pacific. A Jap-made hell from which 300 Americans out of 1,600 emerged alive.

Survivors were interviewed in prison camps in Japan, on hospital ships and bases in the Pacific.

It is the story of a torturous journey on prison ships from Manila to southern Japan during which men died from Jap bullets, American bombs, suffocation, disease, starvation and murder. Some went insane.

An official record cannot be prepared for weeks. Reliable lists of living and dead are unobtainable at present.

In spelling names some phonetic methods had to be used because of the uncertainty of the survivors. Otherwise its accuracy is undoubted.

By GEORGE WELLER

THIN from nearly three years' confinement, guarded by bayoneted Japanese, a column of American prisoners numbering somewhere above 1,600 men shuffled in ranks of four through Manila's dusty streets on the morning of December 13, 1944, on their way from Bilibid prison to what in prewar days had been known as "the million dollar pier."

They shuffled rather than marched because the sun was hot and many of them were ill. The ragged street boys of Manila made them furtive "V-for-Victory" signs. In the lace curtained parlors of the poor Philippine homes the cheap radios were turned on full blast as they approached, then turned down after they left; an indirect salute of the underground.

Nearly all the prisoners were veterans of General Jonathan M. Wainwright's defense of Bataan, Corregidor and Mindanao. Touching reference to the then unknown fate of these men was made by General Wainwright in his own story of four years in Jap prisons published serially in The Evening Bulletin. About half were officers. They represented 90 per cent of the field, staff and medical officers who had sustained the defense of the Philippines for six months totally without help from the United States.

The officers ranked from Navy commanders and lieutenant colonels of the Army and Marines down through lieutenants and ensigns. Some were civilians who had been commissioned hastily after Japan struck south. Others were civilians who had helped in the defense of Bataan and Corregidor without ever having formally entered the armed forces. There were also 37 British prisoners.

The 1,600 prisoners (the exact number is given by various survivors as 1,615, 1,619 and 1,635) marched slowly through Manila not only because of heat and illness, but because rumor had already spread that they were being sent to Japan. If true, this report meant that their long-sustained hope of being rescued and freed by MacArthur's forces was ended. [Editor's note: MacArthur landed on Leyte, Philippine Islands on October 20, 1944.]

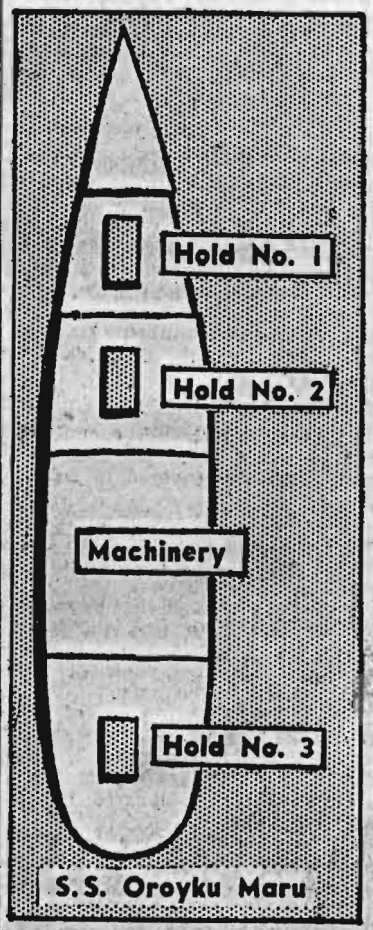
The prisoners anticipated that their journey by sea to Japan might take as much as a week or ten days. Had they realized what lay ahead of them—that some would die of suffocation before even the next dawn—many undoubtedly would have chosen immediate death on the bayonets of the Japanese guards who flanked them.

Tragic Journey Lasted 7 Weeks

Many of the prisoners were survivors of the death march from Bataan to Camp O'Donnell, where the wilful denial of water and food by the Japanese cost the lives of hundreds of Americans. These men, including everything from highly trained West Point and Annapolis graduates to hastily enregistered missionary chaplains, had no inkling that they were setting forth

(Continued on Page Ten, Column One)

Three Holds



Position of prison chambers of the death ship is shown

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Heroes of Bataan Died from Lack of Air Beneath Freighter's Decks

(Continued from the First Page)

on a journey no less cruel and far more extended than the death march to Camp O'Donnell, a trip which for deliberate butchery and needless sacrifice would take its place with the Alamo and the Boston massacre.

Instead of lasting ten days, as the prisoners expected, their journey to Japan would last seven weeks. Instead of going the whole distance on the ship waiting for them at the million dollar pier, the prisoners would use four ships, besides motor trucks, railroad freight cars and their own naked feet. And instead of arriving in Japan with 1,600 survivors, they would reach there with slightly over 400 still alive, most of whom would be so far sunken that more than a hundred would die soon after being turned over to prison authorities ashore.

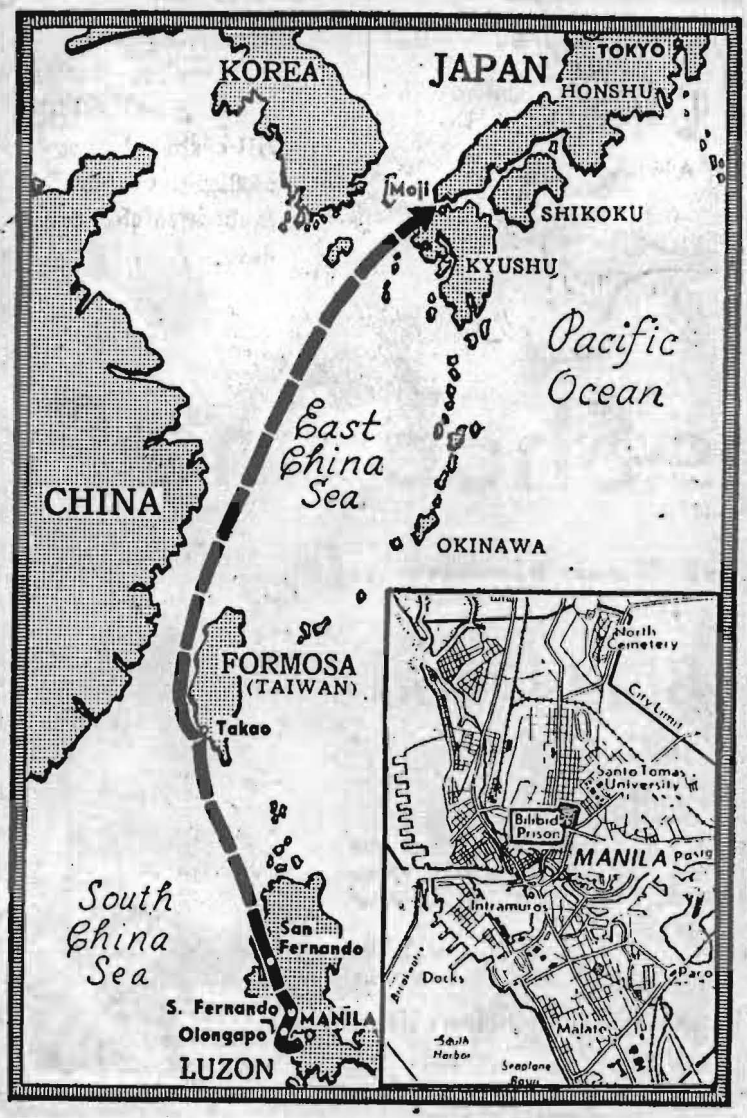
About 1,880 prisoners were crammed into Bilibid military prison in downtown Manila when the Japanese, who saw the MacArthur pincer closing around them, decided to move them to Japan. Many, like Commander Warner Portz, sharp-nosed, kindly former senior officer of the Davao prison camp, and Lieutenant Colonel Kenneth S. Olson who had been commandant there, had been moved northward to Manila on June 6, leaving in Mindanao a residue of 175 officers of junior grade and about 600 enlisted men in the camps at Davao and nearby Lasang. The fate of these men is only partly known today, and the reported finding of large caches of American skeletons in Mindanao leaves it still unclarified.

The prisoners were thin and weak. Their sustaining dish in Bilibid was lugau. Lugau is watered rice made into a thin, gluey substance. So unnourishing is lugau that many prisoners descending from the second floor of the Bilibid prison for their morning dishful on the ground floor found themselves still too weak to climb the stairs to their pallets again. They would remain in the prison yard to await the evening bowlful in order to husband their strength for the evening ascent of the single flight of stairs.

Against this liability of their own weakness the column of prisoners had an asset: a dedicated group of doctors, both army and navy, poor in medicine but rich in spirit. In one of the camps—Cabanatuan—there had existed a group of irresponsible men who lived in part by manufacturing spurious sulfathiozole tablets, stamped with a mold made from a cartridge, and selling them to the Japanese guards. But the Bilibid doctors were superior. From May 30, 1942, three weeks after the fall of Corregidor, to October, 1943, the naval medical unit at Bilibid had been under Commander L. B. Sartin, of Mississippi, who was then succeeded by Commander Thomas H. Hayes of Norfolk. Hayes was marching through the Manila streets now with the column, marching toward the death that was waiting for him in Formosa.

The Japanese had made plans for evacuating the Americans sooner, but Manila was under almost constant air bombardment. They had not dared to bring in ships of large enough tonnage to carry so many men. From the upper levels of Bilibid the Americans had watched the

Route of Death Cruise



Map traces the 49 days of horror aboard Jap hell ship when some 1,600 American prisoners were transferred from Manila in the Philippines to Kyushu, southern Japanese isle

American air attacks stopped suddenly on November 28, giving the Japanese their chance to sneak their freighters into Manila. As with dragging feet the prisoners marched their last miles on American soil, they feared that for them MacArthur would come too late.

Stragglers Clubbed by Japs

The Japanese had divided them into three groups. Group one, which numbered about 500 superior officers, included ranks from navy commander and army or marine lieutenant colonel down through major and navy senior lieutenant. Group two had a few majors, all the rest of the junior officers, and some navy medical corpsmen attached to their respective doctors, and numbered about 600. Group three included all non-commissioned officers and enlisted men, a few medical officers, about 50 American civilians and 37 British prisoners. This last group, comprising some 520 men, was in charge of chief boatswain Clarence Taylor, of Cloverdale, Va., and Long Beach, Cal., who had been executive of the naval receiving station at Cavite. In marching toward the

small ration of soap and some toilet paper.

Sympathetic Filipinos were often rapped back by rifle butts for getting too close to the prisoners. The column reached the million dollar pier about 2 P. M. The pier was crowded with Japanese civilians by hundreds, all well dressed, with wives, babies, luggage and often large casks of sugar to take with them. At the pier was the Oroyku Maru, a passenger and freight ship of 9-10,000 tons, built in Nagasaki in 1939.

On hand to supervise the prisoners were several Japanese whom the prisoners knew. There was General Koa, who was in charge of all prisoners in the Philippines, and also Lt. N. Nogi, director of the Bilibid Hospital, a former Seattle physician who in general had been kind to Americans. The prisoners mounted by single file the gangplank to the ship. The Japanese sentries all had narugis or clubs. The Americans were already showing signs of straggling from weakness and frequently had to be touched up with a blow of the

highest ranking officers before the others. It was this circumstance which was to make the death toll the heaviest the first night among the top officers, men who had commanded regiments and battalions in the hopeless struggle for Bataan and Corregidor. The afthold's hatch was cut off from free circulation of air by bulkheads fore and aft of it. A long slanting wooden staircase extended some 35 feet down through the hatch, down which the prisoners weakly crept.

Officers Beaten with Brooms

When the first officers reached the bottom of the ladder they were met by a Sergeant Dau, well-known at Davao, who wore a sword and had several privates under him armed with brooms. Dau used the sword to direct the privates, and the privates used their brooms to beat the American officers back as far as possible into the dim bays of the hold.

"We had to scamper back in there," one officer describes it, "or get a crack from the brooms or Dau's sword. There was a platform about five feet high built over the hatch above, and so the little light that came down in mid-afternoon was deflected. Long before the hold was filled the air was foul and breathing was difficult. But the Japanese kept driving more men down the ladder from the deck, and Dau and his men kept pushing the firstcomers farther back into the airless dark."

This hold's dimensions none of the prisoners could then estimate, because it was already too dark, at 3 in the afternoon, to see its limits. The loading alone in this hold took one and a half hours. The first officers who had descended were sitting down in bays, a double tier system of wooden stalls something like a Pullman car. The lower bays were three feet high. A man could neither stand up nor extend his legs sitting down in them.

Each bay was about nine feet from the passageway to rear wall. The Japanese insisted that the Americans could sit in rows four deep, each man's back against his neighbor's knees, in this nine feet depth. The elder officers who were forced back in the rear almost immediately began to faint. Instead of making more space in the center under the fading light of the hatch, the Japanese insisted that the men in the center should not even sit down, but should be left standing, packed together vertically.

When the Japanese on deck looked down through the hatch they saw a pit of living men, staring upward, their chests and shoulders heaving as they struggled for air and wriggled for better space. "The first fights," says one officer, "began when men began to pass out. We knew then that only the front men in each bay would be able to get enough air."

TOMORROW: How Heroes of Bataan and Corregidor Were Herded Into Dark Hold of the Japanese Hell Ship.

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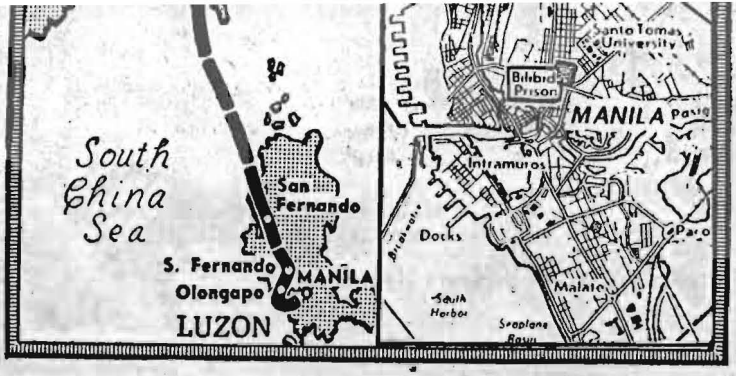
The Japanese had made plans for evacuating the Americans sooner, but Manila was under almost constant air bombardment. They had not dared to bring in ships of large enough tonnage to carry so many men. From the upper levels of Bilibid the Americans had watched the American carrier planes dive-bombing the harbor. Their hopes rose that the American dive bombers would be able to keep the harbor clear of shipping long enough so that the Japanese would not attempt to evacuate them.

For some reason, however, the



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TOMORROW: How Heroes of Bataan and Corregidor Were Herded Into Dark Hold of the Japanese Hell Ship.

Day-by-Day Gist of Death Cruise

December 13, 1944—Approximately 1,615 American officers and men (less 37 British), defenders of the Philippines captured in 1942, march out of Bilibid prison and sail from Manila aboard S. S. Oroyku Maru.

December 15, 1944—Oroyku Maru arrives off Olongapo Point near Subic naval base with approximately 100 prisoners suffocated aboard. Ship is sunk by American bombing with death of about 200 more prisoners.

December 15 to 21—About 1,300 surviving prisoners camp on Olongapo tennis court in open under Japanese guns.

December 21 and 22—Prisoners are taken by truck to San Fernando Pampanga and lodged in jail and theater.

December 24—Prisoners are taken in railroad boxcars to San Fernando del Union in Lingayen Gulf.

December 26—Prisoners are embarked aboard two freighters, "No. 1" and "No. 2" for Formosa.

January 1, 1945—Prisoners arrive at Takau, Formosa, and are subsequently reunited on "No. 2." Thirty-seven British are debarked to be sent to their Formosan prison camps.

January 6—Prisoners are again bombed by American planes with loss of about 350 more lives. Japanese refuse permission to remove bodies of dead from ship's hold.

January 8—Japanese give permission for American bodies to be removed.

January 8 to 10—American bodies are taken ashore and cremated.

January 15—Survivors numbering about 900 are transferred to another freighter and sail for Japan.

January 30—Freighter arrives at Moji, Kyushu with approximately 435 prisoners alive.

February—Approximately 120 more prisoners die of effects of death cruise. Of 1,615 who left Manila about 300 prisoners survive to be liberated in camps in Manchuria and Kyushu in September.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Men in 3 Foul Pits, Dying, Cry for Air

Hatches Closed When Americans Appeal For Mercy

GEORGE Weller continues his dramatic story "Death Cruise on Hell Ship," which reveals Jap brutality unequaled in the Pacific war. Of some 1,600 American prisoners taken from Manila to southern Japan, approximately 300 survived the ordeal. Their stories were obtained by Weller in prison camps, rest camps, hospital ships and at American bases in the Pacific.

By GEORGE WELLER

On December 13, 1944, the Japs began herding some 1,600 Americans, already weak and ill from nearly three years in Philippine prison camps, into the holds of the hell ship Oroyku Maru in Manila.

The men were to be taken to Japan, a trip they expected to last ten days. It took seven weeks of fantastic suffering, of madness, starvation and of death that came quickly to the lucky ones.

On that December afternoon 800 men, including most of the higher-ranking officers, had been jammed into the dark, airless, foul-smelling after hold. These men already were face to face with death and the battle for survival.

Meanwhile, the Japanese were herding about 600 others forward to the bow hold. The air here, too, was foul. Finally, the last party to board, approximately 250 enlisted men and civilians, got the only fully ventilated hold of the Oroyku Maru, the second hold forward.

About 5 o'clock the Oroyku Maru cast off, and headed down the bay. Now the prisoners discovered into whose hands their lives had been committed. Their guards were mixed, some Japanese but mostly Formosans, or as they were taught to call them, "taiwanis." The whole party was in charge of Lieutenant Toshino, a Japanese officer of somewhat western and Prussian aspect, with short clipped hair, spectacles and a severe manner.

Though Lieutenant Toshino was nominally in command, the real control fell, as it often did in Philippine prisons, in the hands of the interpreter. In the prisons of Luzon and Mindanao, as everywhere from Japan to Java, the treatment depended on the interpreter more than on the commanding officer. Toshino left as much as possible to the interpreter, and his interpreter was a Japanese no survivor will ever forget.

Gave His Life

Commander
FRANK J. BRIDGET, USN

Tried to keep struggling fellow prisoners in order. He died later of starvation and Jap beatings

Hunchback Jap Chief Torturer

Mr. Wada was a hunchback. He hated the straightbacked world with a cripple's hatred, and all his hatred had turned itself on the Americans. He had been an interpreter at Mindanao, and already laid up for himself an unusual record as spy and stool pigeon. The blood of the Americans who were to die needlessly between Manila and Moji is on the hands of all the Japanese into whose care they were committed. But if you believe what the survivors say, the man whose hands are most ineradicably smeared is Mr. Wada. (There was something about him that made him always be called "Mr." Wada.

The Oroyku Maru, as it moved down the harbor, became part of

(Continued on Page 21, Column Three)

CITY MAN SURVIVED HELL SHIP ORDEAL

But his Navy Friend from Philadelphia Died in Airless Hold

George Weller's tragic narrative, "Death Cruise on a Hell Ship," which started serial publication in The Bulletin yesterday, holds more than passing interest for one Philadelphian.

He is Chief Pharmacist's Mate Alfred Staples Hagstrom, 1720 Spring Garden st., now attached to the Naval Hospital here. He is one of the 300 Americans out of 1,600 prisoners aboard the Japanese ship Oroyku Maru who survived the terrible voyage from the Philippines to Japan, as described in Weller's tale.

He saw the second atom ball fall on Nagasaki. That is, he saw the enormous, mushrooming ball of fire and smoke that went up from it and later, saw the indescribable effects.

He speaks with sorrow of another Philadelphian, Pharmacist's Mate 2d class Luther Carl Compton, who died that first terrible night in the after hold of the Oroyku, smothered to death. Most of the men sent into that hold and packed in so tightly they could get no air were high-ranking officers. Compton was sent along to look after them, most of them being ill or wounded. Many of them died the first night. Compton's widow now lives and works here.

Was on Corregidor

Hagstrom was attached to the 4th Marines at Shanghai when they were evacuated to the Philippines before Pearl Harbor. He is serving his ninth year in the Navy. They landed at Olongapo in the Subic Bay region and almost at once became engaged with the Japs. He went all through the tragedy of Bataan, was among those who got away to Corregidor and was taken

Was on Hell Ship

CPO ALFRED S. HAGSTROM

prisoner when General Wainwright had to surrender. For two years before MacArthur landed in Leyte he was a prisoner. Then came the hell ship voyage.

"That's a good name for it—hell ship", Hagstrom says. "There's no use my trying to describe it when George Weller is doing the same thing, only I went through it. For 30 days straight we had nothing to eat, almost nothing to drink. We were naked as we were born in winter weather. You get so you don't miss food much, but the agony of thirst is always with you. I lost 80 pounds, from 180 to 100. I've got most of it back, but it's fatty tissue and some water from wet beriberi.

"At Nagasaki I was put to work in a Jap coal mine. It was so deep that the trip down took half an hour. There wasn't any safety factor. We worked with Korean and Chinese slave labor, as well as Dutch, Australian and English prisoners and Jap miners, too. Nearly every day someone was killed. You would hear the roof timbers begin to creak and if you were fast enough you got away before the rock fall. Not many of us were fast by that time. We had only a few rags for clothes, almost no food. Beatings and clubbing with rifle butts was so common you hardly noticed when someone else was hit.

Saw Nagasaki Ruins

"About a month before the Japs quit, I broke my arm and was taken out of the mine. After we were rescued, on our way to the dock, we were taken through what had been Nagasaki."

"The city just wasn't there," he said. "We knew then what that big ball of fire and smoke that we saw had done. If you had a model town built of wood and went over it with a plumber's blow torch, I imagine you might leave something that would look like Nagasaki.

"The first American I saw was Admiral Richard E. Byrd. He was gathering evidence of Jap atrocities and questioned me at length.

"When I got to the dock, there was the cruiser Mobile, the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. And the biggest thrill any of us got was to see the Stars and Stripes floating over her. Boy, that was a sight! It was so long since any of us had seen The Flag." The way Hagstrom said that, it was all capital letters.

He wears, besides his service ribbons, the Navy and Marine Presidential Citation ribbon, the Army

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Heat, Bad Air Drive So To Knife Their Own

(Continued from the First Page)

a convoy of five merchant ships, protected by a cruiser and several destroyers and lighter craft. They moved without lights, their holds vomiting forth the hoarse shouts of the Americans. Discipline had begun to slip in the struggling pits of the No. 3 and No. 1 holds. As air grew scarcer, the pleas for air grew louder and more raucous. Before long the Japanese threatened to board down the hatch and cut off all air.

As the cries of struggling men persisted, the Japanese lowered down into the complete darkness of the pit a series of wooden buckets filled with fried rice, cabbage and fried seaweed. In the stifling darkness, filled with moans and wild shouts, the buckets were handed around. The officers who had mess-kits scooped in the buckets; the others simply grabbed blindly in the darkness, palming what they could. Some ate, but those in the rear ranks got little.

Fear was already working its way on the bowels and kidneys of the men. Asked for slop buckets, the Japanese sent them down. But these buckets circulated in the utter darkness far less readily than the similar food buckets. A man could not tell what was being passed to him, food or excrement.

Noise Displeases Mr. Wada

Mr. Wada was very dissatisfied with the clamor issuing from the struggling pits of Americans. "You are disturbing the Japanese women and children," he called down from the top of the hatch to Commander Frank Bridget, who was shouting himself hoarse trying to keep order among the suffocating men. "Stop your noise, or the hatches will be closed."

[Editor's note: Commander Bridget was 48 years old, born in Washington, D. C. Had seen 28 years' service in the Navy. Home was in California. Was awarded the Navy Cross and the Silver Star of the Army for heroic service in the Philippines. A Navy aviator.]

The noise of the crazed men could not be stopped and the hatches were closed. That was about 10 o'clock. Then some of the men crept up the ladder and parted the planks slightly, so that a little air could get through. Mr. Wada came again to the edge of the pit. "Unless you are quiet I shall give the guards the order to fire down into the hold." A kind of relative quiet had settled on the hold, the quiet of exhaustion and death. The floor was covered with excrement and urine. Almost all the officers had stripped their bodies, so that the pores would have a chance to breathe what the lungs could not.

Occasionally an American would awaken from a stupor out of his mind. One began calling, around midnight, "Lieutenant Toshino, Lieutenant Toshino!" The others, fearful that the hatch would be closed again, shouted "knife him, knife that s - - b!" Some one said, "Denny, you get him!" There was a movement, a struggle and a

Arms Outstre

American prisoners, crammed reach for light and air as co cesses behind them. Men w darkness and fetid a

had broken out on the horizon at that point where the Japanese cruiser had been.

The Oroyku Maru crept through the mouth of Manila Bay and turned northward in the darkness, hugging closely the Luzon shore so that the remaining vessels in the convoy could protect her. Meantime death strode through the fetid, slippery bays, taking impartially soldiers old and new. Major James Bradley of Shanghai's famous 4th Marines, passed away, Lieutenant Colonel John H. Bennett of the 31st Infantry was suffocated and also Lieutenant Colonel Jasper Brady, of the same outfit. The Army Lieutenant Colonel Norman B. Simmonds, who had the curious record of once

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He wears, besides his service ribbons, the Navy and Marine Presidential Citation ribbon, the Army Distinguished United Citation ribbon, awarded Navy personnel who fought on Bataan and Corregidor with the Army, and the Purple Heart ribbon. Also he treasures a letter from President Truman, sent to returning prisoners of war, welcoming them home and paying tribute to their service.

Hagstrom was married in 1939 to Ruth Lewis, of Hammonton, N. J., then a nurse in West Jersey Hospital, Camden. She became a Navy nurse during the war and now is attached to the Philadelphia General Hospital.

all air.

As the cries of struggling men persisted, the Japanese lowered down into the complete darkness of the pit a series of wooden buckets filled with fried rice, cabbage and fried seaweed. In the stifling darkness, filled with moans and wild shouts, the buckets were handed around. The officers who had messkits scooped in the buckets; the others simply grabbed blindly in the darkness, palming what they could. Some ate, but those in the rear ranks got little.

Fear was already working its way on the bowels and kidneys of the men. Asked for slop buckets, the Japanese sent them down. But these buckets circulated in the utter darkness far less readily than the similar food buckets. A man could not tell what was being passed to him, food or excrement.

Noise Displeases Mr. Wada

Mr. Wada was very dissatisfied with the clamor issuing from the struggling pits of Americans. "You are disturbing the Japanese women and children," he called down from the top of the hatch to Commander Frank Bridget, who was shouting himself hoarse trying to keep order among the suffocating men. "Stop your noise, or the hatches will be closed."

[Editor's note: Commander Bridget was 48 years old, born in Washington, D. C. Had seen 28 years' service in the Navy. Home was in California. Was awarded the Navy Cross and the Silver Star of the Army for heroic service in the Philippines. A Navy aviator.]

The noise of the crazed men could not be stopped and the hatches were closed. That was about 10 o'clock. Then some of the men crept up the ladder and parted the planks slightly, so that a little air could get through. Mr. Wada came again to the edge of the pit. "Unless you are quiet I shall give the guards the order to fire down into the hold." A kind of relative quiet had settled on the hold, the quiet of exhaustion and death. The floor was covered with excrement and urine. Almost all the officers had stripped their bodies, so that the pores would have a chance to breathe what the lungs could not.

Occasionally an American would awaken from a stupor out of his mind. One began calling, around midnight, "Lieutenant Toshino, Lieutenant Toshino!" The others, fearful that the hatch would be closed again, shouted "knife him, knife that s - - b!" Some one said, "Denny, you get him!" There was a movement, a struggle and a scream in the darkness. Then somebody else called: "Get Denny, he did it, get him!" And there was another struggle. Then there was foreboding quiet, all who heard wondering what had happened. Men who owned jackknives unclasped the big blade, prepared to fight if they were attacked.

Yank Subs Attack Convoy

Around midnight the convoy itself ran into difficulties. The American planes were sparing Manila Bay by day, but the submarines were still patroling by night. The night attack, a specialty of the American underseas fleet, was at its high point of the war. Prisoners who crept up the ladder to open the planks for air reported an enormous floating fire

American prisoners, crammed reach for light and air as co cesses behind them. Men w darkness and fetid a

had broken out on the horizon at that point where the Japanese cruiser had been.

The Oroyku Maru crept through the mouth of Manila Bay and turned northward in the darkness, hugging closely the Luzon shore so that the remaining vessels in the convoy could protect her. Meantime death strode through the fetid, slippery bays, taking impartially soldiers old and new. Major James Bradley of Shanghai's famous 4th Marines, passed away, Lieutenant Colonel John H. Bennett of the 31st Infantry was suffocated and also Lieutenant Colonel Jasper Brady, of the same outfit. The Army Lieutenant Colonel Norman B. Simmonds, who had the curious record of once

UISE ON HELL SHIP

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Arms Outstretched, Begging

American prisoners, crammed into hold of Jap prison ship, reach for light and air as comrades suffocate in dark recesses behind them. Men were driven mad by the heat, darkness and fetid air of the three holds

had broken out on the horizon at that point where the Japanese cruiser had been.

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But in the darkness few knew that these men had died. It is even possible that some of them did not actually pass away till the next evening. "Once you passed out, you were gone," as an officer says, "but only those near you could tell that you were dead.

Temperature 130 in Hold

"The temperature down there must have been 130 degrees at least, and it took a long time for a body to grow cold."

Major Howard Cavender, Dollar Line representative in Manila and manager of the Manila Hotel, was among those who succumbed but were not recognized till light came.

There was a tendency on the part of men near the border of madness to get up and wander around, as though to get assurance where they were. "You would meet one of these men. He would seem to talk perfectly normal. But all the time he would keep putting out his hands, placing them on your shoulders in the darkness, running them up and down your arms in the darkness, as though trying to make sure that you and he were alive, and that you both were real. If you stepped away, he would follow you, pawing and trying to put his face close to yours, to make sure you were there."

As the first faint light crept down through the parted planks of the hatches, the men in three holds looked about them. Some men were in a stupor, a few were dead, a few were mad. The first step was to get the insane under control. In the pit of the afthold, which was the worst affected, there were two decks and a bottom hatch, leading into the bilge. The most violent of those who were mad were lowered into this sub-hold.

It was hot. The labored working of hundreds of lungs had expelled moisture which clung to the sides of the bulkheads in great drops. Men tried to scrape off this moisture and drink it. Naked, sitting like galley slaves between each other's legs they looked at their hands. Their fingers seemed long and thin. The ends were wrinkled as though they had been soaked a long time in hot water. But their throats were sandpaper dry. They were in the first stages of weakening through dehydration, aggravated by the loss of body salts, the sparks of energy

TOMORROW — 1,600 Prisoners Fight for Life in the Airless Filthy Pits.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Yank Bombs Hit Sick; No Water to Drink

Crazed Prisoners, Mad with Thirst, Drink Blood; Dead Lie in Piles

CONTINUING his moving story of "Death Cruise," George Weller describes the amazing horrors of the first night and the arrival of the prison ship off Subic Bay carrying 1,600 prisoners from Manila to Southern Japan. Approximately 300 men survived the seven weeks' ordeal. Their stories, gathered in prison camps, rest camps, hospital ships and American bases, make a tale of brutality unequalled in the Pacific war.

By GEORGE WELLER

JAMMED into the airless, filthy pits of hell that were the three holds of the Jap prison ship Oroyku Maru, approximately 1,600 American prisoners fought for life. The heroes of Bataan, Corregidor and the March of Death to Camp O'Donnell were face to face with death again.

Some already had failed. They had suffocated, been slain by their fellows or simply had died of weakness from almost three years in prison camps. Some were insane, all were naked or nearly so, and hungry, thirsty, sick. It was December, 1944, and they were on their way from Manila to Japan.

Already they had spent one night in the black, horror-filled holds.

Dawn came slowly and at first almost no light filtered back into the rear bays, or shelves, where most of the dead lay. Chief Warrant Officer Walter C. Smith, of San Diego, had found himself a tiny shelf beyond the last tiers of the suffocated. "I was jammed all the way up against the rudder," he said. "I could hardly see daylight at first."

Prisoners Fan Air Back

Again the gray-haired, indefatigable Commander Frank Bridget took charge. He had a fighting build, under medium size, about 150 pounds, with a thin face and marked bow legs.

To the few who were not naked—some had kept on their clothes even in the dripping heat as protection against being pawed by the wandering insane men—he said: "Take off all the clothes you can. Don't move around. You use up extra oxygen that way and you sweat more. Use your shorts to fan each other."

He showed them how the little air that came down the hatch could be fanned with easy motions back into the rear bays. Some of the officers in the rear bays, lying in a stupor between suffocation and life, came slowly alive. Others did not stir. The Japanese lowered a little rice, and it was distributed by Warrant Officer Clifford E. Sweet, of the U. S. S. Tanager. Water there was none.

Warrant Officer Smith looked around his tiny post on the vibrating counter of the ship. In a ten-foot circle around him there were five officers. They sat, doubled up and naked, like white-skinned fakirs praying. But they were cold and dead. He wondered particularly what had happened to one big man who had kept walking around all night, stepping indifferently on bodies and followed by a train of curses wherever he went. For a time he had stopped by the rudder and insisted on sitting on Smith's stomach. This vagabond kept getting into fights wherever he roamed in the fetid dark. In the faint light Smith could now see the big man, crumpled on the filthy deck, dead. He recognized another young man whom he knew, went to him, felt his heart and got no answer.

But Bridget was a fountain of hope. He climbed to the top of the ladder into the very muzzle of the Formosan guard. He talked to the

(Continued on Page Eight, Column One)

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Japs Won't Let Yanks Lift Dead Out; First Night of Horror Passes

(Continued from the First Page)

Japanese and persuaded them to allow three or four of the unconscious elder officers to be carried up the ladder and laid out on the deck. None of the dead was allowed to be removed, and as soon as the unconscious men revived they had to go down the ladder again to make way for others. But Lt. Toshino, the Jap in charge of the prisoners, and Mr. Wada, the hunchbacked interpreter, learned what was happening in the pits of the holds.

Yank Submarines Attack

In the growing light, with the unbalanced men out of the way and the dead no longer taking their share of air, and with everyone sitting down and none wandering around, it was possible for the officers to take cognizance of where they were.

"The whole space in the afthold," according to Major John Fowler of Boston and Los Angeles, a 26th Cavalryman taken at Bataan, "looked to me about 100 feet long by about 40 feet wide. There were about 13 bays or little compartments on each side, and two across. Each bay was double, above and below, and the average was about eight feet by 11½ feet."

The Oroyku Maru coasted slowly and uncertainly along the edge of Luzon. In the morning, summoned perhaps by the submarines which had attacked the convoy during the night, the American planes were overhead. Soon they began their attacks.

Bridget, completely cool, sat at the top of the ladder. Like an announcer in a press box, he called the plays. "I can see two planes going for a freighter off on our starboard side," he would say. "Now two more are detached from the formation. I think they may be coming for us. They are! They're diving! Duck, everybody!"

The Japanese gun crews opened fire, and a wild cacaphony of gun dialogue went back and forth. Thump, went the chock as the bombs hit the water. The bulkheads shook. The naked men lay flat on the filth-smeared planks, trembling.

Lt. Col. Elvin Barr, executive of the 60th Coast Artillery on Corregidor, who had fought his guns magnificently until silenced by the crossfire of Japanese artillery and dive-bombing, stumbled up to Fowler. Fowler was on the cargo deck; Barr had been in the well-deck.

"There's a hole knocked in the bulkheads down there," Barr said. He had a wound in his side that ran from armpit to hip. "Between 30 and 40 majors and lieutenant colonels have already died down where I came from," he added. Though neither of them knew it, Barr himself was to die of this wound, disease and neglect before he reached Japan.

Planes Strafe the Ships

Out of bombs but not out of gas or bullets, the planes returned and began to strafe the ships. "It sounded like a riveting machine, running the whole length." These attacks could not sink the ship, but they raised havoc with its gun crews. First one crew was spattered to death, then another. There was nothing wanting about Japanese courage.

An artillery officer says: "They were magnificent. As soon as a crew would be wiped out, another would take its place."

The half darkness that still reigned below decks gave a strange phenomenon. Bridget would announce a dive bomber, "Here comes one now!" And the prisoners would hear the scream of wings. Then, lying flat but with faces turned sideways, they would hear the crunch of the striking bomb. And suddenly the whole side of the bulkheads would be alive with bluish sparks.

The bomb's concussion, causing the plates to scrape together, would throw off the will-o'-the-wisp lights by whose blue glow they could see each other's faces and the dead around them.

Mad Men in Search of Blood

Though the American fliers brought terror to the prisoners, they also brought two gifts—light and air. In the shock and disorder, the hatch planks had become disarrayed. Each party of U. S. Medical Corpsmen, when allowed to take up an officer who had fainted, made use of the confusion to open the planks more. At length Lieutenant Toshino and Mr. Wada gave permission for some of the suffocated to be brought upon deck.

Bridget's cool example, plus air and light, brought an improvement in morale and partial recovery of discipline. The situation was not altogether hopeless. If it grew better, they would live. If it grew worse, and the attacks continued, the Japanese could not send them to Japan, and they would be rescued by MacArthur after all.

Bridget and Commander Warner Portz, who as senior officer was nominally in charge of the whole party, took advantage of the slight lift in hope to order a roll call. Some sobering discoveries were made. The madness induced mainly by lack of air, and partly by lack of water, had caused men to pair off by twos in the night, and go maurauding.

Blood Seeps Through Planks

If they could not have water, they would have blood to drink, and if not blood, then urine. There were slashed wrists. And "Cal" Coolidge, a large, fat former Navy petty officer who had been proprietor of the Luzon bar in Manila, was found choked to death. There had been murder then; the prisoners accepted that, too, with what distaste they could muster, but it seemed a natural part of the whole.

A food detail that was allowed to go up the ladder and forward to the galley reported that a big ship was burning in the convoy, and that the course was turning back toward Subic Bay. The Japanese captain sent word that if they were badly stricken in another attack, he would give Bridget and Commander Portz the word when to bring up the prisoners, which side of the ship they should go over, and how far it was to nearest land. Through Lieutenant Colonel E. Carl Engelhart, the American interpreter, the Japanese sent down this warning: "If anyone other than an officer in charge so much as touches the hatch ladder, he will be instantly shot."

Among the 2,000 Japanese civilians there was terror and confusion. From the forward hold, where Lieutenant Colonel Curtis Beecher, of Chicago, was in charge, the Army physicians Lieutenant Colonel William North and Lieutenant Colonel Jack W. Schwartz, along with several doctors and corpsmen, were summoned on deck to take care of the Japanese wounded. Especially in the afthold blood seeped down through the hatch planks and gave the naked, panting men a spotted appearance.

In the middle hold, where approximately 250 men were under Commander Maurice Joses of Santa Monica, there was enough air to maintain discipline and plenty of room. This group even had resourcefulness enough to keep back the wooden buckets that the Japanese sent down with food. By retaining one each time, they were able to accumulate benjos, or toilet buckets, enough for themselves. By this time, in the other holds, men were using their messkits and their hats for latrines, being denied buckets by the Japanese. Men in Hold 2 who got a peep over their hatch reported seeing "a tall lighthouse" on the shore. "That's Subic," said the Navy men with relief.

Between 3 and 4 in the afternoon the Oroyku Maru edged close to shore. The captain sent down word that he was going to disembark all passengers. The American prisoners would be disembarked, too, as soon

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TOMORROW—After 24 Hours of Horror, Ship Runs Aground; More Bombs From American Airplanes.

Map of First Day's Journey

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Vessel, Hit by Yank Bombs, Catches Fire off Subic

Thirty Prisoners Die Swimming Ashore; Dead Pile Up

CONTINUING his story, "Death Cruise on Hell Ship," George Weller today describes the adventures of the American prisoners bound for Japan as they approached Subic Bay. Of 1,600 men who started from Manila in December, 1944, only 300 survived. Veterans of Bataan and Corregidor, they had spent two years in Bilibid prison, Manila. At this time the United States was chasing the Japs in the Philippines, MacArthur having landed on Leyte, October 20 and B-29s were bombing the Japanese homeland.

By GEORGE WELLER

BATTERED by Yank planes, the Jap hell ship Oroyku Maru, her three airless, stinking holds jammed with some 1,600 American prisoners, was aground off Olongapo point on the island of Luzon.

It was December, 1944, and the prisoners, heroes of Bataan and Corregidor, were on their way from Bilibid prison in Manila to Japan. Already they had spent more than 24 hours in the holds and many had died of heat, lack of air or at the hands of men driven insane. They were hungry, thirsty, fouled by their own filth.

With the ship aground the ban on going on deck was strictly enforced.

For the next three or four hours, until well beyond sunset and fall of gloom into the holds, there was a scraping of chains and spitting of winches as the captain strove to free the Oroyku Maru. Again the discipline began to crack.

About 8 P. M. the Oroyku floated free once more, moved in toward the American naval base at Olongapo, and about 10 began to discharge her Japanese passengers. Now the Japanese, knowing the conditions in the prisoners' holds by the number of dead already stacked on the decks, were fearful that a break for shore would take place. Below decks the sane prisoners were almost equally fearful that the unbalanced would unite against them and rush the ladder. They posted guards there.

16 Chaplains in 3 Holds

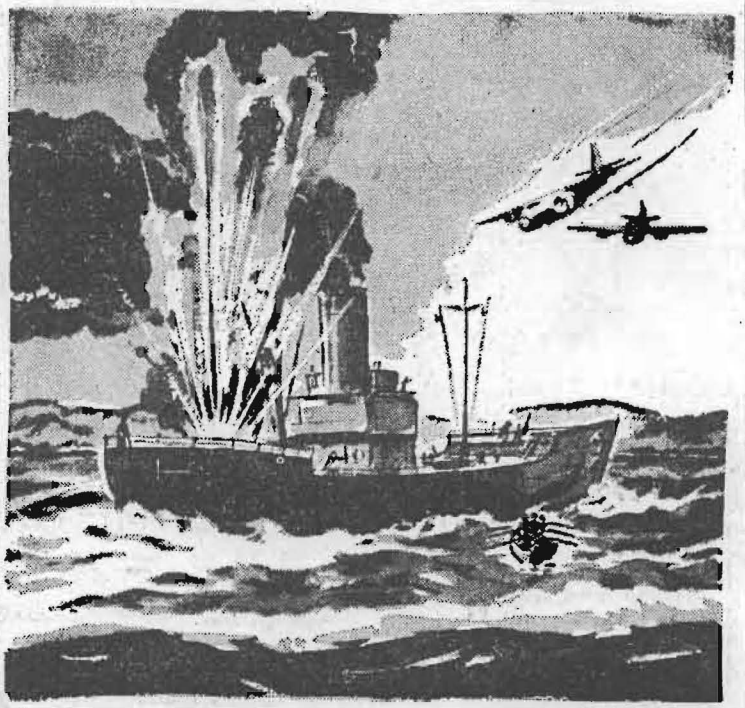
There were approximately 16 chaplains in the three holds and most of them had Bibles or breviaries. A few other men had prayer books or religious works. Some read them aloud. A Navy Lieutenant O'Rourke who had been on the Chinese river patrol took out his prayer book and read a few words to those around him in the cargo hold in the stern.

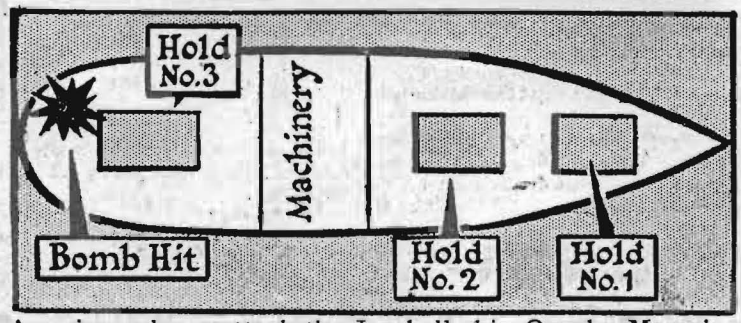
Suddenly he stopped and began tearing pages out of the book and scattering them around. Then without warning he made a dash for the vertical iron ladder which supplemented the wooden stairs and began to climb up. A big chief boatswain, Jesse Earl Lee, of San Diego, pulled him down before the guard above could draw a bead on him. They tied him to the ladder until he quieted down.

Commander Frank Bridget never left his post on the wooden ladder. His voice was hoarse, now, from continual shouting. He was relieved

(Continued on Page Eighteen, Column Two)

Added Terror and Death





American planes attack the Jap hell ship Oroyku Maru in Subic Bay, Luzon. Many of the Yank prisoners in the aft hold were killed or injured. Sketch at bottom shows positions of the three holds in which the Americans were held, and where the bomb hit

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Japs Let Men Leave Ship Only in Groups of 25

(Continued from the First Page)

occasionally by an officer of the 4th Marines, Major Andrew J. Mathiesen, of Los Angeles. Mathiesen had a cool smile that never came off; even in the darkness, hearing his unruffled voice, the prisoners imagined that they could see that smile. "Not going to Japan, boys," he would say. Still right off old Subic. Not going to Japan."

"For God's sake, boys," Bridget would rasp, "keep fanning. Don't leave your place. Every move you make generates heat. There are men in the back bays who are going to die unless you sit still and keep fanning."

Some obeyed Bridget and Mathiesen, but not all. Some could hear, or imagined they heard, men plotting against them in the darkness. They unclasped their knives. Chief Pharmacist's Mate D. A. Hensen worked his way across through the foul and steaming aisles to a little cluster of chief warrant officers.

"Look," he said, "I've lost my nerve. The fellows over in my bay are plotting against me. They are going to kill me." His friends allowed him to stay until he felt better, told him he was talking nonsense and that he must follow the general order and go back to his bay.

In an hour he was back again, full of the same fear of death. Again they told him it was a hallucination, and sent him back. In the morning he was found dead, his belly slit open.

After Oroyku dropped anchor almost no air came down the hatches, which were about 14 by 14 feet. There were no ventilators; animals could not have been shipped under such conditions and lived. Besides thirst and lack of air, the prisoners were suffering from crowd poisoning. Crowd poisoning takes two common forms — the body may burst out in excessive heat, causing a swoon, or it may turn to a cold sweat, with dizziness and vomiting.

In the last hours of darkness of the second night the Japanese sent down a new word to Commander Portz, the leader of the Americans, and the three commanders of the different holds.. In the aft hold Bridget announced it: "Good news, boys! We're going to be put ashore here. The Japanese civilians who are still alive have all been put ashore, and our turn is next."

100 Had Already Died

What had happened was that the Oroyku Maru's steering gear had been broken by the persistent strafing, and she had become unmanageable. But the Japanese did not forget to make special stipulations before releasing the Americans from the ship where nearly a hundred had already died. The prisoners might take their pants and shirts, but they could not take their haversacks, except for messkit and canteen. And they were to wear no shoes; the Japanese were sure that barefooted Americans could not go far if they attempted to escape. Mr. Wada, the Jap interpreter, stopped at the middle hold and told Commander Maurice Joses to instruct the men there to leave the ship in 25-man groups.

The Oroyku Maru was almost planes dived and dropped their bombs, small ones. The Oroyku Maru began to list. She still had four lifeboats swinging at her davits on her starboard side. But the list was to port, and she was so far heeled over that the lifeboats, if released would have bottomed on her deck, rather than in the water.

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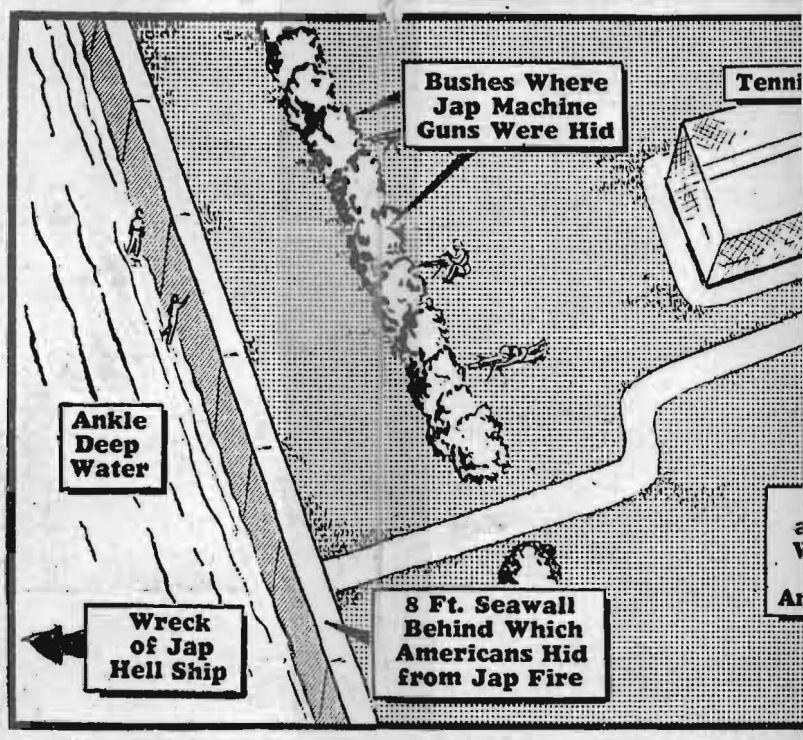

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leave your place. Every move you make generates heat. There are men in the back bays who are going to die unless you sit still and keep fanning."

Some obeyed Bridget and Mathiesen, but not all. Some could hear, or imagined they heard, men plotting against them in the darkness. They unclasped their knives. Chief Pharmacist's Mate D. A. Hensen worked his way across through the foul and steaming aisles to a little cluster of chief warrant officers.

"Look," he said, "I've lost my nerve. The fellows over in my bay are plotting against me. They are going to kill me." His friends allowed him to stay until he felt better, told him he was talking nonsense and that he must follow the general order and go back to his bay.

In an hour he was back again, full of the same fear of death. Again they told him it was a hallucination, and sent him back. In the morning he was found dead, his belly slit open.

After Oroyku dropped anchor almost no air came down the hatches, which were about 14 by 14 feet. There were no ventilators; animals could not have been shipped under such conditions and lived. Besides thirst and lack of air, the prisoners were suffering from crowd poisoning. Crowd poisoning takes two common forms — the body may burst out in excessive heat, causing a swoon, or it may turn to a cold sweat, with dizziness and vomiting.

In the last hours of darkness of the second night the Japanese sent down a new word to Commander Portz, the leader of the Americans, and the three commanders of the different holds.. In the aft hold Bridget announced it: "Good news, boys! We're going to be put ashore here. The Japanese civilians who are still alive have all been put ashore, and our turn is next."

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The Oroyku Maru was almost dead in the water, about 300 yards off Olongapo Point. At Joses' order, Chief Boatswain Clarence M. Taylor, of Cloverdale, Va., and Long Beach, Cal., took the first 25 men up past the Japanese guns and out of the hold. He lined them up at the accommodation ladder over the side. The Japanese signed that the American prisoners were to be used as oarsmen. Taylor took six men and himself as the first boat crew, and ordered the other 19 prisoners to follow as crews in the next lifeboat.

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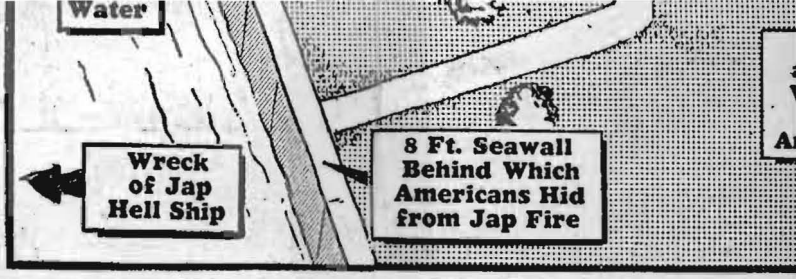
The deck above the prisoners was perforated with many holes; light was plentiful now. But suddenly a yellowish haze began to appear in the bays, and a smell of smoke. "She's on fire," yelled someone. "The coaldust down here has caught. Let us get out of here! We'd rather be shot than suffocate!"

"I was standing right under the hatch," says Chief Boatswain Jesse E. Lee, San Diego, "and I saw the plane go into its dive. I had been talking to an Army lieutenant, and he was saying how thirsty he was. Then the bomb hit. I was hit by one of the hatch planks, but I got up. I remember the big yellow flash



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Somehow one of the lifeboats had been lowered and Lieutenant Toshino, in full formal uniform, and Mr. Wada had made their way ashore. The water was full of swimming men, but the Japanese captain still remained at his post on the bridge. He knew a few limping words of English, and warned the last prisoners to leave quickly.

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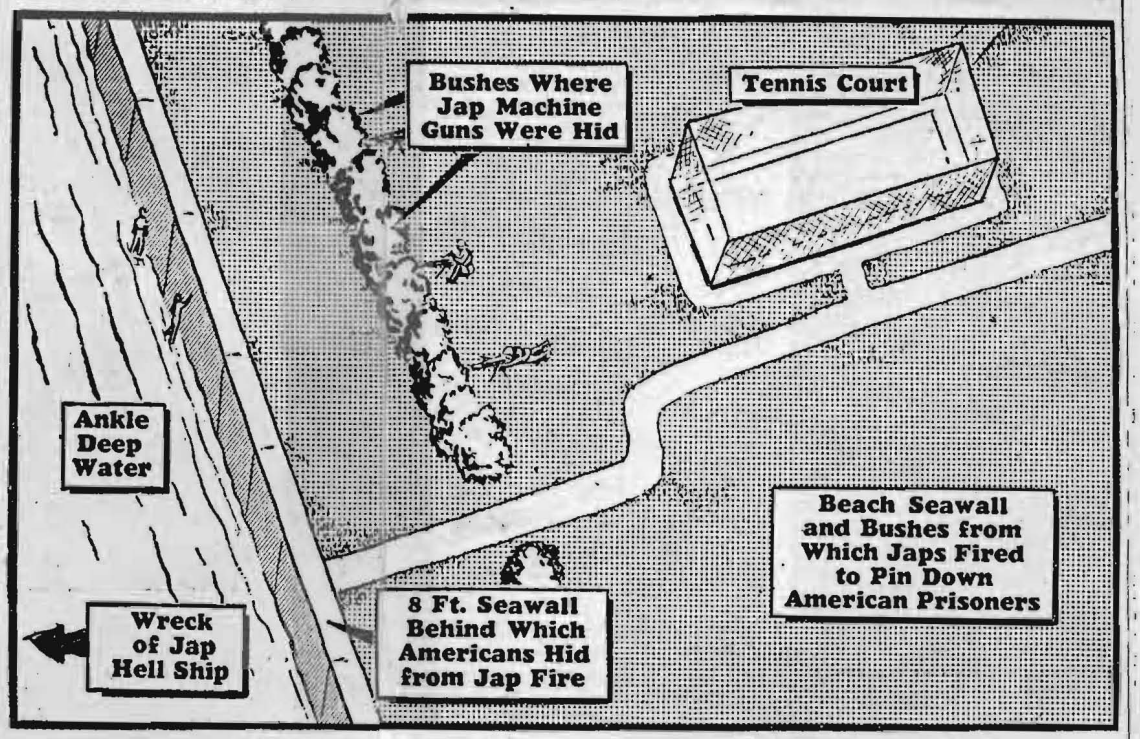

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The planes began to come back, and for a moment he thought that the men in the water were going to be strafed. But they waved energetically to the planes. The pilots came down low, throttled back to see who it was in the water. They must have seen that it was Americans, for they swooped up over the small party that was gathering on the Olongapo beach, and they did not strafe the shore. Smith let himself down over the side and struck out for the beach.

Bodies on Burning Ship

Possibly as many as 30 men may have died reaching shore. There would have been many more but for the fact that cool water followed by a footing on land, with the ever-reviving hope that they would not go to Japan, brought up the morale of the prisoners with a bound. Men began to help each other. Lieutenant Colonel William R. Craig was far gone from heat exhaustion and dehydration. Lieutenant Colonel William North tied him to a board and swam him ashore. Naval Warrant Officer Jeremiah V. Crews, of San Diego, a big man and a good swimmer, went into the water with a lifejacket strapped on over his shoulders.

A last effort had been made by the men who left the afthold, including Major John Fowler, of Los Angeles, to pile the bodies in rice sacks, two to a cask. As the Oroyku Maru began to burn, the bodies on deck could still be seen. Some men who were wounded got a shot of morphine before they went over the rail from Lieutenant Commander Clyde Welsh, of Chicago.

TOMORROW: The Men Find a New Hell on Land.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Crowd 1300 Survivors on Tennis Court

Hospital made of Two Sheets and Couple of Raincoats

CONTINUING "Death Cruise on Hell Ship," George Weller tells how the Oroyku Maru sinks in flames off Subic Bay after being bombed by American planes. It is December, 1944 and MacArthur has been in the Philippines two months. The Japs are on the run. The 1,300 survivors of the 1,600 American prisoners, who started from Manila to Japan, swim ashore or land in boats and improvised rafts. All dodge Jap bullets on the way in. Many lose their lives. This story was obtained from the 300 men who survived the seven weeks' ordeal of starvation and brutality. Weller talked to them in prison camps, hospital ships and bases in the Pacific.

By GEORGE WELLER

THE Oroyku Maru, Jap prison ship carrying approximately 1,600 Americans from Manila to southern Japan, had been so badly battered by American planes that she was forced to land her passengers on Olongapo Point, Luzon.

Nearly 100 of the Americans already were dead from horrible conditions in the ship's three holds, into which they had been jammed. Suffocation, hunger, thirst, madness—and American bombs—had taken their toll.

When the order to leave the ship came the men had plunged into the water and struck out for land.

A few had cut loose rafts and planks on the offshore or starboard side, which was high. They set out to swim toward the Zambales Mountains and a distant lighthouse, thinking to reach the beach there and escape into the bush.

The Japanese, however, sent out a motorboat from shore with a machine gun and snipers. One by one the prisoners were hunted down. Lieutenant Gerald Darling, of Deming, N. M., set forth on a raft with three others; they slipped off into the water and were not seen again, and he was picked off by the Japanese.

A Major Peterson, who had been in the forward hold and claimed he left it stralght through the side of the ship rather than through the hatch, reached the beach. He said that he had heard men groaning and believed that some were still alive aboard.

A Hell Ship Hero

Lieutenant Colonel
CURTIS T. BEECHER
of the 4th Marine Regiment, "who looked like Victor McLaglen," plunged into the sea and saved weaker swimmers

8-Foot Seawall Blocks Way

The first men to reach shore found that there was no true beach at all, but ankle-deep water below an eight-foot seawall. A few mounted the seawall to lie exhausted in the sun. They had hardly fallen flat when a machine gun opened up on them. The shore was in the hands of the well-known J. N. L. P.'s, the Japanese naval landing party, a kind of shock marines. In a clump of bushes about 200 yards from the seawall they had mounted a machine gun.

Lieutenant Colonel Curtis Beecher, of Chicago and Saratoga, Cal., a vigorous, gray-haired marine "who looked like Victor McLaglen," as one prisoner said, took quick command of the seawall situation. He

(Continued on Page 35, Column One)

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"As we got in," says Taylor, "I heard the sound of airplane motors. I looked up and saw 12, all fighter-bombers, in four flights of three each. They were American and they were circling for their dive."

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The oarsmen, who included three pharmacist's mates second class, John T. Istock, of Pittsburgh; Lester R. Tappy, of Niagara, Wis., and Roy E. Lynch, of Waynesboro, Tenn., were unharmed. But the lifeboat had turned over, and two of the Americans were non-swimmers. The Japanese had provided lifebelts for themselves but none for their prisoners. The prisoners therefore stripped the dead Japs in the water and put their lifebelts on the non-swimmers.

As Taylor lay on his back, striving to rest before starting for shore, the next wave of American planes dove on their target. "I saw the whole thing, a bomb fall, hit near the stern hatch, and the debris go flying up into the air. It looked as though it would fall in the water near us. I dived below the surface as far as I could go."

This bomb caught the aft hold just when the bodies of those who had suffocated in the second night were being removed. They included the Lieutenant O'Rourke who had tried to escape from the hold earlier; Lieutenant Commander Adolphe Hede, former executive officer of the USS Canopus, and a Navy Lieutenant Williams, former executive of the Mindanao in the Chinese river patrol.

The bomb, striking barely aft of the hatch, rained splinters into the hold full of naked men. The iron girder supporting the hatch planks blew into the hold, falling and braining several men. There was a wild, uncontrollable rush for the ladder.

"I saw the first man get it," says Major F. Langwith Berry, of Burlingame, Cal., taken on Bataan with the 86th Field Artillery. "He had just put his feet on the bottom of the ladder. If he had not been there, I would have got it. He fell back dead in my arms. I did not know who he was. I put him down and jumped back into the dark bays, out of reach of the Japanese fire. There I reached out and touched the two men on each side of me, who seemed to be asleep. They were cold. Both had suffocated."

The deck above the prisoners was perforated with many holes; light was plentiful now. But suddenly a yellowish haze began to appear in the bays, and a smell of smoke. "She's on fire," yelled someone. "The coaldust down here has caught. Let us get out of here! We'd rather be shot than suffocate!"

"I was standing right under the hatch," says Chief Boatswain Jesse E. Lee, San Diego, "and I saw the plane go into its dive. I had been talking to an Army lieutenant, and he was saying how thirsty he was. Then the bomb hit. I was hit by one of the hatch planks, but I got up. I remember the big yellow flash and the hot blast of the explosion. I looked for the lieutenant. He was so full of holes that he looked like a pepper shaker, and he was quite dead. I'll never forget the way the hold looked. There were at least a dozen people lying under planks. The benjo buckets we had not yet had time to empty were burst and were all over the bodies."

The afthold under the hatch was always the most favored position, being the lightest and airiest, and some of the healthiest men had been gathered there. Captain Charles Brown, of Deming, N. M., was one of the few who survived, and he was bleeding at nose and mouth from concussion. Seeing him, another member of the 200th Coast Artillery, Captain Ted Parker, of Albuquerque, made a wild rush for the ladder, which was now sagging and splintered. A sentry shot him from above three times, twice through the body and once through the head.

Take Water Through Pores

The guns had stopped and there was a kind of terrible silence. We took hold of the shaky ladder and climbed up through the smoke. We found the deck covered with Japanese and American bodies. Our men were scooping up sugar from the luggage and eating what they could of it before they jumped over. We had a hard time finding lifebelts. Only when we got over the side, in that clean cool water, we felt better. There were bloody men hanging to timbers, but they seemed encouraged. Their bodies were taking in water through their pores, and they felt cool as they struck out for the beach."

The last American shot by the Japanese while still on the decks of the Oroyku, according to George L. Curtis, 53-year-old native of New Bedford, Mass., and Portsmouth, Ohio, who had been the Packard agent in Manila, was his friend "Scotty" Lees, a Philippine mining engineer whose wife was a schoolteacher in Freeport, Ill. "When I got on deck and felt the boat sinking, I saw Scotty a little way off," says Curtis. "I was just starting to go toward him, and turned away for a moment to see something. When I turned back he was staggering and I saw that he was shot, for he was bleeding heavily in front." Dazed from being struck by the hatchway's beams, Curtis barely made his way ashore. An estimated 57 civilians were in the party when it left as prisoners, and less than a dozen are believed to have arrived. More civilians perished from the bomb in the stern of the Oroyku Maru than any other cause.

Somehow one of the lifeboats had been lowered and Lieutenant Toshino, in full formal uniform, and Mr. Wada had made their way ashore. The water was full of swimming men, but the Japanese captain still remained at his post on the bridge. He knew a few limping words of English, and warned the last prisoners to leave quickly.

There were small fires breaking out in various places. The increasing list had put out the coaldust fire in the hold and the yellow smoke ceased pouring through the hatches. But suddenly, beside the stern anti-aircraft gun littered with the bodies of the crews killed by strafing U. S. planes with the suffocated American dead piled nearby, the ammunition boxes caught fire. They began to explode. Abruptly the looting of the decks ceased, and all scattered. Some prisoners ran forward to look for life preservers in the cabins of the dead Japanese passengers. All the Japanese except the captain's immediate circle — passengers, crew, soldiers — were gone by lifeboat.

The prisoners pushed open the stateroom doors. Looking in, they saw that theirs were not the only dead of the Oroyku Maru. Huddled together thickly as they huddled in foxholes and cities, the Japanese had died in their staterooms and been left there during the night by those who were already safe on shore.

The ammunition ceased exploding; there were now only a dozen or so unwounded men alive on the decks. A man in the water yelled, "Hey, throw us down some shoes." Chief Bostswain Walter C. Smith, San Diego, threw him down four pair, which the swimmer tied around his neck before setting off for the beach. For himself he found another pair of shoes, an officer's cap, two spoons, a canteen and some Japanese cigarettes. He filled himself up on water, put the cigarettes

Americans ordered to leave the Jap prison ship after it was batte
mowed down by Jap marine snipers as they swam toward shore a
Diagram shows setup of beach

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Japs Fire on Exhausted Men Swimming Ashore from Burning Prison

Sahara in the Philippines

Some 1,300 thirst-crazed men and only one faucet with a trickle of water. That was the situation for the American prisoners crowded into a tennis court on Olongapo Point, Luzon, where the sun beat down on their bare backs and the Japs made no effort to alleviate their suffering

(Continued from the First Page)

ordered the strongest swimmers to plunge in again and help those who were struggling.

He dived in himself and brought in about a half dozen. Each time he would say, "Come on; let's help the men who are failing out there." Chief Boatswain Taylor and he, clad alike in nothing but shorts, brought in man after man. One or two men had afterthoughts about the wreck, swam all the way out again, filled up on brown sugar, and swam back.

It was difficult to persuade the newcomers, once they reached the seawall, to squat down in the cover of the seawall, in the shallow water. Not having heard the Japanese fire while they were thrashing toward shore, they refused to believe that there was already a machine gun set up against them. Several impetuously climbed up anyway, but when one was wounded they floundered back into the water again, and crouched in the lee of the fire-swept seawall.

The American planes returned again. Beecher gave orders for the strongest men to run up and down

men had lain in open sun for about two hours, the Japanese gave orders to them to break camp and prepare to move. The small aid station which had been set up on the seawall by Lieutenant Commander Thomas H. Hayes, of Norfolk, Va., was immediately packed into the messkits and canteens which remained. When the barefooted, sunburned marchers were ready, with two men to help each of the wounded, the Japs formed a line to guide them. With bayoneted rifles and clubs the J.N.L.P.'s were placed at intervals of about 30 yards along a crooked line of march about a half mile long to a tennis court about 500 yards back from the seawall.

The long line of men straggled along slowly and weakly. Occasionally the Japanese batted them along, but there were no outright beatings. By about 3 in the afternoon the last of the bearded and bandaged prisoners were hobbling through the gate of the tennis court which was to be their prison.

No Shade on Tennis Court

It was a concrete court not far

some cases wounded men who remained of the approximate 1,600 who had left Bilibid.

They stacked their dead at the entrance to the court. They moved the tall referee's platform to the middle of the court, where it became a kind of lookout and command post. Commander Warner Portz was still nominally senior officer, but so exhausting had been the experience he underwent in the afthold that both he and Commander Frank Bridget were depleted as well as wounded. Leadership was passing into the hands of Lieutenant Colonel Beecher, whose forward hold had suffered greatly, but not so much.

"We saw that Bridget and Portz were fading," says one Army lieutenant. "Their throats were almost gone from shouting orders; you could hardly hear them. Both had body wounds, and Portz was wounded in the head, too. I had never seen bravery and leadership in my life like that of Bridget when men began dying in the hold. As for Portz, I had come to think of him as I would of my own father."

Sit on Concrete in Rows of 52

Beecher, sitting aloft in the referee's chair, had great difficulty establishing quiet and order, even in making himself heard. How could over 1,300 men be arranged in a single tennis court? It was the problem of the shiploads all over again.

Finally it was managed — the Japanese paid no attention to this, leaving each impossible situation they created to the Americans—that the prisoners would be seated in rows of 52 men. This meant a row of 26 men in each court from the service baseline to where the net ordinarily would be, plus 26 in the same line in the opposite court. They sat as they had in the bays or shelves of the Oroyku Maru, with their knees drawn up to their chins. The only variant of this that was possible was sitting spread eagle, with each man's haunches in the fork of his neighbor's legs.

The prisoners had barely got seated when they had reason to jump to their feet. A wave of three American planes came over the court. The prisoners crouched again a moment, not knowing whether they would be strafed. But the first plane's target was the Japanese anti-aircraft gun on a knoll beyond the tennis court.

The guns spoke, the plane roared down and silenced the gun, and as it swung up again a tinkle of empty .50-calibre cartridge cases came hurtling down and struck the court's concrete and a few sunburned shoulders. The second plane hit the Oroyku Maru, apparently with a bomb, for a flame leaped up, and the third plane dropped another bomb about 1,500 feet off.

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The American planes returned again. Beecher gave orders for the strongest men to run up and down in the water, waving their clothes. The leading pilot seemed to get the idea. He waggled his wings and flew off.

No Drinking Water for 2 Days

The Japanese set up systematic foxholes in the bushes, with snipers to cover the seawall. The Americans were then allowed, after a parley, to climb up and rest in the sun, under the eyes of the Japanese rifles. Two marine officers, Major Andrew J. Mathiesen, of Los Angeles, and a Lieutenant Keene, a graduate of South Carolina's Citadel, approached the J.N.L.P.'s and explained that the Americans had been without water for two days. There was a small faucet near the Japanese positions. The Japanese allowed them to go in five-man details to the faucet.

Around noon, after the half-naked men had lain in open sun for about two hours, the Japanese gave orders to them to break camp and prepare to move. The small aid station which had been set up on the seawall by Lieutenant Commander Thomas H. Hayes, of Norfolk, Va., was immediately packed into the messkits and canteens which remained. When the barefooted, sunburned marchers were ready, with two men to help each of the wounded, the Japs formed a line to guide them. With bayoneted rifles and clubs the J.N.L.P.'s were placed at intervals of about 30 yards along a crooked line of march about a half mile long to a tennis court about 500 yards back from the seawall.

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No Shade on Tennis Court

It was a concrete court not far from an old marine barracks, and undoubtedly some of the elder officers had played there in the happy days when service life had been a country club. There was only one court. It was, of course, without shade or shelter of any kind. It had the usual ball wire strung around, with an unpainted wall about six feet high at the bottom. At the side was a tall referee's platform, and a small water faucet.

This court was to be the prison for approximately 1,300 hungry, thirsty, battle-shocked, ill and in some cases wounded men who remained of the approximate 1,600 who had left Bilibid.

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"When we saw those Jap nipa huts around their guns go up in smoke we liked it even more than seeing the ship go down," says one Navy man. "We enjoyed the whole scene immensely."

How to Make a Hospital

On the 15-foot-wide strip of space beyond one baseline the prisoners established their "hospital." Commander Thomas H. Hayes of Norfolk, Va., was now exhausted and another doctor, Lt. Commander Clyde Welsh of Chicago, took over. His next of rank, with a curiously similar name, Lt. Commander Cecil Welch of South Dakota, had disappeared, reportedly suffocated aboard the ship. The other doctors on the Navy side of the "hospital" were Lt. Bruce Langdon of North Carolina and Lt. Arthur Barrett of Louisiana.

The "hospital" consisted of two sheets and a couple of raincoats stretched to give protection from the sun. Otherwise it was no different from the tennis court. The Japs furnished no medical supplies and naturally the half-clothed Americans had none. The first major operation was the amputation of the arm of a marine corporal named Specht by Lt. Col. Jack W. Schwartz, the surgeon of the famous hospital No. 2 on Bataan, who with another Army lieutenant colonel, James McG. Sullivan of San Francisco, sustained much of the medical burden all the way to Japan. The arm of the marine corporal was in a poisoned condition, but the doctors had neither anesthesia nor scalpel. Finally they cauterized a razor blade and Schwartz amputated the arm without anesthesia. (The marine lived for five days afterward on the exposed tennis court, fighting sturdily for life, but finally he died when the column moved.)

The overpoweringly prevalent disease was diarrhea and dysentery, and there was no drug to check it, nor even food. "The Japs tell us," the officers announced from the referee's chair, "that they have no food or clothing for us. We will have to wait until they send to Manila."

TOMORROW: Another day on the blazing tennis court with four spoonfuls of water to a man.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Four Spoons of Water to Each Prisoner

Sixth Day of Torture on Sun-Scorched Tennis Court

THE story of how 1,600 American prisoners of war, taken from Manila to Japan in December, 1944, were so starved and tortured by the Japs that only 300 survived continues. Today George Weller gets the Americans as far as San Fernando Pampanga. The eighth day since they left Manila. Their prison ship—Oroyku Maru—has been sunk by Yank bombers. Six more terrible weeks will pass before the doomed men finish the death cruise.

By GEORGE WELLER

IT was hot on the concrete tennis court on Olongapo Point, Luzon. There were packed some 1,300 American prisoners out of 1,600 who had left Manila some three days before on the Jap hell ship Oroyku Maru.

Heat, thirst, suffocation, wounds and insanity had taken their toll in the jammed, filthy holds of the ship. But American planes had taken revenge of a sort by first damaging, then sinking the craft.

Now the men were ashore again, but no better off. They had stripped in the fetid holds of the ship and in the rush to escape the battered craft had left their clothes. Now on the open tennis court the sun showed no more mercy than the Japs.

The men were now at the stage of nutritional diarrhea, when the stomach can hold nothlng, even if it is palatable and nutritious. Those who had saved some brown sugar from the wreck found that their bodies could not retain it. There was an unending procession through the court gate to the latrines outside and back again.

There were odd wounds, too. Captain Harold A. Jimerson, University of Kansas man, who was teaching mechanical engineering at the University of Arizona, had a cut from one of the American 50 calibers. Captain William Miner, a mid-westerner who had commanded infantry in the Visayan group, had his fingers ripped by an American ricochet.

Tortured Travels

Route followed by American prisoners from the time they left Manila until they reached San Fernando Pampanga

Uncertain Trickle From Faucet

By now, after a full day's exposure to the sun, the prisoners were in desperate condition from thirst. They could easily have absorbed four to five quarts of water per men. But the Japanese denied them any other water than that from a faucet. An uncertain trickle came from it. They caught it carefully in canteen cups, and served it with spoons. It worked out to four spoonfuls per man, with the single faucet running constantly. Its stream grew thinner and thinner.

Major Reginald H. "Bull" Ridgely, a marine so named for his thunderous voice, began with Lieutenant Colonel Curtis Beecher to try to take the roll from the referee's platform whoch had been moved to

(Continued on Page Nine, Column One)

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Daily Roll Call Keeps Check on Dead; Torrid Days Become Chilly Nights

(Continued from the First Page)

the center of the court. It was a long and tedious task, with something particularly aggravating about it to the sunburned, hungry and thirsty men who sat in the court waiting for night to fall. A name would be called. No answer. "Well, anybody know what happened to him?" Half the men were not listening, trying in some makeshift way to better their position. "Well, doesn't anybody know what happened to him?"

A voice would say, "I think he passed out last night. I believe I saw him with the dead on the deck, way down under." As soon as there was a definite assertion, it would give birth to contradictory ones. "The hell you did! He was in the next bay to me. A bomb fragment got him."

And from someone else, "How could a bomb have got him when I saw him swimming away from the ship?" At that moment the missing man might walk in from the latrine outside. Or the questioning might go for minutes longer, establishing something or establishing nothing.

Partial List of First to Die

As nearly as present memories can piece the story together, here are some men who are either known to have been suffocated or killed or who are believed not to have answered the first general roll call in the tennis court:

Lt. Col. Arnold Armoroso, Coast Artillery officer; Lt. Col. Joseph Bell, Salt Lake City; Lt. Col. William Boger, of Omaha; Lt. Col. Bellner, Infantry, captured in Mindanao, a jeweler of Roswell, N. M., who had successfully concealed both camera and field glasses during more than two years in the Davao prison camp.

Lt. Commander Arthur M. Bryan, of Philadelphia.

Major Wade Cothran, Greenwood, S. C.; Lt. Col. John Cook; Lt. Col. Irving Compton, Regular Army Quartermaster Corps, nicknamed "Punkin Pete" and "The Merchant of Venice," because he bought up from other prisoners the 3 by 9 foot plots of garden land at Cabanatuan prison.

Pharmacist's Mate 1st Class Luther C. Compton, of Philadelphia.

Major Alva Fitch, killed by the bombing at the same time with Major Chester L. Johnson, a Regular Army officer who had been mess officer at Cabanatuan and recognized for his personal integrity in this post; Major Frank Fries, of Las Vegas, N. M., and 803d Engineers.

Lt. Commander Lyons, USN; Lt. Gray, USN, attached to PBY Flying Squadrons at Cavite.

Major John C. Goldtrap, a husky Regular Army officer whom the Japanese had brought up from a Mindanao prison camp to Manila.

Major George Hart, of Cincinnati, young radio director, killed by falling beam on shipboard.

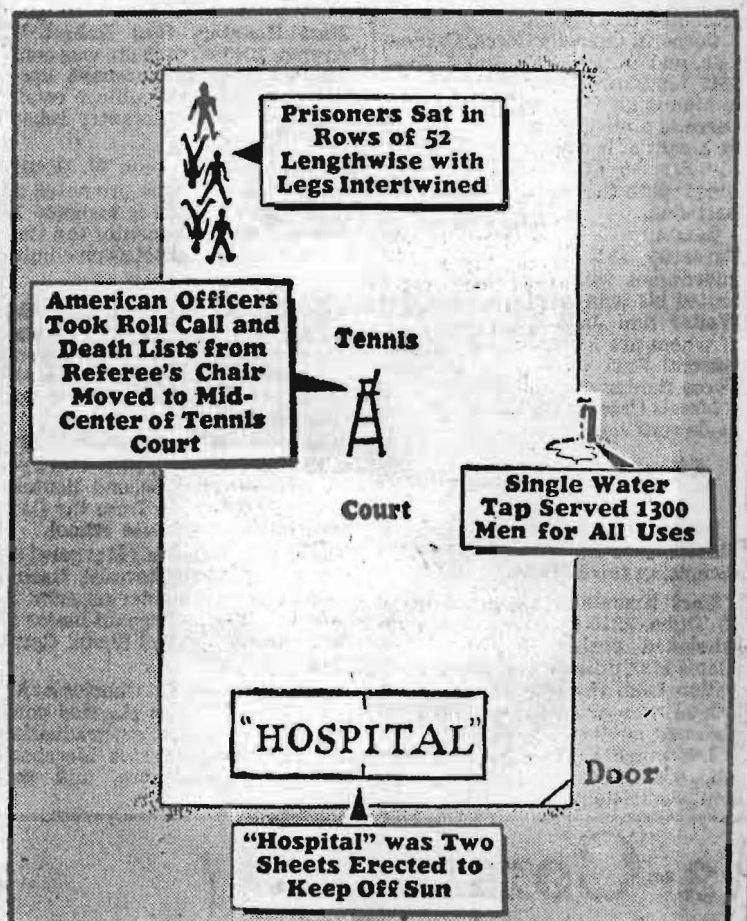
Major Jones, Infantry.

Lt. Col. Charles Leinback, of 88th Field Artillery, who received rivet in his chest in the bombing of the Oroyku Maru by U. S. planes; Major Frank Lightfoot, of San Antonio, Tex., 88th Field Artillery.

Major Irving Mandelson, of 24th Field Artillery, son of Chicago restaurateur, killed in Oroyku bombing; Major Maury, Field Artillery; Lt. Col. Arch M. McKeever, of Seattle; Judge Advocate on Mindanao; Lt. William Noble, Cornell graduate; Lt. Edwin R. Nelson, Navy doctor; Major Winston R. Maxwell, Ordnance officer, responsible in great degree for the extended defense of Corregidor; Pharmacist's Mate R. Mayberry.

Ensign George Petric, of Chicago, former Marquette University football player; father and son, Lt. Col. Powell and Major Thomas Powell, both of Cebu, known as "the bearded Powells" because the father had a chest length

Tennis Court Becomes Prison



Exposed to the elements, the 1,300 weary, hungry Yank survivors were crowded into a concrete tennis court after leaving the battered Jap prison ship, Oroyku Maru

feet by the prevailing disease, diarrhea, few slept.

The morning brought a few warming minutes that were neither chill night nor torrid day. Again there began the tedious calling of the roll, a rite always done centrally from the referee's chair, which took nearly two hours. About six more men had died during the night. A burial detail was named; the dead bodies were stripped of clothing; they were taken out the gate. Later the Japanese gave permission for them to be buried in an improvised cemetery down by the seawall.

The second day in the tennis court the prisoners received their first meal; two tablespoonfuls of rice, raw. Their standard measure had become the canteen cup for a line of 52 men, and the tablespoon for each man.

They asked Mr. Wada, the Jap interpreter, why they could not have more food and water. There was plenty of rice in the Jap barracks nearby, and water in the several buildings nearby. The hunchbacked interpreter would not give them permission to go for the water. As for the rice, he said that he could not get that for jurisdictional rea-

ever airplanes were heard. The first convoy unloaded at the prison, which had been filled with Filipinos; the second unloaded at the theater.

Prisoners Eat a Lemon Tree

The prisoners were in good spirits. They had lost strength, but they had gained eight days delay from the Japanese, and General MacArthur was still on the way.

The prison yard at Pampanga is about 70 ft. by 60, and a lemon tree grew in the center. The lemons lasted about 15 seconds after the first prisoners entered; in five minutes most of the leaves were eaten as well. There were two cellblocks a single story high. The elderly officers and the sick were housed in them. The other prisoners lay down as they had in the tennis court, in the sun. There had once been toilets but they were long since broken. The latrine became the open culvert, 6 inches deep, which ran around the yard. "The flies," says one officer, "came from all over Luzon."

About 800 were jammed into the prison, and the other 500 into the dilapidated theater. The amputated marine, Corporal Specht, died

HAD TO COUNT EACH GRAIN OF RICE

Philadelphia Officer who Died on the 'Hell Ship' Distributed Food

Two men mentioned in today's chapter of "Death Cruise on Hell Ship" as having succumbed to the ordeal of starvation and brutality were Philadelphians: Lieutenant Commander Arthur M. Bryan, USN, and Pharmacist's Mate First Class Luther C. Compton.

Lieutenant Commander Bryan was a career man in the Navy. When he was ordered from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to the Philippines in the fall of 1940 he had no complaint. He was a warrant officer then, a pay clerk, and he had come steadily up through the ranks ever since he enlisted in 1908. He took his wife and son with him.

The Bryans lived on the naval base at Olongapo, Subic Bay. There were 15 officers and warrant officers on the station. Today only one of them is alive. Most of the others died in the "Death Cruise" between Manila and Japan in December, 1944, and January and February, 1945.

Mr. Bryan's death occurred January 24, 200 miles off Formosa, and he was buried at sea. He had fought the Japanese on Bataan, had been captured with Wainwright on Corregidor, and had survived more than three and a half years of imprisonment. His widow and two daughters live at 327 Kent road, Cynwyd. His son, Leonard G. Bryan, is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy, an engineering officer on a destroyer still operating off the Japanese coast. He has recently transferred to the Regular Navy.

Last Time Wife Saw Him

Mrs. Bryan last saw her husband as she and her son were evacuated from Manila aboard the SS President Polk in March, 1941. He came out to the edge of the dock, she says, and stood there, watching them

Pharmacist's Mate 1st Class Luther C. Compton, of Philadelphia.

Major Alva Fitch, killed by the bombing at the same time with Major Chester L. Johnson, a Regular Army officer who had been mess officer at Cabanatuan and recognized for his personal integrity in this post; Major Frank Fries, of Las Vegas, N. M., and 803d Engineers.

Lt. Commander Lyons, USN; Lt. Gray, USN, attached to PBY Flying Squadrons at Cavite.

Major John C. Goldfray, a husky Regular Army officer whom the Japanese had brought up from a Mindanao prison camp to Manila.

Major George Hart, of Cincinnati, young radio director, killed by falling beam on shipboard.

Major Jones, Infantry.

Lt. Col. Charles Leinbach, of 88th Field Artillery, who received rivet in his chest in the bombing of the Oroyku Maru by U. S. planes; Major Frank Lightfoot, of San Antonio, Tex., 86th Field Artillery.

Major Irving Mandelsen, of 24th Field Artillery, son of Chicago restaurateur, killed in Oroyku bombing; Major Maury, Field Artillery; Lt. Col. Arch M. McKeever, of Seattle; Judge Advocate on Mindanao; Lt. William Noble, Cornell graduate; Lt. Edwin R. Nelson, Navy doctor; Major Winston R. Maxwell, Ordnance officer, responsible in great degree for the extended defense of Corregidor; Pharmacist's Mate R. Mayberry.

Ensign George Feiric, of Chicago, former Marquette University football player; father and son, Lt. Col. Powell and Major Thomas Powell, both of Cebu, known as "the bearded Powells" because the father had a chest length white beard and the son a short red beard.

Lt. Fred Roth, a middle-aged Manila rope buyer who had been given a wartime commission.

Major Paul Schurs, of Deming, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery; Lt. Col. John W. Sewall, captured on Davao, a heavy bombardment officer of the Air Forces; Major Fred M. Small, of Colorado, Infantry Reserve.

Two Intelligence officers, Major Nelson Raymond and Captain Ralph Keeler, of Denver, close friends, killed together on the afthold hatch of the Oroyku.

Lt. Col. John W. Turner, of Silver City, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery, suffocated in one of the rear bays; Commander Taylor; Major William R. Thomas, Field Artillery.

Lieut. Williams, USN, executive of USS Mindanao; Lt. Col. Alvin M. "Red" Wilson, a former Pennsylvania State highway officer famous for his retentive memory, captured in Mindanao. He died in a rear bay; Gr shelf, on the ship, probably of suffocation, with Lt. Col. Mardle, a regular officer of Field Artillery and Lt. Col. Bunker, another Regular Army officer.

Captain John Z. Wheeler, of Minneapolis, a Harvard graduate who had fought with the 26th Cavalry and the Philippine Scouts and in the Bataan campaign won the D. S. C. and two Silver Stars.

The above list is a skimming of the approximate 300 who had died within 48 hours of marching out of the gates of Bilibid Prison in Manila.

"Take it easy," came the word down from the referee's chair. "Conserve your strength. Don't move around."

Six More Die During Night

As the sun went down the concrete suddenly lost its heat and grew cold. Men whom the sun had skinned red, men who had been putting their hands on their burning shoulders, now were shaken by chills and hugged themselves. Less than a third had shoes; many had only shorts or pants; a few were totally naked. Some of the Formosan sentries had been guards also at Cabanatuan and were known to the prisoners. These "Taiwanis" threw a couple of shirts over the fence, and pushed some Casaba melons through the wire and few cigarettes.

Some men were simply too weak to sit up in the packed rowers' formation of 52 men in a line devised to fill the court, and fell over. Some lines therefore devised a method of all 52 lying down together on the right side, intertwined, and then all 52, at the word "turn over, boys," changing the position to the left. Cold, thirsty and hungry, the morning brought a few warming minutes that were neither chill night nor torrid day. Again there began the tedious calling of the roll, a rite always done centrally from the referee's chair, which took nearly two hours. About six more men had died during the night. A burial detail was named; the dead bodies were stripped of clothing; they were taken out the gate. Later the Japanese gave permission for them to be buried in an improvised cemetery down by the seawall.

The second day in the tennis court the prisoners received their first meal; two tablespoonfuls of rice, raw. Their standard measure had become the canteen cup for a line of 52 men, and the tablespoon for each man.

They asked Mr. Wada, the Jap interpreter, why they could not have more food and water. There was plenty of rice in the Jap barracks nearby, and water in the several buildings nearby. The hunchbacked interpreter would not give them permission to go for the water. As for the rice, he said that he could not get that for jurisdictional reasons.

It seemed that while they were aboard the ship they were in the care of the Japanese navy. But now that they were ashore again, they were under the Japanese army again. No matter if all 1,300 starved to death, the navy could not be asked to provide food for army prisoners. This explanation seemed to please Mr. Wada, he and Lieutenant Toshino, who was in charge of the prisoners, were comfortable and were eating well.

Fried by Day, Frozen by Night

The naked men tried to adapt themselves to the new situation of being fried on concrete by day, frozen by night. Chief Boatswain Jesse E. Lee (San Diego), like many others, tore off the bottoms of his trousers to make caps for his friends, giving one leg to Gunner's Mate H. M. Farrell of Houston—who was still to lose an eye before he reached Japan—and the other to a machinist named Judy. They also got permission to move the worst wounded from the surface of the court to some shade trees outside. Lieutenant Commander John S. Littig, an intelligence officer who was known simply as coming from a socially prominent eastern family, died of wounds and weakness.

The days went by. On the fourth day from Bilibid in Manila they got their first food ashore. On the fifth, as though to off balance such generosity, there was no food morning or noon, and a light supper of two tablespoonfuls of raw rice. Eventually some clothing came out from Manila. There was enough to tantalize, not enough to cover.

A man without cap, shoes or socks got a pair of straw sandals; his head and legs remained uncovered. A man without shirt, cap or socks got the socks. A totally naked man got a pair of shorts.

The sixth day on the open tennis court, December 21, a convoy of 19 trucks arrived and about half the men were loaded aboard, and the same convoy appeared the next day. Both convoys took the prisoners to San Fernando Pampanga, stopping often under trees when-pinos; the second unloaded at the theater.

Prisoners Eat a Lemon Tree

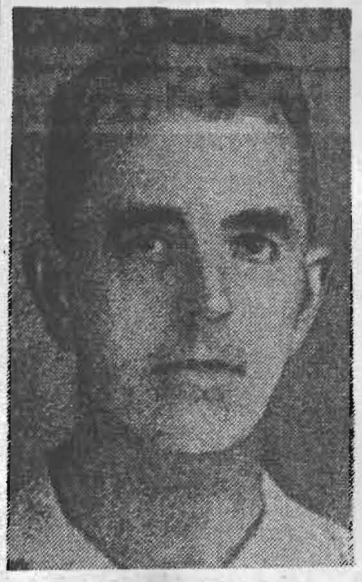
The prisoners were in good spirits. They had lost strength, but they had gained eight days delay from the Japanese, and General MacArthur was still on the way.

The prison yard at Pampanga is about 70 ft. by 60, and a lemon tree grew in the center. The lemons lasted about 15 seconds after the first prisoners entered; in five minutes most of the leaves were eaten as well. There were two cellblocks a single story high. The elderly officers and the sick were housed in them. The other prisoners lay down as they had in the tennis court, in the sun. There had once been toilets but they were long since broken. The latrine became the open culvert, 6 inches deep, which ran around the yard. "The flies," says one officer, "came from all over Luzon."

About 800 were jammed into the prison, and the other 500 into the dilapidated theater. The amputated marine, Corporal Specht, died almost on arrival in theater. But still the prisoners' hearts were light. For the first time they had hot food. It was only rice and it was brought in on two big pieces of corrugated iron roofing, but it was hot and filling. And they had water, too, all they could drink. What if they had to fill their canteens at the toilet intakes? It was water, and it brought back life to their beady, shrunken stomachs.

MONDAY—Eighth day on the incredible trip to Japan finds death toll mounting.

Died on the "Hell Ship"



Lt. Commander
ARTHUR M. BRYAN

Pharmacist's Mate
LUTHER C. COMPTON

These two Philadelphians were among the 1,300 Americans who succumbed to Jap brutality and starvation on the "Cruise of the Hell Ship" as told in today's Bulletin by George Weller

through his binoculars, for more than an hour.

"I often wonder if he believed then that he was never going to see us again," she says.

For news of her husband since Bataan, Mrs. Bryan has had to depend on correspondence with the survivors of Corregidor, of Cabanatuan and Bilibid Prisons and of the Hell Ship, Oroyku Maru.

At Cabanatuan, in the mountains 110 miles north of Manila, Commander Bryan spent most of his imprisonment. Conditions were fairly good because the Americans were permitted to raise vegetables. As a supply officer, Commander Bryan supervised distribution of food.

So efficiently did he do this that he was "promoted" to the same job in Bilibid Prison in Manila in October, 1943.

"I have a letter from a prisoner," Mrs. Bryan said, "that says there was one cup of rice for each man each day, and Mr. Bryan had to count every grain of it to make sure it was fairly divided. Once a week they got a cup of greens. The letter said he had to be harsh, because it was the only thing to do. The other prisoners wondered how he found tobacco for his pipe; then they wondered if it was really tobacco at all."

On Corregidor, Bryan was offered the chance of evacuation aboard a submarine. Mrs. Bryan was informed he refused because he had 130 men to feed. In Cabanautuan, he had a chance to be evacuated to Japan.

"He told the others he wouldn't take it because MacArthur would be back in a year," she said, "and they stood the best chance of freedom where they were." That was in November, 1942.

After the attack by American planes on the Oroyku Maru, off Olongapo, Bryan was embarked on the second ship for Japan. He and Colonel J. E. Kramer, of Coupville, Wash., made a pact that if either survived he would communicate with the family of the other.

Receives His Masonic Ring

It was thus that Mrs. Bryan received her husband's Masonic ring. It was the only keepsake he had left. She also has his pictures and his Purple Heart.

"My boy is in the Regular Navy and we love the Navy," Mrs. Bryan said. "But many of our friends feel that our men in the Philippines were the forgotten men from the start. We knew it was coming. Yet we weren't ready. They waited for the help that never came. Those were the conditions at the time, and maybe it couldn't be helped. But I suppose historians will get all the facts later on."

Pharmacist's Mate Compton's death from suffocation was reported to his wife, Isabel, who lives at 2417 76th av., by his buddy, Chief Pharmacist's Mate Alfred Staples Hagsrom, of 1720 Spring Garden st., another Philadelphian and one of the few survivors of the trip.

She still has hopes for his survival, however, since Hagstrom did not see his body, but was told the morning after his death that the body had been removed from the hold.

Compton Served Here

Compton entered the service in September, 1936, and was stationed at the Naval Hospital here and in Washington, D. C., before leaving for the Philippines just before the outbreak of the war. He was at the hospital at Cavite when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and was taken prisoner at the fall of Manila.

Interned at Camp 3 in the Philippines, Compton broadcast over the Japanese shortwave. The message was picked up here and relayed to his family.

The last word they had from him was in May, 1944. Compton was a graduate of Mineral High School in Louisa, Va., where his parents live, and had attended college in the South. He was married in February, 1940. His wife is a cashier at the Central Y. M. C. A.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Prisoners Eat Bush for Christmas Feast

Starving Americans Bolt Green Leaves by Handful

CHRISTMAS Day of 1944 was a grim holiday for the Americans on the "Death Cruise." By this time 300 out of 1,600 had died. The hungry survivors ate a green bush as a Christmas feast. Today George Weller continues his story of death and suffering obtained in rest camps and hospitals in the Pacific.

By GEORGE WELLER

AFTER eight days of their tortured odyssey from Manila to Japan, 300 American prisoners were dead and the toll was mounting daily. But those remaining found cause for hope.

At least the hell ship into which they had been jammed had been sunk and they were back on land—at San Fernando Pampanga on the island of Luzon. And there was food and water — cooked rice served on a sheet of corrugated iron and water from toilet intakes but to parched and starving men like the manna from Heaven.

An Army lieutenant colonel, Harry J. Harper, well known at Cabanatuan, died at Pampanga. On the night of the 23d of December, 1944, four Red Cross boxes came down from Manila. For 1,300 men the amounts of needed drugs were minute, but they gave hope.

On the same night several of the most ill were evacuated back to Bilibid prison in Manila. The handful taken included, as well as survivors can remember, a lieutenant commander known as "Bull of the Woods" Harrington for his heavy voice, and a Marine lieutenant colonel who had been given at Cabanatuan the name of "Caribou Sam" for his ability at rustling meat under the eyes of the Japanese field guards.

At 3 A. M. of the day before Christmas the men were routed out of the prison and theater where they had been held and marched to the railroad station. An aged locomotive, whose multiple bullet holes testified to what the American planes were doing to Japanese rail traffic, awaited them with a string of inadequate 26-foot freight cars.

The wounded were piled on top. The merely ill were packed in below. Curtis, the automobile agent, counted 107 men in and on his car. Mr. Wada, the Jap interpreter, soon explained why the wounded had been placed on top. "If the American planes come," he said, "you must wave to them and show your bandages." The train, thus "protected" by its prisoners, was loaded with ammunition and supplies for two stations along the line. "Wave white clothing," said Mr. Wada encouragingly, "so that your friends up there will recognize you."

Urchins Yell Merry Christmas

The heat in the closed boxcars was so terrific that conditions soon equaled those aboard the prison ship Oroyku. Perspiration plastered the rags of the prisoners to their bodies. But outside they could hear the indefatigable Filipino urchins yelling to the wounded on top, "Merry Christmas! Merry Chree-eestmas!"

The rumor spread through the train that they were going to be taken back to Bilibid to be clothed. But in mid-morning an air fight broke

(Continued on Page Seventeen, Column One)

Army Surgeon

Lieutenant Colonel
JACK W. SCHWARTZ

Amputated Marine's infected arm with a razor blade and no anesthesia on Olongapo tennis court. Picture made in Bataan

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Wounded and Sick Crawled Up Ladders Into Horse-Carrying Freighters

(Continued from the First Page)

out overhead. They saw planes dive bombing the Manila airfields. The train stopped amid wreckage that was still smoking.

"We sweated out being raided again," says Major F. Langwith Berry of Burlingame, Calif., who was seated on the top of a boxcar with a fractured arm, "but fortunately the show was over." No man was allowed to leave the train.

As night fell the train was still crawling northward. At 3 in the morning it reached the town of San Fernando Del Union, on Lingayen Gulf. The doors grated open and the filthy, cramped men tumbled forth. They sprawled on the station platform, slumped in sleep. It was Christmas morning, 1944.

At daylight the Americans were marched to a single-story trade school on the outskirts of the town. A bush with green leaves and red flowers stood by the gate. They ate the leaves by handfuls.

They lay there all day. The menu of their Christmas dinner was one-half cup of rice and one-third canteen cup of dirty surface water. They pulled up grass for beds and the Japanese soldiers gave them some disinfectant.

About 7 P. M. they were counted off by sections of 100 men and marched three miles—nearly all were barefoot—over a coral shell road to a beach overlooking the Japanese anchorage. Lingayen, being more than a hundred miles north of Manila, was freer from American fighter attacks. The docks were loaded with supplies recently arrived from Japan, and there were several ships winking their lights in the harbor.

Two Naked Men Die of Cold

The sand was bitter cold. The naked men shivered and pushed against each other for warmth. At least two died, one of them Lieutenant Colonel Edmundson, of the Philippine Scouts, who had been suffering from acute diarrhea. A West Pointer, Captain Wilson Farrell, of the 31st Infantry, who had organized a "swing shift" of cloth-wavers to get air into the suffocating boxcars, labored hard to encourage the downhearted. But it was bitterly clear to all that they had been moved once again beyond hope of rescue by General MacArthur. They were going to Japan.

The officers of the 200th Coast Artillery, almost all outdoors men from New Mexico, got together and began to lay plans for an escape. They would steal a rowboat and make their way up the coast. But Lieutenant Colonel John Luikart, of Clovis, N. M. — who was to die within a week — forbade the plan.

He reminded them that the Japanese had shot at one time on Bataan Major James H. Hazlewood, of Albuquerque; Captain Ray Gonzales, of Taos; Captain Eddie Kemp, of Albuquerque; Captain Raymond Thwaits, of Silver City; Sergeant Barney Prosser, of Deming, and a Navajo Indian, Charleston Miller, of Manuelito, simply for deviating for trade from the line of the death march to Camp O'Donnell. "You cannot expose the lives of these other prisoners to reprisal," he said.

Again the burning sun came up. Again the skins of the weakened men began to curl with sunburn. Commander Frank Bridget begged the Japanese to give water. A rice ball was issued for each man, but newed his pleading for drinking water. An Army captain of engineers from Hope, Arkansas, lost his head, dashed out into the water, drinking like mad. The Japanese raised their guns to fire, but he was pulled out in time.

Finally the Japanese issued water: one canteen cup for 20 men. It worked out to four tablespoonfuls for each thirsty mouth. But there was a rotation. After 90 minutes more in the sun you could have another four tablespoonfuls.

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All that day they did not believe him. But toward nightfall a detachment of soldiers drove up, unlimbered shovels, and began to dig.

Thoughts of Christmas at Home

Mr. Wada, for once, had been telling the truth. Drum after drum of sand, shivering, thinking of Christmas at home, too hungry, thirsty and cold to sleep. Somewhere between midnight and dawn the hunchback again stirred up the sentries, and the sentries ordered the Americans on their feet. They marched along the waterfront to a dock, loaded with Japanese supplies. It was still dark and the guards could not watch all the 1,300 men as they moved between the high piles of boxes. Hungry, the prisoners plundered some of the boxes. They found some aerial film, pulled it out and exposed it. The New Mexican artillery officers found some bran and a little dried fish, which they parceled out among those who had shirts to conceal it.

The Japanese were suddenly in fearful haste. Lieutenant Toshino would scold Mr. Wada in Japanese, and the hunchback would say, "Get in the barge quickly! You must hurry, hurry!" Some prisoners were literally pushed off the dock and fell in the barge's bottom. "Speedo," shouted the guards, "speedo, speedo!" With rifle butts and the flats of their swords they pushed back the fallen in the barge. "Back, back! Speedo, speedo!"

The sun was just coming up as the prisoners climbed, on sunburned feet, the iron side-ladder of their new vessel, whose propellers were already impatiently turning over.

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Living Shields

American wounded were put on top of tiny boxcars by Japs and told to wave their white bandages to keep American planes from strafing ammunition-laden train. Dirty, half-naked prisoners were on their way to Japan on "cruise of death"

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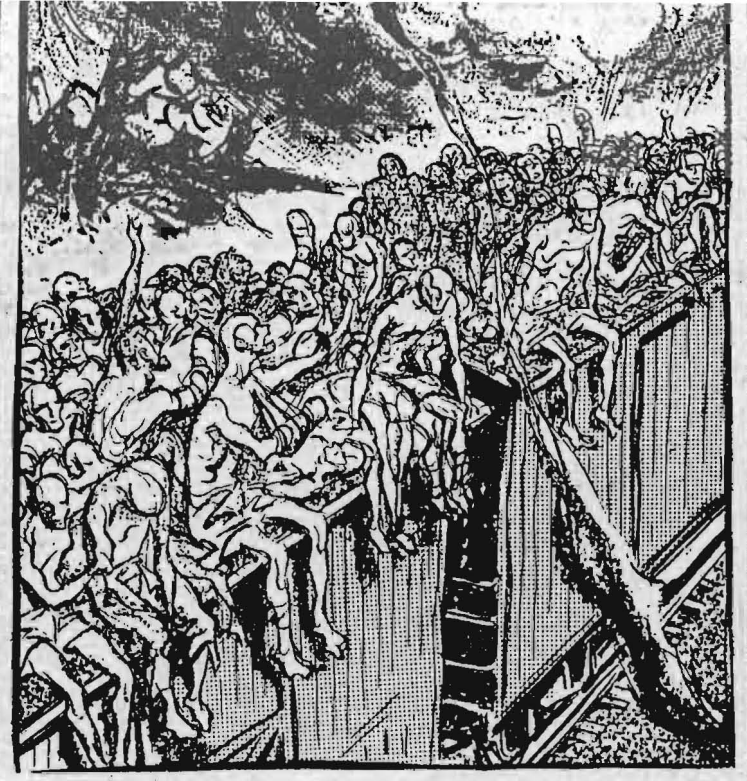

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They were allowed five minutes in the water, barely enough time to splash themselves. Many were so dehydrated that they scooped the salt water into their mouths.

When they came out Bridget renewed his pleading for drinking water. An Army captain of engineers from Hope, Arkansas, lost his head, dashed out into the water, drinking like mad. The Japanese raised their guns to fire, but he was pulled out in time.

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Merry Christmas

That's what Filipinos shouted as train bearing American prisoners wound its way from San Fernando Pampanga along the valley to San Fernando del Union on Lingayen Gulf. Map shows Manila, where "death cruise" started, and Olongapo, where hell ship was sunk

sand, shivering, thinking of Christmas at home, too hungry, thirsty and cold to sleep. Somewhere between midnight and dawn the hunchback again stirred up the sentries, and the sentries ordered the Americans on their feet. They marched along the waterfront to a dock, loaded with Japanese supplies. It was still dark and the guards could not watch all the 1,300 men as they moved between the high piles of boxes. Hungry, the prisoners plundered some of the boxes. They found some aerial film, pulled it out and exposed it. The New Mexican artillery officers found some bran and a little dried fish, which they parceled out among those who had shirts to conceal it.

The Japanese were suddenly in fearful haste. Lieutenant Toshino would scold Mr. Wada in Japanese, and the hunchback would say, "Get in the barge quickly! You must hurry, hurry!" Some prisoners were literally pushed off the dock and fell in the barge's bottom. "Speedo," shouted the guards, "speedo, speedo!" With rifle butts and the flats of their swords they pushed back the fallen in the barge. "Back, back! Speedo, speedo!"

The sun was just coming up as the prisoners climbed, on sunburned feet, the iron side-ladder of their new vessel, whose propellers were already impatiently turning over.

All this haste was for a good reason. Ordinarily, in wars hitherto, ships have considered themselves in danger from air or submarine attack only by day. If armed, they have felt themselves fairly safe against submarines except at the weak visibility hours of sunrise and sunset, when the low profile of a submarine gives it an advantage.

The American submarines, however, became specialists in night attacks. Thus the Japanese shipping controls were always in a dilemma, whether to face the subs by night or the bombers by day. Where they were within range of both, as at Manila, there was simply no answer but to take advantage of any bad weather and hope for stormy cover, which makes either torpedo or bomb sighting difficult.

Attack by Hungry Horse Flies

At Lingayen, however, more than a hundred miles to the north, they were out of range of scourging air attack by day—though a long-range raid was always possible—and if the ships sailed by day and lay up by night, they had at least a fighting chance to beat the American submarines, whose deadliest strikes were made by darkness.

What the Japanese wanted to do was to get out at dawn and widen the aircraft range as much as possible the first day, thus halving their possible antagonists.

Two freighters were leaving, the bigger one of 8,000 tons marked "No. 2" on its superstructure, and another of 5,500 tons marked "No. 1." The first bargefuls of men were crowded aboard the "No. 2" in the midships hold, which had two levels. But the nervous captain lost patience, as he watched the rapidly rising sun and the slow crawl of tired prisoners up his ladder. As the 1,000-man mark was reached he lifted anchor and the last handfuls of this batch climbed up as the freighter moved down the harbor. . . . The remainder, some 234 men and a few Japanese wounded and sick, were hustled aboard the "No. 1." On the morning of the 27th both vessels set forth along the coast of northern Luzon. That same evening a submarine fired two torpedoes at "No. 2." Both missed, and exploded on the Luzon shore.

The last cargo "No. 2" had carried was horses. "The hold where we were," says a prisoner, "was like a big floating barn, full of horse manure and the biggest, hungriest horse flies I ever saw. They immediately set to work biting our backs and legs. Then more flies came and they covered our mouths, ears and eyes. We smelled already and the smell drew them."

It was the Japanese practice to save the urine of the horses for some chemical use, bringing it back to Japan in the bilges of the ship. An overpowering smell like ammonia came up from the bilges. There was a ventilating system installed to keep the horses alive, but with Americans in the hold the Japanese shut it off.

The prisoners placed their wounded on the upper of the two decks in the hold, where the odor was less. The two Army doctors, Lieutenant Colonel William D. North and Lieutenant Colonel Jack Schwartz, were in charge of this sick level. Several fell or rolled off into the hold below in delirium at night. Below them, in the stench of the hold, Commander Bridget, almost indistinguishably hoarse now, was in charge. Lieutenant Colonel Beecher handled negotiations with Toshino and Wada.

Prisoners Scrape Up Horse Feed

The pit on "No. 2" was about 60 feet square, with bays ten feet deep on two sides and bays about four feet deep on the other two sides. The horses had left scattered feed in the crevices of these stalls. The prisoners scraped up the remnants, mixed them with the bran stolen on the dock, and ate the mixture.

The Japanese crew of this vessel seemed willing to give the prisoners rice and water. But Mr. Wada and Lieutenant Toshino and the Formosan guards were afraid to let the prisoners on deck.

Lieutenant Colonel Kenneth "Swede" Olson, a regular Army finance officer who had been camp commandant at Mindanao, climbed up boldly and faced the hunchback. "These men are hungry and thirsty, Mr. Wada," he said. "They are dying. Sick men won't be any good to you, Mr. Wada. Dead men won't help you. Give us a chance. We're not afraid to work for our lives. All we want is a chance."

Finally Toshino and Wada relented and allowed the crew to send down food, and eventually the prisoners to send six-man chow details on deck to the galley. The prisoners had rice and a quarter canteen cupful of hot soup. But the Japanese would not allow them to keep the rice buckets long enough to pass around. They had to send them up again immediately. So they dumped out the rice on dirty raincoats and on the manure-scattered pit.

"The lineup was something to see," says one prisoner. "We were barefooted, bearded, dirty and full of diarrhea. We ate from our hats, from pieces of cloth, from our hands. You would see an officer who once commanded a battalion with a handful of rice clutched against his sweaty, naked chest so the flies could not get it, eating it like an animal with his befouled hands."

TOMORROW: Death Rate Continues: When a man died his body was stripped of clothing for the living.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Wire Cargo Net Lifts Bodies from Hold

Ropes on Feet, Dead Dragged on Ground to Coal Yard

GEORGE WELLER today continues his story of 1,600 American prisoners taken from Manila to Japan. Only about 300 survived the 7 weeks' ordeal of suffocation, starvation and bombing that started in December, 1944. It is a story of Japanese brutality unequalled in the Pacific war.

By GEORGE WELLER

THE strong in mind and body, the smart and the brave among the American prisoners being transported from Manila to Japan were still alive after weeks of hunger, thirst and almost indescribable horror.

But in the harbor of Takau, Formosa, death laid a heavier hand on the dwindling but still gallant band. Three hundred and fifty died in one day—from a bombing raid by American planes based in China, and from callous Jap treatment that followed.

For two days the dead were not moved. Then a barge appeared alongside. The dead were going ashore in Formosa.

Out of the middle hold of the ship the dead could be hauled individually, stripped and tied to ropes. But for the forward hold it was necessary to rig a broad wire cargo net, on the end of a boom and tackle. Here Captain (now Major) Arthur Wermuth, of Chicago, the famous "one-man army of Bataan," with the help of medical corpsmen hauled the bodies like fagots and had them swung away through the hatch by dozens, hugged by the wire net like bunches of asparagus.

Before a load was lifted, if there was a body in it which had not yet been identified, the question would be asked: "Anybody alive from this man's bay?" Silence. "Anybody know from which bay this man comes?" Silence. Some men were unrecognizable even to those who had lived with them.

For the ugly job of loading the dead there had been little rivalry. The survivors were weak and extremely thirsty. Though the horses which had traveled in the same cargo hold had presumably drunk gallons of water, and though the boat was in harbor, the Japs kept saying, "No water — we have no water." The wounds were kept

(Continued on Page 18, Column One)

300 Dead Around Him

Major
ARTHUR W. WERMUTH
the "one man army of Bataan" took charge of wounded when bombs hit prison ship

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Starving Survivors in Dark Hold Join Chaplain in the Lord's Prayer

(Continued from the First Page)

from healing and further sapped by abnormal loss of water as well as blood.

Then came the command: "We need 30 men to go ashore for burial duty with these bodies. Who volunteers?"

All Volunteer for Burial Squad

Almost every man who could totter to his feet volunteered. His offer was not strictly without self-interest. He hoped that for once, if he went ashore, he could fill up his body with water and renew his thinning blood.

"I wanted to go ashore and try for some water with all my heart," said one officer. "But I could not move. So I just lay on my back and watched that wire cargo net — it was about 20 feet square when laid out, I guess—going down into the hold empty, being loaded, and then ascending, shutting out the light with naked bodies before it swung away out of my sight."

At length the barge, overloaded, moved toward shore. Among the ten officers who went were Lieutenant H. B. Wright, of the Air Forces; Lieutenant Keene, of the Cavite 6th Marines—a South Carolinan—and Major John Fowler, 26th Cavalry, of Los Angeles.

They reached a breakwater, tied up, but found that they were too weak to carry the bodies ashore one by one. They attached ropes to the naked feet and dragged them to the point where the breakwater met the sand. There they laid them out in rows. It was a coal dumping yard, and there were black mountains of bituminous coal, thousands of tons, nearby. They left the bodies there on the beach that first night, beside the coal.

The second day they again loaded the barge with bodies and brought them ashore, placing them beside their predecessors. Each night the burial party drew up and gave a military salute before returning to the ship. And the third day they took all the bodies to a Japanese crematorium near a shrine and rendered them into ashes.

By now an evening prayer had become part of their simple routine. Of the estimated 16 chaplains in the party, both Protestant and Catholic, only three were to live to Japan.

The strongest seemed to be the Army priest, Lieutenant William "Bill" Cummings, of San Francisco and Ossining, N. Y. One Navy man says, "I shall never forget the prayer that Father asked that first night after the bombing, when the Japs would not let us move the bodies. He had often said prayers before but a lot of men kept babbling or arguing or cursing. This night the minute he stood up there was absolute silence.

"I guess it was the first real and complete silence since we left Manila. Even the deranged fellows were quiet, and I remember his opening words: 'O God — O God, please grant that tomorrow we will be spared from being bombed.' There was just something about the way he said those words that brought the men around.

"Then he prayed. He managed to say everything that was in our hearts—what we had left as hearts after squabbling with each other. The last thing was to lead us in the Lord's Prayer. I think every man, even the unbalanced ones, repeated at least some of the words after him."

The prisoners kept alive partly by stealing sugar from the bottom of the 'midships hold. The Japs set every kind of guard, but the prisoners managed to trick them. The sugar was a two-edged prize. "It saved men's lives as food, but it killed more than it saved." It was coarse and brown. If eaten more than a tablespoon a day, it caused severe diarrhea, and brought death. Few men had the self-control to hold down their consumption.

The sugar led to a double drama. Lieutenant Colonel (now Colonel) Curtis Beecher of Chicago had warned the men: "Don't eat sugar under the hatch where the guard can see you. Crawl into a corner." The practice was for two men to eat alternat
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The sugar led to a double drama. Lieutenant Colonel (now Colonel) Curtis Beecher of Chicago had warned the men: "Don't eat sugar under the hatch where the guard can see you. Crawl into a corner." The practice was for two men to eat alternately, one standing guard for the other. In the same way, when the sugar was stolen from below, an officer stood at the hatch where he could signal into the sugar hold, the Marine Lieutenant Keene frequently acting as lookout.

Two of the ablest sugar thieves were a lieutenant in the Geodetic Survey of the Coast Guard, who teamed up with a Catholic Navy chaplain, a Lieutenant McManus.

They stole many messkits of sugar before they were caught. The Formosans brought them on deck. They slapped them first, then knocked them down with rifles and finally kicked them. The Coast Guard lieutenant, seeing that the chaplain was going under fast, protested that he was responsible. The Japanese then released Father McManus and concentrated on the lieutenant.

They said that they were going to shoot him. But after an hour's beating they pushed him back through the hatch.

However, the sugar thefts went on. Each morning when the Japanese sentries descended, another sack of sugar would be missing. But no Formosan sentry could be found willing to spend the night in the hold under the prisoners. Finally Lieutenant Toshino, the Jap in charge, and Mr. Wada, his interpreter, came to the edge of the hatch and looked down into the pit.

"Who has stolen the sugar?" demanded Mr. Wada. No answer. Mr. Wada had a consultation with the spectacled lieutenant, and then announced: "Unless the thieves give themselves up immediately, we will cut off all rice and all water from both holds."

The silver-haired Beecher called a meeting. He said, "This isn't a question of finding who has been taking the sugar. It's a matter of saving the lives of men who will die unless they have rice and at least a little water.

Two Volunteer to Die for Thefts

"We've got to have two men willing to go up and offer themselves as hostages for all the others. I don't have any idea what Toshino and Wada will order done to those two men. They may have them shot.

"The only thing I can promise is this: if they survive whatever the Japs do to them, I will see they are taken care of and don't go without food the rest of the trip."

There was an English sergeant aboard named Trapp who had not gone ashore when the 37 Britons were taken to the Formosan camp. He was husky, of medium height. He had known the 4th Marines in China and had made new friends in Manila.

And there was a husky medical aidman who had qualified for honors on Bataan by carrying a wounded man on his back for 13 miles, an Ohioan, Sergeant Arda M. "Max" Hanenkrat, of the 31st Infantry. Trapp and Hanenkrat volunteered.

Everyone waited, penned below, listening for the sounds of such volleys as had already killed several prisoners. None came.

The Japanese psychology is peculiar. Whereas the caught thief may lightly be killed, the uncaught one who confesses his crime may in some cases escape with his life.

Moved To Another Prison Ship

When a medical corpsman, Patrick Hilton, of Pratt, West Va., was allowed to go up the ladder to empty a benjo or slop bucket, he saw the two men, marked with blows and faint, kneeling between guards. Every time one reeled and fell over the Japanese would slap him to consciousness again. But they still lived.

Eventually the two sergeants were pushed back into the hold. They lived to clamber aboard the boat that took them to Japan. But in the end they, too, great-hearted men that they were, both died.

"No. 2" ship could not reach Japan in her present perforated condition, and the Japanese were stubbornly persistent that to Japan the prisoners must go. The morning of the 13th, two weeks after the arrival in Takau and a week after the bombing that had cost approximately 350 American lives, Lieutenant Toshino ordered the remaining men to move to another ship a few hundred yards off.

TOMORROW: With half of the 1,600 still alive, prisoners begin last lap of death cruise to Japan.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Man Dies Every Hour in Cold Nights at Sea

Japs Pass Out 5 Bits of Hardtack as a New Year Treat

EIGHTH in a series by George Weller. The "Cruise of Death" was taken by 1,600 American prisoners from Manila to southern Japan. Approximately 300 survived the ordeal. Their stories were gathered in prison camps, rest camps, on hospital ships and at U. S. bases in the Pacific.

By GEORGE WELLER

AFTER days of bombings, hunger, thirst, all the horrors and indignities to which men can be subjected, two groups of American prisoners were now definitely on their way to Japan.

They were being taken away from the Philippines—away from the last hope of rescue by General MacArthur's advancing forces.

About 1,000 of the men were aboard a freighter known only as "No. 2." The remainder, 234, were aboard "No. 1." Again their quarters were airless holds of stench, disease and terror. It was December 27, 1944.

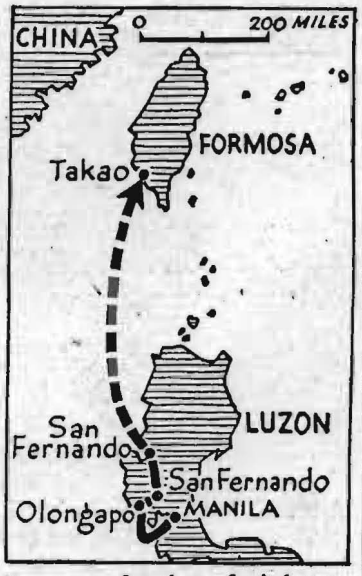
Again death was moving quietly among them. Of dehydration or diarrhea, or old wounds, a man died almost every hour. From the Japanese galley they procured rice sacks for shrouds. When a man died his body was stripped of usable clothing, placed in a sack, and hoisted up.

Tying up the bodies was the job of boatswains like Jesse E. Lee of San Diego. "The trouble was that the second day we ran out of sacks," he said. "I would tie a running bowline around the feet of the corpse and a half hitch around his head, and then say 'all right, take him away.' "Then he would rise up out of the hold, and his friends could see him for the last time against the sky, swinging back and fourth against the side of the hatch as he went out of sight."

Most of the chaplains were by this time beyond doing any duties, but a Catholic Army lieutenant, Father William "Bill" Cummings, of San Francisco and Ossining, N. Y., who in a sermon on Bataan had first uttered the words "there are no atheists in foxholes," often managed to say a few words of blessing as a body rose through the hatch.

A Navy chief carpenter named O'Brien, who had been stricken on the beach with nutritional diarrhea which not even food could check, passed on his final moments eased by Cummings. A sergeant of the Air Force named Brown who jumped overboard off northern Luzon at night, however, was followed only by the scattered shots of the Taiwani (Formosan) guards. Captain John F. Presnell, a graduate of the University of Maine, tried to climb the iron ladder to the deck and was shot dead by the guards.

Away from Hope



Route of the freighters taking the Americans away from rescue by MacArthur's forces

Naked Men Shiver Night and Day

As the ships drew away from the Luzon coast it began to grow cold. The men who had broiled now shivered night and day.

And as the deaths increased the Japanese made a rule that bodies could no longer be hoisted out of the hold immediately after death. They had to lie out on the bottom of the hold, so as to be in full sight of Lieutenant Toshino, Jap officer in charge or Mr. Wada, his interpreter, when they glanced into the pit.

When there were six or eight bodies, Mr. Wada would give permission for a general hoisting of corpses.

The 234 men on "No. 1" were in a way worse off than those on "No. 2" because they were committed into the hands of their frightened Formosan guards. For the first two days they got nothing at all, except that the guards diverted themselves by dropping cigarettes

(Continued on Page 35, Column Two)

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Prisoners Use Pant Legs and Shirts To Bandage Their Wounded

(Continued from the First Page)

through the hatch to watch the Americans scramble.

Lieutenant Colonel "Johnny" Johnson, one of the few hardworking officers who came through, took firm hold and saw that every scrap of food on hand was rationed. Their first food was the leavings from the guards, and a Japanese guard does not leave much. It amounted to a teaspoon of rice per man.

Japs Say, 'We Want You to Die'

Johnson took a teaspoonful to the commander of the guard. He said, "If we must go on like this, my men will all die." The commander replied, "We want you to die. Your submarines are sinking our ships."

The Japanese crewmen sold a kind of cheap rock candy to the prisoners for rings and fountain pens. Johnson had set the men off in groups of 20, by areas. Bearded, dirty, shoeless and sunburned, they lay in their areas, waiting death in the throbbing hold.

"No. 2," though it was the newer and larger ship, broke its steering gear two days from the Philippines and had to be towed most of the rest of the way.

The convoy reached the harbor of Takau, Formosa, on New Year's Day. The prisoners aboard "No. 1" received five pieces of hardtack each, their New Year's feast.

About a dozen men had died on "No. 1" and a somewhat larger number on "No. 2."

Older men like P. D. Rogers, who had once been General John J. Pershing's secretary and also served as governor of Jolo, passed away of general weakness, while young men like Captain Alfonso Melendez and Captain James Sadler, both of Santa Fe, died of dysentery and exhaustion. Major Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., Colonel Curtis Beecher's marine mess officer, kept up a ceaseless chant of "Take it easy, boys, at ease, now," in his deep voice.

After three or four days in Takau, the Japanese decided to put the two parties together again aboard "No. 2." The smaller party spent a day and night, in between, aboard a still smaller freighter with a bad list, apparently from bombing. After 24 hours without food or water they were moved to "No. 2" and jammed into the midships hold already occupied by 1,000 men. The next day, January 5, the Japanese decided to open a forward hold, where about 450 men under Captain (now Major) Arthur Wermuth, of Chicago, the "one-man army," were transferred.

The prisoners knew that they were within range of bombers: the American Air Force in China. Their alarm was increased when a light warship approached and tied itself to "No. 2," making an inviting double target.

"No. 2" had taken aboard 200 sacks of sugar, which were placed in the lower part of the crowded hold amidships. The prisoners sensed that the moment for departing for Japan was at hand. The 37 British prisoners were ordered ashore, joining their compatriots in Formosa's camps.

Bombs Kill More Americans

About 8 A. M. of January 6 there was a sudden crackle of anti-aircraft fire. Practice or real? Under closed hatches the prisoners could not tell. Then bombs began to fall. The first hit close by the forward hold, and the ship rolled. The others—two or perhaps three—hit close inboard.

The first bomb not only tore at the side of the ship; it ripped holes in the partition between the two holds.

"We looked through the holes," says Theodore Lewin, a big soldier of fortune who had been a reporter in Los Angeles on the Huntington Park Record and proprietor of an offshore gambling ship. "We could see bodies, there in the forward hold. Nobody was moving.

"In our own hold the whole place was covered with bodies. Then from the forward hold Captain Wermuth yelled up, 'I'm taking charge here. Get us some stuff for the wounded, quick.'"

The wild cascade of hatchplanks had felled Major Malevic of the 14th Engineers, but he was still alive. The gallant marine, Major Andrew J. Mathiesen, of Los Angeles, who had helped so many, was knocked from the upper level to the bottom by a hatchplank and died of shock and internal injuries. After the mortal blow he pulled himself together, worked, gave orders normally, but finally collapsed.

Three Army lieutenant colonels were lying in a row, Peter Kemp, Jack Schwartz and "Bill" Manning. The outer two were killed by head blows; Schwartz was untouched.

"We're going to need the last clothing you have for bandages, boys," announced Lieutenant Colonel James McG. Sullivan, of San Francisco, a medico. "Tear off your pant legs and shirts. If you're cold, get a sugar sack. We've got to save these men."

The appearance of the wounded in the middle hold was peculiarly unbearable. From the bilges came yellowish fumes that the engineers said was ammonium picrate gas. descend into the chaos of the forward hold. So the first night passed with the bodies stiffening where they lay.

The second day a small detachment of Japanese Red Cross corpsmen arrived at the ship. They did not even attempt to enter the forward hold. They handed out some medicines in the midships hold, and went away.

By now the living men in both holds were pleading with Lieutenant Toshino and Mr. Wada for permission to lift out their dead. The bodies were swollen and bloated; the stench was beyond breathing.

Japs Gave No Help to Wounded

But the Japanese would not allow them to move the bodies. Still another night they spent with their mangled dead and their unrelieved wounded. On the 8th, two days later, Toshino and Wada for the first time agreed to have the bodies removed.

Purely as physical labor, it was a task almost beyond the strength of the survivors. To move 300 living men, heavy and helpless, would have been a full job for a large hospital corps, with stretchers and slings and aidmen husky and strong.

These men had lost as much as 40 pounds each; they had not had a true meal in months; they were battle-shocked; they had no apparatus; and the bodies they had to move were those of their comrades of three years' imprisonment.

And yet they had not wholly lost the American's last resource his humor. As they stripped the bodies of clothing, as they tugged them and stacked them, they laughed at what happened to a rice-and-latrine detail that had been on deck when the bombs struck.

Their guard, a Formosan named Ah Kong, hardly heard the whistle of bombs when he dropped his rifle and fled. He ran into a passageway and huddled there. The Americans were scared of the bombs, but more scared that the other jittery guards, seeing them without Ah Kong, would shoot them down.

So they they picked up Ah Kong's rifle and poured pellmell after him into the passageway, where they returned their panting sentry his weapon, pointing it back as usual at themselves.

"We'll never forget," said one, "when Ah Kong allowed us to walk forward and look down for a moment through the twisted hatchway of the forward hold.

"We could see Wermuth standing ther, looking around trying to get his bearings. There seemed to be at least 300 dead around him and about 100 wounded. About 50 men who were whole were still walking around, dazed." A sergeant of the Fourth Shanghai Marines named Staley had been killed between two Navy petty officers of Ah Kong's trusties. Colonel Beecher took charge in the hold amidships, Captain Wermuth forward. Captain Jack Clark of the marines, who had kept the list of the dead in the tennis court, was now dead himself, as was also Captain Lee Clark, another marine.

Another Partial list of Dead

There were many men on the death cruise who died or disappeared without their comrades being able to say where it happened. Here is a partial list of men known with reasonable definiteness to have died in the Takau bombing:

Lt. Col. Alexander, Quartermaster Corps; Capt. Godfrey Ames, Lt. Charles Arnato, Lt. Charles Alsabrook, fighter pilot; Capt Jak "Mickey" Amos, Quartermaster Corps.

Capt. Robert A. Barker of Springfield, Ill., 31st Inf. Anti-tank; Capt. Ernest Bye, Army Medical Administrator; Major Charles J. Browne, of San Antonio; Major S. L. Barbour, field artillery; Capt. Fort Sheridan, Burnett who w Tomas prison; try; Capt. Jack

Lt. David L. a Bell Telep **Crawford, of** Merle L. Chri Cyrus De Long, George Dorma engineer.

Capt. Willia

Dead and Half D

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"We're going to need the last clothing you have for bandages, boys," announced Lieutenant Colonel James McG. Sullivan, of San Francisco, a medico. "Tear off your pant legs and shirts. If you're cold, get a sugar sack. We've got to save these men."

The appearance of the wounded in the middle hold was peculiarly unbearable. From the bilges came yellowish fumes that the engineers said was ammonium picrate gas. (The ship was carrying a cargo of horse urine to be put to chemical use in Japan.) The men's hair had turned an unearthly yellow blond color.

Doctor Had His Eye Blown Out

"A Navy doctor only a foot away from me," says Lieutenant Russell J. Hutchison, of Albuquerque, who had built a tiny radio in Davao to time General MacArthur's coming, "lost his eye right out of his head. I was eating a messkit," he said, "of rice at the time. On my left a man had the back of his head blown clean off."

In this hold amidships, from which come the only coherent accounts of what happened, there were about 40 killed and about 200 wounded. In the forward hold, which resembled a human butcher shop, over half the prisoners, more than 200, had been killed and many of the rest were gravely wounded.

The Japs were in a civilized harbor, with doctors, hospitals, barges and all other medical services at their disposal. But, the first day nothing whatever was done. The unwounded in the middle hold, where some doctors were still alive, were not even allowed to go above and have been a full job for a large hospital corps, with stretchers and slings and aidmen husky and strong.

These men had lost as much as 40 pounds each; they had not had a true meal in months; they were battle-shocked; they had no apparatus; and the bodies they had to move were those of their comrades of three years' imprisonment.

And yet they had not wholly lost the American's last resource his humor. As they stripped the bodies of clothing, as they tugged them and stacked them, they laughed at what happened to a rice-and-latrine detail that had been on deck when the bombs struck.

Their guard, a Formosan named Ah Kong, hardly heard the whistle of bombs when he dropped his rifle and fled. He ran into a passageway and huddled there. The Americans were scared of the bombs, but more scared that the other jittery guards, seeing them without Ah Kong, would shoot them down.

So they they picked up Ah Kong's rifle and poured pellmell after him into the passageway, where they returned their panting sentry his weapon, pointing it back as usual at themselves.

"We'll never forget," said one, "when Ah Kong allowed us to walk forward and look down for a moment through the twisted hatchway of the forward hold.

"We could see Wermuth standing ther, looking around trying to get his bearings. There seemed to be at least 300 dead around him and

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Another Partial list of Dead

There were many men on the death cruise who died or disappeared without their comrades being able to say where it happened. Here is a partial list of men known with reasonable definiteness to have died in the Takau bombing:

Lt. Col. Alexander, Quartermaster Corps; **Capt. Godfrey Ames, Lt. Charles Arnato, Lt. Charles Alsabrook**, fighter pilot; **Capt Jak "Mickey" Amos**, Quartermaster Corps.

Capt. Robert A. Barker of Springfield, Ill., 31st Inf. Anti-tank; **Capt. Ernest Bye**, Army Medical Administrator; **Major Charles J. Browne**, of San Antonio; **Major S. L. Barbour**, field artillery; **Capt.** Fort Sheridan, Burnett who wa Tomas prison; try; **Capt. Jack**

Lt. David L. a Bell Teleph **Crawford**, of **Merle L. Chris Cyrus De Long, George Dorma** engineer.

Capt. Willian

Dead and Half Dead

egs and Shirts Wounded

two descend into the chaos of the for- "No. ward hold. So the first night passed day with the bodies stiffening where still they lay. list,

The second day a small detachment of Japanese Red Cross corpsmen arrived at the ship. They did not even attempt to enter the forward hold. They handed out some medicines in the midships hold, and went away.

By now the living men in both holds were pleading with Lieutenant Toshino and Mr. Wada for permission to lift out their dead. The bodies were swollen and bloated; the stench was beyond breathing.

Japs Gave No Help to Wounded

But the Japanese would not allow them to move the bodies. Still another night they spent with their mangled dead and their unrelieved wounded. On the 8th, two days later, Toshino and Wada for the first time agreed to have the bodies removed.

Purely as physical labor, it was a task almost beyond the strength of the survivors. To move 300 living men, heavy and helpless, would have been a full job for a large hospital corps, with stretchers and slings and aidmen husky and strong.

These men had lost as much as 40 pounds each; they had not had a true meal in months; they were battle-shocked; they had no apparatus; and the bodies they had to move were those of their comrades of three years' imprisonment.

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Almost on the brink of the grave themselves, American prisoners are too weak to carry the men who died in the Jap hell ship and are forced to drag naked bodies from barges to shore. There they were dumped by coal piles until Japs gave permission for mass cremation

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Lt. David L. Coale, of Los Angeles (father, a Bell Telephone executive; **Major George Crawford**, of Seattle, a West Pointer; **Lt. Merle L. Christensen**, Field Artillery; **Capt. Cyrus De Long**, Army dentist; **Warrant Officer George Dorman, Capt. Thomas Dela Mar**, engineer.

Capt. William English, of South Carolina; **Lt. Jack Ellis**, of Albuquerque, 200th Coast Artillery.

Chief Pharmacist's Mate **Pete Going, Major William Gay**, of Memphis, engineer; **Major Hughes**, a former Boston basketball coach.

Lt. Haussman, Jesuit chaplain of Mindanao leper colony; **Lt "Bill" Harrington**, Naval Reserve Intelligence, Harvard Law graduate practicing in Manila, wife and daughter in Santo Tomas prison; **Lt. Vernon Hobbs**, Field artillery, electrical engineer, Purdue graduate; **Lt. Commander Thomas H. Hayes**, of Norfolk, doctor.

Lt. Commander Jordan, interpreter.

Lt. Gordon Lambert, Navy; **Capt. Jack Laupe**, Standford graduate; **Lt. Col. John Lulkart**, of Clovis, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

Major Thompson Brooks Morey, 3d. Honolulu, West Point Field Artillery; **Capt. Clayton Nickelsen**, who had won the DSC on Bataan with West Pointer Lt. Col. Thomas J. H. Trapnell by igniting a truck on a bridge and checking the Japanese pursuit of the 26th Calavalry. Trapnell, also on the death cruise, reached Japan; **Capt John McGullick**, Coast Artillery, said to be a general's son; **W. L. Monroe**, Navy pharmacist; **Capt. Paul Moore**, Field Artillery; **Lt. Joseph Milligan**, Stanford graduate; **Lt. Otis Morgan**, engineer.

Navy Chief parmacist **Nicholson.**

Capt. Paul Pearson of Manhattan, Kan., Hq. 2nd Corps.

Lt. John E. Rogers, of Santa Fe, 200th Coast Artillery; **Lt. William Randolph**, of Gallup, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

Capt. Earl R. Short, Quartermaster Corps, of Portland, Oregon and Manila; **Carl E. Shaw**, medical aidman; **Major Joseph B. Salee.**

Lt. Lee C. Tucker, of Albuquerque, 200th Coast Artillery; **Lt. Welch** of Seattle, Army Medical Corps; **Lt Commander Clyde Welsh**, of Chicago, medical officer; **Lt. Commander E. M. Wade**, medical officer; **Lt. "Pete" Welch**, Navy; **Lt. Col. Oliver B. Witten**, of Deming, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

"Stud" Ulmer, of San Diego, chief pharmacist's mate.

Lt. Col. William Van Nostrand.

Tony Voincy, official interpreter of Czech legation in Tokyo.

Even the Japanese saw that "No. 2" was so hoplessly perforated that she could never make Japan. Light peeked through all her bulkheads. The prison ships had left a long trail of American bodies committed to the sea, but a mass burial could be carried out in Takau Harbor.

TOMORROW — In the Formosa harbor death lays a heavier hand on the gallant band of American prisoners.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Last Lap of Journey; 900 Still Alive

Ropes Lift Cripples Groaning, Dying through Hatch

THIS is the tenth instalment of "Death Cruise." Today George Weller describes the departure from Takao, Formosa, for southern Japan, via a tortuous detour along the China coast. Of some 1,600 Americans brought from Manila to Japan in December, 1944, 300 survived the ordeal.

By GEORGE WELLER

THE last lap of their long and tortured journey was about to begin for the dirty, wounded, sick American skeletons who had left Manila for prison camps in Japan.

They had suffered almost to the limit of endurance but their tale of horror had not yet been spun out. Many were dead—some from bombs dropped by other Americans who had no way of knowing. The others were dead from the brutalities of the Japs, who knew and admitted they did not care.

Between 800 and 900 men were now alive of the 1,600 plus who had marched out of Bilibid prison in Manila precisely a month before. Many of them, however, wounded and untended, were at the gate of death. To move them was to doom them. But the Japanese wanted them moved, and not slowly.

Once again the sentries' cry was "Speedo, speedo!" A barge was alongside to take them to another prison ship in the harbor of Takao, Formosa.

There were intestinal hemorrhages, extreme shocks, amputations: how could such men be moved? Corpsmen figured out a bos'n's chair to get them out of the hold. They put a Spanish bowline around each leg and a square knot around the waist to steady the torso, and up went the groaning man, hauled by 16 of the pairs of hands still able to tug.

When it came to moving the men who could not be held upright, the corpsmen took a hatch plank, fixed a scaffold knot around each end, and slowly tugged him through the hatch.

"In a way this was the most terrible job of all," says one officer, "and we could not avoid it. I remember clearly the smile on Mr. Wada's face as he watched us." Mr. Wada was the Jap interpreter.

When they reached the new ship another obstacle awaited the wounded. Where the accommodation ladder had been lowered there were a couple of barges tied up whose decks had to be crossed with each wounded man before the ladder was reached.

The ups and downs of this slow trip brought many of the worst wounded into coma.

Crippled Officer Crawls All Way

"I'll never forget," says one officer, "seeing Captain Walter Donaldson, 200th Coast Artillery officer

(Continued on Page Ten, Column One)

A Survivor

Lieut. Colonel THOMAS J. H. TRAPNELL

One of 300 out of 1,600 Americans who survived the "Death Cruise." An All-American end on the West Point football team 15 years ago, Trapnell was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism under fire in Bataan. He is 43, lives in Baltimore

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

47 More Prisoners Die on First Day Out; Pneumonia A New Visitor

(Continued from the First Page)

from Deming, N. M. He could not walk, but he crawled the whole way.

"He had two sprained wrists and two fractured ankles, but he crept on his elbows and knees. He crawled all the way around the barges, up the ladder and onto the deck."

Approximately 14 men who reached the new ship never saw its hold. They died on its decks. But they were not taken ashore to be cremated; they waited, like the others, to make at least a start on the journey toward Japan. Dead in port, they were to be buried at sea.

On the new ship, an undersized freighter, the shrinking party was again forced into a single hold. The bays or shelves, divided stanchion by stanchion, were 15 feet long by ten feet deep. Each bay accommodated 20 men, counted off by Lieutenant Colonel Johnson.

Two positions were possible: to sit with legs extended, or to lie down with knees drawn up. Standing, or lying down at full length was impossible.

Rapidly though the party diminished, the Japs always put them in pits smaller than normal for their numbers.

After sundown January 13 the ship slipped out of Takao but turned not toward Japan, but China. It was apparent only the strongest would live. The little food was carefully rationed, but medical corpsmen, doing most of the physical work, got more by common consent. And the details carrying slop buckets to the decks had opportunities for trading not given those below.

Death Rate Jumps Upward

The death rate took a jump upward. George L. Curtis says: "I counted 47 dead the first day out." By now the Japanese also were calling the roll, standing like little gods at the edge of the hatch two hours at a time and droning forth the names. When one did not answer, Mr. Wada simply drew a line through his name.

It grew colder. Straw mats were in the hold, but enough for only one-third of the men. Friends huddled under a single mat while the cold wind swept around them.

A bitter draft came from the ventilator in the Japanese quarters astern, sucked through the bays of the prisoners' pit, and up through the hatch. On this wind the lives of many Americans rode their way out.

Lieutenant Colonel (now Colonel) Curtis Beecher pleaded with the Japanese to allow the prisoners to stuff a straw mat in the ventilator. The Japanese always refused. And so the wind of death brought pneumonia, a new visitor.

A hatch in the center covered with tarpaulin, led to the deck below and was never opened. It lay bare to the sky, with the cold draft sweeping over it. Rain and later snow and hail fell on the bodies of those who lay exposed on the hatch.

Since their life pointed always toward death, it was natural that the dead should be piled on this hatch. Things were reversed from the other ships, where to be under the hatch was a favored position.

Here, if you moved to the hatch or were moved there by the corpsmen, it was the equivalent of euthanasia or mercy death. It meant you were so far gone that the food of those who might still be able to live could no longer be spared for you. It placed you neighbor to the dead whom you soon would join.

Clothes Snatched from the Dying

The dying on the hatch were also looked on covetously by shivering men in the bays, who were already mentally dividing up their clothes. A medical committee for clothing—itself grotesquely naked— was supposed to handle the equitable division of clothes. But men died at night, and the committee members could not always get to their feet, and there was connivance.

The "ladder guard"—the man who had been placed to keep the demented from climbing the ladder and being shot by the sentries—might look away. And when he looked back, a man not yet quite dead would have lost his shirt—and no questions asked.

A few life preservers, the kapok-stuffed vest kind, torn and dirty, overlooked by the Japanese in their search of the hold, lay in the corners of the bays.

Prisoners tore these open and pulled out the wadding. They parceled out the kapok. Rolls of it were stuffed into the few pants that still had full legs and the few shirts that still had arms.

"The luckiest ones looked like teddy bears," says one survivor. "But they never stopped scratching. The kapok was a hive of lice, and the lice never gave them any peace."

It was unmistakable the Japanese had not lost their intention of killing these prisoners by thirst. Here was a freighter fresh from the principal harbor of Formosa, whose water tanks should have been filled to the brim.

The prisoners received one-half canteen cupful of rice daily, but of water they received two to four spoonfuls daily.

"If you forgave the Japanese everything else," says one survivor, "I cannot see how you could forgive the way they denied us water all the way from Manila to Japan. Some starved, some were suffocated, some were shot by guards, some died of sunstroke, some died of cold; all things that were deliberately caused and avoidable. But everybody was kept thirsty all the time."

They were in the submarine zone. Three days from Takao they picked up a torpedoed ship and towed it for a day. Their steerage way was five knots. Then the prison ship was ordered to turn back for another distressed ship. They towed that one for two days.

They began to approach the islands off the China coast. "We passed unholy looking little islands, ugly and completely bare." The Japanese had no water to give, but they had plenty to sell. At the rear of the two passageways between the bays there were two open gratings, through one of which swept the so-called "wind of death." These gratings were the trading center. But the Americans had little left to offer. Keepsakes a man parts with last began to go.

Wedding Rings Swapped for Water

The Japanese liked American wedding rings, the solid gold kind. For a thick, heavy one a Jap would bring you five canteens full of water. Annapolis and West Point rings, valued possessions of the professional officer, were bad seconds to wedding rings. They never brought more than four cigarettes, and an early glut brought them down to two.

For a pair of shoes you could get two cans of tomatoes or salmon, or a handful of tangerines. For a heavy Navajo turquoise ring Lieutenant Russell Hutchison, of Albuquerque, gained two straw mats, enough to save his life and that of another officer.

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DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

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As the freighter wound her way through the desolate islands off the Chinese rivers, hiding by night against prowling submarines, the prisoners began to die at the rate of 20 or more daily. A man whose husky constitution made him a body collector says:

"Every morning was the same. I would slowly make the circle of the bays.

"I didn't make any pretense of being tender. I would just stop and put my head in and say, 'Got any stiffs in there?' They might say, 'Yes, we've got a big one this morning.'

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TOMORROW—Commander Maurice Joses dies on the fifth day out.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Thirsty Men Catch Falling Snowflakes

Commander Maurice Joses Dies in Hold of Freighter

GEORGE WELLER today continues the "Death Cruise' 'taken by 1,600 American prisoners from Manila to southern Japan. Approximately 300 men survived the ordeal.

By GEORGE WELLER

THE fifth day out of Takao Commander Maurice Joses of Santa Monica, regular Navy doctor in nominal command of the entire party, called to his side Boatswain Clarence M. Taylor, of Cloverdale, Va.

Joses was in an upper bay in the hospital zone and Taylor got in the next bay to be near him.

Joses was suffering from extreme diarrhea. Even for its own commanding officer the party could do nothing.

"I'd like to talk to you, Ty," said Joses. "I don't think I'll make it through the night." Taylor gave him the usual reassuring encouragement. But the doctor was right. When the first light came through the hatch, their commander was gone.

Even in this filth, thirst and starvation, decency would send up occasional shoots. The Shirk brothers, Robert and Jack, had been mining engineers in Manila when the Army gave them commissions. Jack fell sick first and finally the corpsmen saw he would not live.

They laid him out on the hatch where he soon died. Having stripped his body, they were about to tug it from the dying to the dead side of the hatch, when a corpsman whispered: "Hey, handle this one with care. His brother is watching from that upper bay."

When they had laid Jack Shirk with the others, Bob Shirk climbed painfully out of his bay. He went and stood a little while looking at his brother, his matted head bowed. Perhaps he prayed. At length he went back to his own bay, where he too died.

Captain John G. Hudgins, an Army dental officer, had received four shrapnel wounds in the back and three in the legs at Takao, each the size of a silver dollar.

The corpsman Pat Hilton had struck up an attachment with the Japanese cook, who occasionally gave him scraps of food. Hudgins' unattended wounds were weeping constantly, causing him to dehydrate rapidly.

Hilton would bring him the food

(Continued on Page 24, Column. 2)

Died of Thirst

Lieut. Colonel CHARLES I. ('Polly') HUMBER

who shared his inadequate supply of water with other prisoners. He was left guard and captain of the West Point football team of 1930

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Hatch Was Called "Zero Ward"

(Continued from the First Page)

scraps which the dentist would trade for water.

Water by the Spoonful

The pit's market rate was six tablespoons of water for one ration of rice. In this way the dental officer would build up as much as a quarter canteen cup of water in reserve. Then the corpsman would come around and find the canteen cup empty. "What became of your water, Doc?" The dentist would look contrite. "Pat, I'm sorry, I simply had to drink it."

Hudgins had a second friend in another dentist, Major Arthur J. Irons. Over and over he said to Irons and Hilton, "I firmly believe that when I leave this place I shall go to a better world."

On Christmas afternoon on the Lingayen beach Hudgins and Hilton had agreed that their chances were getting thinner and each pledged to inform the other's family if one came through. A night came when the dentist passed away. Irons and Hilton stood over him—clad still in his Philippine Army trousers and shirt, barefooted—and Irons said: "This man will be a bond between us."

Lick Cloth Wet by Rain

When snow fell, the prisoners caught what they could in their unwashed messkits, waving them back and forth under the hatchway like magic swords to trap individual snowflakes. So as not to miss any flakes, they sometimes had to pull the dying out of the way. They licked cloth that had been wettened by rain or snow.

When snow was falling the half-naked, barefooted men would pretend to have to go on deck to empty a benjo or toilet bucket. On the way back they would scoop a handful of snow from the deck and stuff it into their mouths. Of course only one man in a hundred could get water this way, because more than six were rarely allowed on deck at a time.

What saved a few lives was a steam winch on the deck near the hatch. The winch had a petcock which dripped. For an adroit man it was possible to pretend to be relieving himself over the side, and at the same time to catch three or four droplets is his extended hand.

"One day," says Major F. Langwith Berry, of Burlingame, Cal., "I got nearby a canteenful out of that winch. I kept going up the ladder and approaching the sentry with my hands on my stomach, saying 'Toxan bioki' which means 'very sick.' When he allowed me to go to the side, I would maneuver so that the winch was between us, open my flask and hang it under the steam petcock. When the guard began to act restless, I'd go down again and come back in a half hour. I worked this 10 or 12 times."

Men who had dysentery were placed on the hatch earlier than others. The weakened corpsmen grew weary of circulating to all the bays with the benjo buckets, and were forced to centralize matters on the hatch, windy and exposed though it was.

The corpsmen who worked all night were perhaps the most unqualifiedly admired of the hard-working medicos. "You not only had to hustle those buckets for the men on the hatch," says pharmacist Frank L. Marwell, of Birmingham, "but you also had to stop fights in the bays for the clothing of others who had gone."

Deas A. Coburn, of Charleston; John T. Istock, of Pittsburgh, and Estel Myers, of Louisville, worked hard at saving lives, as did a husky New Mexican, Oscar Otero, of Las Lunas.

"The nervous tension at night," says Myers, "was such that you could never lie down and rest. You tried to nap by day, when some of the patients could take care of themselves."

More Threats from Mr. Wada

Sergeant Major James J. Jordan, tough at 53 as a bantam after 33 years in the rough world of the Marine Corps, says. "For the first time in my life, I was beyond knowing or caring what happened."

The hatch, lying barely eight feet below the wind-swept deck, became known as "the zero ward." When a man knew that his strength was ebbing, he would say, "Well, boys, I've had enough. I'm going out onto the zero ward tonight." Almost all who lay there ended in the sea, but Gene Ortega, of Albuquerque, slept there through all the voyage and is alive today.

Mr. Wada was often seen, but Lieutenant Toshino came to the top of the hatch hardly at all. Once the Americans began calling for him. Mr. Wada came to the edge of the pit. "If you do that, I shall order the guards to shoot into the hold," he said.

From the bays came a rumble: "To hell with him. We're going to die anyway, aren't we?"

Mr. Wada's rules were the most senseless tyranny. The pure sea was running past the bulkheads outside; it needed only a rope and a few bucketsful of sea water to make the hold at least clean. But Mr. Wada would allow only one bucket a day to be used by the whole dead squad, to wash part of the grime of bodies from their hands. Messkits and canteen cups were never cleaned.

TOMORROW—What should have been a 7-day trip ends after 49 days of starvation.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Dying Prisoner-Chaplain Held Services in Blackness of Hold

GEORGE WELLER today continues the "Death Cruise" taken by 1,600 American prisoners from Manila to southern Japan. Approximately 300 men survived the ordeal.

By GEORGE WELLER

JAPAN was near. The Americans on the Jap hell ship originally had fought to keep from going there, and later they had fought to stay alive to reach there. Most had failed.

Of some 1,600 who had left Bilibid prison in Manila for what they thought would be a seven-day trip to Jap prison camps, 1,000 had died. Death had come in many forms during the 49 days the trip did take. American bombs took some, thirst, illness, madness, starvation and disease took others.

The pitiful handful left were hardly men. Once civilized beings, they now were little more than animals fighting the great, ultimate fight for survival.

Once Ted Lewin, a Los Angeles reporter and promoter, approached the commanding officer, the Marine Lieutenant Colonel (now Colonel) Curtis Beecher, of Chicago and Saratoga, Cal., as he sat in his bay.

"What are you thinking about, colonel?" he said. "I was remembering a fellow I heard talk at the Explorers' Club in Chicago after the last war," said the greyhaired colonel. "He described how the Armenians made their march of death with the Turks driving them along. I was wondering whether it could have been any worse than this."

For a new infraction of his rules, the theft of sugar, Mr. Wada, the

(Continued on Page Ten, Column Three)

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Commander Bridget Dies after Beating From a Jap Sentry

(Continued from the First Page)

Jap interpreter, threatened to cut off all provender. "It doesn't matter," said Beecher wearily, "because if you don't give us some water and food we're all going to pass out anyway."

Trade Stolen Sugar for Water

By this time Beecher looked, in the words of an aide, "gaunt, matted, grey and weak." As the voyage drew into its second week the prisoners lost all discretion and robbed sugar from the hold at will. In the ship's hold the price of sugar fell so that one could now get six spoonfuls for one spoonful of water. The Formosan rice they were now eating was rough and full of hulls; it increased diarrhea, while brown sugar seemed to make the diarrhea chronic.

The violent rages, the bloodsuckings and murders of the Manila-Olongapo trip were no longer possible. The men were too weak. They were broken or at least submissive. For them it was no longer their affair; they belonged to God or fate.

Father William Cummings, of San Francisco and Ossining, N. Y., still carried on his evening service. His Protestant colleagues, the redheaded Episcopalian Navy chaplain, Lieutenant Quinn, and the Army chaplain, Lieutenant Tiffany, were both gone. Gone too was the spectacled Jesuit missionary, Captain Joseph G. van der Heiden, whose suede jacket had fallen to someone else. Lieutenant Zerphas, a priest from the 26th Cavalry who had given many last blessings, was able to help little, and Lieutenant John E. Duffy, of Notre Dame, was in a condition when he insisted on being brought ham and eggs.

Major F. Langwith Berry, of Burlingame, Cal., an 86th Cavalry officer, remembers these services thus: "Often at evening the call 'at ease' would be given. The hubbub of talking would diminish. Then we would hear above the noise, 'It's the chaplain, boys, it's the chaplain.'

"The clear, penetrating voice of Father Cummings was unmistakable. Immediately complete silence would fall in the blackness of the hold. First he would give a few words of encouragement, and then he would say the Lord's Prayer. During those few seconds we thought of home, of our mothers, of gardens, lakes and mountains in America. And then—'that's all, boys'—and our vespers were over."

Then came an evening when Father Bill was unable to stand up. Forty-three years old, he was weakened by severe dysentery and thirst. Eventually he lay on the hatch where he had blessed so many others, a body deserted by the spirit. His body was hoisted high, and the Japanese delivered him to the sea.

The only Negro aboard was Sergeant Robert W. Brownlee, a genial, cheerful and diligent soldier who had been much prized as the top mess sergeant of the 26th Cavalry. robe in the pit. Yet when this prized clothing reached Japan, it was worn by other men, the secondary owners having gone to join the originals.

As they scratched brown sugar from the hold Lieutenant Murray Day, a field artillery officer from New England who had gone to Princeton, told them of his maple sugar business. "When we have a reunion of alumni after the war, we'll serve my maple sugar," he said. He never reached Japan.

An air forces warrant officer, William Keegan, had gone through bombings and thirst with unbowed head, and had been strong enough to help bear the dead ashore at Takao, Formosa. Suddenly he collapsed of malnutrition and thirst and died.

Lieutenant Arthur Derby, a Harvard graduate from New York City and Virginia, had been suffering amoebic dysentery when he left Bilibid. Often he said, "I'd give $1,000 cash for just two sulfaguanadine pills." Though unwounded, he drooped away with malnutrition and finally faded out.

A field artillery officer, Lieutenant Wayne W. Alder, of Salt Lake City, who had become unbalanced after the Takao bombing, recovered his reason but passed away. Lieutenant Colonel Louis D. Barnes, of Massachusetts, of the Army medical corps, had been able to help his fellow physicians little. "A tough-spirited and charming old man," a younger officer called him. His 240 pounds shrank and he died of exhaustion and exposure.

The Navy senior Lieutenant Douglas, nephew of the famous tree ring historian of the University of Arizona, showed himself particularly unselfish, giving his strength to wash the befouled wounded and cheer them up. "God is looking after us—we'll make Japan safely, I know."

Some of his patients did, but not Douglas.

Arthur Bryan's Game Grin

Cold and starvation erased the perpetual game grin of Lieutenant Commander Arthur M. Bryan, of Cynwyd, Pa.

It was not all heroism. Quarreling and theft never ceased. A whole bay full of interlocked men would dispute loudly over such a matter as when to turn over and rest on the other side. All had to turn or none; there was not room for differing postures. But some had worst wounds on their right side, some on the left . . . Not only was clothing stolen from the dying, but water from the healthy and well.

"There were fellows who taught themselves how to slip down beside you while you were asleep, open your canteen and without a sound of swallowing drink all your water," said a survivor. "You would try hard to sleep with your fingers locked around the plug. But every morning someone would sit up in his bay and yell, 'Where's the dirty so-and-so who stole my water?'"

But there was also Lieutenant Colonel Charles I. "Polly" Humber, a football man at West Point, who shared his water with many others before diarrhea and thirst took him.

Fails to Get Beautiful Icicle

The search for water was as remorseless as if they were in the Sahara. "I remember a morning four days out of Japan when someone peeked over the ladder and saw that there was sleet and snow remaining on the deck," says Chief Yeoman Theodore R. Brownell, of Fort Smith, Ark. "I sneaked up the ladder, crept on deck and saw the most beautiful thing in the world—a long, thick icicle. But just as I reached for it the Jap sentry saw me.

"'Kudai!' (look out!) he yelled and came for me with his bayonet. I had scooped up a snowball to make sure I had something even if I missed out on the icicle. But in scrambling out of the way of the bayonet I lost the snowball and fell back into the hold again, empty handed and thirsty as ever."

The Navy chief, slender and medium-sized, had found a comrade in a long Army beanpole, Private William Earl Surber, of Colorado Springs. "We lay together like a tablespoon and a teaspoon," says Brownell. "But I got the best of it. He was long enough to keep me warm, but I wasn't long enough to keep him warm at the two ends." Surber, the more ill of the two, had alternating periods of delirium and normalcy. In normalcy he talked about wanting two things: to eat one more dish of meatballs and spaghetti, and to have a regular baptism.

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The only Negro aboard was Sergeant Robert W. Brownlee, a genial, cheerful and diligent soldier who had been much prized as the top mess sergeant of the 26th Cavalry. He had a family of five children awaiting his return to Manila. Having helped many others on the ship, he contracted both dysentery and cerebral malaria and died 14 days out of Formosa.

An athlete, sometimes called West Point's greatest football center, Lieutenant Colonel Maurice F. "Moe" Daley, wounded in the Takao bombing, passed away from acute dysentery.

Leaves Card for His Mother

One wounded soldier asked George L. Curtis, a New Bedford and Manila auto agent, whether he might rest his head in the elder man's lap. Another gave Curtis a card for his mother.

A young soldier was weeping and saying, "If I could only make my life worth four Nips before I go."

One man kept saying, "I have such pain in my chest I can't stand it, I simply can't." A companion in the same bay would soothe him with "hold out just another two days." This dialogue went on until the wounded man managed to save a half-canteen of water. Making his complaint with a new note of determination, he suddenly held the canteen off at arms length and with all his summoned force struck himself in the brow.

"We could not believe that there was any way that a man could commit suicide with a canteen," said one survivor, "but we saw it done."

Commander Bridget Found Dead

Commander Frank Bridget had been fading rapidly. He had an extreme case of diarrhea, so acute that he sometimes moved in a daze. Once, wandering on the open deck, he must have clashed in the dark with a sentry. He was found at the bottom of one of the forward holds, beaten up but with his clothing still intact. When death came, like many of the prisoners, he probably did not even know that he was going.

Lieutenant Colonel George Hamilton inherited the grey gabardine riding breeches Bridget had worn, washed them out in sea water by especial permission of a guard and the aid of Boatswain Taylor, and drew them on with pride. These famous breeches made Hamilton the best-dressed prisoner after Major Robert V. Nelson, an Army dentist who possessed the warmest ward-

...ISE ON HELL SHIP

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robe in the pit. Yet when this prized clothing reached Japan, it was worn by other men, the secondary owners having gone to join the originals.

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The two men talked often of t... hereafter which they both expected to enter shortly, and repeatedly Surber said, "I'm worried. I want to get baptized."

Brownell, a Catholic, thought it proper that Surber, a Protestant, should be baptized by a Protestant rite. By now the prison ship was in Japanese waters and not a single chaplain was alive, sane or strong enough to approach Surber.

The chaplain Brownell counted on was Lieutenant Commander H. R. Trump, an Episcopalian who was lying off a few bays, unable to move. Since Surber could not be moved to Trump, Brownell was trying to build up the chaplain's strength enough to walk to the soldier's bay.

But the chaplain would accept food but no water from the Navy chief. On the 27th he died. "Ted, you've got to get me baptized," Surber kept saying. "I've got to be baptized somehow today. If there aren't any chaplains, can't you baptize me?"

Brownell could not refuse. But he had no water, not even a tablespoonful. "I didn't see any way out," says Brownell. "So I did something that I guess any clergyman would think pretty awful. I baptized Earl with my own saliva.

"I simply put my fingers in my mouth, got enough moisture on them so that he could feel it, and I said, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.' "

Surber's expression became more peaceful. Before first light the morning of the 28th, about 4 A. M., Brownell noticed that his friend's body had grown cold.

MONDAY—As the prisoners see Japan 4 out of 9 die of hunger, thirst and exhaustion in one day.

25.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Japs Stripped Captives, Sprayed them in Cold

American Prisoners Verging on Pneumonia were Doused on Deck with Disinfectant Guns

AFTER 49 days of agony the survivors of the "Death Cruise" arrive at last in Japan. George Weller today continues his dramatic story of the 1,600 American prisoners transported from Bilibid Prison, Manila. Only 435 were still alive when the hell ship reached Moji harbor.

By GEORGE WELLER

THEY saw and smelled Japan the 30th of January, 1945. The bays by now had much more room. In Chief Yeoman Theodore R. Brownell's bay, for example, four out of nine had died; this proportion was about representative.

On the last night, off the entrance to Moji, there was a submarine attack, with American torpedoes blasting the night with flame as they struck the shore. But finally they were in the harbor of Moji in northern Kyushu, and the net closed behind them.

The neat little Japanese officers came aboard and asked for the senior officer present.

"They tried hard not to show it," says one officer, "but you could see that they could not help being shocked.

"When Lieutenant Colonel Beecher walked out, his shirt clotted with filth, a dirty towel wound around his brow, his beard and hair hanging down, and gave them a feeble sort of salute, then leaned back against the bulkhead as though just doing that had exhausted him, with slop buckets on one side of him and the morning's dead on the other, you could see that the Moji officials were taken aback."

It was mid-winter, the temperature just above freezing. The Japanese lined the prisoners up on the deck and ordered them to strip naked. They were then sprayed with disinfectant from blow guns—hair, face, beard and then the whole shivering body. Many prisoners were in pneumonia's first stages already.

Meantime the Japanese doctors were looking down into the pit, where some of the unmovable wounded still lay. An overpowering odor of urine and excrement arose to their nostrils. "Dysentery!" said

(Continued on Page 16, Column Two)

HELL SHIP VICTIMS LIVED HERE

Lt. Col. Robinson and Major Latimer Died of Jap Tortures

Two young Philadelphia Army officers were victims of the "Cruise of Death".

Lieut. Colonel William Leslie Robinson, 3d, formerly of Wayne, died at sea in the last stages of that journey.

Major William J. Latimer, Paoli, died off Subic Bay, Luzon.

From an officer who was with him when he died, it was learned that Colonel Robinson, at 29 one of the youngest officers of his rank in the Pacific, went through almost the full gamut of horrors revealed in the series of articles in The Bulletin by George Weller.

He was one of the 1,600 American prisoners consigned to the hell-ship Oroyku Maru, and survived the bombing of that ship, the horrors of the tennis court at Olongapo Point, Luzon, and a second bombing aboard the horse-carrying freighter to which he was reassigned, only to die of dysentery and other diseases brought on by lack of food, water and air.

Colonel Robinson was one of the American officers captured on Mindanao when that island gave up following General Wainwright's surrender and for two years was executive officer of the Japanese prison camp at Davao until its administration was taken over by the Japanese. In June, 1944, he was taken to another camp at Manila, probably Bilibid Prison, from which the "Death Cruise" captives came.

Just before going aboard the Oroyku Maru last December 13, Colonel Robinson, who had lost his vision, dictated a letter to his wife, Betty, now living in Washington, D. C., in which he told something of the horrors of the Japanese camps, but expressed the hope that he would some day reach home safely.

An officer now in Walter Reed Hospital told Mrs. Robinson that he saw him buried at sea off the coast of Formosa. He was unable to give the date, but Mrs. Robinson was previously informed by the War Department that he died January 21.

Colonel Robinson, who formerly lived at 221 S. Aberdeen av., Wayne, was appointed to West Point in 1933, after his graduation from Radnor High School, and was commissioned in 1937. Shortly after his promotion to a captaincy in 1941, he was assigned to General MacArthur's staff in the Philippines.

His father, Hanson Robinson, lives in Spring City, above Norristown. Colonel Robinson is survived by two sisters, Mrs. James Dean of Spring City, and Miss Elizabeth Robinson of Wilmington, Del., and by three brothers, Bennett, of Bryn Mawr; Hanson, Jr., of Detroit, and Hamilton, a sergeant now stationed in the Philippines.

Major Latimer, 36, of LeBoutillier lane, Paoli, previously reported dead on January 23, 1945, by the Japanese, is now known to have died on December 15, 1944, when the Oroyku Maru was bombed and sunk off Subic Bay. His wife, Elizabeth, has learned this from survivors of the "Death Cruise."

Major Latimer set fire to an ammunition dump at Bataan before its surrender and was on the next to last boat to leave Bataan for Corregidor. He was flown in a Navy plane to Mindanao on April 28, 1942. There he served as an ordinance officer to Major General William F. Sharp. He was taken prisoner at the surrender of Mindanao, May, 1942. After he spent nearly two years in the Davao Prison camp, where he was PX officer, Major Latimer was transferred to Bilibid Prison, Manila, and Cabanatuan Prison. On December 13 last he went aboard the Oroyku Maru with the 1,600 prisoners from Bilibid.

A graduate of West Point, he was sent to the Ordnance School at Watertown, Mass., M. I. T., and Harvard School of Business Administration by the Army. He went to the Philippines in 1940. His wife and four children, Dorothy, William Perot, Mary Elizabeth and Sally were evacuated in February, 1941. He has a daughter, Ann, he never saw.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Only 435 Men still Alive when Freighter Pulls into Japanese Harbor

(Continued from the First Page)

the doctors, and ordered a general examination.

In Japan, where things are never done the easy way if a painful one exists, the diseases of evacuation are not checked by the stool test in use everywhere else. The Japanese use a long glass rod.

Laying down their atomizers, the Japanese internes went for the Americans with the long glass rods. The prisoners below, whose infection was unmistakable, were spared. But for reasons fathomable only to the Japanese mind, the corpses lying on the deck, about 15 in number, had to be tested too. Every dead man underwent the same ignominy as his living comrades.

Yank Dies Changing His Clothes

The Japanese officials were also dissatisfied that there were several among this last batch of dead whom nobody could identify.

A little clothing was distributed; some men got their first shirts, others their first shoes. An Army warrant officer, while changing back to his clothes after the "medical examination," collapsed and died on the deck under the eyes of the Japanese doctors.

The last muster aboard the ship was called. It showed 435 men still alive (a few survivors say 425). Many were sinking and beyond recall. But the last voyage by sea had been ended with about one-half the men living who survived the Formosan bombing, or a little more than one-fourth the men who left Bilibid on December 13, 1944.

Here is a skim-list from the more than 400 men believed to have died during the final 17-day voyage where not mentioned previously.

Lieut. Rex Aton, of Texas; Capt. Cary Abney, Air Corps, died of dysentery.

Major James C. Blanning, of Colorado Springs and South Dakota; **Lieut. Commander Daniel Boone; Major Babcock,** of St. Augustine, Fla., who ran one of self-propelled gun batteries on Bataan; **Capt. Daniel J. Barry,** 24th Field Artillery, Princeton graduate, in New York hotel business, who held off Japs at Abucay and shattered their attack with entrenched French .75s; **Lieut. Gordon S. Benson,** of Oregon, Air Corps, from Takau wounds; **Lt. Colonel Elvin Barr,** executive of 60th Coast Artillery on Corregidor; **Lt. Darvin Becker,** of Lubock, Texas, 200th Coast Artillery, of thirst; **Major Carl Baehr,** Field Artillery.

Lt. Col. William R. Craig, exhaustion and dehydration

Captain "Stinky" Davis, marine communications officer, Cavite.

Lt. Carl Fansler, of West Virginia.

Major Joseph Ganahl; Lt. Edward E. Gilbo, Air Corps, a young and popular officer who died of shrapnel wounds despite generous help of comrades.

Lieut. Housman, Army, formerly at Palawan Leper Colony, of starvation and exposure; **Chief Pharmacist's Mate A. O. Gomes.**

Chief Pharmacist's Mate E. W. Hastings; Lt. Colonel W. T. Holloway-Cook; Lt. James E. Hunter, Silver City, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

Lt. Col. James R. Lindsay, artillery, exhaustion and dehydration.

Capt. George Kaufman, of New Jersey.

Lieut. Warren H. Markham, of Long Beach, Calif., Coast Artillery officer attached to Air Corps.

Lieut. Colonel Kenneth S. "Swede" Olson, finance officer and former camp commandant at Davao.

Major Gilbert H. Reynolds, died of sugar diarrhea, 6th Cavalry.

Capt. Otto Shamblin, of Albuquerque, 200th Coast Artillery; **Capt. Karl Schroeder,** of Clovis, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery, dysentery; **Lieut. Colonel St. Clair,** Engineers, of wounds; **Capt. James Scanlan,** Infantry, formerly of Pennsylvania Highway Patrol; **Lieut. Col. Fred Saint,** brilliant engineer, wounded in Takau bombing.

Lieut. Joseph Thorpe, of Clovis, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

Capt. Cecil R. Welchko, State of Washington.

Here is a list of prisoners believed on good authority to have died during the three sea trips, but with evidence as to place contradictory or missing:

Lieut. Colonel Anderson, 4th Marines, Shanghai; **Lieut. David Afleck,** of Cincinnati, copra buyer for Procter and Gamble.

Major Ralph W. Brown, chaplain; **Lieut. "Bill" Brunton,** of San Francisco, 24th Field Artillery and Philippine Scouts; **Capt. Robert Berlando,** of Boston, 26th Cavalry, fought in Visayans.

Lieut. Col. Clair M. Conzelman, 60th Coast Artillery, Corregidor.

Capt. Dwight Hunkins, 31st Infantry; **Capt. Hawks,** former port doctor at Cebu; **Major Marshall H. Hurt.**

Lt. Commander Johnson, physician; **Lt. "Stud" Jordan,** oil operator from Cebu who destroyed his plant before accepting Army commission.

Capt. H. D. Leitner; Capt. McKinley, of Peno; **Capt. H. R. Nutter,** 4th Marines.

Weak Officer Trips on Curb

The Japanese now ordered the prisoners ashore. They walked slowly about two blocks to a factory auditorium in a large warehouse. "I took a fall making a 6-inch curb," says one officer. "Most of the men walked with sunken heads, dragging their heels. I could not understand why, as soon as we reached them, people on the sidewalks would put handkerchiefs to their faces. Then I realized it was because we smelled so terrific."

The first arrivals in the auditorium, which was without seats, looked for water. "We found it, delicious and bitterly cold, in the inflow tank of a toilet. Before the Japanese could do anything, hundreds had lined up. They drove us back, but later they loosened up and allowed us to go in a few at a time."

The Japanese ordered them to take off their shoes. Few obeyed; they were beyond caring. The prisoners squatted on the concrete floor.

TOMORROW—Final Chapter of "Death Cruise on Hell Ship."

of the youngest officers of his rank in the Pacific, went through almost the full gamut of horrors revealed in the series of articles in The Bulletin by George Weller.

He was one of the 1,600 American prisoners consigned to the hell-ship Oroyku Maru, and survived the bombing of that ship, the horrors of the tennis court at Olongapo Point, Luzon, and a second bombing aboard the horse-carrying freighter to which he was reassigned, only to die of dysentery and other diseases brought on by lack of food, water and air.

Colonel Robinson was one of the American officers captured on Mindanao when that island gave up following General Wainwright's surrender and for two years was executive officer of the Japanese prison camp at Davao until its administration was taken over by the Japanese. In June, 1944, he was taken to another camp at Manila, probably Bilibid Prison, from which the "Death Cruise" captives came.

Just before going aboard the Oroyku Maru last December 13, Colonel Robinson, who had lost his vision, dictated a letter to his wife, Betty, now living in Washington, D. C., in which he told something of the horrors of the Japanese camps, but expressed the hope that he would some day reach home safely.

An officer now in Walter Reed Hospital told Mrs. Robinson that he saw him buried at sea off the coast of Formosa. He was unable to give the date, but Mrs. Robinson was previously informed by the War Department that he died January 21.

Colonel Robinson, who formerly lived at 221 S. Aberdeen av., Wayne, was appointed to West Point in 1933, after his graduation from Radnor High School, and was commissioned in 1937. Shortly after his promotion to a captaincy in 1941, he was assigned to General MacArthur's staff in the Philippines.

His father, Hanson Robinson, lives in Spring City, above Norristown. Colonel Robinson is survived by two sisters, Mrs. James Dean of Spring City, and Miss Elizabeth Robinson of Wilmington, Del., and by three brothers, Bennett, of Bryn Mawr; Hanson, Jr., of Detroit, and Hamilton, a sergeant now stationed in the Philippines.

Major Latimer, 36, of LeBoutillier lane, Paoli, previously reported dead on January 23, 1945, by the Japanese, is now known to have died on December 15, 1944, when the Oroyku Maru was bombed and sunk off Subic Bay. His wife, Elizabeth, has learned this from survivors of the "Death Cruise."

Major Latimer set fire to an ammunition dump at Bataan before its surrender and was on the next to last boat to leave Bataan for Corregidor. He was flown in a Navy plane to Mindanao on April 28, 1942. There he served as an ordinance officer to Major General William F. Sharp. He was taken prisoner at the surrender of Mindanao, May, 1942. After he spent nearly two years in the Davao Prison camp, where he was PX officer, Major Latimer was transferred to Bilibid Prison, Manila, and Cabanatuan Prison. On December 13 last he went aboard the Oroyku Maru with the 1,600 prisoners from Bilibid.

A graduate of West Point, he was sent to the Ordnance School at Watertown, Mass., M. I. T., and Harvard School of Business Administration by the Army. He went to the Philippines in 1940. His wife and four children, Dorothy, William Perot, Mary Elizabeth and Sally were evacuated in February, 1941. He has a daughter, Ann, he never saw.

the Japanese mind, the corpses lying on the deck, about 15 in number, had to be tested too. Every dead man underwent the same ignominy as his living comrades.

Yank Dies Changing His Clothes

The Japanese officials were also dissatisfied that there were several among this last batch of dead whom nobody could identify.

A little clothing was distributed; some men got their first shirts, others their first shoes. An Army warrant officer, while changing back to his clothes after the "medical examination," collapsed and died on the deck under the eyes of the Japanese doctors.

The last muster aboard the ship was called. It showed 435 men still alive (a few survivors say 425). Many were sinking and beyond recall. But the last voyage by sea had been ended with about one-half the men living who survived the Formosan bombing, or a little more than one-fourth the men who left Bilibid on December 13, 1944.

Here is a skim-list from the more than 400 men believed to have died during the final 17-day voyage where not mentioned previously.

Lieut. Rex Aton, of Texas; Capt. Cary Abney, Air Corps, died of dysentery.

Major James C. Blanning, of Colorado Springs and South Dakota; **Lieut. Commander Daniel Boone; Major Babcock,** of St. Augustine, Fla., who ran one of self-propelled gun batteries on Bataan; **Capt. Daniel J. Barry,** 24th Field Artillery, Princeton graduate, in New York hotel

Hunter, Silver City, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

Lt. Col. James R. Lindsay, artillery, exhaustion and dehydration.

Capt. George Kaufman, of New Jersey.

Lieut. Warren H. Markham, of Long Beach, Calif., Coast Artillery officer attached to Air Corps.

Lieut. Colonel Kenneth S. "Swede" Olson, finance officer and former camp commandant at Davao.

Major Gilbert H. Reynolds, died of sugar diarrhea, 6th Cavalry.

Capt. Otto Shamblin, of Albuquerque, 200th Coast Artillery; **Capt. Karl Schroeder,** of Clovis, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery, dysentery; **Lieut. Colonel St. Clair,** Engineers, of wounds; **Capt. James Scanlan,** Infantry, formerly of Pennsylvania Highway Patrol; **Lieut. Col. Fred Saint,** brilliant engineer, wounded in Takau bombing.

Lieut. Joseph Thorpe, of Clovis, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

Capt. Cecil R. Welchko, State of Washington.

Here is a list of prisoners believed on good authority to have died during the three sea trips, but with evidence as to place contradictory or missing:

Lieut. Colonel Anderson, 4th Marines, Shanghai; **Lieut. David Afleck,** of Cincinnati, copra buyer for Procter and Gamble.

Major Ralph W. Brown, chaplain; **Lieut. "Bill" Brunton,** of San Francisco, 24th Field Artillery and Philippine Scouts; **Capt. Robert Berlando,** of Boston, 26th Cavalry, fought in Visayans.

Lieut. Col. Clair M. Conzelman, 60th Coast Artillery, Corregidor.

Capt. Dwight Hunkins, 31st Infantry; **Capt. Hawks,** former port doctor at Cebu; **Major Marshall H. Hurt.**

Lt. Commander Johnson, physician; **Lt. "Stud" Jordan,** oil operator from Cebu who de-

I realized it was because we smelled so terrific."

The first arrivals in the auditorium, which was without seats, looked for water. "We found it, delicious and bitterly cold, in the inflow tank of a toilet. Before the Japanese could do anything, hundreds had lined up. They drove us back, but later they loosened up and allowed us to go in a few at a time."

The Japanese ordered them to take off their shoes. Few obeyed; they were beyond caring. The prisoners squatted on the concrete floor.

TOMORROW—Final Chapter of "Death Cruise on Hell Ship."

27.

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

161 of 435 to Survive Voyage Died after Landing in Japan

TODAY George Weller, finishing his dramatic story of the "Death Cruise on Hell Ship," adds grim details of the arrival of the prisoners in Japan 49 days after they left Manila. Only 435 were alive out of the 1,600 who started on the voyage and 161 of these died in Japanese hospitals and prison camps.

By GEORGE WELLER

AS told in Saturday's instalment the 435 survivors of the death cruise arrived in Moji, Japan, January 21, 1945, many at the point of death from disease, exhaustion and malnutrition.

They were stripped, subjected to cold showers on the freezing deck of the hell ship and taken ashore to a large warehouse where they sat on the concrete floor.

Rice was brought in, hot and tempting. But the Japanese ordered it put aside until the roll call was made again, a matter of nearly an hour. Then there was an uplift talk by a new interpreter.

"In Japan," he said, "food is valuable. You must not waste food. If you waste food, you will be shot."

The prisoners listened apathetically. It would not have moved them if he had said they would be boiled in oil. What mattered was that the rice was clean and white and even had some gingered radish in it.

Volunteers were mustered to carry the extremely ill to a hospital. The party began to break up. One group of officers able to walk were taken by streetcar to a camp near Moji where a few American enlisted men were already housed.

"Never did officers feel so grateful to enlisted men as we were to them," says one officer. "They had a little coffee, some powdered milk and sugar hoarded from a Red Cross package. They prepared some for us. I cannot tell anyone how that tasted. I can only say that the tears broke out of our eyes. We had come so far. We had suffered so much."

Of approximately 135 survivors, officers and men, who were carried to the Moji hospital, about 38 died in the first two days. About 85 died in all there. Of about 100, chiefly officers, who went to camp 3 near Moji about 31 died. Of 97 prisoners, mostly enlisted men, taken by train to camp 17 near Omuta, 15 died. Of about 100 officers who went to camp 1 near Fukuoka, about 30 died. That's 161 in all.

The hand of a long dead comrade intervened to protect the lives of the weak but living. An army warrant officer, Lacey O. Jenkins, had caught diphtheria in Takau. When the Americans asked for serum to cure him, Lieutenant Toshino and Mr. Wada, his interpreter, simply turned their backs. Jenkins, a man of 200 lbs., shrank rapidly and soon died. Now, in Moji, the case of Jenkins was resurrected. For the home authorities it reflected little foresight on Lieutenant Toshino, officer in charge of the prisoners, and Wada. And for the prisoners diphtheria meant quarantine. Quaran-

(Continued on Page 30, Column Three)

COL. BRADLEY DIED OF SUFFOCATION

Two other Death Cruise Survivors are Now Patients here

Three more officers associated with Philadelphia were on the death cruise.

They are: Lieutenant Colonel James V. Bradley of the Marine Corps who died on the cruise; Major Marion R. Lawton of Garnett, S. C., recovering from his ordeal at the Valley Forge Hospital and Lieutenant Joseph Goodman, a patient at Tilton General Hospital at Camp Dix.

A student at Villanova College, reading an instalment of George Weller's "Death Cruise on Hell Ship," appearing in The Evening Bulletin, learned that his uncle, a Marine Corps officer, suffocated on the ship and was not killed when it was sunk in Subic Bay.

Private Lawrence J. Bradley, who is completing a V-12 course at Villanova preparatory to enter a Marine Corps officers candidate school, wrote Weller after reading the November 19 instalment:

"Since this was the first news my family and I have had regarding the death of my uncle, I am writing to ask whether you have any details on the matter.

"We have been able to learn nothing except that he was 'killed in action' in the sinking of the prison ship. Of course, your article bears out that he died the first night and not in the bombing (of the ship), as we had been informed."

Promoted while a Prisoner

The nephew disclosed that while Major Bradley was a prisoner, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel and that he won a spot promotion to his former rank while on the battlefield in the Philippines.

Colonel Bradley, whose home was Portland, Me., was a graduate of the University of Maine and attend-

Hell Ship Survivor

First Lieutenant
JOSEPH GOODMAN

ed a Marine Offciers School at Quantico, getting a regular commission when he finished there in 1929.

For several months he was stationed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, the nephew said, and then, after duty in Cuba, served with Marine details on the battleships Mississippi, Wyoming and Pennsylvania before going to the Philippines a few weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

His wife, Mrs. Mae Bradley, and their two daughters now live in Long Beach, Calif.

Lawton Wounded on Cruise

Major Marion R. Lawton, 27, a survivor of the death cruise, is now at the Valley Forge Hospital under treatment for disabilities brought on by starvation, beri-beri and two wounds.

Major Lawton's home is at Garnett, S. C. He was graduated from Clemson A. and M. College in 1940 and went to Manila as a 23-year-old second lieutenant of infantry, October 25, 1941, about six weeks before the Jap sneak attack on Pearl Harbor and the Philippines.

Following the surrender he was in "the death march of Bataan" and says that grisly ordeal was mild compared with the hardship and suffering of the death cruise.

When Lawton went on the Oroyku Maru he weighed 140 pounds, having spent nearly three years in Bilibid Prison and the Davao Penal Colony, and when he got to Japan 49 days later he was down to 80. He weighs 160 now.

He says he swam ashore from the first hell ship when it was sinking from American bomb attacks off Subic Bay and praised Corporal Cannon Rasmussen, of Utah, who made four trips back to the boat to rescue fellow prisoners who couldn't swim ashore. Rasmussen died of deficiency disease after he reached Japan.

Major Lawton was hit in the left hand and right cheek by flying bits of metal when the second hell ship was bombed by American fliers off Formosa.

Lt. Goodman Wounded Also

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Lieutenant Goodman was wounded on Corregidor and spent 22 months in Bilibid Prison. Later he was transferred to a prison on

DEATH CRUISE ON HELL SHIP

Colonel from Philadelphia Na

Among Victims of Jap To

(Continued from the First Page)

tine meant that they could not be sent down into the Mitsui coal mines at Omuta to labor for a cent a day, not at least for several weeks. They did go down, eventually, and one man of every six died there.

A Cavite naval officer, Lieutenant Edward Little, of Decatur, Ill., who was one of the "old 500" that had opened camp 17, seeing the thin line of survivors from the cruise march in, asked the camp physician, Captain Thomas Hewlett, of Crystal River, Fla., how many had died. "If you want to see dead men," replied Hewlett, "there they stand before you."

An officer who survived, telling his story after Japan surrendered to an American rescue party, listened in silence as his hearers said what they thought of the Japanese. When they had finished, he said, "yes, the Japanese are as bad as you say. But we, the 300 or so living, we were devils, too. If we had not been devils, we could not have survived. When you speak of the good and the heroic, don't talk about us. The generous men, the unselfish men, are the men we left behind."

List of Dead in Japan

A partial list of prisoners on the death cruise who are definitely known or strongly believed to have reached Japan and died thereafter:

OFFICERS

Lieutenant Colonel John J. Atkinson.

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Captain Lee Cramer, died at Moji camp; Major H. Cogswell.

Captain Clyde Ely, of Silver City, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

Lieutenant Scott Gordon; Lieutenant P. T. George, died at Moji camp of pneumonia; Lieutenant John Gamble; Captain Adolph H. Giesecke, of San Antonio.

Captain Howard Humphries.

Captain Fred Jordan, of Clovis, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery.

Captain Benjamin L. MacMakin; Lieutenant Colonel Mack; Lieutenant William J. McKenzie.

Lieutenant Joe Radosevich.

Captain Earle Shiley; Captain Sherman, Ordnance; Captain Fred Sherman, of Deming, N. M., Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft; Captain Shenk, Coast Artillery; Lieutenant Colonel James McG. Sullivan, of San Francisco, Medical Corps.

Lieutenant H. B. Wright.

ENLISTED MEN AND CIVILIANS

Private Melvin B. Beeching, Army, died Feb. 4, near Moji; Chief Machinist's Mate J. J. Belsler, died March 18 of deficiency disease at Omuta, Louisville, Ky.; Private Robert T. Burns, Army, died Feb. 1, near Moji; Private Edwin J. Butler, Army, of Whitville, N. C., Feb. 7, at Omuta, pneumonia and deficiency disease; Private Lawrence Briscoe, Army, Feb. 3, near Moji.

Harvey Lee Deatherage, civilian, Compton, Cal., Feb. 13 at Omuta of pneumonia and deficiency disease.

Staff Sergeant Clarence Decker, Army, Feb. 12, near Moji; Pharmacist's Mate 2/c George D. Edwards, Feb. 1, near Moji.

First Sergeant Fung Tim Gway, 121st Infantry, Feb. 12, near Moji; Private Robert G. Gill, Jr., Army, Feb. 11, near Moji.

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Partial List of Probable Survivors

End of Terrible Vo

Map shows route of "Cruise of Deat
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Capt. Everett W. Meade, ex-Nebraska football player; Capt. James McMeen, of Carlsbad, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery; Lt. Nicholas Mihailoff, Infantry, Seattle; Maj. Virgil McCollum, of Carlsbad, 200th Coast Artillery; Maj. Montgomery; Capt. Moore, of Chicago.

Lt. Col. William D. North, Army doctor; Lt. David Nash, USN, Mindanao.

Maj. Peterson, Army; Maj. John Pyzig, marine interpreter.

Maj. Reg
officer; Lt.
Lt. Col. Jac
Arthur Shrev
officer on trip
engineer; Capt
M., 200th Coa
Albuquerque,

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Lieutenant Goodman was wounded on Corregidor and spent 22 months in Bilibid Prison. Later he was transferred to a prison on Luzon. He was wounded again in the arm and leg during the Yank air attack on the Oroyku Marun off Subic Bay.

Graduated from Germantown High School and the Philadelphia Textile Institute, Goodman worked as a textile salesman before enlisting on December 6, 1940. He went overseas in March, 1941, to Manila. After the 49 days on the "death cruise," he was liberated in Mukden, Manchukuo and flown home. He is now a patient at Tilton General Hospital.

Goodman weighed 165 pounds but lost 65 pounds in Jap prisons. Commenting on the Hell Ship story, he said conditions were even worse than they were described by George Weller in The Bulletin.

An officer who survived, telling his story after Japan surrendered to an American rescue party, listened in silence as his hearers said what they thought of the Japanese. When they had finished, he said, "yes, the Japanese are as bad as you say. But we, the 300 or so living, we were devils, too. If we had not been devils, we could not have survived. When you speak of the good and the heroic, don't talk about us. The generous men, the brave men, the unselfish men, are the men we left behind."

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Captain Howard Humphries.

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Captain Benjamin L. MacMakin; Lieutenant Colonel Mack; Lieutenant William J. McKenzie.

Lieutenant Joe Radosevich.

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Private John Alvin Wood, Army, March 1, at Omuta, of deficiency disease, Canon City, Col.

Partial List of Probable Survivors

Partial list of prisoners on the death cruise who are definitely known or strongly believed to have reached Japan alive, and not known to have died subsequently:

OFFICERS

Lieutenant Allen, Field Artillery, Iowa; Captain Gary Anloff, of Los Angeles, Army Adjutant General Department.

Major F. Langwith Berry, of Burlingame, Calif., 86th Field Artillery; Lieutenant Colonel Curtis Beecher, marine, of Chicago, last commanding officer of death cruise prisoners; Lieutenant Charles Brown, of Deming, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery; Captain E. L. Brown, Infantry; Lieutenant Chester Britt, 301st Field Artillery; Lieutenant Bernard Becker; Lieutenant Thomas Bodie, of Nebraska, Infantry; Captain Jack Baldwin.

Major John Curtis, Field Artillery, New York; Major William Changler, 26th Cavalry; Captain Walter Donaldson, Deming, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery; Lieutenant John E. Duffy, of Notre Dame University, Catholic Army chaplain.

Capt. "Eric" Ericsson, of Chapel Hill, N. C.

Capt. Gus. C. Francis, of Salt Lake City, Field Artillery; Maj. John Fowler, 26th Cavalry, of Boston.

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Lt. Col. "Johnny" Johnson, active staff officer throughout trip; Lt. Bruce Langdon, Navy doctor.

Capt. Everett W. Meade, ex-Nebraska football player; Capt. James McMann, of Carlsbad, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery; Lt. Nicholas Mihailoff, Infantry, Seattle; Maj. Virgil McCollum, of Carlsbad, 200th Coast Artillery; Maj. Montgomery; Capt. Moore, of Chicago.

Lt. Col. William D. North, Army doctor; Lt. David Nash, USN, Mindanao.

Maj. Peterson, Army; Maj. John Pyzig, marine interpreter.

Maj. Reginal officer; Lt. Ree

Lt. Col. Jack Arthur Shreve officer on trip; engineer; Capt. M., 200th Coast Albuquerque,

Map shows route of "Cruise of Deat Japan. Inset shows Moji an the sout island of Kyushu, where American pr 49-day ordeal

SHIP

phia Navy Yard

Jap Torture

Terrible Voyage

"Cruise of Death" from Manila to Moji an the southernmost Japanese where American prisoners ended the 49-day ordeal

Lt. Col. Thomas J. H. Trapnell, 26th Cavalry, active staff officer throughout trip, a former West Point football star.

Major Arthur "Oge-Man Army" Wermuth, of Chicago; Lt. Col. O. O. "Zero" Wilson; Lt. William Wake, of Seattle, Air Corps.

Lt. Emil Ulanowicz, 155th Coast Artillery.

ENLISTED MEN AND CIVILIANS

This list is virtually complete and believed accurate:

Pvt. Don Raymond Anerson, marine, Warrington, Ore.; Pvt. Reinholdt Aschenbrenner, marine, Denver, Colo.; Pvt. Andrew J. Ayers, Army.

Fred H. Backhaus, Navy, San Francisco; Pvt. Floyd A. Biddy, Marine, Paducah, Texas; Chief Yeoman Theodore R. Brownell, Fort Smith, Ark.; Pvt. Ralph H. Buchanan, Army, Geraldine, Montana; Pvt. Orlinza A. Bullock, Army.

Pvt. Ray R. Caldwell, Army; Pvt. Raymond G. Carrizales, Marine, Roseville, Michigan; Coxswain John R. Cicha, of Pisek, N. D.; Pharm. Mate Deas A. Coburn, Charleston, S. C.; Sgt. Richard J. Costello, Marine; Warrant Officer Jeremiah V. Crews, Navy, San Diego; Pharm. George W. Crowell, of Berry, Ala.; Pvt. Charles G. Crupper, Marine, Tyro, Kansas; George L. Curtis, auto agent, Portsmouth, O., and New Bedford, Mass.

Pharm. William T. Derrick, of Panay, P. I.; Pvt. Wiley J. Dessauer; Chief Technician Charles Dimiao, Navy, Morris Cove, Conn.; Pharm. Merrill E. Dodson, of Charlton, Iowa.

Mach. Mate Augustin R. Gagnon, Worcester, Mass.; Robert L. Garcia, civilian, Los Angeles; Pvt. Marion J. Gibson, Army, San Luis Obispo, Cal.; Pharm. Carl B. Gordon, Oakland, Cal.; Sgt. Leonard D. Green, Army, New Orleans.

Pharm. Alfred S. Hagstron, Plantersville, Conn., now on duty at Phila. Navy Yard; Pvt. Raymond G. Haynes, Marine, Spartansburg S. C.; Pvt. Jack Hargrove, Army, Olive Hill, Tenn.; Pvt. Thomas E. Harvey, Marine, Hudson, Mich.; Pvt. Patrick G. Hilton, Army, Pratt, West Va.

Pharm. John T. Istock, Northside, Pittsburgh.

Pvt. Wilbur D. Johnson, Marine, New Plymouth, Ida.; Sgt. Maj. James Joseph Jordan, Marine, Brooklyn.

Pvt. Lloyd W. Kuhn, Army, Nawata, Okla.; Pvt. Zachary Kush, Army, Elbert, West Va.; Pvt. George J. Kusek, Army, Oklahoma City; Pvt. Harold G. Kurvers, Marine, St. Paul.

Sgt. Warren T. Lackie, Port Orchard, Washington; Boatswain Jesse E. Lee, San Diego; Theodore Lewin, civilian, Huntington, Cal.; Stanley F. Lukas, civilian, Chicago; Pvt. Robert L. Long, Army; Pvt. Gene Lotspeck, Army, Floydada, Tex.; Pharmacist John H. Luther, [illegible]leans, Neb.; Pvt. Fred A. Ludwig, Army, San Diego; Pharm. Roy E. Lynch, Waynesboro, Tenn.

Pharm. Frank L. Maxwell, Birmingham, Ala.; Pvt. Lester L. Mate, Army, Childress, Texas; Pvt. Richard E. McCaffery, Army, Soladad, Cal.; Joseph O. Meek, civilian, Manila; Chief Yeoman Winfred A. Mitchum, Houston, Texas; Pharm. Estel B. Myers, Louisville, Ky.

Pvt. Gene Ortega, Army, Albuquerque; Pvt. Oscar Otero, Army, Las Lunas, N. M.; Pvt. Curtis M. Polk, Army, Bogalusa, La.; Pvt. Finnie B. Price, Army, Montgomery, Ala.; Pvt. Dean O. Pronovost, Marine, Missoula, Mont.

Pharm. Floyd C. Rapp, Longview, Washington; Pvt. Eustace O. Roberts, Army; Sgt. Joseph H. Robertson, Army, Rock Springs, Wyoming; Pvt. Ernest Leroy Robinson, Army, Kingman, Indiana; Pharm. Eugene F. Rogers, Milroy, Ind.

Pvt. Edward Isaac Smith, Army, Dexter, N. M.; Machinist Walter C. Smith, Navy, San Diego; Pvt. Due Smithwick, Army, Windsor, North Carolina; Pvt. Sydney G. Snow, Army, Haynesville, La.; Warrant Officer Clifford L. Sweet, Navy, Chulia Vista, Calif.

Pharm. Lester R. Tappy, Niagara, Wis.; Pharm. Donald E. Tapscott, Mason City, Iowa; Boatswain Clarence M. Taylor, Cloverdale, Va.; Pvt. Elmer C. Tenney, Army; Fred G. Threatt, civilian, Minden, La.; Pharm. Albert J. Tybur, Ft. Johnson, N. Y.

Chief Pharm. John F. Vernon, Fresno, Calif.; Pvt. Kenneth W. Vick, Army, Oklahoma City; Pvt. Ben Vidal, 200th Coast Artillery.

Pvt. Robert R. Walker, Marine, New Orleans; Pvt. Donald J. Watson, Army, San Francisco; Pvt. Mondel White, Army, Barrett, W. Va.; Ship's Cook Laurel W. Whitworth, Bourne, Texas; Pvt. Robert M. Williams, Army, Tucson, Ariz.; Pvt. James E. Wilstead, Marine, Provo, Utah; Pvt. Joseph William Wolf, Army, St. Mary's, Missouri; Pvt. John Alvin Wood, Army.

Prisoners on death cruise whose fate was not ascertained by the war correspondent, George Weller:

Maj. Akers, Army.

Lt. Arthur Barrett, USN doctor (Burnett?); Maj. Harry Barr, commissioned civilian, lame, blew up his gold mines at Benguet, reached Moji in poor condition.

Lt. Warren Garwick, USNR, manager of Bagulo Country Club and assistant manager of Manila hotel.

Lt. King, of Minneapolis; 2d Lt. Walter A. Kelso, Army fighter pilot, noticeably tall.

Lt. McManus, Navy chaplain, Catholic.

Capt. Tom Shone, of Winnemucca, Nev., Philippine Army, graduate of University of Nevada

Lt. Col. Warner, of Baltimore, former interior decorator; Lt. "Bill" Williams, Army engineer; Lt. Wilkins, shot through breast and shoulder at Olongapo.

Lt. Zerphas, Catholic chaplain, 26th Cavalry.

(THE END)

ning, N. M., . Brown, In- 301st Field ker; Lieuten- a, Infantry;

y, New York; alry; Captain , 200th Coast ffy, of Notre haplain. el Hill, N. C. ke City, Field n Cavalry, of

tle; Maj. Ar-

ive staff offi- angdon, Navy

raska football Carlsbad, N. holas Mihall- McCollum, of Maj. Mont- o. ny doctor; Lt.

Fyzig, marine

Maj. Reginald H. "Bull" Ridgely, Jr., mess officer; Lt. Reed, Field Artillery.

Lt. Col. Jack Sc[illegible] do[illegible] Arthur Shreve, of Washington, active staff officer on trip; Lt. Co[illegible] engineer; Capt. Cash T. Skarda, of Clovis, N. M., 200th Coast Artillery; Lt. Lemoyne Stiles, of Albuquerque, 200th Coast Artillery.