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BODINE

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Your Reference

Our Reference
D/CS(R)1/4/4/1
Date
20 January 1987

Dear Dr Thompson

We have recently been reviewing a collection of Far East World War II War Crimes records and have come across the enclosed personal diary by Lt Col Roy L Bodine Jnr. This is not required by the Public Record Office here and as it is an American originated document we wonder whether you could find a home for it, particularly as it gives a detailed and graphic description of the conditions under which a number of POWs were held by the Japanese.

Colonel Bodine appears to have been a Dental Officer who was initially held in a POW camp in the Philippines. His diary covers the period from 19 October to 29 December 1944. He and his colleagues were embarked on the OYOKU MARU for Japan on 13 December, but the ship was so badly bombed by United States aircraft before it got properly under way that it had to be evacuated. The survivors were then held in a tennis court until finally embarked on a freighter on 27 December, their destination apparently being the island of Formosa. The narrative is incomplete and ends on 29 December so, unfortunately, we do not know whether Colonel Bodine survived the war.

Yours sincerely

M S Saunders
M S SAUNDERS (MRS)

Encl

COPY OF PERSONAL DIARY

of

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROY L. BODINE, JR.

"October 19, 1944 Thursday (Cabanatuan to Bilibid)

"Have had some day. Yesterday I gave Colonel Fields, D. C., my diary, notes, and souvenirs, sealed in a bottle, which he promised to keep for me and bury if he is taken from Cabanatuan. We had been told that the trucks would rest in Manila today, and we would not leave until Friday, but when they came back at 8:00 p. m. last night we had our doubts. However, at bedtime we were told that the trucks would rest in camp until Friday. I had everything packed and ready so it mattered little. This morning our bahay quan group had corn cakes for breakfast. They were very good, but we had practically nothing sweet to put on them. Also we had already sent over a big tray of cornbread mix to be baked for noon. While we were eating breakfast word came down to get ready to leave. Final inspection of the gear we were taking out would be at 7:30 a. m. We were not caught short as the cornbread was already done, so we divided it and packed it in our messkits. Also Captain John Hudgins, D. C. (a dental officer who lived with me) and I opened our last can of corned beef which we put into our messkits. We each have a cigar box of hard tack cornbread, baked very dry, and I have one can of Klim milk and one can of corned beef. Also I have 1/2 interest in two cans of meat which I gave to Major Kowalsky, D. C., and Major Morgan, V. C. Besides, I have a little sugar and roasted peanuts (in part given me by Colonel Fields) and three small 2-ounce cans. As we were told we could only take two cans I didn't dare to take more myself. I gave Major Hubbard, M. C., who

is staying, two cups of corn flour. Colonel Fields came up and took miscellaneous junk of value I was leaving. During last 10 days John and I have eaten as much as possible trying to finish food we were saving for a rainy day. Lots of corn cakes, cornbread, garden vegetables and even some canned food, and 1/2 cup of panutsa syrup. I have been uncomfortably full for a week, which is certainly a wonderful feeling. Damn them for not letting us take more food out. I could have taken parched corn, 5-6 cans of meat. I had saved eleven 12-ounce cans of beef and Spam (which I had saved from issue of January and February) and I thought would help me through to the end and would have been swell for those reputedly hard days on the Jap ship. In the equipment inspection I lost nothing. In a previous inspection I had lost a Spanish book Colonel Fields gave me, so I kept a Spanish pamphlet hidden this time and got it by. I also had successfully hidden my messkit knife and my scissors. After the inspection the mess brought chow down for us. A piece of cornbread and nice serving of dry rice. I put the bread in my pocket and half the rice in my messkit with the corn-beef and personal cornbread. I was glad I had a deep messkit.

"They loaded us on six trucks. We had 40 men on ours and had to sit on luggage and half on each other in most uncomfortable positions. On trucks with higher sides they had 50 men and they had to stand packed together. It made it a miserable ride.

"At about 11:00 a. m. (when we were well on our way) we saw two big formations of American planes. They looked like they were out for blood. Our convoy paid no attention to them. This made the fifth or sixty straight day we have seen American planes. At noon we stopped for lunch, but we were not allowed to dismount from the trucks. While

the Jap guards took turns relaxing on the ground and comfortably eating their rice and fish we tried to eat some of the chow packed in our messkits. It was very difficult to even work one's way to urinate over the side. I ate the cornbread from my pocket and half of contents of my messkit, so I didn't get hungry today.

"We arrived at Bilibid at about 4:00 p. m. The people here are all excited over the constant bombings and they say that today the bombing was exceptionally heavy. Nichols Field area and Port Area were well worked over.

"Bilibid is very crowded. There are 2,000 here and the bed patients of the hospital wards take up lots of room. Twelve Medical Department field officers (myself included) occupy a space between posts about 13 feet by 13 feet, and junior officers even more crowded. We sleep on the concrete floor. The entire building is packed, leaving practically no center aisle. It is a two-storied building with us using two wings upstairs and one downstairs. There must be 800 in this one building. Some difference from when we were here 2-1/2 years ago! During air raids everyone must go inside and shut tight the corrugated iron windows. It certainly gets hot and stuffy! The bad rumors we have heard about chow here are true. They serve only two meals a day, at 7:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., of a little less than a canteen cup of lugao (watery rice) with once every 3-4 days a little trace of meat, fish, or beans in the lugao. Occasionally a 1/3 cup of thin soup made from woody vegetable tops or camotes. I finished up what was left of my noon meal and saved most of my supper to add to tomorrow's breakfast. I am going to stretch out the little extra I have as far as possible.

I dread starting this low diet. It is the smallest we have ever eaten. They say (rumor) that we will leave here in a day or two. There are no mosquito nets (we were not allowed to bring any from Cabanatuan) and mosquitoes are terrible here. Mosquito borne dengue fever is bad here, too. The concrete floor is dirty and hard. Our stall is next to the big open arch doorway and is better ventilated, but much dust and sand is tracked in and blows right in our faces.

"October 19 to December 13. A brief summary of stay at Bilibid. During this stay we were fed two meals per day of less than a canteen cup of lugao with occasionally 1/3 of a cup of soup from woody vegetable leaves, or a few camotes, and every 4-5 days one spoonful of minced fried fish (bones, heads and all). Nearly everyone had dengue fever and everyone lost considerable weight and became weak, especially in their knees, and suffered from constipation due to the scanty bulk of our food. Most people had bowel movements only 1-2 times a week. I attended Mass every morning. The Manila area was bombed about once a week except that there were no bombings during the last two weeks. We lived in the hope that the Japs had given up trying to take us out of the Philippines, but eventually they had us ready. We were issued Jap wool coats and breeches, given the glass rod rectal test and a truckload of American Red Cross medicine set aside for us to take along. People who had or could get U. S. dollars or Philippine pesos could buy a little mango beans from Jap guards. \$10.00 gold a cup. We pooled our pay and bought a few sacks of mango beans at 1,500 pesos Jap script, and a little garlic and tobacco.

"December 13, 1944. Wednesday. Boarded ORYOKU MARU.

"(The following is written on tennis court at Olongapo, P. I., Sunday, December 17th, and enumerated by days.)

"December 13. This truly has been our unlucky day. At 6:30 p. m. yesterday, at banjo, it was announced that the Japan detail would leave at 8:00 a. m., with Reveille at 4:00 a. m. and combined breakfast and supper (double the usual amount) at 4:30 a. m. All foot lockers, one per six officers, were to be taken to the front gate before 6:00 a. m. It isn't daylight until 6:30. The detail had to be ready to leave at a 7:00 a. m. banjo. As nearly all of the buildings had no lights it was necessary for us to do all of our packing in the dark. A couple officers lit candles and it helped some. There were supposed to be six officers to a foot locker. We had four officers in ours, Major Kowalsky, Major Morgan, Chaplain Zerfas and I. Father Zerfas put nothing in so I got a few things of Major Homer Uglo's, and as they seldom checked very close we thought we could get by with only 4-1/2 people. Bob Nelson and I had just put some mango beans to soak, so when we heard the move we immediately doubled the quantity, 1/4 increased to 1/2 cup, and made arrangements to have them cooked during the night on a private electric hotplate. Major Jacobs and I decided to split a corned beef can. As I had two, he one, I opened mine. Some of my half I ate cold and the rest I put into the mango beans which weren't done until after midnight. Bob Nelson and I sat out in front of the building in the starlight and ate almost all of it. For the first time in the two months since we left Cabanatuan I am full. For the last few days the Japs have made us cook dry rice instead of lugao in order to save fuel. We like the dry rice best, but this

restricted ration only makes 1/3 of a cup of dry instead of the nearly full cup of lugao. There are a few privately owned electric hot plates here for the quining of special officers, which is where we have to bribe our way to get our beans cooked. I went to bed at 1:00 a. m. but got little sleep before 4:00 a. m.

"When I roped our foot locker it still wasn't full, in spite of the fact it contained all the most valuable possession of five of us, and there was little of real worth in it. I tried to take all my clothing, soap, et cetera, everything for which I might have any use in Japan. I put most of my important items -- food, toilet articles, keepsakes, et cetera, in my pockets and in my musette bag. I still had one compartment of my musette bag filled with the emergency dental equipment I brought from Sternberg Hospital. My wool Jap uniform, tobacco, part of a shelter-half and my half cup of mango beans I put in my blanket roll. We must carry everything except the foot locker, and in our weakened condition we can't carry much.

"We fell in at 7:30 and spent two hours checking roster and counting off the more than 1,600 of us (actually 1,619). Many of us are in such poor shape (mere walking skeletons) that I don't see how they can possibly walk the two miles to the pier. At about 9:30 they let us fall out. They said that a delay had come up, but to leave our equipment in the column and to be ready to fall in at the sound of five bells. I slipped down to see Charley Hoyt (it proved to be last time) and then ran by to say goodbye to Major Joe Peters, M. C., who was remaining in Bilibid. I hope it is not the last time I see him. Joe gave me a tube of morphine sulfate for emergency use, about the most valuable gift anyone could make. We were told that we couldn't take our

mosquito bars, shelter-halves or sun helmets. As my piece of shelter-half was outside of my blanket roll, to be safe I re-rolled it and folded the piece of shelter-half inside my raincoat and hung it over my web belt.

"At about 11:30 the five gongs sounded. I was drying myself in the sun after a shower (one of the few nice things about Bilibid) so I had to run inside and dress fast and wet and fall in. After another quick check we started through the gate near the end of a column 2-3 blocks long, divided into the usual Jap groups of 100 men each. I was wearing my Jap 'G' string, American underwear, with a bottle of vitamins sewed in the crotch, the khaki trousers I found in Bataan, and the wool shirt I received in my personal package, two pair of GI light wool socks, GI Red Cross shoes, well worn from the muddy marches to and from the airport. There was more normal activity on the streets of Manila than I expected. People lined the streets to see us pass and many gave us 'V' signs when they thought the Jap guards weren't watching them. There were lots of bicycles, pushearts, new style carromates, carts made of auto wheels and pulled by man or beast, and a fair sprinkling of cars and trucks of the Japs. We walked down Quezon Boulevard, across the new Quezon Bridge and around the Walled City. There were many soldiers everywhere. The grass everywhere had gone to weeds, the pavement was in terrible condition and apparently the street cars had not been running for some time. Wooden barracks had been built on the Luneta. Our General Luna quarters looked much the same except that the street had been fenced off and a Jap sentry posted at the gates. As we neared the Port Area we saw the first evidence of bombing. Bachrach Motor had had their annex destroyed and many other buildings nearby damaged. The

big buildings, Army & Navy Club, the big hotels, et cetera, apparently had not been touched. Manila Bay was full of hulks. The Americans seem to know how to sink ships, alright! I counted about 40. Pier No. 7 looked a wreck, but it was still being used. There were three ships tied up. One was very junky, but the other two large and in pretty good condition. We marched out clear to end of the pier and lined up. It gradually dawned on us that our ship was a very, very good one. It was the ORYOKU MARU, an 8,000-ton Diesel, much larger than the GRANT, with three full outside promenade decks, no well decks. Aft the decks were covered all the way to the stern. It must have been one of Japan's newer Pacific luxury liners. The ship was not marked, but many Japanese women and children and old and disabled soldiers were going aboard. The women and children were put on the lower decks, probably for better protection against bombing. It had been almost three weeks since the last bombing of the Manila Area, so we were hoping that we might get away before it started again. At 3:00 p. m. Bob, Jake (Major Eugene Jacobs, M. C.) and I finished our chow, which we had saved until then because we thought we wouldn't be fed again that day. We started aboard at about 5:00 p. m. Our group of 200 Army and Navy medical personnel plus civilians were put in the second hatch, just forward of the bridge. We were three decks down a little hatch with two steel ladders and one wooden stairway leading out. Our space extended only about three feet past the hatch opening on three sides and on the fourth a shelf had been built so that the men could sit in two layers. On both sides were two rooms, one filled completely with sacked mango beans and the other 3/4 full of sacked rice. We had just about enough room for all to comfortably sit on their

luggage and when we tried to lie down we had to lie practically on our neighbor's lap. We wouldn't have had that much room except for the fact that 20 men went into the little room on the side where the rice was stored. The men soon were eating raw rice and mango beans from the side rooms. We tried in vain to stop it for fear of action the Japs might take, but we didn't have much luck. At just about dark they sent down eight buckets of rice and eight pans of little 'eel-like' fish one-inch long. It was a fairly good helping of a tasty well-cooked meal, but the serving was difficult in the dark and a few people were shorted because of the lack of organization. The ship got under way shortly after we boarded, but it apparently waited around in the bay a good part of the night. The ship's engines ran so smoothly that it was difficult for us to tell when we were moving. From where we finally tried to sleep in half overlapping rows we could see only a little patch of sky. Lying under the open hatch as we were it grew quite cold toward morning. In answer to our requests for water 1/2 gallon of hot water was sent down for the 200 of us. It must have been a joke because of course only a few received any. The night was not too bad. Bob Nelson, Major Irous, Cy Delong, Jean Jacobs and other M. D. officers stayed together. We sat up most of the night, or at most 1/2 could lie back, all doubled up on somebody. I was able to sleep a little toward morning when it cooled off. All in all it was a very depressing day, with us so suddenly started on our way to Japan. The prospects of an early release were gone. We could only look forward to a couple of years in Japan or a watery grave from some American submarine or airplanes. December 13th was a really unlucky 13th for us.

"December 14, 1944 ORYOKU MARU; AT SEA

"Well, we sure didn't have long to wait. It was scarcely daylight when the Japs above got excited and called an air raid. I didn't hear anything but the boys must have been looking us over, because the AA over us opened fire, the concussion breaking the glass of the bridge and letting it fall down the hatch on us. It gave us quite a start. About 8:00 a. m. things really began to happen. A large number of planes came over and dove and bombed and strafed. Chow - rice and fish - was just being brought down the ladder and Chaplain Nagle was wounded through his thigh with a 50-caliber bullet on the first burst. Also another chow carrier was wounded in the back by the same burst. They continued, however, and brought the chow down into the hold. Everyone got back as far as possible from under the open hatch and luggage was piled in front of them. Fragments and bullets were ricocheting into the hold and caused a number of casualties. During a couple of lulls chow was served mixed with a little debris from above. This was the beginning, and the rest of the day was a nightmare. We were bombed and strafed all day long until 5:00 p. m. At least seven or eight separate attacks were made. A large group of planes, apparently 30 to 50, would work us over for 20-30 minutes. Then there would be a lull for from 20 to 30 minutes and everything would start in again. At first it seemed that much of the bombing was directed at the other ships, probably trying to silence the AA of our escort vessels. We never knew exactly what was with us. Our chow carriers reported seeing a destroyer and a gunboat and there were the other two ships at Pier 7, and possibly more besides in the bay. We saw one of those from Pier 7 pull out ahead of us. The Japs manning the AA above us,

50-caliber, 3-inch pompoms and 37-millimeter, kept up a constant heavy fire and we could hear heavy firing from the other ships. I couldn't help admiring them for the way they kept up the firing all day in the midst of the diving, bombing and strafing. Moreover, they were having considerable casualties. I spent a good part of the day with Captain John Hudgins and Bob Nelson, dental officers, in the little room where rice was stored. It was terribly hot, but it seemed to me to be the safest place I could find. Most of our casualties were from fragments and bullets glancing off sides of the hatch and falling from the bridge. In there we were protected by the two decks overhead and the sacked rice and wooden partition gave some protection from the hold side. We were against the outside of the ship but above the water line. I thought only a direct hit down the hatch, or a big bomb or torpedo against the side of the ship would get us. Then, of course, no place would have been safe. Most people didn't care for this place because it seemed too confined and far from the ladders and would have been hard to get out of in a hurry. All day we knew death was very close. It had been three weeks since my last confession, but I felt ready. I tried to feel perfect contrition, which isn't hard at such a time. I said my Rosary and all my prayers and ejaculations many times over. When the bombs were falling and the bullets rattling like hail I could hear John Hudgins whispering at my side, 'Jesus save us,' J.S.U., over and over. Seemed to us that the bombing and strafing was concentrated on the bridge of the ship and the AA batteries, both directly over our hatch, although there were other guns at the rear of the ship.

"It was odd how as raids went on and on, tired and sleepy as we were, I got very drowsy lying on the sacked

rice in the hot and stuffy room and I could sleep easily during the lulls in the attack and even between the dives, just coming to enough to repeat another prayer as the planes roared in in a steep dive. Our adrenal glands, whose secretions had made us excited and even shaky in the morning, had worn out and left us quiet, calm, and even sleepy!

"This bombing had its usual laxative effect on me and during a lull I used the latrine end of our hold. This notebook and pictures fell out of my shirt and by a fortunate accident I picked them up and put them into my messkit carrier.

"About 8:00 a. m., during a little lull, a sentry came to the head of the hatch and shouted, 'All go home! Speedo!' He was one of our guards from Cabanatuan, so we all understood instantly what he meant.

"In the afternoon we heard that we had turned back and later I heard the anchor drop. After that it seemed that the bombing was concentrated more on our ship, particularly on the bridge area. Perhaps our escorting vessels had already been knocked off. Our 3-inch AA had been knocked out, but the machine guns and the pompom kept up a steady fire. During the afternoon there were more lulls, but at about 4:30 p. m. they made what seemed to be the heaviest attack of the day. I left at least three hits on the ship, both bridge and stern being hit. Many times during the day the bombs had fallen in the water close enough to throw a spout of water clear over the ship, and against the side in a raging torrent. Bullets rattled on the plates of the ship like hail. Certainly a lot comes from one plane in a dive! Most of the bullets struck the plates and deck at enough of an angle so that only a few penetrated, although several ricocheted

down the hatch. We had our last food at 11:00 a. m., when we received a partial serving which was supposed to be left over breakfast. In the early morning we had received 3/4 canteen cup of water for each 20 men, 1-1/2 spoonfuls each, the only water I received on that ship! They had given us four five-gallon cans which we had to use for feces and urine. During the air raids and at night we weren't allowed to empty them so they ran over and feces and urine were everywhere. Some of our men had discovered that below us was another hold much larger than the one we were put in. It ran from side to side of the ship and further forward and aft. The floor was covered with straw and manure and it was dark and unventilated. During the afternoon we started using one part of this hold as a latrine, burying the feces in the straw so as to keep our living space a little cleaner. Fortunately the water restriction cut down the amount of urine and we didn't have much diarrhea. During the last few bombings of the afternoon I really wanted the ship to be hit, and was hoping that each dive would record a hit. I thought that we were anchored close to shore and I wanted to be sure that the ship couldn't get away north during the night. At dusk the anchor was upped and the ship started out by turning to the East. I could guess the direction by watching the faint glow of the fading sunset on the mast ahead. We then turned South, then West for a considerable distance and finally turned North again having made a complete circle. After traveling North a considerable distance we again anchored at about 8:00 p. m. I couldn't understand that maneuver.

"I forgot to mention that during the worst of the bombings Chaplain Father Cummings stood in an exposed place and in a slow and loud voice led us in "The Lord's

Prayer." I believe everyone, Protestant, Catholic and Agnostic, appreciated it, as I have heard no criticism. Also in the last bombing of the day in which heavier bombs seemed to have been used, a fire was started somewhere on the ship and we could hear the crackling of flames and swishing of fire hoses. It seemed to be put out in a couple of hours.

"We had a little more room this second night as a few of the men had gone below into the big hold. Major Art Irous, our senior dental officer, and I were able to lie down with our feet on each other's shoulders. During the night there was much running around the ship and Japs shouting to and from shore and another ship or launch. There seemed to be tugs and rowboats and launches all around. We suffered most from thirst, as we had received only two spoonfuls of water on board and I had drunk the 1/2 canteen of Bilibid water that I brought aboard. We didn't blame them much for not giving us supper on this bad day but I thought they surely could have given us a little water. As we had expected the Japs had been wearing life preservers all day, but of course there were none for any of us. It was very hot all night as we were anchored and no air blew into the deep hold.

"Dec. 15, 1944, Friday. Shortly after midnight it gradually dawned on us that the women and children were being taken off of the ship. We could hear boats being rowed, people shouting, and children and babies crying. We could also hear noise and shouting of the 600 Americans in the large hold forward from ours. We could recognize the words "Quiet!" "At ease, men!" repeated over and over again throughout most of the night. I thought that some sort of a riot was going on, probably over lack of water. Some of our group began to worry, thinking that

the Americans forward were being taken off of the ship. To me the ship still seemed to be in fair condition; it had been moved under its own power last evening, and I felt that if the ship could in any way be gotten out of the Philippines, we would stay on here even though they had taken off the women and children and sick. Of course we fully expected the American planes to return at dawn and finish off the ship. The Jap soldiers were obviously excited; the interpreter was around apparently trying to quiet the forward hold. At about 4 A. M. the interpreter 'Wata' came to the head of our hatch and said that in one or two hours the ship would be brought to a pier and that we would all be allowed to go ashore if we would promise to take only pants, shirt, canteen and mess kit with us. A few minutes later he came back and said that we might take our shoes if we carried them and didn't wear them. We stirred around in the dark and made preparations for going ashore. Most of us decided to carry as many valuable items as we could in our pockets and on our person. I arranged all my stuff as best I could, going first through my musette bag where my most valuable possessions were. It was quite a job in the blackness. I opened my klim can of sugar, ate what I could, gave Cy Hudgins, Macobs, Art Irous what they wanted and then put the remainder back. Inside of my mess kit I put a 2 ounce can of butter, 3 ounce can of ham and eggs, and a 2 ounce British can of sugar. In my trousers pockets I put a Nescafe can which held the powdered milk I had remaining when we left Bilibid, and a can of corned beef and one pair of glasses. In my shirt pockets I put a package of razor blades, toothbrush, a bottle of vitamins and my billfold with pictures and my prayer book. I took no tobacco or cigarettes. I put Monica's rosary around my

neck with mine. I put a flat small can of sardines in the bottom of my canteen cover and snapped canteen cup on my belt. The canteen was empty and would provide buoyancy if we had to swim. I had a piece of towel tied to one shoulder strap and my overseas cap, with a little American flag I had carried from Bataan hidden inside it, fastened to other shoulder strap. With my shoes over my shoulder I felt that I was pretty well prepared. Most people, in fact almost all, had no food to take. In my blanket roll, which hadn't been opened on the ship, I left 1/8 kilo of tobacco and 1/2 K. mango beans. I fastened my blanket roll, shelter half, raincoat and musette bag securely together and left them in center of hatch. I hoped it would be safe if I should return for it. For the first time since I left Dental Clinic at Sternberg Hospital, I was leaving with no dental instruments. I had kept that one compartment of my musette bag filled with emergency dental equipment, from Manila, through Corregidor, Bataan, the prison camps and so far on this trip. A dentist without even emergency dental tools is practically helpless. As an after thought I put this notebook with pictures of my family inside my shirt.

"It began to get daylight, but there was no evidence of the ship's going to any pier. After a little the interpreter Wata came by and said for 25 people to get ready to go ashore. We arranged for the 5 wounded and other sick to go in the first group with enough strong men to carry them. Just as they were about ready to leave the Japs started the excited shouts which we had learned meant that our planes had been sighted. We took cover, but the planes just circled around. Apparently the boys were just looking things over, or they were pursuits

clearing the air. There almost always have been planes over a while before the actual bombing started. To our surprise there was no AA fired at them from our ship. The guns had been taken ashore during the night, and that may have convinced our airmen that the ship had been abandoned, as no signs of life showed on her decks.

"About 1/2 hour later Wata again called for the first 25 to go ashore and they started up, dragging the sick and wounded. They had not been gone more than 10 minutes (they were still getting into the boats) when a Jap came to hatch and called for the next group of 25, but almost immediately he looked up and motioned us back, excitedly shouting, 'Planes, many planes.' We knew that this time it would be the real thing. Bob Nelson and I made a dive for the ladder leading to the big room below. While Bob scurried down the ladder, I swung from the beam and dropped down beside him. We had decided to go down there where it was cooler than in little room and we thought just as safe and protected from the fragments coming down the hatch. There were only a dozen or so of us down there so we spread out on the floor well to the rear under the bridge. It was soon evident that this attack was different from yesterday's. The bombs were much heavier, and all were aimed for this ship. I could feel many hit the ship squarely. A couple small holes were blown in the side near us and water ran in when near misses kicked up giant waves. There was a heavy hit forward of us, from which water was running in. There were more heavy hits on the rear of the ship. The percussion of these bigger bombs (really the vacuum created) was so great that the deck planks of hatch were lifted up and fell with all four gear into the bottom of the ship where Bob and I were. Lucky we weren't under them. That was the last I saw of

my blanket roll and musette bag. In a loaded boat alongside of sick and wounded a Jap guard was killed instantly by the strafing, but not an American was touched.

"Everyone started scrambling up the two ladders and the stairway. We had talked about the possibility of having to swim and Bob Nelson had made me promise to stay near him. He didn't have much confidence in his swimming ability and had great confidence in mine. I had told him that if we had to swim to be sure and take time to take off his clothes and to find some sort of a plank to take with him for support in the water. When we emerged on deck quite a sight greeted us. The ship was lying parallel to the shore, which was about 400-500 yards away. It was a beautiful sunny morning and the green shore, blue water and sky and the fresh air after our dark oppressive hold was startling. The water on the shoreward side was filled with swimming Americans and Japs all headed for shore. The ship seemed to be floating O. K., only possibly a little low in the stern and listing to port worse than it had been. I hadn't decided how much clothes I would take off as I hadn't expected to swim. People in the water started to holler to hurry up as the ship had 2-3 minutes more. I couldn't see that the ship was in any immediate danger but it was disconcerting nevertheless. I picked up two pieces of a 4 x 4 and gave one to Bob. I took off my hat, shirt, shoes and socks, leaving belt with my canteen and mess gear. I thought I could take it and my trousers off in the water if it should become necessary. I then climbed up, standing on the rail and calling to Bob to 'come on,' I threw over the little plank and jumped feet first. It must have been 30 feet to the water. The feeling on entering the cool clean water was indescribably pleasant. It made me feel

like a new man after the conditions of the last 48 hours. Although it was my first swim since leaving Corregidor late in Jan. 1942, I felt perfectly at home in the water. I swam around, picked up a canteen for Bob, and helped a few weak swimmers get to their planks. Bob was rather reluctant to jump, it was pretty high for him. He had taken off all his clothes to his underdrawers. I finally encouraged him and got him to jump. Bob had lost his board, so I picked up another abandoned canteen and tied the two empties to a small plank for him, and we started slowly shoreward. I looked back at the ship and was amazed at the extent she had been damaged. A big portion of the stern was blown away and the whole ship looked like a scrap heap. There was scarcely a spot on her that wasn't pitted, twisted or bent by the bullets or bombs. What a waste, from the beautiful ship we had boarded the day before yesterday. I saw an old man hanging onto a latrine box which was so big that he could make no headway. He said he couldn't swim, but he was very cooperative as I took him by the tired swimmers carry over to another old man who had a big long plank, part of the hatch cover, on which he was making good headway. This latter man 'bitched like hell' saying it was his plank, but I just ignored him and went ahead and put my nice old man on with him. There was nothing he could do but accept, and as I left they were getting along fine. I was swimming slowly trying to keep my eyes all around me for people needing help. Bob kept urging me on as he was afraid of the effects of bombs on people in the water and was anxious to get ashore. When we were about half way in to shore, Bob seemed to be getting along all right, and I kept thinking about those people on the ship who were reluctant and scared to start out in the water. So I gave

Bob my plank and started back toward the ship. Just then four American planes came over flying low directly over the water which was filled with practically shouting and waving Americans. One peeled off, came still lower, and definitely and positively dipped his wings to us. I felt sure after that that there would be no more bombing for a while at least. I then swam back to the ship with confidence. When I reached the ship many people were still aboard, coming off slowly. They were the timid ones and the poor swimmers, who seemed more afraid of the drop into the water than of the danger on the ship. The stern was afire, but it seemed to be progressing slowly. I encouraged many to jump, holding their planks for them and helping the poor swimmers to get started on suitable planks. Also I kept thinking about my wool shirt, sent to me from home, in my personal package, with my glasses, wallet, fleg, vitamins, etc., in the pockets. People were still shouting that the ship wouldn't last long, but although the fire in the stern was spreading she seemed to me to be flating about the same as when I first looked back at her. I would have gone up the gangway, but there was a Jap guard at the head of it with a rifle and I was afraid he would think I was going the wrong way. I climbed up a rope ladder, and for the first time realized how weak I was. I had felt splendid in the cool water, really enjoying my first swim in more than three years, but in climbing the ladder I found that with my wet trousers and mess kit carrier full of water it was just all I could do to pull myself up one step at a time. From the top of the ladder I went up the stairway to the top deck, found my shirt and as an afterthought picked up my Filipino straw hat and an odd pair of shoes (I had senselessly thrown mine overboard). I tied the shoes together and wrapped the

strings around my shirt and tied them and my hat to a light crate I found. Some Americans were wandering around the ship, obviously looting, and there were a few Jap soldiers still aboard. There was quite a bit of shooting now and then, apparently at some Americans who jumped of the wrong side of the ship. I didn't want to be mistaken for a looter, so I jumped over again. Most of the men still aboard had gone down to lower decks so as to be closer to the water. A couple of nice young men asked me to help them with a big hatch plank (about 6 in x 2 ft x 15 feet) that they were throwing over. They proved to be fair swimmers and when they had settled themselves on the plank, which could easily handle half a dozen men, they agreed willingly to wait for me while I looked for some more men who needed help. Col. Kramer, ex-warrant officer (he and his wife had been prosthetic patients of mine at Sternberg) called to me from the ship asking me to help him. He said his leg was paralyzed and he couldn't swim. I encouraged him to slide down a rope and I got him onto the plank. Also I transferred several others who were having difficulty with their supports. Many others had found Jap life preservers, which helped them a lot. We started in and in spite of the fact that we had at least two of the seven or eight of us who were absolutely dead weight, we passed up many others on the way. I didn't see anyone drowning or in severe difficulty, although many terribly emaciated skeletons were being pulled from the water into a life boat near to the shore completely exhausted. As we arrived near shore I began to feel chilled and very tired. I had been in the water for nearly an hour. To my intense disappointment I found that my shirt had come loose from my shoes on the crate which Col. Kramer was holding for me. It had so many valuable items

in it and my insignia on it, and it seemed especially unlucky to loose it after taking the chances of going aboard to get it. However, there was not use crying over split milk, and anyway I was very lucky to be still alive, and I had saved much more than most. By far the largest majority of people had come ashore stark naked, in only Jap G string, or in underwear shorts. Almost everyone was barefooted.

"Bob Nelson met me at the beach. I there gave the extra canteen to Major Irous, and my G string to Major Kowlesky and my under shorts to John Hudgins, who had given them to me when we left Cabanatuan. Japs had many dentries posted every few feet along seawall and were holding us in shallow water. I saw one wooden tub of salted soy bean meal, looted from the ship, distributed to Americans in shallow water. The water was full of dead fish of all sizes, killed by the bombing. Soon they made us move out of the water and Bob and I took a naked shivering skeleton, who could barely walk, and followed the gang down a closely guarded path to a shady grove of trees about 200 yards from the beach. Everyone sat down and started drying out few remaining possession. I spread out this notebook, pictures and some clothing. While I had lost my best pair of glasses, I still had my old spare, and the Calobar sun glasses with my prescription. A long water line was starting and I was lucky to get in fairly early and get both Bob's and my canteens filled. It was the first water s'nce leaving Bilibid three days ago, and we had made the hot march to the pier and the hot sweating days in the hold. I began to find a few friends, every one of which considered it almost a miracle that he was alive. They told me some of the horrors of the other two holds, one forward of us, and the other at the rear of

the ship. There were about 600 in the forward hold. They were one deck farther down than we were, and it was by only small hatch opening. It extended way forward and aft and sleeping shelves had been built with just enough room to sit up. The 600 were packed in there without even sitting room, and the suffering in the overpowering heat was indescribable. On the second night with the heat and ventilation even worse it became a madhouse. The conditions cannot be described or imagined. Many who went crazy from the heat were knocked out, killed by their neighbors. The screaming, knifing, blood sucking, feces and urine everywhere, the sick being trampled to death, many dying of suffocation and the bodies being trampled beyond recognition. Major Bud Berty and Colonel Drummond died that way. Their temperature rose to 110 degrees and their bodies literally shriveled up from dehydration, and were unrecognizable. Friday morning, the 15th, a large bomb broke through the side killing and wounding many.

"In the after hold conditions were similar only, if possible, worse. 800 were crowded in there and many died in suffocating madhouse. Friday morning when the stern was blown to pieces 80 out of 120 field officers were killed, or turned up missing, in one section alone, including many friends of mine: Charlie Hoyt, Major Snell, Major Shirts, Major Morry, Colonel Brady; Father Zerfas lost his two best friends, Captain Blulolts and Red, a fine young chap from Louisiana who used to spend every evening with F. Zerfas and I at Bilibid. Major Dale Kannee, my fishing friend, was shot on a raft that drifted with tide down the beach. A few others were shot in cold blood by Japs during night or during evacuation of ship.

"In all we lost about 300 men, approximately 1/2 from suffocation, heat and dehydration, and directly murdered by Japs. I spent the afternoon helping arrange and organize the hospital. There were perhaps a hundred severely wounded or very sick. There was practically no medicines or dressings. I at last opened the first-aid packet I have kept on my belt for myself since Bataan, and gave it to Colonel North. Father McDonneled has a bad looking fractured jaw. I gave Major Sult a piece of brass wire I found on my pictures to reduce it with. About noon American planes came back and bombed the wrecked ship with heavy bombs, hitting her squarely amidships. She burst into flames almost instantly from stem to stern, and burning rapidly with many dull explosions soon turned over and sank. If we had been aboard for this last bombing very few would have gotten off. A little later four American planes came over apparently looking us over very carefully, circling around our grove of trees. Three of them were reported to have dipped their wings to us. It was very encouraging to feel that we were recognized even though we didn't dare wave.

"In the late afternoon we were moved over to a single fenced-in tennis court 200 yards away. There was about 15 feet of space around the outside line of the court and 1300 of us were crowded into that space, with the 100 or more hospital patients taking up considerable extra room in one end. We could all barely sit down and could lie down only by being 1/2 on top of neighbors. There was no food that night, we had none since Thursday morning. However, everyone was able to get a fair amount of water. Men were allowed to go to the latrine only one at a time, which we could sometimes stretch to two or three, sending them outside gate to use the ditch. I felt so

sorry for the men who had suffered so much more than I aboard the Oryoku that I gave up most of the space Bob and I had saved, got two more men lying down who hadn't slept for three nights. One of them, a real gentleman from Oklahoma, was taking care of his buddy, who was practically out of his head, but fortunately docile. I did get a little sleep toward morning, although I sat up for a long, long time. I said all 15 decades of the Rosary in thanksgiving for my safety. It seemed that I was very, very lucky. If I had been where Bud Berty was forward or Charlie Hoyt aft I would have died also.

"It has taken me until Dec. 19th to write the above, and we are still on the tennis court and with almost no food. The rest of this will be considerably briefer as I am considerably weaker and my mind less clear. I traded two cloves of garlic for 1/2 a lead pencil to make this writing possible.

"December 16, 1944. Saturday. Tennis Court Olangapo. Today was a scorcher. It was my first experience sitting all day in the sun like other prisoners have had to do. My trousers and undershirt helped a lot, as did my tan from the airport and farm work, but the straw hat was truly a lifesaver. There was shade for about 20 people on one side and a little shade early morning and late afternoon alongside fences. I let others who have no hats or clothing and are more susceptible to sun than I, have shade, and I sat in sun all day. Bob and I had carried some grass into the tennis court area which helped to soften the concrete against our bony frames. Last night I opened can of ham and eggs, 3 ounces. I wanted to eat something and not risk losing it. I share with Bob Nelson. During late morning a number of air raids were made on this area. The planes came in in steep

dives, some almost vertical, all around and over us. Bombs were dropped close on all four sides of us, throwing whistling fragments clear over us. Luckily no one was hurt. Majority of planes dove right for us, dropping their bombs short of us, but the bombs kept on passing over us and exploding on past us. There was no cover to be taken so I just lay on my back and watched planes diving and bombs falling. It was probably the prettiest view anyone could have of bombing, and I doubt if many, if any, people have ever had such a view. We felt that they knew we were there and would not drop any bombs directly on us, but of course we weren't sure. The planes didn't give any sign of recognizing us, but the tennis court was in plain view in the open.

"At dusk the Japs brought over one 50 kilo sack of raw rice. It was probably 20% light due to leaks, short weight, etc. It took us so long arranging ourselves into rows for sleeping squads that we had to put off the raw rice issue until next morning. I was so hungry that I opened my only big can, 12 ounce, corned beef. I ate myself most of the little horde of canned chow I had in my pockets when I swam ashore. I had saved it for over a year for just some such emergency as this. However, each time I gave approximately one-third to Bob Nelson. Knowing Bob for a long time, I somehow felt that that was more than he would have done for me in reversed circumstances. We mixed the corned beef with a little chopped garlic I had brought ashore in my mess kit, and water and it made a fairly good soup. I had been lunching a little on the Nescafe can of powdered milk, as it had gotten a little wet in the swim and I was afraid it would spoil. Besides, I felt that at any time we might start getting regular meals, so I had better eat what I had when I

needed it the worst. I am sharing my mess kit, lid and canteen cup with Bob Nelson and Captain Genung D. C. This night I slept more and better as I was terribly tired and we had a little more room due to better organization. It was not so cold as night before when I had been very cold toward morning. I kept regretting the loss of my nice warm wool shirt. Colonel Beecher announced that a message had been sent to Manila and that food and clothing would come.

"Sunday, December 17, 1944. Tennis Court.

"Bob and I served raw rice to our 57 man squad the first thing. It was the first food of any kind since Thursday morning. Major Irous is the leader and Captain Hudgins his assistant, as Major Irous isn't very well. We had four canteen cups of rice, which amounted to 2-1/2 scraped level spoonfuls per man. It was very dirty, moldy, and full of worms. Bob and I soaked ours a few minutes, and added a little garlic and beef saved from night before. We were afraid to wash the dirty rice for fear of losing some of its food value of the rice powdered by the worms. There was no bombing and it was somewhat cooler and a little cloudy. The latrine situation was greatly improved. We were using 12-16 ounce cans to urinate in and then emptied them down the drain. This relieved the tension on the line for the outside ditch where we went 2-3 at a time to defecate. We also drew water in rotation by squads, which was some improvement over day before when I had stood in line for five hours in order to fill my canteen. There was water from only one spigot and it ran very slow during the daytime. We got our sleeping rows spaced even a little better than the night before and had time to serve out the raw rice before dark. Only 3-3/4 cups for the 57 men that time so got barely two

spoonfuls. I had finished the Nescafe can powdered milk, eating it mostly dry. After dark we saw three trucks which some recognized as being from Cabanatuan. We heard they had caldrons, clothing and, we sincerely hoped, food. It seemed that our Tiwan guards hadn't eaten much either, and the Jap navy wasn't anxious to share their restricted ration with Tiwans or prisoners. Gosh, how they hate us!

"Monday, Dec. 18. Tennis Court.

"Today was another scorcher. The hospital of about a hundred were allowed to go over under the shade of the trees where we were Friday. In the morning we were issued trousers and jackets or shirts to men who had none. We were suffering from sun and heat again, but I felt a little more protected when I put on the jacket covering my arms and shoulders. Last night it was cold and I froze until I finally called under my grass and found concrete had a little warmth left in it and grass on top helped also. Bob was crowded against me on one side and an old civilian on the other. We had been promised cooked chow for this day, but as I expected the only cooking was for the Japs. We had our usual raw rice, 3 spoonfuls per man, with 1/2 cup of salt for the 55 of us. The salt was very much needed. I opened my 3 ounce can of butter and we ate some of it, beaten to a milk, with the rice. Colonel Beecher has been trying all day to check the roster of the living but apparently he is 8 men off. I had left only the 2-1/2 ounce sardine can and the 2 ounce sugar. I don't regret having eaten what I did as I don't expect I will ever need anything any worse.

"Tuesday, Dec. 19 Tennis Court, Olangapo.

"Last night was the coldest night we've had. Even with jacket on and grass over me I was cold. What we would have done without clothing issued yesterday I don't know what

we would have done! We freeze all night and then swelter in heat all day! My stomach was restless last night and I felt that I was getting diarrhea, but I couldn't have a B. M. when I tried. Entire group was allowed to go over to the shade of the grove of trees. They checked each person against the roster as they went through gate. I was in last group, and it was 2 P. M. before we got out, and there wasn't any shade for us anyway.

"I am feeling a great increase of weakness today; I get dizzy when I stand up and things almost black out, and I wobble and stagger when I walk. My knees are like rubber. Also, I am getting a few 'Gum Blister' infections on my arms. If something doesn't happen soon so that we can get fed, we will all be completely helpless. I haven't had a bowel movement since Friday, the day we abandoned ship. I tried today but no luck. I guess my cramps are hunger pains.

"We were scarcely well settled when orders came to go back. They asked for 50 volunteers to help carry and lead back the sick. Everyone was so weak that few wanted to volunteer, so I stayed and helped drag Colonel Freeny, a Marine officer, back. He is a S.O.B. who contrived to do nothing all the time at Cabanatuan, and now he is paying with his life for the soft condition he left himself get into. We had our usual raw rice and salt when we came back in the tennis court. There was three spoonfuls of rice and 1/4 spoonful of salt per man this time. Bob Nelson puts out the rice, I the salt. Bib is still the slowest, most meticulous person I have ever seen; he is even worse, if possible, than before the war. He takes so long getting started that for the last two times I have had to draw the rice and salt alone. We use my straw hat, canteen cups, mess kits, etc., to draw it in. He measures each spoonful of rice very accurately and fairly and each man gets his exact share.

But! I'm about to go nuts watching him pat the top of the spoon. He pats it 15 times after he has knocked off the last excess grain and sights over the top 2-3 times. It takes us 3-5 times as long to serve as any other section and many of the men are more impatient at the delay than they are appreciative of his accuracy. I have eaten nothing extra today. We were hoping fervently for some cooked chow tonight but we were again disappointed. How much longer can we go without eating? I try to drink no water after 3:00 P.M. so I won't have to get up at night. It is an extremely difficult and time-consuming task to crawl over everyone and reach the latrine. There is absolutely no place to put your feet and in the complete blackness you must crawl and carefully wedge each step between two sleeping bodies.

"Wednesday, December 20th., Tennis Court:

"It is a week after leaving Bilibid and 6 days since our last meal. I don't count the spoonfuls of raw rice. (Take a moderate tablespoonful of raw rice, add to it 1/2 teaspoonful of dirt, mold, insect residue, worms, rat and lizard droppings, and other choice items. Then try to eat it all, with or without water and salt, and you will see what I mean.) It was a little warmer last night. After I crawled under grass I was comfortable but the concrete was awfully hard on my boney frame. We had a little new moon for a couple of hours this morning. I have learned to tell the approximate time of the night by the position of Arion. He's coming up at dark and sets before dawn. I feel still weaker this morning. I had a slight accidental B.M. toward morning and at dawn I went to the latrine and had my first B.M. since Friday 15th, a big liquid movement. I stopped and rinsed out my G-string, which Major Kowlskey had returned to me before lying down. My belly feels very restless and distressed. I'm afraid I'm getting another attack of my old

dysentery. Also, my nose is running terribly with a bad cold and with no handkerchief and even no place to spit it is a mess.

"At about 8:00 A.M., 22 trucks came in. Japs put out another sack of raw rice and we ate last of salt. Bob was late again so I had to draw it all. We were told to put it out in a hurry as they wanted to get us out of here today. No one knows "where to" but Cabanatuan and Bilibid are both mentioned in rumors. I'll be more than satisfied with either one. Colonel Swarty just finished taking a man's arm off. Almost no instruments, sterilization or dressings and, of course, no anesthesia. Poor Chap! He hasn't a chance in a thousand! We buried our seventh this morning and another has already died. The burial detail just digs a shallow grave in the sand on the beach nearby. There are many here who won't make it now.

"I ate my 2½ ounce can of sardines this morning, my last can except a 2 ounces sugar. I also let my rice soak well. I'm afraid that the raw rice is partly responsible for my diarrhea. However, I am feeling a little easier.

"It is going to be awfully hot and with 50 to 70 per truck, we will have to stand miserably all day in the trucks. Looks like most of us won't be able to fill our canteens before leaving. Probably the majority don't even have canteens but use bottles, cans, cups, etc., for water. My guess is that probably all won't go today, and we are in the last group. I sure hope we aren't headed for another boat. I am hoping and praying for a meal today. I have had lots of time to pray and haven't neglected it. In fact my prayers have been a great consolation to me, and I feel somehow that God is watching me; anyway, something seems to be guiding me through these trials. I pray always that I may, someday, somehow, return to my family sound in body

and mind. If that one prayer is granted, I don't mind any amount of hardships or suffering first. I'll stop writing for now.

"Afternoon of the 20th. Well, as I expected, only half of us got away today; the critically sick, group I, and part of group II, plus some chiselers of group III. The remainder of us were allowed to go over to the shade of the trees, and again most of us were forced to sit in the sun. I understand the official figures on the roster are: 1619 boarded Oryoku Maru, 1341 accounted for on shore, leaving 258 dead or missing from bombs and suffocation. Up to this afternoon 8 more have died from wounds, starvation and dysentery.

"At 4:00 P.M. we came back into the tennis court and reorganized, giving us much more room and comfort. We had raw rice issued as usual but they gave us 1/2 as much more rice for our half of the group than they had been giving us for the whole group. Each man got 9 level spoonfuls instead of the usual 2-1/2 to 3. Those unpredictable Japs! I sure hope there is no bombing before we reach Manila. The Taiwan guard said, "No go Cabanatuan, go Manila, maybe Bilibid". I'm afraid he doesn't know any more about the plans for us than we do, which is nothing. Perhaps we will go to Manila. Each truck carried 35 men, which is surprising little as we left Cabanatuan with 40 to 50 on each. Possibly these trucks are smaller.

"Thursday, December 21st, Tennis Court at San Fernando, Pompana: Last night was a little warmer. I got up about 10:00 P.M. and sponged myself all over with my G-string. It started to rain about midnight. I got under my grass and luckily it didn't rain very hard or long. It was the second time it has scared us by starting, but fortunately, little. If we really all got soaked in a cold night, it would be awful in our condition.

"This morning we had another big rice issue; each man received 10 spoonfuls raw. Wonder of wonders, they gave us a fairly big salted fish so that each man received a spoonful of meat and bones, uncooked of course, but our first protein food for it seemed ages. The trucks haven't come back yet. Early this morning we saw some planes that looked like American, but heard no bombing yet. I surely am hoping we can get some cooked rice at Bilibid tonight and then settle down to have as happy a Christmas as possible.

"(Continued next day): About 9:00 A.M. we started over to the tree area again but before we all got there the trucks had come back. They waited around for one or two hours before loading. Loaded first, Jap equipment, mess cavalies, sacked rice and fish. Seeing all that food and cooking equipment, I feel sure that it was sent up here for us and that all our starving and suffering was unnecessary and shouldn't have happened. We finally got in the trucks and, after waiting in them an hour or more, we started. Each truck had a 55-gallon drum of gas, several sacks of rice, and much individual Jap equipment. The trucks were heavily camouflaged with branches, the front sides and bottom being well-covered and almost young trees standing up from the sides. The trucks are just light Fords and Chevrolets and are more than full with 35 prisoners plus 4 guards and driver and assistant. We had 22 or 23 trucks in our convoy. We traveled east in convoy slowly over a terrible road. The surface was worn off so that it was practically cobblestones. The shoulder was overgrown by the jungle so that it was barely a single-track road. Some change from when we drove over with the Colonel Smith family for a picnic and swim. There was just room for all 35 to sit down, using every inch of space and interlocking our feet and jamming tight together. The jarring and bouncing on our skinny butts was terrible,

and the cramping of our feet and legs awful. Finally we got through the mountains and before we emerged into open country, they stopped, and the guards cut more big branches for us to hold over us and cover the truck even better than it was. After we got past Hermosa there was a part concrete and part rutty, macadam road, and we made better time. We arrived at San Fernando, Pampanga, about 4:00 or 5:00 P.M. and were all put into a 'Cine' (theatre) building. The seats had been piled on the sides. Every inch of floorspace was used, our truck load of 35 men slept on 1/3 of the 30' x 15' stage. At that we weren't as crowded as we all were on the tennis court. We had to climb out a side window into a little fenced-off yard for the latrine. Joy of joys, we were issued 8 packed canteen cups of dry cooked rice per 35 men. It amounted to less than 1/4 cup per man, but issued with a little salt, it made about the tastiest dish I've ever eaten. The rice was beautifully cooked by Filipinos and brought to the door in large 4 to 6 foot bundles of bouna leaves. It is 2-1/2 days since we have eaten any cooked food. My diarrhea seems to be a little better.

"December 22nd, Friday, A.M., S.F. 'Cine':

"By the time the rice was served last night it was dark. There are only 3 or 4 high small windows in this building so you can imagine how black it was. We had 3 cups of rice to issue for seconds to the 35 men. Gave one cup to each 11 or 12 men and what a job it was giving each man 2 small spoonfuls in the blackness. One squad slipped up and someone got away with the whole cup of rice and the mess kit belonging to Major Irons and Captain Hudgins. You can't blame starving men too much, but that is the very thing we have had to deal with ever since Bataan started.

"It was warm when we bedded down, but before 10:00 or 11:00 it turned cold. Quite a draft blew on us on stage and

everyone was really cold. It was the longest night I have spent. I missed my grass to crawl under. My sore rear and back made any position uncomfortable. This morning we each received a rice ball about the size of a good meat ball, made from the rice left over from last night.

"(Continued in P.M.): Well, it seems as if we are going to stay here a few days at least. We started cooking chow in 2 big cawalies. Major Robie was put in charge. He was issued 4 sacks of rice, some seaweed in a tinned box 3' x 18" x 18" for 2 days' ration, besides some camotes. Everybody got 1/2-cup of rice during the morning and 3/4-cup of rice plus a raw camote in the afternoon. It is the first day we had had anything even approaching a maintenance diet since a week ago last Wednesday. To us, now, plain steamed rice with only a little salt is the best-tasting food in the world. I remember one of our Filipino officers telling me in Bataan of the P.A. soldiers, 'Only give them enough rice with a little salt and they will be satisfied'. I didn't imagine how thoroughly we would agree with him before this all is over.

"Rumors have been flying. It is said that 'the rest of our group is in a building near here' (truly, they were in the provincial jail only 1/2-mile away). It is also said that 'multiple landings have been made on Luzon', (come on, Mac!), that 'Manila is being evacuated by civilians'. We did have several air-raids today, with probably a light bombing of Clark field. My head cold is getting pretty bad. I hope we don't have more nights as cold as last night, and that we get to somewhere for Christmas. The prospects are sure dark here for a Merry Christmas, and I feel that this is a hot spot we have been placed in here. San Fernando is military headquarters for this area and civilians have almost all been moved out. It is a good target any day for the

American bombs. It almost seems that they are deliberately trying to place us in hot spots, hoping our own people will bump us off and save them the trouble and possible embarrassment. Three of our group have died today including the one whose arm Jack amputated.

"Saturday, December 23rd, Cine, S.F.

"I wonder where we will be Christmas. Last night about 10:00 P.M., Jap interpreter Wata (how I hate him) came in. He called Colonel Beecher and then Major Robie, our mess officer. I couldn't hear much, but I gathered that there was to be a move today. There was something about marching us somewhere and something about feeding us early. A little later they started loading the worst of our hospital patients into a truck. This morning they say that 11 from our group and 4 from the other group were sent out, probably to Manila.

"Nobody knows how or where or when the rest of us will go, but they started cooking at 2:00 A.M. and feeding as soon as it was daylight. There was a full cup of well cooked dry rice with seaweed and a little cooked camote. It tasted wonderful. It was probably the biggest breakfast we have had in years because at Cabanatuan we always had lugao for breakfast. They are still cooking and we'll probably get more rice before we go. We are expecting now to leave here at 10:00 A.M. or 12:00 Noon or maybe later. We will be glad to leave this place but hope it's not for a worse place, and I especially hope and pray that they have given up trying to get us out of the Philippines. This is a dark, dimly-lighted dungeon-like place, and I'd hate to stay here long. None of us has shaved or really bathed for 12 days, and we look a sight. We have worn the same clothes, rolling in utmost filth for 10 days. I needed a head clip when I started, so I need it badly now. I hope I never again look as bad as I

do now. Some of my friends have changed so much that I have difficulty recognizing them. There is so little one can do all day except take it easy, conserve energy and try to be ready for anything. I pray often, saying my Rosary one, two or three times a day. Diarrhea is increasing rapidly and the floor is soiled in many places and tracked to all other places. Sleeping on the filthy floors really contaminates us. The floor is so crowded that it is almost impossible to get to the latrines during the nights. One must crawl over 100 or more sleeping men, who lie so close together that it is difficult to find a place to put your foot on the floor. The cussing and swearing going on all night from men being stepped on is terrible.

"All morning long there was an almost continuous round of good feeding. A little after the big cupful for breakfast there was another issue of 1/2 cup per man, which Bob and I saved for the evening meal. A little later there was seconds of 1/4 cup per man, and later still, thirds of another 1/4 cup per man plus a couple of spoonfuls of raw rice. Bob and I ate our seconds and thirds but saved our 1/2 cup until 4:00 P.M.

"We waited all day for orders to move, but they didn't come. About dark we decided that we probably wouldn't leave so we made preparations for sleeping again. Major Robie had been cooking and siring all morning, and he put out all the food he had. It all was well-cooked and tasted wonderful. The rice had camotes cooked with it and some of it had seaweed besides. We had some air raids which probably explains why we didn't leave today. Robie, who was outside, says the raids were really heavy, especially in the Clark Field direction. We don't know where we are going but best bet seems to be Manila and Bilibid.

"The following is written Christmas day at the trade school near San Fernando, La Union.

Sunday, December 24th, In Box Car - S.F. to S.F.

"Well, we have been through another terrible ordeal. Sunday morning we got up early, after another night of diarrhea all over the floor and were marched to the railway station, one kilometer away, arriving about 8:00 A.M. No food was issued after 10:00 A.M., December 23rd. There we joined the other half of our group and after some little time we were all loaded into the little, short, 4-wheeled, Philippine steel box cars. 180 to 200 were crowded into each one. We could just barely all stand and have room for the four guards. The doors on one side were bolted shut and, standing, no air circulated. By twisting and squeezing and wrapping legs around each other, we finally got about 1/2 the people sitting down, leaving those around the side of the car standing. They also put 10 to 15 men on the roof of each car, with 2 guards, and told them that it was all right to wave at the American planes. Most of the box cars had been shot up by strafing and there were several wrecked cars and engines in the station yard. The station had also been damaged by bombing. Sure enough, American planes were around, bombing Clark Field, before we even started, but they didn't come close enough to recognize us. We started finally about 10:00 A.M. and our spirits fell to the bottom because we went north instead of south. We moved very slowly with many stops. The men on top reported Jap planes scattered all over the Clark Field area and bombing going on as we went by. We were all day and until 2:00 A.M. getting to San Fernando La Union. The sun on my side of the car made the steel so hot that I couldn't touch it. Sweat ran like rivers until there was no more sweat to run because of dehydration. At camp most men received a few swallows of

water which was the only water received. We couldn't move to urinate or defecate. We used a couple of 12-ounce cans which were passed to and fro from door spilling much. Men were fainting continually. We just passed them up near the door until they revived. This pushed the rest of us further back into the hot ends. We took turns standing and sitting and fanned air back into ends of car with hats, jackets, etc. That was the only way we kept alive, and fanning was kept up until 2:00 A.M. when we left the cars. After dark, although the side of the car cooled off, the temperature and humidity seemed no better. I got weak and slightly sick and dizzy and couldn't stand up much. "That a Christmas Eve!

I even got energy enough to hum some Christmas carols. Finally we arrived at San Fernando, La Union, and to our surprise and great relief, we were shortly taken off the cars. We had been afraid that they would make us stay jammed in the cars until daylight.

"Christmas Day, December 25th, 1944, S.F., La Union. (School Yard:

"From 2:00 A.M. until daylight we were allowed to lie down in the station area. At dawn we fell in and walked about two kilometers to a school yard on the southern outskirts of San Fernando. In many ways it seems much nicer here than anywhere we have been since Bilibid. As there is no water here, we were forced to dig a shallow mud hold, from which we get water, treating it heavily with iodine. They brought in rice cooked with a little camote and salt, and each man received 1/2 cupful. A swell Christmas dinner, what? But it could have been much worse. We are expecting another light meal before dark. I haven't had a bath, shave, or really washed my face or hands since December 13th. We certainly won't wash while we are here. There seems to be lots of shipping going in and out of San Fernando, La Union,

so we will probably leave soon. It will be some difference between this time and when we first left Bilibid. I have lost at least 15 to 20 pounds below my light Bilibid weight. We have had only 2 meals that could be called meals since December 14th. We have no wool clothing and even little cotton clothing, no extra food; no medicine; few have shoes. Nearly everybody has sores, diarrhea, swollen beri-beri feet, etc. Water has been quite a problem today. We have received small driblets, only 3/4 cup of water up to 4:00 P.M. and after the terrible dehydration of yesterday, we need very much more. My belly is caved in on my spine, my butt is gone, and my hips and thighs are merely boney protuberances and spindles. I have been thinking a lot of escape, but in my condition, and with this country over-run the way it is with Japs, I have decided that my chances of living to return to my family are better by going to Japan. Maybe we will make the trip O.K. this time. Anyone who starts to escape must not be taken alive, because it is sure death by the worst of tortures, to be caught.

"Bob and I are sleeping underneath the school house. The sick, of whom we have many, are inside and most others scattered over the grounds.

"Well, we didn't get the Christmas miracle that I was praying for, but we are all lucky to be alive. The Americans may land here tomorrow, who knows? We have received no news since December 12th. Just as it was getting dark they brought in some more cooked rice and we received a scant 1/2 cup apiece. Our entire Christmas day, Fair: 3/4 cup of dirty water and one cup of rice cooked with a little camote. May we never have another like it.

"Tuesday, December 26th, Beach at Miramonte:

"When will our torture end! I was just settling down last night for a long, good sleep, as I was very tired, when

word came to fall in, that we were moving out immediately. We formed without our usual grouping and moved out in groups of 100. There were about 1320 of us. We walked slowly and with many halts south from San Frando, and turned in the road toward Miramonte and the San Fernando oil wharf. This was all very familiar ground to me. Unloading was going on at full tilt, and a steady stream of trucks, heavily loaded with all kinds of stuff passed us. As we were coming into the wharf area, an airplane was heard, and everybody certainly took cover fast and trucks disappeared. Apparently they have been bombed here before and know what it is like. After standing and sitting around for a couple of hours and walking about 3 kilometers from the school yard, they took us over onto the sand, back a little from the beach, and we lay down in the sand, and I slept well and hard, being so tired. We were awakened about 4:30 A.M. It was very dark as the moon had set and Orion was setting so I knew the time. Captain Farrel announced that they had rice balls for us, but that we would have to be trusted not to take more than one. I got in the nearest line and was lucky to receive a rice ball the size of a big lemon. It seemed to me that at least 1/2 the men didn't receive any and, while some of the men may have hit the line twice, I don't believe the Japs sent nearly enough to go around.

"At about 8:00 A.M. they let us go over to the beach and sponge off in the bay, in groups of 100 at a time. It was very refreshing. We bathed almost at the exact spot where Monica, Patty, Mrs. Strictler, Sally and I swam so long ago, when we came down from Baguio. It was wonderful to be able to get even a little of the two weeks grime off. I left on my G-string and undershirt and rinsed them out a little.

"We were told that there was no water here, and we spent an agonizing day in the blistering sun and hot sand. I

missed my straw hat, which had been lost in the box car, terribly, but I was fortunate to have my dark glasses with correction to wear. I had to drink some of the precious 1/4 canteen of water that I had saved from yesterday. In the afternoon they allowed us to carry 4 three-gallon buckets of water from Miramonte. One trip could be made about each 45 minutes, and from each trip there was 3/4 of a canteen cup for each 20 men. This was put out so that each man received a scant 2 spoonfuls from each trip. Small as this was, it helped a lot and got us by until dark. We were kept in our 100-man groups all day, using sand behind each column as latrines. The Japs were unloading all day, trucks, big, fine horses, carts, ammunition, troops, etc. Two big landing ships, converted fish factories, with drawbridge bows, and other ships were unloading onto the beach to the south of Miramonte. The main unloadings were going on from San Fernando Bay to the north of us. We saw some Jap sick soldiers that looked like they might be the same ones that were on the Oryoku with us. At dark we settled into the sand for another night. We had had no food except those who were fortunate enough to get the rice ball at 4:00 A.M.

"Wednesday, December 27th. Colonel Johnson's Ship:

"We were awakened about midnight. Orion was high in the sky and the moon well up. They wanted us to reorganize into the original three Filibid groups. It took us a couple of hours to do this and afterwards we lay down again in the sand and slept until 5:00 A.M., when we moved in a long column over toward the San Fernando wharf area. Our group of Medical Department officers and enlisted men was at the end of Group III, as usual. At daylight our group approached the pier, from which the groups ahead of us had been debarking in landing boats. Although the trucks seemed to have stopped moving, unloading and loading, also, was going on by small

motor launches with a drawbridge bow. They would come through the surf to the beach where some soldiers would jump out and hold the boat while others ran ashore with big bundles on their backs. The beach and wharf was covered with large piles of boxes of all colors, sizes and shapes, piled with no order. From some broken open we learned that most of them contained ammunition. What a target for a bombing here! There were damaged, burned, and wrecked ships all over the bay and many wrecked landing boats half buried in the sand of the beach. The newly landed Jap soldiers gathered curiously around us. We were evidently the first Americans they had seen. To our hungry eyes they looked fat and healthy, and I felt almost ashamed that they should see us so gaunt, dirty and two weeks unshaved, and ragged filthy clothes.

"After considerable delay we jumped from the wharf into a bouncing launch and were taken out to a very big freighter. It had a square V-shaped stern, a rear engine, and the rest of the ship apparently just cargo space. Most of our group had already boarded this ship, but there were a number of launches waiting to unload up a single gangway. After waiting about 1/2 hour, the last two boats which contained most of Group III and the Medical Section, left the big freighter and went over to ship No. 1 which was an order, better-looking center-engined, brewer ship. Almost as soon as we got aboard, the ship pulled out followed by at least 4 others, including the big freighter with over 1100 of our group. There were only 236 of us on this ship No. 1, which, for clearness, I shall refer to as Colonel Johnson's ship. Colonel Johnson was our senior officer and he took charge of organizing us, etc. There are only 5 Taiwan guards with us. They put us 2 decks down in the forward hold. Then Jap sick (convalescent) were put on hatch and deck over us. Our hatch is planked over except for two small openings, one 3' x 5' and the other 8' x 10' where a wooden stairway leads out. The hatch above

us is also 2/3 covered over so you can imagine how dark and foul it is below where we are.

"It was been very hot this afternoon, and lying on the hot, hard, dirty steel deck is miserable. Our only consolation is that by Jap standards we aren't particularly crowded; we can lay down comfortably with only our feet drawn up. There was no food or water issued today, although we watched the Jap sick above us eat twice. They had heaping bowls, coconut shells, cans, etc., of fine, dry rice, with a goodly amount of little fried fishes on top and lots of hot tea. Japs say that our food and medicine were sent on the big freighter and that there is nothing on this ship for us. Our 5 guards took pity on us and, twice, sent us down a couple of mess kits full of their left-over chow. Each man got about a teaspoonful. It was just a teaser: I wonder if it was from pity or to torture us that they sent a little dab down. Colonel Johnson has us well-organized into 20-man squads with a leader for each. The lack of water is the worst thing, especially after yesterday in the sun on the beach. They say that water is very, very scarce on this ship, as they couldn't fill their tanks at San Fernando. They say we probably won't get any water until we arrive at Formosa. I don't believe we can live that long without water.

"Thursday, December 28th, Johnson's Ship: at sea:

"I went to confession last night to Father Cummings. He has been quite sick with lots of diarrhea. It had been about three weeks since my last confession, and while I didn't feel the guilt of any mortal sins, I felt better afterwards. Father Cummings is probably our finest priest. We anchored for several hours last night. Still, we have had no water, although the weather being cooler makes the thirst easier to bear. It has been quite rough today, but I have seen no one being seasick except a Jap guard. Among the 236 of us bouncing

around in the bow, there should be some cases. I believe our empty stomach is what has prevented it. At noon today we had our first meal since evening of December 25th. There was 3/4 cup of well-cooked barley rice, with a small amount of little eel-like fish. It made us a good bit more comfortable; because the rice, of course, contains a fair amount of water.

"We had several air and submarine scares last night and yesterday afternoon, but nothing came of it. We are going rapidly north. It is hard to watch the Japs eating and smoking over us, and still disgusting to me to see the Americans (even officers) scramble to butts they throw down to us. Our hold is dark as hell; and full of flies. They breed somewhere below us. Our guards refused to give us buckets for latrine use, and told us to use a ventilator that leads down to the hold of the ship. I wonder what the ship's crew would say to that. Even in the darkest corner where we, Bob, Art, Irons, John Judgins and I sleep, they crawl over us all day, and under the two lighted places, the air is almost solid flies. We had just one mess of 1/2 cup of rice today.

"Friday, December 29th, 1944 Johnson's Ship, - At sea.

"We anchored again last night, from 10:00 PM to 4:00 AM. Apparently this stopping at night in some quiet bay is the Jap way of avoiding submarines. I don't know where we are, but apparently we are not yet opposite Formosa. About 1:00 PM we had a small chow issue. It was only about 1/3 of yesterdays and 2/3 of that was made up of the dry burned pot scrapings, which contain almost no water that we need so badly. Even with small seconds we received less than 1/2 a cup of rice. Last night a couple of our guards brought down a bucket of cooked white rice and were trading it by the canteen cup. A cup for a

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