

P.O. W/lt. I. - B. O. Hopkins

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DATES 25 OCT 44 to 16 NOV 44 _____

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DIARY OF
BERNARD O. HOPKINS

October 25th---

We like to believe that this is the beginning of the end, ie: The next few months will see us in American hands. We know just what our Uncle Sammie can do, and will do, when he gets started; we have optimism enough to believe that the "Big offensive" should have started during the month of August. Taking this into consideration, and realizing the weakness of the Axis Powers, due to their tremendous efforts through the past long months, we believe that the month of December will write finis to this world fiasco. However, as we mentioned before, we know nothing of what has gone on in the outside world since May 6, 1942. So why try to prophesy. Best we let events run their natural course and wait for the victorious end. The individual group headquarters are working by candlelight, tonight, preparing rosters of men who are too sick to walk, men who are able to walk, and men on special duty; all of which are, supposedly, to be used for the evacuation order. We shall know, tomorrow, just where, and when, we are leaving our present mountain home. All the Chicago boys are gathered around, tonight, sipping cups of delicious tea, harmonizing on favorite songs, and reminiscing of days gone by. It is quite a jolly time we've had this evening, and many more we're planning for the future days (we're all optimistic). Right now we'll put our pen away and crawl beneath our blankets for a night of rest.

Gabanatuan, Camp # 3.

October 26th.

Well - we have heard the worst! This entire camp is to be evacuated. Moved to the one place we have horrors of visiting- Camp # 1- Since the first days of our internement we have heard unearthly rumors of this "Hell-Hole"- During the first few months of the occupation of Camp # 1, American prisoners died at the appalling rate of 300 to 400 per day; men, too weak to crawl from their bunks, died in bed; men, too sick to stomach the stench of dead men lying next them, crawled outside the barracks, and were found dead next morning; men, attempting to get to the latrines during the night, were found, lying in the pathways, dead- Men, somehow managing to get to the latrines, despite their weakness, fell in the open straddle trenches, and were found dead; all-in-all, from what we have heard, Camp # 1 is a veritable hell-on-earth- A camp filled with men, the majority of whom, have given up all hope for the future; men whose ambition, sole ambition, is to die, quickly- We are hoping against hope that these rumors are greatly exaggerated, that this camp is not so horrid and foul as pictures have been painted- According to orders, issued by Camp Headquarters, all special duty men will be left here until last- So---- Think I'll tuck my weary bones to bed.

Gabanatuan-Camp # 3 -

October 27th ---

Well - Tonight's the night! We have seen the marching orders- The first contingent of men, Companies I and II, and a part of

Diary of Bernard O. Hopkins, cont'd.

Company III, of Group I, left at 4:30 A.M. this morning- The remainder of Company III, all of Company IV and a part of Group II, have been ordered to leave at 4:30 A.M. tomorrow- And--our destination is Camp # 1! Have spent the day in packing our belongings--so pitiful few- And resting for the hike--we have had quite a vacation today, what with only one work detail to get out- Of course, our march will be a short one, 12 kilometers, but the tropic sun beams down rather brightly these days, and, too, our bodies are in no condition to stand the strain- My "office furniture" heavy wooden tables and homemade chairs, along with my work records, files, and my personal belongings, were sent down, by truck, early this afternoon- I trust that Noone will "borrow" these things prior to my arrival at Camp # 1- Perry, Pat Howell, Waldrip, Bauer and myself have been doing a bit of tea-sipping and telling of tall tales, here in my bare-looking office, since the early hours of the evening- Looks like this is a farewell party for dear ol' Gabanatuan country club- Better go now, or tomorrow will be a busy day!!!

Gabanatuan-Prison Camp # 1-
October 28th ---

Was awakened, rather rudely, this morning at 4:00 A.M. by the sound of stomping feet and loud voices just outside my window- Rubbed my eyes, and crawled out of "Bed" to find that breakfast, (lugao rice and carabao stew) was being served- After breakfast, companies were formed and marched over to Japanese headquarters, where we stood, impatiently, while the Japanese sentries counted us about fifteen times- Finally, at 7:15 A.M., we started our long trek to our new home- Men who were barefooted were placed at the head of the column, making the pace necessarily slow- By 8:00 A.M. the sun was shining hot, mercilessly hot, dragging the strength, what little we had, from our weary bodies- Our first rest-stop was made at the six-kilometer mark, and a welcome rest it was- Several men, particularly those who had bad feet, were ordered to drop out of the column and await the arrival of one of the Nipponese trucks- After about twenty minutes we moved on, making three more short rest-stops, to arrive at Camp # 1, at approximately 11:00 A.M.- A dreary, desolate, sight greeted our eyes; acres and acres of low, grassy, swampland, with not a tree in sight, surrounded by barbed wire and Nipponese sentries with fixed bayonets- The column was marched down the road, past the already occupied portion of camp, and halted, in the blazing sun, just outside the gate at the lower edge of camp. There we stood, or sat, for at least an hour, while the Nipponese sentries jabbered among themselves, and the gentle breeze wafted "sweet" odors of stagnated water and neglected open latrines and urinals to our nostrils- Finally, satisfying themselves that we all were present, we were marched inside our new home, where the mess officer, who had moved down the previous day, served us with

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steaming, sweetened, cups of coffee, and we were assigned barracks- Being assigned to a special duty barracks I hid myself bunkward, in the company of "Louie" Bauer, for a few moments of much-needed rest- To our surprise, "Cotton" Wilson, the assistant group supply sergeant, who had come down the previous day, had already selected a corner bay for our bunks, had our blankets spread and our skivvies laid out- By this time we were getting rather hungry so "Cotton" put our tea pot to boil- Managed to exchange a cup of tea for two sweetened rice cakes, thereby, to some extent, satisfying my gnawing hunger- After resting for an hour or so, I strolled around the camp area, trying to find a suitable building, or room, for a work apportioners office- Finally found an unoccupied building, formerly used as a guardhouse, down in group IV (Navy and Marine group), so I contacted Capt. R. A. Smith, our group supply officer, and suggested that we confiscate this building as a combination work apportioner and supply office. He being agreeable, "Louie" and I proceeded to get a detail and have our belongings stored in the building (Colonel Hopkins, our group executive, told me that "possession is nine points of the law"), while Capt. Smith obtained permission, from camp headquarters, for me to sleep in the building tonight, in order that I might "guard the supply property"- Strolled around the area, quite a large camp this is, visiting old friends whom I had not seen, some of them, since the surrender on May 8th, among them my Battery Commander, Captain Godfrey R. Ames, and Capts. Shiley, Abston and Cornwall of the 60th CA (AA)- Sat Chatting with "Roly" Ames for quite a while then back to my new bahay to spread my blankets and rest my tired body- Mosquitoes are so darned persistent that I will probably need a body guard!

Cabanatuan-Prison Camp # 1

October 29th ---

Started the day with a bang! (Incidentally, sleep was particularly scarce last night; in addition to being so tired that rest was practically impossible, the mosquitoes, hordes of them, were very, very, annoying). Contacted Captain Kappes, my "boss," and found that work details were wanted in abundance- Chased all the details out to work by 8:30 A.M. and back to my bahay to straighten out my files and records (mostly personal)- Saw Colonel Hopkins and found that he was trying to get official permission for us to use this building for our office (it seems that the navy is a bit undecided as to whether they should be so kindhearted to the army, or not- 'sfunny, but, we have had trouble all along, even before the fall of Corregidor, with the navy. They just don't seem to like to cooperate with the army)- Finally obtained permission to use this building, temporarily, so Wilson and Bauer moved in- Had quite a few visitors this afternoon. Among them Homer D. Scott and Earl Steele, Chicago men who were attached to the 74th sep. Baking Company (PB), in Batjan, at the beginning of the war- Both these boys had some

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Crap covering Commission of Cavite, Corregidor and Cabanatuan", and we will have this swampland looking as neat and attractive as Central Park- Already large details have been working, since our first days in camp, at cleaning up the worst of the filth; filling urinal holes in the immediate vicinity of barracks; building an incinerator in which to burn garbage and trash and cleaning the latrine area. From 40 to 60 men are worked daily, from 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. (with an hour off for lunch) on this sanitation project- If anyone, in this man's army, is entitled to a medal, it is this little bunch of men; Lt Chaney, Wilson, Ferry, Bartz, Riley and Gosness. For those men have stuck by their guns, from the very first, fighting the sanitation problem- Of course, there have been other men connected with this same line of work from time to time (Pat Howell, Opl - Dee, Gene Wooten, Thomas Jarvis, S.Sgt. - George, Jacques Jacques, Paul B. Davis and Volney Dgel), but the first-mentioned men volunteered their services at camp # 3, when sanitation first became a serious problem, and have stuck with the job through all these long months... Today, after much argument, pro and con, we were given official permission to use this building as a combination work apportioner's office, supply office and camp tool room- The five of us, "Louis" Bauer, "Cotton" Wilson, "Tobby" Tubbleville, "Dinty" Moore and myself, have been transferred to group No. IV (Navy and Marines), for quarters, rations and administration, while we're assigned to group No. III (Army) for duty- Our barracks leader is Lt. Colonel Edison of the 59th CA- We have quite a nice place to live in, our barracks, 90 men capacity is divided into two sections, one section for 50 men and the other for 40 men- We five live in the 40 man section while the 50 man section is the home of about 35 field officers- Don't know how long we will be here, we hear rumors of a complete reorganization within the next week or so, and also hear of large outgoing details, three or four of them- Don't know how this will affect our set-up but, we are hoping! "Cotton" put the tea-pot to boil, and, after having a cup of hot tea, decided to turn in for the evening- Said "Good-night" to Tony Duino, Pat Howell and the rest of the gang, put away my notebooks and writing materials and crawled in for a bit of rest-

Cabanatuan- Camp # 1 ----
October 31st ----

Worry! Worry!! Worry!!! This day started, as the last few days have, with the Nipponese calling for larger details than we have men available- This, necessarily, causes us to have to use men marked "light duty" on outside details- It is quite distressing to have to send the same men on work details, day after day; and to see men, whose feet and legs are swollen, almost to the bursting point, men who have huge, raw, ulcers on their bodies, and men whose bodies have been so wracked with malaria and dysentery that they are but a shadow of their former selves, going out to do heavy manual labor in the blazing heat of the tropical sun- Forty men in camp are physically fit to work long hours, as some of our details have to, on the diet we are, and have been, getting- No

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American can live forever on rice and thin soup- Of course, some of us, the more fortunate, have been able to procure extra foods and such, to fill-out, to a certain extent, our regular rice diet, but even this is not enough to give us all the food values our bodies are crying for- Even with all the extra foods I have been getting, I find that I have very little resistance; a walk of 500 yards tires me to the resting point, my teeth are getting in very bad shape and my eyes pain me considerably if I attempt to read, or write, too long a time- Most of the men, here, will be in good shape if, in the next month or so, they can get medical attention and proper food- There are hundreds of others, however, who will never be the same again, hundreds of good, red-blooded, American soldiers whose health has been permanently ruined- Many men, even since we have moved to Camp No. 1, have had one, or both, of their eyes removed, a direct cause, according to the medical authorities, of insufficient diet- The men who are working every day, seven days a week, are not able to do so because they get sufficient food; they are working, and living on "guts", hope, and that unbeatable characteristic of the American people, faith.... spent most of the day in getting work details for the Nipponese- Wilson brewed a large pot of tea, after dusk, and we, Lou, "Cotton", and I, talked into the wee hours of the morning.... Rumors of a complete camp reorganization are getting stronger, maybe, in the near future, we will have to move from our cozy li'l home- May even lose our job as assistant work apportioner, for rumor tells us- Higher ranking officers will be assigned the key jobs in camp- Oh, well!!! We'll manage somehow- Best we go to bed-

Cabanatuan Camp No. 1 -----
November 1st ----

Awakened early, about 4:30 A.M., and couldn't go back to sleep, so I took my kaywoodie and parked myself on the steps of our bahay, fascinated by the number of men about at such an unearthly hour- Some of them searching for cigarette butts, some working in the kitchen, some too sick to stay in bed, while others were making "Coffee trips" to the rear- Sat there, patiently, and contentedly, puffing my pipe 'till the sun rode it's merry way high in the heavens over Nueva Ecija's mountains- As I remarked once before, long ago, there are only three things, in the Philippines, that are worth a second glance: sunrises, sunsets, and cigars! That's a broad statement but, so far as I am concerned, it is true- Had a "beautiful luncheon today, the highly-colored label on a can of Heinz pork and beans persuaded us to buy a can (at ₱1.50) and, to our surprise, we found that the contents were as tasty as the label was decorative- "Cotton" consociated a sizeable batch of rice cakes, which we munched with our beans and rice.... Captain Ames was up today to discuss Battery Matters- Perry dropped by in the late afternoon to give us a bag of wheat flour- A priceless item! We'll have hot cakes for breakfast!!! the usual evening "spot O' tay", with visitors, and we turned in for a night of rest-

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November 2nd -

Bad night last night- Down "Silesters" were thick as Nipponese dive bombers over Bataan- One of these days I am going to break down and buy a mosquito bar (They are one of the items I have listed as a "Luxury"- Reason: The price for a good mosquito bar is \$30.00)- Had quite a time with details again today- I really don't see how the men are going to continue work at the present rate of demand- "Gotton" whipped up a batch of Wheat Flour hotcakes for lunch-- Really tasty- Brewed a huge pot of tea over which Lt. Chancy, Capt. Yates, Bart, and myself, discussed the last days of the war on Corregidor- Many arguments- Several of the boys, Steele, Schwab and others, dropped around and we had a family reunion till the wee sma' hours- And so to bed-

November 3rd -

Usual day today- Heavy work details to fill with sick men- I am even getting to be ashamed when I ask the barracks for work details, but, there is not a thing I can do about it- The Japanese call for heavy details and we have to fill them- Major Manerow sold us 14 eggs this A.M., we had "Gotton" prepare a huge omelette to eat with our hotcakes- Fine eating- Chancy and a bunch of the boys down today for a gabfest, several of the old gangers leaving tonite on a Japanese details. Rumor has it that the detail is Nippon bound- Took a walk down into Gp. I, later in the day, to see Capt. Ames, Abston and a number of other officers I had known back on the Rock- Back to my bahay for a session of "Bull" and an early trip to bed-

November 4 --

"Our breaking up that old gang of mine"- "Curly" Bates, Jack Wilson and a number of other lads I know well left early this A.M. on a detail that is rumored to be Nippon-bound- Felt quite lonesome to see the boys march out in their shiny new shoes and new, blue (P.A.) denims"- I wonder if we will ever meet again, Lou and I managed to pick up a chicken through Major Manerow so our "Chef", "Gotton", had a busy afternoon preparing fried chicken and giblet gravy- Proved to be quite a tasty dish- Was again host to a number of the boys after dinner- We spent quite an enjoyable evening with tea and chatter- Nostalgic, thanks to gabfest we have!

November 5th:-

Again an outgoing detail took its toll of my friends- One in particular I will miss "Bill" Brennan, our "old-timer" first sergeant- I have spent a lot of happy hours with Bill, really hated to see him leave- Managed to purchase a couple dozen of eggs so "Gotton" presented us with a "beautiful" egg omelette and rice cakes for our evening repast- The kid's turning into

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weird tales to tell of their after-capture (they were captured in Bataan) escapades- Particularly horrid were their tales of the long march from Bataan up to San Fernando and their subsequent stay at Camp O'Donnell- Found that many good fellows we knew had been "lost" along the way- Was quite disappointed to learn that our Buddies "Skipper" Phillips and "Chief" Hulse (Damn swell fellows-air corps lieutenants) left camp # 1 just a few days before we arrived- Had dinner, if you could call it such, then sat around, in the cool of the evening, humming favorite tunes with Bauer and Johnny Kratz- Being tired, and very sleepy, we crawled into bed, early-

Gabanatuan-Camp # 1
October 30th ----

Had quite a jolly time this morning- Was ordered, by the Nipponese, to turn out a 281 man work detail and, according to reports from the company commanders, we only have 272 men available for duty (an enormous daily sick call, men marked "quarters" and "light duty", men in hospital and guardhouse, plus men on special duty, account for the major portion, approximately 80%, of the group strength,) We had to have company commanders turn out men marked "light duty" in order to give Jack Wilson, the sanitation sergeant, a detail to work on the sanitation problem- Incidentally, sanitation is a major problem in this camp- When we arrived, we found that the group area resembled, quite closely, and unkept hog wallow- Barracks were filled with trash, filth and "just plain crap" of all descriptions- The urinals, foul-smelling things, were uncovered holes, dug within 15 feet, in some cases of the kitchens- Latrines were beyond descriptive words; of the five assigned to our group, only one was of the Box-Type, the remaining four being "Squatting Affairs" built flush with the ground- All of these were disgracefully filthy, maggots and blow-flies crawling and swarming by the thousands, yes-millions- Ditches, supposedly dug for drainage purposes, were filled with stagnant water and defecation of men who had been either too sick or too lazy to walk 50 yards to the latrine area- Sump holes (dug for the disposal of excess food and garbage) were open and swarming with blowflies- Water spigots, from which we obtained our drinking water, were not properly drained, and maggots could even be found around these spigots- To make a long story short; the entire group area, barracks included, was, undoubtedly, the filthiest, most repulsive-smelling, place I have ever seen a civilized person attempt to survive in- Give us two weeks, tho, with Jack Wilson, Ed Perry, "Curly" Barts, Ed Riley and Grady Gosness, under the expert supervision of Lt. Yancy B. Chancy (Lt. Chancy has, jokingly, asked me to have a sign painted for his office, thusly: "Lt. Yancy B. Chancy-

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a darn good cook (I'll have to admit, though, his first hot cakes were as tough as the shoes he issued in the Q.M. Clothing Room on Corregidor)- A few of the boys were down for tea, rice cakes and the nightly "bull session" after "bango" (roll call)- Chattered till the moon rode high in the star-cluttered sky, then turned in for a bit of siesta-

November 6th:-

Wow! Our Nipponese friends certainly do not like to see a man resting- They called for darned near every man in the group this A.M. Yours truly had a hard time getting some of the fellows to turn out- And, too, the barracks leader do not give us too much cooperation. They just don't seem to give a damn (plainly speaking), some of them have told me the same thing in so many words- Fortunately enough, however, I always manage to get the correct number of men to the gate by the time specified so the Nipponese have no kick coming for our group- Incidentally, the four of us splunged again today, had two fried chickens with giblet gravy- Quite a dish! Put myself to bed early, just a bit tired.

November 7th:-

Wonder of wonders! Had no details to go out today with the exception of the usual daily ration detail- Can't imagine what happened to our Nipponese friends- In way of collaboration "Cotton" whipped up a sugar concoction of wheat cakes with thick syrup- Had an attack of some kind of fever just after noon today- Apparently it is dangue fever, although it could well enough be malaria- Lord knows, enough of the fellows have have malaria- Dogs of the fellows have contracted malaria since coming here from Camp # 3- Apparently this place is lousy with the malaria mosquito- Had a tumble head and hart ache most all afternoon- If I'm feeling this way manana I'll better make sick call. Toodle-do-

November 8th

Wow! What a night! I rolled and turned and tossed practically the whole of the night- Was quite busy this A.M., putting out work details, so I missed sick call- As the day passed the fever grew- Bones all ache- Tired- No appetite- Eyes burn- Without a doubt I have malaria- Tried to do some writing today but was so darn fidgety that I didn't get much done- Finally gave up, in disgust, and went to bed- The gang came down, in the evening, and gathered 'round for a chat but, unfortunately, I wasn't feeling up to conversation so I just had to listen- Managed to buy a bit of coffee, so "Cotton" brought a spot for the evening tete-a-tete- Listened to the chatter awhile then painfully crawled to bed-

November 9th -

Well, at last it's come- We've been expecting a reorganization of the groups, knew it was coming, but didn't know just

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when- Suddenly, today, our headquarters announced that the reorganization would take place at once- Present group IV (Navy and Marines) will move to our present allotted area and will be known as Group III; we will move to the area originally occupied by Group IV and will be known as Group II; while Group I will remain in the same area they now occupy- Due to some tie-up, only a part of our group were moved today, two companies, so now we have a split group, half in one part of the camp, and half in another- More work for my tired legs! This damn fever is about to get me down- Five minutes in the sun and I am finished for the day-

November 10th: -

Only worked about 30 minutes today- Went out in the early morning sun to form some work details and ol' Sol knocked me on my "fanny"- Capt. Yates came by and gave me a body massage (he dates on his massages), whether or no the massage effected a cure, miraculously my terrific headache eased- Capt Kappers gave me a couple of aspirins (this is a real gift, due to scarcity of medicines) which helped to ease my fever- Stayed in bed remainder of day- Tried to read but strain on my feverish eyes was terrific so had to put away my book- Strales and Scott, former Chicago cooks, dropped by in the evening so I sat out in the cool, smoking my faithful old Kaywoodie and sipping tea- Didn't turn in 'till about two- Slept restlessly-

November 11th:-

Felt much better this A.M., although tired and sleepy- Fever seems to have subsided a bit- Got the work details out without any strain- Group move was completed today, this will make my work much easier (If I keep my job- Rumors are that ranking field officers will be assigned to key jobs in camp; if so, this will throw Capt. Kappers and myself out of a job-temporarily)- Lou and I have been temporarily assigned to Bks. # 27 (Captain Coombs of the Corregidor Engineers in charge)- Will have to do something about this- Personally, I am a bit allergic to barracks life- Too darn many pessimists to listen to day and night- Fever smacked me again about 2:30 P.M. and knocked me to bed- This is a grand and glorious place. Whew!

November 12th: -

Oh! Our G-2 was working OK., group headquarters announced this a.m. a complete change in group staff personnel- Captain Kappers and I must give in to Major Blanning and Warrant Officer Demming temporarily we are out of a job- Oh well! Will find another one o' these days-or else will go farming with Farmer Jones! Fever came back today with a grand slam-accompanied by a nasty touch of diarrhea- Trips to rear are somewhat tiring me out- Tried to go to sleep early this p.m. but endless chatter, of great deeds done during war, by "self-made

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generals" (this kind of chatter is what I meant the other day when I said I was "allergic to barracks life) so sat outside and watched the star-sparkled skies 'till the wee morning hours.

November 13th:-

Had no duties to perform this morning so went on sick call and had a blood smear taken- Found I had malaria- Guess I'll be a "malaria baby" for a few days now- Barracks leader meant to send me out on work detail this p.m., but I was so darned sick that I could not make it. He insisted that I was going out- I insisted that I wasn't- Colonel Hopkin heard about our little argument so he won my point for me- He told the barracks leader to keep me in quarters this afternoon and told me to report to Group Commissary Officer for duty as quickly as I was able- Don't know just what my job will be but I'm certainly grateful to the Colonel for his interest- Colonel Beecher was appointed camp commander today- The Colonel is a very capable man- A mine officer- Major Dunmyer was appointed Group Supply Officer with Captain Smith, Sgt. Bauer and Corporal John Greset as his assistants. The Group Commissary Officer is Captain R. W. Schaneh- The Group Commissary and Supply will be located in the same building with the camp bakery- Lou managed to fix up a fairly appetizing dish for our evening meal- A soup of pechay and egg plant in meat broth- Managed to get down a few bites on top of my quinine- Went to bed rather early but got very little sleep- Still doing a bit of track work to the rear- This is getting to be both annoying and bothersome- Finally gave up trying to sleep and sat star-gazing, my pipe keeping me company into the early hours-

November 14th:-

Still have rather high fever, although the ache in my bones has somewhat subsided- Decided that I might as well report to my new boss, a little mental work probably will make me forget, to certain extent, my physical ailments- Found that I will have a darned good job- Not much work to do but what little I do will be of an interesting nature-bookkeeping and such- Bauer and Greset have received permission to move into the Group Supply Quarters, guess I'll have to manage to get my own location changed- Officially or unofficially- Living in barracks is hard on my nerves- I am not used to living with people who eternally gripes and groan about things that have happened in the past- Pretty fair night-

November 15th:

Received quite a bunch of supplies in the Commissary today- I bought two chickens for our evening meal (Bauer, Greset and I have our own separate "mess")- Fever has just about disappeared although the spell of diarrhea is still persistent- I average from 12 to 14 trips per night- That's rather tiring, both on ones body and nerves- For dinner, this evening, we had two fried chickens with giblet gravy- Tasted

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quite delicious- Went to bed early but the darned mosquitoes soon chased me out into the open- Sat up practically all night discussing post war-plans with some of the fellows- Quite an enjoyable evening- Finally trundled off to bed, regardless of "skeeters", at about 3:30 A.M.

November 16th: ---

Camp was abog with furious chatter this A.M. Last evening one of the patients from the hospital area (reportedly from the Zero Ward) attempted to escape and was shot by a Nipponese sentry- Naturally, they left him laying out in plain view so every one could see him- Evidently we have a lot of "dope heads" in camp, a person with a sane mind could not concoct such weird rumors as have been spread around camp- Here they are: 1. All Japanese conquests in the South Pacific, with the exception of the Celebes and P. I. have been retaken. 2. The war in Africa has been brought to a finis with thousands of Italians and Germans killed and captured- 3. President Roosevelt stated that all American prisoners in P. I. will be in allied hands not later than Christmas Day-

Had a very tasty breakfast this a.m.- Hot rice with cocon and bananas and fried eggs- It's only a pity that every man in camp could not have the same- We are getting quite a bit of canned foods (all U.S. packed) through the Commissary now, prices aren't too high, in fact, they are quite reasonable- Fever has almost gone today, guess ol' man quinine has done his work- Bad news- Officially, I am not allowed to move to the commissary building- Oh well! What they don't know won't hurt!

CERTIFIED TRUE COPY:

Ruth H. Essary

RUTH H. ESSARY
Captain WAC

7-20. W/M: I. - B. O. Hopkins

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