

DECLASSIFIED
Authority NND 883078

P.O.W./C.I. - T.W. Houston (2 of 2) Books

Folder 10

In Ward, 15 there is a 10-day
old baby that was orphaned when
her Filipino parents were killed
in the air raid in the nearby
barrio a week ago.

Jan. 17 1942

The women who were
in Wd. #17 were removed
from this hospital last night
and taken to a nearby school-
house, where an emergency
civilian hospital has been set
up.

The "155's" are grunting
steadily this morning - have
been for most of the night,
grating by the sounds, I believe
some heavier and smaller
guns have been so placed that
their blasts have joined the
chorus of the first battery.
(Since this entry was started,
the disposal of these refriger-
ators occupied my attention
for about half an hour. In

that interim, while the guns were pounding away, a great repercussion of sound reached us, suggesting very closely the rapid explosion of a stick of 100-lb. bombs. Immediately afterwards a couple of Japanese bombers passed over. I imagine that the explanation is that six or ^{more} bombs landed at the gun emplacements, were the result of the Japs to the punishment they have received from the Yankee days of war.

We saw still hear the guns, so whatever damage the Japs inflicted has not silenced them.

For nearly a week now, detachments of Filipino soldiers have been strung along the bay shore of the peninsula ^{near} ~~over~~. I suppose the purpose is to guard against any attempt the Japs might make to land a "repr-action" "suicide" formation behind our lines. The platoon that has been

coming to the beach of the
hospital compound ~~specimens~~
at about 7 p.m. each evening,
and takes off at about the
same hour in the morning.
Their occasional alarms at
night, and subsequent firing
of rifles, add to the
buried bits of excitement.

A rumor was current
yesterday that I was held from
this record because of my growing
~~set~~ ~~the~~ scepticism of new
stories. But the belief in the
authenticity of this particular
~~new~~ story has been growing, so
I set it down for what it worth.

It is that a transport loaded
with allied troops (nationality
unreported) tied up at the
Cereyides docks yesterday and
that Gen. MacArthur went
aboard to confer with a
high ranking officer who
came on the ship.

Here's another bit of gossip that we like to believe:

Santa Ana, a Filipino civilian artisan attached to our supply depot here, was talking to a native friend of his, a soldier out of an attachment of engineers. The soldier friend told Santa Ana last night that whereas heretofore the group had been engaged in destroying bridges to hinder the advance of the Gps, the same group is now engaged in building bridges on the road to Manila, so that USAFFE forces can return to the National Capital!!

The story goes that Gen. MacArthur has stated that the USAFFE will return to Manila on Feb. 14!

Jan. 13, 1942

Dave Rumer had it that this is "Ben Tag", for both the Americans and the Japanese. A bulletin put out by the USAFFE headquarters on Jan. 10 reported that the Japs were preparing for a big drive. Now, as I hear, this is the day, and also, the Americans are reported to meet the invaders push with a drastic counter drive of their own. Whatever befalls may the numeral 13 be a lucky side for the Yanks and the guys!

The guns are muttering to the north. At infrequent intervals there is a heavier, cracking explosion up there which splits the air all the way back here and causes the corrugated tin bodies as they ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~hit~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{to} a beaten drum. No knowing the source or cause of the blast.

Two lieutenants (an M. C. and an Air Corp patient), three nurses and five enlisted men (myself one of these five) engaged in a hotly contested, tho' frankly amateurish game of volley ball last evening. Lots of fun and a good workout.

Delving into irrelevant matters, the sight of about a dozen nurses strolling about and chatting with enlisted men after working hours last evening, wholly unattended and seemingly ignored by officers, led me to wonder if either the M. C.'s or the A. U. C.'s have for some reason or other declared a boycott on the other group? Up with them the sight of an A. U. S. unattended by an officer was rare sight!

I heard a story in the mess hall this morning. True or false, it made good listening. Seventy-two tanks came over from the fox lines at the front. Our "155's" put 17 of them out of commission. The remaining 5 high tailed it back to home pastures.

A check report stated that two American ships were burning ~~in~~ the Concepcion waters yesterday.

A messenger reported that practically all of Mariveles, the municipality on the tip of Bataan and direct access from The Rock has been demolished by bombs or destroyed by fire. He tells of seeing a statue in a church yard, about 8 feet tall, remaining standing, its up stretched arms lifting up supplicating hands to the heavens above.

An unidentified plane
 just circled overhead.
 No bombs - no A.G. fire.

I know that I am
 going to spell a word wrong
 now. No - I took time out
 to look it up in a dictionary.
 A schizophrenic was brought
 to a nearby ward a couple of
 days ago. A Cuban Filipino,
 not kind eventually totally
 "unchanged" by flight & strain
 of war conditions. A hopeless,
 pitiable case. A Filipino
 ward attendant thoughtless by
 made a sound resembling the
 drop of a bomb. The insane
 man became very much like
 a frightened baboon in his
 cowering, sementa and
 unentelligible chattering.

That heavy concussion
 just came again. It is diffi-
 cult to understand. No indica-
 tion of a plane or of bombing.
 I can't help but wonder if there
 is a very heavy gun nearby

placed to the north. Or, it might
be a heavy charge of dynamite,
being set off somewhere in the
vicinity, clearing ground for
a new airfield.

Just heard a cracking
good story. I'll not touch for
it's being based on facts.
But this is the way of it:
A captain from Hospital #2
just came in with a truck
and a crew to haul some
flour & sugar up to #2. A
captain friend of his, just back
from the front, was by his crew
word and eye-witness to the
following: -

Thirty Panhucco buses
started rolling back from the
in-entury front lines yesterday
afternoon. They were loaded
with dark-skinned little
men.

Far back of ~~the~~ ^{our} in-entury
lines was the USAFFE artillery
line. Observers, watching the

front lines, saw the buses, saw
the dark-skinned cargo, and
assumed that the troops retreating
toward him from the distant
front were Filipinos being
temporarily withdrawn from our
rear positions.

The thirty heavily loaded
buses, each following closely
behind the other, slowly rolled
deeper & deeper into our territory
and closer to the short range
distance of several emplacements
of our artillery.

An officer, a heavier
witted man than the current
obscurer, strolled up to the
~~entrance~~ ^{entrance} ~~entrance~~ ^{entrance}, and interro-
gated him regarding the en-
deavour ~~endeavour~~.

When told that a con-
siderable number of Filipino
soldiers were being withdrawn
from that particular sector
of the front, the inquisitor
exploded into dynamic
Tcheai exclamations that
that particular sector had

been guarded by white troops
only the quick, trained US
 crew and more powerful
 classes on the still distant
 buses. Then he ran to a
 phone communicating with
 other artillery batteries.
 His message was something
 like this "Thirty busloads
 of Japanese troops have
 come through our line, broken
 at a certain point. The
 buses are now approaching
 by main highway. Suggest that
 all batteries cooperate with
 mine. Train guns on approach-
 ing buses, with hold fire
 until my battery starts
 the play, then give them hell."
 I am fabricating that phone
 message suggested to me
 by the story I heard from
 the Captain. But it must have
 been something like that.)
 So, as the story goes, the
 leading bus came within a
 certain distance (point blank
 range) and then the first bat-

tery of "55's" opened up. The
 other batteries immediately
 joined in, trained on the
 lines of buses from both for-
 ward and lateral angles, and
 the holocaust blazed in
 denouance fury. When the
 firing ceased, thirty buses
 were as many complete
 wreckage and their human
 freight was virtually scattered
 heaps of dead or dying bodies.
 That's the story I heard.

There have been more
 wounded brought in this morning
 than on other mornings of the
 past several days, but there
 is as yet nothing to strongly
 indicate anything like a
 major battle up north. Only
 one plague has been noticed
 from this vantage point.

A new female patient
 came to this hospital last
 night and was placed in
 Ward 17. A young Filipino

girl, with a shrapnel wound
 in one of her legs.

Then there is the story
 of a 10-yr. old Filipino girl
 and her 7-yr. old brother,
 brought here yesterday. They,
 with their parents and other
 members of the family, were in
 their upa home. A bomb
 explosion, caused by shrapnel
 and concussion and the
 upa shack, split. The girl
 dragged her wounded brother
 to safety. Now, two orphans,
 with the 7-yr. old boy having
 only a stump where the
 left arm was.

I heard last night that
 the "teen-days-old baby" being
 nursed on a bottle in Ward
 #15 is an American-Filipino
 mestiza (a girl-baby).

There goes four Filipino
 stretcher bearers with a loaded
 stretcher on their shoulders.
 Here comes another identical group.

The tide came in and the tide goes out, and the bamboo fish traps and peccary lanes, standing in the water near the shore, are visited no more by their one time owners. The hogs that have survived the bullets of the Constabulary grow lean and lank. I wonder how the crabs, the "tars," the squaws, & the "minos," are faring in the bunds, up their old slopes above us, toward the China Sea?

I don't think that I have mentioned heretofore that, since coming to Camp Limay, our meals have been a hearty breakfast at 8 a. m., a blue cup of coffee at noon, and a meal of sorts at 4 p. m.

(The "5" ration)

Today's entries must seem un-
 usually meretricious. But the writer
 is not dependent upon crowns
 in merchandising. To the contrary,
 my physical + mental health
 are splendid, and my spirits
 quite normal. It is merely
 that I have in bits impressions
 of the most notable thing of my
 current world. It is as
 true a picture as I can pos-
 sibly give. But, Wait! there
 will come a time when the
 victory frenzy will be herein
 described!!!

Since the above entry made
 today has come a confirmation
 from an entirely different source
 of the story of the bus loads
 of faps wiped out by ar-
 tillery fire. The only dis-
 crepancy between the two
 stories is that the second
 source stated some bus
 loads of faps instead of 30.

large, and the rest of the
 spot was filled with some
 kind of stores or munitions.

An A.A. battery just
 seemed off, and there was
 the drop of a plane.

Jan. 14, 1942 -

The artillery within our
 range of hearing (all USAFFE)
 pounded away for about half
 an hour yesterday evening.
 Then, with the exception of a
 brief peep of 5 or ten minutes
 this morning, they have been
 silent for about 18 hours.

The volleyball game was
 going at a merry pace yes-
 terday evening.

Two rowing crews found
 a base with an outtrigger
 floating loose last evening.
 They hoisted it and
 tried their hand at paddling

A gang came down from
 Medical Dept at Kilometer Post
 #162 1/2, for certain M. O. stores.
 Their most important item that
 they took was 1000 blankets.
 I knew all but one of the gang.
 Those I knew were from
 Sternberg. One of them, a
 private first class at Sternberg
 is now a staff sergeant.
 Another, a truck Sgt. at
 Sternberg, later a staff, then
 "teck", is now a warrant
 officer.

One of the gang reported
 that Swenson, a big, young
 Swede, late of Sternberg,
 was killed near a first aid
 station on Cerrejón, during
 an air raid. Two other
 of our fellows (Sternberges),
 were wounded.

A large tower by
 a tug boat flying low
 American flag, just passed
 up, going north. Some kind
 of a mounted gun was
 on the rear aft end of the

and piling over the shoals
 when the tide was in. It
 was fun and awkwardness
 mixed together for them.

Big fish, apparently about
 18 inches long, were jumping break-
 ing the surface of the water
 very close to the shore last
 evening. They don't respond to
 any available bait, tho'.

I mentioned the fish
 traps and lanes yesterday and
 noted that their Filipino owners
 had deserted them. It is a
 cylindrical net that several
 tons were out there this
 morning, drawing fresh stakes
 and weaving new bamboo
 splints into additional
 traps. I see some children
 and older girls in an
 around a few of the yipa
 shacks across the lagoon.
 The evacuees are starting
 to return to their barrio.

Word has come thru that the gap line to the north has been pushed back again. But there is little to indicate that any unusual action is going on at the front.

Our particular Hawksshaw of Camp Sima, grows about by day and by night, searching, ever searching for spies, feet-columnists, saboteurs, infernal machines, hidden mines, high explosives, flares & various other instruments of the devil. At this time this Satan's Majesty yet only has horns and a tail, but his skin is yellow, his eyes aslant and he uses ^{words} ~~his~~ "esses".

Hawksshaw alias is Pt. Ross. Ross "went over the hill" from Ft. ^{Parson} McKinley ~~got~~ to Australia, then ~~returned~~ and turned back into his company before he could be trucked he

Det. McManis

accidentally found out who had swiped the Colonel's car, thereby leading to the recovery of the machine.

So all charges against him were dropped and he was made a private first class, specialist grade.

Now he is the official & unbelievably efficient private sniper of Camp Limay.

He came in wrapped in an impenetrable cloak of mystery, last night and approached a group of us non-coms sitting around gassing in the dackness. His every word dripped of the essence of dack deeds & clairvoyant knowledge of dastardly plots. He demanded to know if any of us were sergeants. A staff sergeant inadvertently responded, and very special Agent Ross immediately commandeered the services of the four-stripes. He was

excitedly impatient and hurried
 unmercifully with grave matters
 of potent importance. He was
 loath to reveal the reason that
 he required the services of a
 non-com of the first three grades,
 but finding the Staff sergeant
 a bit rebellious but being
 arbitrarily ordered about by
 a private 1st class, he decided
 to lumber and let us in on
 his affairs of state. With
 infinitely more gracious consideration
 than the Howelham ever assigned
 to Squander on Watson he let
 us insignificant NCO's know that
 he, in his personal confidential
 services for Gen. McArthur he
 had ferreted out and accumu-
 lated into one large basket
 a box of flares, a keg of
 dynamite or black powder,
 a wireless receiving & sending
 set, and innumerable cans
 filled with the devil's own
 special concoctions designed
 to lure his hateful under-
 lings to our camp and to

blasted us all to Kingdom Come.
 In spite of our ^{scouts} dalliance
 state of incredulous inability,
 we were impressed.

We knew that there was
 such a thing as a gap, and
 we knew that the gap and
 his brothers were desirous of
 the removal of the members of
 our race. There had been enough
 of expressions in our vicinity
 in the recent past to win
 our judgment, respect for the
 power of black powder and
 what not.

So the staff sergeant agreed
 to go and guard the basket
 of deadliners while Ross
 found the appropriate permanent
 guard for it.

The S.S. crept over the
 the pile of the phyllophesian tokens,
 trying in the darkness to
 make out the shadowy details
 of the horribly destructive apparatus.
 But all he could see was a
 dark jumble of cans &
 par of kanaka.

Recently, Rees returned, bringing a Filipino seaman who was already scared half to death by Rees's dark brooding mystery of manner.

And our Hawkshaw increased the trembling fright of the little brown-beaked whorl-bird incessant finger jabbing at the sentry's nose, the great ~~one-man~~ Secret Service instructing him to shoot to kill any man who might come anywhere near the basket.

And Gray was not the only poor fellow who was worried. Most of us fellows, if we left the tracehouse at all in the night, ran the risk of giving that terror-stricken sentry the impression that we were suicidally intent on getting near that basket. So we ventured about with extreme care and caution.

This morning, in the full light of day, we dared to approach and inspect

the bucketful of deadly stuff.
 There was a dilapidated
 battery radio receiving set that
 was too ancient to even squawk
 again, a large black can
 filled with paint lead, two
 dozen small cans of enamel
 paint, an old ship chronometer
 and perhaps eight flares of
 the kind ships use to signal
 at sea.

Some native deck hand
 could have fetched the lot from
 a ship on which he might
 have worked. The flares, dangerous
 of course, in the wrong hands,
 had been probably destined to
 serve as holiday commemorations
 so enough, the Tale of
 Dangerous Daniel Kell.

Twice today squadrons of
 Jap bombers have been active
 hereabouts. This morning around
 nine o'clock fifteen planes, flying
 3 to a group to 5 groups,
 came directly over the hospital
 from the west east, flying high.

When they had reached directly over
a point perhaps few miles south,
each group in turn made
a beautiful, seemingly almost
vertical dives downward to
some objective unknown to
us, lodged their bell raising
eggs, then, soaring upwards
in powerful zooms, curved
that way back into the west-
eastern sky. For some
unexplainable reason, even A's
were uniformly silent. All
that we heard were the mighty
drumming of airplane motors and
the rapid booming of bombs.

Then again, at 1:30 p.m.,
we heard the guttural growling
of the A's on the Rock.
Peeking into the sun, we
discerned 8 bombers in a
single V formation, pushing
steadily through an aerial
garden of bursting anti-air-
craft shells. Flew and
under, before and after and
some, seemingly in the midst.

of the silvery, rounded tubes, the
brownish-white. They drift, peak
and spread. But the Japs
drove on and sailed away,
bearing toward Manila, east-
ward across the bay.

Jan. 15, 1942 -

Very little air activity
since the last mention of
bombers. (It is now 11:45 p.m.)

Our artillery was pounding
away at a furious pace
for several times here in the
middle of the night. All is
quiet now.

A chap in here from the
Casual and Replacement
Co., a unit or two south
of here, stated that he
knew positively that three
Jap bombers were brought
down over Corregidor
yesterday.

I had occasion to become acquainted with two Filipino customs yesterday.

First: Fishing with circular net

The native, wearing only abbreviated shorts (sometimes merely a g-string) wades along the shore at high tide, sometimes even in so far that the water comes to his calves, at other times the water was up to his waist.

The particular native that I watched chose a spot where two rows of old pilings stood in the water near the beach. In and around these posts the fisherman moved with never a sound, stepping so carefully that his legs made very a ripple. At any time no fish without a piscator's sixth sense would have distinguished his back body from the posts about him.

The little old brown man
had a black, fine-mesh, cord
net folded over his arms and
he was holding the folds of
it near where the weights
dangled silently. It was
simply a circular webbing,
light and easy to handle,
except for where cylindrical
lead weights were attached
all around the circumfer-
ence at about six or eight
inch intervals. The net was
perhaps fourteen feet in diameter
and had a light rope attached
to the center.

The native watched the
water with that limitless
patience that is the gift only
of the primitive peoples who
derive their food direct from
the land or the sea. But
his dark eyes were ever
flashing about studying
the ~~under~~ water about him.
When a school of perhaps
twenty small, silvery fish

made its appearance near the shore, the fisherman became single-mindedly alert to the seemingly purposeless darting about of the quick-moving school.

When the fish started to approach near to casting distance he carefully raised his thin sinewy arms, prepared at any instant to make of his throw.

When they changed their course and darted to the right or left, he relaxed a trifle, but still he was ever on the alert.

When the school showed a tendency to depart from the near vicinity, out of the water would come the brown man's right foot, the toes clutching a smooth round rock from the bottom with a quick jerk of the leg the stone would be thrown over and beyond the departing school.

For all the world the sound of the stone hitting the water was like the breaking of the surface by a larger fish. Frantically the score or more of little fish would come streaking back.

At last the school was in the proper spot.

With amazing speed and dexterity the Filipino whirled the weighted net over about his head, and threw it. It hit the water completely spread out and the leaden weights pulled the outer edges of the circular net quickly to the bottom.

The natives stood silently, relaxed for a moment. Then voicing some doggerel in his native tongue, that might well have been charms to some deity in his pantheon of gods, he grasped more firmly the coil, at the backward end of which was

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led to the center of the net
below the surface of the water.

While pulling slowly, evenly
on the coil, he at intervals
muttered what must have
been haphazard prayers for a
good catch.

The weighted circumference
dragged along the bottom of
the shoal, passing steadily
in diameter as the fisherman
gathered in the net over his
shoulder. When the net was
entirely out of the water it once
again laid in folds and coils
over the shoulder of the brown
man, but its weight was heavier
for within these folds were
pieces of debris from the
muddy bottom and struggling
little silver tid bits that
struggled utterly in vain.

On the beach the man
dropped his net and proceeded
to clear it of its contents
stones, lumps of mud, rotten
bits of wood, wire, cans, - all
debris he threw aside. Fish
too small for his square's

knife he tossed back into the water.

Remaining over 8 or 10 fish of his catch, resembling very much the silvered sardines consumed by the Americans. There he added to the 30 or forty lying in a basket.

When he once were started a patient stalk in and around the piles.

Before I had finished the above story of the fisherman I was called to the operating room to give 500cc. of B-type blood for a transfusion for a wounded soldier.

While over there I saw every one of the ^{seven} operating tables occupied by patients. The staff of officers, nurses + corporals were working at top speed.

One of the chaps had his lower jaw shot away. Another had had a bullet to enter his right ~~away~~ eye, pass through

his brain and come out ^{at} the back
of his head. The bullet has spread
~~its~~ its passage through his
head, carrying away, destroying
or damaging, ^{the} fourth part
his brain. By some strange
miracle (and one not entirely
blessed) the man will live.
But, in the main it will be
a living body without a brain
that will be returned from
"fields of glory" to the loved ones
back home.

It is a trite expression,
but I am impelled to ask,
"what price glory?"

(New for the ^{old} native custom)
Second: The lechou feast.

Last night the camp mess
sergeant, (a master sergeant)
and I were guests at a
lechou feast. In words
comprehensible to all it was
a dinner of which the
main item was roast pig
a lechou feast in a native

community in peace time
would mean a barbecued
young pig spit on a
bamboo pole over a
fire pit in the open, roasted
to perfection they served with
rice & all the fixings to
natives cranking ^{on} their
haunches in the firelit dark-
ness.

Last night, in an army
field hospital during wartime
at night with blackout rules
rigidly enforced, our feast of the
pig was somewhat different.
The staff sergeant in charge
of the native mess was the
host. He had bought the
4-months old pig, killed,
drawn & cleaned outside
of the post. Then the whole
pig went into the oven at
the native mess kitchen. Bounty
supplies of rice, rich gravy ^{and}
native bread and other little
bits were cooked. Then, behind
closed and sealed windows
by the light of three candles

struck in tin cans, the pig,
wonderfully roasted and cut
into pieces & easy to handle,
was served.

The native sergeant, his
three cooks, we two Americans
and ten Filipino nurses
crowded around the festive
board, and lit & ate on curved
& about fastening elbows.

There was army silver ware
for all, but when knives and
forks at times became in-
adequate, fingers were put
to their original uses - that
of carrying food, rich meat
banded spunkily rice to hungry
mouths.

no feeling, I enjoyed that
meal.

The mess sergeant & I this
morning financed the purchase
of another pig.

Native laborers are busy today erecting vast entertainments along the beach. Searchlights play out over the water at night from the ^{beach} shore. No one on this peninsula wants particularly to see a bunch of Japs land anywhere on our beaches.

There has been two attempts ~~to~~ by the enemy to land comparatively small forces by that route. Both occurred at night. Both times light artillery and machine guns changed the minds of these Japs having minds left to be changed.

The day has already passed that was set by Gen. MacArthur as being the day when the skies would be black with our planes. Even the sight of our good American pursuit plane would set our hearts to thumping.

St. Glady, ex-manager of the
Army Hospital in Manila, was in
charge of graves registration
behind the big King Line (and a
busy man is St. Glady's) brought
to this camp a huge turtle
that must have weighed 200
pounds, and a half dozen
large fish. He fished them
somewhere up the coast.
This afternoon we will dine
on turtle steaks; tomorrow
it will be fresh fish.

Several quarters of car-
iboa meat we brought this
morning for the hospital messes.
Our canned and boxed stores
are getting low, but today
and tomorrow we eat (and
I'm not forgetting the lechon
feast that I am scheduled
to attend in the near future!)

An auxiliary operating
room is being set up in ward
#1. It is there where the
gas gangrene victims are

kept, and on that operating
table legs and arms were to
amputated in an almost hope-
less retrenchment against
the most deadly of battle-
casualty complications.

Another minor operation
clinic is being set up else-
where today, to relieve the
growing pressure of work
on the main pavilion.

The store of sulphurized
one of the prime requisites in
modern warfare surgery, is
growing small on this
peninsula. Uncle Sam must
not procrastinate too long.
Authentic news of a full
convey will be brought welcome
news.

Jan. 16, 1947

All of yesterday and last night the patients kept coming in. The operating pavilion was a terribly busy place and right near two ambulances full of patients are standing in front of the receiving office.

This morning at about 7:30 five planes passed over head. It is a cloudy morning and the light was too poor to discern the markings on the planes. But they were flying so low as to be easy targets for the A.A.'s and no shot was fired. They dropped no bombs. Their motors sounded distinctly different from the airplane motors we have been hearing. And as far as we know they came from the southern end of the peninsula, for we only heard them as they came from that direction.

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So it is quite possible that they were our planes.

Another lone plane flew over about fifteen minutes later and the A.A.'s gave him what for.

An air corps captain who was in camp last night said that the next 48 hrs. (from last evening) would embrace the turning point of the Luzon battle. He declared himself well wily to bet any man and amount that we would be in Manila by Jan. 28.

A large barge with a load of fish was brought to our beach last evening. All of the messes are having fish today.

There are ~~three~~ ^{four} messes:
1. The white patient mess, where the American ^{ambulatory} ~~evacuated~~ ^{both} officers & enlisted men, eat. This mess also furnishes the food

for the bed patients of the hospital. 2. The Filipino patients' mess. 3. The detachment mess, where the white & brown sergeants eat. 4. The nurses & officers mess. The Filipino messes eat here, but are required to wait until the American officers & nurses are through.

It is a murky day. Dirty gray clouds are hanging low. The day is not blue this morning, but a sullen green, streaked with white, froth and green. The upper half of Mt. Cayapo is shrouded with clouds & mist.

A fitting natural atmosphere for the human cruelties at least in Bataan peninsula.

2:00 P.M.

The murkiness of the day has passed. The sky is nearly filled with fleecy white

clouds, but patches of green
blue show here and there.
Only the tip of Cayago is
hidden by heavy whiteness.
But the bay is still more
green than blue.

Several times every
bombers have flown over.
The A. As en Carregidos were
busy for a while.

A staff sergeant from the
operating room was just over
for a several hour tour. He
said that the pavilion had put
through 54 cases so far today.
and, of course, that indicates
only the major operative cases.
Minor surgical cases pass thru
the first-aid stations and
fever and dysentery cases are
admitted directly to the wards.
Three bus loads of convalescents
were transferred to Hospital
#2 this morning. The gas
gangrene work surgery
amputated their legs last

night. A case of spinal meningitis was diagnosed yesterday. More men have been added to the burial squad. Thirteen transgressions were given yesterday.

Jan 17, 1942.

I have a new job this a.m. I was taken from medical supply & put in charge of the canteen in the ward & a few other departments.

I noticed this morning that the wards are rapidly filling up again.

Japanese planes flew over early this morning. The AA's to the south were busy for a while.

The rumor is rife this morning that a great number of American planes

flew over the bay this morn-
 ing. There is no verification
 yet.

Several American P-40's
 were actually seen at clear
 range. Thereby there flew
 over here a short while ago
 Dec. 18, 1944.

I went out yesterday afternoon
 in a taxi cab driven by
 a Filipino driver, on business
 sent for this hospital. My business
 took me south as far as 27
 kilometers and I spent three hours
 driving back & forth between water
 posts, first aid stations, food
 dumps and Hospital etc.

While on the southern
 end of the peninsula two
 Japanese bomber raids in that
 vicinity, accompanied by a
 holocaust of anti-aircraft
 fire, exhibited my first
 experience of this sort since
 my arrival here.

Coming back late in the evening, we passed up a -calcade of 57 millimeter guns, crews, and supply trucks.

While even in that neck of the woods a stick of bombs made their whistling song of death near enough so that we "hit the dirt" with amazing alacrity.

M.P. patrols stopped us here and there and gave us a clear once-over.

The highway is a busy thoroughfare. It is all army traffic except for an occasional motor pedestrian.

Here and there I caught glimpses of Filipino civilians holed up sticking to their waja huts & barracks.

I am forced to admit that we have at Hospital #2 probably have the cleanest spot, the most clothes, and generally the best living conditions of any on the peninsula. We simply are not experiencing the same conditions of war that all of the others are facing.

Even at Hospital #2, being as it lies at the end of a rutted, winding, uneven lane down in a valley in the midst of engulfing bamboo thickets, the heat, the insects, the jungle and its inhabitants make it impossible to maintain any reasonable standard of hospital sanitation.

And the soldiers along the highway and at the various dumps and stations are literally carrying out shoes, balls and changes of clothes - all rare luxuries!

There has been nothing further
to verify the story of the 150
American airplanes supposed to
have been seen yesterday.

Remnants of an approaching
convey are flying about
again.

I accompanied a bus load
of men returning to duty from
Petis hospital up to the Casual
& Replacement Co this morning.
Back to war they go.

The Philippine army litter
bearers here have been replaced
by civilian laborers. A part of
the P.C. men have been assigned
as ward men. Others will be
given various jobs.

No sound of artillery this
morning. No bombs.

The personnel & registrar's office tell me just now that the hospital is averaging 7 or 8 deaths every twenty-four hours. They estimate that for every death here there are thirty on the front. They have no means to make an accurate estimate of the figures they give is probably too high.

Our graveyard here is just beyond the village. I passed another at Hesp #2 yesterday.

Dec. 19, 1942

Another day starting off much as the other days have gone as far as peculiar affairs are concerned. Air activity & bombardment noise seem less than several days previously.

But the wards are filling up to capacity again. One of the wards that had been temporarily closed is open once

were this morning.

Thirty of the Army corps
men were pulled off duty here
today and transferred to Hosp.
#2. That left the wards very
short of help.

I accompanied another bus
load of (returned to duty) to
the Canal Co. this morning.

Because of the shortage of
men, I will probably be given a
new job this morning.

2:35 P.M.

Still on the same job. The
wards were in bad shape this
morning. With the advice of the
Detachment Commander men
were pulled out of all of the
messes, the Medical Supply, bakery,
laundry & Receiving Offices and
placed in the wards. Two staff
sergeants are mopping floors

and carrying bed pans, new,
and doing it cheerfully &
willingly.

A chap who left here
and became attached to I
Co., 60th CAC at Corregidor
dipped by this morning. He re-
ported that 4 Jap bombers were
brought down in the air raid
occurring over The Rock on the
afternoon I was over near there.

He also told of an American
pilot whose plane was shot
down behind the Japanese
lines. The pilot bailed out and
was about to land safely in Jap
territory with his parachute. When
he was near the ground Jap snipers
creaked up on him and riddled
him with bullets. To qualify
this story: - the chap who
told it is quite a fabricator.

Six Filipino nurses were
transferred from here to
Hosp #2 this morning. Six

American correspondents are going around with long faces. Their "South Seas rambles" are shot all to hell.

Cariboo are being butchered on this part now to furnish meat for the mess. And believe it or not, cariboo meat is good stuff.

Dec. 20, 1942.

And still the enemy continues for us behind the front. The sky was empty of planes yesterday. No artillery is heard. It may be because the USAFFE boys have pushed the Japs back, and the guns could have moved further north, out of hearing range.

But while we live in comparative safety, the fellows up there facing the yellow chaps are continuing to catch big scores of better-better Irregular deals, (and those they get next exactly Christmas day -

ves), bullets, shells, shrapnel,
 stinging and bombs from planes,
 all striving to spare them even
 a dull moment. Rather ghastly
 humor, perhaps, considering the
 countless deaths, shattered
 bodies & stricken minds, but
 mortal melodrama won't contribute
 any good to the cause.

Ran a couple of errands again
 last night down the line. We
 brought back tanks of carbon
 dioxide, boxes of sulfanilamide
 and sulfathiazole and two
 quarts of good whiskey. May-
 be the latter colored first
 water can not evaluate it as
 highly as the other items
 in the ~~case~~ rebuilding of
 our bodies but, man I'd say, the
 couple of slugs that I had
 won shivers as far as my
 personal welfare is concerned.

We drove as far as Navy Hdgtrs,
after making a stop at USAFFE
Hdgtrs. The navy officers I
met warmed the cockles of this
old heart of mine with their
open-handed friendliness and
genuine spirit of helpfulness.
Good fellows, all. I was
reminded of my own brief "cruise"
with the Bluejackets a couple of
decades ago.

Went as far down the line as
to catch a glimpse of Coronador.
The Rock is still there, quite intact.
I didn't see Marivela, or the spot
where Marivela once stood.

The only serious danger I
was in on the drive was the
risk of a wreck or of being
capsized. That young American
driver had the impudence of
a Richwacker and the
driving skill of a babe in
arms.

3:00 P.M.

Went as guard on two trips today. First, with some casualties to the Cas. & Repl. Camp.

Second, with a big load of litter patients to Hosp. #2. Received about 4 shook hands with a bunch of ex-Frenchiegers. There are about 1100 patients there today. Forty more came from Ft. Rock to #2 to help carry the load. There are three tents there, the lab, the operating pavilion & another department. All of the rest of the hospital has been blown by heaven for a roof, bamboo planks for walls and four inches of pine dust for a floor. Pretty rough!

Ward ward re-opened here today. If patients we have plenty.

Bought 4 coconuts on the road for 40 centavos (war profiteering)

by a tea). Just had a cupful
 of C. milk. Likable stuff!

There is a scarcity of
 rumors these days. It's just
 mostly, you and I hear it. We
 have all grown tired of con-
 jecturing about American planes,
 carriers, etc. I'm still an
 optimist on the idea of having
 a victory dinner in Manila
 pretty damn soon.

Dec. 22, 1942

Was too busy yesterday to get
 around to this record.

Was on the road most of the
 day. Took a truck to Motor Pool
 #3 to exchange it for another. Had
 the devil's own time in getting
 a truck to replace ours. Our
 truck was an excellent one,
 commensurate by the Chief of
 Transportation for special work
 on Corregidor. It's Motor Pool

captain swept on my shoulder
telling me his tale of woe.
All vehicles for transportation
are wearing out. Batteries
are being depleted, Bodies
of trucks are being broken
and smashed.

I knew myself as I saw
a considerable time on the
road, that in every kilometre
there is at least one wreck,
lying turned turtle in the
ditch where the quartermaster
or engineer corps has pushed
it out of the way of the
never-ceasing stream of supplies
& men.

On the road last night
everybody driving without
lights, I marvelled at the
rarity of accidents.

About 10 truckloads
of paddy (milled rice)
passed us, going to some
rice mill on the south
end of the peninsula. That
means that somewhere north
of here, near the fighting

Civilians are busy with their rice harvest regardless of the death & destruction raging nearby.

The mention of rice reminds me of the story of the American captain who laid all day with his head in a rice stock, mid way between the two firing lines, from morning till night. He got his in the form of a 50 caliber machine gun bullet, low in the belly, at about midday in the morning. The band of Japs came over in a transient wave and a couple of them stopped to give him the once over.

He was of course very seriously injured, but he consciously exaggerated his condition and played the part of a dying man.

Therefore the Japs did not waste the energy of a bayonet thrust at the cost

of a bullet. But they did strip him of his pants & underclothes to replenish their own wardrobe. His shirt was too bloody for their taste, and his shoes were too big. His helmet they took. When they had moved back he inched himself a couple of yards to a stack of rice. Sticking his head into the rice stacks he played dead for ten hours, until well after night fall.

The sun, and it is in every sense a tropical sun, beat down on the exposed lower half of his body. It developed a serious, painful case of sun burn.

The flies and the ants had a field day on his torso and mutilated mid-section, and the blood oozed slowly but generously to feed the sun-suckling insects.

Lower backless he had the
 it

Three inches above his
 nose (the nose that was thoroughly
 tickled by chaff for 10 hours)
 the mid stalks were clipped
 off slick as a whistle by
 the vari-calibered bullets
 flitting hither and yon

Came, nightfall he faced
 the choice of three ways to die.
 1. Lie there and expire. 2. Crawl
 eight hundred yards over stunted
 projecting roots, and through brush.
 3. Stand up, walk in spite
 of his riddled guts, and take
 it the clean way - bullets "snuffing
 out the light."

So he stood up and
 started to walk.

And one of the infinitely
 rare miracles that make the
 talk of camp happened.

With one hand stemming

the flow of blood from the
 freshly opened wound and the
 other pushing aside the vines
 and branches, he walked 800
 yards thru heavy fog to the
 WSAFFE lines, falling into
 friendly hands before he fainted.

Now he is a convalescent
 in Ward # 15.

Then there is the story of
 the sailor. He was aboard
 the U.S.S. Cangues, a destroyer,
 lying in Mahavel Harbor just
 across the channel from
 Cerejido. She was crippled
 by a bomb at Cautin at the
 outbreak of the war. She
 limped across the bay to
 Medivells, lying to starboard
 that her crew could turn
 to a beach patrol at night.

She was utterly blasted
 and in the daytime, when
 the bombs fell the heaviest
 in these waters, and carried
 only a skeleton crew

aboard at night. One night
another bomb hit her. It went
through 5 decks & exploded in
the shaft alley.

This sailor that I met
yesterday, on the transport of
convalescents being transferred
to Hesp #2, was in the shaft
alley with a shipmate, making
repairs.

A flying chunk of steel
from the exploded bomb ripped
his arm off at the elbow and
other shrapnel pieces tore into
the body of his buddy.

With blood spurting from
his arm arteries and terribly
stunned from the concussion, he
wounded his good arm about
the waist of his comrade and
straggled with lead up fire
ladders to top side, and col-
lapsed. He didn't even realize
in his dazed condition, that
he had been carrying a
corpse.

Here's some more dope
that's pretty straight: 60
"Half-track" tanks are scattered
along 60-odd kilometers of bay
shore to keep the beach patrol
forces in case of attack from
the bay; and 8-inch guns
are being emplaced along the
same line.

And the speedy trans-
fer of patients from hot to Hosp.
#20 goes on. Litter patients,
amputations, convalescents &
ambuletories, anybody, everybody,
that can be moved are undoubtedly
sent.

Jan. 24, 1942
(late in the evening)

Since the immediately fol-
lowing paragraph was written
some 57 hours have
elapsed and much has
occurred. The greater part
of the personnel, five hundred
or more patients, the entire
equipment of fifteen wards

and the paraphernalia of the operating room, minor surgery, dental office, headquarters, laboratory, bake shop and two of the messes - all have been evacuated. The bulk of the medical supplies in two warehouses and a considerable amount of food stores have been moved.

The five hundred and more patients and thirty-five corps men, with a few officers & nurses, were moved 180 kilometers to General Hospital #2. About 20% of the patients, too seriously wounded and weakened to stand the rough trip, died either en the way or after they reached the other place. Perhaps a dozen of them would have died anyway. The chance had to be taken on the others, because the evacuation apparently is absolutely necessary.

We who do not know doubt that the real reason

is because our line is
 breaking.

Let's believe it to be one
 of two other reasons, or a
 combination of both. 1. In
 crew to even up bombard-
 ment power, especially one-sided
 because of the Japanese mon-
 opoly in active air power, the
 USAFFE line may be
 withdrawing south to a
 point where the big guns
 of Corregidor can just then
 tons of shells and shrapnel over
 on to Jap troops. 2. The menace
 of a bay shore land, my sense
 to grow (more serious and a
 southward withdrawal on our
 part will, less the beach ~~unlike~~
 we have to guard.

And then, of course,
 there is the additional con-
 sideration that the best
 area we have to cover on
 the peninsula, the best
 expenditure of energy +
 mechanical force.

Nearly
 all of the hospital equipment
 and some of the personnel
 have gone to Little Baynis,
 about 29 kilometers south. A
 large dispensary & first aid
 station has been there, and
 the place is being expanded
 into a general hospital.
 The rest of us left here
 and what remains of the
 equipment will probably
 be moved to Little Baynis
 tomorrow.

The job of moving was
 a tremendous one. We con-
 tinued to admit & transfer
 patients, and had to exert
 additional energy to the
 general task of moving.
 The job is practically done
 now.

I had had so much sleep
 during the past two nights
 that when I went to bed at
 one o'clock last night, I
 "fell headlong into an
 unbreakable slumber," and
 thereby lost the chance of

hearing first hand, an
 exciting & interesting experience,
 but there plenty of fellows
 to tell me about it this
 morning.

There were some craft
 of some kind, carrying
 the radio-ruled numbers
 of logs, headed this way
 from towards the direction
 of Manila, and they were
 a kilometer or so off shore,
 where the big reception was
 given them.

Two powerful search-
 lights, one from Cerecedas
 and the other from a presumably
 headland, played their beams
 over the apparatus, their
 boat & tanks. The big guns
 of Cerecedas, (for the first
 time since the war started)
 went into action. Several
 guns emplaced nearby
 began pumping their shots
 across the water. Two
 "heavy track" tanks clankily
 clanked into position &

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Capt.
 A.C. Macnamara

their fifty-caliber machine
 guns began their heavy
 chatter. The big shells from
 the fleet were the most im-
 pressive. The rushing,
 tearing whistles of
 their passage could be heard
 from here, and their
 thump-whumps at landing
 was something something
 to wait home about.

Fragments of Japanese and
 boat timbers, and great
 geyers of water made a
 kaleidoscopic, rising and
 falling picture in the shifting
 illumination of the search-
 lights. We understood the
 extent of damage that the
 enemy suffered. But event-
 ually the din of firing
 ceased and the search lights
 we turned off, once more
 to return to their half-
 hour flashes.

This morning the sur-
 face of the bay was empty and

scene.

and I awakened from a dreamless sleep, having no knowledge of what had happened.

But I did get to see something that happened at about 15:00 p.m. yesterday. I was "pushing" a game of men at the "poker" table, stands close to the beach. We paused occasionally to watch a large towed by boat, and a "midget" boat that offshook about the other two.

The craft were obviously WAFFE, hugging the shore line on their way to near the front lines.

Until they had nearly passed this point, the event was quite an uneventful one. But then we suddenly heard a roar of bombers supported us, and of our interest. Searching the skies we saw two bombers,

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flying low, in off the bay,
 heading straight for the
 boats! And, therefore, they
 were heading straight for
 us too.

We headed for fox-
 holes faster than prairie dogs
 diving for their underground
 tunnels.

But like prairie dogs who,
 once secure in their holes,
 stick their heads out to
 satisfy their insatiable
 curiosity, we, ~~too~~ ~~the~~ ~~sculkers~~
 down in our pits, also raised
 our heads above the ground
 level to watch the show.

The drone of the ~~lap~~
 bombers grew rapidly in
 volume. The drone became
 a roar. When the
 two planes, up about two
 thousand feet, were within
 good range, our aircraft
 nearby started their
 angry, deep barking, soon
 with the heavier machine
 guns all around us joined

We terrified, horror-stricken
 watchers, screeching in our
 fear-halls, held our breaths
 for minutes, profane prayers.
~~Report~~ The plane banking in
 the double dive, ~~launched~~ two
 bombs and we saw them
 fall. A second was an
 eternity.

Those two eggs missed,
 came two great splashes of
 water lifted upward. Great
 head whacking, gasps of re-
 lief turned into strained
 sobs as the next plane dropped
 its load. Two more gobs
 of water and we yelped
 like madmen! It

The roar of the
 planes crowed, our yells
 as they straightened out
 over our heads and
 zoomed up into the

sky.
Dipping their left wings
they wheeled, circled and
dove again. ^{from the woods}
The gun fire became
a despondent belch and, but
the bombers bore an unhelpful
scheme.

Thought for the two
and its two in hell's holy
superb dives, the two
sheek in devil's brought
their warning death messages
at lightning speed.

But a second time
4 jets of water squirted
high above the surface of
the bay, and still the two
craft plumed slowly west-
ward. We on the beach were
out of our shells, diving
and yelling in our excited
exultation.

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Cpt.
J.M. Manning

The third act was an
anti-climax. The fire from
the ground was just as
heavy, the double dive
of the bombers was just
as terrifying, but they
released no bombs. Of-
course they saw that they
had missed their aim, and
they held on to their eggs.
And maybe it was the
heat of the G. fire that
caused them to abandon
the enterprise and race
away.

I wish to God I could
describe the sensations of the
men riding those craft!

Jan. 16, 1942 -
Sat. in the evening.

We pill rollers don't
walk into the cannon's
mouth and walk up, come
out of the wars with a ruble.

skin. We cannot haul
about the dangers we are
exposed to, but if any body
should happen to break up and
ask me, I can unhesitatingly
tell a man that we of the
"Eureka" were long of labor.
For five days and for a con-
siderable portion of five nights
I've been working at a pace
entirely incompatible with
my kind of leisure.

But there's the satisfaction
of having been a part of a crew
that pulled off a big job.

We are relaxed, worn, and
are fairly established here at
Little Bahio.

Little B. is practically at
the highest point on the high-
way running on this side
(the east side) of Bataan
peninsula. Southward some
nine kilometers of the Tagaytay
Trail (a literal name) leads
lies the site of the Mariveles
that the fat flounders were
cut. Across Mariveles lay

is The Rock.

If it were not for the thickets + the towering trees crowning this high top of ours, we could look about us and see Corcoran, Carls, + mainly across the bay and much of the eastern side of the Peninsula.

As it is, a climb into a tall trap here, where a watch tower is built, can give us that near view. In one evening soon I'll clamber up to that platform.

Four P-40's (American pursuit planes) played tag over our heads this morning. Men of Hdqtrs Co., 803 Engineers, whose camp adjoins our grounds here, tell us that there are over 40 P-40's lying hidden on an air field close by here, + that 3 or more are coming in every day from somewhere. That story goes that they are being held in secret

until the day (may it be soon)
 that our Survey enters the
 nearly dangerous waters and
 needs air protection.

With others of our de-
 tachment I am quartered in
 an open shed affair, raised
 with planks of tin and which
 has two decks of split bamboo
 flooring. I am sitting on a
 bed spring, a mattress placed on
 the bamboo, and can look out
 over the underbrush to a clearing
 where a band Filipino evictment
 laborers, attached to the Engwell,
 are busy at work. Days before
 on the side of the hill, and hidden
 by trees, some of our fellows are
 cussing & singing under
 outside speakers.

Showers are godsend these
 days. The camp is dusty. The
 trees & bush are covered with
 dust. Everything is dusty.
 And the highway near at
 hand is full of dust, swirled in
 in the wind of the trucks & cars.

We eat, bread & butter in
 the dust, and each night,
 under the skins, we wash
 off layers of dust.

But we cannot & do not
 complain. Because scores
 of times a day we see poor
 devils coming in from the
 front with their gaping wounds
 filled with the dust, and
 they have had a shower to
 luxuriate under for days and
 weeks. They are filthy & their
 clothes are filthy, and they are
 of the bodies of men who are
 holding that damn line up
 there.

So our ward men and our
 nurses take these blasted
 bodies and carry a great

They say that the 31st
 U.S. Infantry and the 45th +
 57th Phil. Scout Regiments
 are the ones that are taking
 it on the climb up north. About
 one third of the 3000 in the 31st
 are killed or wounded & even
 more of the two Phil. Scout

organizations have fallen. Those
 who have been taken a terrific beating and holding
 the line in spite of it all.

I hope some day why those
 Congress some day why those
 Chappies did not have American
 air support and that to ~~the~~
 stick fast under uncheckd
 Jap air bombing + shipping.

Reports reach here that
 Linay barrier + the woods
 were bombed yesterday +
 that the hospital itself that
 was so recently evacuated was
 bombed today. I heard that
 the warehouse that I personally
 went out of last night is
 a twisted pile of wreckage
 tonight. Can I call that
 the fortunes of war?

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Col.
 R. M. ...

Jan. 31, 1942 -

Several days have passed since the last entry was made herein, but the peninsula + hospital routine has been little changed save for the events noted as follows:

The USQFFE lines have been withdrawn for strategic purposes, southward about twenty kilometers. By this move we have a shorter line to defend, less help to patrol, and quicker + shorter communications. Furthermore, we are more closely allied with our base, Corogilar, and her mighty guns.

The Japs landed 300 men there a few days ago a few kilometers across the point from Nagivela. They entrenched themselves and it took until yesterday for the guns of Corogilar and field artillery to wipe them out.

I climbed yesterday to our
lookout post there, placed high
in a tall tree. From that
vantage point I saw that we were
close to the point of the peninsula
which jutted up the hill from
Manila, and that water
surrounds us on three sides.
There is Manila Bay to the
east, the straits to the south
with the rock & the lower rocks
standing guard there, and
the China Sea stretches west-
ward.

I changed jobs yesterday
voluntarily. In fact, it took
a bit of strong pulling. From
assistant first sergeant I
became general dress-up man
in the surgery. On the
surface my new job seems
the less important, but actually
I am being of more service.
My former job was too much
of a success.

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I saw some bone surgery yesterday. One case was where a large piece of shrapnel split wide open a Filipino's chin. So all appear and the man's chin was obliterated, except that it was actually merely opened up & laid back with the bone cut away. A dental surgeon, a colonel, worked two hours and, when the job was done, there was the man's chin again, practically as good as new.

USAFPE is broadcasting a newest cheerful propaganda program three times a day, morning, noon & night. The station is in the tunnel at Caprizides and it calls itself "The Voice of Freedom." It makes good listening & we are heartened to hear that the Aussie fleet is giving an excellent job of holding the Makassar Straits. There's hope in Singapore holds out.

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The Star Spangled Banner
 is played before & after the
 anti-propaganda. It sounds
 very nice.

The announcer keeps
 telling us that Cowsy is on
 the way. We're ready any-
 time for its arrival.

Feb. 1, 1942 -

Only a small number
 of casualties are coming in
 to the station. Whereas the
 operating room at Lima handles
 between 125 and 175 major opera-
 tions every 24 hours, here at
 little Balboa the average is
 around twenty.

Heap #2 is getting a
 night rough. Their total
 of patients is over 3000, and
 still they get 'em

Corregidor won't take
 any patients of the prisoner
 The tunnel about 4000

any more sure, all the
 big shots & the politicians
 are there. Above the
 surface there is too danger-
 ous. A hospital ship is
 the only solution, and they
 are flew with it.

A Filipino patient who
 came in yesterday after-
 noon had an interesting
 personal experience. He &
 his "comrades" were scout-
 ing in the jungle between
 the two lines for snipers.
 He knew a gap was up in
 trees somewhere close, but
 he did not know just
 where.

But the gap knew where
 the Filipino was. He, the
 gap, saw the Phil Scout
 & flung his branches
 into the bush. The gap
 drew a bead and pulled the
 trigger.

The Scout comes back
 to us with a bullet hole.

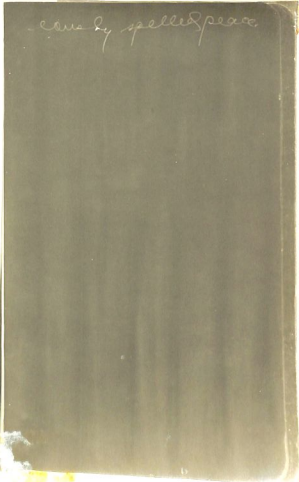
through his helmet ⁱⁿ ~~at~~
 half-inch from his ^{temples}
 and his right little
 toe hanging by a shred of
 skin. A surgeon cut
 the toe away & now
 "Juan" is incapacitated
 for further battle & expects
 a good storm for his
 grave children.

Another Filipino came
 in yesterday who had been
 wounded in the leg by
 his own "comrades" (as they
 always call their comrades)
 when coming back from a
 sortie toward the Jap
 lines. A 30-cal. machine gun
 bullet went in his shin,
 shattered the fibula & car-
 ried away half the calf
 at the back.

It was a full moon
 last night & the world
 was bathed in white
 moonlight. The Japs &
 all white trunks were

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Got all
 at once



Case by spelled page

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Sgt.
McMurray