

P.O.W./C.I. - T.W. Houston

(2 of 2)

Box 19

Folder 1

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a civilian nurse, three
other non-coms & myself.
Lechow & chicken palbo,
the latter served in its own
delicious sauce, were the
pieces de resistance.

Salvaging human
bodies has decreased in volume
the last couple of days.

No. 2 Hospital got 80
civilian cases from the
bombing & burning of
Cabadan.

Two meetings were called
yesterday for the Americans
there, one for the officers &
nurses and one for the enlisted
men. We were told at these
meetings that there had been too
many derogatory remarks
being made by Americans con-
cerning the questionable
behavior of the Philippine
Army on the front line.

I was very glad to see a
halt brought to the custom
of deciding the newly organ-
ized and poorly trained
Filipino army. It is the Filipino
part of USAFFE that has
won the major part of the glory
for the "Thirteenth Air Force"
Furthermore, place the "Devils"
on the front line, and watch
them turn into rabbits.

The term "Japanese infiltration"
is used a meaningless term.
A Japanese sniper only a
couple of kilometers the other
side of Marikina plucked
a bullet into an American
boy's leg. He was the first
victim of an air-cop team-
ment group.

Incidentally, this is again
the Holy Sablots. We
eagerly discovered her eggs
was: laid out eggs this
morning.

Feb. 16, 1942 -

Judging by the average
run of patients, Balogh
is fairly quiet now, for
the surgery has been having
comparatively few patients
the last two or three
days.

It seems rather certain
that Singapore has fallen
into the hands of the Japs.

I doubt if I have ever
entered into the diary just
what part the navy is play-
ing in the staff work of
this hospital. A commodore
is in charge of surgery &
a lieutenant is one of the
surgeons on his staff. Another
lieutenant is our detachment
commander. ~~The~~ Navy
nurses are with us as well
as a chap doctor or more,
petty officers (pharmacists
watts first, second + third,

(note: the
Balanga were)

and so on.

There are ~~5~~ ⁵ Filipino nurses on the hospital staff. Four of them are in surgery.

Our S.O. is a colonel. Our dental surgeon is a colonel, and the chief of surgical services is a Lt. Col.

There is more or less the same ratio of representative services, race & rank at Hosp. #2, altho' fewer of the navy personnel are there. Hosp. #2 is new by far the larger of the two. A messenger that upon tells me that counting patients, military personnel and civilians, the roll at #2 numbers over 5300.

We have perhaps an hundred civilian laborers here with us. Most of them are divided between the laundry and canteen police details. Then there are the civilian kitchen police.

Feb. 18, 1942 - (both Wednesday)

I let a day pass without an entry in the diary, but the news of this morning is big enough to do for both days. The news is big but the item is small. There: One 6-1/2 lb. baby girl, born of a Chinese mother and an American civilian father, born at 11:05 p.m. 2/17/42, but the military field hospital surgery, Little Baguio, Bataan P.I., in the midst of carnage & slaughter. And a canteen kitchen note was never born. The mother is about 20 years old.

A bit of a pick-up, unexpected
in the day work yesterday.
The casualties for here is
now coming from Bogac, K.P.
120, ^{on road} on the Chur, east.

The top bombers are more
in number and better than
they have been for some time.
Perhaps the fall of Singapore
released some of the best birds
in our direction.

A top bomber raid ~~was~~ on
a Cactus air field near Hesp.
#2 killed out by the Ex-Sherb-
berger medical fellows and ser-
iously wounded another,
yesterday.

Aa' emplacement & larger
field guns are being
located nearer to this camp.
When the Japs come over
there is a cacophony of
busting sounds about Japs.

Some one of these days
the enemy is going to try
for one ~~of these~~ nearby
guns. I hope they miss
the gun crew, but not
far enough so that the
blow sends this surgery
into smithereens.

News are growing a
bit more tent these days.
We feel that the Japs are
about to lunge at us again
in force, and that "help is
on the way" news is getting
a bit stale through prolonged
repetition.

The story is circulating
here that Walter Winchell told
a good one recently over one
of his broadcasts. To wit:
"McArthur's boys have been
murdering them long enough.
How about giving them some
relief?" If W. W. did say
that he's got a pretty good
notion there, at that! good

That report that there are
over 500 persons at #2 Hosp.
would be about true if about
30 per cent was put of the given
total. I got the reliable figure
from a blog report from
there.

February 19, 1942:

There was practically
no air activity this far
back of the lines yesterday,
but an officer reported a
good deal of bombing near
and north of Hsinay. They
say that the old hospital
buildings have been mostly
demolished by nap bombs.

~~The American-Chinese
vestija baby born here night
before last has been named
"Marinela". I am odd name,
but somehow appropriate.~~

An artillery duel went on most of yesterday and part of the night between guns on our island fortresses and Jap guns on the bay shore for ^{the} Jap's position. We seldom worry about artillery duels when our island guns are involved. The Jap infantry-men may outnumber ours 10 to 1, and their planes may be able to smother our 5 or 6, but the big guns of Fort Mills, Hughes & Drum can match practically any thing of that nature the Japs can muster. And I'll cheerfully lay odds on the superior skill of our ~~matchmen~~ gunners.

Building goes on continuously here.

February 20, 1942 -

The only news we have is no news, and that is not news. There are several rumormongers coasting about, but there is little foundation for them. One is that all the female inmates are going to Australia soon.

Everyone is expecting news of THE CONVOY. There'll come a day, mayhap.

A change in legs occurred when I carried a hip's leg down to the incinerator. An appropriate comment is that the wardens & guards at the prison are getting to like some of the fap patients and forgetting details. The chap who had his leg amputated yesterday had become a prime favorite of everyone.

(After Coffee Time)

There were a couple of men from the 21st Pursuit Squadron, Air Corps, with us for coffee this morn. They reported that all of the Air Corps units have recently been withdrawn from ground combat points. They know not why. We all naturally, tho' possibly mistakenly, jump hastily to the conclusion that the Air Corps here is being prepared for the advent of the planes that are bound to come soon.

These A.C. boys told of some of the things that happened at Aguloman Bay, where the Air Corps, Philippine Scouts & Constabulary engaged the Jap landing party a while back.

They said that after the
 faps were all "mopped up"
 508 dead faps had been
 counted. And added to that
 tally were the two other
 groups of faps that were
 killed. One was the fifty
 or more killed by our
 sharpshooters while the faps
 were attempting to swim
 from the beach out to a
 large log by a fap gun
 boat. The other group ~~was~~
 about 80 faps in company
 formation led and ordered by
 their officers to march over
 a cliff to avoid capture.
 An American Air Corps officer
 friend of one of the nurses
 there, took off going down to
 the bottom of the cliff to
 examine the results of the
 mass suicide. He told that
 his companion, another officer,
 took all of his breakfast
 after seeing the sight.

The G.I. boys also had
souvenirs taken from the
bodies of the Japs they had
killed. They spoke of one of
their buddies who wore
on his watch chain a
dental gold crown taken
from "his Jap."

According to these
"commentaries," many of the
Japs who were killed at
Iwojima were seasoned
veterans, wearing campaign
ribbons of five campaigns.
They had been assigned to
the landing party for the
purpose of cutting our com-
munications & supply lines
to our lines further north.
Luckily for us, unfortunately
for them, the weather was a bit better
than the Japs figured.

Most of these Japs were
wearing expensive wrist
watches and had in their

possession, furniture, pen + pencil sets, Filipino money + other valuables. All this has been looted from the stores in towns occupied by the invaders. Now the goodly number of USAFFE boys, white + brown have Eggin, Green, Bulawa watches, etc., etc.

The rumor is pushing around today that a general order is out, to-wit: When the Convoy comes all American troops west in Bataan will be transferred to the southern points of combat, to Oahu or to the U.S.A. Most of the fellows are all excited. Very usually, if such an unlikely story is true, there's one lunatic who will submit his plea to do his time right here in P.I. This is what I asked for, & I want to go on having it.

One of the Filipina nurses here has a boy friend up the line, near Jodely and large, new air fields. He tells her that blue lights are being strung all around the field. We rationalize: It stands to reason that USAFFE would not expose their west hills to the persistent Jap bombing unless there was a darned good chance of their being needed by incoming planes, pronto. (Golly, it's fun to imagine optimistic notions!)

February 21, 1942-

Night before last there was an artillery duel between the Japs + Jap guns on the Cavite province coast. Several large fires burned brightly throughout the night. Whether they were barrier

on fire, sugar mills burning,
or forest fires, no one seemed
to know.

The story popped out
last night & it should be
more than an utterly ground-
less rumor, that American
& Japanese sea forces of some
kind were engaging each
other in the few Bernardino
Straits. No one dared to give
any details, imaginary or
otherwise, and we are all
waiting for either confirma-
tion or denial of the story.

For about 60 hours the
surgeon has been almost
completely idle. That's a break
for the fighting men.

Feb. 12, 1942 - Washington's Birthday

It may be only another false start of the long delayed Victory Drive but rumors are heard this morning + they're all good.

One is that there are American troops landing at Mindanao by the time of 165,000. While they are throwing figures around, they believe in padding them in the proper places!

The word also is spitting over the grape vine that "We are to hear good news today!" (Our optimism is like a phoenix, rising from the ashes. It survives all disappointments.)

Another story is that all female nurses are to be withdrawn from the enlattered areas + sent to parts unknown.

~~South America~~
 American cat birds or
 mocking-birds songs.

And there's is another
 bird that is heard early
 in the morning. Its call
 is much like the angry, short
 bark of the monkey occasionally
 erupts.

But the monkeys hereabouts
 are not the chattering, talk-
 ative kind, at least not when
 they are near our camp. They
 calve about in quiet stealth,
 except when one of their clan
 makes a mis-step on dry-logs
 (or one of them intones a tale
 around a broken log) that
 breaks suddenly with a loud
 snap. Then there's a
 moment, there is a frightened
 hubbub, but still they remain
 vocally silent. It may be that
 their timorous stealth is due
 to the fact that they have
 heard the same story I heard,
 that the 19th P's, an American

most: here meet.

(Organization, mind you, is having occasional feasts of "chicken-fried monkey!")

And always, at the approach of dawn, there comes the barking a dog somewhere off in the jungle. The pup is probably a mascot of some, and crouts deep in the bush.

We have a dog, too, here at little Bawie, if the term dog can be applied to a couple of pounds of shaven fur and deftness. He is a tiny pup picked up by some one and brought to camp. He has the energy of a dozen monkeys and the ingenuity of a whole tribe. He wobbles on unsteady quibbles and gets away with it where such familiarity on the part of any other man would be summarily punished. When I whistle for him, he comes racing, his short legs wobbling and tripping each other, and he doesn't go on his nose more

than three or four times every
rod or so. Here in a camp
up human necessities to
lust & killing, that the wife
is ~~the~~ ^{person} enjoys the
~~fit~~ ^{quite} watchful care of every
soul about.

(After the "Voice of Freedom" has
spoken its word this piece.)

Nothing was mentioned by
the "Voice" of "Lewwises in the
Philippines" of any reinforcements
landing or hovering near the
archipelago. By its report, they
are comparatively many of our
light & heavy bombers and
P-40's engaging the enemy in
the U.S. in Burma, and near
Bali but, as it announced
immediately after the strains
of the Star Spangled Banner
faded away, "Fighting in
Bataan is virtually at
a standstill."

Our Acting First Sergeant here advised a group of us this morning to find Kelu, Cagayan and Garab on the map. He then said, "But I ain't talking." So we immediately located the cities in the Philippines and on Mindanao and conjectured that the 100,000 troops (or at least 20, or 30,000 of them) had landed at these points in the islands to the south.

That story of the recent engagement of the San Bernabé Straits had been amended. "The American Asiatic fleet caught the Japanese fleet in Harag Bay and annihilated it like they destroyed the Spanish fleet here in Manila Bay four decades ago. Anything to make our dreams hang together!"

The Voice also tells of the rumor of a meeting ^{of} the veterans of the founders

Rainbow Division, and, as their expressed wish that they were here with us. With their vote in favor, coupled with our sentiments, the wish is unanimous. "McArthur's Magnificents" are ready and willing to share all or any part of the glory here, save but sorrow.

I have failed heretofore to mention our ever faithful Waller's Gazette (faithful to its habit of frequent publication is not to the standard of unadorned veracity). Waller's Gazette is the raucous voice of a hap-hazard private of our organization heard throughout the South hereabout, at all too frequent intervals. The news it bore to us, at coffee-time to-day was: "Now, you square-headed, smart fellows, I don't give a damn whether you believe it or not. But if you'll just go over on the

Rock and ask a certain Major
out of the Air Corps reports ever
there, he'll tell you the same
thing he told me. He told me
that he personally flew down
in a plane & took pictures
of the big American convoy in
the San Bernardino Straits. And
he says he has the pictures to
prove that the convoy split
up in three sections, to depart
each other in individual ways to
ingore certain points. And
he got telling right when we
asked him for the name of the
major, or whether that officer
had pictures to prove where
the three lesser convoys had
gone to.

Now, something else is brewing. Administrators, officers & non-coms at heads of departments were in secret session last night, making out a long list of supplies. Where are the supplies coming from, and where do we go to when we get them? Or do we?

I had knocked off work last night & was heading for my bunk when the words "All Soul Houston!" spoken behind me caused me to turn around. Then my hand was gripped by invisible fingers that thumped my heart with their force. ^{They appeared} It was a kid from Texas that I had "fathered" at Fort W. ^{He was a green, shy recruit and was homesick as only a clean, lipable youngster can be on his first trip away from home.}

Now, though, he is no longer a chick with his down still wet. His dangling

six feet of love & rawhide is
 brave & tough, and he
 us largely tells of the times his
 Dad licked him for taking
 the car out and wrecking
 it back in "Four Corners".
 He tells now with much conscious
 pride, of wrecking four bombers
 coming over to Ketchikan. He belongs
 to the "G" Battery of the 60th
 CA that has set a world's record
 for downing planes with A-1's.

He wants us to go down &
 see him & his outfit. He says
 to "just ask for 'Coffee Grinders', and
 they'll all know you're looking for
 us." If I had a kid to grow
 up, I could wish he could turn
 out wiser as Coffee Grinders
 has.

Evening -

The "fish & rice" ration
 seems to have petered out
 fast. This morning Capt. I
 had invited my friend

about the chow, they
 fooled me by distributing out
 good old hash & bread &
 jam for breakfast. - And for
 the evening meal my plate
 was topped so high with ground
 carrots, red beans, rice & mashed
 pudding, with chocolate icing
 for a chase, that I had
 serious difficulty in getting
 it all down. But "I don't!"
 Right now I feel like a
 Belgian stuffed gander, ready
 for the slaughter!

Pres Roosevelt's Washington
 Birthday speech must have been
 misinterpreted along the line &
 erroneously reported to us. I did
 not hear the excerpt broadcast
 this morning, but the chaps
 who heard it came back with
 long faces. Maybe they expected
 to hear that Franklin D.
 was coming himself to make
 Malapangah Palace his spring
 home, & was disappointed
 at the oversight on the
 program!

Feb. 25, 1942 -

I heard a re-broadcast of
speech last night or at least
I heard as much of it as
the state would permit. And
I can't imagine why the fellows
who heard it yesterday morning
should get the blues because
of it. To me it was a damn
good fighting speech.

The crossman from Ward
#4 came to me yesterday morning
to tell me that a patient on
his ward was asking for me.
I went across to see about it
and found I was the
ex-company clerk of the
penitentiary company at Angel
Island last year. I was the
"permanent charge of quarters" of
the same outfit. ~~He is~~
He is in the hospital now
with a severe case of yellow
jaundice.

He is a twenty-year old

youngster from Weatchis, Wv.
 got beyond good kid, and
 level headed. He is clerking
 now for "P-2", and has a good
 speaking rating.

Speaking of kids, there
 is a certain boy working here
 now, an American refugee
 from Manila. He is probably about
 fifteen years of age. His parents,
 brothers & sisters are somewhere
 in Mindanao (maybe) where
 they probably took to the hills
 when the U.S. took Davao.

His father was a speculator
 in Davao property & the kid was
 born there. He is of all white
 blood but he has spoken Spanish,
 Ureos & Tagalog so much that
 he speaks English with an accent
 a likable youngster & he gets
 about his job here well, never
 a yammerer. Still, he wonders
 where his folks are!

One of the Filipina nurses
 here had 4 fathers & mothers & two

married brothers, all living close to the area that was at Carte that was so heavily bombed at the start of the war. Five thousand Filipinos were casualties of that bombing. So the tiny nurse goes around for day after day, wandering, wondering, but never knowing.

She has a sister who is a nurse at #2 Hospital. Incidentally, another nurse's name at #2 lost a brother in the Carte bombing.

And, speaking of bombing, a soldier friend of mine here in surgery heard that a medical officer he had worked with in Batambun has been liquidated by a bomb, here in Batavia. No trace of the captain was found after the egg burst.

There is almost perfect calm here in Batavia, a calm that now has gone into its first day. Is it the calm that precedes a storm?

Or who? Or what? Or what?
We're all wanting to know.

Since it's minds have to
produce something, one of the
stories now going the rounds
is that the Japs are dying
of like typhoid, cholera, up
there. 'Poppycock!'

Our chief nurse here
surgeon (and she has the extra
into the upper secret circles here)
is going around with an air
of mystery, telling us not to dig
for them for the rainy season.
Good God! Woman, the rainy
season is at least three months
away! I've got a date with
a tuberculosis patient in Manila,
six weeks from now!

But going from the ridiculous
to the sublime, there's a family
of rats living under my bed.
We # left-relying surgeon
and his to move from low
ground, close among the trees to
build the "nip's shack" barracks
in the space under the

officers' quarters.

I chose the space under the officers' quarters. Upon entering there I found the bamboo bed minus the legs, lying about unused. So I stowed my mattress thereon + took possession.

And now a family of rats has established quarters right to the confined space below the bamboo splits.

I don't mind their squeaking and their squeaking. And when they scamper about in their idiotic, scatter-brained fashion -- that's alright.

But when the man of the family (I assume it is the papa rat because he is probably the largest) -- when he runs his backbone along the bamboo splits + fails my own backbone, it is really going too far. If the lord + protector of that particular household doesn't learn to stoop when he runs there's going to be an ex-

Termination, and I don't mean
 the cholera knocking out the
 faps. ^{showing peculiar state}
 By the way, here an interesting
 cross section of mammalian society
 for the zoologist. In the branches
 above lived the little monkeys.
 In the lower below the branches
 the military army surgeon
 makes his ^{home}. The pig-rolling
 sergeant lies below the knapsack
 feet of the saw-tooth, and, ^{filled}
 with the rat stiles.

That American-Chinese mystery
 baby that left her tiny toes ~~to~~
 occasionally in ~~unhappy~~ protestations
 for in surgery has been given the
 name, "Victory in Batavia"! That
 precious little cause of good tidings
 should become a favorite name
 of Uncle Sam. Victory in Batavia!
~~Victory~~ So be it!

February 26, 1942 -

While I was shaving this morning, with day light still to come, heavy explosions off towards the north west ~~where~~ and the China Sea broke for the first time a five day period of calm. The only other conceivable noise that I had noted in that time was the sound of a big artillery duel over in Cebu province, a couple of nights ago).

There is no way of knowing what was the cause of the sounds this morning but it may have been some big naval set-top, or some heavy guns up the western coast, raising hell with some one.

Six planes coasted over to the north this morning, headed southwest. They were only faint specks in the sky.

A story was told to me last night that might be true.

P. R., who was one of the radio personalities in Manila before the war, stayed in town after the Jap occupation.

He was operating a "boat-leg" radio station on the p.t. until the Japs ferreted him out and then he had to take it on the lam.

He disguised himself as a Filipino tao and drove a carabao cart all the way from Manila to Batavia, up through Malabes and San Fernando and down the bay shore. He said that he saw not a single Jap after leaving Manila.

While I was writing the above paragraphs immediately preceding this one, a low Jap plane flew over close by & the doors opened up on him.

This is the fifth day
in which the surgery has
been nearly always idle.
~~Four~~ ^{two} cases from
"outside" and a few hemorrhoids,
appendectomies and some
minor cases from our own
wards are all that we
have had. (I took advantage
of the lull to have a tooth
filled).

Feb. 27, 1942

There came to us, in
the form of an ambulance load,
the results of a little action
yesterday.
Fifteen Hip bombers came
across this area, turned &
headed across the point, going
toward the China Sea. About
after the sound of bomb
explosions reached here. A
couple of hours later, the
ambulance came from
Neter Pool # 6, near H.P. # 205.

I heard for the first time yesterday that High Commissioner Payne & President Freyan had moved several days ago to Cebu, Cebu, departing in the Visayas.

The way I heard it was that the top officials, with their staffs, had definitely left Cebu, and that it was only a few days ago that they had gone to Cebu.

The verity of the story is accepted here. If it is true, there's bound to be new American forces in Mindanao for the two highest civil leaders representing the U.S. and the Philippines would not be so foolish as to venture so close to Surigao & Cagayan, Mindanao, if the Japs were still dominant on the large southern island.

The Voice of Freedom last night gave what is at least temporarily encouraging

news. It spoke of the
definite withdrawal of our
troops to the north, for the
time being, and of the sickness
affecting the invaders.

But the Voice expressed
a warning: maybe the temporary
trip retournant might be only
a prelude to a fresh assault.

For some reason or
other, the brown + white boys
in the wards were cheerful
last night. Fracture slings,
plaster + Paris casts, lacerations
& stumps did not count
for a whit, and there was
singing of old familiar tunes.

It was entirely spontaneous.
Perhaps one chap started
softly singing a song that
carried him back home for
a brief interlude.

His neighbors joined in,
and the guy lying across
the aisle joined in.

- On the next song, a half dozen in the same ward were singing it and, somehow without plan or reason, fellows, white, over there, here, there and about in the closely connected wards covered by a common roof softly at first and then in growing volume found in sound of air & home.

I'm not making any plans yet, that a trip to Cuba isn't cancel. But I'm dreaming a dream that isn't being no harm. It's about my first afternoon in Manila.

First, to So-and-So's for his one of his Extra Special Extra Singapore fine things. He has definitely just bought mixture of cherry brandy and London Sloe, with not too much gin. And his presence is just what we need. I went to the Manila Hotel. I haven't been to that palace of swank on this trip.

third hitch in the Islands.
The years have taken away
my social ambitions and my
tastes have grown simpler.
But this awfully afraid
that only at the Maunaloa Hotel
can I get just the food
I want, prepared in just the
right way.

So I hire me down
P. Burges, skirting the Luneta,
and goes in to the one & only
Maunaloa Hotel.

I sit me down and
the smiling boy comes up.
"A dry Martini, please, and
make it very dry. Just a drop
more of the French, and a splash
more of Angostura."

What he is going for, the
cocktail I look over the
menu, just for fun. Just think
of all the good things to eat in
Hawaii - see listed there!
But my looking over the
menu is just a pastime, for
the picture of the meal I am
going to have is perfect.

in my mind.
I don't care if it isn't
on the card. I don't care
if it isn't in the kitchen.
I'll have around six hun-
dred pesos coming when I
get to town, and that ought
to be enough to get the
chow I want.

— and here's the low-down
gastric nightmare as it may be
called, it is the only
possible antidote for the tons
of corned beef hash + rice,
for me.

Oyster cocktail, and pour
the condiments into the sauce.

Green split-pea soup, and
make it thick + hot.

Feed the fish to the cat
and bring on the tenderloin—
big, very thick, and medium,
if more, no less.

Bring it so that when I
touch it lightly with the edge
of my fork, the red juice
separates out and the fork sinks
through to the plate.

Have the Worcestershire close,
to hand and the hot sauce just
as handy.

Washed potatoes. No, not
washed. That doesn't express
it. Snowflake potatoes.
Light, ~~crisp~~^{fluffy}, but,
god, how substantial!

Swamp them in thick,
savory, well salted cream
gravy. Don't stint the gravy.
Have more green peas -
the small, tender, delicious kind.

An avocado salad on
my left. (I'm left handed). Add
to these slices of one or more
avocados enough of other green
vegetables to make the side something
more than a metaphor. Have enough
mustard in the French salad
dressing.

Biscuits like Mummy could
not make. A quarter pound
of country butter. Best honey
& jam. A bit of strong hot coffee.
Then go away and leave
me alone.

Come back in an hour

or two and give me suggestions
 pie, chocolate ^{frumore}, pumpkin
 pie a la mode, Boston cream
 pie and the various French
 and Danish pastries
 and then I'll make my
 choice.

While I'm licking my chops
 and loosening the ~~cravat~~ belt,
 run along and bring back
 a good, ~~the~~ sweet spot of old
 brandy if you have one. If you
 don't have a good enough brand
~~you~~ have old enough, I'll
 have that drink with Boston
 and to its name. You know, they
 separate layers of creme de
 cacao, creme de menthe and
 peach brandy -- ~~isn't it?~~
 and that's all. That's all
 that I want, thank you.

~~the supplies~~

Our individual medical
 supply here has received a
 quantity of new supplies that

morning. We of the surgery crew were also taken down to the store house to buy back armloads of new towels, rolls of gauze, medicines, etc. There were two large boxes containing jars of human plasma.

There was nothing in this batch of supplies to indicate a major surge from here to elsewhere. But what indications there were pointed to the opposite of peace and the cessation of hostilities on Bataan Peninsula.

Three hours later:—

new indications:—

I was talking to a master sergeant this noon when another U.S. walked up and spoke to the one I was with. The second one was evidently referring to a conversation that had been started previously.

what he said was: "In regard to that matter, there's no need of our going any further about it. It looks like we all will be gone from here within three weeks."

And the speaker was the sergeant major! These babies are in on the know in this man's army.

And then, just now, comes quite acceptable proof that a group from this camp, I don't know how many or how few, are going to Cuba very soon to open another hospital there.

That, of course, is the "something brown" that I mentioned a couple of days ago.

The News of Freedom this noon - dropped the following bit into the airway: "There will be American airplanes, flown by American pilots, over Manila in the very near future."

I have failed to mention
~~in~~ certain ~~group~~ announce-
 ments that The Voice has made
 during the past few days.
 Here they are:

1. Gen. W. Arthur - has rec-
 ommended to Washington that
 all men of the USAFFE be
 paid by the same pay scale. There
 is nothing fairer than that
 and anything less than that
 is not fair. Our Filipino
 brothers in arms are playing
 the same game we are, paying
 the same price, and are rendering
 service equal to ours.

2. Gen. W. Arthur is allocating
 20 million pesos granted ^{to him}
 for the relief of the war ⁱⁿ ~~in~~
 families & children, & the ^{recon-}
 struction of homes & property
 destroyed. Bravo.

A large ^{sea} turtle has been brought to camp. It is the principal of the main item of a meal stow. At the same time, a member of us felt to examine whatever it was a turtle or tortoise, or a terrapin.

What odds! "A real 'by any other name smells as sweet' and this sea-creature, whatever its name, is going to taste like something scrumptious!

Feb. 28, 1942 -

Rain last night and to-day. Not the kind of rain we can expect in a couple of these months, when Old Navy sends it down in great quantities. But a drizzling spewer now, now, now, now, now or two respite, another bit of mist, then again all clear for a while. Just nice and cool and rough on dust.

Our colonel is going to Cebu tonight, via Submarine. Our sergeant major and a Filipino staff sergeant is going with him.

The S.S. told me that they were going to prepare the way, then a bunch of us would follow.

So we are indulging in our favorite pastime: conjecturing.

The departure of our colonel is the occasion, calling for a feast to-night of knock-out proportions. The menu calls for steak (and that means beef steak), mashed potatoes (made from canned concentrates), green peas (fresh from the can), gravy, bread, jam pie, cookies, and coffee.

The menu is posted and are we sweating it out?

We will have a new command-
ing officer and a new set-
grant major manna.

March 1, 1942 -

The beginning of another
month on Bataan. Fine passes,
and new.

And another Sunday. For
once it really is a quiet
Sabbath morning (the Jews
my fingers crossed). The boys
quarantined last night that the
enemy has apparently retreated,
and that there is only "positional
fighting" now, but, still ----)

Catholic mass was impressive
this morning. In spite of my
slight uneasiness from things orthodox
and my (Calvinistic) background,
I passed by the little
"Capitán" Catholic Chapel
de Lourdes with the respect
it merited. Officers, nurses,
corporals, patients and laborers,

all kneeling, all quiet while
the ~~set~~ ceremonial ~~robed~~
priest solemnly intoned the
age old rituals.

But the candle burning
here in surgery shelf in
full day light is ~~not~~ being
offered to a different goddess.
It is at the shrine of My
Lady Nicotine, for matches are
getting more & more scarce,
and we must have lights
for our cigarettes.

Incidentally, cigarettes are
becoming an almost priceless
luxury. Piedmont ~~are~~ sold
in Manila for a peso a carton
before the war, and the same
price still prevails on Cebu.
But here in Batavia it is
not so. A Filipino soldier,
being paid fifteen pesos a
month, was offering thirty
pesos for a carton of
Piedmonts the other day, and
no one brought forth a
single fag.

Speaking of money, what
money there is in this crowd
has gravitated(?) to the hands
of a few ~~privileged~~ ~~players~~.

One of the chaps here in
surgery had accumulated
fourteen hundred pesos, then
his three days he was broke.
Another chap lost a thousand
in one night. A man kicking
him now when he's out of it.
A staff sergeant over
at Hospital #2 has "stacked"
away four thousand pesos in
wifings.

There was "rhyme & reason"
to my ~~harmful~~ ~~purpose~~ ~~crashed~~.
I have finished the immediate
preceding paragraph. Our gas just
blasted ~~at~~ ~~with~~ a low
flyer overhead. They are
pepper the sky about
now.

Our colonel and sergeant
major are gone, to our sincere
regret. And we are beginning

to forget the grand feed we
had last night.

Both the colonel & the
S.M. made short, likable
speeches of farewell. The C.
expressed the thought that
"we may have been in
Bataan will forever have a
sacred memory in common."

The word Bataan re-
minds me of how it was
incorporated into a title by
the naval commander who
is in charge of surgery here.
Now, I have tried to make
this record more or less readable,
but I have also tried to keep
it in a ~~simple~~ clean and
a word that I shall use
lets down the bar a bit
but I honestly know of no
better way to trace back the
"don't give a damn" spirit
that has ^{already} made the fighters
of our army line a tradition.
The brilliant newspaper
writers and radio commentators

of America has called these
 by many euphonious names,
 including "McArthur's Magnificent"
 and "Toxic Men."
 Dr. S. calls them
 the "Battling Bastards of Bataan!"

These naval officers we have
 are stout fellows. One of them
 is not only our detachment
 commander but mess officer
 as well. And he's the guy
 who has railed supply dumps
 up and down the line, and
 usual head quarters at the foot
 of the hill to give us some
 at Little Baguio one of the best
 messes on the peninsula.

And when he has something
 to say to one of us on the
 all of us, the man talks like
 one. His apt to be unkind.
 Laughing ~~at~~ ^{at} the ~~of~~ ^{of} Little Baguio
~~favorable~~ ^{all} ~~opinion~~ ^{that} ~~it~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ^{not}
 men to come out of
 Bataan broke this morning.
 a staff sergeant heard it.

and repeated it to me.

The California coast
has been shelled by a fast
~~sub~~ submarine. ^{few}
McArthur radios to the folks
in Los Angeles.

"If you can hold out
for thirty days, all will
be well. We are ~~doing~~
doing all in our power to
relieve you, and Help Is On
The Way!"

March 2, 1942 -

Action on Bataan peninsula
has grown so desultory and
slight, in comparison with
the fury that once raged, that
at present, a war-tube diary
is something to put aside.

And, although there is
a general rather listless
society that evinces our
reaction from the strain,
there is also relief and
thankfulness.

Our relief is not altogether a selfish feeling. It is also a relief that the men that we have seen so battered, shattered and crippled - are no longer passing through surgery in a steady stream!

We are getting very few patients, and the ones few that had - are being returned to duty or transferred to hospital ~~so~~ so rapidly that we have far more empty beds than occupied ones.

We ask each other, "Is the Batt. of Britain sign?" and we do not know the answer.

If the batt. is ever here, where do we go next? Rebu? 30th? Wanda? Do we stay here?

We want to know the answers.

March 3, 1942

- 3/3
 (The P-40s last visit)
 (Hanson The Rocks)
 (Tigra)
 (Cholera)
 (Machete - Man. Mt.)
 (Cholera shots)
- 3/3
 (Hosp. #2)
 (Calcutta)
 (80 planes)
 (Cholera shots)
- 3/5
 (2 freighters, oil tanker, 2 torpedos (exp))
 (Brain operation)

March 3, 1942 -

I climbed up to the watch tower again last night. The scenes have not changed, and the white buildings of Uquiba still show in the distance across the bay.

But I took more notice of Mapiques Mountain. ~~I wonder~~ The word "mountain" is rather inexpertly applied ever here in the name for a peak, and I wonder if it is used in this case because for

the reason that it is not a peak.

Rather it is a mountain with two peaks. One is a comparatively slender finger thrust up from the slope of the greater peak, but rising even higher than the mass beside it. To

To use another ~~same~~ metaphor, take a clenched fist, with the thumb ~~apart~~ apart from and ~~beside~~ beside the radius fist.

That describes the lone peak, but the mass, the fist itself, has its own hollowed out, and one side is entirely gone, geologic record of the volcanic blast of a time long ago.

While on the platform of the watch tower, two or four P-40s roared by, low and close, racing to the landing at Bataan field to the north and east.

Later, after darkness had fallen and while a group of us were listening to the voice of Freedom, three P-40s again roared close by, heading out toward the China Sea and Subic Bay, where Cagayan.

One of our American nurses returned this morning from a thirty-six hour visit to Corregidor.

She verified the report that High Commissioner Sayo and President Quezon had left there. Gen. MacArthur and his wife have not left, and "The Voice of Freedom" is still there.

The hospital is located in the big tunnel. There are around 300 patients there.

There was an interesting operation this morning, in which an extended fistula which had penetrated the greater wall of the stomach and kept up toward the lungs, was

remained.

Another case, worthy of note, was one on which was returned a positive swab for cholera.

All of us in surgery took cholera shots to-day, and the rest of the camp's personnel are due for similar shots to-morrow.

Incidentally, I have enough cholera anti-toxin serum for all USAFFE, a rush order would have to be cable to Australia.

March 4, 1942

Decided this morning to apply for a transfer to Hospital #2. Carried bit of beer, and went to #2 and finished the preliminaries. Will probably move in a couple of days.

On the way back I saw ~~the~~ what was left of Cakaban.

not all of the upa houses were
 destroyed, but most of them were.

On the way back a fellow
 we picked up told us a large
 Jap air arm had ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~had~~
 passed over Bataan the day
 before. It came out of the Pacific
 coast and disappeared over
 Cavite province. Observers counted
 over forty planes.

Cholera "shots" were the
 order of the day around here.
 There ~~has been~~ ^{have been} two cases of cholera
 at the hospital. One of the victims
 died last night.

March 5, 1942 -

The Voice of Freedom ^{last night} explained
 the activity of our ~~strong~~ ^{strong} ~~PLGS~~
 the other night. They went north
 to Subic Bay to contribute
 the aerial part of the attack
 on a Jap supply conveyer
 trying to land at Olongapo.

Two ~~high~~ fighters, an oil tanker
and two ~~large~~ cargo boats, all
Japanese, were sunk.

One of our P-40s was
shot down by the ~~hips~~, and
it is reported that the other
two were shot & crashed when
trying to land back on their
home field.

Another interesting operation
this morning, a brain job. The
man had suffered a ~~gun~~ shot
wound in the ~~middle~~, through
and under the right parietal bone.
In the first operation, a week
ago, the surgeons had discovered that
the bullet had pierced the brain far
far to make a ~~path~~ top. So he
closed up the wound and let the
case go until the muscle shows
"float" to the top.
He opened the same wound
this morning, and there was
the .25. caliber bullet, ready to
be picked out.

March 7, 1942

A week or more of calm was broken this morning when eight B-29 planes crossed the peninsula a ~~few~~ a few kilometers north of here. It was early when they flew over. The day crew was just going to work.

We could hear the sounds of bombs exploding and the B-29s got in some good practice after their extended lay off.

I have never seen a Jap plane shot down, and there have been close to two hundred plucked out of the air by USAAF, over Suzhou. For the first time since the war started, there seems to have developed the need of creating some form of diversion.

for the military personnel
~~to go to~~ ^{to} break up the
 recently established mono-
 nous routine.

In consequence, beach
 parties are being organized to
 go to a beach about five
 kilometres distant, each
 evening.

Yesterday evening thirty
 enlisted men went for a swim
 and a general good time.

This evening a group of
 officers & messes met to
 inaugurate the two divisions
 of "army society" will
 alternate.

We who listen regularly
 to the Voice of Freedom are
 "smelling feet" the battling
 in Japan. But we are not
 so concerned this time as
 we were regarding the
 fate of Singapore. We are
 grasping at straws with the
 fears and apprehensions
 that we engaged our
 thoughts. May be, each in

each in our sphere, we
are becoming veterans,
accustomed to an eternity
of war's abnormalities.

The surgeons of this
hospital ~~are~~ have found
one form of diversion that
keeps me from frequent cursing.
They are herding the galloping
dynamoes every night, and
their sport goes far
into the night, on the floor
immediately above me where
I sleep, under officers
quarters.

Those skilled fingers
that manipulate the stumps
with such trained ease
are now applied somewhat
less dexterly to the task
of making sense, come
they. And the voices
that have been addressed
so ~~deeply~~ tersely to
of first assistants and
nurses now are directed
to "Litt for," "Phorb from"

the "Lind" and a guy
called "Lindy Kaye". Lind,
instead of being a witness
there is now a marked act
of pleading in the voices.

I have no moral scruples
against their gambling,
but when reading the cables
and I am still lying there
sleeplessly, listening to that
bunk - calling for "natural",
then I'm ready to fit to
be tied.

March 8, 1942

The earthquake
Nepes women
The new Monkey pot
fisherman Tony or Bryan
Milk meat

- The Conway - 15 septrons et al.
- U. of Tex - 30 U.S. planes bombing
"Maracaibo" - 100 mi. Tokyo
shower
- new ones taken by fops.
- ^{Sup} The 8 planes had bombed Bataan Field.

March 9, 1942 -

The Conway again
Batavia Station
Volley ball.

New pay scale.

Pd that pay day.

Faps outlining English in
the re-opened schools.

Miss Espinosa + the faps in
trenches - faps 24 out of 90.
2500 men.

March 10, 1942 -

Faps bombarding James
- artillery.

Poker game - Siquelli, Brock.

Nurses (Phil) seeking organization

Chubb, Carl
Egan
Thomas
The "Bible Reader"
Old Mac, the cook.
Sgt Dwyer.
The old Sgt in charge of dry.
Maye?
Gregoria, Espinosa
The little laundry boy.
Barber, and barbers.

Bogus
The bootlegging Vancouver

The legless boy - w/ps old
Armed - ammunition
The 3 weeks passing the
camp

The 10 ft. supply launch
returning to Mudda

Frozen spines
Surgery's "shacks", tents

Religious fanatic

Curiani
Book of poems - Kaye
Macmillan's life, H.W. & Owar
Francis Thompson - Toulson
Charges of the Light. Toulson
Should the more state
manious -

James W. Toulson

For whom the bees
Turtle
goats to a way the Colonel

Insects

Iguanas

Guillermo Dugan
Frank Brenneke.

Lemire

Percha

Santa Ana.

The Chap in '9 Co. - 1st Lt. - radio.

Casa Manuel Wpr.

The goats - 7 the Navy boys.

gastone

Chap with both legs gone

Wimbleley

Scnatitias

Amalia Francesca Maria Barker a

Anna d. Kayan

Abakan

FROM	TO	ACTION	DATE	IN		
C and B Br	PA Sect, Loc Cd Sub-Sect	1. 201 file and loc cds rec'd		1		
		2. CIC roster prepared		2		
		3. CIC CLEARANCE—YES—NO		3		
Omit if Cleared by CIC	PA Sect, Loc Cd Sub-Sect I and R Br, Invest Sect	4. Investigation		4		
		5. Record receipt of 201 file from I and R Br		5		
		6. TO INS SECT? — YES — NO		6		
Omit if Ins Sect Check Not Nec	PA Sect, Loc Cd Sub-Sect Ins Sect	7. Entry of insurance info		7		
		8. Record receipt of 201 file from Ins Sect		8		
		9. For adj of case POSITIVE—NEGATIVE—		9		
<u>POSITIVE</u>						
Omit if Orders Not Nec	PA Sect, Loc Cd Sub-Sect PA Sect, Loc Cd Sub-Sect I and R Br, S R & D PA Director PA Sect, Loc Cd Sub-Sect PA Sect, Orders Sub-Sect PA Sect, Loc Cd Sub-Sect PA Sect, Loc Cd Sub-Sect I and R Br, PA 201 Files	10. Record completion of adj		10		
		11. Death determination		11		
		12. Approval and signature		12		
		13. Record receipt of 201 file from Director		13		
		14. Issuance of orders necessary —YES—NO		14		
		15. Issuance of orders		15		
		16. Dispatch fm ltr to C/S PA		16		
		17. Dispatch fm ltr to Fin Br		17		
		18. Suspend case a/w duplicate of form from Fin Br		18		
		19. Upon receipt of duplicate form, mark case closed		19		
		20. File 201 file		20		
		<u>NEGATIVE</u>				
				21. Record completion of adj		21
				22. Letter of notification to claimant		22
		23. File 201 Files		23		

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