

P.O.W/C.I. - H.K. Johnson - Book 1

Folder 1

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TITLE DIARY -----

ORIGIN COL HAROLD K JOHNSON -----

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26 September 1945

It is my expressed desire that the material contained in diaries written while a Prisoner of War in the custody of the Japanese at Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija, P.I. not be made a matter of permanent record and that, in the event such a record is made in the interests of the government, that any material contained therein not be published under any circumstances. Personal opinions, with no substantiating evidence, damaging to the reputation of persons still in the military service are expressed.

These diaries are contained in two small "Lecture Note Books" titled Personal, Lt. Col. Harold K. Johnson, Cabanatuan Prisoner of War Camp.

Harold K. Johnson
HAROLD K. JOHNSON
COL. INFANTRY.

IF FOUND PLEASE

RETURN TO LT. COL. HAROLD

K. JOHNSON, O-19187, INFANTRY,

ARMY OF THE U.S. IN THE

EVENT OF MY DEATH PLEASE

FORWARD TO MRS. HAROLD

K. JOHNSON, GRAFTON, NORTH

DAKOTA.

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OCTOBER 1, 1942.

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Dearest Dorothy,

I start something
today I should have started
six months ago. First the
idea didn't occur, second, the
wherewithal to write has not
always been available. I
hope during the course of the
next few weeks to bring the
whole ever up to date as far as
I can remember. It is my fervent
prayer that I shall be with
you when you read this or,
at the very least, that I can
mail it myself and follow
within a reasonable length
of time. If neither is possible
and this does find its way ^{9/21} _{10/1} ^{10/1} _{10/1}

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into your hands you will know that I survived six months or more of a Japanese concentration camp, no small feat despite anything you hear to the contrary.

As you remember war broke out here on the eighth of December, 1941. Col. Clarke called me at 6:45 a.m. while I was in the middle of my breakfast and told me to alert the regiment. The remainder of that breakfast remains uneaten, much to my regret. I know I left two fried eggs, turned over to a turn. The confusion that existed around our headquarters was minute compared with that which reigned in succeeding higher echelons. The

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division commander, General
Lough, who had just taken over,
called a meeting at 9:00 a.m.
and directed the execution of
orders. He had no directive
from above and was unable
to give any information other
than that Pearl Harbor had been
bombed. We cleared our regimental
area about noon and set up
a field headquarters behind the
quarters in which Zero Wilson
lived when they first came.
In the vicinity of 66. I paid
part of the bills that morning ^{Est}
and got home for perhaps fifteen ^{pg}
minutes to get what few things
I could throw together. Fortunately
I had packed my canvas bag a

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went before in anticipation of
maneuvers at O'Connell, which
did not materialize. Liscum was
largely responsible for my getting
away with as much as I did.
We spent a miserable two days
and two nights. Nichols Field was
bombed Tuesday night and we
weren't permitted more than a
few feet from our fox holes at
any time. As I look back I am
dreadfully ashamed of my conduct
during the first month of the war.
Slick was a crew member,
nothing more. I attempt to ^{get}
excuse myself by saying that
I had come to believe in him
almost implicitly. His reason
was sound because he said we

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ought to protect ourselves
 in order to be on hand when
 we were needed. We might
 just as well have cleared our
 quarters and sent our clothing
 to some barracks until we had
 an opportunity to pick it up.
 As it was we ate meals on
 the fly and accomplished
 absolutely nothing during the
 first two days. We left
 Mulsindley Wednesday in
 response to a call for
 protection against reported
 paratroops in the vicinity of
 Mt. Ararat. Sol. Glende and I
 left with the lead battalion.
 He did the only admirable
 thing that I saw him do during

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the month he stayed with us. We stopped in Manila to reassure an old Spanish couple who had been his friends for years. We arrived in San Fernando about dark and grabbed a sandwich in a Chinese restaurant. From 7:00 pm to midnight we had five change orders, finally administering in one to "get to Batavia and hide." We said just that, the Colonel and I alone. Faithful Lissa with Verola trailed behind us. You will remember Verola as the sergeant who used to bring papers to the house on occasion and come over to take dictation when I was laid up

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with my brain toe. The rest of the outfit got to the places they were supposed, how, I shall never know.

I did do some guiding myself and from 2:00 to 4:30 a.m. was in a continual argument with the Colonel. He talked of the futility of resistance at that early date and was insistent on getting to some shelter by daylight. As I had said, it was the first real appearance of his cowardice. I attributed it then merely to precaution on his part. Later developments kept us in fox holes hours a day because we could hear a plane five or ten miles

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away. We wound up that morning under a bamboo hut in a small barrio well off all beaten tracks near the old CARMEN sugar central. The Filipino women gave us a breakfast of soft boiled rice or LOBATO and eggs all mixed up with a rice and corn coffee. It was delicious. Actually the first meal we had had in twenty-four hours. We might just as well have been living like kings in the American club at the sugar central a mile away. We never did cater to ourselves and ~~got~~ ^{got} take advantage of the few things that were comfortable or helped make life a little bit more pleasant.

We stayed at DEL CARMEN until Christmas Eve when we were directed to a line through Angeles (Dini's). We stayed on that line for a week. Had turkey for Christmas, at least. Also an orange and an apple. We had a preview or pre-taste of the oranges early Christmas morning. The day before we had had attacked to us a unit that had been insulated for just a week. They had no supplies and no transportation so you can imagine what that meant. Soldiers facing an enemy within two days or so, so we were led to believe, without bullets to shoot and with nothing to eat. We got supplies to them during the night and

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after spending most of the night riding around the country the Colonel and I wound up in GUAGUA about 3:00 a.m. Ice cold oranges just out of cold storage were waiting and they were really delicious. We lived in another filthy hole for a week before moving back to Bateau proper to the Abucay position on December 30th. Abucay was a nightmare.

OCTOBER 22.

Three weeks procrastination. That is just about normal with me. It won't be remedied today either. I seem to have too much to do each day, with nothing accomplished each night. I fool around with so called commissaries

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which is virtually a post exchange. I think it is as interesting a job as there is in camp. It is also subject to the most criticism so the two factors are compensating. I hope eventually to get down to recording some of the many rumors that fill the camp. We get no authentic news of any sort. Short wave radios are prohibited among the civilian population on pain of death. We see an occasional newspaper but it contains only Japanese propaganda and very little of that.

Max J. De

DECEMBER 15.

But one more two months later. With an hour available perhaps I can do some catching up.

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Since last I wrote, we have been paid, much to our surprise and, of course, pleasure. We have also heard, not officially, that families of prisoners of war were notified about August 1st. I certainly hope so. We can expect no word from you through these barbarians but to know that some of us are left should ease your mind a little bit. Some 300 letters come into camp, but that is relatively few. We all feel that just about everyone should have received one.

To get back to Abuweiy. This war has been fought and refought ten million times and that is probably just a starter. I overheard a

Conversation condemning certain actions at Abucoy just last night. A case of Monday morning quarterback second guessing. They were probably right, but knowing the circumstances I hardly think so. The onus of the whole thing is laid at Sol. Clark's door and rightly so, but I feel fully responsible because the decisions and plans of action were largely mine due to his state of mind. Sol. Lilly at that time was a fifth wheel and worse than useless. Roy Reynolds commanding the 1st Bn. did a swell job of preparing his position. Sol. Fry with the 3d Bn. did not. We did so hesitatingly because we weren't permitted to use.

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vehicles in the daytime.

Just a further example of the coward. We did get out some at night but you can't see a whole lot in the dark. Very little real work was done on the extreme left of our line. As a result of failing to clear proper fields of fire we really suffered later. One of our battalions, the 2d, was taken away for a week and assigned to a provisional combat team to cover KAYAC JUNCTIONS. They were returned on the 6th or so and established an OPHIR - north of KALAGUIMAN.

We made our initial contact with the Japanese on the 9th when an intelligence patrol under Sgt. Maguiraga observed a Jp force

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about one Km. south of Fermosa.

The next day contact was again established ~~west~~ of Orani. No

actual combat until the night of the 11th and morning of the 12th

when a strong reconnaissance in force hit the left flank line. The

line was restored without difficulty by daylight that morning. We

were badly smacked the next night, although a tremendously

heavy supporting fire by our artillery delayed their attack until

almost daybreak. Our casualties were quite heavy, and the 3rd Bn.

was completely disorganized. We

saw a lot of crying "woef" without being hurt during earlier stages and the situation at this time was

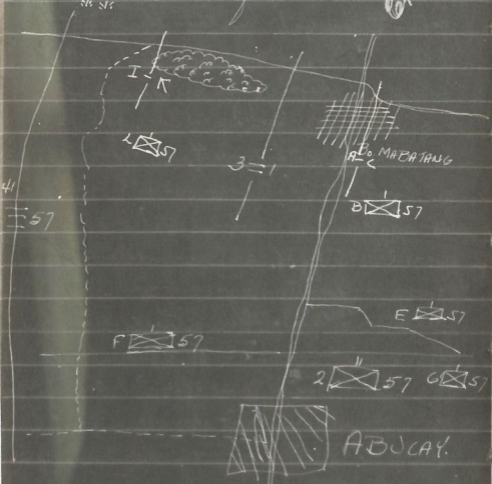
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not given the consideration that it
should have had. Our position
was somewhat as follows:

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I Sompoung was smashed pretty badly that morning. I lost all sense of direction in the dark and finally wound up intermingled with K Co.

We counter-attacked using only one company, E, and it failed to restore the line. One company was used for two reasons. First, the Bw. Comdr., 3d Bw. thought that he could restore the line with that size force. In the second place, there were no reserves behind us to cover, in case the counter-attack failed. While the position of reserves was no concern of ours, and the fault could not be laid at our door, the fact that the Japs broke through ^{to} was of immediate concern. Hence the decision to use only one company. Late the afternoon of the 13th we had two

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Bns of the 2nd Div (PA) assigned
 to us. We planned to use one Bn
 to relieve K Co. and the other
 to replace F Co. on the Regimental
 Reserve Line. Through faulty
 instructions, apparently mine,
 both Bns wound up on the RRL. K Co
 was withdrawn about 9:00 p.m. by
 order of the Bn C.O. and that left us wide
 open. The left flank of the 1st Bn was
 refused, using G Co. and the right
 flank of the 4th Div. I & C Cos covered
 the base of the breakthroughs we
 counter-attacked the morning of
 the 14th with Phil Major's Bn. 4000
 and used Bob Pennell's Bn in the
 afternoon to restore the remainder
 of the line. The whole thing see-sawed
 for several days. On the 14th Bob Pennell

said he couldn't hold overnight.

We directed his relief by our 2d Bn. but they couldn't get into position in the time available. They did serve to hold the P.A. troops in the line and bolstered their morale to a certain extent. At the time Bob Pennell was asking for help Sol. Funk assumed command and was given the 22d Inf (PA) at about dark. We used them the morning of the 15th or 16th, I can't remember which, when we found the position your 2d Bn.

It is utterly impossible to describe the relief I felt when Sol. Funk appeared on the scene. The whole load had been mine and I guess I have only myself to thank for it.

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Sol. Clarke would listen only to me and in the last couple of days was incapable of knowing or caring about what transpired. Sol. Lilly had been utterly ignored and it is hard to describe his attitude. I knew that I had treated him shabbily. However, he declined to make any decisions and offered no constructive suggestions. Roy Reynolds was on the line and couldn't be contacted. Sol. Dry was out of the picture. Sol. Broken was the only one left that could have helped and he seemed to be completely defeated. Something had to be done, yet he didn't want to have his Bu. used. It was either use it or give up. Further he wouldn't offer

any kind of alternate plan.
At just that time Col. Drenk
stepped in. I gave him the
situation, got his decision and
went to bed. I spent all that
night working on an order for
the attack the next day and it
went out. Drenk then on patrol Col.
Tracy assumed command things
moved smoothly. I didn't think so
at the time. We had snipers behind
our lines that made lateral
communication almost impossible
and they were a constant source of
irritation at the time, I thought
nothing could be worse. Time
and some more action a couple
of weeks later certainly tempered
my own recollections of the time.

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Our immediate area was
bombed and shelled daily.

I sit in a huddle in the
baptistry of the already church
trying to force a gain and give
the outward appearance of being
unfraid all seem a little bit
ridiculous now. With a couple
of direct hits on the church and
some near misses, it wasn't so
funny then. My own faithful
four were always at my beck and
call. Ursula could sit and take
dictation with a shell pausing
down. He was as cool and calm as
anyone I ever saw, and I think
as loyal. I often wonder how he
viewed some of the activities. He
kept Harvers and always well in hand.

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Lisaca devoted himself almost exclusively to me, although he occasionally ran an errand for Johnny Olson. He gave me my baths all during the war until we got to showers at Signal Hill. Hept my clothes clean too, and very consciently looked after my personal possessions. I hope I can reward him some day in some suitable way. He was a treasure, believe you me.

Long enough for digressions except a couple. I ist was our two week a day problem. We were able to hief detious early in January and it wasn't pleasant. Had breakfast between 3:30 and 5:00 a.m. without any kind of lights and supper about

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nine at night. The period from 4 to supper was a dinner long over. Then we started on native pork and cabbage and that was not too appetizing. However, they tasted good then and have long since become a delicacy.

Sgt. Frye took over from Sgt. Smith about the 22nd of January. As far as I personally am concerned he was a total loss. He did have one good attribute in that he was a great quoter and was well liked by the officers of his Co. However, in my estimation he was a "tucker" instead of a "doer". We moved back from Chucuy to a covering position west of Balanga the night of January 26th - 27th.

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From Belanga our position was to be on the left flank of the 1st Corps along the Pentagon River, a critical area, as it developed in April. There was no road in to the position from the rear and it was expected the supplies would have to be pulled in on mules until a road could be constructed. Sgt Fessell and his crew worked like blazes for 36 hours using four half ton trucks to get in a five day supply of ammunition and food. Then they got their first vehicle through, Sgt never knew. It was a tough, tough trail. In addition low flying bombers took picks and the the big dump all day. Fortunately their merchandise was atrocious, or

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we'd never have gotten through.
I spent almost the entire day
in the vicinity so I Reason for
myself. Shortly after dark that
night I started to find Sol. Fry
and found him rambling down the
back road in a Ben Lurie. He
sent me back to the hill for some
personal baggage but mentioned
nothing about a change of orders.
I found that out elsewhere and went
back to find Sgt. He was pretty
discouraged but started people after
transportation, took out some of
the rations, picked up part of the
marching troops and we finally
arrived in a bivouac area along
the East Road about four a.m. I
got my sleep in the front end

go a "jeep" which is not a
compartment by a long shot.

Johnny Olson and I went down
to Lindsey in the afternoon to
take a bath and found working
orders to the west side of Belcan
when I got back. Frank Gunders
and I started at 3:30 to make
a reconnaissance for bivouac areas.
I sent him back from HFD
and told him I'd meet him there
when the column came up
and show them in. I never
did find a suitable place
to go. We got around all all right
and the troops got over a
sort but daylight found about
four miles of transportation
gimmes bumper to bumper

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on the Mariveles sit-off.
I used some bus drivers
to dig a way off the road and finally
got the bus route and open fields
by 8:00 a.m. or so. I then went on
up to 11th St. I advanced C and
reported in up there. All of our moves
were just about as hasty, with
no advance information and little
opportunity for reconnaissance.
Why we didn't use some
foresight is beyond me.

I wish that I could record my
own feelings and reactions during
the period from the 21st to the 27th of
January. I was superseded as
S-3 by Col. Broken when Col.
Frye assumed command. At the time
I was offered the 3d Bul. but declined.

I was about all in mentally and physically after our first prolonged period under fire. Why we weren't cleaned up during our abrupt withdrawal I'll never know. I think my own despair was as deep as it was at the end. When we started around to the west side life looked a whole lot brighter. I was terribly sick for a couple of days. Spent most of the time on my cot except when I had to be up and around. The night of the 30th a new page in my own life started.

First, on the afternoon of the 27th we sent our 2d Bn to relieve a conglomeration of units under the Navy who were attempting to drive out

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a Japanese unit that had landed on Honyokoyasu point. All of the enemy's elements employed prior to our arrival were unfamiliar with ground tactics and were having a hard time. Sgt. Greenberg cleaned up the landing in about three days.

The night of the 30th West sub-sector, later called South sub-sector under I Corps called for a junior lieutenant colonel or a senior major to coordinate the activities of all troops opposing a Japanese landing from Agulosa point north. I volunteered for the detail with nothing else specific to do. During the period between the 27th and the 30th Sgt. Broken and I had made every effort to have Sgt. Frye relieved and finally

succeeded. When I reported to Gen Pierce at 7:30 p. m. I found about as complete a lack of knowledge of conditions on the coast along which the Japanese had landed as could be imagined. A small detachment of six sergeants had been sent in when the Constabulary (Philippine) had fled. One Company "A" was protecting the west road against snipers. A battalion of the 11th Division was involved in the north of the affected area. Two Constabulary battalions and a battalion of the 45th were also involved. From aerial photographs that had been captured it appeared that a Japanese force of 2500 or 3000 men had been landed at several points on the west

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Coast of Bataan with the mission of cutting off the T. Corps to the north from the base of supplies in the vicinity of Mariveles. I could find nothing of the situation as pertained to the enemy except in the case of the 2d Bn. 45th Infantry. There, they (45th) had made an attack that afternoon to retake the beach but in someone's eagerness to help had been pretty badly shot up by our own artillery. I was offered every assistance but most of it was useless although well-meaning. I spent all that night and most of the next day making a reconnaissance of the area. When I returned to my own base in the morning I found that the 57th had moved up during the night to be in reserve. That was

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a decided comfort believe you me.
I attempted to find out what faced
us in our immediate front, but
was only partially successful. We
had about 3500 to 4000 yards
open beach at the time. The Bw.
the 45th under Lt. Bickenstein
advanced to the beach without
opposition on their front and we
reoccupied about half of the doubtful
area. The Soviet artillery advanced
some 400 yards without opposition
in about 5 hours so any help
from them was out of the question.
Fred Yeager, with a Company ~~of~~
about four miles of jungle ~~to~~
get through to secure the
information I had instructed him
to get so it was too early to report

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results from him. I recommended to Gen. Peavey that the 57th be moved in and take over the operation if he expected to restore the beach. No other troops would make the necessary attacks. As it turned out, his decision was wise. They took over the next morning and spent the entire day in reconnaissance. I reverted to my old job as S-3 and in Feb. Bob's became dysentery and the show for the next two weeks. It was particularly enjoyable in that we had the only even break we had during our short stay. We enjoyed artillery superiority and the Japanese air did not bother us a great deal. We were subjected to one

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or two bombings a day
but compared to our previous
experiences, it was merely
blessing.

Our initial plans called for
the 3d Bn to strike along the
Angasen river basin, the 1st Bn. to
move through the jungle against
Angasen Point, the 2d Bn., 45^a day
to extend the right flank of our 3d Bn
to include the Silicim River.

The 17^a Pursuit Squadron (135 men)
to secure new trails, the Bn of the
12^a day to hold the beach from
the mouth of the Silicim River to
Sauss Point. One Bn. of the Scoutbattalion
was attached to the 1st Bn. Our 3d Bn
constituted the reserve. They had
just rejoined after clearing out a

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force of at least 400 Japanese who
had landed on Longskewagon Point
almost within rifle range of our
vital rear installations. A couple
of companies out of "E" had
suffered heavily at Abucay and
later at Longskewagon. We had a
two ^{gun} battery battalion of field
artillery commanded by Budge
Howard attached. All of these troops
had been mine initially except
the 57th. We also had elements of
the 194th Tnd Bn attached
depending on the number of units
that were mobile at the moment.
They had suffered considerably in the
runaway from the north and south
after the initial Japanese landings.
The equipment had deteriorated also

and there were no replacement parts in the Islands. They performed yeoman service with us, however, despite a storm of criticism over their prior actions. Their high command was loathe to have them used except under conditions suitable to tanks.

Unfortunately we were not able to pick and choose in this instance so tanks were employed where they should never have been. We made a common error in our initial use of them by not following them closely enough with foot troops. The practice was remedied by placing men immediately behind a tank protected from snipers by the

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new overhang of the tank. Nips usually lay low in fox holes until the tank hesitated by them resume firing. A tank gunner could often see one but was helpless due to his relatively fixed gun and armor piercing ammunition.

By placing men immediately behind the tank they could usually account for any enemy playing 'possum. We lost one tank with its crew the first day of the action.

The tank was later recovered, but the crew had been burned to a crisp and the tank filled with earth.

One other tank was disabled but the damage was later repaired. The ~~1st~~ ^{2nd} ~~3d~~ ^{4th} ~~5th~~ ^{6th} ~~7th~~ ^{8th} ~~9th~~ ^{10th} ~~11th~~ ^{12th} ~~13th~~ ^{14th} ~~15th~~ ^{16th} ~~17th~~ ^{18th} ~~19th~~ ^{20th} ~~21st~~ ^{22nd} ~~23rd~~ ^{24th} ~~25th~~ ^{26th} ~~27th~~ ^{28th} ~~29th~~ ^{30th} ~~31st~~ ^{32nd} ~~33rd~~ ^{34th} ~~35th~~ ^{36th} ~~37th~~ ^{38th} ~~39th~~ ^{40th} ~~41st~~ ^{42nd} ~~43rd~~ ^{44th} ~~45th~~ ^{46th} ~~47th~~ ^{48th} ~~49th~~ ^{50th} ~~51st~~ ^{52nd} ~~53rd~~ ^{54th} ~~55th~~ ^{56th} ~~57th~~ ^{58th} ~~59th~~ ^{60th} ~~61st~~ ^{62nd} ~~63rd~~ ^{64th} ~~65th~~ ^{66th} ~~67th~~ ^{68th} ~~69th~~ ^{70th} ~~71st~~ ^{72nd} ~~73rd~~ ^{74th} ~~75th~~ ^{76th} ~~77th~~ ^{78th} ~~79th~~ ^{80th} ~~81st~~ ^{82nd} ~~83rd~~ ^{84th} ~~85th~~ ^{86th} ~~87th~~ ^{88th} ~~89th~~ ^{90th} ~~91st~~ ^{92nd} ~~93rd~~ ^{94th} ~~95th~~ ^{96th} ~~97th~~ ^{98th} ~~99th~~ ^{100th}

3d Bn hammered away at the Japs for five days before they were

replaced by the 2d Bn. Advance
was very slow, usually only 75
to 100 yards a day against extremely
stubborn resistance. Machine guns
and mortars were useless in the
dense jungle and artillery was
not as effective as we might have
wished. The original plan had been
to secure the mouth of the Anzuan
River, isolate Anzuan Point, which
I thought was their strong point
and reduce it by fire from three
sides. I was wrong as usual
in my premise. Anzuan Point
proved to be their base, but they
chose to defend it by sending
their force to meet ours coming
down the Anzuan River. The
1st Bn after five days of floundering

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around in the jungle finally
established contact, part of them were
routed when contact was made, but
they rallied and secured the Japanese
heavy supplies after a two day fight.
Our 2d Bu after relieving the 3d Bu
drove to the mouth of the Cuyssen River
in four more days, still leaving
resistance to their left in Salim
Point. Most of this resistance faced the
2d Bu 45th. They had a gap in their
line which had never been reported.
The morning of the 12th about 200
Nips poured through in a last ditch
effort to escape. They advanced
far as the Forward Post where
they held up. Our 3d Bu, now in
reserve, was dispatched and by
late afternoon had accounted for

most of the Japanese. That day
was one of the most hectic in the
whole battle.

Lt. Col. Ross Smith, commanding
the 2d Bn, 45th Infantry, called at
7:00 a.m. to say that his CP was
under fire and to request immediate
assistance. I sent one company of
the 3d Bn. and told Pete Wood
to send an officer from his Hq
with them to keep in touch with
the situation and to be prepared

to follow up with additional
troops if that became necessary.
We dispatched the remainder of the
Bn. about nine o'clock
committing one additional rifle
company. At the same time we
had lost communication with the

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Air Corps under Sgt Sloan and the companies of the 45th were out of communication. I had a company of constabulary in reserve which I sent down from the north, after moving them around by truck. At the time, the situation appeared to be critical and it would have been if there had been more troops involved. I think the maximum left was about 200 of which we killed 150 or 156 as I recall. Reconstructing the Japanese action it would appear that their action followed something like this. A landing was made about January 30th with the mission of cutting the West Road and isolating the T. Corps. They spent too much time consolidating a shallow

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43

beak head, and did not push
their initial advantage giving
us the opportunity to move in
reserves. After a week of attempting
to drive ahead a higher
headquarters ordered their withdrawal
allegedly, although I did not see
the letter or copy, the Japanese
commander declined. Their orders
came in shorthand Japanese
and apparently intended for the
front line soldier were dropped
in bamboo tubes, directing the
troops to withdraw on the 10th
and 11th under cover of darkness
using rafts or swimming, come
ashore at Moron, and assemble.
On the 7th or thereabouts an attempt
was made to coordinate a combined

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by berge, which failed. This may even have been an attempt to evacuate the whole force. Some quarters held that it was an effort to reinforce, but I personally saw in disagreement with the evidence points to the contrary. A small force apparently decided to fight it out, slid to their left in an attempt to find a weak spot, found the gap in the 45th lines and come through. Again they didn't press their advantage or they would have succeeded. About 50 or 60 did break through and showed up later in Kitchen crew attempting to find food. The remainder were slaughtered and it was just that. I call fight brown

your "L" company calling me
at 3:30 to request tanks. The
area was not accessible and he
was so informed. He felt at that
time that his men were in
desperate straits and would not
be able to drive the Japs back.
An hour later it was all over,
so rapidly did the attack take
place. Only one scout was killed,
a corporal whose body was found
surrounded by 16 dead
Japanese. I went down through
the area the next day. It was
a regular slaughter house. Dead
Japanese filled every foxhole. ¹
On the shore floated bodies, ^{see p. 98}
the men who attempted to escape
by swimming had floated in. It was

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the one action in which we were completely successful. It had its ups and downs too. Our casualties were not heavy but Sgt. Spindler was fatally wounded after doing a magnificent job with very inexperienced material. We were relieved by Constabulary troops on the 13th or 14th and assigned a bivouac area on Signal Hill in Army Reserve. We had built up quite a reputation and it was not unpleasant in the least to claim assignment to the 57th. The scouts traded their regimental insignia for cigarettes and generally strutted about. "Pride cometh before a fall" was proven once again. We spent several weeks and one

day on Signal Hill. The period was fairly enjoyable. It was cool, we had showers a mile up the hill, and fairly comfortable beds. We were short on rations but did not undergo the hardships suffered by so many units.

We were undernourished as I found to my sorrow during the last days and on the subsequent march.

However, Sgt. Lilly managed to chisel a few extras from the quartermaster and we got along.

On the 4th of April our 2d Bn. was moved to the east side in II Corps Reserve. We followed the next day. I assumed command of the 3d Bn. on the 6th. My intention was a terrific bombing the night of

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the 6th. We moved up as separate
Bn during the night of the 6th and
7th to plug the gap left by the
4th division when they pulled out.

It would be hard to describe my
emotions during the next three days.

No one knew where the Japanese
were. We moved out into a veritable
No Man's Land. I was scared to death
but led the way in. When daylight
broke I made troop dispositions
and sent a strong patrol out
to my left to contact Japanese.

We were subjected to two attacks
by five bombers, which killed
Pete Wood. The order for the
withdrawal came from Col.

Brady of the 3rd. We also were given
information that I had I was

under Japanese control. That was our only means of exit except across country. I gave each company commander an azimuth on which to march and an assembly point and then moved out with what was left of our Bn. Sq. I think I would change my actions under similar circumstances although what I did conformed to what our schools teach. As it turned out I never did see my Bn. again. We were to have taken up a defensive position on Trail #6 on the left of the ~~4th~~ 31st Infantry (U.S.) when I reached the assigned position, the 31st had long since gone. I stayed

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until about 5:00 p.m. when
fire south of me on Trail 2
and to my immediate north decided
me to move on. I made my
way to the old regimental C.P. where
I reached about 6:30 p.m. On the
way we were under fire several
times as we crossed long low hills,
but it didn't seem to bother us
much. We had to lay low just
before we reached the C.P. when that
area was subjected to another
air attack. We found Johnny Olson
and Jay Shields there with no
information as to the whereabouts
of Sgt. Lilly and the rest of the staff. ^{of}
We assembled ~~the~~ communication
platoon with my few men and
took off across country again. I

was dog tired. I had had
part of one nights sleep in
three nights, this was the fourth,
no food for about 30 hours and
I had been hiking across a
mountainous jungle for about
six hours. We kept moving
however, and finally contacted
Gen. Bluehal at about 10 p.m.
We commended what force there
was, which was negligible,
consisting of part of the 26th
Savalvy, 2 Bns of the 57th,
remnants of the 3rd Lt. D. S. and
scattered P. A. individuals. His
was a hopeless position. We kept
getting orders from Ft. Fors about
positions to take up, but no guides
were furnished and that Ag.

Ag. X
10/24

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continued to play a major part
to the latter end.

I eventually found the 2 Bus.
1st 57th about midnight and
stayed with them until 4:00 a.m.
when I saw Ruby Grimes go past
with our other trucks. I hid
myself into one of them, joined Sgt
Fendall with the supplies and
slept most of the day. That night
Sgt and I tried to find our way
back up with rations. The scenes
on the road were almost indescribable.
Traffic was there almost almost
all along the road. Filipinos and
American troops were streaming to
the rear. Confusion reigned supreme.
The position of units was un-
known. We made our way up about six

Kilometers, but just couldn't get any farther. We went back to the Service Company Train area and ordered some vehicles to Signal Hill. We destroyed those that were of no further use and made one more attempt to go forward. We barely got started that time, however, before we had to stop while the Ordnance Depot was blown up. That took until nearly morning. We were told by rumor mostly that the surrender of Bataan was effective at daylight the 9th. I think Sitt and I went through a period of emotional stress that I hope it shall never be my misfortune to experience again.

(54)

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There was no possibility of rejoining the regiment because we had tried to reach their general vicinity with no luck. We thought of going to Parregidor, but gave that up because we didn't want to run away. We seriously considered hiding out and eventually making our way north, but finally decided to make for Signal Hill where our rear echelon was located and wait for whatever turned up. We did that arriving there about five in the morning. I have relived those last five days innumerable times during the last fourteen months and have wondered what the proper course of action would have been. Were my actions

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55

courageously in any sense of the word? Only I can answer and I still don't know. Until the time we were ordered to withdraw from the San Vicente I knew they weren't. When we did withdraw I felt that I had done the proper thing but developments showed that I had disintegrated a badly needed battalion. I don't think I could have gotten them back to a delaying position any other way, however. They had had no food for 24 hours. They had to transport heavy weapons and ammunition across very difficult terrain although I believe I would try that in an effort to hold a semblance of the force together.

10-11-72

(56)

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When I left with Slut the following morning I had only one thought and that was to eat and rest. I had about reached the limit of my endurance. I was trying putting this down on paper this way, but it is a good way to make a cold analysis. Under the circumstances I think I would do the same thing again. To fall asleep every time you sit down and be so physically exhausted that to move requires almost a supreme effort are conditions that you can't control and dictate a course of action that might offer relief. I could have offered my services to Gen. Blumenthal. I did report to him a couple of times but he had too much else to think of.

2xT - 104

Had I succeeded in locating
Sol. Lilly I might have been of
some service, but I didn't
and decided to wait for 12 hours.
Somehow or other I have lived
with myself and I haven't
suffered any pangs of remorse.

I believe that I did the best
I could as conditions arose,
and will have to be content with
that. It was interesting, all
the way through, but I hope
it is never any misfortune
to be caught in another trap
like it. Life is just too
short.

Ext. - 1-19

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(59)

COL. EDMUND J. LILLY, JR. (Ma)
820 HAY, FAYETTEVILLE, N.C.

LT. COL. FRANK E. BROKAW (Ma)
844 SUTTER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
DIED - DYSENTERY - MAY 1942 - DASH

LT. COL. HAROLD K. JOHNSON (M)
GRAFTON, N. DAK.

MAJ. GEORGE F. FISHER (M)
READING, PA.

MIA BALANGA (ABULAY) 15 JAN 1942.

MAJ. ELBRIDGE R. FENDALL (S)
MRS. CHAR FENDALL (MOTHER)
1214 KINCAID STREET
EUGENE, ORE.

Excluded
88

60

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CAPTAIN FRANKLIN O. ANDERS (S)

MAJ. FRANK LAF. ANDERS (FATHER)

1205 - 6TH ST. So., FARGO, N. DAK.

CAPT. JOHN E. OLSON (S)

40 MRS. H. O. OLSON (MOTHER)

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

MAJ. EDWARD R. WERNITZNIK (M)

2009 WEST VLIET ST.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

6/1/89

CAPT. GARNET P. FRANCIS (M)

MRS. G. P. FRANCIS (MOTHER)

2024 THIRD AVENUE NORTH

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

CAPT. C. M. SANDERS (M)

MRS. C. M. SANDERS (MOTHER)

KENNETT, ARK.

ALICE (W) P.O. BOX 3288, MANILA, P.I.

CHAPLAIN (CAPT) THOMAS J. SCECINA

128 WEST GEORGIA ST.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

MRS. ANNA SCECINA (MOTHER)

LINTON, IND.

MAJ. ROYAL REYNOLDS, JR. (M)

AGC.

MAJ. WILLIAM J. PRIESTLY (S)

MRS B. CODY

6026 32nd So.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

67

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CAPT. JOHN M. GALBRAITH
MR. J. M. GALBRAITH (FATHER)
HIGH SPRINGS, FLORIDA

CAPTAIN DONALD W. ROBINSON (S)
DR. J. W. ROBINSON (FATHER)
GARRISON, N. DAK.

1ST LT. CARROLL R. HINES (S)
MRS DORA HINES (MOTHER)
Box 866, ROUTE #4, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

2d LT. HARRY H. MITTENTHAL (M)
MRS. S. BROCKMAN (SISTER)
1089 CAMPBELL AVE, CHICAGO, ILL.

1st Lt. ALEX F. KELLY, M.C. (S)
MILLEAGE ROAD, AUGUSTA, GA.

CAPT. HOWARD S. McCURDY D.C. (M)
TACOMA, WASHINGTON
KIA (BOMB) ABUCAY 20 JAN, 1942.

CAPT. FREDERICK J. YEAGER (M)
MRS. JUNE H. YEAGER (W)
c/o COL. HARTNEY, 1630-30TH STR.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

1ST LT. ALEXANDER NINNINGER (S)
FLORIDA THEATRE
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA
KIA ABUCAY 12 JANUARY 1942.

CAPT. EUGENE H. ANTHONY
c/o PAUL C. ANTHONY (FATHER)
SPARTANBURG, S.C. TRFD # 2

NOT X'ed

(64)

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1ST LT. IRA B. CHEANEY (M)

KIA QUINAVAN POINT 31 JAN 1942

CAPT. LOYD E. MILLS (S)

MRS. L. E. MILLS (MOTHER)

701 ECLID, LAWTON, OKLA.

1ST LT. VICTOR F. CROWELL (M)

KILLED PD HQ

CAPT. ARTHUR W. WERMUTH (M)

10/1/00

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(65)

MAJ. PAUL D. WOOD (M)

KIA ^(BOMB) 7 APRIL 1942 - Sgt TR. 28 SAN
VILENTER AT 31st Div (PA) C.P.

CAPT. MARIE G HERBST
431 SOUTH MCKINLEY
CANTON, OHIO

1ST LT. JOHN E. COMPTON

KIA 12 JAN 1942 ABUCAY

1ST LT. OTIS E. SAALMAN (M)
MRS. AGNES LAURENT SAALMAN
914 "G" ST., LAWTON, OKLA.

ent/8

66

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CAPT. CARL V. SCHERMEI Horn (S)

MRS. E.M. SCHERMERHORN (MOTHER)

RIDGEFARM, ILL.

DIED: BERI-BERI - (M)

1ST LT. HEIKMAN F. GERTH

1ST LT. ARTHUR W. GREEN

KIA 12 JAN 1942 ABUCAY

1ST LT. DAVID W. MAYNARD

KIA 10 JAN 1942 ABUCAY

next page

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(07)

CAPT. CHARLES W. HAAS (S)
MRS. EMMA W. HAAS (MOTHER)
214 W. SLINGLOFF AVE.

DOVER, OHIO

DIED 6 SEPT 1942 CABANATUAN

20 LT. W. O. BARRY
ERNEST E. BARRY (F)
ADAMS, N. Y.

DIED 10 SEPT. 1942 CABANATUAN

CAPT. ERNEST L. BROWN
MISS MARGARET BROWN (AUNT)
CASTLE HEIGHTS AVE.
LEBANON, TEXAS.

10/1/59

68

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1ST LT. HAROLD E. FORTNER
EMERLY FORTNER (FATHER)
2106 DUNCAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.
DIED 12 MAY 1942 O'DONNELL

1ST LT. ALBERT O. RAMSAY

1ST LT. KENNETH L. WILSON
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
KIA 12 JAN 1942 - ABUCKAY.

CAPT. RODYARD R. GRIMES (M)
908 BLANCO ST., AUSTIN, TEXAS
DIED 16 OCT 1942 CABANATUAN.

Handwritten initials or signature

(29)

DECLASSIFIED
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1ST LT. ROBERT L. FLEETWOOD

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

DIED 22 MAY 1942 O'DONNELL.

CAPT. HOMER J. COLMAN

MRS NELLIE COLMAN (MOTHER)

1144 E. 8TH ST. SO.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1ST LT. JAMES SHANDS

MRS. R. B. SHANDS (MOTHER)

ROUTE #3, SPARTANBURG, S.C.

CAPT. THEODORE J. NEUWIRTH (S)

1652 35TH AVE

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

10/1/51

(70)

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CAPT. CHARLES H. LANGDON, JR. (5)
1419 EAST MARKET, YORK, PA.

1ST. LT. CLARENCE J. KUNCL (5)
1628 SOUTH ST. LOUIS AVE
CHICAGO, ILL.

2) WM TRAUTMAN
RICHLAND, PENNA.

DALE HENRY RECOMMENDED FOR
COMMISSION
LESAGE, WEST VIRGINIA

1ST. LT. WILLIAM F. CAIN
3631 MONROE ST., COLUMBIA, S.C.

1ST. LT. HECTOR J. POLLA
1848 ONEIDA, LEXINGTON, MISSOURI

H
H
H

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(71)

1ST. LT. JOHN LAMY (MC) (M)
SEDALIA, MISSOURI

CAPT. HAROLD M. TIMMERMAN (MC)
922 SOUTH JEFFERSON AVE.
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

LT. WILLIAM R. PAIKES
601 THORN ST., MARION, ILL.

CAPT. E. L. HORTON, JR.
623 W. COLUMBIA
FARMINGTON, MISSOURI

LT. COL. HAL C. GRANBERGER
c/o PENSACOLA CREOSOTING CO.
PENSACOLA, FLA.

10/1/09

(72)

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MAJ. ROBERT D. SHOLES.
MRS. SADIE SWANK (m)
2955 20TH AVE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

CAPT. ADOLPH E. MEIER

KIA 12 JAN 1942 ABUCAY

CAPT EDWARD R. NELL
4916 LINDALE, DETROIT, MICH

CAPT. JOHN W. SPAINHOWER
3978 4TH ST., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

1ST LT. CARLOS W. ROCK
COON RAPIDS, IOWA

1
10/28

73
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CAPT. DONALD T. CHILDERS
BARKLE COURT APTS.,
EUGENE, ORE.

1ST LT. JAMES C. BROOKAW
1517 SHATTUCK AVE., BERKLEY, CALIF.

CAPT. WILLIAM C. ANDERSON
WYNESVILLE, MISSOURI

CAPT. THOMAS F. CHILCOTE
3733 N.E. 15TH AVE., PORTLAND, ORE.

1ST LT. HARRY J. STEMPIN
2024 SOUTH 20TH ST.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

1ST LT. PAUL SHURE
292 E. 95TH ST., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

94
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CAPT LOUIS N. DOSH
147 HIGH ST., ROCKLAND, MASS.

MAJ. M. P. WAIKIN, JR.
MIDLOTHIAN, TEXAS

CAPT. FRANCIS H. SCARBOROUGH
ROUTE #3, BISHOPVILLE, S.C.

LT. COL. OUID O. WILSON
233 HOWARD ST.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

CAPT. M. GRIFFITH BERG

6-21-88

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78

MAJ. K. F. SAUER
324 SOUTH TERRACE AVE.
WICHITA, KANSAS.

CAPT. JOSEPH B. SALLEE
BARTLE COURT APTS.
EUGENE, ORE.

MAJ. HUESTON R. WYNICOOP

1ST LT. ORMAN W CASEY
102 N. MOFFETT, JOPLIN, MO.

MAJ. HELMER J. DUISTERHOFF

KG + J' 03

DIED

O'DONNELL

(76)

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MAJ. ALEX S. TAPLAN

MIA JAN 1942 ABUCAY

CAPT. MILTON J. SHELDON
FAIRFIELD, CALIF.

CAPT. EDGAR H. DALE
121 CANNON ST.
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

CAPT. ROBERT PENNELL
34 ATLANTIC ST., LYNN, MASS

MAJ. ROBERT BESSON
56 ADAMS ST, MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.

10-1-02

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71

CAPT. WILLIAM C. PORTER.

21 LT. CLAUDE N. KLINE

37 ARCH ST.

CUMBERLAND, M.D.

LT. COL. RICHARD I JONES.

JOHN C. GOLDTRAP

CAPT. J.C. ELLIS

1277 SOUTH BEVERLY GLEN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

10/1/89

78

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BORROWED FROM TOMAS T.
DE GURMAN AS INDICATED
BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF MY
FAILURE TO RETURN HE HAS
YOUR ADDRESS. INTEREST AT THE
RATE OF 6% SHOULD BE FIGURED
FROM THE DATE OF EACH AMOUNT.

JUNE 26, 1943 - \$100.00 - Ernest. J. Jansen
JULY 21, 1943 \$100.00 Ernest. J. Jansen
SEPTEMBER 15, 1943 - \$100.00 - Ernest. J. Jansen

6/21/43

(79)

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~ OBLIGATIONS ~

NOVEMBER COMMISSARY 1941

MCKINLEY 128²⁸

COMMISSARY DEC 1941²

PELLICER'S (MANILA SHIRT FACTORY) 16⁰⁰

POST EXCHANGE - MCKINLEY DECEMBER²

OFFICERS' MESS - MCKINLEY DECEMBER²

LT LT. J. M. GALBRAITH (LOAN) 32⁵⁰

CHECK TO JOHN G. GRAHAM \$130⁰⁰

(PERSONAL CHECK ON GRAFTON

NATIONAL BANK.)

MAJOR J. M. GAIN

FOR HIS CONTRIBUTION TO ME.²

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

GRAHAM CHECK: REPAID AS FOLLOWS:

MAY \$5 ⁰⁰	OCTOBER 10 ⁰⁰
JUNE \$12 ⁰⁰	NOVEMBER 10 ⁰⁰
JULY 5 ⁰⁰	DECEMBER 10 ⁰⁰ 1
AUGUST 10 ⁰⁰	JANUARY 20 ⁰⁰ 1
SEPTEMBER 10 ⁰⁰	JANUARY 20 ⁰⁰

(K - REPAID BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT. (11))

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NG SEN & AH HO	10 ⁰⁰
NG SEN & AH HO	5 ⁰⁰
NG SEN & AH HO	5 ⁰⁰
H.J. SAY	50 ⁰⁰

Est. 1911

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(87)

PAY ACCOUNT

LAST PAID TO INCLUDE 30 NOVEMBER 1941

BY W. A. ENOS, LT. COL., F. D., FORT
WILLIAM MCKINLEY, P. I.

DECEMBER 1941 *	359 ⁵⁰	
ALLOTMENT	201 ⁹³	
NET		157 ⁵⁷

* PROMOTED FROM CAPTAIN (TEMPORARY)
TO MAJOR (TEMPORARY) ON DEC. 24, 1941
WITH DATE OF RANK FROM DEC. 19, 1941.
TO FIELD RATION ON DEC. 8, 1941.

JANUARY 1942	430 ⁸⁰	
ALLOTMENT	274 ⁹³	
NET		155 ⁸⁷

FEBRUARY 1942	425 ⁴⁰	
ALLOTMENT	274 ⁹³	
NET		150 ⁴⁷

TO HALF RATION ON ABOUT 5 JANUARY
1942. NO FOREIGN SERVICE BONUS
INCLUDED IN ABOVE ACCOUNT \$ 463⁹¹

(82)

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463⁹¹

ACCRUED FOREIGN SERVICE PAY 64⁶⁶

(DEC 7, 1941 TO FEB 28, 1942 incl.)

MARCH 1942 455⁸⁰

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³

NET 128⁸³

APRIL 1942 507⁷⁰

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³

NET 180⁷⁷

PROMOTED TO LT. COL. (TEMPORARY)

8 APRIL 1942. S.O. # 16 Par. 3,

By USFIP 7 APRIL 1942. ACCEPTED

8 APRIL 1942. SURRENDERED BY

C.G. 9 APRIL 1942.

MAY 1942 525⁸⁰

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³

NET 198⁸⁷

SUB-TOTAL 1037⁰⁴

1.
lot per

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1037⁰⁴

JUNE 1942 532¹⁵
ALLOTMENT 326⁹³
NET 205⁶²

COMPLETED 9 YRS SERVICE

12 JUNE 1942.

JULY 1942 540³⁸
ALLOTMENT 326⁹³
NET 213⁴⁵

AUGUST 1942 540³⁸
ALLOTMENT 326⁹³
NET 213⁴⁵

SEPTEMBER 1942 538⁵⁸
ALLOTMENT 326⁹³
NET 211⁶⁵

OCTOBER 1942 540³⁸
ALLOTMENT 326⁹³
NET 213⁴⁵

SUB-TOTAL 2094⁶⁶

1071.891

84

cont 1/29

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1978
266
2094⁶⁶

NOVEMBER 1942 538⁵⁸

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³

NET 211⁶⁵

DECEMBER 1942 540³⁸

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³

NET 213⁴⁵

JANUARY 1943 540³⁸

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³

NET 213⁴⁵

FEBRUARY 1943 534⁹⁸

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³ 208⁰²

MARCH 1943 540³⁸

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³ 213⁴⁵

APRIL 1943 538⁵⁸

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³ 211⁶⁵

MAY 1943 540³⁸

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³ 213⁴⁵

JUNE 1943 538⁵⁸

ALLOTMENT 326⁹³ 211⁶⁵

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5

5916⁹³3791⁴³

1943

JULY 1943

540³⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 213⁴⁵

AUGUST 1943

540³⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 213⁴⁵

SEPTEMBER 1943

538⁵⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 211⁶⁵

OCTOBER 1943

540³⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 213⁴⁵

NOVEMBER 1943

538⁵⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 211⁶⁵

DECEMBER 1943

540³⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 213⁴⁵

JANUARY 1944

540³⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 213⁴⁵

FEBRUARY 1944

536⁷⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 209⁸⁵

MARCH 1944

540³⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 213⁴⁵

APRIL 1944

538⁵⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³ 211⁶⁵

(80) 401/88

5916⁹³

MAY 1944

540³⁹

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³

213⁴⁵

JUNE 1944

538⁵⁸

0419 TRS 5V-12 JUNE

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³

211⁶⁵

JULY 1944

540³⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³

213⁴⁵

AUGUST 1944

540³⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³

213⁴⁵

SEPTEMBER 1944

538⁵⁸

ALLOTMENT

326⁹³

211⁶⁵

OCTOBER 1944

ALLOTMENT

NOVEMBER 1944

ALLOTMENT

DECEMBER 1944

ALLOTMENT

JANUARY 1945

ALLOTMENT

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P.O.W/C.I - H.K. Johnson - Book 1

Folder 1

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Authority: E.O. 13526

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Authority ASD 63029