

P.O.W./C.I. - E.G. Northway

Folder 7

DECLASSIFIED  
Authority NND 883078

File: 999-2-104

Title: Diary

AGRP- 88

Origin: Edward G. Northway

Dates: 6 Oct 41 to 25 May 44      Classification: None

Authenticity: Certified true copy from original

Source: Unknown

Extracted by Yes Date \_\_\_\_\_ Microfilmed RFV Date \_\_\_\_\_

AG-KI Form 91 (20 July 1945)

70-111  
SCREENED (No PAP)

Certified True

DECLASSIFIED  
Authority NND 883078

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

ARCHIVES FILE NUMBER 999-2-104 \_\_\_\_\_

TITLE DIARY \_\_\_\_\_

ORIGIN EDWARD G. NORTHWAY \_\_\_\_\_

DATES 6 OCT 41 to 25 MAY 44 \_\_\_\_\_

AUTHENTICITY CERTIFIED TRUE COPY FROM ORIGINAL \_\_\_\_\_

SOURCE UNKNOWN \_\_\_\_\_

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

DECLASSIFIED  
Authority NND 883078

DIARY OF  
EDWARD G. NORTHWAY  
CWO, W-2101279

October 6, 1941.

Left Denver at 5:45 P.M., Car K-107. Had car to self except for the wife of an Army Officer and her small baby going from Texas to Utah and a cross eyed kid going home to Ogden from the Peacock Military School, San Antonio, Texas, on vacation. Was all alone in the car from Ogden to Oakland. Lay over in Ogden several hours, walked around depot. Was sunny but snappy as it was early morning. Slept sketchily as the train run unevenly and wasn't any too warm. Crossed the great Salt Lake in the forenoon, was quite a sight as it was windy and the water very rough with lots of white caps and spray. The sun light glistened on the salt crusted rocks and pilings. The whole trip through very lonely, sparsely settled country, would be a very hard tiresome drive by car. Passed thru Reno after dark, quite a bright spot with all the neon lights. Arrived at Oakland shortly after breakfast about 8:15 AM. The meals were none too good and were very high priced but wasn't hungry from being so lonely, every thing I saw I wanted to share with Doris or the kids and was almost home sick enough to turn back but not quite enough nerve to do so. Saw the skyline of San Francisco from the deck of the ferry which landed us at the Ferry Building. Claimed my baggage and asked the M.P. about transportation to Fort MacDowell. Was told that a truck loading up would take me over to the Fort Mason Dock as soon as it took the men loading up to another depot. By the time the truck returned a couple more were waiting for it so when it arrived we piled our baggage in and got aboard for a wild ride of some distance along the dock area to the dock where we found several more waiting for the boat. This was my first information that Fort MacDowell was located on an island. On the dock I got acquainted with these men of which I remember only two whose names are Master Sgt Andrews and 1st Sgt Spillers. After waiting some time the boat came in and we boarded it, the General Cox, and as we were passing an island was told it was Alcatraz. We pulled along side the dock and left some mail and then went on to another island. Here we unloaded and lugged our baggage up a short but very steep hill to a large stucco barracks. After some waiting we were given barracks assignment. An orderly was sent with us around the end of the large barracks and up the stairs of a small wooden building about ready to fall down and were told that we were to stay there. The place was dirty with a small stove to heat it and the old type of double deck bunks. By placing the bunks about eighteen inches apart they were able to get twelve bunks in the building. The windows were so dirty you couldn't see thru them and the floor hadn't been scrubbed for a long time. We cleaned it up and got hell for using the mops and buckets from the latrine. We also found that we had to get kindling and coal where we could find it as there was no bin at our building. The latrine was in a little old wooden

basement of the big barracks about a hundred feet away. The toilets in the latrine were without seats and usually stopped up so it was a filthy mess. The washing and shaving facilities were crude too. Just four faucets over a trough with two mirrors in bad condition for our use. These buildings were closed from about 7:30 to 9:00 AM each day for inspection. One good thing was no work and the food was good and I almost always got plenty of it. After getting our baggage on our bunks we were sent to the Hospital for physical examination which consisted of an X-Ray of the chest and then to Headquarters of the Overseas Replacement where we were told that it would be some time before another boat was going to the Philippines. On our way back we stopped at the Post Office and it was then I learned we were on Angel Island which isn't at all appropriate as there isn't much difference between it and Alcatraz except the way one is put on it. For the next three weeks we were free to come and go as we pleased with no regular calls except chow. We walked around the island and visited the exchange, the service club, and went to the free shows every night except Saturday. We also visited the ORD Hq each day to see if there was any news about a boat. We had two partial pays which gave us spending money to go to town on. It was required that a man have a pass in order to get on the boat to go to town but as I still had my Recruiting Shoulder Patch I was let on or off without question. Went to town several times and visited some points of interest including the aquarium and museum at Golden Gate park. Saw the famous cable cars and several other items of interest. Got a letter from Mother and 2 from Doris, wrote several and sent a money order to Doris. Had a hunch to send all my personal papers home and my woolen uniform in the small suitcase but was just too lazy so will always regret this lack of energy. Finally after getting so lonely we were all almost on the verge of catching a train home we were told to report to Fort Mason Quartermaster for instructions. We all got together and went over Sunday morning. It was a rainy miserable day. When we got to Fort Mason we found that if we had not had the typhoid inoculation or small-pox vaccination within the last year we had to get them and also the yellow fever shot regardless of the number in the past or our age. We run thru that line and then got our cabin assignments. I drew the sick bay. We were told to be at Pier 45 at 11:00 AM the next morning. This took so long we had to eat dinner down town and then returned to MacDowell to pack. We got up early the next morning and finished packing and turned in our bedding. We caught the 8:00 AM boat and after much talking got a truck to take us and our baggage over to Pier 45 where the U.S.A.T. Hugh L. Scott was docked. (Formerly the President Liner Pierce). As we were early we wandered around the area until we were allowed aboard. When we got on board it was found the sick bay was the old tea room remodeled with double deck bunks for a hospital. I placed my baggage on a upper bunk

which run length wise of the boat and was near a window to the rear. There were forty of us first three graders in this space and there was a small veranda for our use which was about the size of our exercise space, as we were not allowed on the sun deck or below it with the officers or other troops. When I got my baggage placed I was called to troop headquarters on the deck below & told I was the personnel sergeant major for the trip. This was not a difficult job as there wasn't much doing in the way of paper work. I was assigned for meals to table 6 3rd sitting in the officers mess. The food was good but the ice machine broke so we didn't have any cold drinks on the trip. After a couple of days out all enlisted men had to eat troop class for breakfast so I got by on apples or oranges taken from the evening meal, in the morning, as the troop mess was a sweat box. The transport was a wreck and the crew were betting it wouldn't make the trip under its own power. The toilet played out the second day out and was out all the way to Manila. I was lucky as there was a bath room in connection with the headquarters which I could use. There was only one bath, two wash bowls and two toilets way down a little hall for the rest of the men. These were like a steam chest with no ventilation and out of order most of the time. After much fooling around we finally got underway late in the afternoon of Monday, October 27, 1941. It was quite cold the first couple of days out and I was sick for a few hours as we cleared the ground swell. We got to Honolulu on Sunday morning and after much discussion I pinned the troop commander down to letting the first three graders have passes until noon Wednesday as I overheard him tell the laundry man it was O.K. to bring the laundry back Wednesday morning. The rest of the troops were given daily passes from 9:00 AM. to 11:00 PM. I stayed on the boat until after dark that night when another of our group who had also stayed on too asked me if I wouldn't like to take a walk. He knew the town so I went along and had my first glimpse of the Paradise of the Pacific. The streets were so crowded with soldiers and sailors and natives that it was almost impossible to see anything or even walk down the side walk. After an hour or so we went back to the boat. The next morning Master Sgt Searce, and I went to town quite early and to the YMCA Barber shop for a hair cut. While there we run into a Major of Signal Corps, (Former W/O) who offered to take Searce out to visit some of his friends in the Signal Corps there. He asked me to go along for the ride as he was a friend of Boger's. The first place we stopped I found Ora Musgrove on duty as a Captain PD and we had a long visit. He asked me to his house that evening. We were back on the boat by dinner time. That evening I went to meet Musgrove at the YMCA and as he was late had quite a time watching the movement of soldiers and sailors in and out of the place. Finally I saw Musgrove thru the crowd and he took me to his car where Mrs Musgrove was waiting. She recognized me at once and we had a very pleasant evening talking about Omaha and the man who were in Hawaii. About 11:00 PM. they took me back to the dock.

The town had really rolled up the sidewalks. Not a car did we see and not over a half a dozen civilians on the streets as we passed through the down town section. All soldiers and sailors had to be in their posts by midnight. Next day I went on the Chaplain's trip around the Island. First through town to the Pali then back and out toward Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field, through Wheeler Field, sugar can and pineapple fields and stopped at Seaside Inn for dinner. Then on around past the new naval air base and along the the shore past the blow hole, Wakiki Beach and the Sign Post which gives the distances to all principal cities in the world. By driving at 70 MPH a good bit of the time we were back at the YMCA at a little before five. I went to the boat and stayed there as the buc wasn't very easy riding. The next morning Seearce, Staff Sgt Martin out of the same outfit as Arnold, Doolittle, and others at Santa Fe and I went to town shopping. We first went to a "Waheenay" barber shop for a shave. Then stopped in at several stores where they bought some underwear and socks and souvenirs stopping at bars between places. I finally found what I wanted and gave instructions on mailing it. I decided that the party was getting too rough so I took the parcels and started for the boat. As it was quite early I decided to run out to Fort Shafter and see Sprecklemyer. I took a taxi and made it thru the guards O.K. Later I heard some of the others were not let in but I guess I have an honest face. Had no trouble finding Spreck who took me over to meet Billings and we had quite a visit. As it was Wednesday Spreck got off at noon and took me back to the boat. When I got there I found we were not to sail until the next afternoon so after lunch Staff Sgt. Jolly and I decided to go to Hickam Field and visit friends. We took a bus and again were lucky in getting by the guard with no trouble and were let off at the street where Jolly's friend live. When we went to his quarters we were told he was in town so we both went on over the next street where Emmett McDonald lived. We walked up to the door and before I could knock Mack yelled out to me to come on in and I heard a lot of noise. I went on in and there was Mrs Mac sitting on the floor at the end of the springs of a G.I. bunk. They had been setting the bunk up as they were on orders to return to the U.S. and has sold their furniture and were using G.I. They were sure tickled to see me. He was then a Tech Sgt. AG and headed for, I believe, Texas. We visited the rest of the afternoon and then they took us to the NCO Club for supper. They sure had a swell lay out. Their quarters had a very modern kitchen and dining room, living room with an open grill stairways and three bedrooms and tile bath up stairs. All hardwood floors except kitchen and dining room which had inlaid linoleum. After supper we walked around past Jolly's friends and as they were home said goodbye to the Mac's and went in to visit. As his car, a baby Fiat, had broken a sparkplug we went back to town on a bus. The next day we left at 3:00 PM with the Coolidge at 4:00 and the Louisville as an escort. We stopped at Guam for water and left some Clipper Mail there and then on to Manila. The old tub quit in the San Bernar-



dino Straits for a few minutes but finally docked at Pier 1, Manila on the morning of November 20th. Roosevelt's Thanksgiving. We were off the boat and Martin, Fuller and I, all DEML, were in the Hq Det HPd mess hall eating at 11:00 AM. I was assigned a bunk in the First 3 graders wing of the barracks, Fuller and Martin, being my juniors and only one space, were put in with the buck sgt. I was supposed to replace Tech Sgt Bain in USAFFE Hq which was General MacArthur's Hq. Fuller and Martin were to go to HPD. A friend of Fuller's came by and as there was no work that day took us over to what had been the married NCO quarters but were now used by some of the 1st 3 graders. Then we went on through the Walled City and across the river around the newer part of downtown Manila. We were back in time for the evening meal. After that Martin and I went to town quite often while he was still living in the same barracks. Next morning the three of us went to report to the Chief Clerk of HPD and as Fuller had been pestering me all the way across and I had found that the USAFFE was a mad house I let him ask Mr. Knowles the Chief clerk to let him go there. He went back to the barracks and moved out at once. Mr Knowles did not know just where to put Martin or I so he told us to come back Monday. Saturday we got Caribao small-pox vaccination and physical check up. I weighed 190 stripped. Monday Mr Knowles interviewed us and decided that as Marin was not a clerk he was to be transferred elsewhere. A couple of days later orders were published sending him to the Air Corps, Nielson Field. Still I wasn't put to work for a couple of days then I was put in charge of the Officer's Section. A few days later before I had a chance to get settled a change was made and I was put in charge of the Enlisted Section. After being in that section a few days the Warrant Officer in charge of the Publications went to active duty so I was put in charge of that section. That was what I really like and would like to have stayed there. During this short time I had become acquainted with most of the personnel and found that a/W/O Irby and Tech Sgt Guilfoyle had both served in Omaha and there were a couple of others elsewhere including Boger on duty as Lt Col. QMC at Nichols Field. Things were pretty edgy from the day I hit Manila and everyone seemed to think things would break soon. Martin stayed at HPD. until Sunday the 7th when he reported to Nielson Field. Saw him once after that when he came to town with a story. He had lost everything as his foot and wall locker had been in line of the strafing by planes and over seventy holes in them. He also had had several field ranges blew to smithereens while he was cooking noon meals out under the trees, too. Havn't heard anything from or about him since that day. When some of the "shack men" who came in for breakfast, Monday morning, December 8th, told us the war had started we called them liars even if we were expecting something to break. A few minutes later the news set us right though and before we had heard such, the first sergeant was yelling for us to come down and draw our pistols and 5 rounds of ammunition. We were put on a war basis at once which included all offices

ready to function at all hours the mess hall open at all hours and each night the men moved out into the field. We had heard the practice warning sirens and black outs but now it was in earnest. Reports came in thick and fast about Camp John Hay, Vigan, Aparri, Lingayan Bay, Iba, Clark Field and in a few hours the ambulances began to bring the injured to Sternberg Hospital. The first we in Manila really saw was, I believe, Wednesday the 10th, when during noon hour, I was just out of the shower with only my shoes and socks on, when the sirens began to wail. I looked out the window and couldn't see anything so went back and dressed. When I got down stairs the first flight of 27 bombers were over the south part of the city, having passed over it, the second flight directly over the city and the third to the north a total of 81 bombers in sight. Just little dragon flies they were up so high. Glistening in the sun about 20,000 or higher. All hell broke loose every one got so excited that they even fired at them with pistols. These went right on by without doing any damage but were followed by two small flights of 9 each which made several circle flights over Nichols Field and Cavite Navy Base dropping many bombs and doing a lot of damage. Once they got too close to Corregidor and you could hear their guns. From then on there was an almost daily pounding of Nichols Field, Cavite and Camp Murphy. A few strays hit in the city of Manila. Two in the Walled City and two in the river off Fort Santiago but all were duds. During this period I went to town several times during the day and one night but that was no fun as every few feet you were stopped and asked why you were out. I bought a new pair of glasses from Heacock's. During the short time before war broke I had visited some awful dumps in Walled City and the exact opposite, Heacock's most modern store I was ever in. About the 20th of December it was decided we were to evacuate Manila so we started to prepare by destroying lots of the publications and other records. About the 22nd a Tech Sgt came in my office with a "sob story" that he was ordered to the Southern Islands for duty and he had a family (native wife and kids) in Manila and didn't want to go and wanted me to go in his place. As the sirens had me almost nuts, and one of the men in my section had took some forty odd dollars off me while I slept, I told him O.K. as I had my belly full of the Americans there and couldn't be worse off in the jungles with Philipinos. I had been saving the money to get my other check and then send it all home at once when one night I had the watch until midnight and as it was hot in the office I took everything out of my pockets and put it into the desk drawer. When my relief came on I went into the next room where I had my blanket and mosquito bar on a table with an electric fan blowing over me and went to sleep leaving my things in the desk. I got up in the morning and went to breakfast without thinking of these things and when I returned, I immediately looked for them, as I had missed them by then, everything was there but the money taken from my bill fold and the night man was gone. Later that day I heard he was flashing money and he had been broke the day before.

I immediately sent out a call for him and when he came in sent him to the Chief Clerk who had him transferred to the 31st Infantry and sent to the outfit at once. I heard he was shot later by the constabulary because he had taken some cigarettes at the point of a rifle from an English shop owner. As soon as I received the rest of my pay I went to town and sent it home by Express Cablegram. (\$90.00 at a cost of P14.29) Was told receipt was acknowledged by the Lincoln Western Union. My orders to go to the Southern Islands, Cebu the point of order, were issued. The mission was to organize the personnel system of the Philippine Army in the Visayan-Mindanao Force. Mr Knowles, former Chief Clerk, HPD and I were the only ones on the order. On the morning of December 24th Mr Knowles called me up and said we were ready to go so I tried to get a car but didn't have any success so he got one and we loaded my things into it and left to get the transportation. The G.M. have moved from Port Area to San Beda College so I got my first view of residential Manila. It was quite a contrast to down town, the houses nearly all had large yards and were set among dense growths of plants. My luggage was easily handled as I was told to pack for the field and as I was to go one way and Mr Knowles another I had an Infantry pack with a complete shelter tent, one blanket, my slicker, tin hat, extra shoes, change of clothing and mess gear, with canteen, first aid, and pistol on belt also 35 rounds of ammunition in clips and 60 in box in pack. I also had the little suit case with my toilet articles, had replenished it with toilet and first aid necessities to last approximately a year and a medium size zipper bag with six undershirts, six shorts, two cotton trousers, two cotton shirts one, fatigue pants and one blouse, a dozen pairs of socks and all my wash cloths and towels. The two bags were strapped together with my garrison belt so I could throw them over my shoulder or pack and have both hands free. I had 3 suits of cotton, 3 of underwear and six socks in the laundry which I intended to pick up on the way to the dock. The rest of my clothes were in a brand new foot locker, my woolen uniform, it had been cleaned and packed in naphtha flakes, garrison cap, campaign hat, sun helmet, overseas cap, 3 suits of cotton, one fatigue trousers and coat & hat, most of my personal papers (had my discharges in my bag with me) 2 suits of English linen (never worn) P10.00 2 pr. garrison shoes, 1 pair brand new (P10.00) made to measure oxfords, which filled the locker to capacity. This with my two suit cases were left in the supply room at Hq Det HPD. Only the Good Lord knows what became of them. On the way back from the G.M. Mr. Knowles asked if it was alright to drop by his apartment and get his things and in this way save a lot of extra driving. Of course I said O.K. While waiting for him the sirens started to moan and we heard a lot of heavy explosions quite near and guessed it was the Port Area. When we got close to Port Area we could see black smoke pouring out of some buildings and the fire departments at work. We were right, it had been Port Area and a train of bombs had been layed thru the Government Buildings where we would have

been had we not stopped. One had hit the laundry killing fifty odd of the workers and scattering laundry all over the place, mine included. When a raid was sounded the boats took to the center of the bay so our boat was out and before it could get back another raid and yet another was sounded but these did not touch the city. It was nearly dusk before we got on the boat. We had a package of papers to deliver to General Sharp at Cebu which I was told to guard at all costs, in addition to my luggage. The boat we were to take was an interisland steamer of about 1800 tons loaded with war material for VMF. Guns, Mt. Artillery, 50 caliber MG, 30 caliber MG, ammunition, bombs, mess equipment, several field hospitals, lots of canned food, signal supplies, rakes, shovels, axes and many other such items. The stevedores quit at their regular time so the MP's worked a whil until a new gang was corraled. We were finally loaded and took out into the bay during the night with us was a Staff Sgt of FD and a Pvt. who were taken off at Corregidor later on. While we were tied up loading two more alarms were sounded and we saw planes off in the distance and several fires were started. (The second of third nite of the war the fire at Cavite several miles from Manila was so bright you could almost read a newspaper in Manila.) Next morning, Christmas, we steamed out to Corregidor Island and anchored under the protection of its guns. We were waiting for additional food. There was no water or bread on board. The Christmas dinner was pretty slim, mostly fish and one small hamburger with crackers being substituted for bread. The day after Christmas there was a lot of bombing being done. We could see lots of white smoke which told of wood fire and several black spots which told of oil. From Manila, 2 flights of 9 planes each, tried all afternoon to get a little old 1918 destroyer, but didn't have any success. They did come across the corner of Corregidor once and dropped a load in the water that almost turned us over but the entire top of the Island was one blue flash and they didn't try it again. About dark the night of the 27th the water barge came alongside and we took on water and also some food. When we were filled there was an order to get to hell out and the anchor was pulled in and we started out for the mine field with a search light from the island on the water ahead of us. But just as we were about enter the mine field the boat stopped and the Captain refused to go any farther. Just as the engines quieted down a small boat came along side and we were hailed by a Naval Officer who said to go and anchor where we had been and stay there until he gave orders for us to move. It seems the first order was by an Army Officer. The next afternoon about 3 o'clock the same Naval Officer came out and had a conference with the Captain of the boat (the entire crew including the Captain were Philippine and besides Mr Knowles, and myself there was a Swiss agricultu-  
turalist who was in charge of Philippine Government experiment Farms in Negros making a total of three white men aboard). In this conference it was disclosed that the Captain, First Officer, Chief Engineer, and Radio Operator had deserted in Manila

when they learned the nature of our cargo. The present Master had been Second Officer, and the rest of the officers were just members of the crew who had taken the responsibilities as required of them. Arrangements were made to leave at 6:00 P.M. with a guide thru the mine field. We looked into the hold in an attempt to find some usable 50's but couldn't find any so closed the hatch which had short 3 inch planks fitted into grooves then two thickness of heavy canvas and then heavy plank covers so big and heavy that they had to be placed by the cargo boom. The booms stowed and we were ready to go. At exactly 6:00 P.M., we had already got up steam and hauled in the anchor, the guide came by and followed them out thru the zig zag course to open water. When we were in open water those on the guide launch waved at us and gave us a thousand to one chance of getting anywhere. We went at full speed all night and in the morning had a scare when a ship was sighted to the stern. It was finally recognized as the Ruth Alexander with a load of British Refugees for Australia. About 7:00 AM we dropped anchor off a small island (Ambulong?) off Mindoro. After breakfast we let down a boat and several of the officers Mr Knowles, The Swiss Doctor and I went ashore. The water was clear and there was the most beautiful formations and all kinds of beautiful tropical fish to be seen. We were carried ashore on the backs of crew members to a little beach with sand as white as granulated sugar. There we gathered quite an assortment of coral and shells. We then returned to the boat and went around to where we saw a hut and went up to it. The native there was glad to see us and offered to guide us around the island. He had a cur dog which he called, Hitler, because he was so mean he said. We started to hike thru the brush and were all strung out single file when we came out and started across a rice paddy toward another hut. I called to the Filipino who was acting 1st Officer and spent a good many years in the states (Do you see any Indians). When the people in the hut heard my voice they came out and greeted us. After a bit the Barrio Lieutenant gave out a call and from behind the bushes and rocks came about 30 or 40 men armed with spears and bows and arrows. They weren't taking any chance getting taken in by surprise. We then sent several men back with the boat to get food and meat us farther down the shore and went on to a little light house. This was some climb and it about used me up. We rested all afternoon and went back to the boat at about 5:00 PM. We had quite a bit of tide or current to fight but those boys sure did make time. No word was spoken but they clicked like a Yale crew with two oars on each side and two at the stern with their own way of using an oar as a propeller. We got back to the boat and started to get up steam and got cleaned up when we sighted two planes high above us. Just as I walked out on the deck on peeled off and dove at us. He didn't fire and when he crossed over us we saw the star. What a relief, he circled again and then went off. Later I met the pilot and he said he was just on the verge of cutting loose, as we had no flag flying and he had not been advised of our being there. We went at pretty

good speed all night and dropped anchor in the exact center of a little bay off Negros the next morning. The bay was about a mile across and a mile and a half deep. Both sides were flanked by hills about a thousand feet high, wooded and there was a small river at the other end. A barrio with an American Mestizo in charge was located on this river bank. We were asked ashore and when we went we went light remembering how hot it had been the day before. All I had on was my underwear, shoes socks, field hat, pistol belt, pistol, and first aid pouch. In my pockets I had one handkerchief, watch, little knife and ear spoon. No bill fold or glasses or canteen. We were sitting on the porch talking to the plantation owner, Mr Freidle, when we heard a drum of motors and when we looked around saw two flights of three each of the big four motored Jap Bombers. They made a dry run and the crew made a break for the boats working in quite calm and were almost to shore before the bombers returned to do their dirty work. I stood in a little fringe of brush, under the cocconut trees right at the beach and watched them. You could see the bombs leave the planes they were so close. Even at that range they worked from about 11 to noon dropping 18 bombs with only one hit and 2 near misses. The hit was on a cargo boom forward and tore the first class cabins, the dining room and the bridge to pieces. The Captain and Mr Knowles and several of the crew went aboard when the bombers had left and then returned thinking that they could navigate with the hand rudder and without engineroom telegraph. Some of the crew stayed aboard but were driven in at two o'clock when two bombers came back and worked on the boat again for a while dropping 5 more bombs without hitting the boat. The Captain and Mr Knowles went aboard again and returned in a hurry as they said it was on fire. The engine room was flooded and it would probably blow up any minute. All they had brot back was a few odds and ends all my belongings were aboard. All the natives were gone and no paddles to the bancas so I couldn't get back after my things. We sat on the beach and watched for something to happen. About 7:30 PM we could see a little smoke. About 9:30 PM there was a small explosion and a little fire showed up. At 10:30 PM The sky was red with the fire. You could see the different parts of the upper decks burn and one mast bent over. There was a continous crackle of small ammunition and huge explosions of the bombs and heavy shells. It looked like the sides got so hot that they peeled off and dropped into the water with a sizzle. At about 3:30 AM there was a huge flash and the entire boat went out of sight just as if a huge hand had pulled both ends under at the same time. No turning over or one end under first but just a complete disappearance. We then went into the partially completed new house and slept until morning, we were chilled to the bone. The next morning we had rice, only, for breakfast. About 8:00 AM the Mayon which had left Marveilles the day after we left Corregidor pulled into the harbor and anchored. The men all got off and came ashore for the day. No arial activity so in the evening we got on board and that night New Years Eve, came on to Bugo, Misamis Oriental,

Mindanao where the troops were unloaded. We then had a big breakfast and then went ashore to wait until we went on to Cebu that night. About ten o'clock I got a side ache and had to remove my belt it hurt so. About 11:30 AM we started up town and went into a small place which sold drinks. When they asked me what I would have, the First Officer, the one who had been in the States, looked at me and at once said appendicitis. They took me outside and flagged a car and sent me to the Hospital. It was about eight miles and I was almost dead when we got there. They took me right to the operating table and got me ready for an operation. They gave me some dope and the pain eased off so they waited until an American Doctor got there. My blood pressure was only 102 pulse about ten below normal too. At 15 min. to five they administered a spinal at 5 min to 5 started to cut on me. All the spinal did was paralyze me below the waist but did not deaden the pain a bit. I felt every touch of the knife and needle. Could hear the American, Doctor Keeley a big six-footer, and the Filipino Doctor Frias not quite five feet tall, talk about the mess inside me. Finally they got it out and said it looked like a piece of old inner tube a pup had been chewing on. When they started my hands were tied securely to the side of the table but when they finished I had stretched the bindings until I could wipe my forehead. They were finished at five minutes past six and had to use a 5 cell Ever Ready flash light as the power was off. They hadn't given me any clean out so at times they had to stop while I heaved and the little 4 foot 6 inch Filipino nurse tried to do what she could I was a horrible mess. It was so brutal the tears were rolling down the nurses cheeks too. They took me to a room and did not raise my feet to help recover. During the night I had a bad time on account of the food still in my stomach and at one time heaved all over myself. There was supposed to be a nurse with me but she had stepped out and another came in, a Spanish Mestizo, Luz Castanos just about Doris size. I must have rambled a lot as a few days later she asked me about Doris, Robert, Betty Lou and Beulah. I remember how I used to call for Beulah when a kid at home and sick. They finally gave me a shot and I went to sleep about 4 AM until 8 AM. Was feeling fair next morning but didn't eat a thing. They had no liquid diet except pineapple juice. The Del Monte (Philippine Packing Co.) had a big packing plant at Bugo and a plantation which I later became very well acquainted with. Next morning there were three other Americans moved into the room with me so it wasn't so lonely. They disappeared about 11:00 AM tho as did all the nurses. I called and called but no answer. They hadn't changed my bedding, just put a bath towel over the place I had threw up on and it was beginning to stink. When the urinal duct they left me was full I tried to throw the contents out the window but just try that some time and see what happens. Most of it came back over my bed. I set up a howl again but no results. About 4:00 PM two nurses and two attendants came in with a stretcher and put me on it and took me down stairs to the ambulance.

Diary of Edward G. Northway, contd.

clothes. Finally I got hold of the Head Nurse, Mrs Welcom and she found them and returned them to me all nice and clean. I was on the 28th day feeling so good, I took a trip in the ambulance to the center of the island to get some American chow from the QM as there were no ill effects the doctor turned me to duty on January 29th. During the time I was in the hospital General Sharp moved his headquarters from Cebu to the island in the Del Monte area. I reported to duty and was put to work at once taking care of allotments and insurance which was coming in at a rapid rate. Later this section was enlarged so that another American and 4 Filipino clerks were busy all day long. The first place I worked was the QPY dugout which was a hundred feet long and about 30 feet in the ground in a rather level part of the country. We ate at a little store building some distance away about 20 minutes drive and slept where ever we could find a place to flop. I was told to look for a shack without too many in it to flop. I didn't have a thing but what was on my back and didn't seem to be able to get anything as I put in a request to the QM and got 1 pr Philippine Army shorts size 24 waist, 1 Philippine Army shirt size 28 chest, 1 under shirt size 26 inch chest and 1 drawers size 28 inch waist and one pair socks which would have just about fit Robert. For blankets I was issued one Japanese table cover about twice as big as the throw we use over the chair at home and one fair sized table cover. Now you may laugh at this but the Del Monte Area is about like Santa Fe and when you sleep in the open or in a grass shsk you can use at least one G.I. woolen blanket. The first night the AG took me to his quarters which were in the Del Monte Compound and were those of General Sharp who was out on an inspection trip. The next night I flopped in a fair wooden house just about three hundred yards from the dugout. Just my luck tho that this had been picked out as the place for the Philippine Army Dispensary and several Doctors moved in that night. They were nice tho and I stayed with them several days or rather nights. One asked me right off if I was from Iowa and when I said no from next door he said "Nebraska, then". He had been in the states for sixteen years. The others had also studied in the States. The Chief Clerk job of the VMF was being held down by Tech Sgt Keegan who had come over on the Scott. His outfit was on the Island so he went out with me one day in the AG'S car and made connections for a brand new folding cot, and two woolen blankets a few days later he also got me a good mosquito bar which is very necessary in this country. This fixed me up in the way of sleeping equipment. I made a couple of trips in to Bugo to get an order for clothes to be made and finally made connections. But waiting on the Filipino tailor is like waiting on a turtle. The A.G. now took pity on me trying to work with a little dime store spy glass and later a reading glass so as he also wanted some things from Cebu he got permission of General Sharp to send me to Cebu to get fitted for glasses. There aren't any cities on this Island. Three fair sized towns but the Japanese had one of them and the inhabitants of the other two were all in the hills. I went to Cebu feeling



They were evacuating the hospital to the hills and had been too busy to bother with me. In the ambulance with me were about five or six Filipino soldiers and a couple of Americans. One of the Filipinos gave me a drink from his canteen and sponged my face with a wet cloth while we were waiting for the ambulance to leave. He sat on the edge of my stretcher and when the going got real rough he sat on me to keep my incision from busting open. First I put my hand over the incision then put my arm across that hand with a grip under my knees, and then he sat on my arm. He had one arm in a sling and hung on with his good arm, but he didn't weigh over 90 lbs anyway. We went into the mountains several miles and when we got to the little nipa school house I was so tuckered out that I couldn't even lift my hand back on the stretcher when it fell down. One of the nurses came into the ambulance and lifted me so I could drink some pineapple juice which sure tasted good. Finally they had the bed ready so they took me in and put me to bed and I went to sleep and slept for almost forty eight hours. When I woke up I was hungry and feeling much better. Still had the filthy bedding. Asked for clean but didn't get any results so took the towel, which was a mat of filth, and flies and threw it out the window and it wrapped around the Doctor's head, covering his face. He came in rather peeved but I talked with him explaining that Americans had a different sense of smell and even if the odor wasn't sickening to him or his nurses it almost suffocated me. At any rate I got clean linen, pajamas and a bath, also some sort of broth and then slept for another day. When I awakened this time I was feeling fine and took notice of where I was. The little nipa school house was about 10 feet wide and 30 feet long and out into three sections with 3 beds in each section. They were building a bamboo building big enough for 50 beds a short distance away and later built two or three more. We were located in a little valley on a river bank and every direction was ridges of mountains. I later found that Mindanao is quite mountainous, many peaks above the 7,000 foot mark. About the fifth day they started to feed me Filipino chow. It wasn't what I would call tasty but I was hungry and got some of it down. About the eight day they gave me an enema. When I was on the bed pan I had quite an audience. The window was open, about 4 by 6 feet and outside was about 25 men, women and kids watching the operation with great interest. When I was done I called for an attendant to remove the pan but had to wait about two hours to get results then he just put it under the bed and left it there until the next day when someone else had to use it. I got out and made it to the straddle trench myself after that. Finally the new building was ready for use and I was moved into it. We had several Americans in this building and I could get up so it wasn't so lonesome. The Doctor took half of the clips, (not stitches) out about the tenth day and one of the nurses took the rest out a couple of days later. My watch, belt and gun had been returned but no one seemed to know what had become of my

Diary of Edward G. Northway, contd.

clothes. Finally I got hold of the Head Nurse, Mrs Welcom and she found them and returned them to me all nice and clean. I was on the 28th day feeling so good, I took a trip in the ambulance to the center of the island to get some American chow from the QM as there were no ill effects the doctor turned me to duty on January 29th. During the time I was in the hospital General Sharp moved his headquarters from Cebu to the island in the Del Monte area. I reported to duty and was put to work at once taking care of allotments and insurance which was coming in at a rapid rate. Later this section was enlarged so that another American and 4 Filipino clerks were busy all day long. The first place I worked was the QPY dugout which was a hundred feet long and about 30 feet in the ground in a rather level part of the country. We ate at a little store building some distance away about 20 minutes drive and slept where ever we could find a place to flop. I didn't have a thing but what was on my back and didn't seem to be able to get anything as I put in a request to the QM and got 1 pr Philippine Army shorts size 24 waist, 1 Philippine Army shirt size 28 chest, 1 under shirt size 26 inch chest and 1 drawers size 28 inch waist and one pair socks which would have just about fit Robert. For blankets I was issued one Japanese table cover about twice as big as the throw we use over the chair at home and one fair sized table cover. Now you may laugh at this but the Del Monte Area is about like Santa Fe and when you sleep in the open or in a grass shack you can use at least one G.I. woolen blanket. The first night the AG took me to his quarters which were in the Del Monte Compound and were those of General Sharp who was out on an inspection trip. The next night I flopped in a fair wooden house just about three hundred yards from the dugout. Just my luck tho that this had been picked out as the place for the Philippine Army Dispensary and several Doctors moved in that night. They were nice tho and I stayed with them several days or rather nights. One asked me right off if I was from Iowa and when I said no from next door he said "Nebraska, then". He had been in the states for sixteen years. The others had also studied in the States. The Chief Clerk job of the VMF was being held down by Tech Sgt Keegan who had come over on the Scott. His outfit was on the Island so he went out with me one day in the AG's car and made connections for a brand new folding cot, and two woolen blankets a few days later he also got me a good mosquito bar which is very necessary in this country. This fixed me up in the way of sleeping equipment. I made a couple of trips in to Bugo to get an order for althos to be made and finally made connections. But waiting on the Filipino tailor is like waiting on a turtle. The A.G. now took pity on me trying to work with a little dime store spy glass and later a reading glass so as he also wanted some things from Cebu he got permission of General Sharp to send me to Cebu to get fitted for glasses. There aren't any cities on this Island. Three fair sized towns but the Japanese had one of them and the inhabitants of the other two were all in the hills. I went to Cebu feeling

so low I was in hopes a Japanese plane, submarine or just plain bad luck would sink the boat enroute. The boat was a little motor ship and was really rough going. We left at dusk and got in Cebu about 7:00 AM the next morning. I stood around the dock a few minutes and then caught a ride up to the QM on a truck. There I met Colonel Cook who gave me his car which was the best in Cebu and his driver to run the necessary errands. Major Holloway-Cook the AG VNF had give me a check to cash and loaned me the money to buy my glasses. I cashed the check and got fitted for the glasses and returned to the QM. Colonel Cook asked me where I was going to stay and I told him I didn't know so he called up the MP headquarters and then sent me out there where Master Sgt Iglewitz put me up in the Officers Club. I got a bath and Sgt Armstrong loaned me a clean uniform so I could get mine washed the next day. My uniform had not been washed for over 2 weeks and things get sweaty here. We went shopping that afternoon and got part of the things I wanted and then to a picture show that night. The next day I took it easy in the morning and lounged around the club. I was actually treated like a human being there and the food was excellent so my morale was raised 10,000%. That afternoon Iglewitz took me for a little ride. Cebu was quite a city and got the rest of my things and then to the boat and home again that night. The trip back was better or I felt better. The next morning, there was a Lieutenant from Arkansas and another Tech Sgt on the boat with some signal equipment, we sat down to breakfast with the Captain who was a Spaniard to eat breakfast. As we were nearing the dock the other two Americans were anxious to get the equipment off so they left to go below deck and the Captain almost insisted that I stay with him and enjoy the meal. As I had nothing else to do of course I did just that. What a meal, it was!! Started out with a fish which was really good, sort of a meal with it. Then fruit, Mangoes, states apples bananas, avocados, and a couple of others I didn't recognize. Then big steaks right sizzling hot with real light bread and American fried spuds. Then a sort of salad. Then came a big platter of bacon and eggs and a plate of really good hot cakes. Then the plate of fruit was set on the table again and a pot of good Hills Brothers Coffee and a can of Carnation Cream set on the table. When I was thru I wonder if I would be able to walk as I had really taken a good sample of everything. I got a ride out to CPY on the truck and called CPR (we had moved) for transportation. When I got to the office I found I was a Warrant Officer (JG) and my three Philippine Army uniforms were waiting me there. As I have stated before I was living with the Philippin Army Doctors. I moved out of there to a real nice house, practically new made entirely of mahogany with a tin roof. The peculiar thing was it was on high flat ground but nevertheless set on poles 18 feet from the ground. The nearest water was the river about a mile and a half away. You could see the bay nearly fifteen miles away from the windows. There was a large tank which caught the rain water which was good to drink as well as for washing. When we moved to the new August (CPR) in a canyon in the center of the pineapple plantation we moved

Diary of Edward G. Northway, contd.

our place of eating and living. By now we had nine or ten Americans in the VMP Hq as clerks. I was incharge of Officers Section and Insurance & Allotments. The Del Monte Compound was a group of about a dozen buildings, some houses for the married men, a bachelor quarters and a club for the transients across a small ravine was a barrico where the native help stayed. There was a social hall, a building about twenty by thirty feet and a back room about sixteen feet square, with a porch front and rear. The building was built about three feet above the ground with wooden floor and nipa walls and roof. Plenty of windows and quite comfortable. We used this building and there was a couple of small sheds close by with a running water toilet and two showers. We ate at the club house about a half mile away. From there a buss took us to and from work. Things were really looking up for me now. Had complete sleeping equipment. Plenty of clothes and toilet articles. While in Cebu I drew from the OM 6 undershirts, 6 drawers, 6 prs socks three bath towels, 3 face towels, and ordered 3 uniforms made of West Point Khaki (They never reached me as the boat they were on was sunk). I also got some razor blades, toilet bath and laundry soap but no needles or thread. Good gang to work with and the food not too good but not too bad either. Took a bath each night just before retiring and a shave each morning just as I got up. The Deisel power plant at the dugout which gave us light and ventilation played out so we moved out under the banana trees each day to work. Quite a bit of arial activity on the part of the Japanese but as our dugout was in a ravine about two hundred feet mor more deep, with a dense banana grove along the river bank they didn't see us. The dugout was nearly to the floor of the ravine and made of timbers better than a foot square with a lot of scrap iron ontop of that and then rocks, then dirt, a total covering of forty feet. The tunnel was 18 feet wide and 150 feet long with a seven foot ceiling entrance tunnels at right angles. We had ventilators as intervals and electric fans for to help it when the power plant worked, so it was quite comfortable. The climb in and out each morning, noon and night was good for us too. We had all the pineapples we could eat as we were right in the middle of a several thousand acer plantation. This was too good to last though so the Japanese took a pot shot at the club house with a dive bomber one day and not only burned it to the ground but also spoiled our dinner. We had to go over to one of the Air Corps messes to eat after that. Things were getting too hot so General Sharp decided to move farther inland so we pulled up and moved to almost the exact center of the island. This country is about 2500 ft altitude and open cattle grazing land. Here we settled in a small summer camp site of 7 small wooden frame and floor, nipa wall and roof shacks. There were 8 Officers of the Staff in one, 10 OM including W/O Keegan and myself in another, 8 American Officers in another, 8 Filipino Officers in another and our American Mess in the other one. We had a little stream with a platform built over it from which we dipped water (also fish) to bathe in so this was

a real setup. The work had just about quit as the Rock had about quit, Bataan had already surrendered. About all we did was tramp over the hills and lay around and read. Then came the final surrender. The AG And Asst had went out on a recon. and upon return of the Asst Major Caruthers, he asked for a volunteer to drive the Willys Jeep up into the hills about 60 KM to tell our advance guard to withdraw and report to their home outfit for surrender. As no one else spoke up I pulled off my gun belt and stuck a white handkerchief on each corner of the windshield and took out. It sure felt good to be rid of the belt and gun, had never liked the gun. I did not get back until after dark. The country I drove through reminded me a lot of parts of Wyoming, Western Nebraska, Colorado or New Mexico. There are about 90,000 head of Brahama cattle in these plains. We went thru quite a few little barrios. Several church communities and up a mountain side where the little old Willys had to get down and dig. It was hard to realize there was a war things were so peaceful in this country. When I got to the advance guard I found a friend of mine had been in a patrol which had brushed with the Japanese and he had a bullet hole in his hand. When I got back I was informed orders had been published for my promotion to Chief W/O. Later that evening we drove on down the valley again. About midnite, I had been sleeping a while, they asked me if I wanted to drive up to Malaybalay and see what the real dope was from the General or one of his staff officers so I had another trip returning in the wee small hours. The next day we turned in our arms and ammunition and loaded up all kitchen equipment and food in two big trunks, also all our personal belongings and all the American personnel and set out for Malaybalay to enter concentration camp. Nearly to Malaybalay we saw our first Japanese soldiers. at a cross road we were stopped and lightly checked for certain things. I had a pan of about 50 eggs on my lap which was confiscated. Nothing else touched on Keegan and myself. We were in a Chevrolet sedan with Colonel Beard and Olson in the back. They went thru their baggage and took a hunting knife from Colonel Beard. When he tried to talk to them they took us out and had us stand around for a while then sent us on without taking anything else even gave back the cigarettes except for one each they smoked. We arrived in Malaybalay camp at about 9:30 P M and were bedded down about 11 P M. The next morning I was called to Hq and Keegan took over the settlement of the men. The camp was an old Philippine Army training camp picked out by an American Army Officer and there was no facilities for obtaining water. All cooking and drinking water had to be hauled by water cart. Bathing and laundry was in a river about two and a half miles away and the return trip was so difficult that I made but one trip and went to the hospital a couple of days later. The river was full of locusts too. In fact the whole country was a mass of locusts. In stepping down on the ground you would slip like on grease from them under your feet. They would eat your clothes, mosquito nets and make life miserable

in general. We reported to the prison camp on Monday May 11th and on Saturday I went to the hospital for an operation for removal of hemorrhoids. Was operated on Sunday morning. Spinal anesthetic again, this time no pain during the operation and no after effects as my feet were hoisted for several hours. But then the pain of the operation started. I was almost mad for a few days. Couldn't sleep without a shot and had to have my urine taken for a full week. No liquid or soft diet so I ate regular chow and it was mighty rotten. No bowel movements all the time I was in the hospital. I got the Doctor, an American Officer, mad at me on the 16th day so he gave me a big dose of castor oil and turned me to duty the next day, June 2nd. The castor oil didn't do any good so I went to the doctor in the camp and he at once said adhesions and took me to an out building and put on a rubber glove and took some lygel to fix me. He said it was going to be as painful as childbirth to a woman and had me ben over while he pushed his finger up my rectum. He was just putting it light when he said it was painful. What was the matter was the intestine was grown fast so nothing could go thru. It took me quite a while before I could straighten up. I then went back to the barracks and lay down. About 8:00 PM that day I started a period of visiting the latrine every two hours which lasted about three days. The pain each time was so intense that I ground my masticating teeth all rough. Anyone who says they are in real pain and bite their tongue or lip doesn't know what real pain is as if I had ever got either lip or tongue between my teeth it would have been the end of them. The pain decreased slightly after the fourth day but it was the middle of July before I went back to work and I still have to sit on a blanket or something soft and it is now the middle of March. I still have internal hemorrhoids too which make me break out in sweat at times even with a watery stool. At the hospital which was about fifteen miles from the camp were several of the personnel from the hospital I was in with the other operation. Luz Castanos for one, Rita Arat, the surgical nurse who removed part of the clips, Claudia Bernasol who is a little midget and has a face like a monkey but a heart of gold. Then there were several Philippine Army soldiers including Lieutenant Ambil who was personnel adjutant. When I got back to camp Keegan had the barracks fixed up quite comfortable and the mess was settled down to just the General's Staff. They were putting eaves troughs to catch rain water in oil drums so the bathing and laundry question was taken care of for the time being. Later they got a line from a well a couple of miles away for cooking water. We sneaked our canteens out of it too. Nothing much happened except all the Generals and Colonels were taken away. About two hundred seventy specialists were taken away. Two Philipinos tried to escape and were shot at a public execution. A market was started where we could buy candy, fruit, soap and other native products at a reasonable price. No search ever been made of our belongings and I had everything I started to camp for except the

eggs mentioned before. Some kind hearted low life thief stole my field shoes so I had to spend \$17.50 for another pair. About the middle of October we were told we were being moved to Davao for to be exchanged. On the 17th the 18th of October we were taken by truck from Malaybalay to the Doc at Gagayan where a boat was being loaded. That evening we were loaded on the boat and were taken to the Davao Penal Colony where we were put into the barracks recently vacated by the Philippines. I was put in charge of the office and had about the whole camp work left to me for a few days. On November 7th 1948 came in from Cabanatuan, a camp on Luzon Island. They were in a terrible shape from poor food, sickness, and overwork. To date our group of nearly a thousand were in fine shape. Before leaving Malaybalay I weighed 165. A short time after arriving here I weighed 155. A month later 145. Then a month later 147. In February 1948 I weighed 152. 33 inch waist. Feel fine but not really healthy food we are getting. Not what a person needs. This is poorly written as it is all from memory and I think of things as I go along so think I will use a few pages for comments.

#### GENERAL

I don't really know what I expected of the Philippines but what little I have seen hasn't changed my opinion that Dewey did the dirtiest trick a man ever did to a country when he liked the Spanish Fleet and took possession of these islands. The motto of the Japanese East Asia for the Asiatics is a very good idea as this is no place for a white man. Manila is an education, that is what little of the city I saw, a very good idea of how low people can be in a city. The filth is truly something no one can imagine unless it has been seen or smelled. There are fine theaters and quite a few fine store buildings Heacocks is the most modern modern store I have ever been in but the majority of the stores are just a jumble of odds and ends. The Port Area was a surprise, it was much smaller than I expected to see from all the shipping I had heard was carried on from it. What little I saw of the residential section there must be some very fine homes. Fort Santiago was about what I expected as the Army had not changed it very much. Coming thru the San Bernardino straits on the way to Manila was thru a string of small islands all heavily wooded. Here and there you could see a few grass shacks with open fires in front of them and a few cleared places where there is planted what they need for their own use, nothing for trade or export. That is the key note of the average Filipino just enough to live on for himself and his family. Most of that taken from the wild growth too. That is coconuts, bananas, and many other such edible fruits and roots. A few things are cultivated here and there such as camote (like a sweet potato), a little corn, peanuts and the more industrious do have banana groves, papia, cashew, rice, and other such things. But the percentage of the producers for market is very, very small. On the way south I had a short

study of the real primitive on the two stops enroute. Cagayan is quite a bit on the civilized side, has a paved street, quite a nice post office, a theater and several pretty good stores and a couple of filling stations. These were all oldsd before I hit town though so I don't know what they were like inside. There is also quite an establishment of the Catholic Church there too. Del Monte is up on a high rolling plain surrounded by pineapple plantations. There are about thirty of the camps which consist of some twenty or more wooden and nipa houses and usually a social hall, where the native workmen live with their families. The road from the sea coast is up a very steep winding hill much like the approach of Lookout Mountain before it was paved. The raise must be several hundred feet. From Cagayan to the place we were hid in the hospital called Gabula was also up steep hills and rough trails then back down a short but precipitous grade to the floor of a little valley where a fair sized river run over a very rocky bed. The river was about a hundred feet across and six to eight feet deep. From Del Monte to Malaybalay you go thru a range of mountains which are as much at 7,000 feet or more in height. There is one canyon which has a very steep road down into it and back out called Imposugan Canyon. One place the walls rise to several hundred feet and there is a small stream which falls over the side of the canyon in a series of jumps which leaves it is not much more than a mist. Probably the equal of many highly advertised falls. From Malaybalay south it is again rolling country like New Mexico between Raton and Las Vegas except that the grass grows to a height of as much as four feet. Down the National Road you are in a valley about ten miles wide with a mountain ridges to both sides. Malaybalay itself is located in a small valley fringed by hills. The town is very much like Cagayan with a little pavement a few stores and quite a few residences. The church here is considerable distance from the town. The camp where we were kept is a couple of miles from the town on a little higher ground so you could look down on it. It is situated in a very beautiful place. The Mountains were always a sight to see. I could sit by the hour and watch them as they were always changing by the light. Rain squalls are always blowing up and drifting thru the canyons and sometimes coming toward camp sometimes getting within a few hundred yards of us then suddenly change course and go off some where else. The sun rises and sunsets are as startlingly beautiful as anywhere in the world too. Sometimes bright red like huge fires. Sometimes soft pearl gray or pastel colors too delicate to be copied by an artist. The weather at Manila was hot and nights we were comfortable without any covering. Gabula was quite warm too but Del Monte was real cool and Malaybalay I actually woke up many times stiff with the cold with three woolen army blankets not enough to keep me warm. So far the days at Davao have been hot but the nights are cool enough to cover with a cotton spread. Some of the rain squalls at Malaybalay hit the camp of course and I have been the time when my skin was blue with cold during



one of them. It can really rain to. Malaybalay and Del Monte had their dry spell in the summer when all the grass turned brown like it does in New Mexico. The grass is burned to kill the snakes, insects and because it is too rank to plow under. Most of hills are covered with a thick dense jungle almost impassable. Davao is not far from sea level and is swampy but the camp is not bad since we cleared some of the mosquito nests. Major Fred Small from Denver is in this type of work. We lived in bamboo and nipa buildings in Malaybalay. In Davao we are in long barracks where most of the officers and men sleep on the floor or make their own beds of canvas or bamboo. I still have my cot and have it in the office where I still work with one other clerk. There are 2009 officers and men in the camp. 15 have died in camp to date but not a one since January 19th and this is March 18th so we are gradually gaining in strength. The Malaybalay group, the ones from the southern islands, were never in a very bad shape but those who came from Luzon were in a very bad shape due to shortage of rations before surrender, overwork while in prison camp on Luzon, sickness and improper food. As I have said before I ate at General Sharp's mess at Malaybalay and we had a lot of American food until the middle of August and after that the Japanese gave us quite a bit of flour, purico and milk so we could make a pretty good mess with the rice (also rice flour), a meat first every day then every other day and finally twice a week. There are lots of local vegetables too. We also had a market where the local natives came in camp and we could buy such things as peanuts, peanut candy (a brittle almost like at home, a strong molasses brittle and a sugar candy with peanuts), cocconut candy, (several different ways of fixing it), popcorn (sweet and salted), rice, cakes and quite a variety of fruit like bananas, cocconuts, tangerines papias, cucumbers, camotes, and lots of others I never tried. As I had plenty of money I was well set up there for what little the regular mess lacked the market supplied. At Davao the mess was pretty poor but improved so we got meat every other day and fish between then when the Red Cross packages came it was cut down again. The usual noon meal is rice and soup consisting of greens, green papia, banana buds and once in a while some green onions. For breakfast at first we had camotes and rice or cassava (this is a root of a sort of tree which is ground to make a flour out here and is the stuff tapioca is made of) and rice. Then we had a spell of sweetened squash and rice, that was quite palatable. Once in a while we got oleomargarine and sugar on our rice. The evening meal was the same at first as at noon but got a little better with a sort of bean in it. Then later, meat at first very little, say 20 pounds for the 2000 men, later increase to enough so we had a small piece for each man and gravey besides. Usually they cook it until it is so well done no pieces are to be had for any individuals. This gives the strength to everyone. Other times they make

a gravy which is really good. I have been told to go vegetarian for years to stop getting fat and to help my skin but it took the Japanese to make me do it. I have no itchy skin anymore. Really feel very good. Food is all boiled as kitchen is an old cane mill and nothing but the cauldrons to cook in. Just have made ovens now and expect to get some bread any day. On January 29th we got a lot of stuff from the Red Cross. There were packages from English, American and Canadian Red Cross. There were enough of one for every man and of the other two to give one to every other man. I was paired off with a Lieutenant Commander of the Navy and we split our two packages by chance system. Then when we open a can the clerk and I split. Our next ration quit right upon arrival of these packages. The sugar was out too. The packages had a little candy, cheese, clemargarine, butter, sugar, corned beef, and several other sorts of food. In addition to this there were several thousand cans of corned beef, vegetable stew, some cocoa and quite a bit of white sugar. There were also some clothing articles and toilet kits. All the packages were issued at once and then each Sunday a can of corned beef and a can of the stew is issued each man until exhausted. That makes 2 of each for Welcher and I. We have a place to the rear of the barracks where we can build a fire and warm the food so it helps a lot. We also get some odds and ends from the work details to help out too such as camotes, onions, etc. A market is started too where fresh bananas can be bought, sometimes cassava cakes, shoestring camotes and fried bananas. Bananas are taken and sliced and fixed like fried bread. We warm them over and they are really good. There is an issue of about a pound of granulated sugar every other Sunday too. The breakfast now are usually rice, and dry sugar with cocoa or tea. A few times we have had purified a white lard substitute much like Crisco. They are using a different rice part of the time too. It is unpolished, not white like we are used to but much like the puffed wheat in color. It has a salty taste too something like Malt-O-Meal. It is a change from the plain white rice. Outside of the two things which put me in the hospital I have been in excellent health except for a few colds, scotts and one touch of what was probably Dengue fever. I felt like the Grippe back home. I have lost a lot of weight but that was what I wanted. I gave all my trousers away but the one pair that I had on the day we were bombed, to friends from Luzon who were almost naked. Col. Holloway-Cook gave me two pairs of shorts about a year ago that were too big for him and were so tight on me then I couldn't even wear an undershirt under them. Now I wear them all the time and they are so loose they will slip down over my hips if I loosen the belt. The loss of fat is good but this food does not tend to make muscles so I am rather soft probably softer muscled than I was when so fat. The Filipinos I have met are sure a pretty worthless lot of generally speaking. In Manila I had three working for me. Two not worth a damn and one a very good man

in filling the orders in the publication section. At the Cabula hospital two or three of them did all the work and the rest were worthless. Doctor Frias was fine, a good doctor and mighty pleasant to talk with; Rita Arat, the surgical nurse, was very well trained and a conscientious worker; Claudia Bernasol a fair nurse, "Shorty" did good in a way helping to take care of the patients and the cook was dumb but willing. In the Office I had as high as a dozen under me but not a one could I trust to do a job without checking it very carefully. I had two with 5 years college and the others were pretty well educated in the Philippine schools. They would do a good job for a day or two then get lazy and go "hogwild" leaving out and putting in w non essential things so you couldn't tell what the letter or radiogram was supposed to be. At the Impalutao Hospital there was the prize in lack of care. You were lucky to get any attendance there and when you get a bladder full and have to wait it isn't very pleasant.

The trip from Malaybalay via Cagayan wasn't bad, though not what I would call a pleasure trip. We were packed in pretty tight but given fair ventilation so the only ill effect I had was a patch of prickly heat on the lower abdomen. This cleared up with one application of the Mexican Heat Powder I have. So far I have not had to hike any or do any hard labor. I have been in the office all the time. No telling what I may have to do before it is all over. It is just impossible for anyone to forestel what will happen. We from the Southern Islands have been treated with what was absolutely unforeseen. When the surrender was effected we were let get to the camp using our own transportation, not even searched but just told to turn in all our arms and ammunition, knives or other weapons. The Japanese let us run our own camp at Malaybalay even to going out with details to get food and butcher our meat at first then later with only a few guards to get fuel and supplies from Cagayan. The work required of the men was very little mostly for the upkeep of the camp or the repair of roads or bridges that had been blown up by the Americans. I don't believe there was ever more than two or three hundred enlisted men and maybe a dozen officers on detail at any one time out of the eleven hundred in camp. We were housed in the Philippine Army camp buildings and give complete freedom within the camp area without even a wire around it at first. Their punishment for minor offenses is to slap the offender with the open palm, this is used on their own troops as well as the Americans. There were very few such incidents there though. Then there was the two Filipinos who tried to escape and were executed. With much difficulty enough gasoline was obtained to take us to Cagayan instead of making us walk and a few of us were taken by truck from the boat, twenty odd kilometers, to camp so I havn't had to hike yet. If first, here, very little work was done. Shortly after the arrival from Luzon

of that nine hundred odd who were a miserable, sick half starved lot there was a call for lot of men to do different work around the plantation. Some 300 enlisted men and 100 officers were sent out of camp to work on plantations or at saw mills for civilian Japanese. The work consisted of rice harvest, food gathering, saw mill operating and fixing the road into camp. It is really some job to try to raise food locally for 2,000 men. At first it was a job to get 500 men out for work now it goes over a thousand well men. Even though the food isn't very American it is building those poor devils from Luzon up. At first all work parties had guards but later the majority of them went out without guards. There are quite a few chickens, some pigs, some carabaos and Brahmas and several pools full of fish. All this is taken care of by Americans. Every man whether officer or enlisted man has his job. It is still a mystery to me why the difference in treatment between the Luzon and Mindanao. My big job has been to get out correct rosters of the camp. It seems that every time you ask a man his name, rank, serial number, etc. he gives it a little different. This experience has made me want to get way out in the mountains where I won't see a human being for months on end when I get out of here. I never would have believed that an American could be so little and mean as the majority of the ones in this camp have been. Think of it, Lieut. Colonels smuggling in little bits of meat, stealing food from enlisted men when there was meals which were sufficient to satisfy me being served. Actually Regular Army Officers, West Pointers, so absolutely devoid of self respect they would crawl under the buildings looking for cigarette butts. Enlisted men stealing from one another selling the clothes of their backs. I don't know what the cause is but there must be a lack of training or something just lacking in the American system as there isn't much difference in the well educated West Point graduate, Reserve Officer, (Civilian or Regular Army Enlisted Man), National Guard Officer, Regular Army Enlisted Man, National Guard or drafted men. When they are in a detail, (usually we try to keep officers and enlisted men separated) you cannot tell the most of them apart. I am really ashamed of the Regular Service (Army, Navy or Marine Corps,) we have a fair group of all three branches of service. Some have been through quite a bit of hardship but not enough to excuse their pettishness, selfishness and down right meanness shown in this camp. We have representatives from every state in the union here too and it seems one section has as many heels as another. Our own home state, Nebraska, has its share and I am not exempt from doing some things that my conscience bothers me about. The main idea is that everyone is thinking about himself, only, and not having the common sense to see that team work is needed if everyone is to be here when we are again to be under American control. It is the Old American custom though of mud slinging. The average American thinks

he must step on someone to advance him self instead of helping those around him and in that way being pushed to the top through friendship and gratitude of those he comes into contact with. We have some great discussions as to the probable time of release. How we will be released. How we will be handled when we are released. What we will do with the money saved by not being able to spend it. I for one have no plans as I know things will be so much different from what they were when I left home that what I do is just a question mark. What my physical condition will be then, what the set up will be, (Will I be set back? Will there be any extra privilege for us unfortunates?) and a thousand other things to be taken care of. The Manila paper says food, gasoline, fuel, and clothes are being rationed in the United States. What has my family been doing while I have been gone. Betty Lou will be almost a young lady. Robert will be in school. Did Doris get a job? Did my allotment get through? Is it enough to take care of the three with the increased cost of living. The folks are all pretty well along in years. Will they all be living when I return? Will my family be glad to see me or will they have forgotten me or become scoured from the trick I played on them. It is just a string of circumstances which brought about the reason for my being here and some of those I blamed at one time were just stepping stones for my own self pity. Will this change me enough that I can get in step again and finish things on an even keel? I get so lonely at times that nothing seems real. Things are not very rushing some days and then things seem to sort of pile up. I miss the little things that I took for granted. Hope things are such that I can pick up the tag ends and continue when I do get back. Of course these years will be lost forever. Robert will be in school and his ideas set so that I will have to go some to catch up. Betty Lou will be so well established in Lincoln she will hate to leave. Doris will be talking a different language which I know is being used to take care of the new events and if working may not want to quit or be so worn out with worry and war hysteria she will be changed. The old folks will not be changed much if they are still living. Margies girls will be married and out to themselves and also Ruth very likely. The regulations and army procedure will be so changed that I will be almost a rank outsider. Maybe they will think I have served my time and retire me. After we are here another year or longer will we be fit for society physically or mentally? What is happening to the country back home? The little things the Manila paper prints are so insignificant that we are almost like being in another world. It will be almost like Rip Van Winkle. Hope it doesn't last as long as his sleep did. It is odd how different little things slip into a persons mind. Little things which at the time were of no consequence now are dear in our hearts. Little things the kids have done. Little things Doris has done to make life worth while but at the same time were taken for granted and

and not really appreciated. Maybe my mind is wandering like some of the others in this camp but I don't think so yet, just so lonely that I don't know what to do and things look like a long stay. Maybe it is just the darkest before the dawn. It has been almost a year now in prison and nearly a year and a half since I left my family.

March 21. Got the last corned beef and meat and vegetable ration so when this is gone will have to live on the regular ration.

March 22. Had an earthquake which lasted (it felt like several minutes) several seconds. Shook the Barracks until stuff fell off shelves.

April 4. 10 Americans escaped. They were 8 officers and 2 enlisted men. Lt Comdr. Melvyn McCoy, USN, Major Sliphin M. Mellnick, CAE, Capt William E Dycsf AC, Capt Austin C. Shofner, USMC, 1st Lt Michael Dobornich, USMC, 1st Lt Jack Hawkins, USMC, 2d Lt Samuel C Grashno, AC., 2d Lt Lisa Boelm, AC Sgt Robert H Spielman and PAC Paul H. Marshal both Infantry. We were immediately put on short rations rice, salt and kangkong (greens which look like sweet Potato vines). No more work details.

Saturday, April 10. All four barracks which had men escaped were moved to another compound which has 3 35 wire fences around it to await the report from Manila. Every one of the camp headquarters were included as we lived in these barracks. This will mean I am on regular duty at last as the headquarters was set up again from those left in camp. We are wondering how severe and just what the punishment will be. This camp was the model of the Far East. Not one single report of a breach of discipline but then the taking advantage of the favor given us is very serious to the Japanese and just what the punishment will be is hard to say. The Japanese have a policy of mass punishment if the individuals offend those who are near them are also punished. Next time those around the offender will see he does not break the rules; and if an individual acts queer he will be investigated by his fellow prisoners. The odd thing is these ten men were from four barracks and not a man outside their group had an idea of their plans. It was completely secret. What they have in mind cannot be explained as there isn't a chance of escape from this Island. The life in camp is far better than as a gurella in the Jungles and have a price on your head. Believe I am losing weight again. We had a market started when we could buy cassava cakes, fried bananas, peanuts, cigars, sometimes one thing sometimes another. A couple of times some coconut or chocolate candy and iced/sweet drink and several tin pop. I think we are shut off from chat now too. The food at the mess has been increased to include some mungo beans and other vegetables so it will keep us alive. No work of any kind now. Hope things are such we can be in our home land soon. No news at all now. My cloths are good yet but if I work they will soon go and I will be barefoot and ragged like rest. Leather, cloth, wood,

metal, and mens flesh, minds & souls rot quickly in this country. Up until about Christmas time I had my laundry done. Now I do it myself. Have a couple of small pieces of laundry soap, left after that is gone I don't know what I'll do. Clothes sure get an awful stink out here. Have some small pieces of face soap yet swapped cigarettes for it. We get an issue of Southern crop cigarette once in a while. Still have a few razor blades. Shave every three days to a week. Have about made up my mind to get my hair all clipped up as it is easier to keep clean that way. I am getting gray as a Badger. My gums are receding from my back teeth so suppose I will lose them shortly. Don't need teeth to eat soup anyway. Had a dream about Doris last nite, April 11-12. We were walking down the street. Doris had on a dress fitting hat and a new coat and galoshes as it was winter and there was snow on the ground and I had on a woolen uniform and overcoat, Tech Sgt chevrons, and Garrison cap. It was so plain that the disappointment was so great on awakening that I shed tears. "Twenty four years ago yesterday I first said I do" in the Regular Army. 24 years ago today I wore my uniform to town and met a girl who was going to school and living with her sister on Tennessee. I met her in Platt Parks after church. One thing a person has a chance to live his life over while waiting for release. Will we profit by the mistakes of the past? While in the office I spent sometime working on plans of the houses I would like to build and the one we might be able to build. What is our status. Is our pay accumulating? What is the rate of pay & allowances? Will my promotion be confirmed? If a Junior under the old pay I have about \$700 saved if a Chief about \$1,500. The new pay bill we have heard of will increase each of those considerably. Maybe this will be the making of our future happiness. Maybe the recuperation of it. I expect all men of over 20 years service will be given a rather complete physical exam upon return and retired if they do not meet the requirements. If I come under that what will be the basis of my retired pay? That would be ideal if my pay is being save at either Junior or chief. The Japanese have paid all officers and chief Warrant Officers twice \$20 & \$30. What clothes I have lost can be replaced. They would have had to be anyway as I have lost so much weight. The knapsack can never be replaced. I have a complete record of my service as I have the discharge to accept appointment as Warrant Officer. Hope I can get thru with what I have now the health and this will not have been too great a cost for the past petty self pity I have given myself. I often wonder what things are like at home. That is the greatest punishment of all. No news of our love ones. What are they doing? What is the extent of food limitation? If you still have the car is there a limit to the use of it? Does Robert and Betty Lou think of Daddy? Does Doris have a job? How are my folks and Doris folks? How are prices on food, clothing, etc. April 12, 1942; Had my hair clipped off as it is so hard to keep clean. Just a hole in the ground with a platform, so the

edge doesn't cave in. Water is pretty soilly. Boil all drinking water here and it waste smoky.

April 17, 1942: Were told our sentence is 1 month in this camp. April 10, 1943 to May 9, 1943. The Barracks leaders, Bay or (squad) leaders, those sleeping next to the men who escaped and the E.O. Col Nelson and Col Robinson got more severe sentences. More confirmed to meditate our mistakes and told to not let it happen again. Food about the same. Getting hot now. Decent at nite tho.

April 21, 1943. Still get our cigarette and sugar issue. Get all the commissary sales on Tuesday (13 hrs 1 & 2) and Friday (13 hrs 3-4). I was on guard from noon yesterday to noon today. Have double relief so only on from 2 to 4 yesterday and the same hours this morning. Men over their forty first birthday are exempt from working in the rice field which is a very unpleasant job. I am out of the office since coming over here. Almost had another shooting when a smart aleck for name Chalils from Chicago tried to talk Japanese and spoke out of turn to one of the guards. I don't have anything to do with them if I can help it. I don't understand them nor do they understand me, even the interpreter. Wrote another card to Doris # 3 Wonder if she will ever get them.

May 9, 1943: Mothers day. Everything quiet. Rumors started that we will move again soon. Lt Col W. T. Halloway-Cook the A<sup>1</sup> under Gen. Sharp claimed the records I was carrying. I had all the allotment, insurance applications and the radiograms forwarding the necessary information, All correspondence, radiograms on promotions of the American officer, Warrant officers and enlisted men of the Visayan-Mindanao Force. Also the file of this ONP General and special orders and the orders of HPD and USAFFE which pertained to the VMP. These made quite a load, filled an officers field mess gear box, and being flat paper was quite heavy. I was glad to be released of the responsibility. Made report same day to Colonel Nelson who was General Sharp's success at Malaybalay and Major Caruthers the assistant adjutant General. Another siege of Rice planting is done. That is hard, nasty work for Americans. Food got so rotten Col McGuire the C.O. made a complaint. Things were hot for a day or two then the food got a little better. They claim that it is running out. That only a little left, then we move. Where no one seem to know.

May 20, 1943: Another earthquake. The first shake was so violent it made the building crack. Not quite as long as the other one. We have been out of our punishment for ten days now. No difference except we get some bananas to buy twice a week which gives barracks 1 and 2 one a week and the 3 & 4 the other day. Our individual share this week was 4 bananas about four inches long and two "hands" of fried bananas about four inches square and 2 slices deep. I get so hungry I



Diary of Edward G. Northway, contd.

could eat anything. Get a dried fish now and then with one "jungle steer" of kangkong, camote, papia sometimes gabi and mongo beans one day last week we got corn, beans (canned) and a sort of potato which went good. The chow was so poor and the work so hard the men almost revolted before that. Meat is seldom served. Something happened yesterday morning. Work details were cancelled and the guards circled the main camp at close intervals facing inward. No information as to why. Got a paper which tells of the clean up at the African war in favor of our troops. Still on guard every other day outside and the night between in the barracks so my sleep is broken every nite but as I have no other duties I can sleep in the daytime.

May 24: Had an odd dream last nite. It was very real and altho very improball possible. I was in Arlington in the early fall. I was dressed in Woolen Uniform with overcoat over my arm. After visiting several places including the Recluseje Hardware I was walking up the street west with my over coat over my left shoulder when I looked across the street and standing in the street between the Drugstore and bank was Curry in vililian clothes. He had no coat or hat on and called me over. We went on in to the drugstore which he was the owner of, having retired. He said his pharmacist was to lunch and that as soon as he return we would go to his house for lunch. I told him I had just come in from California. I hadn't found a person who remembered me before meeting Gurry. After lunch which wasn't registered in the dream we walked over the town and I met many of my old friends and school mates who all wanted me to buy and settle there as I was about to retire or had already retired. They even showed me lots to build on and suggested business's if I wanted something to do. It was sure plain. The old drugstore with its showcases on each side, the tables in the middle, the little counter at the back on the right and the place in back where the prescription are made up. Also the arch with the Grocery store. It has been all of 25 years since I was in there but it seems like yesterday.

May 26th: Another earthquake. It was so violent and rough I got out of the building. It lasted for over 2 minutes. A large dead tree about a half a mile off sure did shake and large limbs broke off and came down with a crash. Hope we don't have many more as each one seems to be worse than the last and if they get much more violent our barracks wont stand up. It is an awful feeling leaves you dizzy for some time after the actual quake is over. 3 in all now.

June 10: Moved back to main camp. Put in old chapel in cages. Double deck affair screened in with board floors. Sleep on the boards. Cages looks like those used in a fair for rabbits or chickens. 288 officers in this building.

Diary of Edward G. Northway, contd.

June 12. Regular duty now. Having beans today, June 13. Weeding rice. In mud to above my knees all morning. Nearly killed me.

June 14 & 15. Holing again.

June 16. Went in narrow cage to Annilogan with 13 others for 3 carloads of bricks worked all day.

June 17. Selling paste in pasture. Got a stomach full of cocconut. Had something white being called Mabula.

June 18. Went to jungle to get Bejuco this is the stuff furniture is made from. It grows in a sort of vine which is covered with skins. We have to peel these skins off then pull it out of the tree. It sure wears a man out! We cut off pieces about 10 ft long. Hope it isn't a permanent job.

June 19. No work.

June 20. No work, expecting a big shot Japanese officer. Hard to work on the diet. The food don't put back the energy that is used up when a man works he just keeps going down until he is on sick report and then has a rest but even then he doesn't recover but a very little strength before he has to go to work again.

July 6: This is my third week of work and I have hardened up some but get so tired out each day. I don't seem to have a bit of reserve. The heat is so awful that it wears a man out. The food is not what we need to build up strength either. It seems to keep us alive but that is all. Only work half days as I am past the age limit. No news any more. No newspapers for sometime. Rains a lot. Hot day but fairly decent at nite. Sleep under a sort of spread at nite and sometimes double sheet over me too. Sort of used to the boards now. If the work doesn't require bending, I can make it. My clothes are beginning to show wear. The jungle tears the cloth. The continual dampness rots the cloth & leather. My feet are continually aching as are my legs and a rash on them which itches like blazes. My back has a continual ache and the sinus headaches hit me nearly every afternoon. Hope help comes soon. I am gradually losing weight too. It is a shame to see the fruit, bananas, papia, cocconuts, pineapples, oranges, lemons, limes, avocados, guavas rotting on the trees and ground and not able to get any just out of plain meanness of the guards and their officers. Coffee grows here too but only have it a couple of times a week. Tea all gone now have a ginger tea some mornings. What a time I will have getting acquainted with my family again and catching up on sleep in a bed and eating good food. Hope I can have 60 or 90 days off when I do get back or better still get a retirement at a decent pay as my physical condition will be such that I may be retired. I won't fight it even if it is not very much as if it is small we can do like Seb & Margi, go to a small town where rent and living is low and with the savings I have we can see the kids thru school in good shape. 21 months since we were separated. Almost 20 months since the last letter. If I only had news of how

Doris and the kids are making it. Not even a future now. Just how are things at home? Are they half as bad as the Japanese paper say they are? I don't think so tho I believe the US is out for a win as soon as possible and every one is affected. Is the allotment getting to Doris regular? We have heard of a new pay bill but what it is we have no idea. Sometimes I get pretty low in spirits as I am today.

Oct. 14. Philippine Independence day. Not much change to be expected, News pretty much behind times. Things about the same. I work all day in the garden except when I go to the jungle for Bejuco. Got a pair of reclaimed shoes for the jungle trips. Weeding in the afternoon, squatting in hot sun working in the hard baked soil in a back breaking heart breaking job. Still losing some weight. Food pretty slim. My ink paper and pencil are almost all gone. Get Manila papers now and then but the news isn't much. Tokyo paper every 3 or 4 months which aren't much better. Italy is gone now and rumor has it Germany is negotiating for peace. Hope so. Think maybe we will be liberated by the combined Anglo-American forces. It is getting pretty tiresome waiting. I get so homesick for Doris & the kids I can hardly stand it. Robert is 5 now Betty Lou 13 next month. I'll hardly know them or them me if this isn't over soon. Hot and dry here now. Nights fairly cool tho so we get some chance to sleep if the bed bugs leave us alone long enough to get to sleep.

Nov. 20. Two years in the Philippines. What a lot has happened. Things are pretty bad now. I have been on sick report since Oct 28 with diarrhea. About over it now. Have had lots of trouble with Arithutes in my back and hips. Started full day Sept 30. probably back on full day monday. Quite a few planes going south from time to time. Got a wire from Doris last Saturday Nov. 13.

Dec. 25, 1943. Another Christmas. Not so Merry as who can have the proper spirit in these surroundings. Last year we were so sure we would be out of here by now but it doesn't seem at all impossible we might be here next Christmas, no real news for months. The food isn't very good now but better than it was a few weeks ago. Last night we had quite a bit of meat, some whole corn, and cassava in our soup. No kangkong at all. It sure tasted good as we are about filled up on the swamp vine called kangkong. 2 carabaos yesterday and 2 more today. Had a nice program last nite not so much Christmas but was good especially the bath by DeDeter. I am on half day work now in the vegetable fields. Have to go barefoot since the escape in October. My feet are fairly tough but get sore if it doesn't rain for a week or so and the ground gets hard and hot. Am about normal in bowel movement for the first time since surrender. Yet so tired easily. Have lost lots of weight but still have a layer of fat which is like water in a rubber balloon and quivers at every move.

Diary of Edward G. Northway, contd.

All my thots are now to keep going until I can get back and start life with the family again. Miss Doris and the kids more and more as time goes on and will have a lot to make up for the lost time. Christmas day meals were not as good as last year. For breakfast we had steamed rice, brown sugar coffee with cream, and a small spoonfull of a sour mess made of rice which almost spoiled it all. For dinner we had steamed rice and kangkong soup. For supper there was a very thin cassava gravy with corn and very little meat with steamed rice. There were the heavy duty dippers used all day but the dinner was really bad. This year the month of December was much drier than last.

Jan 7: Dads birthday and the folk 52nd anniversary. Rainy so bad we didn't go to work in AM. out in PM in rain. Sure cold when wet, chilled thru.

Feb. 21. Holiday. Lately we have any day for rest but Sunday. Quite a bit of excitement in camp. 1st: The Red Cross supplies are in Davao, a detail goes in tomorrow to load it on a barge to bring out. We will get quite a bit more than last year. 2nd: A big detail (800?) are to leave camp for a new location in a week or so. (No more ricefield work is the rumor, only the garden from now on as part of the guards go with the detail. Musical program again was stopped about six weeks ago by the Japanese. Sometime ago we wrote a thesis on our experience on the war. I wrote just a lot of words but was in the "favored" class and given a handful of shoestring camotes and a lemon the size of a (well it was at least four inches thru and seven or eight inches long as a prize. Around 400 in the camp got these. There is also supposed to be a number (from 7,000 to 20,000) letters in camp too. Has been quite wet lately. Nice today. Still on half day hope I can keep it up as the sun just about kills me in the afternoon.

Feb. 26. The camp is sure having a case of jitters. The Red Cross supplies came out from Davao several days ago and in checking over the stuff it was found boxes of it was packed in crushed newspapers. This delayed the release. Now there is still no word as to when it will be given to us. Last nite the senior officer of camp submitted a letter to the Japanese commander about our status which got them all excited. The letter are being released slowly. Some have as many as a dozen or more. All are from six months to a year old. Seems that the U.S. was notified of Bataan survivors in December 1942 Corregidor on March 1943 and I haven't heard anything on the Southern Islands. Lots of medical supplies were issued 100 Vitamin tablets, started taking them last nite. Hope we get the Red Cross stuff soon and also a letter or two. The letter to the Japanese is to do with the Americans working on outside details. There is a 100 men detail of E/M and 50 truck drivers already out supposed to be hauling coral to airfields and the new detail to go out soon is supposed to be for the same work. This has caused the protest. Have a cold and the Grippe and sure feel goofy. Can't think clearly for this and the heat but the nights are so

Diary of Edward G. Northway, contd.

cool I often sleep with my sultan shirt and trousers and cover up with a double sheet and a bed spread. Am sure getting home sick and can't see any release soon either.

Feb. 28. Got the individual packages today of Red Cross supplies also toilet articles as follows: (1) simplex razor, (10) blades, (1) barbasol, (1) tooth brush, (1) Dr. Lyons tooth powder, (1) comb, (1) housewife, (1) bar laundry soap (1/2) bar P & G laundry soap. (1/2) roll 500 sheets toilet paper, (1) lead pencil, (1) shine shoe polish. More to be issued later. There is lots of excitement and trading.

Mar. 1: My cold is breaking have been constipated so hasn't enjoy the food fully. Think the constipation is broken today. More things being issued tonite. No mail for me yet only about 600 delivered so far.

Mar 2: 550 of E/M to Lasang.

March 17th: All the Red Cross stuff is out now except the either cigarettes and the 2 food pkgs. each man. I was lucky as usual in the Raffles. There was a variety of things, odds and ends, not enough for all so we drew numbers and had our choice of what was left when our numbers came up. There were things such as, field shoes, sheets, winter caps, wool sweaters, wool-leather faced gloves, civilian shirts, undershirts and shorts, shorts of material about like shells half, razors, razor blades, tooth brushes, tooth powder, shaving cream, laundry soap, shoe polish, shoe laces, odds and ends of food from broken pkgs. a fan deck of cards and harmonicas and several other items. I got a small corned port leaf, tooth brush and bar of laundry soap. My first two bars lasted me 13 days. I wasn't sparring at all and ate my fill. Have a promise of the other 2 April 2. You know what that day is? Our food at the mess has gone to nothing since the boxes came. No meat at all. One meal a day without rice that is of squash, camotes and very little cracked corn. That is the evening meal and for dinner we get rice with whole fried corn cooked in it and squash and salt. Squash isn't much of a filler. We also get hot water too for those who have coffee left. I haven't. For breakfast we get rice & corn as at dinner with salt or sugar. If salt a spoonfull of sour rice called B-1. So far the packages have been an excuse for a real out in our ohw which is greater than a dozen packages. Out of the medical supplies we all get multiple vitamins to be taken 2 a day and two others a white and a small one which looks like oil. Those who need them get as high as a dozen or more. Hope a change comes soon as this is getting mighty monotonous. Have a bad sore on the outside of my left ankle but not bad enough to keep me in. Moved in to a new barrack with 2 marine W/O a 1st. Lt and 2 others "/O all from E/M. Everyone got a shoe string and those who did not get new shoes got to put over the old ones lined in and a pair of leather soles and uncomfortable rubber heels. I kept my old shoes as they are mine and altho old I know how strong they are. March 30. 7 men escaped the 27th. a detail was out to the edge of the jungle fixing fence when something went wrong and seven

took off after injuring a guard or two. The other four did not go or were not able to we don't know as they are in the guard-house. No work except a couple of shop details. Food out to rice and salt. It has been reported one man was shot the next morning and the other surrounded April 1. So far we haven't started to work since the escape. Had 5 days of rice & salt but now have vegetables too. Don't know yet what the final punishment will be. My general health is good so far. No serious sickness just a stomach ache now and then and a few infections. I have a spot on my left ankle from a bruise which is very slow healing. My head aches are just from over exposure to the sun or an attack of sunning on a soggy hot day. Am putting on weight again. The low was 129 now back to 145. The injury to my head seems to be completely gone. The doctor told me it would probably be 2 years before a real decision could be reached that is I would show positive proof of recovering or would be a hopeless crazy person or dead. So far the results of this confirm have all been to the good of my physical, I have lost almost all my bad habits. Lost my over weight except for a few pounds of fat and have been working along pretty well at half days tho I do get terribly tired. My left knee which was hurt on the accident in Denver is the latest seat of the arthritis. No news now I often wonder what the states are like in wartime. No more letters or Red Cross since this escape. Not even any rumors now.

April:6. The new camp commander a Major took over. He looks like a soldier who will take an interest in the camp and his first social dinner with the American CO & Barracks Leaders seem to bear this out. He told them that he had a job to do in taking charge and if we cooperated we would receive fair treatment in return. This entire outlook at life is different tho. We have had food even if in small portion a little more variety and have plenty of wood to cook it. The details are going out again smaller better guarded but before where the keynote was every man out there were so many loafers that there was a lot of lost motions. The mail is coming in again and we are to get the rest of the Red Cross boxes Saturday the 8th. The New CO made the Japanese soldier dig up the body of Boon who had to escape and was shot or died of exhaustion and was buried in the jungle and given a christian burial in our cemetery with the American CO. present. Maybe we have a strict soldier, who is always really better as a CO and things will better. No promise but that he will do what he sees fit with the stuff available. Funeral of a Jap soldier who died of a strange disease the Blood count of the white corpuscles gets all out of proportion. Quite a few Americans have had it but none have died. Get down in resistance, lose weight, can't eat and for most cases have a diarrhea.

April 8th: Noon and no Red Cross tho it was promised for today. Everyone is pretty sore too. Guess we was a little hasty. Got the Regular Pkg and the 1-1/2 pk Luckies about 4:30 PM. Still holding the one I inhaled and the supplies for a later issue.

Diary of Edward G. Northway, contd.

Ate a few raisins about 1/2 chocolate bar before supper and the rest after and tried to eat a luncheon meal but couldn't make it. My stomach was already out of order from greens. Every time we have salads like camote, squash cassava and rice for a while things go back to the vegetable soup (green with a few camotes or some squash in them). It seems to upset me.

My stool is watery so when I lay down the gas gurgles thru the liquid like putting a pipe in water and blowing thru it then a quick trip to the toilet or quite often a pair of shorts to wash and it leaks thru very easily.

April 9: Easter Sunday. Beautiful day. No work. Services started before daylite and will go on almost all day. Hope it is my last Easter in such Surroundings.

April 11. 4 men in escape detail back from Japanese Guardhouse. April 19: Worked AM on carpenter detail. That is loaded trucks & got just ready to ship out. Looks like they are evacuating this place. Taking everything of any value out somewhere.

Working in the field has them stopped except for one day of planting camotes since the escape.

April 22: No work yesterday or today for me. Carpenters and Bedega men still packing up. All the Red Cross boxes are gone now. The stuff I helped crate is all gone. The men who are permanently or semi-permanently have orders to be ready to move on two hours notice. It really looks like another move but no dope on where. I hate to think of another boat ride like the last as we are packed in like cattle and it is hot as hell in hold of the old freighter we ride.

May 13: Rumor has it that the move is indefinitely postponed. All the iron, wire, etc. is gone but the sacked camotes were taken out and spread on floor so they wouldn't rot. Lots of air certingly. Hope our forces are getting close enough so we can not be moved. Work is easy now 1/2 day work and from 2 to 6 days off. The food is rather light and not much variety. Camotes 1 meal and rice 2 meals. Sometimes we get a little fish or meat. Got some corn the other day instead of rice. No greens today. I hate them anyway. The mail is about all delivered and I havn't any and do not expect to get any as the Southern Islands now have received very few. Seems we were reported to the states the middle of May 1943, and this mail is almost all before then. Quite a bit of news from these letters tho and our morale is highten from having received them.

May 23: Considerable excitement the last two days. Sunday a Major Harrison went crazy and hit a Japanese guard on the head and then took his rifle. The detail was working in a little fenced place right at the main gate in our camp. The rifle wasn't loaded so they soon subdued him and took him off. The detail remained in their working place sitting still all day. The next day an American got too close to the fence and was shot at. The guard has been doubled and no work details are going out. Today there are more Japanese medical men using the kitchen for some medical work to be close to the hot water I guess. The food is still poor and not much of it. No Red Cross package yet but have been told we would get it soon, that was

Diary of Edward J. Northway, contd.

before the excitement. All the mail is delivered and I didn't get surprise by getting a letter. Not many for us UMF as our folks didn't get report until the middle of May 1943.  
May 25: 15 years ago was one of the happiest days of my life. What a lot of happiness I have had since that day until the last two and a half years. Hope we are together for next year. It is hot here now for the last couple of weeks. Today is cooler. Work a half day every for or five days but the food is so poor we are just barely existing. Almost any change would be a blessing. Paid again. We get 30 Japanese pesos every 2 months. There isn't anything to buy now tho. No candy for over a month and even all the tobacco is gone now. Wonder how things are at home. Wish I was there. I get so lonely for the real people again. Hope I can get retired when this is over. Heard there was a bill passed which allows a veteran of the 2 wars with 20 years service to retire at his permanent rank. Under the old pay that would be \$94.50 for me. Under the new pay it would be about \$130. That would be enough to get by on with the nest egg I have saved to get a home started. If not in Lincoln or suburbs, some small town where the property cost is low like Margie and Seib at Ainsworth. If we had a pretty good house with some land for a few fruit trees, Berries and a garden to keep me busy and so we could can some of the fruit and vegetables and may be raise a hundred or so chickens it would be easy to live and pleasant with a car. Not too small a place but where there is a good school for the children. What a time it will be to be back with Doris, Betty Lou, and Robert and to be able to visit the folk at Lincoln and else where and to renew our acquaintances. It will be a year before I would be really ready to settle down after this and I doubt if I ever can get used to an office again as a closed building seems to small with me now.

CERTIFIED TRUE COPY:

*Ruth H. Essary*  
RUTH H. ESSARY  
Captain WAC



DECLASSIFIED  
Authority NND 883078



P.O.W./C.I. - E.G. Northway

Folder 7

DECLASSIFIED

Authority NND 833078