

St. Ed Lingo
 Zentangi '44
 (I hope)
 #761

Started Sept 4, 1943
 to date

Men in Zentangi as of Dec 1, 1943		- 685 men
U.S. Navy (Officers & Enlisted men)	109	
U.S. Marine Corp " " " "	60	
U.S. Army Officers	253	
U.S. Civilians	3	
	<u>425</u>	425
		<u>260</u>
		685
New Zealand Officers & Civilians	5	
British Officers	90	Jan 44 5 + single
Australian Officers	96	June 1 - died
Dutch	69	July 1 + am
	<u>260</u>	Aug 44 80 + ditto am
		<u>170</u>

Foreword

I owe my presence at this moment to my Parents, particularly my mother, as they have always been a perfect example for me to follow in all important matters of life. If it were not ^{for} my proper diet, rest, play, recreation ^{etc} as directed by them, I'm sure I would not be here today, for it has really been a gruelling existence at times.

(1)

My Life from 12:35 P.M. Dec. 8, 1941

No. _____

This is as close as I can remember a story or log from the beginning of the War, starting at 12:35 P.M. Dec 8, 1941 to the present date. On occasion I will go back to relate instances that I omit through forgetfulness, but all in all it will be fairly accurate. If there are any questions that come to your mind on reading this ^{drop me a line} I will attempt to answer same to the best of my ability. So feel free to ask.

I was assigned to Battery "A" 200th Co (aa) located at Ft. Stotsenburg P.D. about 60 kilometers (K.M.) ^{south of Manila} This is a 37 millimeter gun battery. Ours, the 3rd platoon was located about 100 yards north of Clark Airport. Our mission being to fire on all targets within our range. We had two 37 mm guns. These were protected with a sewer (woven bamboo) fence, filled with sand about 4 feet thick and 4 feet high about 10 feet from the gun, completely surrounding same. Sergeant Ware in charge of platoon ^{under me} 32 men at the time. I (2nd Lt at the time) was Officer of the day, quite one to be remembered I will say.

Had just finished dinner and was playing solitaire listening to the 12:30 P.M. news broadcast about Baguio P.D. and Hawaii being bombed etc. when ^{1st} Frank Turner said there was a big formation (54 planes) of bombers coming from the northwest. I hurried out to the door not thinking these planes

to be bombed from Japan. All of a sudden it
 dawned on me they might be dropping bombs and
 about that time these bombs started hitting the
 ground. Capt George was taking a bath ^{at the time} & was all
 soaped up. He ran to his room, soap & all, started
 putting on his clothes then remembered the soap.
 Drove into the toilet & saw Lt. Marvin Lucas with
 his head between the wall and the toilet. I looked
 at him and really laughed. I then fell on my face
 on the toilet floor ^{as a way to hide}. After realizing what was going
 on I went in to my room, picked up my helmet,
 pistol belt and gas mask and headed for the guard
 house. ^{as a way off of the way} About this time the fighter ^(Japs) planes were every-
 where and bullets were flying hither, thither & over there.
 I took cover in a ditch near a building full of gasoline
 drums. I put on my gas mask, took it off, tried to get
 closer to the ground and was as nervous as a hen
 with new chicks. I was really scared stiff and I
 don't mean perhaps. Dark field was black with dust
 & smoke. My platoon didn't have an officer ~~and~~
 and didn't get bombs were dropping all around the guns.
 One man was hit in the hip. The guns were burnt ~~and~~
 the men took cover in a nearby cluster of trees. ^{couldn't} I
 get to the gun position as I was on duty (Cd) in comp.

That evening (Dec 8) about 8 P.M. (blackout of course)
 we were informed to get our clothing and personal effects
 together as we were going to Manila and form a new

regiment. We gathered together about 1/3 of the ^{No.} men of the battery from the different gun positions and managed to get our personal effects together in the dark. ^{Piling all maps & clothing} ~~At 10:00 PM~~ in 4 trucks the 70 of us left for Manila and points unknown under blackout conditions, very nervous, tired & excited. We didn't know for sure but thought the Japs might return for a night raid. Got lost on the way to Manila.

Picked up an M. P. north of Manila. Had a meeting on the highway and were instructed to go to Nichols airport after picking up our new 37 mm equipment at the Q. M. depot. Equipment ^{Packed} in Cosmo line but we had no rags, gasoline or any cleaning equipment to clean the guns with. About 2:30 A.M. as we were ^{nearing} our destination, Nichols field, a big flight of Jap bombers dumped their load on the hangars.

We could see many flames set off around the airport, evidently by spies. ^{5th Column Activities} We went past the airport & stopped near the Manila Polo Club. Lucky a lady in a nearby house offered assistance. She gave us gasoline, towels to be used as rags etc as well as coffee and donuts. ^(Later met her son Jim Baldwin) The men were dead tired as we had no sleep, ^{were} scared, hungry and not knowing what to expect. Finally put equipment into condition and moved to the airport, setting up on the south side near lagoon in a rice field. 14 men.

4) One afternoon we saw an American plane fly over, drop a man in a parachute near Ft. Mc. Harty (about 1 mile away) & you should have heard the shots fired at him by the Filipino troops. They were told dumb, thought he was a Jap.

in my platoon. Picked up some ^{Very lazy men} Filipinos ^{No.} to help us dig in, as the mud was a very tough and sticky gumbo. Finally set up and ^{was} ready for action about 11 A.M. Dec 9. but no show since noon of Dec 8. due to ~~trying~~ conditions. Finally brought us some type "C" Army rations, consisting of two cans per ration. One can containing beef hash or beans. The other can containing 5 Cookies 1 small tin of coffee, ^(to drop in hot water) 3 cubes of sugar and a square of chocolate. These cans are about the size of an ordinary coffee cup. The air corp personnel, men and officers came running by us at a fast clip. Tried to stop ^{them} ~~some~~ to help us, but ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~lucky~~ ^{lucky} ~~enough~~ ^{enough} ~~to~~ ^{to} stop ^{only} one man. These air corp men didn't have food, water, bedding clothing, arms. ~~and~~ didn't know where they were going, just running. The fellow who stopped, named Stole, had just been let out of jail for drunkenness but was a very good man and knew Nichols field very well. ^{We were not acquainted with any of the buildings} His help was much appreciated later on in raiding the PX and getting other supplies for us, such as food, arms, ammunition etc. ^{on Tuesday} ~~on~~ ^{day} ~~night~~ I gave definite instructions not to fire under any conditions. I had gone to ^{Manila} ~~to~~ bought 2 qts of whiskey, a couple boxes of candy, chewing gum etc. and had given one qt. of whiskey to each gun crew. I do believe it was exactly what was needed. It amounted to a couple of big drinks per man. ^{just enough to stave the strain} About 8:30 P.M. a plane flew over

and dropped a flare right over us, lighting up the sky all around us. We didn't know if it were friend or enemy plane but decided to lay low just to make sure. But I will say it scared us to death. However after that we all slept well as we were really tired out. It was a friend's plane.

Wednesday noon we were eating dinner and saw a couple of planes coming in and didn't think anything about it till we recognized them as Jap planes with the big Red insignia under the wings. They strafed the field and one of them got on the tail of a P-40. We thought the P-40 was chasing the Jap but it turned out the other way around. We had a perfect shot at it, ^{the plane} being about 100 yds above us. We had shot flying all around us but I will say we certainly missed the best shot you can imagine. Just about this time a flight of 27 big high flying bombers let loose on the field and bombs fell everywhere but not real close to us. Gas tanks, planes, house buildings went up in smoke but nothing as accurate as the Clarkfield bombing where they hit 16 P-40 and 14 B-17. We always say they had the 1st team flying that day and only the substitutes on all the other days, as they never were as good at bombing. Want to say

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here and now, we didn't have any fox holes ^{No.} dug at the time but it wasn't long after that we had a good one dug. Might say also we made all shapes and sizes before the war ended for us. Big long ones like that, about 5 feet deep, smaller ones the same way for 3 or 4 men. We had 1 & 2 men round holes about 3 feet deep & any the boys wanted it was O.K. with us but we found the individual one man round hole about 30 inches across about 42 inches deep to be the best. For the reason if a bomb hit near it would only get one man and if covered he could just about dig himself out.

Thursday the 11th I was transferred to "D" battery ^(37mm) located in Malacañan palace with orders to protect the oil tanks in the vicinity. This palace is the President Quezon's summer home but what the heck we lived in it and thought nothing of it. Swimming pool and all were used by all of us.

This was too good to last. ^{No action with "D" battery} I was transferred on Sat. the 13th to "B" battery a 3" gun battery located at Carabao gate near Ft. M. Kinley an evacuated Philippine Scout Army post located in the southeast part of Manila, on a big hill about one and 1/2 miles from Nichols Field. The new regiment received the number 515th (AS), about this time we received 30 Filipino soldiers into the battery to help us. The army outfits that moved from Ft. M. Kinley left nearly everything, including

food, clothing, equipment etc. so we raided ^{No.} this and
 picked up many good articles. Nearly every day at
 noon a big flight of high flying bombers would
 come over. We were usually eating about this
 time and would leave our food and fire at the
 planes, and by the time we finished the food would
 be cold, dirty and have the taste of powder. About
 this time Dec. 15 to be exact the paper gave us the
 information that 80 Jap ships were seen outside
 of Linguyan Bay. This really put a scare into
 us. We had inadequate air force and land forces
 to repel a landing but our boys did the best under
 the conditions. Many of the Filipino army personnel had only
 been in the army for a few days and hardly
 knew which end of the gun a projectile came
 out of. ~~It~~ Do not get the Philippine Scouts and
 the Philippine Army mixed. The Scouts were real
 soldiers and have been trained for many
 years by American officers, whereas the Philippine
 Army was very green and trained by Philippine
 Officers, who usually were not of the best type.
 During this time I received a note from
 Julio Quiros my good friend who was in
 Manila and wanted to see me. I went in
 for 3 hours (the only time I ever left the
 battery on non official business during the
 entire war) and had several drinks and

dinner with him. He promised the Battery 2 cases of rum as a Xmas present. Had to send the driver in after the rum and he would give the driver only one case and said I would have to get the other, which I never had the opportunity to pick up. However we were thankful for the one case which I distributed among the men. Had one drink left the last day of the war April 8, 1942. Hope some day I get to see Quiros again. A very nice fellow. One morning about 3 A.M. the truck driver and I had orders to go to Ft. Stotsenburg to pick up some clothes and equipment that belonged to the battery. Under blackout conditions we got lost getting out of Manila and had a hectic trip to Ft. Stotsenburg. It was very quiet and you could see the bomb holes scattered around our old battery area. However the trip was successful, but will say my blood ran cold once in a while when we thought we heard planes overhead. As the date was nearing Xmas we planned to have a party and this party to be held under a tree where we stored the ammunition. We called the party to be, "the party under the ammunition tree for Xmas eve." We planned to have fruit, pop, beer, rum, candy, cookies, nuts etc and we had all of these things but it failed to materialize as at 11 o'clock the morning of Dec. 24 we were instructed to move to Calumpit bridge vicinity to guard this bridge. Capt Henfling & I went ahead of the battery to find

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a position. While passing through Manila we stopped at Y.M.C.A. to get some sandwiches and a malted milk and some ice cream. While we were getting this to eat on the road, the air raid siren sounded so we took our goodies and started through Manila in our Reconnaissance Car with the top down. All the Filipinos were under cover of the building, all the autos & street cars had stopped and here we were riding down the street eating, bombers flying overhead. It was really quite amusing and we really made good time as we had no interference.

Had a hard time finding a good position at Calumpit bridge. However we did get set up, but it was necessary to work all night Xmas eve. Xmas day we had some good surprise shots but did not bring any planes to the ground however some were smoking. In the distance to the north we could see Ft. Stotsenburg going up in flames, meaning the Japs were not far behind. Certainly a funny feeling. We stored all our excess clothing and equipment in the jail house near Calumpit bridge. The last time we saw them. We took very little with us, just necessities. Xmas evening the battery moved to KM 135 our first position in Bataan. Here, I received a radiogram from Mother, Dad and Grace dated Dec 22, 1941, received Dec 28, 1941. One day at noon

a large convoy of trucks loaded with ammunition stopped near our gun position while some high flying bombers were overhead. Believe me we really turned out en masse to unload those trucks and get away from that ammunition as fast as possible. Here we saw 9 planes fly ^{directly} ~~under~~ ^{very unusual} 9 other planes in criss cross fashion. We also saw an American P-35 catch on fire and take a nose dive into the bay. One evening we had a real feed consisting of chicken (roast pigs) chickens and sweet potatoes and gravy with beer. All of these were prepared by a Filipino. We always heard rumors that ships were coming in etc etc etc but none ever materialized. Jan 4th we moved to new position at KM 155. The front line had been forced to retreat to supposedly its last stand. On Jan. 9 and Jan. 15 we are informed recently were very dark days for the American forces as they were just about to surrender to to much pressure. Food had already started to be rationed and from then on we have never had an ample supply, and that includes to the present date. Of course since our capture it has been worse. Our position here was very near Bataan airport. We could also see Corrigador. He I witnessed the best sight I saw all during the war. A Jap recon plane that had been flying back and forth every day taking pictures, who had nicknamed "Photo Joe", came by and

two P-40's left the field followed this fellow ^{No.} and shot him down so fast he didn't have time to say goodby. He really took a nose dive into the bay. On Jan. 15 Gen. M^{rs} Arthur put out a letter telling us hundreds of planes and thousands of men were on the way to give us help. I have a copy of this letter in another book.

The night of Jan 31 (all moves were made at night under blackout conditions and the road was hardly wide enough for two civilian cars, much less for big trucks) we started to move to the west side of Bataan, the China Sea side. We were traveling in a convoy on the road near KM 185 when we passed hundreds of troops on foot marching in the same direction we were traveling. We were informed at Division H.Q. at KM 191 the Japs were attempting a big landing on the beach at approximately KM 202. We were in a quandary. If the Japs succeeded after we were north of K.M. 202 we would be unable to retreat without losing our equipment, roughly valued at \$500,000. So while pondering the next move a few tanks and bus loads of soldiers came by. It did not take us long to decide to turn around immediately. If you can imagine the work necessary to turn a big truck with a large gun attached to it, around in a space wide enough for two cars to pass you have the answer. But believe me it was really a job. The

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trucks and guns ~~no~~ measure about 40 to 45 ^{No.} feet when connected together. We had 4 of these to turn around, as well as 7 other trucks both large & small, but luckily we succeeded without accident after which we let out a big sigh of relief. But to top this off when Capt Knuffing went back to HQ to report our move Col. Peck thoroughly reprimanded him for doing so. Which put us on the spot. However if we had gone to our original destination and the Japs had been successful on their landing operation he would have been all wrong also. P-40's did a good job that night strafing the landing barges, beaches etc. They were successful in landing 300 men but these were all killed or captured before many days. On one of the barges was found a lifebuoy that had come off a Red Cross ship we Americans sent to Japan during their big earthquakes. That's the way they use our ^{gift} equipment, against us. On Feb 2nd we continued to our destination getting in position at KM 213. We always wore a pistol belt and the men always carried their rifles as there were a lot of snipers and we couldn't take any chances. We were within 3 kilometers as a crow flies from the front line. Also wore a helmet all the time. This night moving under blackout conditions doesn't sound bad but it's very dangerous and difficult. Also when in the movies, you see this place and that being bombed you don't think so much.

about it till you are under one of these ^{No.} bombings and you are the target. We were the target 10 times at this position, as our mission was to protect the field artillery in the vicinity, and to see and hear those bombs explode so close to you that it was possible to reach out of the hole you were in and touch the bomb crater, its really very blood chilling. The longest period a person lives is when a plane dives on you, your 37mm and 50 caliber guns open fire. The plane releases its bombs, when they get close to the ground the guns quit firing the men take cover, (go to fox holes) its this period I refer to, seems like years and in reality its only a few seconds till the bombs hit ground and explode, and you think well thank God missed once more. We didnt have a man scratched during all this bombing, but we did have 3 of them covered up, but were successful in reviving them. I still have the small piece of bomb fragment that touched me on the arm. We picked up one piece and could read Ford Motor Company stamped on it. Our efforts were far from successful as we did not have the correct equipment for the type of plane used. could hear machine gun fire from the front line very distinctly. We made it a practice to eat before daylight and after dark. In other words two

meals a day and this only a half ration, ^{No.} consisting of a small amount of rice pudding with only rice water and salt no sugar and perhaps some gravy with 7 cans of corned beef for 100 men and one thin slice of bread. Believe me we were plenty hungry all the time. The Filipino boys would thresh the rice and cook it at noon time, eating it without salt and it was damn good. Estimate by the end of 1943 I will have eaten well over 2000 bowls of rice since the war started. We bathed in a nearby creek which made it very nice. Must include in our diet that we sometimes were lucky and I do mean lucky enough to get an issue of fresh meat, namely horse, mule or carabao. We all prefer mule which is really very good. Have also eaten monkey and lizard. We had Mass one morning about 4:30 A.M. using a flashlight with carbon paper over the lens and no lit candles. We were shelled three times and several times you could hear the projectiles ^(screams) pass overhead and burst behind us. One day I was in the kitchen and a shell burst about 10 feet overhead throwing fragments of hot lead everywhere, but lucky it hit no one, but gave us a good scare. To hear shells scream or screech overhead really sends a cold chill up your spine. The kitchen crew shot one Jap behind the kitchen and wounded another. also a Jap

was killed just behind the gun position. ^{No.} This Jap was about to throw a hand grenade when someone shot him with a pistol and the grenade went off in his hand blowing him to bits. His right arm completely gone, part of his face destroyed & in a bad mess. Hungry all the time.

About this time our boys began to take down with malaria and fever of 105.7 was common. Could not believe my eyes when I read the thermometer. The boys were not out of their heads, but just weak and had a hard time recovering due to the lack of quinine and the poor food. Had a telephone system laid along the road, with switchboards every few K.M. A code was used for example, nails was ammunition, hawks for airplanes etc. The different switchboards were named, Manor, Hill Walnut, Universe etc. Lines checked every half hour as it was knocked out with bombs & shells all the time.

I made a trip to H.Q. to see if Col. Beck would transfer the men from our battery to another battery and give them a rest but didn't have any luck.

We played Fan-Tan for 10¢ a card. Had books when we could find them, slept, and did everything we could think of to kill time.

One of the bombs that hit in our battery position tore my bed apart. Tore a hole in my air mattress ruined my bed roll and pillow as well as the sheets and blankets. We had a gun knocked

out occasionally, but were repaired immediately ^{No.} by the ordnance dept.

On March 7th we moved position to A.M. 212. Took us much longer to move into position than usual as so many of the men were sick. At one time we had 67 of 98 men in sick bay. Due to this we were out of action for two weeks. We were bombed 3 times at this position and some of the bombs hit to close for comfort. As we thought we might be in this position during the rainy season we began the construction house on the side of the hill and this was a real job. Our bread ration played out about this time and with the rice, fish or meat ration getting thinner every day I don't see how some of us survived.

Once in awhile I would walk to Phil #2, sit around and talk to the fellows and listen to the Voice of Freedom an American news broadcast from Coligador.

Lucky, we had a Catholic priest assigned to us on the Sat afternoon before Easter, so we had Mass and Communion on Easter morning the second time during the war for us. It was nearly a miracle to be truthful about it.

Mr Arthur takes the field. Small skimches along our front. Such were the daily headlines of the daily single sheet newspaper put out on Bataan. About this time Mr Arthur turns back on us and takes off for Australia. Running out like a scared rabbit.

No.

We were instructed to move position to the east side of Kasaan about KM 166. This was on the 5th of April. It took us from 7 P.M. till 4:30 A.M. the next morning to make the move that it usually took us 2 hours to make. This due to sickness and lack of energy. While getting ready to move Jack Finley came rushing over to me being led through the darkness by a Filipino boy as he was just about crazy. Something had crawled into his ear and was stinging him. I didn't know what to do, I could see he was in agony. I layed him down and tried to quiet him but he couldn't be quiet. I got a flashlight and could just barely see the tail of something. I started to get a knife and try to pry it out. Just about this time a centipede about 2 1/2 inches long ~~was~~ came walking out. It scared me stiff. I can imagine what it was doing to the inside of his head. Decidentally he did not make the trip all the way to O'Donnell, the first prison camp but fell out along the way and died or was shot. We stopped along the road with our equipment as we could not complete the trip before daylight. Also the place we had planned to bivouac in had been bombed.

Finally the night of the 8th we started out for our assigned position at KM 166. As we near our position we met many troops without arms coming to the rear, saying the line had broken and that we should either retreat or form a new line. We didn't know what to do. We had an assignment and on top of that we were not infantry troops. We finally decided it would be a drastic move to attempt to get to our assigned position as the Japs were rapidly approaching our area. We contacted our HQ finally and they instructed us to leave our equipment intact as they would attempt to transfer it to Corraador. This we did taking only 3 trucks and

started for the rear. Everything was really in an uproar, troops going and coming in all directions not knowing what to do. Was really frightful and very discouraging. ^{and saddeping} We didn't know what to do or what was really going to happen. We moved back several K.Ms and made camp. It was about 2:30 A.M. of the 9th of April. Everyone was dead tired and very nervous. Most of the boys layed a couple of blankets down and went to sleep. I decided I was going to have one last fling and enjoy myself for a few hours at least. You could hear gun fire to the north a very short distance. About this time one of the ammunition dumps was set off by us, ^(our troops) rocking the ground for a few kilometers around and made a terrific noise. A ship in Manila bay was shotted and to top it off we had a slight earth tremor a small earthquake. They were also ruining the airport runway a short distance away with dynamite. I had the oddest feeling I have ever had in my life. Can't explain it at all. Just a don't give a damn feeling inside of me, so I decided I would drink the last good drink out of the rum bottle and throw it away. This I did. There was only a good big drink left but in my empty stomach it really felt good. I then decided I would take a bath in a nearby creek, change clothes, shave in the dark and have something to eat. Took my bath shaved and sat down and ate two cans of type "C" rations ^(only reserve) (reserv). I felt clean and satisfied so I rolled out a couple of blankets and went to sleep. Should have mentioned we were caught in a terrific traffic jam. We also passed very close to the airport they were destroying which also made us feel rather funny in the pit of the stomach. About 4:30 A.M. ~~we~~ we were

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awakened by more men coming into this camp. Our battery commander instructed us to take what 30 caliber ammunition we could find, all the food available and be prepared in one hour to move up to a certain R. Marine we were to form a new line. We did as instructed. In the meantime he had been informed that we had surrendered, to turn in all our arms, ammunition, knives, etc. This we did about 5:45 AM. During the day Jap bombers were flying overhead and occasionally dropping a bomb or two here or there. Made us feel funny as we had no arms to fire back with. Several times we were tempted to get our arms and fire at them but we didn't. Several different outfits moved into this camping area and some brought out the reserve food they had been saving. Had oatmeal, milk, butter, banana chocolate, raisins, and other things we had not even seen for a couple of months. Sure tasted good and nearly everyone got filled up for the first time in many days. We all stood by waiting for some word from the Japs but we did not receive any till early next morning and that being to be ready to move by 7 A.M. Some had a good nites rest and believe me we all needed it. With our stomachs full for a change, no bombs shells or Japs to worry about everyone enjoyed their last nites sleep as a Battery of the 515th Ca (aa) have thought of that often.

The morning of the 10th we were instructed to go to the airport we had ruined a few days before. On the way we passed Filipino Scout Master Sergeant came driving up. With tears in his eyes, he said after being in the army for

34 years "this is what happens." One of the saddest things ^{No.} I have ever witnessed.

At the ~~air~~ airport they took our trucks away from us and told us to start marching up the road. A few feet after leaving the truck I had my wrist watch taken, then a little while later my knife, pocket watch, pocket book even took my toothbrush and put it in his mouth. They went through my field bag at different times taking my canned rations, clothes, etc. finally taking the bag and all. Also they took my blanket and shelter half. Took my canteen full of water & returned me an empty one. I filled it along the road and again it was taken. Exchanged five canteens along the road the first day. At the end of the first days march after being stopped and searched at least 5 times I had left one pair of shoes one pair of socks, pants, shirt, underpants, no hat, no ring and nothing else. I was wearing all of these. All along the road the Filipinos that passed gave us the "V" sign in one shape or another, by holding up their fingers, by forming their arms, holding their hands over head etc. Forgot to mention they had instructed the Filipinos to go one way and us the other they didn't tell us where we were going but to just move on down the road. Another thing that was bad. If they had taken everything away from us right away it would have been O.K. but they let us carry it for a day or two and then took it. Another thing they were continually hazing us and driving us like a bunch of sheep. Always humiliating us in every way possible. Was a very miserable feeling to walk through troops of those treacherous fellows. Particularly the 1st troops that came in. You

didn't know what to expect, or when to expect it.

Forgot to mention when the dive bombers were about to attack you just before they started in their dive they would release a large quantity of pamphlets of all kinds, shapes and sizes. We collected them for awhile but later destroyed them. They also dropped Jap. paper currency most 10¢ paper pieces. Also, a very funny feeling to experience is to have a bomb drop a hundred or so yards away, the next one about 50 yds away, the next one about 20 yds away and you know damn well the next one will get you sure enough. You certainly breathe a heavy sigh of relief when it skips you and hits just beyond a few yards. Its a feeling you can hardly express.

Along this march you could see broken down trucks, big bomb holes, dead bodies here and there, towns completely wrecked. One place we were stopped they treated us nearly human. They took type "C" away from the Filipinos civilians and tossed it to us. Of course one small can would be split about a dozen ways so everyone would get a bite. I picked up with one of the boys out of "A" Battery & he liked to walk fast and so did I. We decided we would like to get to where we were going in a hurry before our energy was all gone, so we really moved along fast, passing several groups. We were getting practically no food. I believe I mentioned I had 5 servings of rice and a can of salmon, a few peanuts & an onion in 6 days. At one of the inspection places this fellow was found to have 3-45 caliber pistol shells with him. I thought they were going to take him out and shoot him but they didn't even slap him and were me

surprised. The Japanese quite a practice of stopping you for any thing they think is not just exactly right. No.

While in K.I. one site over short wave radio I heard from London that the Japanese radio had announced they had knocked out an anti-aircraft battery on the west coast of Bataan. We were the only AA outfit on the west side of Bataan but we were far from being knocked out, however they had really giving us a good bombing lesson and had knocked out a gun for a short ~~while~~ while and destroyed an electric transmission cable that was sent flying through the air like spaghetti.

Back to the trip through Bataan. It was really a crime to see sick men who had fallen out of ranks lying along the road being kicked or hit, sometimes being bayoneted or even shot because they could not carry on any longer due to heat or exhaustion etc. To mention one time in particular I saw a high ranking Jap officer come into a town, where a big group of us were resting and the sick being given aid, started hollering about getting us down the road. Next everyone fell in line but the sick that were laying aside grouped together could not make it so he picked up a big piece of bamboo and started hitting these fellows over the head with a mighty blow. I saw one fellows head split open and he yelled "Please don't do that", and here we were standing in line unable to do a thing about the abuse. (But someday the war will win always being herded like sheep. At this particular stop however I was lucky enough to pick up a shelter half, towel pair of socks & a pair of shorts. also I snuck away took a good quick sponge bath and changed my shorts & socks and was able to wash out the things I had been wearing. Shaved a little later on in a mess cup with borrowed

Chow: Number of calories received at McDonnell POW Camp 650 per day (23)
Cabatuan 1050
Umeda 1550
Zentengi 3000 ~~2750~~

equipment. We slept in a field pushed very close together that had been used by the bunch before us for a latrine but that made no difference to the Japs. Strained while we were sleeping but nothing was done.

Was lucky the next afternoon. The guard we had stumbled out to be a good "Joe". I worked my way up to the head of the line and this Jap guard made me "captain" (leader) of the group and I stopped & started the men gave them permission to get water etc. In other words things were going along nicely. Another "Jip" as we now call them ~~came~~ came along and gave him some business, one of which he gave me. So I thought I would take full advantage of him. First of all I talked him into letting the men drop out of line a few at a time to get water, something we hadn't been allowed to do before. Also after a couple hours ~~of~~ walking I talked him into a rest, something else we didn't have on any previous days. It was terrible hot, and we were completely exhausted. Another break, about this time the Filipinos lined up along the road with food to sell, and I was lucky enough to talk him into letting us buy these things. I didn't have any money but ^{some} some of the fellows did have and they shared with me. Bananas, rice cakes, sugar cakes, sugar cakes, tomatoes, eggs etc. Ate my first & last raw egg on this march and was glad to get it. These groups were anywhere from 100 to 1000 men. Our march was 114 Kilometers or 68 miles. We walked from the southern tip of Batavia to San Fernando well to the north & east of Batavia.

At San Fernando we were placed in a small ^(steel) box car, a 120 of us the box car about half the size of ours in the states and the doors closed. We didn't have room to turn around much less sit down. It was terribly hot & the men were getting sick and most of us had diarrhea. Finally the doors were open & we started to move our destination unknown again. I say it was criminal. We were just sheep not even good sheep in their eyes and

Bombay: Destination - my name
Condition
Destination - my name
Fragmentation - Personal.

I guess were lucky to be alive, you could really call it a ^{No.} miracle. The train ride was only for about 3 hours but then we walked again for 7 hours finally arriving at Camp O'Donnell, formerly a not completed Filipino Army camp. This was on April 17, 1942.

Upon arrival here we were addressed by the Camp Commander, a former criminal prison supervisor in Japan, and he pointed out among other things that the Americans were the eternal enemies of Japan and we were one day he under the Japanese control. There was 800 in our group. One in the group was a sergeant in our battery. He was in terrible condition. To put it plainly he was dead on his feet. A story about him. He had in his pocket a firing lock, a very vital part of our guns. When we abandoned them on the road (they never did get shipped to Corrigador as we passed them on the road) he took this part from his gun and had carried it until now. It weighed about 7 pounds, so you can see how conscientious he was. After arriving in camp on the 17th he died of exhaustion on the 18th. Of our battery of 68 white boys we had only 51 arrive in camp. The rest either died on the road or went to the hospital. Among our officers arriving, ~~the~~ 5 were picked up for having in their possession something Japanese, namely, money, furs. The Nips thinking these were taken from a dead Nip, took these men to a private jail or stockade & they have never been seen or heard of since.

Our first 10 days at O'Donnell were terrible and of course the worst since I've been a prisoner. We had 22 men die the first 14 days. They died of exhaustion due to lack of food and the hardship. It was to be truthful a killer and you cannot imagine how hard it was. Our food at O'Donnell was $\frac{1}{2}$ canteen cup of sugar (rice in a ^{thick} soup) without salt, vegetables or anything else. This lasted for 10 days. Then we got a few sweet potatoes to mix

many men weighing 200th down to 110th sick with dysentery, nothing
but skin & bones

(25)

No.

with the rice and it ~~to~~ tasted like chicken. One day they gave us
one small calf for 3000 of us. We had a total of 9000 American
prisoners and about 40,000 Filipino prisoners. The Filipinos were across
the road from us. They were dying at the rate of 400 a day and
that figure has been checked. Dysentery, malaria, diphtheria was
running wild and this on top of malnutrition. We were always hungry.
(Might add here, a description of each prison camp I been in, is in my
other notebook, not enough room here) and I do mean very hungry.
Men often slept the lotuse because they did not have the strength to
move away from it. I was exceptionally fortunate. I made the march
very well and stayed in good health most of the time. I saw boys just burn
up with malaria fever. Often the thermometer registered 105.5 to 106. I
actually saw boys just plain burn up & die with fever because we
could not get quinine for them nor could we get any medicine for diphtheria.
From 12th of April till June 2nd we had 1600 men out of 9000 die. They
were buried in groups of 6 to the grave. Most of the boys were hardly
able to dig the graves for the dead ones. The hospital had no facilities at all.
No beds, blankets, medicines. It was terrible. Just a little quinine would have saved many.
Along the march I saw men pay \$50 for sun helmets, \$10 for
a canteen of water \$10 for a cup of rice and glad to pay it.
At one stopping place I remember the Jap in command said, "I'll
kill you" if I find razor blade, knife or matches. He searched us, lined us up
in ~~columns~~ a column of 4's and made us sit down & sleep that way.
But we were ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~lful~~ to get to sit down as we had walked 29 kms
that day. Of course that was without food.
The water was very, very scarce at O'Donnell & we were
not allowed to wash. However I took a sponge bath in a canteen cup
& water. I was terribly, terribly sweaty & dirty. Everyone went to the creek

about 3/4 mile away to get water ~~to~~ for the kitchen.

About my 3rd day at O'Donnell I wake up with a terrible headache, chills and fever and no appetite which I knew at once was malaria and me with no quinine. I was lucky enough to find 10 grains, and a couple of extra blankets and sweat it out of me and after a few days I was back to normal but very weak. I had seen these boys shake with malaria chills and thought it very funny but when it struck home it wasn't so funny. We built bamboo beds in an old barn for 4 of us. We slept all we could to keep from getting hungry, sleeping at least 14 hours a day. I ate my rice out of a tin ~~plate~~ ^{Pan (Korean)} & had a piece of bamboo for a spoon. Our living conditions were terrible and we had plenty of rain and wind. All types, shapes and sizes of eating utensils used, and most of them were anything but regular China ware.

We had a joint meeting of 200 ^{a definite, ~~that~~ defeated attitude assumed by all.} & 515th men for the last time. Was a pitiful sight. Col. Sage talked for about 5 minutes then broke down & cried & couldn't carry on. He was appointed American Commander for the campaign here & Col. left.

Made some goodies out of stolen flour, a little grease, salt, sugar & water. Mixed this in a ~~stall~~ steel helmet & made into patties & fried in grease in a mess kit. Was the best thing we had had for a long time. Food was selling at \$5.00 a can and then you couldn't buy it. Gold money dollars so to speak was worthless as you couldn't buy anything with it. We had Mass nearly every morning.

after things were settled and ^{Commission} after loads of salt is terrible plain me. ^{None from Corrigador at Camp O'Donnell (June 2, 1942)}

Went from O'Donnell to Cabanatuan 100 to. for cars. Took about 6 hours. Terribly hot. You cannot imagine the condition of the men after going along on such a small amount of rices and very little else. Tried to buy things from the Filipinos along the road while in the box car. No money as I had taken my pocket books, but I managed to chisel some food from some of the boys in the car. Cabanatuan Camp much ~~more~~ than O'Donnell

I was assistant barricker leader in Cabanatuan Camp. Hard to get men to work or even obey as many were mentally shot and sick.
Places we worked & camped - Michara - Cachi - Ymeda - Lima

No.

Had several more attacks of malaria, twelve in all. Always managed to get a little quinine, enough to make me sweat and then I would feel better. Got a job in the Jap kitchen, carrying water, chopping wood etc and was able to buy a few things like Cocoa, milk, sardines, corned beef etc at about $\$1.00$ a can & would sell it immediately for $\$3.00$ a can. Made a little money. Then I got stuck for some quinine. Paid $\$50.00$ for 25-5 grain tablets. But I needed the quinine and had the money. Everything was sold at a tremendous profit called the inner market. Cigarettes often sold for $\$1.00$ for 10 one cigarette. All of this was being smuggled into Camp. Lost my job in Jap kitchen because I got sick with Malaria. Example of profit. 100⁺ sugar, wholesale price $\$12.50$. I saw it sold to a fellow for $\$50.00$. I paid him $\$75.00$ for the sack & sold it by the canteen cup for $\$1.50$ cup and took in $\$190.00$. Also saw a box of this 14 candy 120 pieces to the box sell for $\$50.00$. It was really terrible but everyone was doing it. The food in the Jap kitchen was a touch better than on the American side of the fence. We were existing & that's about all. Very little meat, practically none, some vegetables and fruit. No bread, potatoes, flour or anything like that. I stayed about 185 ^{days} but that was because I was eating a tremendous amount of rice, all I could get my hands on. It was often wormy. I had plenty of rocks but that didn't make any difference. I broke (5) pieces of my teeth chewing rocks. After awhile we had a commissary where we could buy canned clams & sugar at a fairly reasonable price, but then again I didn't have any money. The men were swelling up around the ankles & weak as a cat. Beri-beri and scurvy was very prominent. Grooming screws were to be seen on nearly everyone including myself. They just would be due to the diet. Any kind of clothes you could get your hands on were worn. Many fellows went barefoot. I had some wooden clogs & wore them. Everyone was really in terrible condition. Lucky it was warm. However we had hard wind & rain storms.

Note:
Always plenty of rumors coming in.

after. Took both in rain over 5 gal oil can. Water scarce & turned off by Japs after ^{No.}

Different details like wood hauling, gas digging etc. got 1 beam for doing the work. Men were dying about 10 to 15 a day. From June 2 to Nov 5th when we left about 1700 men had died. The hospital like the other camp had nothing to work with. No operating room at all and very little medicine. A diphtheria epidemic started & 80 men died in 2 days before they could get any serum. In fact I was sent to the hospital for observation but miraculously I didn't get sick. Was in the hospital for 14 days. They were issued one thin slice of bread & a small cup of Cut Canned milk. Certainly tasted good. These Japs are really trying their best to starve us out and they are well on their way to succeeding. I've been hungry now for about 2 1/2 months or more and don't know how much longer it will be before I really get filled up all day long but have high hopes. We had Mass at the hospital by Father Brown of Mescales fame every morning & I served for him. The Japs would issue a few sheets of toilet paper and a bar of soap per man per month. Never a newspaper books clothing or anything of that nature. As I've said before we were treated like criminal prisoners instead of like prisoners of war. We were in a barbed wire barrack & I was a cut leader for a while. Always sleeping in blankets for Japs. Us never notified if we were dead or alive.

Men in groups of from 100 to 1500 were being on different details all the time. Some to Mindinao, some to Manukan and to different parts of Luzon to work on bridges roads etc. They were as the rule treated very rough. On one of these details one man escaped so the Japs picked 10 men to be shot ^{as punishment}. Lined them up and made the rest of the men on detail watch the shooting. It happened a brother saw a brother shot. If men were unable to do the work they were hit or slapped by the Japs, often beat up terribly. In camp at Cabanatuan, 3 officers tried to escape & were caught, so they cut the heads off of one of them. We in the whole camp were formed into groups of 10 & if one of them escaped the other nine would be shot. That put a stop to

The Nips took all pens pencils paper writing material
away from us at Yoneda

(29)

escape business at once. Daily we lined up by barracks & were counted. No.

Nov. 1st I was put on detail to leave camp destination unknown. Nov 2nd we were issued some clothing but it being Filipino Army clothing it was too small. ^{nothing fit} We left ^{camp} Cabanatuan at 2:30 A.M. Nov 5, 1942 and rode only 8 1/2 ^{more} to same size box car we had 120 in before & even with 81 we were still crowded. Luckily we got a place to sleep that night on the dock in the ticket office ^{in Manila} and the rumor was around that we were going to Japan & our heart jumped. Imagine going through American infected submarine waters in Jap ship with Jap troops aboard so they could not mark it with any kind of signal to show prisoners aboard. We were shined 600 to a small hole and it was terribly hot & sultry as we were two decks below & one below water. Hardly room to sit down much less to lay and sleep. Only 4 latrines & they were on top of deck. The ship was awfully delapidated ^{worn} out. Men had to line up to go to latrine. Everyone, nearly, had diarrhoea and it was necessary to use the "kenny" bucket kept down in the hole.

Everyone making up recipe books for good food. More about Cabanatuan. When we were able to buy eggs, fish, beans, chili, meat etc. through the commissary it was a pleasure to see all the different size cans & buckets ^(Called Quon Cans) around the fire with many mixtures in each. One nice fellow in our room received 1700 Pesos from his wife in Manila. He had been sick & we had treated him very nice so he treated us to a duck dinner. We had duck, ^{roasted} gong, rice, jelly roll, fruit, gin, beer and the poor fellow couldn't attend because he was so sick. He later died of malaria & beri-beri and he was swollen & water puffed up to 31 lbs by actual weight. It was terrible. Hot water with a few tea leaves was used by the Japs for drinking, washing dishes, taking a bath or wherever water was needed. Noticed this ^{while} working in Jap kitchen. Also when rice is steamed the burnt rice that sticks to the side of the pot is very good with a little salt or sugar. Things like this were a luxury and most everything that we wouldn't begin to think of eating at home was considered a luxury. ^{we} also wore a belly band around their waist to keep it warm even during summer.

at Umeda work done we were lined up by rank (in the Cold & rain) Lt. Col. Mayo
etc on down to privates & put in rooms at the Bunscho in this manner.

Shubun Shewan (Duty officer) for meals in July.

Paper had always been a big shortage. We were now using the wrappers off of cans for
paper & these were hard to get hold of.

Left Manila 9 P.M. Nov 7 on and down out Japs ship with 1500 Americans &
No.

same number of Japs aboard. Food pretty fair but only two meals a day. Of course I
was ^{sea} sick first couple of days. Water very scarce. None to wash with and very
little to drink. Convoy of ships. Smooth sea all the way. Didn't know where we were
going and the ever present thought of being torpedoed was not very nice. Nothing to
read and barely enough room to sit down. Sleeping difficult. One fellow slept at night
lying down in a place occupied in daytime by someone who tried to sleep. I was lucky
talked my way into a berth & had place to sleep. Found a place to sleep on deck first few miles
very nice up there. Time dragged. Not being able to wash or clean your teeth for days is not
very pleasant. Lice started by the million. Everyone had them. Always thought of being
torpedoed. Several rounds fired at ship next to us by an American ship in vicinity & it
really made our heart jump to our mouths. All the Japs put on their life preservers
and rushed for the deck. Of course we had no preservers and were left below deck.

Stopped at Takai, Formosa for 5 days. Not allowed on deck. We were allowed on deck about
3-4 hour periods per 24 hours in very foul below. Blackout at night. Couldn't even smoke on
top deck. Never did know where we were going till we got there. Finally arrived Nagai, Japan

Nov 25th and was it cold, however, I was glad to be safe on land. No warm clothing & our
(Our destination settled by fate, as we came off ship handed a number to the color of it decided your camp)
food very thin due to being in the tropics. Gave us two small boxes about 6" x 5" ^{by 1 1/2" thick} with
vegetables in one & rice in the other. These are known as Bento (Lunch) Boxes. Used on
train & traveling, fairly handy. Also some hot water to drink.

Boarded a train at exactly midnight morning of Nov 26th 1942 and headed
north. Arrived Osaka about 5 P.M. Nov 26, 1942 Thanksgiving day and walked
to Umeda Bunscho our home for the next 8 months. (Umeda being the
suburb and Bunscho meaning ^{district} prison camp). Had good supper, plenty of soup &
rice. This soup & rice business seems to be the standard Jap meal as to what
what every camp had. This is only meal while at Umeda that I was anywhere
near full. We were issued tableware & it certainly felt funny to have the regular
utensils to eat with again. Very cold. No warm water had no bath from Nov. 6th 1942

Room directly over kitchen was warm. Spent many hours a day in this room (31)
Was to go to wash your face or hands. Went days without washing. Most of
men hated to see daylight come as it was just another day of misery & sickness. Enlisted
men make work, but sick or well most of them were sick
Manila till Jan 1, 1943 in Florida. Issued two uniforms & everything else taken away
from us. One summer & one winter uniform. Both uniforms very small. Had one small
fire pot (hibachi) in middle of room. 22 men to room. Slept on benches with thin
rice straw mattress. Issued 5 thin cotton blankets & my two wool blankets I slept
An attitude of never getting home was amongst us, but an occasional dream helped.
warm. We got up at regular time ate regular time etc. More like army. Under
jurisdiction of Army. Got 3 small buns a day for awhile & a small bowl of rice & soup for
breakfast & the same for supper & that's all. Started working shoveling coal at railroad yard
in Jan 2, 1943 and worked there for a couple of weeks. Then started working on docks
doing stereos work and it was really hard. The worst work I have ever done &
particularly on such poor food. Bop were dying fast. Lost 115 men in 6 months
out of 458. Died ^{due to} exposure, malnutrition. I worked 42 consecutive days. We
ought some food on job like kento boxes, catsup, fish powder, pepper, chili etc. ^{this was a luxury & known as black market}
When we didn't work & I should say when we were unable to work we were taken
for a long cold walk to the river and made to do exercise or play kid games. They
were always holding an inspection of some kind in the barracks. We lived
on 3rd floor of old delapidated building. Officers treated very little better than
enlisted men. Were not allowed to have newspapers, cards, magazines etc.
except on Sunday & they issued them. Papers etc always 3 months old. We had
to stand at attention & bow or salute to all Jap soldiers from private on up. Had 100
pieces of good chew for 3 men in Dec. and one again for 5 men in March.
Had a pretty fair black market operating. Enlisted men would steal food stuffs like sugar
kicks, pot stoves etc at the railroad dock & smuggle it into Bunker and we bought it
with money or with buns or rice or cigarettes. We were paid 40¢ a month.
and enlisted men about 3¢ a month. Cigarettes, soap, toilet paper issued every
month for which we paid small sum. Officers also had to pay room & board of
6¢ a day sent a postcard home before Nov & a letter in May & again in July.
I had dog tag written in Jap. my number 391 & later changed to 338 to wear around neck
I was really sick in April and the doctors couldn't find out what was
the matter with me. Gave me quinine, dysentery medicine, sulfaguanadine. I
had some diarrhea, high fever, sore throat but the doctors have admitted to me they
didn't know what was the matter. Had a couple of Jap friends that

Didn't wash for days as the water was cold. Hot Community bath on Sunday
when a fellow got sick if allowed to be sent to hospital & usually didn't come
out alive of 450 men we had over 115 in hospital at one time.

Brought me, two pounds of rice, one steak, 1/2 lb cheese, 1 small loaf bread a couple of
eggs, some sugar & a small bottle of sweetened milk. Was really ~~told~~ ^{did} very well
& the Japs didn't send me to work until I was ready to go. Our work party was
changed from one dock to another ~~on~~ ^{on} the other side of ^{Otsuka} ~~Otsuka~~ and it took
45 minutes by train to get there. At this new work place, ~~was~~ ^{was} known as Castibus
we had a good dinner. We bought fish heads, onions, egg plant & squash & made a
thick soup. Also were allowed to buy tomatoes, cucumbers & vinegar and
we really had a good meal. Of course we had our usual small bento box of
rice and no vegetables. We worked at this place two days a week. We also
stole some beer and some glucose while working one day. Certainly tactidgan
had group (50 men) hot baths every Sunday. Bang or roll call every morning &
evening. Japs always slapping for punishment. No priest but we had novena
prayers and rosary every Wed & Sunday evening. Finally notified we were
going to Zentengi (P.O.W.) Prisoner of War Camp on Aug 1, 1943 reported to be
the best prisoner of war camp in Japan and were we Tickle's. So here we are

Space does not permit me to tell much of Zentengi however, the attitude here is so
much different from all the other places. Dieben in. Just something about the atmosphere
Many very sick, nearly dead fellows have come to this camp and have recovered
and are really beginning to live again. It's something I cannot express particularly
in paper. Even the way they walk, eat, talk etc. makes you realize you have a
good chance of getting home alive. Of course I will say the daily food is much better
here which is a big reason and then you have occasional extra Chow which
all helps. The living quarters are much better than the other camps. The
attitude of the Japs toward the prisoners seems to be much better. You are not
always unconsciously expecting to be slapped or corrected. Don't misunderstand
we have rules and regulations & some of the Nips aren't so good but mostly
all in all to me it is a prisoner's paradise. You are free in a compound abt
1 1/2 acres square in which are located the two prisoner barracks 700 men
as well as the library storeroom, kitchen (connected to our barracks by a hallway
& buildings where the Japs kids are located, also a bathhouse latrine and

and vegetable garden as well as a Canteen buildings. However you can
anything in the Canteen except on specific occasions. We are allowed all
services, have room to play outside games & a very nice place to
the buildings (barracks) have about 15 rooms in them & you have from
men to the room. You are not crowded but do not have a lot of room
you sleep on mats, ^(rice straw) no mattresses, with five blankets. You do not have beds but
just a built up shiba like places. All Camps in fact all the people of Japan live
this way. We have people here from England, Australia, Java, China, Philippines
Korea, Wake, Sumatra, all prisoners a big metropolitan group and very congenial
as a whole. We are allowed to have classes and you can study nearly anything
want with competent teachers. I personally am taking real estate & bookkeeping.
The, toilet paper, soap & a few necessities are issued for which we pay. We
a salary of 50 Yen a month but you have no place to spend it. A talk is
every Thursday night & a play every Sunday night. Clothes are very scarce,
the Japs are very stingy with them. We have a barber shop, tailor shop
shoe shop. About every two months a Red Cross box is issued but
completely. Some of the ingredients have been removed & given to the kitchen
for preparation of food and to be rationed out. We have two daily newspapers
and a weekly & monthly magazine. Mail is received at intervals. We are
allowed to play cards games etc but not allowed to gamble. For a while
we received bread which was wonderful as we had not had any for
several months. Our diet here is a medium sized bowl of steamed rice
a tin sized bowl of vegetable soup three times a day, with one cup of
times a day. ^(No black market) The camp is very clean. We rise at 6 AM. lights
at 7 AM. also have about 2 hours of work daily either cleaning up the
or working in the garden. So I can truthfully say I have
of getting out of here alive and its really not such a bad
to the others disturbed in.

Continued in next book