

Lt. Ed Lingo  
Zentsugi '44  
(I hope)  
#761

Started Sept 4, 1943 to date

Men in Zentsugi as of Dec 1, 1943 - 685 men

US Navy (Officers & Enlisted men	109
US Marine Corps " " " "	60
US Army Officers	253
US Civilians	<u>3</u>
	425

New Zealand Officers & Civilians	5	425
British Officers	90	<u>260</u>
Australian Officers	96	685
Dutch	<u>69</u>	
	<u>260</u>	

Foreword

Jan 44	5 + Engli...
June	1 - died
July	1 + Amer...
Aug 44	80 + Dutch
	<u>Amer....</u>
	770

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 gruellsom existence at times.

1)

My Life from 12:35 P.M. Dec 8, 1944

This is as close as I can remember a day or I; ofg from the beginning of the War, starting at 12:50 Dec 8th, 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 mind on reading this^ drop me a line & I will attempt to answer some to the best of my ability So feel free to ask.

I was assigned to Battery "H" 200th Ca(aa) located at Ft. Stotsenberg P & about 60 kilometers (K.M.) north of Manila this 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 sewalee (woven bamboo) fence filled with sand about 4 feet thick and 4 feet high about 10 feet from the gun, completely surrounding same. Sergeant Mares in charge of platoon^ under me 32 men at the time & (2nd Lt at the time) was officer of the day, quite one to be remembered I will say.

Had first finished dinner and was playing solitaire listening to the 12:30 pm news broadcast about Baguio P. and Hawaii being bombed to when Lt Frank Turner said this was a big formation (54 planes) of bombers coming from the northwest. I hurried but to the door not thinking these planes

**2)**

To be bombers 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. I ran into the toilet & saw Lt. Marvin Lucas with his head between the wall and the toilet. I looked at him and really laughed & then fell on my face on the toilet floor ^as a place to hide. After realizing what was going on and went in to my room, picked up my helmet, pistol belt and gas mask and headed for the guard house ^ as I was officer of the day. About this time the fighter (Jap) 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 chickens. I was really scared stiff and I don't mean perhaps Clark field was black with dust & smoke. My platoon didn't have an officer and I'm told bombs were dropping all around the guns. One man was hit in the hip. The guns were burnt. The men took cover in a nearby cluster of trees. I couldn't get to the gun position as I was on duty (OD) in camp.

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

**3)**

Regiment. We gathered together about 1/3 of the men of the battery from the different group positions and managed to get our personal affects together in the dark. Piling all men and clothing 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 Nickols airport after packing up our new 37 mm equipment at the Q. M. depot. Equipment ^ packed in cosmoline 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, Nickols field, a big flight of Jap bombers dumped their load on the hangers. We could see many flares 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 (Lester met her son Jim Baldwin) in a nearby house offered assistance. She gave us gasoline, towels to be used as rags as well as hot coffee and donuts. About 5 AM, 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, settling up on the south side near a lagoon in a nice field. 14 men in

**4)**

One afternoon we saw an American plane fly over, drop a man in a parachute near Ft McKinly (about 1 mile away) and you should have heard the shots fired at him by the filipino troops they were to dumb, thought he was a Jap.


my platoon. Picked up some very lazy men Filipinos to help us dig in, as the mud was a very tough and sticky gumbo. Finally set up and were ready for action about 11 A.M. Dec 9 but no chow since noon of Dec 8 due to conditions. Finally brought in 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 of an ordinary coffee cup. The air coup personnel, men and officers came running by us at a fast clip. Tried to stop them to help us, but was lucky enough to stop ^ only one man. These air coup men didn't have food, water, bedding clothing, arms. Didn't know where they were going, just running. The fellow who stopped, names Stole, had just been let out of jail for drunkenness but was a very good man and knew Nickols 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 the other supplies for us, such as food, arms, ammunitions, etc. Tuesday nite I gave definite instructions not to fire under any conditions. I had gone to Manilla, bought 2qts of whisky, a couple boxes of candy, chewing gum etc and had given one qt. of whisky to each gun crew. I do believe it was exactly what we needed. It amounted to a couple of big drinks per man. ^just enough to relieve the strain. About 8:30 P.M. a plane flew over

5)

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 dot insignia under the wing. 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 Clark field bombing where they hit 16-P-40m and 14-15-17, 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

6)

here and now, we didn't have any fox holes 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 reasons 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 "G" battery (37 mm) located in Malacañan-palace with orders to protect the oil tanks in the vicinity. This palace is the president Queson'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 "G" Battery. I was transferred on Sat. the 13th to "B" Battery, a 3" gun battery located at Carabao gate near Ft. Mc-Kinley an evacuated Philippine scout army post located in the southeast part of Manila, on a big hill about one and ½ miles from Nickols field. The new regiment received the number 515th Ca (aa), about this time we received 30 Filipino soldiers into the battery to help us. The army outfits that moved from Ft. Mc-Kinley left nearly everything including

7)

food, clothing, equipment etc. so we raided this and picked up many good articles. Nearly everyday 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. 15th to be exact the paper gave us the information that 80 Jap ships were seen outside of Lingguayou 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 bet under the conditions. Many of the Filipinos 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. Do not get the Filipine Scouts and the Filipine army mixed. The Scouts were real soldiers and have been trained for many years by American officers, whereas the Filipine army was very green and trained by Filipino Officers, who were usually were not of the best type during this time. I received a note from Julio Quiros who was in Manila and wanted to see me. I went in for 3 hours (the only time I even left the battery on non official business during the entire war) and had several drinks



**8)**

and dinners 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 and I went ahead of the battery to find


**9)**

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 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 auto's & street cars had stopped and here we were riding down the street eating, bombers flying overhead. It was really quite amazing 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 nite 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

**10)**

at noon a large convoy of trucks loaded with ammunition stopped near our gun position while some high flying bombers were overhead. Behind me we really turned out en mass to unload those trucks and get away from that ammunition as fast as possible.

Here we saw 9 planes fly ^directly under 9 other planes in criss cross fashion . ^very unusual. 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 lechon (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 a new position at K.M 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 do 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 corregador. He I witnessed the best sight I saw all during the war. A Jap recon plane that had been flying back forth every day taking pictures, who we nicknamed "Photo Joe", came by and

**11)**

Two P-40's left the field followed this fellow and shot him down so fast he didn't have time to say goodbye. He really too nosedive into the bay. On Jan. 15th Gen. MacArthur 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 nite 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 convoy on the road near KM 185 where 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 K.M. 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 \$500,000.00. 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 an answer. But believe me it was really a job. The

**12)**

trucks and guns measure about 40 to 45 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. Henfling 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 nite of 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 life buoy that had come off a Red cross ship we Americans sent to Japan during the big earthquake. Thats 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 their 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 its very dangerous and difficult. Also when in the movies, you see this place and that being bombed you don't think so much

**13)**

about it till you are under one of these bombings and you are the target. We were the target 10 times at the 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 the ground and explode, and you think well thank god missed once more. We didn't have a man scratched during all the 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 arms. 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 daylite and after dark. In other words two

**14)**

meals a day and this only a half ration, 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 sliced 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 darn good. I 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 4:40 A.M. using a flashlight with carbon paper over the lens and no lite candles. We were shelled three times and several times you could hear the projectiles (scream) 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

**15)**

Was killed just behind the gun position. 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 layed 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, Hell, 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. Peck would transfer the men from our battery to another battery and give them a nest but didn't have any luck

We played Fan-Tan for 10¢ a card. Read 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 bedroll and pillow as well as the sheets and blankets. We had a gun knocked



**16)**

out occasionally but were repaired immediately by the ordinance dept.

On March 7th we moved position to K.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 too close for comfort. As we thought we might be in this position during the rainy season we began the construction of a house on the side of the hill and this was a real gift. 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 a while I would walk to Phil H.Q. still around and talk to the fellows and listen to the Voice of Freedom an American news broadcast from Corrigador.

Lucky, we had a Catholic Priest assigned to us on the Sat afternoon before Easter, some 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.

MacArthur takes the field Small skirmishes along our front such were daily headlines of the daily single sheet newspaper put out on Bataan. About this time MacArthur turns heels on us and takes off for Australia. Running out like a scared rabbit.

17)

We were instructed to move position to the east side of Bataan about K.M. 166. This was on the 5th of April. It took us from 7P.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. Some-thing 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 ½ inches long came walking out. It scared me stiff. I can imagine what it was doing to the inside of his head. Incidentally he did not make the trip all the way to O'donnel, 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 house in had been bombed.

Finally the night of the 8th, we started out for our assigned position at K.M. 166. As we neared our position we met many other 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 H.Q. finally and they instructed us to leave our equipment intact as they would attempt to transfer it to Corigador. This we did taking only 3 trucks and

**18)**

started for the rear. x We moved back several K.M. 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 gunfire to the north a very short distance. About this time one of the ammunition dump 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 shuttled 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 darn 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" ration (my reserve) (beans). 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 were

**19)**

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 how to move up to a certain K.M. and 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 A.M. 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, bacon, chocolate, raisins, and other things we hadn't ever 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 words from the Japs. But we did not receive any till early next morning and that being to be ready to move by 7A.M. So we 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 our aged ^ (about 60) Filipinos Scout Master Sergeant came driving up. With tears in his eyes, he said, after being in the army for

**20)**

34 years "this is what happens". One of the saddest things I have ever witnessed.

At the airport they took our trucks away from us and told us to start marching up the road. A few feet after leaving the trucks 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, and a 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 overhead etc. Forgot to mention, they (Japs) 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

**21)**

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 a while 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 darn 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 Filipino urchins and tossed it to us. Of course, one small can would be split 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 and 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 we

**22)**

surprised the Japs make quite a practice of slapping you for anything they think is not just exactly right.

While in H.Q. one nite over short wave radio I heard from London that the Japanese raids had announced they had knocked out an anti-aircraft battery on the west coast of Bataan. We were the only AA aircraft on the west side of Bataan but we were far from being knocked out, however they had really given us a good bombing lesson and had knocked out a gun for a short 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 couldn't 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 on the road. Most everyone fell in line but the sick that were lying 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 worm will turn) Always being herded like sheep. At this particular stop however I was lucky enough to pick up a shelter half, towel pair of sox & a pair of shorts. Also I snuck away, took a good quick sponge bath and changed my shorts & sox and was able to wash out the things I had been wearing. Shaved a little later on in a mess cup with borrowed

23)

Chow: number of calories received at O'donnell POW camp 650 per day

Cabanatuan -----1050

Umeda -----1550

Zentsugi -----3000 2250

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. It rained while we were sleeping but nothing was done.

Was lucky the next afternoon. The guard we had turned 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 "Nip" as we now call them came along and gave him some bananas 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 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 of the fellows did have and they shared with me. Bananas, rice cakes, sugar cane, 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 100-1000 men. Our march was 114 Kilometers or 68 miles. We walked from the southern tip of Bataan to San Fernando well to the north & east of Bataan.

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



**24)**

Bombs: Devastation - my name

Demolition

Spreader - my name

Fragmentation - Personal

I guess were lucky to be alive, you could really call it a miracle. Our train ride was only for about 3 hours but then we walked again for 7 Kilometers 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 would one day be under the Japanese control. There was 800 in our group. One boy 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 it 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 only had 51 arrive in camp. The rest either died on the road or went to the hospital. Among our officers arriving, 5 were picked up for having in their possession something Japanese. Namely money for 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 in 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  $\frac{3}{4}$  canteen cup of lugao... (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

25)

\*Many men weighing 200# down to 110# sick with dysentery, nothing but skin and bones

With the rice, it 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, diarrhea was running wild and this on top of malnutrition. We were always hungry. (Might add here, a description of each prison camp i've been in, is in my other notebook, not enough room here) and I do mean very hungry. Men often slept at the latrine 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 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 grave 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 kill you if I find razor blade, knife, or matches. He searched us, lined us up in columns of 4's and made us sit down and sleep that way. But we were thankful 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 and 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

**26)**

about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile away to get water for the kitchen.

About my 3rd day at O'Donnell I wake up with a terrible headache, chills, and a 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 was 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 pan (homemade) I 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 wear.

A definite defeated attitude assumed by all. We had a joint meeting of 200th & 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 camps Gen. & Col left.

Made some goodies out of stolen flour, a little grease, salt, sugar & water. Mixed this in a 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 anything with it. We had mass nearly every morning after things were settled and communion often. Lack of salt is terrible believe me. ^No one from Corigador at Camp O'Donnell Went from O'Donnell to Cabanatuan (June 2, 1942) 100 to box car. Took about 6 hours. Terribly hot. You cannot imagine the condition of the men after going so long on such a small amount of rice and very little else. Tried to buy things from the Filipinos along the road. While in the box car no money as Japs had taken my pocketbook, but managed to chisel some food from some of the boys in the car. Cabanatuan camp much better than O'Donnell

27)

I was assistant barracks leader in Cabanatuan camp. Had to get men to work or even obey as many were mentally shot and sick.

Places we worked leader - Michara-cashibara- Umeda-Simone

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. Managed to get a job in the Jap Kitchen, carrying water, chopping wood etc and was able to buy a few things like cacao, milk, sardines, corned beef etc at about ₱1<sup>00</sup> a can & would sell it immediately for ₱5<sup>00</sup> 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 thieves market. Cigarettes often sold for ₱1.00 for (1) 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. 100p sugar, wholesale pine ₱12.<sup>50</sup>. I saw it sold to a fellow for ₱50<sup>00</sup>. I paid him ₱75<sup>00</sup> for the sack & sold it by the canteen cup for 1<sup>50</sup>p cup and took in 190<sup>00</sup>p. Also saw a box of this 1¢ candy 120 pieces to the box sell for ₱50<sup>00</sup>. It was really terrible but everyone was doing it. The food in the Jap kitchen was not much better than on the American side of the fence. We were existing & that's about all. Very little meat, practically none, some vegetables and rice. No bread, potatoes, flour or anything like that. I stayed about 185# of fat but that was because I was eating a tremendous amount of rice, all I could get my hands on. It was often wormy & had plenty of rocks but that didn't make any difference. I broke (5) five of my teeth chewing rocks. After a while we had a commissary where we could buy canned chow & 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 cats. Beri-beri and scurvy was very prominent. Burning sores were to be seen on nearly everyone including myself. They just would heal due to the diet. Any kind of clothes you could get your hands on were worn. Many fellows went barefooted. I made some wooden clogs & wore them. Everyone was really in terrible condition. Lucky it was warm. However we had hard wind & rain storms

**28)**

Note: Always plenty of rumors coming in

Often. Took bath in rain over 5 gal oil can. Water scarce & turned off by Japs after.

Different details like wood hauling, grave digging etc. got 1 bar (?) for doing the work. Men were dying about 10-15 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 24 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 Mescalero (?) 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. Men arranged in barracks & I was asst. leader for a while. Always filling in blanks for Japs. U.S. never notified if we were dead or alive.

Men in groups of from 100 to 1500 were leaving on different details all the time. Some to Mindinao, some to Manchukuo and to different parts of Luzon to work on bridge 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 over the head or stopped 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

**29)**

The nips took all pens pencils paper writing material away from us at Umeda

escape business at once. Daily we lined up by barrick & were counted.

On Nov 1st I was put on detail to leave camp destination unknown. On Nov 2nd we were issued some clothing but it being Filipino army clothing it was too small. Nothing fit. We left Cabanatuan ^ camp at 2:30 am. Nov 5, 1942 and rode only 81 ^ men to some size box car we had 120 in before & even with 81 we were still crowded. Lucky I've got a place to stay that nite on the dock in the ticket officer ^ in Manila and the rumor was around that we were going to Japan & our heart jumped. Imagine going through American infested submarine water in Japs ship with Jap troops aboard so they could not mark it with any kind of signal to show prisoners abroad. We were showed 600 to a small hole and it was terribly hot & salty 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 an old dilapidated worn out tug. Men had to line up to go to the latrine. Everyone, nearly, had diarrhea and it was necessary to use the "honey bucket" kept down in the hole.

Everyone making up recipe books for good food

More about Cabanatuan Whenever 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 (called Luau (?) cans) and buckets around the fire with many mixtures in each. One nite a 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 ^ roasted duck, gravy, rice, jelly roll, fruit, gin, beer, and the poor fellow couldn't attend because he was to sick. He later died of malaria & beri- beri and he was swollen & water puffed up to 310 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. Japs also wore a belly band over their waist to keep it warm even during summer.

**30)**

At Umeda work dock we were lined up by rank (in the cold & rain) Lt. Col. Majors, etc on down to privates and put in rooms at the Bunsho in this manner.

Shuban Sheca (Duty officer) for week in July

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

Left Manila 9 P.M. now 7 on an old worn out Japship with 1500 Americans & same number of Japs abroad. Food pretty fair but only 2 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 nite lying down this place occupied in daytime by someone who tried to sleep. I was lucky talked my way into a bath & had a place to sleep. Found a place to sleep on deck first few nites very nice up there. Time dragged on. 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 nips put on their life preservers and rushed for the deck. Of course we had no preservers and were kept below deck. Stopped at Takai (?), Formosa for 5 days. Not allowed on deck. We were allowed on deck about 3-1 hour periods per 24 hours. Air very foul below. Blackout at nite. Couldn't even smoke on top deck. Never did know where we were going till we got there. Finally arrived Moji Japan. Now 25th and was it cold, however, I was glad to be safe on land. (Our destination settled by fate as we came off ship handed a number & the color of it decided your camp) No warm clothing & our blood very thin due to being in the tropics. Gave us two small boxes about 6" x 5" by 1/2" thick with vegetables in one & rice in the other. These are known as Bento (Lunch) Boxes. Used on trains and 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 5pm. Nov 26, 1942 Thanksgiving day and walked to Umeda Bunsho our home for the next 8 months. (Umeda being the suburb and Bunsho meaning ~~prison-camp~~ district. Had good supper, plenty of soup & rice. This soup & rice business seems to be the standard Jap meal as thats what every camp has. This is only meal 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

31)

Room directly over kitchen was warm. Spent many hours a day in this room. Was to cold to wash your face or hands. Went days without washing. Most of us hated to see daylight come as it was just another day of misery & sickness. Enlisted men made to work, sick or well & most of them were sick.

Manila till Jan 1, 1943 in Umeda. Issued two uniforms & everything else taken away from us. One summer & one winter uniform. Both uniforms very small. Had one small fire pot (hibache) (very little charcoal) in middle of room. 22 men to room. Slept on bunks with a thin rice straw mattress ½ inches thick. Issued 5 thin cotton blankets & my two wool blanks (?) & slept warm. Our attitude of never getting home was amongst us, but an occasional rumor helped. We got up at regular time ate regular time etc. More like army. Under jurisdiction of army. Got 3 small buns a day^ at noon for a while & a small bowl of rice & soup for breakfast & the same for supper & thats all. (Buns stopped in March & small bowl of rice issued) Started working shoveling coal at railroad yard on Jan 2, 1943 and worked there for a couple of weeks. Then started working on docks doing stevedore work and it was really hard. Heaviest work I have ever done and particularly on such poor food. No notebooks allowed. Always searching us for something. Boys were dying fast. Lost 115 men in 6 months out of 458. Died due to exposure, malnutrition. I worked 42 consecutive days. We brought some food on job like bento boxes, catsup, fish powder, pepper, chili, etc. This was a luxury and known as black market. When we didn't work or 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 barricks. We lived on 3rd floor of old dilapidated building. Officers treated very little better than enlisted men. Were not allowed to have newspapers, cards, magazines etc except on Sunday & they issued them. Paper etc always 3 months old. We had to stand at attention & bow or salute to all Jap soldiers from private on up. Had one (?) box of good chow 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 stuff like sugar, fish, potatoes etc at the railroad dock & smuggle it into Bunsho & we bought it with money or with buns or rice or cigarettes. Cigarettes very scarce. We were paid 40¥ a month and enlisted men about 3 ¥ a month. Cigarettes, soap, toilet paper issued every month for which we paid a small sum. Officers also had to pay room & board of 60¢ a day. Sent a postcard home before xmas & a letter in May & again in July. Had "dog tag" written in Jap. My number 391 and later changed to 33 had to wear around neck. I was deathly sick in April and the doctors couldn't find out what was the matter with me. Gave me quinine, dysentery medicine, sulfaguanidine (?). I did have diarrhea, high fever, sore chest but the doctors have admitted to me they didn't know what was the matter. Had a couple of Jap friends that



**32)**

Didn't wash for days as the water was cold. Got community bath on Sunday only. When a fellow got sick if allowed to he went to bed in hospital & usually didn't come out alive. of 458 men we had over 115 in hospital at one time.

brought me two pounds of ales (?), one steak, ½ lb of cheese, 1 small loaf bread a couple of eggs, some sugar & a small bottle of sweetened milk. Was really treated 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 the other side of Osaka and it took 45 minutes by train to get there. At this new work place known as Cashikoa (?) we had a good dinner. We bought fish head, onions, egg plant, & squash & made a thick soup. Also were also allowed to buy tomatoes, cucumbers & vinegar and we really had a good salad. Of course we had our usual bento box of rice and no vegetables. We worked this place two days a week. We also stole some beer and some glucose while working one day. Certainly tasted good. Had group (50 men) hot baths every Sunday. (?) 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 Zentsugi (P.O.W.) Prisoner of War Camp on August 1, 1943 reported to be the best prisoner of war camp in Japan and were we tickled. So here we are.

Space does not permit me to tell much of Zentsugi. However the attitude here is so much different from all the other places I've been in. Just something about the atmosphere. Many very sick, nearly dead fellows have come to this camp and recovered and are really beginning to live again. It's something I cannot express particularly on paper. Even the way they walk, act, 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 uncontinually 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 prisoners paradise. You are free in a compound about ½ acres square in which are located the two prisoner barracks 700 men as well as the library storeroom, kitchen (connected to our barracks by archway building where the Japs live are located. Also a bathroom latrine and

33)

-----vegetable garden as well as a canteen buildings. However you can-----everything in the canteen except on specific occasions. We are allowed all-----services, have room to play outside games & a very nice place to-----the building (barricks) 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 mattress, with five blankets. You do not have beds but just a built up shelve (?) like place. All camps in fact all the people of Japan live this way. We have people from England, Australia, Java, China, Philippines, Guam, Wake, Sumatra, all prisoners big metropolitan group and very congenial-----a whole. Were allowed to have classes and you can study nearly anything-----want with competent teachers. I personally am taking real estate and bookkeeping. -----,toilet paper, soap & a few necessities are usual 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 nite & a play every Sunday nite. Clothes are very scarce.-----Japs are very stingy with them. We have a barber shop, tailor shop,----- shoe shop. About every two months a Bed cross box is issued but ----- not 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-----sized bowl of vegetable soup three times a day, with a cup of -----times a day. (no black market) The camp is very clean. We rise at 6 A.M. lights-----P.M. Also have about 2 hours of work daily either cleaning up the-----working in the garden. So I can truthfully say & have-----of getting out of here alive and its really not such a -----to the others I've been in.

Continued in next book.