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P.O.W./C.I.; R.L. Bodine

Folder 5

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Case Nr
! 1600895

(FROM MR KEISTEN)

999-2-54-A

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DIARY (INFO RE
CABANATUAN
POW CAMP)

EX E.

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COPY OF PERSONAL DIARY

of

LT. COL. ROY L. BODINE, JR.

PROS. Ex. 382

October 19, 1944 Thursday. [Cabanatuan to Bilibid]

"Have had some day. Yesterday I gave Col. Fields, D.C. my diary, notes, and souvenirs; sealed in a bottle, which he promised to keep for me & bury if he is taken from Cabanatuan. We had been told that the trucks would rest in Manila today, & we ^{would} not leave until Friday, but when they came back at 8PM last night, we had our doubts. However, at bedtime we were told that the trucks would rest in ~~the~~ camp until Friday. I had everything packed and ready so it mattered little. This morning our bahay quan group had corn cakes for breakfast. They were very good but we had practically nothing sweet to put on them. Also we had already sent over a big tray of cornbread mix to be baked for noon. While we were eating breakfast, word came down to get ready to leave. Final inspection of the gear we were taking out would be at 7:30AM. We were not caught short as the cornbread was already done, so we divided it and packed it in our mess-kits. Also ^{Capt} John Hudgins & ^{D.C. (a devil)} opened our last can of corned beef. ~~For each~~

Please see the book on the back

(over)

which we ~~put~~ put into our mess kits. ~~we~~ We
each have a cigar box, ^{of} 'hard tack' cornbread,
baked very dry, & I have 1 can of Klein miller & 1
can of corned beef. Also I have 1/2 interest in 2
cans of meat which I gave to Major Kowalsky & C.
& Major Morgan V. C. Besides I have a little sugar
& roasted peanuts (in part given me by Col. Fields) &
3 small 2 oz cans. As we were told we could only
take 2 cans I didn't dare to take more myself.
I gave Major Hubbard M. C. who is staying 2
cups of corn flour. Col. Fields came up and
took miscellaneous junk of value I was leaving.
During last 10 days John & I have eaten as
much as possible trying to finish food we were
saving for a rainy day. Lots of corn-cakes,
cornbread, garden vegetables and even some
canned food, & 1/2 cup of peanutsa syrup. I have
been uncomfortably full for a week which is
certainly a wonderful feeling. I want them for
not letting us take more food out. I could
have taken parched corn, 5-6 cans of meat. I
had saved 11 12 oz cans of beef & Spam (which I

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had saved from issue of Jan & February) and I
thought would help me through to the end &
would have been swell for those reputedly hard
days on the Jap ship. In the equipment inspection
I lost nothing. In a previous inspection I had lost
a Spanish book Col Fields gave me, so I kept a
Spanish pamphlet hidden this time & got it by.
I also had successfully hidden my mess-kit
knife and my scissors. ↗

They loaded us on six trucks. We had 40 men
on ours & had to sit on luggage and half on each
other in most uncomfortable positions. On trucks
with higher sides they had 50 men & they had to
stand packed together. It made it a miserable ^{ride}.

After the inspection the mess brought chow down
for us. A piece of combread and nice serving
of dry rice. I put the bread in my pocket &
1/2 the rice in my messkit with the cornbeef &
personal combread. I was glad I had a deep
messkit.

At about 11 A.M. (when we were well on our way)
we saw 2 big formations of American planes.
They looked like they were out for blood. Our
convoy paid no attention to them. This made

The 5th or 6th of August day we have seen
 American planes. At noon we stopped for
 lunch, ~~but~~ but we were not allowed to
 get. We ate the grapes
 brought from the trucks. While they were
 taking turns relating on the ground and
 comfortably eating their ~~meat~~ rice & fish,
 we tried to eat some of the chew packed in our
 mess-tins. It was very difficult to even make
 our way to ~~mineral~~ over the side. Late
 the sambars from my pocket and 1/2 of contents
 of my mess-tin ^{at} ~~at~~ get hungry today.
 We arrived ^{at} Bilibid at about 4 P.M. The
 people here are all starved over ^{the} constant
 bombings and they say that today the
 bombing was exceptionally heavy. Mike's Bird
 and a Pat Coe were well marked over.
 Bilibid is very crowded. There are 2,000
 here & the bed pattern of the hospital made
 take up lots of room. 12 medical staff field
 officers (myself included) occupy a place between
 posts about 13' x 15', and junior officers even more
 crowded. We sleep on the concrete floor. The

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entire building is packed, leaving practically no center aisle. ~~It~~ It is a 2 storied building with us using 2 wings upstairs & 1 downstairs. There must be 800 in this one building. Some difference from when we were here 2 1/2 yrs ago! During air-raids everyone ^{must} ~~go~~ inside and shut tight the corrugated iron windows. It certainly gets hot & stuffy! The bad rumors we have heard about slow here are true. They serve only 2 meals a day ^(served at 7AM & 4PM) of a little less than a canteen cup of lugar (watery rice) with ~~once~~ every 3-4 days a little trace of meat, fish, or bone in the lugar. Occasionally a 1/3 cup of thin ^{made from} ~~broody~~ ^{cornmeal} soup ~~with~~ vegetable tops or cornstovers. I finished up what was left of my ^{room} meal & saved most of ^{my} supper to add to ^{tomorrow's} breakfast. I am going to stretch out the little extra I have as far as possible. I dread starting this low diet. It is the smallest we have ever ^{eaten} ~~had~~. They say (rumor) that we will leave here in a day or two. There are no mosquito nets (we were not allowed to bring any from Cabanatuan) and mosquitoes are terrible here.

Mosquito born dengue fever is bad here too.
The concrete floor is dirty & hard. Our stall is
next to the big open arch doorway & is better
ventilated, but much dust and sand is
tracked in and blows right in our faces."

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October 19 to Dec 13. A brief summary of stay at Bilibid. During this stay we were fed two meals per day of less than a canteen cup of lugao, ^{with} occasionally ^{of} $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of soup from woody vegetable leaves, or ^a few comotes, & Every 4-5 day one spoonful of minced fried fish (bones, heads & all). ^{Almost} Everyone had dengue fever, & everyone lost considerable weight, & became weak especially in ^{their} knees, & suffered from constipation due to ^{the} scanty bulk of ^{our} food. Most people had bowel movements only 1-2 times a week. I attended Mass every morning. The Manila area was bombed about once a week except ^{that there were} no bombing during ^{the} last two weeks. We lived in the hope that the Japs had given up ^{trying to} ~~take~~ taking us out of the Philippines, but eventually they had us ready. We were issued Jap wool coats & breeches, given the glass rod rectal test, & a truck load of American Red Cross medicine set aside for us to take ^{along} ~~with us~~. People who had or could get US \$ or Philippine P could buy a little mango beans from Jap guards. \$10 ^{was} sold a cup. We pooled our pay and bought a few sacks of mango beans

at P1500⁰⁰ Japhson's "little galier" tobacco.

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Ex. T.

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December 13, 1944 Wednesday, Boarded Oryoku Maru.

~~Entered from diary.~~ (The following is written on ^{at} tennis court at Olangapo, P.I. Sunday December 17 & innumarated by days)

Dec. 13. This truly has been our unluck^y day. At 6:30 PM yesterday, at bangs, it was announced that the Japan detail would leave at 8 AM, ^{with} Reville at 4 AM, & a combined breakfast & supper (double ^{the} usual amount) at 4:30 AM. All foot lockers, one per.

6 officers ^{were} to be ^{taken} delivered to ^{the} front gate before 6 AM, ^{at least} daylight, ~~not~~ until 6:30. The detail had to be ready to leave at a 7 AM bangs. As nearly all ^{of the} buildings had no lights it was necessary ^{for me} to do all ^{of our} packing in the dark.

A couple officers lit candles and it helped some. There ~~were~~ supposed to be 6 officers to a foot locker. We had 4 officers in ours, Maj. Kowalsky, Maj. Morgan, Chaplain Jervas, & Sgt. Father Jervas put nothing in so I got a few things of Major Homer Ugo's, ^{such as} ~~some~~

~~things they seldom checked~~ ^{we} ~~found them wouldn't check too close~~, & we ^{thought} we could get by with ^{only} ~~the~~ 4 1/2. ^{just} Bob Nelson, 1 Major J.C. ~~others~~

I had just put some mungo beans to soak, so when we heard of the move we immediately doubled the quantity, $\frac{1}{4}$ increased to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, & made arrangements to have them cooked during the night on a private electric hot plate. Major Jacobs & I decided to split a corned beef can. As I had 2 & he one I opened mine. Some of my half I ate cold & the rest I put into ^{the} mungo beans which weren't done until after midnight. Bob Nelson & I sat out ⁱⁿ front of ^{the} building in ^{the} Starlight and ate almost all of ^{it}. For the first time in the 2 months since we left Cavanaugh I am full. For the last few days the Japs have made us cook dry rice instead of sugar in order to save fuel. We like the dry rice best but ~~a~~ this restricted ration ~~is~~ only ^{smokes} $\frac{1}{3}$ ^{of a} cup ^{of} dry instead of the nearly full cup of sugar. There are a few ^{privately owned} electric hot plates ^{per} for the quarantining of special officers, which is where we have to bribe our way to get our beans cooked. I went to bed at 1 AM but got little sleep before 4 AM.

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When I roped our foot locker & it still wasn't full in spite of the fact it contained ^{all} the most valuable possessions of 5 of us, and there was little of real worth in it. I tried to take all my clothing, soap, etc., everything for which I might have any use in Spain. I put most my important items food, toilet articles, soap, etc. in my pockets, & in my musset bag. I still had one compartment of my musset bag filled with the emergency dental equipment I brought from Sternberg Hospital. My wool Jap. uniform, tobacco, ^{part of a} shatter half & 1/2 my cup of mungo beans, I put in my blanket roll. We ~~must~~ carry everything except ^{the} foot locker, & in our weakened condition ~~can't~~ ^{we can't} carry much.

We fell in at 7:30 and ~~after~~ ^{after} spending 2 hours checking rosters and counting off the ~~to~~ more than 1600 of us (actually 1611). Many ^{of us} are in such poor shape, (more walking skeletons) that I don't see how they can possibly walk the 2 miles to the river. At about 9:30 they let us fall out. They said

that

1 a may had come up, but to leave our
apartment in the column, and to be ready
to run in at the sound of 5 bells. I slipped
down to see Ernie's boat, (^{fit} proved to be last
time) & then ran up to say goodbye to Maj.
Joe. The ^{was} ~~was~~ remaining in Bilibid,
I hope it ^{is} not the last time I see him. Joe
gave me a box of morphine sulfate for
emergency, ^{the} about the most valuable gift
anyone could make. We were told that we
couldn't have ^{our} mosquito wire, shelter halves,
or sun helmets. As my piece of shelter half
was outside ^{of my} blanket roll, to be safe I rolled
it and added ^{the} piece of shelter half inside my
raincoat & hung it over my web belt.

At about 11:30 the 5 gongs sounded. I
was drying myself in the sun after a shower,
(one of the nice things about Bilibid), so I
had to run inside & dress fast & wet, & fall in.
~~After~~ After another quick check we started
through the gate near the end of a ~~long~~
column 2-3 blocks long, divided into the

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usual Jap. groups of 100 men each. I was wearing my 1st "C" string, American under ~~shorts~~ ^{wear} into a bottle of vitamins sewed in the crutch, the Raki trousers I found in Bataan, and the wool shirt I received in my personal package, 2 pair of G.I. ^{leg it} ~~knit~~ socks, G.I. Red Cross shoes, well worn from ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{marches} ~~to~~ & from the airport. There was some normal activity on the streets of Manila than I expected. People lined the streets to see us pass & many gave "V" signs when they thought the Jap guards ~~wouldn't~~ ^{weren't} ~~watching them~~. There were lots of bicycles, push carts, new style carromatas, carts made of auto wheels & pulled by man or beast, and a fair sprinkling of cars & trucks of the Japs. We walked down Luzon Blvd, across the new ^{Oregon} bridge, & around the walled city. ^{where were} Many soldiers everywhere. The grass everywhere was some to mow, the pavement ^{was} in terrible condition, & apparently the streetcars had not been running for some time. Wooden barracks had been built on the Luneta; our Gral Dema quarters looked much the same except ^{that} the

street had been fenced off and Jap sentry^{posted} at
the gates. As we neared port area we saw the
first evidence of bombing. Backrack Motor
had had their annex destroyed, & many other
buildings near by damaged. The big buildings,
^{the big} Army & Navy Club, ^{had} Hotels etc. apparently not
~~was~~ touched. Manila Bay ^{was} full of hulks.
The Americans seem to know how to sink
ships alright! I counted about 40. I saw # 27
looked a wreck but ^{it was} apparently still being
used. There were 3 ships tied up. One was
very junky but ^{the} other 2 were in pretty good
condition. We marched out clear to end of
^{the} pier & lined up. It gradually dawned on
us that our ship was a very very good one.
It was the OYOKU M. I.K.U., ^{an 8,000 T. vessel} much larger than
the Grant, & with 3 full outside ^{promenade} decks; ~~no~~
no well decks; but the decks were covered all
the way to the stern. ^{It} must have been one of the
Japanese never Pacific inquiry lines. The ship
was not marked, but many Japanese women
& children & old and disabled soldiers were

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going aboard. The women & children were
 put on ^{the} lower decks, provision for better protection
 against bombing. It had been almost 3 weeks
 since ^{the} last bombing of ^{the} Manila Area, so we
 were hoping that we might get away before
 it started again. At 5 PM. Bob, Jake, & I
 finished our chow, which we had saved until
 then ~~before~~ because we thought we wouldn't
 be fed again that day. We started aboard
 at about 5 PM. Our group of 200 army & navy,
 medical personnel plus civilians, ^{were put in the} second hatch,
 just forward of ^{the} bridge. We were ~~in~~ decks down a
 little hatch, with 2 steel ladders & one wooden
 stairway, ^{leading out.} space extended only about 3 ft past
 hatch opening on 3 sides and on 4 ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{hatch} ~~was~~ ^{been} built
 so that ^{the} men could sit in two layers. On both sides
~~we~~ ^{were} two rooms, 1 filled completely with ^{sacked} mung beans.
~~the~~ ^{the} other ^{3/4} full of sacked rice. We ^{had}
 just about enough room for all to comfortably
 sit on ^{their} mugs, & when ^{we tried to} ~~we~~ lay down ^{we had to} ~~we~~
~~lay~~ ^{practically on our} neighbors' caps. We wouldn't have ^{had} that much
^{for the fact} room except that 20 men ^{went} ~~went~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} little room
^{on the} ~~side~~ ^{the} ~~where~~ ^{was} rice stored. ^{The} ~~men~~ ^{room} ~~was~~ ^{were} ~~used~~ ^{as} ~~storage~~ ^{storage}

raw rice and mango beans from ^{the} side rooms, we ~~we~~
tried in vain to stop it for fear of adrian the fops
^{But we didn't have much luck.}
might ~~to~~, it just about dark they sent down
5 buckets of rice and 5 pans of little "sal like" fish 1" long.
~~Divided us into 25 men eating squads~~ It was
a hairy good ^{helping} of a tasty well cooked meal but
^{the} driving was difficult in the dark and ^{a few} ^{people} were
shorted because of ^{the} lack of organization. ^{The} ~~Ship~~ at
underway shortly after we boarded, but ^{it} ^{apparently}
waited ^{in the} around ^{the} way a good part of ^{the} night. ^{The} ~~Ship~~
engine ran so smoothly that it ^{was} difficult for us
to tell when we were moving. From where we
finally tried to sleep in 1/2 overlapping rows, we could
see only a little patch of sky. ^{Seeing} ^{the} ~~under~~ hatch as
we wore it grew ^{quite} cold toward morning. In
answer to our requests for water 1/2 gal. of hot
water was sent down for the 200 of us. ^{It} ^{must} have
~~been~~ ~~gone~~ because of course only a few received any.
The night was not too bad. Bob Nelson, ^{the} ~~King~~
Irons, Cy DeLong, Jan Jacobs & other M.P. officers
~~stayed together.~~ ^{the} I sat up most of ^{the} night,
or at most 1/2 could lie back, all doubled up

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Ex F

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on somebody. I was able to sleep ^{a little} toward morning when it cooled off. All in all it was a very depressing day, with us so suddenly ^{started} on our way to Japan. The prospects of an early release were gone. We ~~would~~ only look forward to a couple ^{of} years in Japan or a watery grave from some American submarine or airplanes. Dec 13 was a really unlucky 13th for us."

"Dec. 14, 1944

ORYOKU MARU, AT SEA.

Well, we sure didn't have long to wait. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~scarcely~~ ~~daylight~~, when the Japs ^{we} ^{are} got excited and called air raid. I didn't wear anything but the boys must have been looking us over, because the ~~AA~~ ^{AA} over us opened fire, the concussion breaking the glass of the bridge, & letting it fall down ^{the} hatch on us. ^{It} gave us quite a start. About 8 AM things really began to happen. A large number of planes came over and dove and bombed and strafed. Chow, rice & fish was just being brought down the ladder and Chap. Hagle was wounded through ^{his} thigh with ^a 50 Cal bullet on ^{the} first burst.

Also another chow carrier was wounded in the
back by the same burst. They continued however,
& brought the chow down into hold. Everyone
got back as far as possible from under the open
hatch & baggage was piled in front ^{of them}. Fragments &
bullets were rickshaying into hold & caused
a number of casualties. During a couple
of lulls chow was served mixed with a little
debris from above. This was the beginning, and
the rest of the day was a nightmare. We
were bombed and strafed all day long
until 5 P.M. At least 7 or 8 separate attacks
were made. A large group of planes, apparently
~~30~~ 30 to 50 would work us over for 20-30
minutes. Then there would be a lull for
from 20 to 30 minutes ^{everything would} and start in again.
At first it seemed ^{that} much of ^{the} bombing was
directed at ^{the} other ships, ^{probably trying to silence the AA of our} ^{own} ^{escort vessels}
what was with us. Our chow carriers reported
seeing a destroyer & a gunboat, & there were
the other 2 ships at pier 7, & possibly ^{more besides} ~~there~~
in bay. We saw one of those from pier 7 full

Ex I p. 11.

out ahead of us. The Japs. manning the AA above us, 50 Cal., 3 in., pompoms, & 37 mm., kept up a constant heavy fire, & we could hear heavy firing from ^{the} other ships. I couldn't help admiring them for the way they kept up the firing all day in the midst of the diving, ^{moreover} ^{were having} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best} considerable casualties. ~~I~~ I spent a good part of the day with Capt John Hudgins & Bob Nelson, Dental Officers, in the little room where rice was stored. It was terribly hot, but it seemed to me to be the safest place I could find. Most of our casualties were from fragments and bullets glancing off sides of hatch and falling from bridge. In there we were protected by ^{the} 2 decks overhead, ^{the} rice sacks, ^{& wooden partition} ^{and} ^{rice} gave some protection from hold side. We were against the outside of the ship but above ^{the} water line. I thought only a direct hit down ^{the} hatch, or a big bomb or torpedo against ^{the} side of ^{the} ship would get us, ^{then} of course no place would have been safe. ^{The} ^{the} most people didn't care for this place because it seemed to confind & far from the ladders & would have been hard to get out of in a hurry. ^{all day} ~~we~~ knew death was very close! It had been three weeks

Soundings & other things

since my last confession, but I felt ready. I tried
to feel perfect contrition, which isn't hard at such
a time. I said my Rosary and all my prayers &
ejaculations many times over. When ^{the} bombs were
falling and bullets rattling like hail I could ^{hear} John
Hudgins whispering at my side "Jesus save us," ^{J.S.U.} over
& over. Seemed to us that ^{the} bombing and strafing
was concentrated on; ^{the} bridge ^{of} ^{the} ship & the AA batteries,
both directly over our hatch, although there were
other guns at ^{the} rear of the ship. ^{*} In the afternoon
we heard that we had turned back and later
I heard the anchor drop. After that it seemed
that the bombing was concentrated more on
our ship, ^{particularly on the bridge area.} Perhaps our escorting vessels had
already been knocked off. Our 3" AA had been
knocked out out the machine guns and the
pom-pom kept up a steady fire. During the
afternoon there were moreulls, but at about 4:30 PM
they made what seemed to me the heaviest attack
of the day. I felt at least 3 hits on the ship, both
bridge & stern being hit. Many times during
the day ^{the} bombs had fallen in the water close

* see page 16 for more here.

Ex 1 #.12.

enough to throw ^a spout of water clear over
the ship, and against the side in ^{raging} a torrent.
Bullets rattled on ^{the} plates of ship like hail. Certainly
a lot comes from one plane in a dive! Most
of the bullets struck the plates and deck at
enough of an angle ^{so} that only a few penetrated, ^{if}
although several rickshayed down ^{the} hatch. We
~~had~~ ^{had} our last food at 11 AM, when we received
a partial serving which was supposed to be
left over breakfast. I ^{the} early morning we
had received $\frac{3}{4}$ canteen cup of water for each 20
men, $\frac{1}{2}$ spoonfuls each, the only water I received
on that ship! They had given us 4 five gal
cans which we had to use for feces & urine.
During the air raids and at night we
weren't allowed to empty them so they ran
over and feces & urine were everywhere. Some
of our men had discovered that below us was
another hold much larger than the one we were
put in. It ran from side to side of the ship & further
forward and aft. The floor was covered with straw
& manure and it was dark & unventilated. During the
afternoon we started using one part of this hold as

burgling, passing straps,
A latrine ^{the} so as to keep our living space a little ^{cleaner.} ~~cleaner.~~
from immediately
The water restriction cut down the amount of wine & we didn't have much diarrhea. During the last few bombings of the afternoon I really wanted the ship to be hit, and was hoping ^{that} each dive would record a hit. I ~~thought~~ ^{thought that} we were anchored close to shore and I wanted to be sure that the ship couldn't get away north during the night.

At dusk ^{the} anchored was upped, ^{the} ship started out by turning to the East. I could ~~get~~ ^{guess the} direction by watching the faint glow of the fading sunset on the mast ahead. We then turned South, then West for a considerable distance and finally turned North again having made a complete circle. After traveling north a considerable distance we again anchored at about 8 PM. I couldn't understand that maneuver.

I forgot to mention that during the worst of the bombings Chaplain Father Cummings stood in an exposed place and in a slow & loud voice lead us in the Lords Prayer. I believe everyone Protestant, Catholic, & Agnostic,

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appreciated it as I have heard no criticism. Also in the last bombing of the day in which heavier bombs seemed to have been used, a fire was started somewhere on ^{the} ship & we could hear ^{the} crackling of flames and swishing of fire hoses. It seemed to be put out in a couple of hours.

X We had a little more room this second night as ^{a few} ~~some~~ of the men had gone below into the big hold. ^{at} ~~our~~ ^{our senior dental officer,} ~~we~~ were able to lie down with our feet on each others shoulders. During the night there was much running around the ship and Japs shouting to & from shore and another ship or launch. There seemed to be tugs and ^{rowed} boats & launches ^{all} around. We suffered most from thirst; ~~we~~ had received only 2 spoonfulls of water on board & I had drunk the ^{of Bilbid water that} ~~the~~ ^{1/2} canteen, I brought aboard. ~~at~~ ~~we~~ We didn't blame them much for not giving us supper on this bad day but I thought they surely could have given us a little water. As we had expected the Japs ~~we~~ had been wearing life preservers all day, but of course

there were none for any of us. It was very hot all night as we were anchored & no air blew ~~up~~ into the deep hold.

Dec. 15, 1944 Friday. Shortly after midnight, it gradually dawned on us that the women and children were being taken off of the ship. We could hear boats being rowed, people shouting, and ~~women~~ children and babies crying. We could also ~~hear~~ ^{the 600} noise and shouting of Americans in the large hold forward from awa. ^{We} Could recognize the words "Quiet!" "At Ease, Men!" repeated over & over again ^{throughout} most of the night. I thought that some sort of a riot was going on, probably over lack of water. Some of our group began to worry thinking that ^{the} Americans forward were being taken off of the ship. To me the ship still seemed to be in fair condition; it had been moved under its own power last evening, and I felt that if the ship could in any way be gotten out ^{of} the Philippines, we would stay on her even though they had taken off the women,

Ex I p. 14.

& children, & sick. Of course we fully expected the American planes to return at dawn and finish ~~the job they~~ off the ship. The Jap soldiers were obviously excited; the interpreter was around apparently trying to quiet the forward hold. At about 4 AM the interpreter "Wata" came to the head of our ~~boat~~ hatch & said that in 1 or 2 hours the ship would be brought to a pier & that we would all be allowed to go ashore, if we would promise to take only pants, shirt, canteen & mess kit with us. A few minutes later he came back and said that ~~to~~ we might take our shoes if we carried them and didn't wear them. We ~~stood~~ stirred around in the dark and made preparations for going ashore. Most of us decided to carry as many valuable items as we could in our pockets & on our person. I arranged all my stuff as best I could, going first through my ransack ^{the bag} where my most valuable possessions were. ^{it was} quite a job in the darkness. I opened my Klem can of sugar, ate what I could, gave Cy, Hudgins, Jacobs, ^{arty} ransack what they wanted ^{then} the remainder back. Inside

of my mess kit I put a 3oz can of butter, 3oz can
of ham eggs, & a 2oz ^{English} can of sugar. In my
~~front~~ ^{trousers} pockets I put a ^{pescape} can which held the powdered
milk I had ~~left~~ ^{remaining} when we left Belibid, & a can
of corned beef, & 1 pair of glasses. In my shirt pockets
I put a package of ^{of} raisin blades, toothbrush, ^{of} ^{the} ^{British} ^{Army}
^{of} ^{my} Billfold with pictures, ~~to~~, & my prayer book. I took
no Tobacco, ^{or} cigarette ~~to~~. I put Monica's Rosary
around my neck with mine. I put a flat small
can of sardines in the bottom of my canteen
cover & snapped canteen cup on my belt. ^{The} Canteen
was empty & would provide buoyancy if we had to
swim. I had a piece of towel tied to one
shoulder strap and my overseas cap, with the little
American Flag I had carried from Bataan
tucked inside it, fastened to other shoulder strap.
With my shoes over my shoulder I felt that
I was pretty well prepared. Most people, in fact
almost all had no food, ~~to take~~. In my
blanket roll, which hadn't been opened ^{on the attack}, I left
1/8 kilo of Tobacco & 1/2 kilo of ^{of} beans. I fastened my
blanket roll, shelter half, raincoat, & sunset bag

Ex. T p. 15.

^{or left them} ^{the} ^{should} securely together in ^{the} center of hatch. I hoped it would be safe if I returned for it. For the first time since I left the Dental Clinic at Sternberg Hospital; I was leaving with no dental instruments. I had kept that one compartment of my canvas bag filled with ^{emergency} dental equipment; from Manila through Corregador, Bataan, the Prison Camps & so far on this trip. A dentist without even emergency dental tools is practically useless. As an after thought I put this notebook with pictures of my family inside my shirt.

It began to get daylight but there was no evidence of the ship's going to any pier. ^{after a little} ~~Finally~~ the interpreter Wata came by and said for 25 people to get ready to go ashore. We arranged for the 5 wounded and other sick to go in the first group with enough strong men to carry them. Just as they were about ready to leave the Japs started the excited shouts which we had learned meant that our planes had been sighted. We took cover but the planes just circled around. Apparently the boys were just looking ~~things~~ ^{things} over, or they were just clearing the air.

There almost always have been planes over awhile before the actual landing started. To our surprise there was no A-1 fired at them from our ship. ~~The~~ The guess had been taken ashore during the night, and ~~that~~ ^{that} may have convinced our airmen that the ship had be abandoned as no ~~sign~~ ^{sign} of life showed ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~above~~ ^{from} ~~our~~ ^{our} decks.

About 1/2 hour later Wata ~~again~~ ^{again} called for the first 25 to go ashore and they started up dragging the sick & wounded. They had not been gone more than 10 minutes ^(they were still getting into boats) when Jap came to hatch and called for ~~the~~ ^{the} next group of 25, but ^{almost} immediately he looked up and motioned us back excitedly shouting, "Planes, many planes." We knew that this time it would be the real thing. Bob Nelson & I made a dive for the ladder leading to the big room below. While Bob scurried down the ladder, I swung from the beam and dropped down beside him. We had decided to go down there where it was cooler than in little room & we thought just a safe & protected from ^{the} fragments.

(Insert for page 11 cont.)

in a sleep dive. Our adrenal glands, whose secretions had made us excited & even shakier in the morning, had worn out and left us quiet, calm, and even sleepy!

About 8 AM during a little lull a sentry came to the head of the hatch and shouted; "Go Home! Speedo." He was one of our guards from Cabanduan. ^{so} We all understood ^{instantly} what he meant.

This bombing had its usual laxative effect on me and during a lull I used the latrine end of our hold. This notebook & pictures ~~fell~~ fell out of my shirt, and by a fortunate accident I picked them up and put them into my mess-kit carrier.

Everyone started scrambling up the 2 ladders and ^{to} stairway. We had talked about the possibility of having to swim & Bob Nelson had made me promise to stay near him. He didn't have much confidence in his swimming ability & had great confidence in mine. I had told him that if we had to swim

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to be sure and take time to take off his clothes and to find some sort of a plank to take with him for support in the water. When we emerged on deck quite a sight greeted us. The ship was lying parallel to shore which ^{was} about 400-500 yards away. It was a beautiful sunshiny morning and the green shore, blue water & sky, and the fresh air after our dark oppressive hold was startling. The water on the shoreward side was filled with swimming Americans & Japs all headed for shore. The ship seemed to be floating O.K. only possibly a little low in the stern and listing to port worse than it had been. I hadn't decided how much clothes I would take off as I hadn't expected to swim. People in the water started to holler to hurry up as the ship only had 2-3 minutes more. I couldn't see that the ship was in any immediate danger but it was disconcerting nevertheless. I picked up two pieces of 4x4 & gave one to Bob. I took off my hat, shirt, shoes & socks, ^{leaving} left on my belt with ^{my} lantern & mess gear. I thought I could take it and

trousers off in the water if ^{it should become necessary.} I then climbed up, standing on ^{the} rail, & calling to Bob to "come on," ^{over the little plank} I threw ~~in~~ ~~board~~, & jumped feet first. It must have been 30 ft to the water. The feeling on entering the cool clean water was indescribably pleasant. It made me feel like a new man after the conditions of the last 48 hours. ^{Although} it was my first swim since leaving Corregadore late in Jan. 1942, I ~~felt~~ ^{felt perfectly at home in the water.} I swam around, ~~in the water,~~ picked up a canteen for Bob, & helped a few weak swimmers get to their planks. Bob was rather reluctant to jump, it was pretty high for him. He had taken off all his ~~clothes~~ to his underdrawers. I finally encouraged him & got him to jump. Bob had lost his board so I picked up another abandoned canteen & tied the two empties to a small plank for him, & we started slowly shoreward. I looked back at the ship and was amazed at the extent she had been damaged. A big portion of the stern was blown away and the whole

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slip looked like a scrap heap. There was scarcely a spot on her that wasn't pitted, twisted or bent by ^{the} bullets or bombs. What a waste, from the beautiful slip we ^{had} boarded ^{the} day before yesterday. I saw an old man hanging onto a latrine box which was so big that he could make no headway. He said he couldn't swim, but he was very cooperative as I took him by ^{the} ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~swimmers~~ ^{swimmers} carry over to ~~an~~ another old man who had a big long plank, ^{part of the} ~~from~~ hatch, ^{course,} on which he was making good headway. This latter man "bitched like hell" saying it was his plank, but I just ignored him & went ahead & put my nice old man on with him. There was nothing he could do but ~~accept~~ & as I left they were getting along fine. I was swimming slowly trying to keep my eyes all around me for people needing help. Bob kept urging me on as he was afraid of ^{the} effects of bombs on people in the water, and was anxious to get ashore. When we were about half way in to shore, Bob seemed to be

getting along alright and I kept thinking about those people on the ship who were reluctant & scared to start out in the water. I gave Bob my plank and started back toward the ship. Just then 4 American planes came over flying low directly over the water which was filled with frantically shouting & waving Americans. One peeled off, came still lower and definitely and positively dipped his wings to us. I felt sure after that that there would be no more bombing for awhile at least. I then swam back to the ship with confidence. When I reached the ship many people were still aboard, coming off slowly. They were the timid ones and the poor swimmers, who seemed more afraid of the drop into the water than of the danger on the ship. The stern was afire but it seemed to be progressing slowly. I encouraged many to jump, holding their planks for them and helping the poor swimmers to get started on suitable planks. Also I kept thinking

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about my wool shirt, sent to me from home in ^{my} personal package, with my glasses, wallet, flag, vitamins, etc in ^{the} pockets. People were still ~~believing~~ ^{shouting} that the ship wouldn't last long, but although the fire in the stern was spreading ~~she~~ seemed to me to be floating about the same as when I first looked back at her. I would have gone up the gangway but there was a Jap guard at the head of it with a rifle & I was afraid he would think I was going the wrong way. I climbed up a rope ladder and for the first time I realized how weak I was. I had felt splendid in ^{the} cool water, & really enjoying my first swim in more than 5 years, but in climbing the ladder I found that with my wet trousers and meskit carrier full of water it was just all I could do to pull myself up one step at a time. From ^{the} top of the ladder I went up ^{the} stairway to ^{the} top deck, found my shirt and as an after thought picked up my Filipino straw hat & an odd pair of shoes. (I had senselessly thrown mine overboard

I tied ^{the} shoes together & wrapped the strings around my shirt and tied them ^{and} that to a light crate I found. Some Americans were wandering around the ship obviously looting, & there were a few Jap ^{soldiers} still aboard. There was quite a bit of shooting now & then, apparently at some ~~Americans~~ Americans who jumped off ^{the} wrong side of ship. I didn't want to be mistaken for a looter so I jumped over again. Most of the men still aboard had gone down to lower decks ~~into~~ so as to be closer to the water. A couple of nice young men asked me to help them ~~from the water~~ with a big hatch plank (about 6 in X 2 ft X 15 feet) that they were throwing over. They proved to be fair swimmers and when they had ^{settled themselves} ~~got~~ on ^{the} plank, which could easily handle half a dozen men, they agreed willing to wait for me while I looked for some more men who needed help. Col. Kraemer, ~~Ex~~ Ex Sergeant Officer (his wife had been prosthetic patients of mine at Stenberg) called to me from the

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asking me to help him. He said his leg was paralyzed & he
couldn't swim. ~~He slid~~ ^{I encouraged him to slide} down a rope & I got
him onto ^{the} plank. Also I transferred several others
who were having difficulty with their supports.
Many others had found Jap life preservers, ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~from~~ ^{them} ~~they~~ helped a lot. I've started in and in
spite of the fact that we had at least 2 of
the 7 or 8 of us ^{who} were absolutely dead weight, we passed
up many ~~into~~ others on the way. I didn't
see anyone drowning or in severe difficulty,
although many terribly emaciated skeletons
were being pulled from the water into a life
boat near ^{to the} shore completely exhausted.
As we arrived near shore I began to feel chilled
& very tired. I had been in the water for nearly
an hour. To my ~~the~~ intense disappointment
I found that my shirt had come loose from
my shoes on the crate which Col Kramer was
holding for me. It had so many valuable
items in it & my insignia on it, & it seemed
especially ~~bad~~ unlucky to lose it after taking
the chances of going aboard to get it. However,
there was no use crying over spilt milk, & anyway

I was very lucky to be still alive, & I had saved much more than most. By far the largest majority of people had come ashore ^{stark} naked, in only Jap G-String, or in underwear shorts. Almost everyone was barefooted.)

Bob Nelson met me at the beach. I there gave the extra canteen to Maj Prons, and my G-string to Maj Rowlesley & ~~my~~ underwear shorts to John Hudgins, who had given them to me when we left Cabanatuan. Japs had many sentries posted every few feet along sea wall & were holding us in shallow water. I saw one wooden tub of salted soy bean meal, louted from the ship, distributed to Americans in shallow water. The water was full of dead fish of all sizes, killed by the bombing. Soon they made us move out of the water & Bob & I took a naked shivering skeleton, who could barely walk, and followed the gang down a closely guarded path to a shady grove of trees about 200 yards from the beach. Everyone sat down and started drying out few remaining possessions. I spread out this notebook, pictures, & some clothing. While I had

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my best

lost ~~one~~ pair of glasses, I still had my old spare, and the Calobar sun glasses with my prescription. A long water line was starting and I was lucky to get in fairly early and get both Bob's & my canteens filled. It was the first water since leaving Bilibid three days ago, and we had made the hot march to the pier & the hot sweating days in the hold. I began to find a few friends, ~~and~~ everyone of which ~~was~~ considered it almost a miracle that ~~they~~ ^{they} was alive. They told me some of the horrors of the other 2 holds, one forward of us, and the other at the rear of the ship. There were about 600 in the forward hold. They were one deck farther down than we were, and it was by only small hatch opening. It extended way forward & aft and sleeping shelves had been built with just enough room to sit up. The 600 were packed in there, without even sitting room, & the suffering in the overpowering heat was indescribable. On the second night with heat & ventilation even worse it became a madhouse. The conditions cannot be described or imagined. Many ~~of~~ who went crazy from the heat were knocked out

killed by their neighbors. The screaming, knifing,
blood sucking, feces and urine everywhere, the sick
being trampled to death, many dying of suffocation &
the bodies being trampled beyond recognition. Maj
Bud Berty, & Col. Drummond died that way. There
temperatures rose to 110 degrees and their bodies
literally skinned up ^{from} ~~by~~ dehydration, & were unrecog-
nizable. Friday morning the 15th a large bomb
broke through the side killing & wounding many.

In the after held conditions were similar
only if possible worse. 800 were crowded in there
& many died in suffocating madhouse. Friday morning
when the stern was blown to pieces 80 out of 120
field officers were killed, or turned up missing, in
one section alone, including many friends of
mine: Charley Hoyt, Maj. Snell, Maj Skuits,
Maj Morry, Col Brady, Father Zofas lost his
2 best friends, Capt Blulolts & Red a fine
young chgt from Louisiana who used to spend
^{every} the evening with F. Zofas & I at Belibid. Major
Hale Kannee, my fishing friend was shot on a
raft that drifted with tide down the beach.

A few others were shot in cold blood by Japs during night or during evacuation of ship.

In all we lost about 300 men, approximately 1/2 from suffocation, heat, & dehydration, & directly ~~was~~ murdered by Japs. I spent the afternoon helping arrange and organize the hospital.

There ~~was~~ ^{were} perhaps a 100 severely wounded or very sick. There was practically no medicines or dressings. I at last opened the first aid packet I have kept on my belt for myself since Bataan, & gave it to Col. North. Father McElound had a bad looking fractured jaw. I gave Maj. Sult a piece of brass wire I found on my pictures to reduce it with. About noon American planes came back and bombed the wrecked ship with heavy bombs hitting her squarely amidships. She burst into flames almost instantly from stem to stern, & burning rapidly with many dull explosions soon turned over and sank. If we had been aboard for this last bombing very few would have gotten off. A little later 4 American planes came over apparently looking us over very carefully, circling around ^{our} grove of trees.

"Three of them ~~to~~ ^{were} reported to have dipped their
wings to us. It ~~was~~ ^{was} very encouraging to feel
that we were recognized even though we
didn't dare wave.

In the late afternoon we were moved
over to a single fenced-in tennis court 200
yards away. There was about 15 feet of space
around the outside lines of the court, & 1300 of
us were crowded into that space, with the
100 or more hospital patients taking up considerable
^{extra} room in one end. We could all barely sit
down & could lie down only by being $\frac{1}{2}$ on top of
neighbors. There was no food that night; we had
had none since Thursday morning, however,
everyone was able to get a fair amount of water.
Men were allowed to go to the latrine only 1 at
a time, which we could sometimes stretch to
2 or 3, sending them outside gate to use the ditch.
I felt so sorry for the men who had suffered so
much more than I aboard the Cryobin that
I gave up most of the space Bob & I had saved,
got 2 more men lying down who hadn't



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left for 3 nights. One of them, a real guttenuan from Oklahoma, was taking care of his buddy who was practically out of his head, but fortunately docile. I did get a little sleep toward morning although I sat up for a long long time. I said ~~of~~ all 15 decades of the Rosery in thanksgiving for my safety. It seemed that I was very, very lucky. If I had been wise Bud Berty was forward on Cha Hoyt aft. I would have died also.

It has taken me until Dec 19th to write the above, we are still on the tennis court and with almost no food. The rest of this will be considerably briefer as I am considerably weaker and my mind less clear. I traded two cloves of garlic for 1/2 a lead pencil to make this writing possible.

December 16, 1944 Saturday - Tennis Court
 Okazapo. - Today was a scorcher. ^{It was} My first experience sitting all day in the sun like other prisoners have had to do. My trousers & undershirt helped a lot, as did my tan from the air port & farm work, but the straw hat was

truly a lifesaver. There was shade for about
20 people on one side & a little shade early morning
and late afternoon along side jenas. I let others
who have no hats or clothing & are more susceptible
to sun than I have shade, & I sat in sun all day.
Bob & I had carried some grass into the tennis
court area which helped to soften the concrete
against our bony frames. Last night I opened
can of ham & eggs, 3 oz. I wanted to eat something &
not risk loosing it. I shared with Bob Nelson. During
late morning, a number of air raids were made
in this area. The planes came in in steep dives,
some almost vertical, all around and over us.
Bombs were dropped close on all 4 sides of us
two ~~times~~ whistling fragments clear over us.
Luckily no one was hurt. Majority of planes
done right for us, dropping their bombs short
of us, but the bombs kept on passing over us
& exploding on past us. There was no cover to
be taken so I just lay on my back & watched
planes diving & bombs falling. It was probably
the prettiest view anyone could have of bombing.

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and I doubt if many if any people have ever had such a view. We felt that they knew we were there and would not drop any bombs directly on us, but of course we weren't sure. The planes didn't give any sign of recognizing us but the tennis court was in plain view in the open air.

At dusk the Japs brought over one 50 kilo sack of raw rice. It was probably 20% light due to leaks, short weight, etc. It took us so long arranging ourselves into rows for sleeping squads that we had to put off the raw rice issue until next morning. I was so hungry that I opened my only big can 12 oz. Corned Beef. I ate myself most of the little hoard of canned chow I had in my pockets when I swam ashore. I had saved it for over a year for just some such emergency as this. However, each time I gave approximately one-third to Bob Nelson. Knowing Bob for a long time I somehow felt that that was more than he would have done for me in reversed circumstances. We mixed the corned beef with a little ^{I had brought ashore in my messkit,} chopped garlic, and water and it made a fairly good soup. I had been munching a little on the

hescape can of powdered milk, as it had gotten a little wet in the swamp & I was afraid it would spoil. Besides, I felt that at any time we might start getting regular meals, so I had better eat what I had when I needed it the worst. I am ~~sharing~~ sharing my meskit, lid, & canteen cup with Bob Nelson, & Capt Gunning S. C. This night I slept more, and better as I was terribly tired and we had a little more room due to better organization. It was not so cold as ~~last~~ night before when I had been very cold toward morning. I kept regretting the loss of my nice warm wool shirt. Col Beacher announced that a message had been sent to Manila and that food and clothing would come.

Sunday December 17, 1944.

Jennis Court

Bob and I served to raw rice to over 57 man squad the first thing. It was the first food of any kind since Thursday morning. Major Irons is ~~the~~ the leader and Capt. Hudgins his assistant, as Maj. Irons isn't very well. We had 4 canteen

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cups of rice which amounted to 2½ scooped level spoonfuls per man. It was very dirty, moldy, and full of worms. Bob's cooked mine a few minutes, and added a little garlic and beef saved from ~~last~~ night before. We were afraid to wash the ^{dirty} rice for fear of losing some of its food value of the rice powdered by the worms. There was no bombing and it was somewhat cooler & a little cloudy. The latrine situation ^{was} greatly improved. We ^{were using} used 12-16 oz. cans to urinate in and then emptied them ^{down} ^{to} drain. This relieved the ^{attention on the} line for the outside ditch where we ^{went} ~~go~~ 2-3 at a time to defecate. We also drew water in rotation by squads, which was some improvement over day before when had stood in line for 5 hours in order to fill my canteen. There was water from only one spicket and it ran very slow during the daytime. We got our sleeping rows fixed even a little better than ^{the} night before & had time to serve out the raw rice before dark. Only 3¾ cups for the 57 men that time so got barely 2 spoonfuls. I had finished the rescue can powder milk eating it mostly dry. After dark we saw three trucks and

some recognized as being from Cavanatuan.
We heard they had caldrons, clothing, & we
sincerely hoped, food. I seemed that our Givan
guards hadn't eaten much either, and the
Jap navy wasn't anxious to share their restricted
ration with Givans or prisoners. Gosh, how
they hate us!

Monday Dec. 18.

Termin Court.

Today was another scorcher. The hospital
of about a hundred were allowed to go over
under the shade of the trees where we were today.
In the morning we were issued trousers & jackets
& shirts to men who had none. We were suffering
from sun and heat again, but I felt a little
more protected when I put on the jacket covering
my arms & shoulders. Last night it was cold
& froze until I finally crawled under my grass &
found concrete had a little warmth left in it &
grass ~~was~~ on top helped also. Bob was crowded
against me on one side and an old civilian on the
other. We had been promised cooked chow for

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Ex F

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today but as I expected the only cooking was for the Japs. We had our usual raw rice, 3 spoonfuls per man, with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of salt for the 55 of us. The salt was very much needed. I opened my 3 oz can of butter & we ate some of it, beaten to a milk, with the rice. Col Beecher has been trying all day to check the roster of the living but apparently he is 8 men off. ~~From~~ I had left only the 2 oz sardine can & the 2 oz sugar. I don't regret having eaten what I did as I don't expect I will ever need anything any worse.

Tuesday Dec. 19.

Tennis Court, Alangapo.

Last night was the coldest night we had. Even with jacket on & grass over me I was cold. What we would have done without clothing issued yesterday I don't know what we would have done. We froze all night & then swelter in heat all day! My stomach was restless last night and I felt that I was getting diarrhea, but I couldn't have a B.M. when I tried. Entire group was allowed to go

over to the shade of the grove of trees. They checked each person against the muster as they went through gate. I was in last group, and it was 2 PM before we got out, and there wasn't any shade for us anyway.

I am feeling a great increase of weakness today; I get dizzy when stand up and things almost black out, & I wobble & stagger when walk. My knees are like rubber. Also I am getting a few "Guam Blisters" infection on my arms. If something doesn't happen soon so that we can get fed, we will all be completely helpless. I haven't had a bowel movement since Friday, day we abandoned ship. I tried today but no luck. I guess my cramps are hunger pains.

We were scarcely well settled when orders came to go back. They asked for 50 volunteers to help carry & lead back the sick. Everyone was so weak that few wanted to volunteer so I stayed and helped drag Col. Freemy, a Marine Officer back. He is a S. O. B. who contributed to do nothing all the time at Cavanaugh,

and now he is paying with his life for the soft condition he let himself get into. We had our usual raw rice & salt when we came back in tennis court. ^{There was} 1 3/4 spoonfuls rice & 1/4 spoonful of salt per man this time. Bob Nelson puts out the rice, & the salt. Bob is still the slowest, most meticulous person I have ever seen; he is even worse if possible than before the war. He takes so long getting started that for the last two times I have had to draw the rice & salt alone. We use my straw hat, canteen cups, mess kite, etc. to draw it in. He measures each spoonful of rice very accurately & fairly, & each man gets his exact share. But! I'm avert to go nuts watching him pat the top of the spoon. He pats it 15 times after he has knocked off the last excess grain & sights over the top 2-3 times. It takes us 3-5 times as long to serve as any other section and many of the men are more impatient at the delay than they are appreciative of his accuracy. I have eaten nothing extra today ~~but~~ we were hoping feverently for some cooked chow tonight but we were again.

ously, wanted. How much longer can we go
without eating? I try to drink no water after
3 PM so I won't have to get up at night. It is
an extremely, an acute & time consuming task
to crawl over ~~the~~ everyone and reach latrine. There
is assembly in place to put your foot, & in its
complete darkness you must crawl, & carefully
wedge back step between two snoring bodies.

✓ Wednesday Dec 20

Bennis Cant.

It is a week after leaving Belivid and
6 days since our last meal. I don't count the
spoonsful of raw rice. (I add a moderate tablespoon-
ful of raw rice and to it $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of dirt,
mold, insect residue, worms, rat & lizard droppings
and other choice items. I then try to eat it all
with or without water & salt & you will see
what I mean). It was a little warmer last
night. After I crawled under grass I was comfort-
able on the concrete, was assembly on my
woney frame. We had a little new man
for a couple hours this morning. I have

Ex T p. 28.

learned to be in approximate time of the night
by the position of Orion. He's coming up at
dawn & sets before dawn. I feel still weaker
this morning. Had a slight accidental BM
toward morning and at dawn I went to the
latrine and had ~~my~~ ^{BM} first ~~movement~~ since
Friday 15th, a big liquid movement. I stopped
& urinated out my Co string, which Maj. Kowlsky
had returned to me upon lying down. My
belly feels very restless & distressed. I'm
afraid I'm getting another attack of my old
dysentery. Also my nose is running terribly
with a bad cold & with no handkerchief &
even no place to spit it is ~~terrible~~ a mess.

At about 8 AM 22 trucks came in.
They put out another sack of raw rice &
we ate rest of salt. Bob was late again so
I had to draw it all. We were told to put
it out in a hurry as they wanted to get
us out of here today. No one knew where
to put Cavanatuan & Belibid are both
mentioned in rumors. I'd be more than
satisfied with either one. Cal. swarty just

^{crushed}
Tearing a mans arm off. Almost no instru-
ments, strappings or dressings if I could see
anesthesia. Poor Chap! He hasn't a chance in a
thousand! We jured our seventh this morn-
ing and another was already dead. The
burial detail just digs a shallow grave in
the sand on the beach near by. There are
many here who won't make it ~~now~~ ^{now}.

I ate my 2 1/2 oz can of sardines this morn-
ing; my last can except to 2 oz sugar. I also ate
my ~~rice~~ rice sock well. I'm afraid that the
raw rice is partly responsible for my diarrhea.
However I am feeling a little easier.

It is going to be awfully hot and
with 50 to 70 per truck we will have to stand
miserably all day in the trucks. Looks like
most of us won't be able to fill our canteens
before leaving. Probably the majority don't even
have canteens out yet bottles, cans, cups etc for
water. My guess is that probably all won't go
today & we are in last group. I sure hope we
arent loaded for another boat. I am hoping,

Ex. F p. 29.

and praying for a medal today. I have had lots of time to pray and haven't neglected it. In fact my prayers have been a great consolation to me, & I feel somehow that God is watching me; anyway something seems to be guiding me through these trials. I pray always that I may, someday somehow return to my family round in body & mind. If that one prayer is granted I don't mind any amount of hardships or suffering ~~at~~ least. I'll stop writing for now.

Afternoon of the 20th. Just as expected only 1/2 of us got away today; the critically sick, group I & part of group II, plus some casualties of group III. The remainder of us were allowed to go over to the shade of the trees, and again most of us were forced to sit in the sun. I understand that the official figures on the roster are: 1619 boarded Oryoku Maru, 1341 accounted for on shore, leaving 258 dead or missing from bombs, & suffocation. Up to this afternoon 8 more have died from wounds starvation, & dysentery.

At 7 P.M. we came back into the tennis court, & reorganized, giving us much more room & comfort. We had raw rice issued as usual but they gave us 1/2 as much more rice for our half of the group, than they had been giving us for the whole group. Each man got 9 level spoonful instead of the usual 2 1/2 - 3. Those unpredictable Japs! I sure hope there is no bombing before we reach Manila. Taiwan guard said, "Go Cabanatuan, go Manila, maybe Bilibid." I'm afraid he doesn't know anymore about the plans for us than we do which is nothing. Perhaps we will go to Manila. Each truck carried 35 men, which is surprising little as we left Cabanatuan with 40-50 on each. Possibly these trucks are smaller.

Thursday Dec 21st.

Tennis Court & Sand

Fernando, Rompanga. Last night was a little warmer. I got up about 10 P.M. & changed myself all over with very Bx string.

Ex 7 p. 30

It started to rain about midnight. I got under my grass & luckily it didn't rain very hard or long. It ~~was~~ the second time it has scared us by starting, but fortunately little. If we really all got soaked in a cold night it would be awful in our condition.

This morning we had another big rice issue; each man received 10 ~~lb~~ ^{con} normal rations. Wonder of wonders, they gave us a fairly big salted fish, so that each man received a spoonful of meat & bones, uncooked of course, but a first protein food, as it seemed ages. The trucks haven't come ^{back} yet. Early this morning we saw some planes that looked like American, but heard no bombing yet. I surely am hoping we can get some cooked rice at Biliuid tonight & then settle down to have as happy a X ~~mas~~ as possible.

(Continued next day) About 9 AM we started over to the tree area again but before we all got there the trucks had come back. They waited round 1-2 hours before loading. Loaded, with, for equipment, mess cavaliers,

sacked rice & fish. Seeing all that good & cooking equipment, I feel sure that it was sent up
we for us, & that all our starving and suffer-
ing was unnecessary, & shouldn't have happened.
We finally got in tracks & after waiting in
them an hour more we started. Each truck
had a 55-gal drum of gas, several sacks
of rice, and much individual top equipment.
The trucks were heavily camouflaged with
branches; the front, sides & bottom being
well covered & almost young trees standing
up from sides. The trucks were 1st light Fords
& Chevrolets, & we were in a column with 35 prisoners
& 4 guards & drivers & assistant. We had 22-23
trucks in our column. We traveled East in
column only over a terrible road. The
road was worn off so that it was practi-
cally cobbles. The shoulder was over-
grown by the jungle so that it was barely
a single track road. ~~There was just one~~ Some
change from when I drove over with the
Col Smith family for a picnic & swim. There

was just room for all 35 to sit down using every inch of space & interlocking our feet & jamming tight together. The jarring & bouncing on our skinning butts was terrible & the cramping of our feet & legs ~~awful~~. Finally, we got through the mountains & where we emerged onto open country they stopped & the guards cut ^{more} big branches for us to hold over us & cover the truck even better than it was. After we got past Hermosa there was ^{part} a concrete & part rutty macadam road & we made better time. We arrived at San Fernando, ~~Campana~~, about 4:15 PM & were all put into a "Cine" (Theater) building. The seats had been piled on the sides. Every inch of loose space was used, our truckload of 35 men right on top of the 30' x 15' stage. At that we weren't as crowded as we all were on the ~~truck~~ court. We had to climb out a side window into a little fenced off yard for the latrine. For our joys we were issued 8 packed canteen cans of dry cooked rice per 35 men. It amounted to less than 1/4 cup per man but issued with

a little salt, it made about the tastiest dish
I ever eaten. The rice was beautifully cooked
by "Indians", & brought to the door in large
4-5 foot bundles of banana leaves. It is 7 1/2 days
since we have eaten any cooked food. My
~~my~~ ^{a little} dysentery seems to be better.

Dec. 22 Friday, A.M.

S. F. "Cink"

By the time the rice was served last night
it was dark. There are only 3-4 high small
windows in this building so you can imagine
how black it was. We had 3 cups of rice to
issue for seconds to the 35 men. Gave one cup
to each 11-12 men & what a job it was giving
each man 2 small spoonfuls in the blackness.
One squad slipped up & someone got away
the whole cup of rice and the mess kit
belonging to Proj. Evans & Capt. Hudgins. You
can't blame starving men too much, but
that is the very thing we have had to
deal with ever since Bataan started.
(It was warm when we bedded down, but

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quite a draft
 and everyone was really
 the longest night I have spent.
 r. My sore
 previous discomfort -
 arrived a nice
 heat-ball,
 from last night.
 it seems as
 to stay here a few days
 started cooking chow



before 10^{PM} it turned cold, quite a draft blew on us on stage and everyone was really cold. It was the longest night I have spent. I missed my grass to crawl under. My sore rear and back made any position uncomfortable. This morning we each received a nice roll about the size of a good meat roll, made from the rice left over from last night.

(Continued in PM) Well, it seems as if we are going to stay here a few days at least. We started cooking chow in 2 big cauldrons. Maj. Robe was put in charge. He was issued 4 sacks of rice, some sawed in tinned box 3'x18"x18" for 2 days ration & besides some camotes. Everybody got $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice during the morning, & $\frac{3}{4}$ cup rice + a raw camote in the afternoon. It is the first day we had had anything even approaching a maintenance diet since a week ago last Wednesday. To us, ^{now} plain steamed rice with only a little salt is the best tasting food in the world. I remember ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ one of our Filipina officers telling me in Bataan of the P. A. Soldiers

"Only give them ^{enough} ~~some~~ rice with a little salt and they will be satisfied." I didn't imagine how thoroughly we ~~would~~ would agree with him before this all is over.

Rumors have been flying. It is said that "the rest of our group is in a building near here" (truly they were in the provincial jail only 1/2 mile away) It is also said that "multiple landings have been made on Luzon," (come on Mac!) that "Manila is being evacuated by civilians." We did have several air-raids today, with probably a light bombing of Clark field. My head cold is getting pretty bad. I hope we don't have more nights as cold as last night, and that we get to somewhere for X'mas.

① The prospects are sure dark here for a merry X'mas, & I feel that this is a hot spot we have been placed in here. San Fernando is military headquarters for this area & civilians have almost all been moved out. It is a good target any day for the American bombs.

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It almost seems that they are deliberately trying to place us in hot spots, hoping our own people will bump us off & save them the trouble & possible embarrassment. Three of our group have died today including the one ~~Col. Strout~~ ^{Jack} ~~took the arm off~~ whose arm ~~was~~ amputated.

Saturday Dec. 23

Cine, S. F.

I wonder where we will be X-mas. Last night about 10 PM, Jap interperater, Wata (phonetic) came in. He called Col. ^{acher} & they ^{may} ~~Robie~~ our mess ^{or}. I couldn't hear ^{much} ~~out~~ I gathered that there was to be a move today. There was something about marching us somewhere & something about feeding us ⁱⁿ ~~by~~. A little later they started loading ^{the words of} our hospital patients into a truck. This morning they say that 11 from our group & 4 from the other group was sent out, probably to Manila.

Nobody knows how or where or when the rest of us will go out, they started cook-

ing at 2 AM & fleeing as soon as ^{it was} day light.
There was a full cup of well cooked dry rice
with seaweed & a little cooked cornote. It
tasted wonderful. It was probably the biggest
breakfast we have had in years because at Caban-
atuan we always had lugao for breakfast.
They are still cooking & will probably get more
rice before we go. We are expecting now to
leave here at 10 AM or 12 Noon or maybe later.
We will be glad to leave this place but hope
its not for a worse place, & especially hope &
pray that they have given up trying to
get us out of the Philippines. This is a
dark, dimly lighted, dungeon like place &
I'd hate to stay here long. None of us
have shaved or really bathed for 12 days & we
look a sight. We have worn the same clothes,
rolling in utmost filth for 10 days. I
needed a head slip when I started so I need
it badly now. I hope I never again look
as bad as I do now. Some of my friends
have changed so much that I have difficulty

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recognizing them. There is so little one can do all day except take it easy, conserve energy and try to be ready for anything. I pray often, saying my Rosary 1-2-^m3 times a day. Dysenthea is increasing rapidly and the floor is soiled in many places & tracked to all other places.

Sleeping on the filthy floors really contaminates us. The floor is so crowded that it is almost impossible to get to the latrines during the nights. One must crawl over 100 or more sleeping men, who lie so close to each other together that it is difficult to find a place to put your foot on the ~~ground~~ ^{floor}. The cursing & swearing going on all night from men being stepped on is terrible.

All ~~morning~~ ^{morning} long there was ~~an~~ ^{almost} continuous round of good feeding. A little after the big cup full for breakfast, there was another issue of 1/2 cup per man, which Bobo saved for the evening meal. A little later there was 2 cups of 1/4 cup per man, & later still 3 cups of another 1/4 cup per man plus a couple spoonful of raw rice. Bobo ate our 2 cups & 3 cups but

Saved our 12 cipt until 4 P.M. ~~2~~

We waited all day for orders to move but they didn't come. About dark we decided that we probably wouldn't leave so we made preparations for sleeping again. Maj. Robie had been cooking & serving all morning, and he put out all the food we had. It all was well cooked & tasted wonderful. The rice had cornetes cooked with it and some of it had seaweed besides. We had some airraids which probably explains why we didn't leave today. Robie, who was outside, says the raids were really heavy, ~~and that~~ especially in the Clark Field direction. We don't know where we are going but best bet seems to be Manila & Bilibid.

The following is written X was day at the trade school, near San Fernando, La Union. ~~X was day~~

Sunday, Dec 24

In Box Car - S.F. to S.F.

Well, we have been through another

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Terrible ordeal. Sunday morning we got up early after another night of dysenthea all over the floor, and were marched to the railway station, 1 kilometer away, arriving about 8 A.M. No food was served as in V.A.M. Dec 23. There we joined other half of our group & after some little time we were all loaded into the little, short, 4 wheeled, Philippine steel box cars. ~~Some~~ ~~boarded~~ 150 to 200 were crammed into each one, we could just barely all stand & have room for the 4 guards. ~~But~~ The doors on one side were bolted shut & standing no air circulated. By twisting & squeezing & propping legs around each other we, myself got about 12 ~~other~~ ~~the~~ people sitting down leaving those around the side of the car standing.

They also put 10-15 men in the roof of each car with 2 guards & told them that it was alright to wave at the American planes. Most of the box cars had ~~been~~ shot up by shrapnel & there were several wounded cars & engines in the station yard. The station ^{platform} ~~was~~ ~~also~~ ~~damaged~~ by ~~the~~ ~~bombing~~. Done

enough American planes were around, bombing
^{before we even started,}
"one way, but they didn't come close enough
~~to~~ to recognize us. We started finally
about 1:45 and our spirits fell to the
bottom because we went north instead
of south. We moved very slowly with
many stops. The men on top reported Jap
planes scattered all over the Clark Field area,
& bombing going on as we went by. We
were all day and until 2:45 getting to
San Fernando La Union. The sun on my
side of the car made the steel so hot that
I couldn't touch it. Sweat ran like rivers until
there was no more sweat to run because of de-
hydration. At Copas most men received a few
swallows of water which was the only water
received. We couldn't move to urinate or
defecate. We used a couple of 12 oz cans
which were passed to & fro from door spilling
much. Men were fainting continually.
We just passed them up ~~to~~ near door until
they revived. This pushed the rest of us further

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back into the hot ends. We took turns standing & sitting & fanned air back into ends of car with hats, jackets, etc. That was the only way we kept alive & fanning was kept us until 2 AM when we left cars. After dark although the side of the car cooled off, the temperature & humidity seemed ~~no~~ better. I got weak & slightly sick & dizzy & couldn't stand ^{up} much. ^{What a Xmas Eve!} I finally, we arrived at San Fernando, Salinian, and to our surprise & great relief, we were shortly taken off the cars. We had been afraid that they would ~~have~~ make us stay jammed in the cars until daylight.

XMAS DAY DECEMBER, 25, 1944 S.F. LA. UNION. School Yard.

From 2 AM until daylight we were allowed to lie down in the station area. At dawn we got in out ~~and~~ walked about 2 kilometers to a school yard on ^{the} northern outskirts of San Fernando. In many ways it seemed much nicer here than anywhere we have been since Bilibid. As there is no water here, we were forced to dig a shallow mud hole, from which we get water, heating it heavily with iodine. They brought in ~~cooked~~ rice cooked with a little corn & salt.

changed to from some time

and each man received $\frac{1}{2}$ cup full. A sixth
X was dinner, what?; but it could have been
so much worse. We are expecting another light
meal before dark. I haven't had a bath, shave,
or really washed my face or hands since Dec 13.
We certainly won't wash while we are here.
There seems to be lots of shipping going in &
out of San Fernando L. V. so we will probably
leave soon. It will be soon difference between
time ~~to~~ time and when we first left
Bilibid. I have lost at least 15-20 lbs below
my light Bilibid weight. We have had only
2 meals that could be called meals since
~~we left Bilibid~~. Dec 14th. We have no wool
clothing even little cotton clothing; no
extra food; no medicine; few have shoes.
Nearly everybody, has sores, dysuria, swollen
beri beri feet, etc. Water has been quite a
problem today. We have received in small
drublets only $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of water up to 4 PM &
after the terrible dehydration of yesterday
we need very much more. My belly is sore

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in on my spine, my butt is gone, and my
hips & thighs are merely bony protuberances
and spindles. I have been thinking a
lot of escape, but in my condition &
with this country overrun the way it
is with Japs, I have decided that my
chances of living to return to my family
are better by going to Japan. Maybe we
will make the trip O.K. this time. *1

Bob & I are sleeping underneath the
schoolhouse. The sick, of whom we have
many are inside; & most others scattered
over the grounds. ~~It~~

*1 { Anyone who starts to escape must not be
retaken alive, because it is sure death by the
worst of tortures, to be caught.

Well we didn't get the X'mas miracle that
I was praying for, but we are all lucky to
be alive. The Americans may land here
tomorrow, who knows? We have received no
news since Dec 12. Just as it was getting
dark they brought in some more cooked
rice & we received a scant 1/2 cup a plate.

Our entire Xmas day fair: $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sticky
wax and 1 cup of rice cooked with a
little cornstarch. May we never have another
like it.

Tuesday Dec 26.

Beach at Miramonte

When will our torcher end! I was just
settling down last night for a long good
sleep, as I was very very tired, when word came
to fall in, that we were moving out immediately.
We formed without, our usual grouping &
moved out in groups of 100. There were
about 1320 of us. We walked slowly and
with many halts South from San Fernando,
& turned in the road toward Miramonte &
the S.F. oil wharfs. This was all very
familiar ground to me. Unloading was going
at at full tilt, & a steady stream of trucks,
heavily loaded with all kinds of stuff, passed
us. As we were coming into wharf area - an
air alarm was heard, and ~~by~~ everybody
certainly took cover fast and trucks disappeared.

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sworn so long ago, when we came down

Apparently they have been bombed here before & know what it is like. After standing and sitting around, for a couple of hours, & walking about 3 kilometers from the school yard, they took us over onto the sand back a little from the beach, & we lay down in the sand & slept well and hard being so tired. We were awakened about 4:30 AM.

It was very dark as the moon had set & Orion was setting so I knew the time. Capt. Farrel announced that they had rice balls for us, but that we would have to be trusted not to take more than one. I got in the nearest line & was lucky to receive a rice ball the size of a big lemon. It seemed to me that at least $\frac{1}{2}$ the men didn't receive any and while some of the men may have hit the line twice, I don't believe the Japs sent nearly enough to go around. At about 8 AM they let us go over to the beach & sponge off in the bay, in groups of 100 at a time. It was very refreshing. We bathed almost at the exact spot where Maxima, Patty, Mrs Stribler, Sally & I swam so long ago, when we came down

from Bogio. It was wonderful to be able to get even a little of the two weeks gain off. I left on my G-u string & undershirt & ~~burned~~ burned them out a little. ~~to~~

We were told that there was no water here, & we spent an agonizing day in the blistering sun & hot sand. I missed my straw hat, which had been lost in the box car, terribly; but I was fortunate to have my dark glasses, ^{with earpieces} to wear. I had to drink some of the precious 4-cantenn of water that I had saved from yesterday. In the afternoon they allowed us to carry 4 three gal buckets, ^{of water} from Miramonte. One trip could be made about each 45 minutes, and from each trip there was $\frac{3}{4}$ a canteen cup for each 20 men. This was put out so that each man received a scant 2 spoons full from each trip. Small as this was, it helped a lot and got us by until dark. We were kept in our 100 man groups all day, using sand behind each column as latrines. The Japs were unloading all day, trucks, big fine horses, carts, ammunition, troops, etc. Two big landing

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ships, converted fish factories, with drawbridge
bows, and other ships were unloading onto beach
to the South of Miramonte. The main ~~land~~
unloadings were going on from San Fernando Bay
to the north of us. We saw some ~~of~~ sick soldiers
that looked like they might be the same ones
that were on the Ongoken with us. At dark
we settled into ^{the} sand for another night. We had
had no food, except those who were fortunate
enough to get the rice ball at 4 A.M.

Wednesday Dec. 27.

Col. Johnson's Ship.

We were awakened about midnight. Orion
was high in the sky & the moon well up. They
wanted us to reorganize into the original three
Bilibid groups. It took us a couple hours to
do this & afterwards we lay down again in ^{the} sand &
slept until 5 A.M., when we moved in a long column
over toward the San Fernando wharf area. Our
group of Medical Dept. officers & enlisted men was
at the end of Group III, as usual. At daylight
our group approached the pier, from which the
groups ahead of us had been debarking in landing

boats. Although the trucks seemed to have
stopped moving, unloading was going on by
small motor launches with a drawbridge bow.
They would come through the ~~sea~~ to the beach,
where some soldiers would jump out & hold out
wine. A ~~few~~ were ~~run~~ ashore with ~~big~~ bundles on
their backs. The beach was covered with
rugs, piles of ~~wood~~ of all colors, sizes & shapes
piled with sea order. From some broken open
we learned that most of them ~~carried~~ ~~no~~ ~~ammunition~~.
What a target for a bombing base!
They were ~~more~~ ~~managed~~, ~~burned~~ & ~~wrecked~~ ships all over
the way and many ~~wrecked~~ landing boats ~~1/2~~ buried
in the sand of the beach. The newly landed ~~1st~~
soldiers gathered curiously around us. ~~For~~ we evidently
the first Americans they had seen. ~~For~~ our hungry
eyes they looked fat & healthy. I felt almost ashamed
that they should see us so gaunt, dirty, & 2-weeks unshaven,
& ragged ~~silly~~ clothes.

After considerable delay we jumped from the
wharf into a bouncing launch & were taken out
to a very big freighter. It had a square V ~~hull~~

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stem, a rear engine, & the rest of ship apparently just
was. Most of our group had already boarded
this ship, but there were a number of launches waiting
to unload up a single gangway. After waiting about
an hour, the last two boats, which contained
most of Draft #1 and the medical section, left the
sig freighter and went over to ship #1 which was
an slow better-working center engine, pre-war ship.
Almost as soon as she got aboard the ship pulled
out followed by at least 4 others including the
sig freighter with over 1100 of our group. There
were only 236 of us on this ship #1 which for
clearness I shall refer to as Cal Johnson's ship. Cal
Johnson was our senior officer & he took charge
of organizing us etc. There are only 5 Javan
guards with us. They put us 2 decks down in
the forward hold. Then Jap sick (convalescent)
were put on hatch & deck over us. Our hatch
is planked over except for two small openings,
one 3'x5' & and the other 8'x10' where a
wooden stairway leads out. The hatch above us
is also $\frac{2}{3}$ covered over so you can imagine how
dark and foul it is below where we are.

It has been very hot this afternoon, and lying on the ~~hot~~ ^{hot,} ~~hard~~ ^{dirty} steel deck is miserable. Our only consolation is that by Jap standards we aren't particularly crowded; we can lay down comfortably with only our feet drawn up. There was no food or water issued today, although we ^{watched} ~~saw~~ the Jap sick above us eat twice. ^{They had} ~~They had~~ ^{heaping} bowls, coconut shells, cans, etc of fine dry rice, with a goodly amount of little fried fishes on top and lots of hot tea. Japs say that our food and medicine was sent on the big freighter & that there is nothing on this ship for us. Our five guards took pity on us ^{twice} and sent us down a couple mess kits full of their left over chow. Each man got about a teaspoon full. It was just a teaser; I wonder if it was ^{from} ~~pity~~ or ^{to} ~~taunt~~ us that they sent the little dab down. Cal Johnson has us well organized into 20 man squads with a leader for each. The lack of water is the worst thing, especially after yesterday in the sun on the beach. They say that water is very very

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scarce on this ship as they couldn't fill their tanks at San Fernando. They say we probably won't get any water until we arrive at Fomosa. I don't believe we can live that long without water.

Thursday, Dec. 28,

Johnson's Ship; At Sea.

I went to confession last night to Father Cummings. He has been quite sick, with lots of dysentery. It had been about 3 weeks since my last confession, & while I didn't feel the guilt of any mortal sins, I felt better afterwards. Father Cummings is probably our finest priest. We anchored for several hours last night. Still we have had no water although the weather being cooler makes the thirst easier to bear. It has been quite rough today, but I have seen no one being seasick except a Jap guard. Among the 236 of us bouncing around in the bow, there should be some cases. I believe ^{our} ~~the~~ empty stomach is what has prevented it. At noon today we had our first meal since evening of Dec 25. There was $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of well cooked barley rice with

A small amount of white cat-like fish. It made us a good bit more comfortable; because the rice of course contains a fair amount of water.

We had several air and submarine scares last night & yesterday afternoon, but nothing same of it. We are going rapidly North. It is hard to watch the Japs eating & smoking over us, & still discussing to me to ~~ask~~ the Americans (even officers) scramble to bunks they throw down to us. Our hold is dark as hell; and full of flies. They breed somewhere below us. Our guards refused to give us buckets for latrine use & told us to use a ventilator that leads down into bilge of the ship. I wonder what the ships crew would say to that. Even in the darkest corner where we (Bob, Art, Hans, John, Hudgins & I sleep, they crawl over us all day; & under the two lighted places the air is almost solid flies. We had just 1 meas. of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice today.

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Tuesday, Dec 29, 1944 Johnson's Strip, - at sea.

We anchored again last night, from 10 PM to 4 AM. Apparently this stopping at night in some quiet bay is the Jap way of avoiding submarines. I don't know where we are, but apparently we are not yet opposite Formosa. About 1 PM we had a small chow issue. It was only about $\frac{1}{3}$ of yesterday's and $\frac{2}{3}$ of that was made up of the dry burned fat scrapings, which contain almost no water that we need so badly. Even with small seconds we received less than $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of rice. Last night a couple of our guards brought down a bucket of cooked white rice and were trading it by the canteen cup. A cup for a gold ring, glasses, fountain pen, watch, etc. I have nothing to trade; ^{5-#45,} most others don't either. Some men are trading mess-kit spoons, lids, & other equipment to sick soldiers over us. I imagine they want them for souvenirs. The Japs say, that there isn't enough water aboard for cooking; that tomorrow we will get some food as today; & that Sunday we will arrive at

Takao, Formosa. I hope I can make it without
water until then. My mouth is so dry that
I can hardly talk & my belly hard & knotted.
I can only lie in ^{own} dark corner $\frac{1}{2}$ stretched out
& pray & think & plan for the future. Mostly I
think of food & drink; of all my favorites &
as usual under extremely severe circumstances
I feel like returning to enjoy small comforts
for the rest of my life, in a little rural home,
near some southern city (Besan?) where I can
have a garden, chickens, & pleasure to enjoy
my family and other pleasures of life. All
my ambition is gone. I just want to live to
eat & enjoy ~~the~~ my family. I could live in
the Southwest where the outdoors is close
and living is cheap. I want 2 more kids, &
I'd be satisfied to live on \$200⁰⁰ a month
or even less. Perhaps I could have a little
office where I could do prosthetics AM only.

If we can only live a couple days
more and miss bombs & submarines, & start
getting water, & better food, we may yet

get to Japan. Hope there is some Red Cross
 cross waiting for us!

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Sat. Dec 30. Johnson's Ship. At sea.

Today we received the first water we
 have had since Dec 26. About 1/2 cup of
 dirty rusty water. However, water never tasted
 better! Up to this we had received less than
 one canteen of water since S. F. Bay, Dec 24. A.M.
 & we had had the sweat in the box car, the
 sun on the beach, & a hot day in the hold. Since
 then it has been getting steadily cooler & we are
 beginning to suffer from the cold. We had
 the usual one meal of 1/2 cup rice, made up mostly
 of the pot scrapings. The little water made us
 feel much better though.

Sunday, Dec 31. Johnson's Ship - Arrived Takao.

All days are alike in this dark hold.
 We had quite a submarine scare yesterday
 evening, and during the night. For quite a
 while the guns fired depth charges, & then
 "wash cans" were thrown over, which fairly lit

the same. It was very scary. There's certainly
nothing darker than the second hold down
with both rats and men covered, on a dark
night. Had quite a storm last night. The
wind and waves were very high & this empty
ship was blown around so that we in the
bow could maintain our position lying on
the deck only with difficulty. Everyone was
terribly cold and huddled together for
body warmth. This morning we were told
that we were actually nearing Takao, Formosa
& that there we will change ships. Anyway,
there will be no water or food for us today
on this ship. I hope we will get some
sometime today however.

Afternoon of Dec 31. We arrived and
anchored in Takao harbor at about 11 AM.
& we waited around expecting and hoping
to be taken ashore, or at least to be trans-
ferred to the other ship where we might have
some chance of being fed. It seems to me
that we are really hated here. Our five guards,

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have no authority to get anything for us.

There is not even a man com among them.

They are eating very well. Today they did give us one messkit of their leftovers & it amounted to $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon per man; ridiculous!

We have only had one man die so far on this ship. We are lucky not to have had more. Late in the afternoon we were again given water, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup per man, but ~~we~~ we have had no food.

Monday, New Year Day, Jan. 1st 1945

Johnson's Ship, Gabar Harbor.

There is still no sign of a move for us.

It looks more like we may stay here. The old whiskered Russian, Carabao herder, died last night. He was a fine old man and quite a character at Cabanatuan. Also had another death this morning making 3 of our 236.

To our great surprise, they sent down a sack ofhardtack. It was a hard dry bread made into cylinders 6 in. long by $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter. Each of us received 5⁺. It is the first bread since the crackers in the

1942 Red cross boxes. It tasted very good for a change from the rice, even though it was a little moldy & sour. It was so dry it certainly needed lots of water with it. In the afternoon we were again issued water. There was almost a canteen cup per man. I ate the 2 + sticks of hardtack in the morning & one in the evening, and saved 2 for tomorrow. We are suffering more and more with the cold. We spend the night and the morning huddling together for warmth. We have discovered a way of 3 or more men sitting in line between each others legs. Thus your chest & stomach are against man's back in front of you & your arms & legs around him & your head on his shoulder. Brown, Huggins & I often sit in that manner. The only trouble is that our weather belinds get exceedingly painful very quickly & it is difficult to move to relieve it. The late afternoon & early evening is the only comfortable part of the day. The steel decks that we sleep on are like ice. Many of our men have

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only shorts. I'm grateful for my kaki trousers, and my shoes, as so many men are barefooted. When we were on the dock at San Fernando, La Union, I picked up a large burlap sack. I got it without being caught or slapped by the guards. It has turned out to be one of my most valuable possessions. At first Bob & I used it to sleep on, but I have cut head & arm holes in it & I wear it for warmth.

Johnson's Ship, Zaker
Tuesday, Jan 2, 1945. We are here although guards keep saying that we are to be moved to the other ship. It looked like there would be no chow today but at 12:30 PM well steamed rice and a little fish were brought down. It is the first really cooked rice we have had since Dec 28. They have been giving us only hot scrapings or "burned rice" as we call it. Last night I wore the burlap sack & slept between Bob Heddon and ~~John~~ Jean Jacobs, on the wooden hatch in the center of the hold. It was a little warmer sleeping that way, even though there is more breeze from the

small openings in the hatch covers. The last two bodies are still with us. We can't see them overboard in the harbor. Men who go on deck to carry chow, say that this harbor is very long and narrow. There are many ships in the harbor & a good sized city scattered over the hills. They are just now starting to serve a ~~cup~~ cup of rice & a spoonful of fish for each two men. Bob & I have lots of fun divididing ~~and~~ it to the last grain. I had a small B.M today, first one since Dec 24th. There were some seconds so that each of us finally received almost $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of rice ^{loosely} ~~loosely~~ packed. It was very poor rice. It seemed to be a wet gumbo with some $\frac{1}{2}$ cooked rice added. "The little fish, 'Anchovies'" they say they are are very good. They are still talking about moving us today. I hope to get started soon and get this trip over before we all die of starvation & cold. At 5 PM the launch came by and picked up our 2 bodies. It had

two bodies from the other ship also. They mustn't be doing too badly. Only 2 deaths from 1000 + us 2 from 236. Lt. Nagi was with them. He asked if we had eaten and he was told "only 4 times in 7 days & then only a little." This is the only interest he has taken in us. Lt. Nagi is the Jap in charge of taking us to Japan. We feel that he is the primary person responsible for the atrocities committed ~~and~~ us. Also Wata the interpreter should be blamed & the Jap high command in ^{the} P.I. behind Lt. Nagi. We received no water today. The Japs say that we received chow today so we ~~shouldn't expect~~ ^{won't get} water.

Wednesday, Jan 3, 1945. Johnson's Ship Takao.

Another particularly ~~bad~~ ^{bad} day. We had had no food or water all day. In the evening, when it was almost dark we had another death, & as everybody was suffering from thirst so badly, & kept clamoring, & begging, for water & telling them "no water yesterday, no water today" & showing them the dead man &

& telling them we were dying, they finally gave us 2 buckets of water, which gave each man 8 spoonfuls each. It helped, but it didn't quench our thirst or help our hunger. At dawn today or shortly after some American planes came over on reconaissance, & 3 different our AA opened up with heavy firing. There was no bombing & no activity later. Our enlisted men are trading everything: "water for cigarettes" & vice-versa; either for mess gear or mess gear for either water or cigarettes. I am getting ^{weaker} ~~weaker~~ & sicker. I can't describe the dirt. I expect that I weigh 115 lbs or less. There is no meat on me and my muscle tissue is waisting away fast.

Thursday, Jan 4th Johnson's ship - Sakao.

The jittery Japs expected an air raid this morning after the reconaissance of yesterday. Ships were pulling out of the harbor all night, but we are still here. Our ships crew finally discovered our latrine emptying down into the

sump of the ship, & as I expected they were plenty
mad. 10 of our men were given a bucket of
slightly spoiled rice & they had a big clean up.
Then we were given 4 wooden buckets to use.
I urinate only 1 or twice in each 24 hours, &
then very little of a dark, almost chocolate
color. The guards told us today that we
might be put ashore for a few days. We never
really know anything. They say we will
be fed today, about noon. It has been
a little warmer the last 2 nights, but it is
still sawefully cold toward morning. My
back and knees ache so; probably is my
kidneys and arthritis. It is especially bad
when I am cold. I've just about decided
definitely to retire live ~~at~~ in San Antonio.
I'm living on borrowed time now & I'd like
to dedicate the rest of my life to raising
my family, & enjoying a little retired income
to the utmost. We finally received about
a full cup of lovely packed rice, but there was
nothing with it, not even salt. So far today
we have had no water. I still have the little

that I sewed in my underwear at Cabanatuan.
It has a few vita caps, nicotinic acid & B-12
a few ~~caps~~ cascara pills & 6 sulfathiazol tablets
that I brought from Bataan & have saved for just
such a time as this. I sure am thirsty. It is the
thirst day with only 8 spoonfulls of water ^{yesterday}.
At just about dark however, we received 8 spoonfulls
~~more~~ of water for today.

Friday, Jan 5, 1945. Johnsson's Ship, 3aka.

We had quite a time last evening. The
men really were seriously thirsty. About dark
they gave us one ~~spoon~~ can of water, 4 spoonful
per man. It didn't help much. After about
an hour of begging, pleading they finally
gave us another bucket of water, 4 spoonful
each more. It is terrible to have to beg & humble
ourselves so, for a few spoonfulls of water.
The guards said to us in effect that: "Japan
and America are at war. There is no
place for kindness. If you all die; that
doesn't matter." That is the way they feel,

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and there is nothing we can do about it. Our men are getting desperate & hopeless. Many are only half normal, in fact we are all sub normal. For example; the night before last our 20 man squad had $\frac{1}{3}$ of a canteen cup of water which was saved in a canteen to be issued in the morning as it was too dark to spoon it out. Our squad leader, Tugj Shanks, slept with his head on the canteen all night, but we found that during the night someone had drunk the water & replaced it with wine. We could hardly believe it but it was so. This morning things look brighter as the kitchen issued us hot water, enough for $\frac{1}{2}$ cup per man. Seems wonderful ~~with~~ after 3 days with only 8 spoonfuls twice. I hope we get chow ~~too~~ also, and start a precedent by being fed 2 days straight. I don't know what we are waiting here for. It seemed very quiet last night; no boat or train whistles. I think most of the ships have left. About noon we had a chow issue of 1 cup per 2 men of heavy lugan & a spoonful of little fish. I went

on deck and carried a 3 gal bucket of kerosene
down. I was terribly weak & it was quite a struggle.
"Bliss" is quite a pretty port here. I saw a few
ships, a goodsized town, etc. The Japs had us
clean up the hold today, & get ready to leave.
Stevadoren came aboard & they started loading
forward hold and even began to knock the
partitions out of the deck over us where the
Jap sick were. The launch came by again &
"Air Raid" ^{Jap} slave driver from Cabanatuan told
some of us that on other ship Americans eat
"1 cup rice for 2 men" & "1 cup water for 5 men". It
doesn't sound good but it's more than we
have been getting.

Dat. Jan 6.

Day we moved from Johnson's ship to Big Top

Well, today is about a new low point
for me, or rather last night was. A 5 gal
bucket of urine & feces, most urine luckily,
was spilled ^{in dark} on top of us from stairway. Majors
Jacobs, Shanker, Chap. Nagle, & I got the worst
of it. The urine was concentrated as hell due to

the small amount of water we drink. It went all over my face & head & soaked my clothes, & burned my eyes. Japs thought it was funny and threw salt water down on us which didn't help any. We did get to wash our faces in a bucket of salt water. Of course nobody was ~~allowed~~ in them, so we had to put our wet ~~clothes~~ clothes back on and we sat up most of the night in the cold wind & breeze. I hope none of us get pneumonia. This morning earlier than usual we were given some good dry barley-rice & a spoonful of fish. Almost a loose canteen cup per man. Also we each had a third of a cup of water. They hurried us with the sewing and soon afterward we got word to leave the ship. From the deck we had to climb down a very old rickety rope ladder. While we were waiting to climb down I snuck $\frac{3}{4}$ of a ~~canteen~~ cup of rusty oily water from the fristan of a donkey engine. It was a real blessing; the most water I've had since Dec 23. On the deck, we boarded a lighter, on the side of a small tug.

They put the whole 230 ^{one} lbs plus ~~the~~ body
on. The Formosan children and ^{its} who
stood around looking at us were quite ^{different} ~~different~~
from the Filipinos. They looked at us with
genuine hatred. It convinced me again that
Japan has ~~already~~ gained a lot of prestige in
this war by showing the Orientals that put in
the same position the White Race is ~~just~~ no
better than the lowest coolie, & that in certain
circumstances at least the Japs can dominate
the white races. This is quite a city. I could
see what looked like a large Catholic Church.

There were perhaps a dozen or more big
ships in the harbor with many more small
ones, ^{fish} canneries with shop fronts etc. The tug
took us for about a mile to where we
climbed up another ladder to board the
big freighter we saw in San Fernando. It
was unloading onto a lighter the same boxes
of ammunition that we saw in San Fernando.
I guess that they didn't have time to finish
unloading there. A little water was passed out

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from the tug but now got over to where I was. The Americans fought over the scraps of food, peaches etc. that they fished out of the water when the guards weren't looking. ^{It was} ~~Redeeming~~ sight. It was quite a task climbing up the ladder. I don't know how so many were able to make it. We climbed, one at a time down a steel ladder inside a tube 3 ft in diameter. This was the only way down ~~to~~ into hold. It was the largest hold I have ever seen. With us there were 1300 in the ~~one~~ hold. It must have measured 70 ft across, 90 ft long & 25 ft below the deck. There was a sort of balcony 30 ft up & 15 ft wide around hold. This was used by the staff & part of it as a hospital. On the bottom where we went the men are arranged in lines running across the ship. Each 2 lines facing each other made a 100 man Company. 5 20 man squads had 10 men on each side. All the workers & administrative staff including squad leaders get $\frac{1}{3}$ extra food & water. Each 10 men occupy a space that 8 men could just sit in, about 12 ft of line, & each 2 lines have about ~~12 ft of space~~ 7 to 8 ft

feet of space so that in laying down like sponges
the feet of the men on one side reach over to about
the chest of the ~~rest~~ man on the opposite side.
It is hot down in the hold, with a stinking
fetid smell of men hot & weeks dirty. It nauseated
me at first, though it was so cold outside
that the warmth felt good. Only good
thing here is the warmth & better food. The
people on this ship have had 2 ^{times} the food and
3 times the water that we have had at least.
They say food will be better now as supplies
rice & vegetables were taken aboard in Takao &
we will get 2 meals daily of rice, soup, & tea.
We were given $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of a sticky tough poorly
cooked barley & $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cabbage soup & $\frac{1}{5}$ cup tea.
It was the first time we had eaten 2 cooked
meals since Dec 13.

Sunday, Jan 7 Big Freighter - Takao.

Last night really seemed like Hell!
The swearing, screaming, kicking, fighting, was
undescribable. Things kept falling down

from the balcony on those below. Piss & shit
was also dripping down from the sick above. I was
told that 2 men have already fallen down from
above, killing one of those below. If this ship
were to sink in either day or night, almost
nobody could get out. It would take 4 or 5
for 1300 men to climb single ladder. I cooled
off some about midnight & by morning I needed
my shirt. This morning we were given $\frac{4}{5}$ cup
of barley for 2 men, & $\frac{1}{5}$ cup ^{vegetable} soup & $\frac{1}{5}$ cup tea. No
~~the~~ water is issued, only tea which I find of course
consider better. I had a belly ach last night
& dysentery this morning. Nelson has had the
shits for 10 days & is very weak and having
hallucinations. I saw Cal North about him
but they won't take him in the hospital yet.
They have had in all 35 deaths on this ship to
4 on the other one. The relative strength ^{were} ~~was~~ 1100 to
234. 3 or 4 more died last night.

The flies are terrible. Big heavy sticky ones,
that cover your food black in a few seconds &
can't be kept out. There is no washing of
hands, mess gear, etc. The floors are sticky.

with feces. It is getting hot & piled & man-
eating again. There are long lines for the
catering ^{with only} & wooden buckets for ^{mostly} 1000 sick men
on ^{the} lower deck. We had the regular rice, soup, &
tea again in the evening.

Monday Jan 8, 1945 Big freighter, Iolas.

~~Not an important day.~~ Same Chow & tea.
Was a terrible night. Seemed more crowded than
before. Nelson was out of his head all afternoon
& raving all night. Neither Art Inaus or I got
any sleep all night. We were fighting with Bob.

~~Monday Jan 9, 1945. Big freighter, Iolas.~~

34 Dutch & English prisoners left the
ship early this morning after usualchow. Then
we were ordered to move out of this hold.
Our squad was near last to go & we held back
on account of Nelson, hoping he would be
taken into the hospital section. After 80's had
gone up the rest of us were told to stay on the
balconey, with most of the staff & the hospital.

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They started loading sacks of sugar & long bamboo racks. This went on until late in the afternoon & they stopped with only hold partly filled & covered over hatch making a floor of the entire balcony area. The 800 had stayed on deck all day during loading. Now they started going down into the forward hold. Also some started coming back into our hold where now we could only use the one level. They kept coming until we had over 700 with about 500^{left} in the forward hold.

We were more crowded than ever. It got dark while we were still servingchow, which was late because of the movements, and to our great surprise the Japs gave us a light, shoving a small searchlight into the hold. However, it was turned out before the seconds or the water had been served. Immediately after the light went out there was a wild rush to for all food and water. All the food was cleaned out & some of the water before order could be restored. Reliable men in our area were placed on the water & by covering over the tubs & sitting on them they

were able to save $\frac{1}{3}$ of the water for issue, ^{the} next morning. However, there were small riots off & on all night with some half crazed person, or group of persons sneaking up in blackness & trying to steal by stealth or force some water. We had the most crowded conditions ~~we~~ ^{that I have} ~~had~~ ^{been in} yet, (except in the box cars) The only way we could lie down at all was to lie in packed lines, ~~with~~ between legs of the person ahead of you & with your head on his lower stomach, & his legs over your shoulder. It's amazing how many can lot in a small space. I wouldn't have believed it. Also it was terribly cold up here, compared to where we had been in the lower ~~hatch~~ hold. I was so tired that I slept fairly well. I got up once with dysarhia, & somehow got to the latrine buckets. It was a terrible job in the dark, & with the crowding up here there was no attempt to ^{keep} ~~make~~ any walkway open, like we had tried to do (without much success) down below. My dysarhia is losing precious fluids, & making me terribly thirsty on the small amount of liquid we are receiving regularly now, thank God.

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Tuesday, Jan 9, 1945 2nd Bombing, Big Freighter, Takao.

When will our trials end? When some American planes came over quite early this morning & to be safe (at least) Bob & I hurriedly & roughly divided up our 43 cups of ~~water~~ ^{at about} ~~water~~. We were none too soon because a little later, ^{at about} 7:10 AM, while we were still serving ~~water~~ water, & barley seconds, the bombs hit us. I had just finished eating. As I heard them siving, I flattened out toward the ^{forward} bulkhead of the ship (I was in about the center of the ship, near the forward bulkhead) but I couldn't get my head & left arm and shoulder down because they were on top of the man in front of me. Just then the bombs hit. There was a hit on the ~~left side~~ forward ~~left~~ hold and one apparently exploded just outside the forward left hand corner of our hold. I was looking directly at the corner at the time. As the bomb fragments tore through the ships side I could see sparks fly in all directions as white hot ~~pieces of~~ splinters flew all over. At the same instant I felt a burning in my left hand & shoulder & knew that I had been hit.

I really got my head down then, protecting my glasses as best I could, while several more groups dove, & bombs fell fairly close. Then I sat up and looked around. The big hatch cover planks, that made up the floor & roof ^{the center part of} of our ~~deck~~ hold, had been loosened by the percussion & were falling with some of the water tubs & men into the lower hold. Many of the men were like savage animals & had made a rush to steal water & soup in the confusion. Those loose planks were giving way and more men & tubs fell below. Several more flights of planes went over but I believe that they were diving on ~~and~~ other ships. I looked myself over & I found that I had received ^{small} a wound on the back of my left hand, & I could see 2 small holes in the left shoulder of my jacket. I felt relieved & lucky that it wasn't worse. My next thought was to gather together my canteen, mess kit & pistol belt & carrier. I put everything together & left them with Art while I went to see what help I could give to the wounded. I saw the left hand forward corner where ~~the~~

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most of the damage ~~was~~ seemed to be, was our headquarters, where the senior medical officers & our group staff stayed. I helped drag the bodies from this corner to a pile we formed in center of our hatch. Our group has a high ratio of medical personnel & we need it now. There seemed to be plenty helping and my hand was bleeding pretty badly so I went back to my place. Col. Walton Manning & Pete Kemp were killed outright, with 12 to 14 others; there were 75 to 100 wounded, not counting many minor ones like myself. Planks falling killed some & mangled many. There is little medicine, no water, & no dressings. More planes were over during the day but they didn't bomb near here. Japs told us that they would either ~~run~~ run the ship aground or take us ashore, but at dark we were still here. We were tied up alongside of another ship at the time of the bombing and presented a good target. I don't know how badly hit the ship is, but it seems to be floating O.K. Most of the holes in the hull are above the water line and only a

little water is coming in below. ~~Word~~ has trickled in that, ~~the~~ forward hold was badly hit and more than 50% of 500 ~~there~~ killed, or dying. I sure hope its not true. Probably most of the medical Officers are in this hold. Immediately after the bombing men started raiding the hold below for sugar. I ate 4 or 5 spoonful, but many men have bags, socks, canteens full of it. They keep getting it even though they were told by Japs that they would be shot, & all food, ^{or water} taken away from all of us if they were caught. The dead are piled right at our feet, but we really hardly notice them. We really didnt expect any food today, but before dark 4 buckets of barley & a little salty pickle were sent down, ^{but no water or tea.} I made 1 loosely packed cup for each 3 men. I thank God almost continuously for still being alive, but this group is sure having a tough time. I won't ~~for~~ give up hope! Well, we'll see what tomorrow brings, but I'm afraid that they will be back to finish the job.

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Wednesday, Jan 10.

Big Freighter; Takao.

Father Cummings, who prayed with us all during the worst of the Oryoku bombing, gave an inspiring ~~if~~ talk & prayer last night. It was short and right to the point. He said that he especially feared today. Apparently ~~they~~ our prayers were answered, & they didn't come back. They have put the hatch covers on ^{this evening} ~~today~~, so we should be ^{a little} warmer tonight. Last night was the worst night of my life.

This seems to be a cold windy country. It is really top-coat weather all day. With the hatch covers all off the wind whistled down here & with my cotton clothing, and bulap sack, ~~we~~ we four, St Holmes, Art Irons, Bob & I, spooned together and froze. My knees, back, & testicles ached all day. I honestly doubt if I could live through another such a night; yet the really cold weather is still ahead for us. We have a pile of about 30 bodies at our feet & more are being added continually.

Thursday Jan 11.

Big 3 Lighter, Takao.

We were told that we would leave the ship for ^{the} shore today. In fact we had to make a list of the survivors & a list of those who are unable to walk. However, nothing came of it and we are still aboard. In the afternoon we had a group of 5 Jap Medical Corps men & one doctor came down into the hold & the E.M. inspected the conditions & painted the minor wounds with mercurochrome, but wouldn't look at the severe cases. We heard that they wouldn't even enter the forward hold where we have heard that about $\frac{2}{3}$ of people are dead. Anyway, it is the first humane gesture I've ever seen the Japs make. I had my wounds painted. In the evening we had barley & soup in the usual amount & both water & tea which together made $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid. In the morning we had had usual barley, pickle, & $\frac{1}{8}$ cup tea. The barley that we get on this ship ~~is~~ cooked in some kind of a steamer.

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I believe it is just cooked by passing live steam through the dry grain. Anyway, it is cooked very poorly & rapidly. It is just a tough gooey mass, each grain very sticky & almost impossible to chew. I think it is largely responsible for our dysentery. It ~~almost~~ seems that the hatch covers that I were put on ~~for~~ ^{were} the answer to my prayers. The bodies at our feet are smelling ~~pretty~~ ^{bad} now. I hope they get them out soon.

Friday Jan 12.

Big Freighter, Takao.

They started feeding our usual chow, earlier than usual today, which made us hope that we might go ~~to~~ ^{ashore}. ~~Today~~ Also they had a detail start taking out the mangled, bloated, smelly bodies. It was an unforgettable sight as they hauled them up one by one on a ~~rope~~ ^{rope} by hand. I slept fairly well last night in spite of the crowding, and was completely exhausted. Dysentery seems to be increasing among us. My nose and mouth are terribly dry from lack of water. Last night the bodies smelled terribly strong & my feet were practically among them where I slept, but it ~~didn't~~ ^{doesn't} bother us. ~~The~~

My squad lives, sleep & eat, right next to them. The bodies are practically all naked. Their clothing has been taken off to give to the living or to bandage the wounded. This morning the whole area around the latrine buckets was covered with feces, because the buckets were running over so many times the men couldn't make it all the way to the latrine with their dyambers. Also urine from the hospital area ran down under us on our sleeping area for the second straight night. It wasn't so bad as having a bucket powed over you, but it is plenty discouraging when there is nothing you can do about it except cuss & go on lying in the smelly wet. We had just enough room to be packed, shoulder to crutch. Nine more died last night so that 40 bodies were hauled out today. According to the best reports we can get only 1/3 of the 500 in the other hold are alive. We have 716 in this hold & they got 23-24% of the chow in

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the other hold. That should make it 170 of the 500 left. Terrible! We have heard that John Hudgins & Chap Brown are O.K. We have very little contact with them, but I think a little hole in the bulkhead has been discovered where some information can be passed back & forth. They just now started issuing tea, at $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cup per man, but for some reason the stopped suddenly. I sure hope that they start again, as I am terribly dry. We had to send 2 men up to the Japs today, who would admit taking the sugar. We think that it is face saving & protection for the Japs & not too serious, but I was surprised to see so many volunteer. I hope the mysters selected will be the ones who profited most & that they don't ketch it too bad.

The ~~coroner~~^{burial} detail of 20 men came back from the shore & said that they had cremated 150 bodies in a big furnace & buried the ashes in a single, common container. They expect to go back & do the rest tomorrow. In the afternoon most of the living men from the forward hold

was moved back with us. I can't imagine how
we are going to sleep tonight, as about 200
came back, ^{including many wounded,} & we were so crowded last night.
There are still some badly wounded & some doctors,
and Medical Corps men, & many bodies in the forward
hold. We had a good supper. It consisted of
the usual barley, but we had a little fish, cabbage,
& an assorted "salad", perhaps 2 spoonfuls per man.

Sat. January 13

Transferred to last ship, Takao

Last night was a wild night for us. Bob
Nelson was out of his head & raving all night.
I stayed awake with him the first part of the
night, & the rest of the night I ran & I both
spent holding him down. We were undecipherable
crowded & no one near Bob slept, I'm sure. Bob
was almost humorous in his hallucinations. "He was
sure he had given me 2 packs of cigarettes to take out
to him". "He had a friend in Seattle who owned
this Jap shipping line & there was an office in
"Takao". "If I'd help him get ashore he would
have his friend send beer & sandwiches out to us."

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all." My biggest tragedy was that in the scuffling around, I lost my jacket which is the only clothing I have with sleeves, & which had my pencil, & worst of all my only pair of clear glasses. It is about the worst thing that could happen to me, & I can't help blaming Bob for it. "The loss of the jacket leaving me with bare arms & shoulders may cost me my life as it gets colder & I can hardly see anything without my glasses with my nearsighted eyes, and in this dark hold I can't see with the coarsest sun glasses either. Well for the rest of my prison tour I'm probably doomed to wear these ^{old} dark glasses. I don't know what we are going to do about Bob. The hospital won't take him & Curt and I just aren't able to take any more nights like last night. We owe it to our families. There's no use all three of us dying.

We moved to another ship today. It turned out to be the same one we were on under Col Johnson, from San Fernando to Takao. The move took all afternoon. We were well well searched for sugar. I only had a little

in solution with a little tea in my canteen. The
guard even went so far as to shake my canteen
but he passed it when he heard the liquid.

I was very lucky in being able to completely fill
Orto's canteen from the donkey engine as we were
~~being~~ waiting for the barge to return. We will
share the water of course & it will be a big help.

This time we all went into the middle aft of
the ship where we are only 1 deck down & practi-
cally the entire area is double decked. ~~There is~~
~~the isles on both~~ There is a center section &
2 side section double decked with 2 isles between,
& there is one open space on a hatch 25 ft x
25 ft in the center where we put the wounded
& some of the sick. There are 30 men in each
bay above & below, about 14 ft square. It is very
crowded but possibly not so bad as last night.
It is very dark as the hatch is covered over except
for a small space over the stairway. We are
down below, opposite to the hospital area & almost
under the stairway. To our sorrow they put
the ^{gating} buckets for the sick right outside our
bay. Three men at a time are allowed to go

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on deck to defecate and 2 at a time to urinate. They have the usual Jap latrine boxes hanging on the side of the ship. You must climb over the rail & squat down in the box. A great many men are too weak to climb up onto the deck & must use the buckets below. This is the first time they have ever let us use the latrines on deck. We had the usual breakfast before leaving the big freighter, but no food or water in the evening. Our work detail worked until long after dark bringing the wounded over. The night was as usual a mess of swearing, screaming & the sick ^{men} begging for water. In our bag under the stais we get a little light, plenty of air & probably way too much cold. Exactly 1 month since leaving Bilibid. The 13th is again ^{anniversary} for us. Just about 1,000 of us boarded this ship today all that Sunday Jan 14. Last Slip, At sea.

We sailed at dawn today. At noon were fed 1/4 cup of much better cooked red rice per man. I believe my diarrhea has stopped. Thank God. I hope that not ^{getting to} eating anything yesterday evening & better cooked rice today has fixed

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it up. My shoulder wounds are both pussing
but seem to be healing. I pulled the piece of shrapnel
out of one of them. My hand wound is badly
swollen but seems to be going down. In the
afternoon I went on deck to urinate (I only
go once a day) & I could see 3 ships plus
several escort vessels. There was no land in
sight & the sea was choppy. It was a dark
cold windy day. Late in the afternoon
we were fed again, 13 men to a canteen cup
of rice, but no water or liquid.

Monday, Jan 15, 1945

Last ship, - at sea.

Passed on fell of a bad night. It was
~~very~~ cold, & I only have my american undershirt & my
bundap sack & kaki trousers, ^{my poor bare arms.} The men sleeping on
both sides of me are, ^{almost} constantly shutting in their
clothes & poor Bob (whom Art & I have more or
less abandoned) is also. Even Art is getting
diarrhea now & he had an accident last night.
If you are able to you just wipe out you
clothes & put them back on. Most people just go

on laying in them & do nothing. To throw
^{anything} away is suicide. One young chap, hardly
 more than a boy, was told to go out & clean
 himself up. He came back stark naked & when
 we sent him to get his soiled clothes, ^{of course} he couldn't
 find them & so he froze all night. He can't possibly
 live long. Many men have old grass mats that
 they cover up with, but I haven't been able to
 get hold of one. I thank God that my dysentery
 has stopped for 48 hours now. Jean Jacob is
 sick. Men are dying continuously. Twice a
 day they have a clean up & the ^{stripped} bodies are heaved
 up & over the side & somebody has gained an
 extra article ^{or 2} of clothing. There is still going to
 be an awful lot more deaths on this trip.

We had 1/2 cup of red rice with a ^{1/2} ~~1/2~~ teaspoon
^{called soy} of bean paste, & 7 spoonfuls of tea.
 The water Art & I have has turned very sour
 but we were lucky to have been able to get it
 from the winch. I finished the sugar tea solution
 I had & Art & I divided the rest of the now rancid
 winch water. It's better that way for us each to
 have our own. We are still in the same conveyer,

making about 10 knots. If we don't stop we might make it to Japan in a week. However, I expect delays. We have got to get some clothing and bedding or we will all die. Today I was lucky and found a ragged cotton flap shirt that had been used to wipe up shit & thrown away. I took a chance when I went on deck, & quickly pruned it out in the bilge, part wine, in or sloshing along gutter of ship. I'm going to sew up rips in my ~~sack~~ burlap sack & make quilt it with any rags I can find. I have the broken ^{still} menhite knife I left Cabanatuan with & it comes in handy for many uses for the whole squad. I may be able to whittle out a little stick for a needle. We had again 1 cup rice for 3 men & $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tea for 4 men. You can trade 5-6 spoonfulls of water or tea for a serving of rice. The severe dysentery don't want to eat.

Tuesday Jan 16.

Last Ship - At Sea.

We are 48 hours out of Formosa. I had a better night last night. My shirt was still very wet but Art let me cuddle between him & Rex Ates under the edge of a grass mat, until my body

heat dried the shirt. I got up at daylight & made a trip on deck. The sea was moderate, the sun a red ball, & the air still & very cold. The dead and dying we scattered everywhere, lying in the isles, where they were trampled during the night, & a pile at the foot of the stairs who had died in hospital section on the hatch; & slit, slit, over everything. The bodies were cleared out before the food came down. We had the usual 2 meals ($\frac{1}{3}$ Cup rice & 8 the tea) only in the evening tea ran out before it reached our squad. The tea is being made of a very brackish water. It is so salty that it hardly quenches the thirst.

Rep Aton, Capt. M. G. C. Res. who has a wife & a 6 yr. old daughter in N. Dakota is much worse. He was a good friend of Joe Peters & while he lived with Joe & Father Zufar in Cabanatuan he was partly instructed in the Catholic Faith. This morning he surprised me by asking me for my Rosary, & when I saw ^{that} he was having trouble I helped him. He then told me about his instructions & I asked him if he would like

to see a priest, that he could be baptized right now without any trouble. He said, yes, that was what he had been wanting but he didn't suppose he could be baptized. As ~~my~~ our dear friend Father Zerfas had been killed in the Bakao bombing, he said that he would like to see Father Cummings. After supper we baptized him & Father gave him absolution. In this terrible situation it even was difficult for Father Cummings to find a little pure water for the baptism. Poor Rex was so happy. He said that he had been wanting to ~~be~~ ~~kept~~ become a Catholic for years, but just kept putting it off. He asked Father Cummings & I both to tell his wife that he had become a Catholic & that he wished his daughter to be raised one. Father explained to him that that was largely up to his wife, but we promised to tell her. I hope it can be.

Wednesday Jan 17

Last Ship - At sea.

Rex & the little naked Van Horn both died last night. Rex died in my arms. He was very affectionate, wanted his head against me & asked me to hold his hand. (Rex is a big tough 6 footer). He asked me 4 or 5 times to

help him make an "Act of Contrition." He's
~~helpless~~ on man at least in all this cursing
mop who died like a Christian. I have his
ring which I'll try and take home for him.
I went on deck this morning. We were
traveling through a muddy yellow ocean,
close to rocky islands on both sides. 30
people died yesterday & there will be at
least that many more today. Many of those
that came aboard comparatively well are dying
now. Most of the badly wounded have already
died & I believe that all the wounded except
the most minor will die. I don't know about
myself. My head looks bad & is still badly
swollen & my whole head inflamed & sore. I've
started the only treatment I could think of.
I'm sucking the pus out of the sore. This works,
it, cleans it, increases circulation, & helps drainage.
I hope I'm doing right; anyway it makes it
feel better. Our numbers are rapidly being reduced.
We received this morning, & the full. We anchored
in some quiet place most of last night.
This afternoon we stopped alongside of a

damaged freighter. We heard the winches running for a while; perhaps we will tow it. We had the usual rice but no tea ^{for supper.} ~~in the~~

Thursday Jan. 18.

Last Slip At Sea.

We towed the damaged freighter into our anchorage last night, & have towed it all day today. We are making very little headway. There was one destroyer or gun boat with us this morning, but there are several this afternoon. We had the usual rice & 8 lbs of salty tea this morning.

I had my first big stroke of luck today. Coming back from rice I filled my canteen with hot fresh wench water (condensed steam). A little later I went back & filled Arts canteen & brought a cup full down, ^{of} which I drank most. By that time many others had discovered it & the guard woke up and stopped it. I think he was deliberately allowing us to get the water for a little until it became too noticeable.

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Probably 30 to 40 people have been able to get some water from the winches today.

We have been heading continually to the East of North. Last night Rex's canteen was stolen from Art's. It was nearly full of a heavy sugar syrup. Stealing is terrible. If you aren't careful someone will sneak up in the blackness & jink the straw mat right off. If they get away you can never find them. They steal mats from sick & will snatch canteens right from under your head. Everybody is almost crazy. I keep everything inside my clothes or tied on to me.

Friday, Jan 19.

Last Shift, at sea.

We were all relieved to find that we were not towing the barge anymore today. Had double the usual tea this morning (16 lbs) but it was very salty. Usual chow's salty tea in the evening. At dusk we were traveling all alone, to the West. There were big islands to the North of us & it seemed a little warmer. Art's canteen has developed a leak & he lost 1/2 of

The work water he was saving. A tragedy!
Bob Nelson & Cal Herr M. C. were moved to
the hospital. That seems to be almost
sure death although it's the only place
where the corpsmen can help them a little.
I hate to see Bob go, but he's out of his
head and too much for us to handle.
I had my first BM in a week today. ^{It was} very painful.
Sat. Jan 20 Last Shift - At sea.

This morning we were in a sort of
island harbor. There were several war
vessels ~~around~~ and freighters around.
It looked like we were getting ready to
tow a damaged freighter that looked
just like the one we were towing yesterday,
if that is possible. I can't imagine how.
We were very late getting under way today.
During the night someone drank all of Art's
carefully saved water, even though the canteen was
tied around his neck. Almost everyone is 1/2 crazy.
My canteen is 1/2 full. I have a bad cold, ~~and~~
a dry cough. It is hard to B. the at night.
I'm lucky not to have dyed. ^{Dr. S.}
Hudgins is much worse; Major Jacobs isn't.

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doing well. I hope that we are getting near to our destination. My hands & back & shoulder are running puss. Part of the sores are from the grass mats. Nothing will heal. We towed the freighter all day. For supper we had rice, ^{1/2 lb. of} beans & ^{potatoes} but no liquid.

Sunday Jan 21. We are starting our second week on this ship. Bob Nelson died last night. He has had things pretty easy through the war and the prison camps until this trip. He has been out of his head most of the time for the last 2 weeks. Rice & tea issue the same only our ^{squad} group of 24 didn't get any, because they ran short. In the afternoon we were given the usual rice again, but no water. I am terribly dry & dehydrated. I don't see how we can stand much more of this without more water. I've even had extra water, so how must those seals have had none extra? For the first time since last Monday we ran all night towing the damaged freighter to the north. There are occasionally small islands

and large land masses in the distance to the west of us. There are also many small sailing boats scattered about, probably fishing. The sea is very yellow, and calm & cold. I seem to be developing a small rectal abscess, from my difficult B.M. of yesterday. It is painful when I cough. I'm grateful I don't have dysentery. That is a killer of so many on this trip. I am able to get 1 or 2 big mesquite spoonfulls of sugar which I think is being stolen from the cargo of this ship. It gives me ^{some} additional calories, but it seems to make me ~~twist~~. In some people it seems to cause dysentery which of course is very bad.

The Americans are trading anything that ~~see~~ they have left to the Japs. Gold rings etc. for a package of cigarette. Absolutely anything, except clothing & mats which are essential items, will be traded for water. I lie under the grass mat all day huddled as close to Art as I can get, and I can think of nothing but bubbling springs, artesian wells, cool beer, etc. It looks like John Hodgins will die tonight. He has put up a ^{good} fight, [&] he is dying a hard death. ~~He had~~ ^{He had} some pretty bad wounds from the bombing. ~~But~~ Art is feeling very poorly also but

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His condition is not critical yet, thank God. We are still towing the old freighter and making very poor speed. For supper we had usual rice & 3 slices of radish pickles. There are rumors that we are nearing Nagasaki. The most agonizing thing is that there is clear hot fresh water running constantly from the winches but the snarks won't let us near them. It's the saddest thing I've ever seen to watch that water go to waste. No water today.

Monday Jan 22

Last ship, at sea.

Again we towed for most of the night but anchored toward dawn. Spent the night drinking of apple cider at 25¢ a gal on Spokane's apple-way. These are the most barren islands around us that I have ever seen. They are high rocky & barren. The escort vessels have anchored with us this morning. For breakfast rice & only about 4 lbs tea leaf man. After no water yesterday we feel the shortage today particularly hard. Andy Dvorak died last night & John Hudgins is barely alive. It seems like the life,

are desperately trying to kill us off & they are being very successful. 35 people died yesterday & the naked corpses were being overboard this morning as usual. Each morning Wata, the Jap interpreter, grins down the hatch at us and says, "Col. Baker, Col. Baker, How many dead last night? How many dead?" How we hate that grinning Jap! About 5% of us are dying every day! I wish I could get a jacket somewhere, I'm so cold all the time, especially at night.

Our American leaders are disappointing. Our C.O. & his staff & the American interpreters seem to spend all their time trading with the Japs. To us it looks like they have no food & their canteens are usually full. The lack of water plus the loss of so much water from diarrhea & head colds is the cause of many of our deaths. The nights are so long & seem endless. They start at 5 P.M. last until 7 A.M. I'm getting so I can hardly pray or think about home. My mind is blank much of the time. I am just cold and widening,

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that morning would come, & hope to stay
alive until then.

John Hodgins died this afternoon, & Art & I
got his 2 shirts. I'm fairly well off for cotton
clothes now. I have 2 pairs of trousers, 2 shirts,
1 overalls sack, & dress socks. After 2 days of ~~no~~
water in the evening, they gave us tea tonight, &
~~it~~ ^{it} was not ~~so~~ salty.

We didn't hoist the anchor until about noon.
Then we seemed to be in a convey running in the
open sea. Jap. air patrols seem to be much
more frequently over head, so I feel that we are
near to Japan.

Tuesday, Jan 23. It was snowing quite hard
this morning & the snow sifted down through
cracks in the planks onto us. Last night was a
terrible cold night. I don't think that I can
stand very many such cold nights. I will have
to try and find some place a little warmer, but
I hate to leave Art. I am on the end of the row
with nothing next to me & the mat is too short. I
can't keep it over me & I'm slowly freezing to death

detained. There is 8 of us under the one mat. Way
too many. Of the twenty men we had in our squad
to start with we have less than $\frac{1}{2}$ alive now. However
they have moved some replacements in so that we
still have 19. The treatment of the dying is terrible.
Often they are stripped of their clothing & thrown out
on the side in the night, before they are dead. The
people who are taking care of the dying man feel
that they are entitled to his clothes, but often
they can't wait until he dies to get them for
fear someone else may get them first. Also when
a sick man is noisy or sailing the bay with
fleece, his neighbors cuss him unmercifully, beat
him or may even throw him out of the bay onto
the side where he will lie helpless & get no help
until the time to throw him overboard.

I finally crawled under the mats with Capt Brown,
V. C.; Sgt Hawks, P. H. S. & Sgt Green, Medical Department.
I'm on the end next to Sgt Green. They had really
more than their share of mats. Several of their group
had died. They weren't too anxious to let me in
but it was a matter of life & death to me —

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so I didn't care. We continued in convoy today, but for the first time I didn't go on deck all day. We had snow but no liquid, at about 2 PM, and shortly afterwards we went to bed for the long long night. I hate what makes them so long.

Tue. Jan 24. I got up in the middle of the night and tried to get water from the windles. Finally, I was able to get $\frac{1}{2}$ a canteen full. I drank $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup full, but I got ~~blatant~~ bitten three times with a rifle butt. It was black as spades, & little could be seen. The guard was huddled in a little shack out of the wind. If I'd been alone I'd have been ~~shot~~ shot C.K. but others kept drawing his attention to me. It is a good way to get shot, but worth the chance I figure. Later in the morning I got kicked around trying to get out some snow from the dirty deck. It is almost undrinkable & bitter from the tarpsaline & filthy dirty. We had no tea issue this morning. There was not so many deaths last night. Most of the wounded & the weakest have already gone. My soul's crossed.

out and I had my first BM since Friday. An this
out none either have diarrhea or you have almost
no movements at all. We have all lost so
much fat that our sphincter has nothing to work
against & even with formed stools we can't
control our bowel movements. The amount of
urine & fecal matter inside & outside of our clothes
is indescribable. We are all swarming with body
lice but that is such a minor thing we hardly
notice it. It was snowing very hard this
morning and the temperature was very close to
freezing. I keep praying that ^{this} will be our
last day. We do need warmth, water, food,
cleanliness so badly in that order. At noon
today it will make 72 hours of continuous
running. Yesterday we were in a convoy but
today we were alone except for the escorting
destroyer. Many fishing sail boats are still
around. Had rice but only 5 lbs tea for supper.

Thursday Jan 25. Last evening it was announced
by our officers that we were on the edge of

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a large convoy & headed South. I can't understand that. The Japs seemed to be celebrating something. Perhaps we are getting there or have at least arrived at Jap home waters. In the morning we had a physical check of the people left alive followed by a roll call. We anchored during a good part of last night, and we have been traveling alone, ~~with 2 small escort vessels~~ with 2 small escort vessels today. The sea is green & seems a little warmer & the islands are greener.

Snow is still in drifts on deck. I'm having dysentery & loss of appetite & feel rather sickly. I coughed terribly all night. It was hard to keep warm & my lips & back ached ~~all night~~ all night. I've must be near the end of this trip & I don't want to give up now. Deaths increased again to 25 to 30 last night. We had same chow but no water in ^{the} afternoon.

Friday, Jan 26.

Last Ship - At sea

We anchored last night & traveled only a short distance today. Usual rice in the morning but no water. In evening the chow was very

late but slightly larger in quantity than usual.
The 7 lbs each of water was put out after dark.
We had another count by the Japs & a roll call by
Cal Beecher. I hope we mean that we are near
the end. I hear it said that there are still 630
of the 1619 left alive. It is terrible & almost
unbelievable.

Last Sleep at Sea

Dat. Jan 27. Two weeks ago today we came
aboard. We anchored last night but traveled
between 2 AM & 7 AM & then anchored again for all day.
It was the coldest night that we have had & was
real misery for us. There was no chow or water
for breakfast; but we had a small amount of rice
in the evening. I suffered agony all night. Soiled
my ~~self~~ ^{self} with a bowel movement this morning,
& cleaned up as best I could. Have almost no
control. Father Cummings has died. I gave him
a swallow of water the other day. He was so grateful,
& blessed me, & ~~almost~~ ^{practically} called me a saint, that I
felt embarrassed. Maj Ronsky & C died & Maj Torgan
& Holman ^{Walt} too.
some time back. I'm the only one left from from the

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five that started in one foot locker. There are about 40 bodies piled on deck. Cannot bury any today until after we sail. Hope it ends soon! We had an issue of cold water this afternoon. That is unusual ~~from~~ the Japs who don't consider anything but tea & hot water fit to drink. They are having trouble with the steam cooker on the deck so no tea or rice; only cold water 8 lbs.

Sunday Jan 28

Last ship - at sea.

We have completed two weeks of intermittent travel from Sakao. We hoisted the anchor at dawn & apparently went immediately into the high seas, no land could be seen & we felt a deep sea swell for the first time in many a day. Spent all day yesterday & today under the mats trying to keep warm. We had a little hot water for breakfast, 4 lbs, & also a little tea but the tea didn't reach our squad. We had a fairly big rice issue in the evening but no water. I am terribly dehydrated & thirsty. The Jap interpreter Wata said that we would arrive tomorrow, so we had another roll call.

Hope it turns out to be true this time.

Monday, Jan 29, 1945

Last Ship - Inji Harbor.

Last night was the worst night we have had so far. I suffered terribly from thirst & I nearly coughed myself to death. It was not quite so cold however. The hatch was down tight & completely covered. No one was allowed on deck. Two tankers were convoyed with us last night. Apparently there was a submarine scare because we fired depth charges from time to time. We steamed all night and anchored at dawn. We had our morning rice but still no water. Jap quarantine Dr came aboard. He looked at our chest & mouth & gave us the glass rod rectal test. I suppose he found us all in good health! He let American Corps men give the examination to the many sick, ^{who can't move,} as he didn't want to get near them. I filled my pants with a B.M. when I ^{stirred} ~~stirred~~ this morning. My diarrhea isn't too bad, but I have absolutely no control. I wonder how soon we will go ashore. I have not had any water since yesterday morning.

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I had my shoes, that I've cared for so carefully
of an. yesterday morning, in daylight from right
inside my head. I am terribly sorry but there's no
one crying over it. I have been sleeping with them
to keep them safe, but the people I sleep with made
me take them off and save enough I promptly lost
them. Sgt Green is a rough tough typical regular
soldier. In spite of his roughness, cursing at me
etc. he has been gentle with me & sort of looked
after me a little. I certainly owe my life to him
for letting me under his mats. I keep dreaming &
dreaming of waterfalls, springs, lemonade, etc. ^{For the} last
week have been thinking about a house boat made
of a house trailer set onto a flat barge; & a 5 room
bungalow to retire in. I want about 4 turkeys, some
ducks, chickens, on my 10 acres. My wounds
seem to be at last healing, but the sore on my
right hand is not.

In the afternoon we pulled into ~~the~~ dock
at Moji, Iken. & were well looked over by
Jap officers who came aboard. We had a big rice
issue out, no water. The 8 lbs rice morning was
out for the last 36 hours. We are bedding

down for another night. I really feel that it may be our last aboard.

Tuesday Jan 30

Yokohama, Japan.

At about midnight they let us empty latrine buckets & detail came down & reported that clothing was piled all over the deck. At dawn they started issuing to Group I: Good shoes, wool breeches, padded jackets, socks & long BVD. slint & drawers. This soon dwindled to tennis shoes & outer clothing & then to only odds & ends. Most of Group III & patients (including Art & I) got nothing.

At 9AM we started to leave the ship, Sgt Green & helping Art. The crazy Japs sprayed us with Lysol as we went ashore. We walked a short distance to a big warehouse, (in an old theater building. I had traded my old knife that was so handy to Twentynine for his old broken out shoes. (he ~~gave~~ received new ones) Art was forefooted until I saw an old civilian with 2 pair & talked him into lending one to Art. They say we have a 3 hour ride to the camp where we will

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get hot food. Food had been cooked for us aboard but we weren't fed & the rice was carried ashore to the warehouse where it sat all day. I was able to fill ~~our~~ my canteens with clear cold water, ^{like} but I had been dreaming about. During the day I think everybody got a fair amount of water. It was wonderful, but so cold! (to the first real drink since Dec 23^d.)

(Continued in afternoon) We spent most of the day being counted & checked by name & freezing. A little more than 500 came off the ship, several dying on the way off. In our ragged ~~clothes~~ clothing from the Philippines, but I & others sat chain fashion & shivered & froze. Finally our Taiwan Guards & the Hated Wata turned us over to new Jap guards. I immediately things began to happen. Ambulances drove in and took away the hospital section. Groups I & II were fed cold rice that had been waiting all day. Group III was given a blanket & juice & taken away in trucks, the 14 Medical, Dental, & Veterinary officers were taken from Group III & attached to Col Bechard's group II. ^{after group I left,} Then, we were fed the best meal we had ever had from the Japs. Each man received two small wooden boxes "binto" boxes they are called, &

The first box contained about a canteen cup of
conscientiously steamed high quality, papric, still
warm & the other smaller box contained in
one end several spoonfulls of ^{the} delicious, fishy,
~~the~~ little
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ in long salted; also, a large crawfish 4-5 in long,
a piece of red pepper but something, some small
pieces that tasted a little like pineapple, & several
other items. It made a wonderful meal for us
sick starved men.

At about 5 PM we started walking, ~~over~~ medical
group still in only the clothes we wore on the ship, in
the icy cold wind. I was half carrying Art & had
trouble getting anyone to help him. Some of our "friends"
walked off & left us. We walked $\frac{3}{4}$ a mile to the
railroad station & boarded modern steel 3rd class
coaches. Some different from 190 in tiny P.T. box
car. There were 5 to some sections, but it was
luxury. After a chilling 3 hour ride we
got off in the freezing cold at 9 PM & walked
 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile along the track. Then I heard a
cheery American voice, ^{and}, "Come on fellows, it's only
a little ~~shorter~~, & we have a fire". We were given

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Immediately, many Australian snowcoats, & crowded
around 3 big vans. There were 2 trucks taking
32 each. Art was crossed as sick & I as his
we got out in the second ~~trip~~ trip. It was
on the edge of the city of Fukuoka
only about a 15 mile to the camp, we were
taken to unheated, electric lighted hut, about
the size of those in Cabanatuan, & built about
1/2 below ^{the} ground. It was quarters for 58 officers.
Each one has a clean matted sleeping space
about 4 ft by 8 ft. And Joy of Joy there was a
pile of 6 blankets for each man, & clean
under & winter outer clothing. A Britisher from
Singapore a ^{into my} ~~was~~ slender made up ~~our~~ beds.
In a little while we were served a cup of scalding
hot sweetened tea, & a bowl of sweetened ~~orange~~
juice. We were also given some of their precious American cigarettes.
The British call ~~them~~ ^{them} "Lugao." Then we went to
sleep for a restful night. It was a wonderful experience
that can never be forgotten.

Friday February 2, 1945

Fukuoka.

We have been here 3 days & I am beginning
to think that maybe we will be able to live
here. Constant cold is ^{almost} unbearable but last

Art & I slept together, with 12 blankets & cuddled close & I was warm for the first time since ^{we} left Formosa. We are fed 3 good big meals with hot tea 5 times daily, ³/₄ cup per man. There's no drinking water in Japan it seems. The rice & millet mixture that they serve here is rough & hard on our diarrhea. We also get a vegetable soup of daikon (a big radish) mostly, with a little meat or fish (just a trace) about twice a week. We took our first Jap bath today those that were able to. There we even men in a big tub of scalding hot water. The same water is used all day. It made us feel clean, but my naked frame scared me. I believe my 165 lbs has dwindled to less than 100 lbs. It was same job getting ~~some~~ heads clipped and shaving off the 7 weeks beard.

Conclusion - We stayed at Fukuoka until April 25, 1945. Our group number 193 when we arrived. During the first 2 months there 53 died in spite of all we could do for them. The diet was very coarse & there was almost no

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medicine. We did get 1 Red cross box for each
3 men however. By counting deaths of other groups
reported here, we think that of the 1619 that
originally left Manila only approximately 316
are now alive at the time of our removal
to Korea, April 25-29th. We had two more
die of our 140 at Jinsen, Korea.

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