

P.O.W./C.I. - Wm. J. Priestly

Book 16

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Bureau of Education
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2/20
15p

THE BASTARDS OF BATAAN

3

We have no father and do not care
We have no mother anywhere
We have no Uncle Sam at all
Just the same we'll never fall,
The Bastards of Bataan.

Miracle Men, our fame did spread
Miracle men, whom the Japs did dread
A brave little band both near and far
But to the Japs we always are,
The Bastards of Bataan.

We drink and fight to drink again,
A toast to those whose life did end.
When the Japs choose to strike
A band of men able to fight
The Bastards of Bataan.

We live on rice and Caribou
We fight and fight, only God knows how,
Mid tropical fevers running high
Causing brave white men to die, with
The Bastards of Bataan

protector of an orphan land,
Upon which the Japs did land
What was to them a promised land
Until the Bastards made their stand,
The Bastards of Bataan.

We live on fear and hope to fly
We pray and pray, too brave to cry,
But our shattered dreams and prayer
Have gained us naught save despair, for
The Bastards of Bataan.

We must fight on another day
For our convoys on its way,
We must be in Manila Bay,
We must fight.

4
Wainwright's warriors when MacArthur fled
Wainwright's warriors, when hell era dead
Always fighting without a grumble
Until the last defense did crumble, and so did
The Bastards of Bataan.

Surrender! Throw down your arms
Return to your store, your market and farms,
We go back to our occupations,
Which we know has long been taken, but not by
The Bastards of Bataan.

Peace at last to a troubled world
Honeyard boun' to our best girl
To a drift dodger she did wed
While on Bataan, brave soldiers bled, and will remain
The Bastards of Bataan.

Strikers, Taxes, Tariffs, and Tolls, will
Destroy the weak and disgust the bold
Communism, Socialism, Nazism too,
With life and living, I am through,
I now go West with
The Bastards of Bataan.

CAPTAIN NOEL O. CASTLE

*gtd
KP*
Captain Noel O. Castle, is tall and thin,
He carries a pistol, and a hat of tin.

He is company commander of "D" Co First,
A machine gun outfit, far from the worst.

He is known far and near, as a true 4th Marine
A better soldier, has never been seen.

As company commander, He wouldn't be better
So his orders are obeyed, to the very last.

The gasoline shortage sort of
He is better for guns.

For when he returned from his salvaging run,
He brought back in every kind of a gun.

He brought 90's and 50's and 37's too,
And some old Navy Guns, from 101 and 102.

He would chuckle and smile as he surveyed the mess,
But little did he know the thoughts of the rest.

So the boys went to work with a look of disgust,
Cleaning off all the dirt, grass and rust.

Now when this is all over, and we're standing at the bar
Drinking beer by the gallons, caring not where we are.

We'll be thinking of a man, as we stare at the floor,
Who did a great part, to defend our Regier.

"HIS WISH"

For the ones that were there,
It's a thing of the past.
We did what we could
But we just couldn't last.

They had bombed us too much
And shelled us too
And the men on the line
Were just too few.

Captain Castles' name
Is one to go down
For school kids to study
In every town.

He was a fighting man's idol,
From beginning to end,
And he left no enemy's
They all called him friend.

at the landing,



6
He could have hid in a hole
And hoped all night
That his men would fight
with all their might

But instead of that
He went down the line
Telling his men
They were all doing fine.

He grabbed a machine gun
To do his best
To give one of his gunners
A well earned rest.

From there he went
on down the way
stopping here and there,
Just a word to say.

Denver hill had --
Our Infantry stopped
So he surveyed the scene
and the idea popped.

The word was passed,
and the line was manned
and the bayonets fixed,
as they took their stand.

He led the charge
with a yell and a shout,
and the men followed up
from all about.

That job was done
so he left them there
to find someone else's
troubles to share.

Through out the night,
He had close calls,
Saved here by stumbles,
and there by falls.

About 9 o'clock,
The following day,
A shot in the chest
was his hard earned pay.

He wasn't hurt bad,
But he had to go
Back down the line
To the Medico.

He stopped on the way,
It seems in vain,
To help a man,
Who was racked with pain.

As he knelt in the ditch
By the wounded one,
A sniper sighted,
and fired his gun.

The Captain was shot
Right through the head,
And when help got there
He was already dead.

His death to his parents,
will be a mighty blow
but that's the way,
He wanted to go.

A fighting man born,
lived and died,
killed in action,
He would say with

"THE CREED OF THE ISLANDS"
SOLDIERS IN P. I.

7

Down in the Blue China Sea
On the road to Manila
Lies the spoils of Dewey's Battles
In the beautiful Manila Bay.

Down where there's no 10 Commandments
A man can quench a thirst
Lives the cut-throats and old moonshiners
The pride of the thirty first.

On the gin soaked Isle of Iloilo
Where the men that God forgot
Battles Malaria fever
Doble Itch, and Tropical rot.

Nobody knows they are living
Nobody gives a damn
Back home they are soon forgotten
Just Soldiers of Uncle Sam.

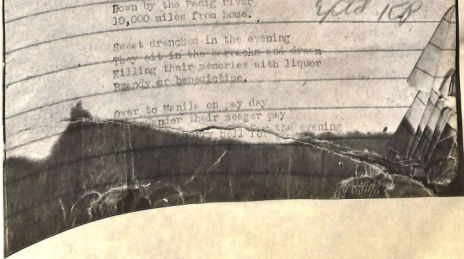
Soldiers of foreign Service
Earning their meager pay
Guarding their countries millions
For a peso or two a day.

Living with dirty natives
Down in the wall city zone
Down by the Pasig river
10,000 miles from home.

1000

Sweat drenched in the evening
They sit in the barracks and dream
Killing their memories with liquor
Bandy or benzocaine.

Over to Manila on pay day
Remember their meager pay
The only hill for the evening



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8

Back to the Post for another month
Gosh, how the time does drag
Hardly enough filthy pesos
To supply a man with fags.

Bugs at night to keep us popping
Mosquito bars only a lure
Hell no, Not Comets
Just Soldiers on foreign tour.

Do not be anxious about tomorrow.
Do today's duty, fight today's temptations and do
not weaken and distress yourself by looking
forward to things which you cannot see, and
could not understand if you saw them.

---Charles Kingsley.

To be humble and loving that is true life. Do
not let insult harden you, nor cruelty rob you of
tenderness. If men wound your heart let them
not embitter it; and then yours will be the
victory of the Cross. You will conquer as Christ
conquered, and bless as he blessed.

---F. W. Robertson.

Excerpt - H-P -----

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will
make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and
wit god-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty
and affliction; convert ignorance into an invariable
simplicity and render deformity itself agreeable.

---Addison.

PRISON IMPRESSION

9

Within the gates of a prison camp
The world appears void of love
But should one's gl nos upward stray
They behold God's wide world above.

The days seem endless within this camp
Your spirits rise and fall
But give one thought to God above
These vanish one and all.

Should doubt of release assail your mind
Within these prison gates
Think of God's wide world above
And the reward for those who wait.

THE FALL OF CORREGIDOR

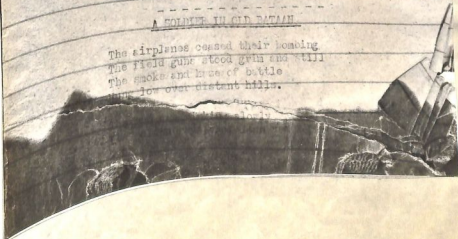
Constantly pounded day and night
On this Fortress men did fight
Rather than destroy them all
Ruined Corregidor now must fall.

Every man in his own way
Gave his best fight here today
In memory be those who died
Defending this, Our Country's pride.

While there on rocky benches now turned red
Rugged soldier boys now lay dead.

A SOLDIER IN OLD BATAAN

The airplanes ceased their bombing
The field guns stood grim and still
The snaks and buzz of battle
Went low over distant hills.



10

And one among the dying
A youth not yet a man
Who was drafted from dear Old Georgia
To fight in old Bataan.

His brother knelt beside him
As his life blood ebbed away
And bend his head in pity
To hear what he might say.

The young brother looked up
And whispered "Brother Jack"
Take this message to our Mother
If you ever get back.

Jack's tears again fell faster
As he clasped his brother's hand
And listened to the message
He must take back from Bataan.

Tell Mother how I died Jack
On Bataan's wide battle field
Where bullets rained so thickly
And flashing steel met steel.

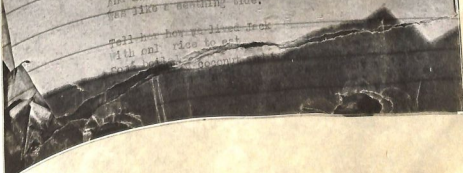
Exptd
10P

Tell her how they promised
They would send planes and men
And tell her how we waited, Jack
For ships that never came in.

This hope was always burning
In the heart of every man
But at last we know it was hopeless
For the boys in old Bataan.

Tell her how we fought, Jack
Together side by side
And death which swept around us
Was like a sewing tide.

Tell her how we lived Jack
With our rice to eat
Spent battles becoming



Tell her not to weep for me
For waiting I will stand
At the golden gate in heaven
Her boy from Old Betan.

And there's another, brother Jack
That little Dixie girl
I'm sure that she is waiting
On the other side of the world.

She kissed me as we parted
And whispered Good-bye Pat.
I'll be waiting here in Georgia
In this town when you get back.

So brother take this bricket
Tis but a golden band
To my sweetheart, who is waiting
For her soldier in old Betan.

"Now rise me up dear brother
So I may see the setting sun
Gleaming on the stars and stripes
Before the day is done."

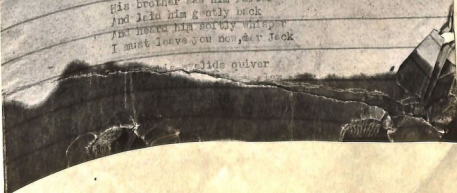
He saluted the flag so slowly
A tear stood in each eye
As he said "Farewell to Old Glory"
It's not so hard to die."

None of you wiken folds
I never more shall stand
So farewell old glory, brother, Mother
And my Sweetheart and Old Betan.

His brother saw him falter
And laid him gently back
And heard him softly whisper
I must leave you now, dear Jack

His eyes slide quiver

6/11/10



12

Oh God! receive his lonely soul
Tis' the end of life's short span
The bother of my childhood
Who died in Old Bataan.

That night the pale moon rose
And calmly it shone down
Upon a solemn funeral
On Bataan's battle ground

His buddies offers up a prayer
There beneath a mango tree
And someone sang
"Nearer My God To Thee."

The bamboo seemed to bow their heads
There in the war-torn land
While the soldier boy was laid to rest
In a grave in Old Bataan.

" A SOLDIER "

*Expt
10P*

A soldier is a nobody
We hear a lot of people say
He is an outcast of the world
And always in the way.

We admit there are bad ones
From Jap to the Marines
But the majority you will find
The most heroic ever seen.

Next people condemn the soldier
When he stops to take a drink or two
But does a soldier can't you
When you stop to take a few.

Now don't scorn the soldier
But clasp him by the hand
For the uniform that he wears
Means protection to your land

13
The Government picks its men
From the millions far and wide.
So please place him as you equal
Good buddies, side by side.

When a soldier goes to battle
You cheer him on his way
You say he is a hero
When in the ground he lay.

But the hardest battle of a soldier
Is in the time of peace
When all mock and scorn
And treat him like a beast.

With these few lines we close, sir
We hope we didn't offend
But when you meet a soldier
Just treat him like a friend.

THE FORGOTTEN MEN

You all know the grim story
But there are those who didn't see
"The Fall and disgrace of "Old Glory"
And what it meant for you and me.

probably by now were forgotten
By those who sent us to die
To unprepared islands begotten
By Dewey so noble and sly.

Our Country you know has billions
In food, in silver, and Gold
Personnel, and material in millions
Why! Buddy, the half can't be told.

Yes, we know she'll not be beaten.
Proud and true she'll always stand
With our pride we've eaten
As long to stand.

14
 But I wonder what our folks will think
 When we tell of this old Pi-hy
 And how we fought the heat, and rain and stink
 Only to be captured, to starve, and die.

Months of jungle fighting
 Enemy bombers overhead
 Malaria mosquitoes biting
 The whistle and whine of lead.

Sleepless nights of waiting
 For help that never came
 Nerves so tense and grating
 Bleeding, sore, and lame.

Prayers and tears for loved ones shed
 So far away at home
 Tears for "our B buddies" who died and bled
 Cuts and bruises and mangled bones.

Dreaming of home and loved ones
 Ten thousand miles away
 Listening to the roar of the big guns
 Photo Joe at the break of day.

PTD
 18
 Does anyone dare call you a coward
 Because you broke and ran
 When at last we were overpowered
 And surrendered Corregidor and Batan.

They might think that's where it all ended
 And from there out it was all in fun
 But when imprisoned we were blanded
 We found the right had J at begun.

Thrown into mud-bound prison camps
 To live with rats, flies, and lice
 To suffer and die from diseases and cramps
 From eating weeds and waxy rice.

What happened to that "Betty" plane
 Over the island which it had

15
They replaced her with the flaming wheel
The symbol of Imperial Japan
But they can't replace the love & feel
For "old Glory", Corregidor and Bataan.

The Good Lord is with you
Hang not your head in shame
But lift your voices in prayer — yes do
For the help that never came.

"SCUTTLE - BUTTS"

When our children read the history
Of MacArthur's "Little Band"
Little will they know the mystery
Of the things that caused our stand.

I think now that the whole thing
That gave us these Iron-clad gutts
Were the stories that through our ears did ring
Better Known as "Scuttle-butts".

The sky tomorrow will be black with planes
The Captain told us over the wire
They'll be friendly ships from carrier lanes
So be sure before you fire.

That night as we cleaned and oiled our guns
Our spirits soared on high
For we never dreamed that just for fun
Our C. O. would tell a rumor or a lie.

Next morning sure enough they came
A hundred of them or more
But there were red spots upon each plane
And each had an open bomb-bay door;

Well that was rumor number one
And as we blessed away
And had the shells to our hangar guns
We had a new one every day.

16

Now the friend of a friend, a pal of mine
So the stories always go
Just told me one that's on the line
"Cause a Colonel said it was so."

The "Yanks and Tanks" are cooling
In fact they are almost here
But wasn't let this one get running
It's strictly confidential, my dear.

Talk about old maids in black bloomers
As she gossips on flappers and vamps
She couldn't keep up with the rumors
In Catebeutan Prison Camp.

"TANKERS OF BATAAN"

(To the tune: "Green grows the laurels")

ETTO
KN
You've all read the story how a battle was won,
By the noble six hundred and the deeds that they done
But take this from a private, a man in the ranks,
Those guys were pikers, compared to the tanks.

Our Captain had told us the evening before
That the Japs had invaded Bataan's rugged shore
He told us make ready prayers for the fight,
And we stole out in darkness when the moon rose that night.

We crossed over mountains thru hailstorms of lead,
We crossed Bamboo bridged where angels went tread,
We reached our objective before night time had gone
And attacked the Japs at the first crack of dawn.

We went down trails about two meter wide,
With big anti-tank guns lined up on each side,
There were hand grenades, mortars, and magnetic mines
But the tanks slyly crept into the Japanese lines.

They gave us artillery with all of their might,
They kept us a sweating from morning till night,
They hurled at us Thermites and fire globes,
Had there been other weapons they'd surely

17

There are Japs on the left of us -- Japs on the right
In fox holes beneath us Japs trampled in fright
There planes roared above us likeawks in the blue
From Manila, they realized that the Japs were there too.

Day in and day out, and hours at a crack
Our tanks belched out lead and the Japs curled it back
We all did o' r duty, and lives as though charmed
Went into that inferno and came out unharmed.

The light Brigades famous -- All of us know well
The duty impaired there, No one could'n tell
But the great, poet Tennyson, ennobled their deed
In a poem he wrote for the whole world to read.

The light Brigade -- May be quite famous today
But in my opinion here, please let me say
When the fighting is over and this thing is thru
The Tanks of Retarn will be remembered too.

Chorus to all verses:

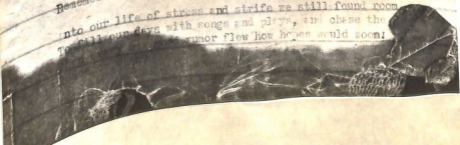
Green grows the Jungle and bright is the dew
Sorry am I that I can't get to you,
Until our next meeting Here's just what we'll do
We'll change that Red Sun to the Red, White and Blue.

E. W. KP -- private John Minier,
Company 404, 192nd Tank Bn.

PARODY TO "DO YOU REMEMBER?"
By Pvt. Mc Carter

Do you remember all those days in prison camps
The clothes we had were all so bad we looked like traps
We went to bed about half-fed and Oh! what cramps
Remember when?

into our life of stress and strife we still found room
To fill our days with songs and plays, and chase the
The rumor flew how hopes would soon!



18

I can see those seconds that we used to sweat
Oh what glee! when next we all as rice wad get
(One line missing)
Remember when?

How great will be the day when we reach the U.S.A.
Forget at last the wful past with all its stress
We'll never more deport that shore of happiness
Now 'bout it, Men?

AT THE EXHIBIT

(by Pvt. McCarter)

Around the room the fellows drift and gaze
Judging for themselves things deserving praise
Objects of art set that all may see
Much work and skill shown in every entry.

The cigarette roller attracts the crowd
And comments of praise they utter aloud
Each time a finished smoke slides out so neat
The mass exclaim at the wonderful feat.

etc
etc
In one section there are carvings of wood
Some truly fine -- yet none that are not good
Emblems and statues, a washboard, a scale
Real craftsmanship shown in every detail.

The Xmas manger holds the "Prince of Peace"
Nearby Christ bears his cross that ain't right cause
The grand prize winner, a scale model train
Draws your attention again and ag-ain.

Around the room the fellows drift and gaze
Judging for themselves things deserving praise
When they have seen them all and turn to go
They take with them the spirit of the show.

That is -- no matter how beaten you are
You'll strive still harder to regain your star
Keep carrying on! Be the best you can
And show the world your an American.

19

ITS SO EASY
(by Private McCarter)

Its so easy to let our steps lag
Why shouldn't our hopes and courage flag
When we dread the heights we must assail
At the far off goal we fear to fall

Its so easy to say, "Whats the use"
I'll never win and give up striving
But, oh, its hard to say, "What a goose;
I've been before, now I'll start driving."

In plain words we hate to face the fact
We're like a boat without a steerer
It's so easy to make a contact
With a sure way to make paths clearer.

That way becomes apparent at length
If we use God's help as well as prayer
To bolster up our puny strength.
It's so easy, when we have Him there.

*** * * * * ***

"THE ARMY" *epid KO*

Upon a wind swept plateau, in a hall of a spot
Battling the terrible dust storms in a land that God forgot
Into the brush with a rifle, down in the ditch with a pick
Doing the work of a nigger, and too damned tired to kick

Up with the cowboys and Indians, Up where a man gets the blues
Up near the top of a mountain, And a Thousand miles from you
At night the wind keeps howling, it's more than a man can stand
"Hell No", were not convicts, We're defenders of our land,

We are living for tomorrow, Only to see our pals
Hoping and praying when we return, they're not permitted to
our pals

relative service, ...

20

No one knows we are living, And no one gives a damn.
Back home we are soon forgotten, We've been loaned to Uncle
Sam.
For only a year we can stand it, But for two and a half, who
can tell?
"Folks, don't let the big shots fool you, The Army is a
living hell."

" TO THE COLONELS "

I wish I were a Colonel in a concentration camp
I'd confiscate a blanket to keep out the cold and damp.
I'd let a sentry twist my arm and make me take a can
of meat and beans intended for some enlisted man.

I'd gather up the commissaries as they were carried in
You can bet that all the others there would be mighty
thin

I'd keep the jam and crackers and eggs and butter too
My attitude towards the rest would be "To Hell with you."

*ENTER
KIP*

I'd sit around H.Q. thinking up a lot of crap.
I'd blame my goofy orders on some poor misguided Jap.
I'd make things so damn miserable, That your teeth
would grind and clomp
If I could be a Colonel in a concentration camp.

"THEY FLY BY NIGHT"

I dash from the shack out into the slime
Hoping against hope to reach the crapper on time
I slip in the goo, go down to my knees
And from twist my clenched cheeks, The feces does seep.

I make it on time and down I do plop.
To watch the tiny maggots consuming the slop.
The fellow beside me emits groans that vary,
And I know in a flash that he has dysentery.
Then back to the shack I wend my way
Down on the bunkhouse cot.

HEROES MODERNE

21

With bated breath and awe struck ear,
We heard the sentence loud and clear
"Ten men must die" we heard him say
And we stood unbelieving the fatal day

The ten they knew that they must die
Although for truth they knew not why
Their life had run it's brief short span
They were paying the price, The debt of another man.

We saw them die that sorrowful day
Small, so lone, they died, "The American Way."
Hearts at home for them will bleed
For the price they paid there was no need.

Of heroes old I've heard and read
But these ten men who now are dead
We salute them over, we salute them all
Ten finer heroes ne'er did fall.

As o'er your resting place the sod does fall
A spot for you in our hearts stays warm
For we who knew you in the past
Know now full well that your glory shall last.

"BOOT HILL"

Efted KAP

No monuments nor flowers there
Amid the fields of corn
No birds their songs to fill the air
No trees to shield the rain.

We've watched these things through tear-dimmed eyes
We've felt a sense of shame
But now we see as time goes by
We're really not to blame.

No, it's surely not the best
Does it claim
Does place we've laid to rest



22

THOUGHTS FROM OVER THERE

As I sit here thinking
Of the things I left behind
I hate to put in writing
What is running through my mind.

I have dug a million foxholes
Cleared a thousand miles of ground
A meaner place this side of hell
Is waiting to be found.

But there is one condition
Gather closely while I tell
When I die I'll go to heaven
For I've done my hitch in hell.

I have marched a million miles
And made a million camps
And have shooed a million centipedes
From underneath my pants.

*Ext'd
NP*

The number of parades I've stood
Is very hard to tell
But there'll be no parade for me in heaven
For I've done my hitch in hell.

When finally taps is sounded
And I lay aside lifes cares
I'll do my last parade
Up those golden stairs.

The angels will all greet me,
And harps will start to play
I'll draw a million canteen checks
And spend them in a day.

It's then I'll hear St. Peter
Tell me loudly with a yell
Take a front seat my boy
For you've done your hitch in hell.

23

"ODE TO ST. VALENTINE'S DAY"

While the bombers soared above
Come and be my jungle love
Here beneath a mocking moon
We'll enjoy a blackout spoon
Safe? From burst of bomb or shell
Be my Val-- Oh what the hell
You're ten thousand miles away
February 14th, just another day.

"TUNNELITIS"

A disease we abhor, On Corregidor with horror filled eyes
It's worse than old St. Vitus, They scan the skies
It's worse than the itch, For Japs that come to snite us.
Or nervous twitch, Then rush one and all,
They call it "Tunnelitis." Heaven help those who fell,
In this frenzy of "Tunnelitis."

They left the states in glory The motors they been
And came out on an ocean liner They shed a tear.
They were soldiers rough Look left and right, "Oh Lordy,"
till the going got tough Then dive for a pit
Now they are trying to be miners. And have a fit,
But its only a lone P-40

There's no offense, in the sickly gents
For the japs that came to fight us. They slap our backs,
Their only goal, With lusty whack
Is the nearest hole-- Whenever they chance to sight us
These victims of Tunnelitis. Protecting the ones
Who suffer from "Tunnelitis."

EWING KAP

--- G. W. Mills, Btry "B" 50th C.A.

WHY WE LOST THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

You've heard all the talk and tittle tittle
of who is to blame for losing the battle,
Imagine pray so quick to retreat



24
Who rated himself awe above Rommel.
But most of all we all agree
In the Medical Corps and the C.M.C.

Bombs, Bullets, and mines are weapons of war
But in tropical climes more dangerous far,
And more to be feared as everyone knows is
The lethal and of a mosquito's proddis.
So here in a place where the anopheles whine
Who do you think would run short on cuisine
I'll give you one guess, you shouldn't need more
Not the C.M.C., but the Medical Corps.

As Macaulay once said, every school boy knows
It's not on its feet that an Army goes.
If you want it to fight you must fill its belly
Full three times a day -- First meal -- Reveille.
So who on Bataan where the tropical heat
Is such that even the strong feel weak,
Consider two rice meals sufficient for me
Not the Medical Corps, but the C.M.C.

Of all the dread sounds I heard on Bataan,
The one I most dread is the wounded's "Ward Man."
In the hospital wards you can hear this sad cry.
From the wounded, the sick, and those near to die.
 midst the smell of the pest, the cry of the sick
Would pierce, you'd imagine, a friend to the quick
But what sadder cared bastard would coolly ignore?
Not the C.M.C., but the Medical Corps.

While the troops were existing on atison and rice,
Some H.C.'s were living on meats, milk and ice,
Cereal and hot cakes, bacon and fruit,
Beans and tomatoes -- their share of the loot,
Which could be obtained by ass kissing or quicker
You may not believe it a good slug of liquor
Who sent to the Rock all our rations Type "C"
Not the Medical Corps, but the C.M.C.

Then after the surrender with death rates increasing
From malaria, dysentery, and effects of poor eating
Then lives might have been saved
of existing supplies of

25

That might have brought health to score upon score
Not the Q.M.C., but the Medical Corps.

"COURAGEOUS CORREGIDOR MAC"

From out of his hole
Four stories below
Crept Courageous Corregidor Mac
With a "155", to keep him alive
And a howitzer strapped on his back.

I will Tell Franklin D.
Of all that I see
And a little more to boot
Of our skies being black
When bombers attack
And anymore bull I can shoot.

I will ride to Bataan,
As fast as I can,
Rest assured I am practically back
While I am there, I will declare
That help is well on its way.
I have ordered Caribou steaks
And rice patty cakes
To keep your hunger away.

Get my Chris-craft ready
For I'm a bit unsteady
I have had a day on the line.
I must hurry back
To my underground shack
Brother Quezon is ready to dine.

EFD KP

DUG OUT "DOUG"

(To the tune of The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Dug-out Doug MacArthur has been shaking on the rock
Safe from every bombing and from all the sudden shock
He is eating of the best food in the land
While his troops go starving on.

Chorus:

Dug-out Doug come out from hiding
Dug-out Doug come out from hiding
Send to Frankie the glad tidings
That his troops go starving on.

II.

Dug-out Doug's not timid, he's just cautious, not afraid,
He's protecting carefully the stars that Frankie made
Four star Generals are rare as food is in Bataan
Four star Generals are rare as food is in Bataan

26
III.
Dug-out Doug is ready, in his Gris-craft for to flee
Over bounding billow and, the wild and raging sea
For the Japs are pounding, on the Gates of old Bataan,
While we go starving on.

IV.
We have fought the war the hard way, since they said the
war was on
All the way from Lingayen, to the hills of old Bataan,
And we'll continue fighting, after Dug-out Doug is gone
And still go starving on.

APRIL 9TH OF '42

A bloody day, I say to you, That 9th of April '42.
When we had backed right to the shore
Beyond which lay Corregidor.
Across the Channel in the Bay
Her guns were silent as if to say,
You fought like a hero, We know you're there.

Our guns would help if they knew where
But Jungles hide you -- we don't know
And might hit friend instead of foe.
Bataan surrendered -- Hope had gone
And left the rock to carry on.
The crowd to make one final thrust
And then fell back amidst blood and dust.
You fought in Jungles, Mountains, plains
You fought for life- it seemed in vain!
You learned to dodge both Bomb and shells
You learned to laugh when life was hell.

You learned to fight without a gun
You learned to stick and never run
You're tired and hungry -- Sleepless nights
These jungle trails -- Manila lights.
A Gun that jammed -- A screaming mare
Her guts ripped out -- A burning flare
A crippled tank -- that hit a mine
A heavy hit and weakened line.

27
A field piece split right to the breach
A landing boat high on the beach
A plane that fell and failed to rise
The pilot's dead -- His staring eyes!
A sniper hid up in a tree,
Observers looking -- hard to see
The setting sun -- A flash of steel
A breathless SCOUT -- to numb to feel
A guarded match -- A flickering light
They must attack, No moon this night
A whispering challenge -- Foe or Friend?
Good God! This night will never end.
Where is the help they said would come
Where is the help were nearly done.

The line is breaking, can't reform.
Were falling back -- how long till Morn?
The "C.P." please -- Must stop this route
I'm sorry Sir, the line is out
A Flag of Truce, unfurled to breeze
A gallant force brought to its knees
And slowly came the realization
No cheer of Joy, and no elation
They'd done their best, the going tough
Their best was good -- but not enough.
--- Capt. Edgar H. Dale
57th Inf. (PS)

"BITCHING"

*Eptd
KP*

What the men will bitch about today
It's hard to say, it's hard to say,
It's this or that, or anything
That annoys them, and troubles bring.

Our Officers are awful caps
The rest us worse than do the Japs
Their K.P.'s steal the best of chow
And look how fat they all are now.

Does they sell their pills
to cure our ills?

25
We're sick and can't get off our bed
But soldier let it well be said
That when they call a bug detail
I'll be there first and never fail.

"I WANT TO BE A VETERAN"

When I was young, I gazed with awe
At the perfect example of life in the row
The V.F.W.'s Annual Convention
To raise Holy Hell was their only intention.

The light has dawned and now I see
They were just catching up on a postponed spree
They'd dream of home for months on end
Of things they'd do, of money they'd spend.

Of the food they'd eat of the wine they'd drink
For months on end do naught but think
And now that an F.V. has happened to me
My one ambition is to add the "ye".

"CORREGIDOR ISLE"

Exp. 10
I lived a while on Corregidor Isle
On its hot sun burned, God cursed land
Where bombs and shells made life hell
With death on every hand.

There I got the thirst of the cursed
With no water to be had
I heard men scream in that hellish dream
And watched my friends go mad.

It's no man's fault the waters salt
Or that the foods all gone
The guns are manned by men doomed
To face death every dawn.

Some hold their breath and await their death
That comes with bursting shells
As bombs rain, some

29
When our bones blend with the stones
You'll hear the patriots cry
The men who carried those splintered bones,
Were no afraid to die.

* * * * *

PRISON CAMP MURDER

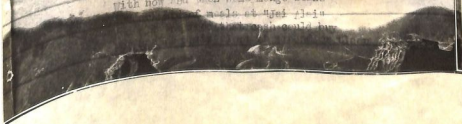
There are things about a Prison Camp
That I don't like, no bedside lamp
For reading nights, The lack of books
The laugh, and over bearing Coks,
No privacy, No private places
The close cropped heads, and hairy faces
The tasty food that's always missing
The diarrhea and non-stop pissing
The knack of calling Prison "pis"
The absence of big Mango Trees,
The acrid smoke of galley five
The all enclosing Jap barbed wire
The loud and almost ceaseless chatter
Of little men who do not matter.

The maggots, flies, and dripping rain
The sale of Medicine for gain.
Some heroes at Corridor
Whose bravery grows more and more
Which everytime they Glibly Tell
Of how they spurned each bomb and spell
The rumors that are daily rites
In fact I hate the whole damn life.

*Eptd
10P*

Our "ghoul" deluxe of scardines tipped
The smell that comes with each west wind
The sniping of our Cigar Butts
From dirty gutters round the huts
The athletes feet and dobie itch
That pretty phrase "you son-of-a-bitch."

For months we've fed on Rice and greens
With now and then some mongo beans



30

And wake each morn so stiff and sore
At night we rise six times or eight
From bed to cash and urinate

For months we've had not news but scuttle
Or Jap propog and most unshuttle
We dont know if the Yanks are landing
Or if our Captains are disbanding
For months we've listened to Army Slang
Rouler than the Jargon of an East Side Gang
Been ordered around by an upper ranker
With and I.O. minus or even blanker
But it won't be long now, it can't be long now
Before we never see lugao
Or have to supplement our chow
We purchase from Gray truckers
The lousy profiteering suckers
Before we sleep in cozy nests
Of sider downs or Beauty Rests;
Beside some women warm and sweet
Away from sore and stinking feet.

Handwritten initials

Before we quit this bloody pissing
Indulge, instead of luscious kissing
And look once more the well dressed Mister
And not an animated blister
Before we'll never want for rain
To wash away the stain
Of sweat and mud and stickley clay
Accumulated dry by day
And lose those God damned blue arsed flies
That foul our annual chachito pies
And get relief from rain and heat
And use a norman toilet seat.

We'll soon stop all this sort of thing
As guests of Nippon's Sun God King
No longer we'll salute and bow
The Yanks are back in Wippanao
Guerrillas roam the countryside
Unless our very ears have lied
In thirty days or some
We'll be the guests



31

We'll leave forthwith for Fort McKinley
God knows we must soon leave the Army
Before we go completely bald
Maddened by the pricks eternal
Of a Tunnel squatting Colonel
Soon we'll leave this Bong-bong
It won't be long, it can't be long.

"APPENDIX"

Oh friend, your plaintive late lament
Has reached a sympathetic ear
And found to hide and urge to vent
A few mere deprecations here.
It irks me sore to be addressed
By Nipper on the "Pang-rors Guest,"
And directed here and there by grunts
From banty-legged little runts.
I'm sick of rice tasteless and flat
With foreign bits of this and that
Contributing contamination
That won't invite examination
Of campaign hats worn conby
Tired of soggy boots
Of hill billies in soldier's suits
Of groping in the dark at night
Of getting up before its light
To face a barren empty day
Of trying to fill it in some way
With idle, futile, useless clearing
Cares or pastimes, just as boring
Adorning mess kits for example
This lousy poetry is a sample
I'm tired of going without meat
Of sitting on a stool with seat
Of flies that hatch from maggots there
That scar and buzz round bottoms here
Of seeing sores on hand and legs
Tired of someone's tuneless whistle
Of wild hair, beards that droop and bristle
Of black and raw rubbed lips
Of bamboo strips -

*Epts
KIP*

32

Melodious, olugious ones,
Resounding through the night like guns
I'm tired of men called "Joe"
Of dividing things just so
Of splitting seven spoons of stew
One for me and one for you
Of endless lines on every hand
Where eternally I'm forced to stand
At, "uster, chow, early and late
Even when I deficate
Everything I want to do
A thousand others want it too
Fed up with all the constant blowing
Of herb crap that's daily snowing
The speak of Tunnel rats as "They"
When "He" is what they ought to say
Tired of weird "yardbird" gyrations
And officers puerile machinations
To look out only for number one
And devil take the hind most one
Of an Army that seems to think "Civilians"
Is a term synonymous with "Millions"
Tired of rumors, varied diverse
peddled by omiscient drivers
Of "scuttle-butts" without surcease
Of speculating on release
Sick of trying to solve the riddle
Of getting up at night to piddle
Tired of the muddy trail we tread
On Nocturnal visits to the "head"
Of seeing hopes and dreams at night
Come crashing down in mornings light
To this world, miserable existence
I fast am losing my resistance
I'm tired of the motley multitude
That daily I must see —
And if you'll ask each one of them
You'll find they're just as tired of me.

*Epted
KP*

" THE CALL OF WAR "

33

From city, hamlet, and countryside
Where life is a careless song
Have him forget his house of dreams
With Ivy round the door
For I have a task for his eager feet
Willowing deep in Gore.

Send me you Youth -- The pick of your Youth
You may keep the other kind
I'll tear the song from his careless lips
The dream from his boyish mind
I'll drive him out where the cannons roar
And rend his limb from limb
And when it's through you can have him back
Or all that is left of him.

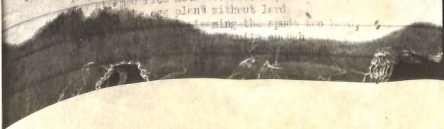
In a heart that is free from Brutality
I will sow the seed of life
Till he goes forth with a lust to kill
Like a crazed inebriate
I'll twist his soul with shameful lies
As he carries my banner high
And pretends he's for a sacred cause
While he stumbles out to die.

EXTD
ICP

You've sent us your Youth, The best of your Youth
A thousand times or more
And I've left their bodies in a hollow grave
On some beleaguered shore
I've plundered the world and laid it waste
With youth as my helpless tools
Each time I call, You send them all
For you are such Hopeless Fools.

MESS HALL NO. 3

The kitchen force of No. 3 is a motley crew you bet
They scorch the lugre much too dry
They stir the rice much too wet.



34

One of the cooks was a radio man
(You know they are said to be weak in the head)
Another hails from the Q.M.C.
Need anymore be said?
The mess sergeant yells, and waves his arms
And claims to know a lot
But when it comes to running a mess
He isn't quite so hot.
More could be said of the kitchenforce
Of Mess Hall No. 8.
But I'm afraid if I did
I'd have to include men.

SAGA OF BATAAN

Away across the ocean, away across the ocean
Away across the ocean far away
Lie some islands hot and dirty
Which lots of others think are purty
But you can have my share of them most any day.

1944
189

Uncle Sam sent me to Luzon, and I'd hardly got my shoes on
Till Tojo started up his little play;
Now I think the isle is stunning
For I saw it all a running
On the trail of Doug MacArthur's brave P.I.

Now we started up in Vigan, and ended in Batan
I heard double-timing all the way
Only ten shots we did fire
As we slipped behind the wire
And heaved a sigh and gasped "O Happy day".

For the Nippers from Japan, Came down the road we run
And started in to make it quite afrey
But our Filipino cousins
hid in ditches by the dozens
Which made the Americans hair turn silvery gray.

Our Gallant Air Corps fliers, were a bunch of seasoned

When they told us tales of death
For they took off for us

35

Next were our Jolly Jack Terns
Heroes of Manila Club Bars
For the war had only just begun
'Ere they gulped their last "Old Taylor"
Shouting "Gangway for a Sailor"
In sunny San Francisco we'll be found.

They left us with MacArthur
Why the hell, we know not what for
And we prepared to make a gallant stand
Said he, "I'll be behind you"
How far - I'll not remind you
And all his stooges said "Now sint that Grand"

For Doug sat in his tunnel
Looking at us thru his funnel
And his heart grew weary in his breast
My staff and I'll never fail you
For I'll take 'em to Australia
And pin a D.S.O. on every chest.

Real heroes of our forces
Were the two Sixth Cavalry horses
For skinny though there's nothing they can't do
But when the troopers they were counted
And found themselves dismounted
And Dublin ended up as Irish stew. *EPD*

They came rumbling into Bagic
A red lee on a half-track
With a bang-bang clatter and a clank
Oh, he shot his cannon forward
But he never hit a single gol-dang tank. *188*

Our only field equipment
Was a partial transport shipment
Of some 27 Turkish Towels
But the brass hats in U.S.A.F.P.E.
Kept dishing out the taffy
•us all a wish to move his bowels.

36

For without his hand in mine dear
I will not remain here
So I change my clothing so I can really run.

It was a great war while it lasted
For months and months we had fasted
On a diet of Sardines and pilay
While we heard the voice of freedom
A telling how we feed them
Which we knew was just another G.D. lie.

One April morning we greeted
Our cooks who wildly bleated
"Sir, we are surrounded one and all"
Innocently we had to tender
To the Japs complete surrender
For they had us down behind the old "B" hall.

DREAMS?

*Ed
AP*

I have a dream, A dreadful dream
A dream that is never done
I see a man made prisoner, by
The Troops of the Rising Sun.

They shoved him into a prison camp
And that is like the grave.
Though he eats his rice three times a day
On the work gang he must slave.

But it was not with loss of face
That he got landed there
For the world knows well, that he fought like hell
But he had no support from the air.

What with the stench, and the bugs and the flies
The ache of old wounds, and the cold
Friends petty vices that comes to the eye
And the tales of despair that are told.

They break his body and plumb his soul
But he is determined to

DECLASSIFIED

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37
And just because they were not prepared
Tho the war had already begun
We find the man in a prison camp
And this man is my Mother's son.

Put he'll hang on 'til his buddies come,
At last to set him free
For in spite of his change, His Mother would know
That the man who is waiting is me.

THE MAN BEHIND THE DOOR

Who cracks the whip with an Iron Fist
And breaks us out in the morning mist
And calls our names 'fore we have pissed
It's the man behind the door.

Who Haves and Fants, Says "P all in Line"
You drew chow after Barrecks Nine
If you want seconds be out on time
Its the man behind the door

Who eats his chow with a Gourmet's taste
And crams it down insuch a haste
That you can bet there'll be no waste
By the Man behind the door.

Who loads the pack to doctor's call
And has more ailments than them all
Has such a line that the Medic fell
-For the man behind the door.

Who dashes out when police call goes
To get his choice of rakes and hoes
So he can mody till the rows
Not the man behind the door.

Whose wrinkled brow is always damp
Who worries about this Prison Camp
Who lists by a homemade lamp
The man behind the door.

38
Who runs outside and scans the skies
Although we know he has bad eyes
Can't count the planes, but how he lies
On his P....Sack behind the door.

Whose face is longer than the rest
Because with hair he is not blessed
I guess his scalp has been repossessed
The man behind the door.

Who says you people hear me now
There'll be an issue of Special Chow
We'll have our fruit and eggs and how
Smiled the man behind the door.

Who fumes and flares and beats his gums
'Bout looking for Yanks who never come
The boys with the rumors are awfully dumb
Says the man behind the door.

YTD
KP
I suppose the guy that wrote this script,
Has made it sound like so much wit
But he doesn't care any more, no more,
About the man behind the door.

GO TAKE A SHIP FOR YOURSELF

Now if you have read history
You will agree
All those who have won the most fame
Have crossed the ocean, adventures to find
And even today it is the same.

Eke Lindberg for instance
Why he took a chance
Grabbed a big Airship
Hopped over to France.

Now if you want to be great,
Don't hesitate,
Go take a ship for yourself.

39
Now Napoleon too, at the old Waterloo
Even he took a ship for himself

Now they say, that Fulton crossed
The Delaware by steam
But he came back half-mast, if you
Know what I mean
Now if you want to be then like all these great men
Go take a ship for yourself.

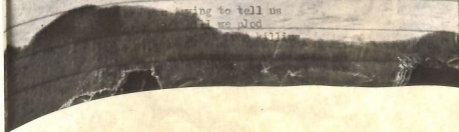
UNKNOWN SOLDIER

The morning after the surrender
We were creeping over the hill,
The sound of trampling tired feet
Broke the unaccustomed still.
The weary eyes of the men that morn
Saw a scene not soon forgot,
Of broken guns and broken men
Whose bodies were left to rot.

*Ext'd
XP*
I saw the corpse of a youngster
Just a kid, too young to die
One blackened, stiffened arm was raised
And pointing to the sky.
Where are you pointing soldier?
What message would you give?
What are you trying to tell us?
The ones left to live.

Do you point to the place called home
That lies beyond the sea?
The land that meant so much to you
Which you never again will see?
Or do you point to where you have gone
To the distant golden shore?
Where men can live like brothers?
Where there isn't any war?

... trying to tell us
... we pled



40

Just a pile of flesh and bone.
You may be better off than we,
Or fate is still unknown.

In twenty years when a maddened world
Is ready to fight again
We'll remember that upraised pointed arm
Perhaps we'll hear your message then.

EYE WITNESS

Hell's Kettle-Drum is broken
The parchment's torn away.
The fires at dawn are forever gone
The demons ceased their play
On bonded knee, all their agonies
Are on shameful stark display.

(For us, the war is ended;
For some, 'tis just begun;
They wait with sighs and sightless eyes
For something to be done.
They feel the heat of the downward beat
Of a merciless, tropic sun.)

The Wolves of War were famished
Their tongues were black and dry
They crawled along with hideous song
And murder in their eye.
They did not stay their march that day
And many were left to die.

(I was drawn into the shadows
When it happened, then came light;
I felt my face in God's embrace,
One glorious summer's night.
I felt no pain when I was slain,
Nor anger, nor hate, nor fright).

The night was punctuated
with a dull croon

41
The sun awoke as their columns broke
As they faced eternity.

(The tenement I lived in,
Is in shambles here below
The frame lies stark, by an unknown mark
Where jungles lushly grow.
Birds serenade my escape
With the sweetest songs they know.)

---George Distell

* * * * *

HERITAGE *Ed KP*

You're taken ill, You're feeling ill at ease
You're face is flushed. You're wofly in the knees.
The chills and aches devour you every day
You cannot rest; it even hurts to play.
Tomorrow brings no hope. There's no relief.
Each day monotonously brings its grief.
You find your buddies leaving one by one.
You wonder who'll be next when day is done.
The food you eat turns sawdust in your mouth.
(You hope the Yanks are larking in the South).
You've taken quinine, atabrine, and pills,
Of various make to cure a thousand ills,
But days drag on, drag on, and still drag on,
You dread tomorrow, detest tomorrow's dawn.

Then something stirs within you. There's a spark
A half forgotten something in the dark
A bit of flame that lights an inner fire
And points your soul toward newly-born desire,
And hope returns. Then, will to live renewed,
You challenge Fate, when Fate had once subdued
The miracle starts working in your mind
Pain and gloom is left behind
The songs you once had sung are sung aloud,
You visualized the scenes with love endowed;
The hills, the hills, the snowy mountain tops
The various crops, and the rippling brooks

42

To watch the moon glide through the clouds aloft
And all these charms, returning to our mind,
Bring Faith and Hope, and sorrow left behind
Becomes remote, Your noble heritage,
With body, and soul, and mind new dreams engage.

The present situation is inclined
To bewilder some, still men who've been refined
In God's own crucible, will always see
The blessings of such larger legacy.
Don't let this situation call you bluff:
Americans are made of sterner stuff.

—George Distell - 11.17/42

God RP

THE U.S.A. FOREVER

I

The rising sun has had its fun
And now the tide is turning
The U.S.A. is here to stay
And in their hearts is burning
A fiery yen to claim again
The soil that they have trampled
And pay them back, ten time the stack
Of bombs that we have sampled.

II

We're going to see the enemy
Pay for this controversy
And we won't cease, 'Till the Japanese
Are begging us for mercy
We'll show the world our flag-unfurled
Above this land of ours,
We'll tell the town, We won't bow down
To any foreign powers.
Our boys are proud, to shout aloud
That we'll surrender never
We'll carry high as men can fly
The stars and Stripes forever.

"SOMETIME"

43

I

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned
And sun and stars forever more have set
The things which our weak judgement have been spurned;
The things o'er which we we grieved with lashes wet
Will flash before us out of life's dark night
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue
And we shall see that all God's plans are right
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

II

And we shall see how while we frown and sigh
God's plan goes on as best for you and me
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry
Because his wisdom, to the end could see
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to-crying baby hood
So God perhaps is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things for our own good.

III

Eytd KP

And if sometime commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink
And if some friend we love is lying low
Where human kisses cannot reach his face
Oh do not blame the loving Father so
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

IV

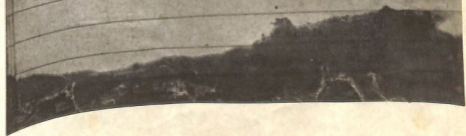
And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the greatest gift God sends his friend
And that sometimes the subtle palls of death
Conceals the fairest boon, His love can send
The key that opens for the gates of life
And all God's workings see
And all his doubt and strife

44

V

But not today, when be content sad heart
God's plans like lillies pure and white unfold
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart
Time will reveal the colyxes of gold
And if thru patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed may rest
When we shall clearly see and understand
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

*ETP
R/R*



P.O.W./C.I. - Wm. J. Priestly

Book 16

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