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Diary of Arthur L. Shreve
Lieut. Col. (FA) GSC

999-2-16

Diary of ARTHUR L. SHREVE
Lieut. Col. (F.A.) G.S.C.

Diary # I

My Darling Judy,

I have decided to write this, so that in case I do not return to you, that you and our boys will have a record of my comings and my goings in the Philippine Campaign. May God in his Great Mercy allow me to tell you all of myself.

For obvious reasons, I am refraining from remarks of an intimate nature, in so far as I can, as this will in the event of my death pass thru many hands before it reaches you and I care too much to have my feeling aired to prying eyes.

This is reconstructed from notes and memory beginning on Nov. 28, 1941 and will continue, God willing, until we are united again.

God bless you my Darling, no man could have been blessed as I have been in you. I love you.

/s/ ARTHUR.

Nov. 29th. At last my orders have been put thru and although I have yet to receive them, I left Manila this morning and reported to Brig. Gen. George Parker, G.C. of the S. Luzon Force. This force corresponding to a Corps is composed of 2 Philippine Divisions: One commanded by Col. Jones, Inf. U.S.A.; one by Brig. Gen. Lim, Philippine Army and 2 Reg. of Philippine Constabulary.

I am assigned to Force QM.

Gen. Parker was having a conference with his Div. and other Commanders. Orders from USAFFE to reconnoiter beach positions for immediate occupation when ordered.

Gen. Parker was very pleasant making me feel quite at home.

Nov. 30th. I spent the day getting settle in a set of Qtrs. Unpacked my things. I am very comfortable with a chair, table & magazine rack I got from the post exchange. I have a house boy to clean and wash for me.

Dec. 1. Spent the day at the 41st (Gen Lim) and 51st (Col Jones) Div's. in an effort to find the status of supply and to get the records of the Div. QM's in order. Things are in fair shape. There is a shortage of all types of supplies & equipment.

Dec. 2. Gen. Parker today offered me the Post of Chief of Artillery of the Force. This has the approval of USAFFE. I, of course, accepted with pleasure. I am to act in both capacities temporarily.

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 Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

Dec. 3-4-5. Have spent these days familiarizing myself with the Artillery of S.L. Force. At present, there is Corps Artillery, W.W. Scott (Maj., F.A.) commanding. Consists of 3 two gun Btrys., G.P.F.'s, Model 1917. Organized as 1st Bn., 86th P.A., P.S. The Btrys. were emplaced when I took over as follows: 1 Btry covering Batangas Bay, 1 Btry covering Balayan Bay, 1 Btry at Nassugbu (town) covering the harbor there. I was not satisfied with the position at Nassugbu or Batangas. Have ordered both changed - one gun at a time.

The 41st Division has its Artillery, short of fire control, equipment and trucks. Its armament consists of 2 Btrys of 2.95 How. and 4 Btrys of British 75 MM Guns with wooden wheels.

51st Div. Artillery is in the process of being mobilized in the south of Luzon. It is due to begin its assembly in the training area Saturday, Dec. 6th. At present it has no armament. Dec. 6th. I spent the morning in the cantonment and training area awaiting the arrival of units of the 51st Div. Trains were late. The one due to arrive at 8:00 AM arrived at 10:00 AM. I could not wait for the one due at 8:00 AM. These trains contained the remainder of the 51st Div. Inf. and part of the F.A. After reporting to Hq., I spent the remainder of the afternoon stowing my gear. Maj. Bennett who is to be Force G-4 moved in with me. I believe the high regard G.O. Wilson holds for him is justified. We went to the A & N Club for dinner. Sat around the bar after dinner.

Dec. 7th. Horseback riding with Capt. Neiger, A.D.C. Then to Manila with Bennett for late lunch at the A & N Club. Then to see "Behold the Dawn". Very good. Back to the club for late supper and home. Early to bed.

Dec 8th. It is well that Bennett and I came home early, as at four A.M. Wilson G-1, called me to give the news that Pearl Harbor had been bombed and that we were in an undeclared war. A conference was called by Gen. Parker at 5:00 AM. MacDonald Inf. C. of Staff, Wilson G-1, Moore G-2, Johnson G-3, Bennett G-4, Neiger A.D.C., and myself, C of Artillery and acting G.M., were there. No details as to the result of the attack were known. Troops ordered to beach positions. All of us on 24 hr. duty.

I awakened Scott, C.O. of the Heavy Artillery and gave him the news. He left for his command post at Batangas. Routine work at Hq. and packing up my things, moving to the Command Post which is in Fort McKinley occupied the rest of the day. Baguio, Clark Field, and our fields at Aparri and Iba were all bombed. We lost a lot of plans.

Dec. 9th. Early this AM. awakened by the sound of planes. They passed NW. of us and bombed Nicols Field and the Pan American Radio Station. The result was too accurate for night bombing. We suspect 8th column.

I spent the rest of the day checking the training and equipment of the Divisional Artillery of the Force. The 41st is fair.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

The 51st in bad shape not to complete its mobilization until Dec. 15th and yet to arrive in the training area. Equipments is short and it being the last it will suffer. Searight is in command, an excellent officer.

7 Dec. 10th. I made a swing thru part of our sector visiting the Command Post of the 51st and 41st Divisions. While at the 41st (Tagaytay), a large formation of H. Bombers came over. They went N. in the direction of Manila Bay. I learned later that they bombed the Naval Base at Cavite with devastating results. Heavy casualties in ships and men suffered by us. Back late at night, after a bad ride with a Filipino driver not used to driving without lights in the rain and fog.

Dec. 11th. Much air activity over Nichols Field which is close to Ft. Wm. McKinley - bombing and strafing. I have packed the last of my things when I will see them again who knows. My best woolens I have stored in cold storage in Manila. I saw one of our B #17 attacked by three Jap Zero fighters. Our bomber was headed S. He drove off 2 of the zero's and as they went out of sight, the B #17 was pulling away from the last attacker. We have had to hit the ditch a lot these days.

8 Dec. 12th. After so much air activity during the days and night bombing of Nichols some of the more cautious members of the Staff including me decided to sleep in the tunnel which is about completed here. One night is enough. I will take my chances in the open from now on; I felt a little foolish when I came in to the command post this A.M.

I have no one to help me except a Lieut who is Liaison Officer from the 88th F.A. Gen. Parker assures me that we will soon get some personnel for our Hq. I will get my share. First, some part of the Artillery. Each day the 41st has had no target practice. After much difficulty I get authority for them to shoot. Much fear of the effect of fire on the Filipinos.

Dec. 13th. Busy with efforts to get equipment for the F.A. S. Luzon is to get 1 Bn of the self-propelled mounts, Col. D.S. BABCOCK, commanding.

Dec. 14th. The Japanese landed in the south end of our sector, 8 - 10 transports and 1 aircraft carrier. We have ordered some Eng. troops and 1 Bn of Inf., all P.A. to intercept them. The landing was made at Legaspi at the S. tip of Luzon.

9 We are to move our command post to Binan. The bombings and strafings continue at Nichols Field, Clark and the field at Batangas. I passed Nichols Field today. The remaining ships are well dispersed in the available cover. A.A. Bbye nearby look efficient.

Dec. 15th. We moved by echelon yesterday and are now established in what was a native dance hall and badie house. We are blacked out at night, and allow no cars or trucks to stop within 500 yds. I have been assigned a car with driver and have a tiny office for the artillery Hq., still no personnel. I use the liaison Det. from the 88th F.A. The remainder of the 51st Bn Artillery is enroute to the Divisional Area. I will be glad to see Pat

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

Searight again;

10
The Japanese landed at Vigan on the 14th, small force.
Dec. 19th. Full day I am out in the field or down to see Gen. King, the USAFFE Chief of Art. E.O. Williams now full Colonel is his Ex. Officer. So I have a nice reception every time I go there. The remainder of the 51st F.A. has arrived in the Division area. Only 1 of the 3Bn have been equipped with guns, British 75 MM. with wooden wheels. There are not enough sights to equip all guns. Telephones and other signal and optical equipments are short. Gen. King has notified me that there are certain naval guns that we can have to place on road blocks and beach positions, some have wheels and some will have to be placed on wooden skids as they are on pedestals. Gen Parker has approved my allotment to the different Divisions and Det. Gen Parker has been promoted. I have recommended Searight, 51st Bn. and Moore 41st Div. for Colonels, Scott and Babcock for Lieut Cols. Wilson G-1 tells me I have been recommended by Gen Parker to be a Colonel.

11
Quite a To-due about an order from USAFFE placing the self-propelled mount Bn. to defend the road blocks. Only I am very much against this order.

Finally Gen. King, at my request, protested to Gen. Southerland, USAFFE C. of S. The order has been modified to give Babcock some freedom of action. Field Artillery has been placed to cover all possible landing points except in the vicinity of Atimunan. I am a little worried about this sector. Will look it over as soon as possible.

The movement of all guns of the 86th F.A. (P.S.) has been completed. The bombing of the air field at Batangas justified my orders to change the position of the guns there. They were still in position the day the field was first hit. Some of the P.A. guards were casualties.

12
Dec. 20th. At last I have run down Lt. Col. "Pat Searight". He is the same old Pat, a fine officer. We spoke of our days at the Field Artillery School and of his reply to the personnel officer. When asked if he wanted service over here, he replied that he had no desire to be on the inside of a barbed wire fence with the Japanese on the outside. We had a good laugh and a drink and then to the problems at hand. He is going to train his Bn. which has no guns as infantry and for replacements. I am going to try and get him some trucks that he needs and some other equipments.

Dec. 21st. Lieut Berry, 86th F.A. (P.S.) who is liaison officer from his Bn to S. Luzon Force, and with his Sgt is all the staff. Have accompanied me on all day reconnaissance to Atimunan. We went via Santa Cruz and returned by way of Lucena. We had a fine trip, beautiful day. It is hard to realize that a war is going on right on this island. We had lunch at a little hotel

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in Atimonan - warm beer, soup and salad. After lunch to reconnoiter gun positions. The IF is can we get the guns. On our way back, I was glad to see that the zig-zag over the ridge is prepared for demolition. If the road is blown it should be easy to hold. Back late at night. Conferred with Gen. Parker. I recommended the immediate request for two guns to cover the bay at Atimonan. I am to go to USAFFE to ask for them tomorrow. In the interim, I have ordered Maj. Lightfoot, 88th F.A. (P.S.) with a Dt. to go to Atimonan and survey the positions that Berry and I selected.

Dec. 22. Maj. Bennett G-4 accompanied me to Manila. He had some things to attend to there. When I arrived at Gen. King's office, Col. Quintard was there discussing the organization of the 301st F.A. (P.A.) 155 guns (GPF) and 2 155 How's (SCHNEIDER). The latter are the ones I want to close our back door at Atimonan. My request was turned down.

Bennett and I went to the A & M Club for lunch. Air raid alarm for about 2 hrs. Cavite bombed. We could see it all from the club. I reported to Gen. Parker my conversation with Gen. King and Staff. It was decided that I will again go to Manila with the same request in the morning.

Dec. 23rd. I will never forget my meeting with Gen. King and Col. Williams. I reiterated my request of the day before. Gave all of my reasons and arguments. There was a long silence. Williams looked at Gen. King and finally said No. I asked if that was final. He replied that it was. I left to report to Gen. Parker. On the way back to Binan I stopped at a grocery and purchased some canned tomato & orange juice which came in handy later.

Maj. Lightfoot is surveying the positions at Atimonan. It may be that I will ask permission to move at least one of Scotts guns to cover this sector.

When I arrived at the C.P. at Binan I learn that the Japanese have landed in force in Lingayen Gulf from Dasortis to Bauang, 80 - 90 transports with naval escorts.

Dec. 24. The Japanese landed in force at Atimonan and Mauban early this A.M., 40 - 45 transports at Atimonan and 8 at Mauban. Our troops in Luzon are now out of request for air reconnaissance. Had been denied by USAFFE over Pollillo Island on Dec. 23. The plane dispatched on Dec. 22 had not returned.

About 10:00 AM. Gen. Parker notified me that his Hq. had been relieved as South Luzon Force and designated as Bataan Defense Force and that Gen. Jones, now Comdg. Gen. of the 51st Div. (P.A.), would take over the South Luzon Force. Defense plan W.P.O. 3 has been put into effect. (This plan provides for the holding of the Bataan Peninsula and the Port of Manila Bay until reinforcements arrive). Gen. Jones has no American Officers on his Staff to assist him in the operations, so Lieut. Col. S.G. Macdonald, Inf., Capt. Arthur G. Christensen and myself are to go to S.L. Force to act as his staff. We pack our things and with good wishes and goodby's leave just after

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17 lunch for Santo Tomas where the 51st Div. has its Hq.

Gen. Jones was at his Hq. and gave us a warm welcome. MacDonald is to act as C. of Staff, Christensen as G-2, myself as G-3 and all, as the remainder of the General & Special Staff. Lieut. Berry 86th F.A. P.S. is with us as 86th F.A. is still in our sector.

Our troops are: 51st Div. FA consisting of 51st Inf., 52 Inf, 53 Inf, 51st FA w/ 1 Bn w/ 75 MM British, 2 bns as Inf. 51st Div. special troops.

1 Div. F.A. 1st Inf. only.
 1 Bn 4 Btrys. Self-Propelled Mounts less.
 1 Gun Btry. Lieut Col. D.S. Babcock.
 1 Co. 94th Tank Bn. Capt. Moffett.
 86th F.A. Bn. 3 Btrys. 2 Guns Ea. 155 GRF 1917 (before leaving Gen. Parker's Hq.)

18 I had received orders from USAFFE by Phone (Col. Marquat) to send the tractors 10 ton Prime Movers 6 in all to Bataan and to destroy the 86th F.A. guns. I told him that the tractors and drivers would leave at once but that I would not destroy the guns. That by hook or by crook I would get them out (see statement of Lt. A.F. Perkins Jr. adenda). The 41st Div. which had been in position on our right has been ordered to Bataan and is now in the process of withdrawing. Our remaining troops except the one Bn. of the 52nd Inf. w/ Det. of 51st Div. Eng. which was cut off in S. Luzon were disposed as follows when the enemy hit: 52nd Inf less 1 Bn. Atimonan and along road between Atimonan & Fagbilao; 53 Inf, beach defence Tayabas Bay; 51st Inf. (Less 1 Bn) Beach defence, Batangas Bay; 1 Bn. in reserve at Lipa; 51st F.A. 1 Bn w/ guns, Tayabas Bay, 2 Bn's as Inf. same sector; 86th F.A. 1 Bn w/ 2 guns in position, Nassugbu; 2 guns covering Balayan Bay, (E. of Taal); 2 guns covering Batangas Bay (Batangas); Self-propelled mounts had been ordered to N. Luzon Force; 1st P.A. less 3rd Bn, Mauban; and 1 Co. Tanks, Sta. Tomas.

19 The enemy landings had been made early in the AM. First strength - Atimonan 1 Bn, Mauban 1 combat team. Our green troops with no artillery support had broken and retreated in disorder. In the Atimonan sector the enemy tanks had moved immediately on Lucena attacking our troops at Malibuan who retired in disorder to Fagbilao where the bridge demolition prevented further advance. Demolitions on the Zig-Zag vic of Quezon Park were not executed as the holes had been ordered not loaded by USAFFE. Trucks with dynamite for loading were enroute when they were attacked by aircraft. Straffed & bombed and finally exploded by fire from enemy tanks as they approached the area to be loaded. The troops at Mauban had been hit at 1:00 AM (1st P.A. Inf Less 3rd Bn. at Tiguay) routed and retreated in disorder.

Col. Babcock S.P.M. Bn. had been intercepted from Manila and returned to our control. (less 1 Btry).

Gen Jones read to us our directive from USAFFE. (To harass

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and delay to the utmost the advance of the enemy^d. Such was our position after lunch Dec. 24th., 1942.

1 Btry of S.P.M. ordered to Atimonan, 1 Btry to Lucban and 1 Btry to Tagaytay.

Orders were issued to troop commanders to carry out our directive (F.O. #1 SLP. Dec. 24, 1942) to establish line at Pagbilao. It was just about dark when all orders were completed and we stopped to get a little to eat. Our kitchen had been moved to the rear so sandwiches and my canned juices was all we had. We split the night between the American Staff which puts us on duty about 18 hrs. a day.

My Darling, what a contrast to our many Happy Christmas Eves. Our blacked-out room in a Philippine Camp, maps all around, plans for further movements if the enemy do this or that, will our troops stand and fight - that is the question. I dream of you and our boys and wish you a Happy Christmas. God bless and keep you this Christmas Day. I do not know how long I slept, it is early. I find that our 1st P.A. Inf. that was routed at Mauban was reorganized and with the help of 1 Btry of Babcocks S.P.M.'s made a stand at Sampaloo. 2 of the SPM's were knocked out, one got out and one was lost. The troops from Atimonan were rallied behind the demolition at Pagbilao. The SPM's destroyed 2 enemy tanks w/o loss.

Gen. Jones left early to inspect the lines. Pagbilao front was quiet, but later in the day the line was hit and fell back to a new position 3 km. E. of Lucena, Tayabas. On the left or Lucban front in the late A.M. or early P.M. the troops were hit in the vic. of Pils. 1 plat. of tanks was ordered forward by Maj. Rumbough over the protest of the Company Commander. Contact was made at top of the Zig-zag. All tanks were lost. Troops withdrew in disorder towards Pagsanjan. Part of this force was rallied by Gen. Jones and a line formed E. of Lucban. Maj. Rumbough was relieved and Maj. McKee with a small Det of Scouts, some retired, all from McKinley was placed in command. Gen. Jones had a close call here. One of the $\frac{1}{2}$ tracks belonging to the Tank Co. offered to show him the front. He followed in his Ford. Suddenly, the enemy opened up with light and heavy machine guns. The half track crew returned with 30 and 50 cal. Gen. Jones & driver hit the ditch. The $\frac{1}{2}$ track crew maintainer is fired. Gen. Jones's driver jumped in the car turned it around. The Gen. jumped in and they got out. The $\frac{1}{2}$ track was lost but the crew got out with all its weapons. They were all decorated.

1st Bn. 1st P.A. Inf. with Capt. Mendelson Comdg. at Tiguana bombed & strafed. No contact. We are really grateful to the Tank Co. All we had to eat was a large turkey which was extra in the Company. It lasted all day and there is some left for tomorrow. Many times during the day I took reports or issued orders over the phone with a hunk of turkey in my hand. What Christmas? I am thankful that my loved ones are safe. Merry X'mas, My Love, Good Night!
Dec. 25th. Hq. South Luzon Force. Still at Sto. Tomas.

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(N. Luzon F. Mangatarem-Tayug). We were bombed today. Most of the bombs fell in what had been the special troop area. A lot of the bombs were duds. Rather a funny feeling to hear the bombs whistle and then hear no explosion.

Our troops on our right or S. Flank, first withdrew to Lacena where the bridges were blown. A stand was made here until late afternoon, after being bombed and strafed and brought under heavy mortar and small arms fire, they withdrew to Sariaya. On our L. or North Flank, a line was established between Queban and Luisana approximately on the boundary line of Tayabas & Laguna provinces.

1 Bn. of 1st P.A., Inf. (Capt. Mendelson) after executing road demolitions near Infanta, retired to the vicinity of Famy and established a line E. of Famy and S. of Pagsanjan, no contact.

Lieut. Col. Young who was S. of Atimonan and out off when the enemy landed arrived at Stq. Tomas. He had a bad time, no food, made his way thru swamp and jungle. I was coming off my staff truck at 4:00 AM., Young who is a great talker had just turned in. He started to tell me his experiences. He was still talking when I went to sleep. Had a good meal with Babcock at his C.P. just across the road, Scotch and all. Some of the 26th P.A. came by on its way out. Someone (P.A.) suspected tanks and yelled the alarm. Some of our Hq. troops jumped into the slit trenches and started to shoot in all directions. We had a bad few minutes before we got them stopped. On Dec. 23 all spare tractors (3) were ordered by USAFFE turned in. They were loaded at Batangas the afternoon of Dec. 24th. Then came orders for all (Entry Dec. 24th) 4 were loaded and shipped from Batangas, the remainder were sent overland by marching. This left me without any means to move out the guns and after my statement to Marquet, I began to look for some means to make good. Upon inquiry, Capt. Christensen said he knew a Mr. Perkins, a polo player near by who he thought could help. I had prior to this time ordered Scott to begin to get his guns out of position and started for the road by any means at hand, which he had done. Lightfoot (Maj) had been sent to Masugbu with instructions to get tractors from Roxas Estate and to get the Btry there. Started toward a position on Tagaytay Ridge (left Masugbu P.M. 25th, occupied new position 1 hr. after daylight 26th). Christensen had talked to Perkins on Christmas day and at my request had promised to load 4 tractors on a flat car at Calamba, which he did. Chris. then called USAFFE for an engine, only to find that they had countermanded their order and promised to return 4 tractors to Batangas to get us out. He called Perkins back to ascertain if he (Perkins) had seen anything of the engine and the car with the tractors. Chris. then told him to get the tractors (his) to the main line and to Batangas. About 3 or 4 P.M. the 26th, Perkins came to our C.P. and reported that the train had come in but the crew refused to go further. He is a grad. of New Mexico, Mil. and had a rifle in his hand, so I told him to use it. The train got to Batangas OK. In the

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meantime, Scott was having his trouble. Batangas Btry was limbered but not on the road by midnight 25th Dec., using three trucks in tandem.

Lt. Ferriksen (San Louis) with one gun without a drawer, had after retrieving his limbers from a canyon, gotten them clear of his immediate position by 6:30 P.M., 25th Dec. We had stopped his tractors on their way out (telephone) and they got back to him that night. He passed here at about 12 N. 26th, 1 section. His other w/o draw bars was having hard going. (N.L. Force Line Camiling - Umingan).

Dec. 27th. We moved by echelon today. Our Hq. are again in the Badie House in Binan, where Gen. Parker had his Hq. prior to Dec. 24th. We caught up to the 51st Div., rear echelon, so we eat a little better which is not so good at that. The tank advance of the enemy has been stopped at least temporarily by our bridge demolition. They struck terror into the hearts of our untrained troops, reference incident at our G.P. Due to enemy pressure on our S. Flank, our troops had to withdraw, first to Candelaria and then in the P.M. to Tiaong. The bridge on the S. road to Rosario was blown. Col. Searight's Art. was emplaced on the high ground on the L. of the position enfilading the line. The S.P.M.'s (1 Btry) were placed in direct support making this a strong position. The enemy tried to flank the 51st Art, but were driven off. We got our first known enemy casualties. Some information including route map of their proposed advance was obtained. N. Flank no change. Patrol action at R.J. Mauban-Luban. Enemy returned fire. No attempted advance. 1 Bn. 1st Reg of P. Constabulary assigned moved to Calamba in Res. I feel that if necessary we can really delay at Tiaong. Our Art. can, until the Japs can bring up their own over the blown bridges, prevent the build up of the Japs for the attack. Our left is wide open, covered by Motor Patrols only. Our 1 Btry of 155 withdrawing from the Tagaytay position night of Dec. 26th. It gives us some concern.

1 Section of Ferriksen Btry w/o draw bar finally arrived in Lipa. It is nearly impossible to proceed without a new one. Ord. USAFFE is trying to get one for us. (N. Luzon Line Tarlac Cabanatuan).

Dec. 28th. Late last night directive received from USAFFE to break contact and to keep pace with withdrawal of N. Luzon Force. Their location given Tarlac-La Paz, 91st Div. withdrawing thru Santa Rosa. During the A.M. our troops withdrew to Alumines. Col. Stewart with Reserve Reg. to Position S. of Yanauan covering both roads. N. Flank troops withdrawn to Calaman. Bridge destroyed at Pagsanjan, 1 Bn, 1st P.A. Capt. Mendelson occupied position behind bridge N. of Pagsanjan. Cabled crossing at Batocan destroyed by Heralco at our request. Our tactics have been unique. We soon found that it was practically impossible to rally our troops for another stand without a considerable lapse of time. It was imperative, therefore, to devise some

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scheme of maneuver which will not leave the road to the rear open to the enemy. Our units are so mixed that we can no longer call them by their number designation. They are identified by their commanders' name. Our scheme is to place two lines at favorable positions, usually behind terrain obstacles - these behind the front line. When the front line is hit and forced back, the stragglers are collected at the 2nd rear lines, reformed and put in position to form the rear of third line.

29(b) Col. Boatright, Col. Young and Col. Cordero comd. the Inf. Col. Searight the Art (1 Bn w/ guns) (2 Bn as Inf) Col. Babcock the S.P.M. Col. Stewart our reserve C.O. has his troop intact.

Ferrickson (88th P.A.) had more hard luck. The draw bar he was missing was finally replaced by USAFFE Ord. in Iipa, but his limber wheel hit a road block near Tanauan in the dark and the gun can no longer be towed. We have called for help from the Ord. About 8:30 P.M. I had a call from USAFFE that there were reports of Sea Plane landings on the Laguna de Bay. The Gen. & G. of S. were in Sto. Tomas. I alerted a Bn. Constabulary at Calamba and sent the tank Liaison Officer and some P.A. Officers & men to investigate. Prepared the G.P. for defence and waited. 30(c) All proved false. The reports persisted until 4 A.M. Each had to be investigated. (N. Luzon F. line, Bataan-San Miguel).

Report received from Ferrickson, 88th, his gun cannot be repaired or proceed by marching. We have requested flat car and engine will load and ship to Bataan. As to Lightfoot's Btry (Massugbu), his requisitioned tractors finally played out on him with the aid of QM. MANILA. He finally procured 2 trucks with pintels and proceeded without incident to San Fernando and then to Bataan.

Dec. 29th. Hq. S.L. Force, Ft. Wm. McKinley Troops.

Col. Stewart in position S. of Tanauan. Col. Boatright withdrew night 28th, 29th to San Fernando. Passed to control N.L. Force.

31 Col. Cordero withdrew same night to Alabang - Pasig line. Reg of Constabulary ordered to occupy Rt. of line San Antonio-Los Banos. Maj. McKees, McKinley Det, Scouts and 1st P.A. Reg. (less 1 Bn) occupy left of line.

Capt. Mendelson with 1 Bn., 1st P.A. ordered to Taytay. Prov. Brig. of Constabulary (Gen Francisco) assigned & ordered to take position W. of Tagaytay. Protect the left flank. Position occupied night, Dec. 29th.

Col. Cordero ordered to San Fernando tonight to pass to control N.L.F.

I had my closest call of the war, the night we moved the G.P. from Binan to McKinley. The G. of S. and I remained at Binan. The Gen & Christensen went ahead to McKinley and called back that they were in and established. It was very late driving without lights. We crossed the R.R. near McKinley. The train, also without lights, came so close to our car that I could feel

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the heat of the engine. I don't want any more like that. (N. Luzon Force Bamban-San Miguel, 91st Dn no report.)
37 Dec. 30th. It was 4:00 A.M. when I went to bed. I remember talking to the Gen. and drinking some fine old Sherry I had in my trunk. Not much if any sleep.

Christensen went to Manila. I sent a radio to you Dearest. I hope it got thru. It may be the last word I can get to you for a long long time.

Col. Stewart withdrew by marching night of Dec. 29-30 to San Antonio line, then by truck to vic of Ft. McKinley.

Directive received during A.M. to hold line until ordered to withdraw. We are going to use the Los Banos-San Antonio line to cover the organization of a line Alabang-Las Pinas. The orders have been issued. I did not have a chance to go over this position as I did the San Antonio line.

Christensen returned late. Manila has been declared an open city. We have authority on Perkins, 2nd Lieut. of Infantry.

I have arranged for boats from Navy to patrol the Laguna de Bay to keep the Japanese from turning our left. Late P.M. we received orders from USAFFE to withdraw at once to Bataan.

33 Gen. Jones absent on inspection. The G. of S., Christensen and I get orders to the troops, Los Banos-San Antonio line to withdraw tonight to Alabang-Las Pinas. So will the Constabulary Brig. and then night of 31st to Bataan.

Christensen and I in an old taxi leave just before midnight for Flaridel where we are opening our G.P. We go by Manila, so we can eat. First to the A & N Club, but it is closed. Then to Tom's Dixie Kitchen. A dive but clean. We have turkey, sandwiches, beer and ice cream. The place was full of drunks of both sexes. We leave at 2:30 A.M. We arrive at Flaridel and open our G.P. at 4:00 A.M. in a small school house called McKinley and tell the Gen. we are set up. Check in to USAFFE and wait.

Stewart is enroute due to arrive soon.

34 Dec. 31. It is just getting light when a staff officer from N. Luzon Force came into our G.P. Gen. Jones & the G. of S. had not arrived. This officer asked us if we knew the location of the N. Luzon Force in that sector. It seems that on the 29-30, the 91st Div. P.A. had been routed in the vicinity of Sta. Rosa (route # 5) and its whereabouts were unknown. N.L. Force to cover this flank had withdrawn, the 71st Div. P.A., from the line. Brought them thru Galumpit and sent them North on Route # 5 to take position to cover the crossing of the Pampanga at Galumpit and allow for our withdrawal.

Christensen went forward with him. Returning later with the report that the line was established at Baliuag. We held Col. Stewart's Reg. in Flaridel to constitute a reserve.

Later: After the General arrived, we both took a little nap to clear the cobwebs. Placed a Bn of Stewart's command astride the road N. of Flaridel to back up the 71st. During the morning Gen. Wainwright (NLF) & G-3 arrived and issued to Gen. Jones in effect the following Order: You will assume

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35 command of all of my troops South and East of the Pampanga River and cover the withdrawal of the troops from S. Luzon. After the withdrawal of all of your force, you will withdraw the remainder of my force across the bridge at Calumpit.

Gen. Stephens (P. Scout Officer in my class at Leavenworth) 91st Div., came in. He had rallied his men near Baliuag. Gen. Selleck withdrew into Bataan. During the early afternoon, we sent in a company of tanks. They had a lively scrap with the enemy in the town of Baliuag. Lost one tank which got stuck in the river, 20 of the enemy were destroyed.

Twice during the day, before the tanks went in our line, gave way but were rallied.

During the A.M., we received orders to withdraw all troops remaining in the South at once and not wait for darkness. This was done. I sent Perkins to check and report to me. When they had cleared Manila area, he returned about 9:30 or 10 P.M. All clear.

36 Late in the afternoon, we sent in the S.P.M's to shell Baliuag until dark; this, of course, timed with the tank withdrawal.

Once, during the afternoon, the school house in which we had our C.P. was hit. I was talking to USAFFE G-3. Of course, I dropped the phone and started for the ditch. But the General and I got to the door simultaneously, which was small and there we stayed. Luckily, no one was hit and I returned to finish my conversation.

Just after supper time, for we have nothing to eat all day, Col. Joe Sullivan came thru with the last of the troops from McKinley. He gave us a can of peaches and the local priest gave us some warm beer.

37 A little later with the good feeling that all of our troops cleared except 1 Bn of Stewart's which was covering us (C.P.), I asked the General when he wanted to close and move to Bataan. He replied 12 M. I stretched out on the concrete porch and with a wish for a Happy New Year to you my Dearest and our Boys, I was soon asleep.

I awakened at 12 sharp, woke the General and Staff. We closed and left after Stewart's Bn withdrew. They were fired on once as they left. We proceeded unmolested to the bridge at Calumpit where the Gen. stopped to be sure all troops were clear. Christensen and I went on into Bataan to see that the troops were in the positions assigned by Bataan Defense Force. On the way our taxi folded, so we pushed it off the road and after removing the distributor, had left it with the driver.

38 I made my way thru San Fernando and Lubao, both in flames from bombing. Finally, about 4:00 A.M., I came across Bataan Defense Force. Found the area for our troops. Got fruit juice in the mess and left. It was dawn when I got back on the main road. It was crowded with buses full of P. Army. At one place I had to clear a traffic jam with the aid of my pistol. I finally reached Lami where S.L.F. was assigned a bivouac area and did what I could in getting the troops in and under cover.

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The Gen. came in about breakfast time and we bumped a meal from Col. Cordero. I finally got my bedding and turned in. I had had no sleep for nearly 4 days.

Jan. 6th. We stayed in the bivouac area in Lami 3 days, during which time our Constabulary troops were detached and sent to the rear area on beach defences. I also lost all I had except my bedroll and shoulder bag. My locker was captured in San Fernando. It was an a train that was behind an ammunition train which was hit by a bomb. By time the ammunition stopped going off the enemy was in the town.

On the third, I went up and reconnoitered a route in and that night the 51st Div., P.A. moved up on the Abucay line, our main battle position. It occupied the line from the Hacienda west to the Corps boundary; 41st Div. on our left, and the 45th P. Scouts on their L.

Our position is up in the foot hills and mountains. So bad that we have to have a pack train to supply us. It is terribly hard to find one's way in the mountain jungle.

Perkins started out with a loaded train and after a two to three hrs. march found himself back where he started.

I received orders on the afternoon of the 5th to return to Gen. Parker's command in my old job as G. of Artillery. Early this morning, I left believing that his Hq. were at Lami. I went there to find that they are to move on the 7th. I called Bennett G-4 who sent a car for me. Our designation is now 2nd P. Corps, our sector the E. side of the Bataan Peninsula.

I arrived at Hq. to find that my place, while with Gen. Jones has been taken by USAFFE Art. Hq. Col. E.C. Williams in charge, 2 Cols., 1 Maj. and a Capt. I also find that our covering force at Colis (26th Cav., 31st Inf., 71st Div.) 1st Bn, 88th F.A. (P.S.) Bn. 23 F. A. (P.S.) 71st F.A. was hit and looks like it will not hold. This was about the middle of the afternoon.

I checked Williams Artillery, annex to the Corps order to occupy and defend the Abucay line which G-3 wanted at once. I made one change, i.e. I ordered 41st Div. to Se. emplace their 2.95 How Art. that they can cover. The 51st Div. front as Searight's Bn. is equipped with 75 MM British which are no good in that type of country.

As to the position at Colis, I was surprised that no medium Art. of which we have sufficient was not backing up the line.

Just about dark, the General asked me if more Art. to replace the 23Bn (P.S.) which had lost its guns at about 3:00 P.M. could be moved up to cover a counterattack at dawn. I was sorry to have to tell him No. We cannot occupy after dark and fire without daylight reconnaissance.

Jan. 7th. We moved the G.P. today to Lami, and the Officers from Gen. King's office left, my staff now is 1 scout sergeant and me. I have checked the positions of the Art. to defend the new (Abucay) line and am getting a situation map going. Orders to the 301st & 36th (Med) to keep the road under fire day and night. (East road from Hermosa south).

Jan. 10th. The Japanese are in contact, I had a Maj. Karr sent to me as assistant but I am afraid he won't do. He has been

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asked for by G-3 and I am going to let him go. Some trouble with USAFFE Art. about the expenditure of ammunition. I finally convinced them that if we continued at our present rate, which is excessive, we have enough for 6 months. Our guns will nearly worn out by that time.

Our Sandy's birthday. How happy we were when he arrived and what a fine boy he is? He has been in my thoughts all day as you are, dearest, everyday. An extra prayer for our oldest. May he be a joy to you dearest. If I do not make it thru, I am sure he will.

Jan. 16th. I have been quite sick. But back to work again, I am still alone. No staff. I go to bed with the phone which rings many times at night with requests for Art. support. The other morning I was called by Brig. The enemy was sneaking the 41st Div. front very heavily. I finally got thru to the 301st (Quintard). We had the Japanese pretty well located on that front, so we let them have it. I lay in my cot and listened to the 301st open up. As their fire increased, I could hear the Jap Art. die out. Nice feeling. I went back to sleep.

Jan. 19th. Down again and our position at Abucay looks bad. The Japanese are coming thru the mountains where we cannot reach them with our Art. I sent all the med. Howitzers we have 2 (301st) to that flank. We need more.

I had Col. Ives, Prov. Brig. G.O. in to confer about position to support the next battle position.

Feb. No date.

I have just returned to the Corps Hq. which has moved since I went to the hospital. It is quite a long story. Just about the time of my last entry, I developed a severe pain in my right side. Maj. Drummond, our surgeon, became alarmed and took me on a stretcher to the road and then to Hosp. # 1 at Lami. I stayed over night and feeling better talked the Dr. in to letting me return to duty. I stayed just 24 hrs., when the pain hit me again, so back to the hospital. I went this time to stay. In less than 40 minutes after I arrived I was in the operating room having my appendix removed. I had a local and conversed with the surgeon (Col. Atimo) during the operation. I learned later that I had a chronic not acute attack with severe adhesions. For I was quite ill for two or three days after, I have a hazy recollection of Gen. King and Staff calling to see me, while I was having my stomach pumped out. On the third or fourth night after my operation, the hospital had to be evacuated due to the Abucay line giving away. Its left flank was turned and our troops withdrew to the Pilar-Begal line night of Jan. 23. This put the hospital within Art. range, so we had to move. I was moved on a stretcher in a bus not a bad time as I was full of morphine. The patients in # 1 Hosp. were sent to # 2 Hosp. and the Hosp. at Little Baguio which was redesignated Hosp. # 1. I went to Hosp. # 2. Entirely out of doors except tents for the Operating Rooms. I was placed in the officers ward with about 175 - 200 sick & wounded. The Medical and Nursing care is a

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45
marvel of efficiency, but the food was bad beyond description. We have been on 2 meals a day since Jan. 1. And although food is coarse, there is no excuse for the way it is prepared and served. The sanitation is very bad. Before I was discharged, I got in very bad case of diarrhea. Thanks to my friends Bennett from our Hq. and Joe Sullivan and a fine young Capt from the 31st Inf. (Tom Bell) who lost a leg at Abucaiy and has the bed next to me. He shares what his friends bring him as I do with him. I do not have to depend on the Hosp. fare alone.

Just what day I came back to Hq., now at Lamo, I am not sure but it was before Feb. 22, as I listened to the President's speech that day. I must have been terribly thin for the General took one look at me and told me to take a month off and get well. I understand Gen. Marshall Deputy C. of Staff USAFFE whom I saw the day I left the Hosp. After taking a look at me, investigated the Hosp. food situation. Although we are on 2 meals, I have tea and toast if there is any bread at noon.

Again I lost all my things. All the clothes I had with me at the Hosp. were left when we evacuated # 1, and what I had at Corps Hq. in my bed roll were stolen while I was in the Hosp. Everyone is very kind so I have enough to get along with at present.

16
March 14th. I have been staying close to the Corps Hq. in an effort to regain my strength. Things are rather quiet. Art and patrol action on the front with spasmodic bombing of the rear areas.

Col. Dougherty has been put in my place in Art. He was C. of S. when I left for the Hosp. Gen. Funk is now C. of S., a fine officer. I knew him in Hawaii.

I have been undecided as to what to do. I understand that my promotion was held up by the Q.M. because I had accepted the Art. Command in the 2nd Corp. After talking to Gen. King, I decided to take a trip to the rock and see Gen. Drake, USAFFE Q.M. He was very nice and promised to give me a job, to date. no job.

47
Gen. Parker called me in and asked me to take command of the Hq. Det. at the Corp. He said he knew that the job was not up to my rank, but the Hq. was being run very badly and that he was worried about its safety. I was very glad to get the job, for, although I am not fully recovered I am fed up with nothing to do.

Gen. McArthur has left for Australia on the 10th. It has a very ominous sound. Gen. Wainright is to command Luzon Forces (Army), Parker 2nd Corps, Jones 1st Corps, Moore Harbor Defense.

I went up to Joe Ganahl's C.P. To dinner had a grand time: cocktails, corn beef, green papaya. He has a fine group of officers who have all been in a lot of action.

Our rations have been cut again. One item strikes me. The allowance of canned salmon is now 1 - 14 oz can per 100 rations.

Ed. Williams has offered twice to get letters off for me by Sub. I hope that you get them. Both had notification of

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additional insurance that I had taken out with the Government, \$10,000 straight life.

Gen. Funk has gone to Luzon Force (Army) to be C. of S. We now have Col. Steel who was in command of the 31st Inf. as C. of S., 2nd Corps.

Hq. Luzon Force Bataan.

March 21st. A week ago, little did I think that I would be at Luzon Force Hq. on the Commanding General's Staff.

Gen. Wainright was promoted to Ltut. Gen. and placed in command of the U.S. Forces in the Philippines and placed under MacArthur. Wainright now commands from his Hq. on the Rock: Visayan Force, Gen. Chaninworth; Mindanao Force, Gen. Sharp; and Luzon Force (largest) Gen. King, & harbor defence, Gen. Moore.

Late the afternoon that Gen. King assumed command, Ed Williams called and asked me if I would like to come to down and be on Gen. King's staff. I, of course, accepted. So here I am.

I found upon my arrival that I was ordered here as G-4 and reported to Gen. King only to have to tell him upon inquiry that the present incumbent is senior to me. Gen. King intimated that he would find some other job for him and I am to be the G-4.

I reported to the C. of S. Gen. Funk. It is nice to be with him again. He talked to me sometime on the status of supply, especially food and gasoline. I am to coordinate the issue of these 2 items so that the little supply we have of each, will if not replenished run out at the same time. It is roughly estimated to be April 15th.

Mar. 27th. All indications are that the enemy is building up for an offensive against us, increased air activity and increased artillery fire.

Our G-2 reports landing of additional troops at Subic Bay with lots of traffic in and out of that port. Our forward observers also report many truck columns on both the east road and a parallel road west of it. It appears that the main effort is building up in the sector generally on the left flank of the 2nd Philippine Corps and between the 1st & 2nd Corps. This, I believe, is typical of Japanese tactics. They will under any given situation attack terrain rather than troops. This was true of their attacks at Lingayen and Atimonan.

We are well fixed. Sleep in the open under shelter tents in a cleared space in the jungle. Have a small shack with lights for night work and a screened mess hall. The food is very poor, not as good as 2nd corps. We had oatmeal for breakfast, no milk but sugar. For supper, rice and gravy with some boiled green leaves. We did have some vinegar for the leaves.

I have been recommended by the Generals for promotion. I hope this time it sticks.

Lieut. A. L. Collier, a Norman Okla. boy, is G-3. We are great friends. It is nice to have some common topic of conversation.

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- 51 I see a lot of Ed. Williams. He is C. of Art. of Gen. King. Not so long ago the Japanese sent us an ultimatum to surrender. Our failure to answer has been answered by the build up for the attack.
- April 3rd. Things look rather black. The attack which has been building up has been launched against the 2nd Corps front and, as was expected, has its main effort on the left of the 2nd Corps. The bombing is quite heavy both at the front and in the rear areas and our lines are beginning to give away. Our Hosp. was hit by bombs. But with credit to whom it is due, I believe it was not deliberate. The Hosp. is on the main road with the Eng. Warehouses on one side and the Ord. on the other. The Japanese apologized over the Manila Radio.
- The food is no better. I am quite thin, but feel quite well, although I did have a bad attack a day or so ago. My old adhesions cut up, I had to go to the Hosp. for an enema and afterwards, morphine before I got relief.
- 62 April 5th. I have just returned from an inspection trip up the west side: All of the truck parks, Gas dumps, all ammunition and ration dis. points. All of them have suffered from the bombers. I finally arrived at 1st Corps Hq where I saw a lot of old friends; Gen. Jones, Perkins, his A.D.C. and Bob Lindsay C. of Art. 1st Corps. He is just the same.
- Went up beyond the Corp Hq. to visit the ration D. P. with the Corps Q.M. The Japanese were shelling the road with 2 of our 155's that they had captured at Moron. We had to go and return between salvos.
- I inspected the Corps Amm. Dump on my way back. The bombers came over during my inspection. We hit the dirt, but they must 53 have been empty as they dropped nothing.
- A long talk with other members of the staff. It looks like the end is near. Gasoline is getting short. We are blending aviation gas with kerosene to make something that we can run the trucks on. All Diesel fuel is gone, so we had to stop work on the air fields. Food such as it is, we issue about 1/5 of the American ration by weight, it amounts to about 1200 calories. We all feel that to surrender is the only choice. Our Hosp. are crowded with sick and wounded and at best without relief. Our food will be gone in less than one week.
- April 7th. Gen. Funk went to the rock to confer with Gen. Wainwright last night. His mission I know. Gen. King has had a terribly hard decision to make and he had made it alone 54 without any attempt to share it with his advisors (U.S.). He is a man of high ideals and great personal integrity. I know it is a bitter blow to him. Gen. Wainwright did the only thing he could under the circumstances, but I will leave that to history.
- April 9th. Ed Williams (Col. F.A.) and Marshal Hurt (Maj. Inf) went forward at 2:30 with the white flag. We have surrendered, I am of course anxious as to all of our futures. F of W are a low form of beings and no one can even guess what will be our fate. As to our campaign here, I have nothing but admiration

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for the handful of American Officers and men who with poor equipment and an untrained army of Filipinos, with worst equipment, totally devoid of air support, held out against an aggressive enemy, who I feel certain had to bring in a second army to knock us out for 4 months and a day.

55 I believe also that history will prove that it was through our efforts and by our tenacity that Australia was saved for the allies.

No one slept last night. We destroyed our ammunition. I was blown into a dug out by one blast, started at 2 AM and is still tonight. The dump rings our Hq., so we have spent the day under cover.

The General with his G-3 (Collier) and 2 aids went forward this A.M. to meet the Japanese. Just what the situation is, is not clear. The bombers are still at work and all afternoon, shells are going overhead. Late this P. M., a Japanese Capt. from the tanks came in to our Hq. Gen. Funk is with him. I understand that we are to remain here until tomorrow. Gen. Funk, after supper, was taken as hostage to Hosp. # 1 where the Japanese tank Co. C. has his Hq.

56 All firing has died down. The quiet is strange. April 10th. This morning after breakfast, we were put in cars. Our baggage limited to 2 pieces was put in trunks and all taken to Hosp. # 1. The road was a terrible sight; Filipino refugees carrying what they could being herded N., Philippine Army and our men being marched to Mariveles - sick, wounded and dead all along the road. Japanese army everywhere on foot, in trunks, horse drawn Art., pack trains, everything. We hung around Hosp. # 1 all day. I had a chance and weight 126 with uniform, pretty thin, no food.

57 At about 5:00 P.M. we were told to get in our cars. About 12 or 14 in all, as we had been joined by Gen. Weaver (Tanks) and his staff. We were cautioned to keep closed up and started north. The road was a mess. No traffic control. We were constantly stopped by traffic jams. Japanese soldiers would make us dismount, start to search us or take our car. We were saved by our Japanese Officer once. I was made to get out with my hand baggage and started for the jungle. I stalled all I could all but too late. I was rescued by the Officer who came back to see what the trouble was. A close call. So passed the early part of the night. We were constantly passing all kinds of troops. About 12:00 P.M. we arrived at Balonga, where some Hq. was evidently located. Here we were searched and counted. All razors, flash lights, cameras, scissors, nail files, some money depending on what our future treatment was to be. Finally, we were loaded up and started again to where we were not told. The road by this time was deserted, and the weather clear with brilliant stars overhead. Had our ride been under different conditions, it would have been a pleasure. Temporary bridges were witness of our efficient Eng. troops. April 18th. We arrived here, O'Donnell, Tarlac province

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about 3:30 or 4:00 A.M., April 11th. It is an uncompleted P.A. Camp which has been both looted and partially burned by the natives. We were counted, then lectured by the Camp C.O., a retired Capt. J.A. IN substance; we are P.W. and at his mercy, we are the eternal enemies of Japan. We have no rank, will wear no insignia, we will salute all Japanese regardless of rank. We will be shot if we commit various offenses such as attempted escape, arson, failure to obey and others. We and our things are searched again and again. At last about 4:00 P.M., we are taken to one of the buildings and crowded in. Food in the way of rice is provided to be cooked by our men. Thus, the days go by, rice is our only food. Finally, after vigorous protests, we obtained a little salt and finally some casotes and gords. As our men and officers began to come in, and Gen. King finally arrived, he was put in command, and his Adj., Halstead, made the single contact with the Japanese. Water is a terrible problem. I finally went to the Gen. to see if something could be done. I got the job. Our men after the long forced march from Bataan arrive completely dehydrated. There is but one small pump to supply us, and the thousands of P.A. on the other side of camp. No washing or bathing. We have no razors, so no shaving. It is terribly hot. I try to keep the pump running and finally get the Filipino operator relieved and some good American mechanics put on. I set up priority on the few outlets, put on Officer guards, get permission to go to nearby creek and draw water for cooking (all must be boiled). Men stand in line for hours and leave without water. Our Dr. try to get a Hosp started, no medicine, buildings with no floors, our men weak from lack of food in Bataan. Then the terrible Death march up with no food, no water, are dying by scores. What little food we brought in is given for the sick. The older officers are pitiful. The end of their long service P. OF W. Little hope of survival. Some of all ranks and ages just give up and die. God is good I can eat the rice, I can work to keep the water running.

May 1st. Conditions have improved a little, Mainly due to our own efforts, the food has been improved by the issue of a little wheat flour. Some native beans and a small issue of cocconut oil, about once every 10 days, 3 or 4 small calves are brought in. Our strength is about 8000 - 9000 with about 60,000 P.A. On the other side. The death rate goes up, still no medicines. The Philippine Red Cross has been refused permission to come into camp. Why? Our Hosp. is more of a death house than a hospital. Some of our Dr. are like some of our line officers - no good, some are wonderful. Our water problem thanks to our men and officers is 100% better. After days of trying, we finally have 2 pumps working both day and night. In this way, we can build up a little reserve. Of special commendation are Maj. Wm. AGAY Gose (REG) U.S.A. for his great work in finding and laying pipe under almost impossible conditions and otherwise ably assisting me. When the Japs would turn off the water in our camp so that they could have enough to take bath, either Gay or I would watch for Japs while the other turned the water on. To Lieut Fred. S. Whitneck (Temp) C. of F. USA

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and Lieut. Loyd H. Kelsey (Temp) C. of E., USA. in charge of pumps who kept them running and in repair with nothing. Both of whom, though seriously ill, refused to quit. To these 5 especially, do many American Officers and soldiers owe their lives. I thought we were going to lose Kelsey. He was too sick to move. I had to take a Dr. out to him on two occasions. We did lose some of our men who with the lack of food, literally worked themselves to death. Sanitary conditions are beyond description. We were issued 10 picks and shovels, then required to turn them in at night 4:30. These were to dig latrines, kitchen sumps and bury our dead. Finally, after much protest we were allowed to keep them. By digging day and night, we can keep the latrines dug, the graves no. At one time were 50 bodies behind. The Col. & generals are to be transferred elsewhere. A little extra food comes in via the American truck drivers. It is sold at terrible prices. So far I have gotten little or none.

63 May 6th. Corregidor has fallen and our flag is hauled down in the Philippines. We feel or at least hope that we will be treated better now that the hostilities are over here. Strong rumor that we are to be moved. The dope is out that the Gen. and Col. are to be moved to Tarlac. As I remember there are 10 to 12 Generals and about 84 Col. They leave May 10th.

Gay and I are in a room in the Bldg used as Hq. The other night we had our first hard rain. Of course, all of the roofs leak. The Japanese C. O. Capt. Tsuneyosi came to see if they leaked. Nothing was ever done about it.

Lieut. Col. Halstead A.G.D. our only contact with the Japanese actions bespeak his prior service (unlisted). He boasted to me that a Request made to the Japanese thru him was in his opinion so ridiculous that he (Halstead) said nothing to the Japs and reported to Gen. King that they had said no.

64 May 12. The Gen. and Col. have left. I feel quite alone. Many of my good friends left. Col. Sage, CAC (NG) is in command. I am a little disappointed at his lack of activity. However, we are doing as well as expected, poor food. Our death rate is terrible. Halstead is quite the No. 1 in his opinion. Made some remark about my going direct to Col. Sage with something I wanted. I paid no attention to him. Our water problem is about solved, only a question of keeping the old engines running.

65 June 3rd. For 2 days groups of American P. of W. have been leaving here for a new Camp. They have been told that they have to march to Capas, board a train for a day's ride and then march 10 Km. The Japanese Corp in charge of the water system tells us the Camp is at Cabanatuan. Maj. Gay and I were scheduled to go this A.M. I would not have been able to carry my bed roll but at the last minute we were sent back. Now we are to go on the 4th with the remainder who the Japanese consider well

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enough to travel but not to walk. Trucks are to be provided a great break.

65 June 4th. Up at 4:00 A.M. and placed in groups of 100. At about 7:00 A.M. we marched up the hill to the vicinity of Japanese Hq. and were loaded 25 to a truck exclusive of guards. At about 8:00 A.M. we left. There were about 100 trucks in the convoy. The system of control was by flag signal passed up and down the column. The rate of march very slow, about 25 miles an hr. The day was fine and I enjoyed the trip. We arrived at the Camp which is about 9 miles E. of Cabanatuan at about 2:00 P.M. where we were unloaded and counted and finally taken in the inclosure. Lt. Col. Atkinson S.O. F. assumed command of the group which numbers about 2000 - 2100. There were to be more. But at loading time at O'Donnell, the last of the group selected from the hosp. to go were just too sick to walk up the hill. Here we were placed 120 in Barracks built for 40. Many of our men are so sick that they cannot control themselves (dysentery-cerebral malaria). They have to be segregated. The only building available has no floor. The Japs are no help.

66 June 5th. Col. Atkinson has appointed me Executive Officer. Things are very bad. We are trying to get rosters made, Bks. leaders appointed, messes started, the sick cared for with nothing to do with. We have placed Dr. and Med. men with our worst cases which we segregate. The building is horrible beyond description. No water for washing, barely enough to drink, no blankets or other covering. Their clothes so soiled that they had to be removed. The death rate appalling. Many died with no means of being identified.

68 June 14th. We have been here 10 days and have some semblance of order. We have sent about 500-600 to what is to be a Hosp. At present nothing but segregation. How many have died here or on the way, I do not know. It has been a problem to find enough strong to carry the sick. Officers are our mainstay. I have seen many die under the shed where we assemble them. Water is scarce and I have given many his last drink there. Every morning human filth is all over the area. We find dead in the grass. I found a poor boy, a walking skeleton - no clothes, wandering around the other day. Our Drs. try but there is no medicine. The food is little better than O' Donnell. Still no meat. We have been allowed by the Japanese to replace our insignia and are to handle the administration of our men. They have also allowed the staff and later all officers to purchase limited articles of food. We hope to have this extended to all. This camp is now organized in 3 groups. We are to be consolidated. I hope to keep my job. Work I believe is a salvation here.

69 June 20th. We have completed our move and are now Group # 1. Col. Atkinson and I have a small room in a wooden bldg and have to sleep on the floor. (Japanese order) The remainder of the building contains Lieut Col's. In the Group are Army, Navy and Marines who are separated in Bks and sub groups with Officers of their own service in command. A small world it is in search

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, capt'd.

for some one to take charge of our Police, a very important job. I came upon Maj. R.L. Ridgley Jr., USMC, from Relay, Md. a graduate of St. Johns. He looks good so he got the job. Things look a little better, although our death rate is terrific. Our purchases are coming in better, a great help. Still none allowed the men.

69 June 28th. Last night at about 12:00 M., I was called by the Japanese authorities, taken to an enlisted Bks commanded by Capt. Starr CAG and told to have roll call. Three men were absent, one of whom, so I was told by a man that worked in Japanese Hq. was held by them, some of our men due to the heat had been in the habit of sleeping outside. I explained this to the Japanese and tried to locate the missing 2 with no luck, in the dark and the Japanese being very impatient. The men who slept near or knew the missing men were taken along with me and Capt. Starr to a nearby Bldg. where they were questioned. I was told that I could go shortly after they began. I arose early and was present at morning roll call. One man (rumored held by Japanese) and one other taken after I left last nite were absent. The two who were missing last nite were present. A report was made (routine) to Japanese Hq. and I, Capt. Starr and the 2 men were ordered there. We waited about 2 hrs. and were then taken before 2 Japanese N.C.O., Sgts. Major Ishikawa; Sgt. Tokumoto and Interpreter Sekigawa. I was questioned as to where the men were last night. If I had been present at roll call this A.M. and had witnessed the roll call. I was, from what I could gather, expected to have called the roll in person. The accused were questioned as to their whereabouts the previous nite, were told to tell the truth and things would be easier on all. They denied being outside the fence. I argued their case as well as I could but it was evident that the Japanese were convinced that they had been outside the fence last nite. The questioning came to a sudden end when two guards appeared, tied the mens hand behind their backs and marched them off. I later saw them in company with 4 others tied to the fence in the sun, no hats in front of the Guard House. All were shot later that day. I felt that I have failed in my duty in not getting the men off -(Hunt T.E., Reed F.J., Graham R.J., Gastelum J.R., Penros I., Sison K.L.)

71 July 1st. Our Douglas Birthday, eight years old, time gets by. My Judy I hope but that this time next year will see us out of Japanese hand. Food and Medicine must come or there will not be many of us to tell the tale. Our death rate is still soaring. We lost 773 last month.

Dearest, I know our Douglas is having a grand Birthday. What would I give to be with you and our youngest today? I love you so.

71 July 16th. I have thru the Lord Mercy arrived at my 46th year today. I have said that if I lived thru the early part of this imprisonment to see my 45th birthday, I would live to a ripe oldage and die in bed in Howard Co, Md. with my shoes off.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

72 I believe it. Things are better. The Japanese have given us several hundred thousand quinine tablets. This is heaven sent and will save no end of lives. The food remains about the same. Our outside purchases are a little better and as long as my little supply of money last, I can eat sardines or corn beef three times a week, which will keep one alive. We have sugar and I have managed 1 can of tinned milk a week.

The mess made me a birthday cake with chocolate icing, made of rice, flour. A little heavy but it tasted wonderful.

My thoughts are always of you and our grand boys. I hope you are well and happy, Darling Judy, enjoying our place in Howard and that you have been notified that I am alive. Next year, I hope things will be brighter.

72 Sept. 16th. We are now well into the wet season with rain every day. Our men have no protection and are obliged to work in the wet. However, we have surprisingly little pneumonia, diphtheria has cropped out and there is little or no anti-toxin. I was very fortunate in having been given a course of vaccine by one of the officers from Manila. His wife sent it to him. We sent a large detail of men to Japan not so long ago, principally Aero and Auto Mechanics. They are to go into the industries in Japan.

73 Otherwise, things remain about the same. Food is still our problem. Our death rate remains high.

73 Sept. 29th. We have just had a terrible tragedy. Soon after the so called attempted escapes earlier in our imprisonment, the Japanese took steps to prevent further occurrence. Men and officers were placed in 10 men groups: so called escape squads. If one member of the group escaped, the nine remaining were to be shot. We were required to sign an oath that we would not attempt escape. We were required to place a guard inside the inclosure to prevent anyone approaching the fence. At night a barracks guard was placed on Bks. doors to see that no one left except to relieve themselves. We were lectured by Japanese Officers; to escape was a crime, mass punishment in the way of ration reductions was meted out. On July 27th about 8:30 P.M. Lt. Cols. Briggs and Breitung, U.S. Army and Lt. Roy D. Gilbert, U.S.N. Res. were discovered crawling down a ditch towards the fence. These men were brought to the American guard house, just rear of the Japanese Hq. Col. Briggs was so loud in his protestations that the Japanese ordered an investigation which resulted in the three of them being taken to Japanese Hq. Here I have it on good authority that Briggs continued his protestations in a loud voice, threatening the Japanese with court martial and other taunts. The results was the inevitable. They were terribly mishandled, tied up in front of the Japanese guard house, where all who passed were required to mistreat them. They were not allowed to relieve

2/15/50

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

75 themselves and on the morning of the 29th were taken east of camp and executed. Breitung had to be carried. The small barracks in which Briggs and Breitung were quartered, also the large one where Gilbert was, all remaining, were restricted for 30 days to Bks. All extra food taken from them for 30 days. In all Bks all windows and doors were ordered closed at night. An investigation is being carried on of the occupants of both Bldg. concerned. I hope no one will be shot as a result of it. Oct. 8th. No one has been shot so far. American Hosp. # 1 from Little Baguio Later (after we left) O'Donnell, has been brought here. It has beds, some medicine, ex-ray and real hosp. equipment. It is a godsend. Now with some little food, many of our men can be saved. We are to have a change in guards and commanders. It is hoped that things will change for the better. Happy Birthday Dearest.

76 Oct. 14th. A new ration has been announced by Japanese Hq. If we get it, it will save many lives. It is rice 550 gms, meat 100 gms, vegetables 330 gms, fat 20 gms, sugar 20 gms, salt 15 gms, tea 1 gm. It is now definite that our present guards are to leave and that we will be guarded by some men brought here and trained here. The turn over is to be made about the first of Nov.

75 Nov. 1st. We have sent to someplace (rumor Davao in Mindanao) 1000 officers and men. I was sorely tempted to go, but was told I could not by Col. Atkinson. It is the general belief that more food is available there. We also have sent recently 1500 officers and men to Japan. All of these were supposed to be technical men of some type. We did not have enough, so the detail was filled out with many healthy men.

76 Nov. 7th. Our camp has absorbed Camp # 3 which was about 8 Km. E. of here. Lt. Col. Curtis M. Beecher, U.S. Marine Corps

76 Nov. 1. Col. Atkinson who has been in command of Gr. # 1 has been relieved by the Japanese, A Junior Major has been placed in command, T. B. Maury III P.A. Class of '34. He has asked me to stay as Executive, rather an odd set up. I talked to Col. Lineback P.A. who is on camp staff. He urged me to accept. There are many Sr. officers in our group and he feels that I must stay on for the general good. I have decided to do so. I believe the Japanese are really trying to feed us better. We have built a corral and they are buying many carabaos. We have been told we are to be paid, Dec. 1st beginning Aug. 1st.

77 Dec. 12th. We have been paid. Lt. Col's \$ 280.00 of which we received \$30.00 and \$80.00 monthly was deducted for our board and shelter. The remainder is deposited in the Japanese Postal Savings. We cannot draw against it except in emergency; for eye glasses or special medicines if they can be purchased. One hundred of the Sr. officers have been allowed to contribute

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

\$50.00 each from P. Savings to a fund known as Welfare Fund. This Fund administered by us can be used to buy extra food for the sick and weak. In each group, there is a board who decides which men are eligible. The food is prepared in the mess and issued directly to the individuals on welfare. It will save many lives. Officers are not eligible. We have percentages so set up that purchasing power is so far as we can set up to work. No hardships, i.e. Welfare to purchase all available eggs so that those who put up the money get none.

97 Dec. 18th. A week before Christmas, I can picture so well, Dearest, the excitement and anticipation of a visit from Santa enjoyed by our boys, for I know the loving care that their wonderful Mother will give to every detail to insure a wonderful Christmas for them. Some day, My Judy, I will be back to you and then and only then will I be truly Happy.

The Red Cross has managed to get in to us some Christmas packages of food. Wonderful! They contain sandy, jam, cheese, crackers, tobacco. In some form milk, corn beef, fish, stew and sugar, tea or chocolate. We have 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per. Also bulk corn beef, sugar, meat & veg. stew, raisens, dried fruit, cocoa enough to last us 3 months. We are going to have a fine Christmas. The food is a gift from Providence and will start many up who we have despaired of.

Dec. 25th. Merry Christmas to my Judy and our boys. I slept very little last night. My thoughts went to much of you and although it was three before I went to bed I could not sleep for thinking. A wonderful moonlit night. First, we had a fine show with Christmas carols, O.O. Wilson, Lt. Col (Zero to Us) in charge. Then to the Bks where most of the Officers from 2nd Philippine Corps Hq. are, for tea or cocoa and cake (mostly rice) at 12:00 M. As it was in front of my house, I went to High Mass. It was impressive and with the setting of the bright moon overhead. All done in Latin and at no time participated in by the congregation. It seemed Pagan to me.

I went to Communion this morning and for lunch, we stuffed on 2 roast quack. What a treat? Maury and I went thru the barracks. One young soldier who looked much too young to be here, sick and full of sores. When I asked him if he was getting along all right, said: "Colonel, this is the happiest day of my life". I nearly cried. Every one is optimistic. It is wonderful what a full stomach will do. Last night some of our rank got a little D..... I had to speak to them. So ends our first Christmas in Prison. Much better than I had dreamed. I long for word of my loved ones.

99 Jan. 1 - 1945. To you, my Dearest, one and our boys, may this be a happy and peaceful New Year. I hope that it will also see the close of the war and that we will be united again. More things have come via the Red Cross. Medicine, except that needed for amoebic dysentery for which we are in dire need. I cannot understand why it was not included, unless

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it just failed to arrive. Some hats, wool slip overs, toilet kits, razor sharpeners and shoe brushes (an ironic gift as there are practically no shoes left and none are issued). However, we are tremendously better off than we were 3 months ago. The Japanese are issuing us the ration as published with an additional 50 gms. of meat for each sick man. Twice a month, they buy us some type of citrus fruit to prevent scurvy. Usually, it is the native calamansi, something like a very small sour orange. We, also, are being issued 50 gms of mungo beans in lieu of that much rice. Very welcome. Our men are beginning to show the effects of the food. The rains have stopped entirely. The days not unpleasantly hot, with cool nights. This will continue until the end of Feb. when it gets hot again. I still suffer from insomnia. Our death rate is dropping, 149 for last month. Down considerably, but still very high.

f1 Feb. 6th. What a wonderful and complete surprise I received from you, my Dearest and our boys, a message - your Christmas, one the first word I have had for a year (I got your last Christmas one on Bataan after I left the Hosp.). I believe that you know that I am alive as at the bottom of the list was a notation "RE your list of war prisoners". It is such a great relief to know you and our Lads are all right. I hope the absence of word from Mother is not a bad sign.

The additional food is having its effect, both that supplied by the Japanese and from the Red Cross. Every one is gaining weight and our death rate is falling steadily, 72 last month and less than 10 so far this month. Our Officers are being required to do manual labor on the farm. The bad feature is the breakdown in discipline, yet the Japanese expect us to administer the Camp. We have protested but with no avail. We are by order keeping weight charts of each man.

gr Mar. 19th. Dorsey's birthday. We are still doing very well. The Red Cross bulk food is still holding out. Our men are gaining weight. The Japanese are still doing, I believe,, their best to feed us. We are no longer getting beans but we have received fresh tomatoes, onions and a good grade of native greens. The news we get from the papers supplied by our captors does not in my opinion indicate an all out offensive in this sector this year from what I read. Germany is the # 1 and all of our effort is being directed there. The Germans, according to the Nippon Times, certainly took it on the chin before Stalingrad. We have had to send more and more officers to do manual labor on the farm over our protest. As the detailing of the individuals is left to us by the Japanese, it has led to some feeling primarily the system of who is to go and who is not. We try to send no sick men to work. This is complicated by the Japanese who do not recognize our marking of men as officers. Qtrs. They say if a man is sick send him to the Hosp. This, of course, brings more problems;

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1st, overcrowding in the Hosp. where the really sick are; and 2nd, constant turnover. To avoid this, we keep and ¹ believe rightly so all who are considered capable of being returned to duty in from 5 to 7 days. Our policy is to send; 1st all duty officers & men, 2nd all light duty men, 3rd all light duty officers, and 4th Qtrs. men. Any shortage is made up from the drafts from S.D. such as kitchen, police sect. We have had several instances of men refusing to go to work for one reason or another. My policy has been to be very severe with them. As the Japanese allow us to administer the camp, I believe, any sign of weakness might lead to their taking over men and ¹ regret to say one officer who have refused to obey orders to go to work have been given a talk as to the reasons. If they still refuse, they have by my order been deprived of their food until they go to work.

84 July 1st. The months have slipped by and today is our youngest birthday. Our Douglas must be quite a big lad now. ¹ know that his mother has made his birthday very happy for him. I hope that by time he is a year older this war will be over. Things have gone quite well, our death rate has dropped until a death is quite rare. Food is not as plentiful as a few months ago but we do quite well. Our greatest worry is to meet the demands of the Japanese for work parties. We are having a lot of brutal beating by the Japanese, work supervisors on the farm especially. Every case is protested vigorously to Japanese Hq., but with little or not result. ¹ will admit that in some cases, our men are at fault but in the large majority they are absolutely uncalled for. Language difficulty is a great contributing cause. ¹ wonder where you are if at our decision for the summer or possibly at O. City and if the Panamon was ever sold.

95 August 12th. The rains have started but not to a bad point yet. Mostly an afternoon rain. Food is scarcer and prices in the Commissary are skyrocketing. We still receive a meat ration, but not nearly as much as before; dried salted fish has been issued in lieu of meat on several occasions. It is hard to get by the nose but it is better than nothing. The condition of the men although the R.C. Food as all gone is good, death rate way down. Part of the answer is simply that the strong survived. Roughly, every other man who was on Bataan and went thru O'Donnell is dead. Those who came later with the fall of Corregidor fared much better, their loss between 200 - 250. Recently, the Japanese Commander here called upon certain Field Officers to write letter containing criticisms of the Camp and general treatment. To my surprise, he called a meeting of all field officers and read in Japanese a detailed answer to all of the more important and general criticisms. He first explained that Japan was in a war for her life and that all supplies were short. He went on thru seven points; explaining to some length that physical punishment was recog-

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

nized and practiced in the Japanese Army, that the language barrier was a contributing cause. However, he promised to stop the beatings and assured us that all cases would be handled in accordance with their regulations. He finished his talk with the remark that it was his greatest desire to return us to our families in good health at the end of the war. I consider this a definite indication of a change in attitude for the best.

96 Aug. 28th. Rains increasing, but still able to do a great deal of outside work. The Japanese inspected the area, with a view of moving the Hosp. from the other side of the road into this area. It is, I believe, an effort to reduce the camp area and to cut down the number of Japanese required to administer and guard us. The Japanese have been insisting that individual cooking stop. This is of course a serious blow as we have been cooking beans, meat, coffee, rice cakes, eggs, etc. for individuals in a sub kitchen built for that purpose. After conferring with Maj. Kriwenek, our group commissary officer, we have adopted a system of group cooking. 24 hrs. before you want delivery, you place your order for what you require to be debited from you stock on hand and held to your credit. For coffee we were able to purchase enough to allow strait purchase without prior credits. Recently, certain P.W. were given testimonials by the Japanese for cooperation in the running of the camp, Col. Beecher, the Adjutant & others. More indications of a change in attitude. I have great hopes that by this time next year, we will not be P.W. Everything is looking very well.

87 Sept. 8th. The Hosp. is to move into this group. Our staff will be disbanded or absorbed by the other groups. I hate to see this happen. I have been the virtual commander of this group for 14 months and I feel that I have done a good job. The men and officers have responded well and we have come a long way toward better spirit, health, sanitation and general welfare. I will not ask for any special consideration from A.P. Hq., but will take what comes.

97 Sept 16th. Our wedding anniversary, My Judy Mine, I have lived the day over today, Please God I may be with you on our next, never to be separated again and may we celebrate twice over this our Seventeenth. I got a big lump in my throat when our orchestra played our favorite. Smoke gets in your eyes. Remember the night club after the party Mother gave us before I left. I was so proud of you.

A My Judy,

Sept. 22. The Hosp. moved today. Group # 1 as I knew it is no more. Col. Beecher has made me his ex., and although it is not recognized by the Japanese, I have something to do and may be of some service to my fellow prisoners. I moved into A.P.

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78
Hq. # 3, a small Bks. next to Hq. where the Staff lives.
Maj. Maury is to be one of the Adj's. He is coming into #
3 with me.

I was able to cash a States check on our bank in Ellicotts
City for \$100.00 for which I received 180.00 P. I now can
help some of my friends and buy what is available, which is
little.

News is still good our moral is high.

CERTIFIED TRUE COPY:

Ruth H. Essary
RUTH H. ESSARY
Captain, WAC

EP 3.0.8

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Authority NND 535 075

~~Continuation of the Diary of~~

~~LT. COL. ARTHUR L. SHREVE~~
~~(Loose Pages - Leaves 51-51)~~

UNKNOWN AUTHOR

TRIPLICATE

UNKNOWN AUTHOR ~~Continuation of the Diary of~~
~~LT. COL. ARTHUR L. SHRYVE~~
(Loose pages---Leaves 31-51)

Exceptionally large with this. I have severe headache and sores which fester and run upon my legs. It is all due to malnutrition.

This morning, I rec'd. another cup of peanuts in the shell from the welfare chow. Each prisoner was given $\frac{1}{2}$ can of condense milk which I drank with my dinner. I will have the other half for supper. We continue to receive 4 vitamin capsules & tablets once each day.

150 Japanese who had guarded this camp for a long period of time, left with full equipment about 8:30 this morning. They have been called to duty elsewhere and there was much jabbering and many farewells as they left the Jap camp in 4 trucks which went in the direction of Cabanatuan.

Today is Navy Day and many prisoners have been expecting planes over here today. But it is very quiet and at 2:00 P.M. I have not even heard one single plane - Jap or American. One Jap is supposed to have said that there are many many Americans in Mindanao. But we have heard this so many times that I do not get excited about it any more.

Many papaya trees are again being cut down and the trunks quanned by the hungry prisoners. There are papaya trees growing around nearly every bei-hai which have been planted by the Americans. They are good sized now. But these tree trunks have no food value and only make you feel full temporarily, providing you eat a large amount of it. In most cases, those who eat a great deal of such food only get the diarrhea or an upset stomach. So there is not much gained. But taking a hatchet and cutting down a papaya tree, preparing it for cooking and then eating it affords us with a good pastime and a temporary pleasure.

Sun., Oct. 29, '44. After attending mass, I was weighed but have not gained any actual weight. This is a semi-cloudy, cool morning and although I am inclined to go and lie down, I am reading & writing instead. Yesterday P.M., I filed another group of papers away with my collected diary. These little accomplishments always give me satisfaction. I also have some more papers to add to my "Bundle of Souvenirs". I continue to keep my diary and other papers in my former eating bench which I keep safe & dry under my bei-hai.

Last evening, several cartloads of cassava & corn were brought to the kitchen. This was the first food brought in for a week and was due to a detail of about 100 men going out to the farm & bringing it in. This food is to last for 2 or 3 days & the detail is scheduled to go out to the farm again Monday. There is plenty of food right at our hands if only the Japs would permit us to get it and eat it.

Last night was a moonlight night of unusual beauties, it being almost as lighted as day. The Japs were loading heavy goods into trucks all night long and hauling it away.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

AS I sit here writing this A.M. (9:30) heavy bombing can be heard over at Clark Field and planes can be seen far off in the distance. Rumors say that the Yanks have landed in the southern islands. We have not received any meat for the past wk. The Japs are supposed to have told the men on the butchering detail that we would not receive any more meat since many Am. had killed many Japanese down at Mindanao. It is also rumored that we will receive no more fish. This I believe because there is no means of transportation.

I just had an injection of 250 cc. of original blood plasma. This came as a surprise to me but I am mighty glad to receive it. I have seen it make new men out of many of these prisoners. I hope it will do the same to me.

I have begun reading Van Leon's Geography.

Rumbling of heavy bombers could be heard throughout this area all P.M. 8 or 10 flights of Am. bombers accompanied by pursuit & fighting planes were seen and frequent bombing could be heard. The action was intensified toward evening. A strong rumor is all over camp to the effect that a paper in Manila has stated that the Americans are on Samar, Leyte, Mindanao and many southern islands. I am beginning to believe it is true. Everyone is now saying, "It won't be long now". How wonderful it would be to have a G-I Thanksgiving.

I have felt very tired since taking my blood plasma and so I spent the P.M. lying down & sleeping. It is now 4:30 P.M. and everyone is getting ready for chow. I am looking forward to a good supper as I heard that we were having cassava and corn bread. But if I am disappointed, it will not be the first time. One becomes use to disappointments after almost 3 years of leading a disappointing life. But I laugh at the chow and will the rest of my life.

Mon., Oct. 30, '44. Everyone was very excited and in high spirits last evening. A map in a Jap paper is supposed to be in camp and shows the Yanks as being on southern Luzon. The paper is supposed to be printed in the Jap. language but interpreted by an Am. officer. A few planes flew over during the night.

We had our corn bread & cassava for supper. Those receiving a ration rec'd. so much cassava that they could not eat it. Others give some away and there was plenty left over on the kitchen. Yet, we did not have any cassava in our lugao this A.M. Many were around trading cassava for tobacco since tobacco is mighty scarce. There is a great deal of "underhand" work going on in the kitchen. This is a necessary evil, it seems in a concentration camp.

This A.M., I rec'd. some welfare peanuts which I shelled & ate with my dinner. I rec'd. a liver shot & will start a new series of B-1 shots tomorrow. I have felt very very tired & sleepy since I took my blood plasma and my kidneys are giving me plenty of trouble; as a result, I have been in bed all day. It has been cloudy & rainy and has been one of those days you want to forget. There has been no plane activity today.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

A farm detail harvested cassava today. The men are permitted to wear shoes since many of them are old, crippled and permanent disability cases.

I no longer have my salt and find it difficult to eat this tasteless food without salt. Sometimes, I bum some from neighbors but I have no means of paying them back. I started on my last tobacco this P.M. & when that is gone, I will have to quit smoking. Many fellows have been out of tobacco for weeks. The Japs no longer issue us any cigs.

Tues., Oct. 31, '44. Thus ends another month and it has been quite a month. The next two months are to tell the story, so we prisoners say. We are looking forward to them with great anxiety.

A steady drizzling rain set in last evening and continued throughout the night. I retired at 7:30 P.M.

It has been cold and rainy day. This forenoon, I washed some clothes and dried them inside. The swelling in my legs has gone down considerably & I feel much better today. A large amount of cassava was brought in from the farm yesterday, so we had cassava for supper and dinner. We are to have meat gravy for supper. Due to rain, there was no farm detail this P.M.

Men sit around and talk about how they are going to buy peanuts by the 5 lb. cans, peanut butter by the lb, 5 lb. boxes of candy and, in general, they are going to spend all their time eating.

There was no plane activity today. I am waiting to hear the booming of heavy artillery which will be a pleasant sound to my ears. Then, I will know that the Yanks have landed. This is not such good weather for landing but I know the Yanks can take it and make it.

Wed., Nov. 1, '44. Today, being All Saints Day, I attended Mass & rec'd. Holy Communion at the 7:30 services. Nearly all our padres have left camp on detail. I mention in particular Fathers Zerfas, Wilson, O'Brien, Cummings, Talbot, MacKaunis, Riley and McDonald whom I knew personally. (Also Father Sasina). I prayed to the Saints of Heaven throughout the entire day. Morning bango was held 1/2 hr. later this A.M.

It is partly cloudy today and very quiet. The Japs moved the large guard tower on the east side of camp down closer to the road. The swelling in my feet & legs has left me entirely but I feel miserably weak & sore today, having a severe headache especially about my temples. The sun came out after dinner, so I took a shower and spent the P.M. lying down.

I rec'd. another cupful of peanuts in the shell which I ate with my dry rice for dinner. These two items taste very good with each other and are very filling. I chewed & munched upon them for fully an hour; and, it was a most pleasant hour, I assure you. Peanuts like this cost 5 pesos in the commissary.

The farm detail worked today and brought down a cartload of corn, 1 of cassava and one of okra and eggplant. Our food continued to be rationed to us in very small amounts although there is an abundance within an arms reach - the farm. We are

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

also receiving less rice again. Men are now cooking weeds for greens again.

I went out to the garbage pit this A.M. to obtain my day's quota for flies. There was a large amount of old pieces of cassava from the kitchen which had been dumped there several days ago. It had lain in the rain and the blow flies had been on it and the rain & heat had soured it. Yet, there were many fellows out there picking through it and putting it in old cans which they had picked up at the dump pile and were taking it with them to cook. No wonder they get sick. There has been an order against this but the men are hungry.

Tobacco is so scarce that you can hardly light a cigarette without being mobbed. Men are picking leaves off the papaya trees, drying them and then crumbling them up for smoking. It is better to quit than do this.

Thurs., Nov. 2, '44. This is All Souls Day and I am praying for the many souls who have departed from this world as a result of World War # 2. I am wondering about many of friends back in the States as well as my brothers and my nephew.

Since the detail have left, the camp has no bugler. We depend entirely upon the ringing of the time bells. All the mail is supposed to have been put out by the Japs. I only rec'd. 9 letters in all which is a very small number. Either my people and friends did not write or else my mail is somewhere in Tokyo.

This is a bright sunny morning. A few men went to duty. I have had my vitamin pills, B-1 shot and liver shot, so when I finish this writing, I am going inside and rest until dinner time.

I have been refused a light from a cigarette by several fellows today. They are afraid that you will burn up some of their tobacco while getting a light. That is being pretty stingy. But giving a light to a fellow prisoner is the least one can do. If a fellow with a pipe asks for a light from a cigarette, that is different since a pipe is more difficult to light.

Sgt. Nichols brought me one half canteen cup of salt this noon. The mess hall also issued about the same amount at noon so I have a milk can full of salt. Nichols told me that the Japs on the farmhouse admitted that the Am. are now in Leyte and that the Am. have killed many many Japanese in Mindanao. So I am sure the Yanks are close. Nichols also gave me a cup of catnip tea to drink with my dinner.

We have had the camp victrola at our bai-hei today which has seemed good to me. The recordings of the Andrews Sisters are the favorites and are played over and over again. But I enjoy them as I do any type of music. The victrola is usually played in the kitchen each evening from 7 until 9 P.M. & I listen to it as I sit out in the open air and visit with Schei.

Fri., Nov. 3, '44. Today is some kind of a Jap holiday. They held a celebration last night and I heard singing, music and laughter until a late hour. Filipino women and men were present to entertain the Japs. This morning at 8:30 A.M., about 30 Japs

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soldiers & officers marched out to the camp flagpole where all services are conducted on holidays. Everything took place as on past holidays except that the Jap flag was not hoisted this day.

Food is a little better in my estimation. For many mornings, we have rec'd. a fullness kit full of corn mush & rice. Also, for several days, we have had a thick rich meat gravy with lots of fine ground meat in it. The head, feet, blood and tripe from carabao make an excellent stew when cooked in the eggplant, corn and Okra. At least this tastes very good to me. One night we had a large sweet corn meal cookie and another night we had a large panada about 11" thick and 4" in diameter rolled in corn meal, fried a little and then baked in the oven. We have also had some pudding made from lugao, corn, cassava and some sugar. People would not serve this as pudding in the States but we like it very much. We occasionally get a thin fish gravy. But we received foods in such small amounts that we just never are satisfied. We need lots of meat for strength and plenty of sugar for quick energy.

Today, I completed my series of 5 liver shots and my record series of 5 each of B-1 shots. I also rec'd. peanuts again today which will be the last welfare food for awhile. Our ward doctor checked the history of each patient today and made a general survey of each man's physical condition. The Jap Dr. & 3 other Filipino Red Cross officials made a general inspection of the hospital this P.M.

Bunches of papaya leaves can now be seen hanging up to dry in the sun. The prisoners then crumble them and use them for tobacco. Some fellows have even taken peanut husks, baked them, run them thru a meat grinder and then tried to use them for tobacco. Others use them to make a brew called peanut coffee. Sat., Nov. 4, '44. Two Jap planes were seen in the skies today; otherwise, things are very quiet in this old prison camp. Life is fast becoming more dreary for me each day. The morale of the men is very low. It seems that we will just never get out of here and we really have nothing to look forward to at Xmas time this year.

I usually rest an hour or so each morning & afternoon and read my prayer book or a religious pamphlet or say my rosary. The farm detail worked today. Some truck loads of cassava & vegetables are being sent to the Americans at Bilibid.

We are so used to eating our food all mixed together that I am quite sure I will be a steady customer for steams of any kind. I have many personal plans for my own steams when I get back home. Sun., Nov. 5, '44. Yankee planes greeted us bright & early this A.M., a flight of Am. bombers & fighters came roaring in from the East and went west. Shortly afterwards, a large flight of bombers came from the east and proceeded south in the vicinity of Manila. It is now 4 P.M. and flights of Am. bombers & fighters have been coming and going over this area all day long. But we are still

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looking for land-based planes so that we can be assured of a landing here. That is what I am praying for by the hour that this island will be invaded and we can be free. We have heard through the Jap sentries that Bilibid has been cleared again, there being only 200 real sick men left there. The other men are supposed to have been spread out somewhere in the islands.

About 40 Jap soldiers left this camp this morning going elsewhere for duty. Am. truck drivers worked upon the camp trucks all day yesterday and last night, overhauling and reconditioning them. It is a wonder that these few trucks have held together as long as they have. The trucks have certainly served this camp very well throughout the years.

We have been examined and had records made twice today by our ward doctor for reasons unknown to me. I have rested all day long and taken things easy. Some of the kitchen employees are out playing baseball to exercise their brawny muscles. Now I wish that I had the strength & ambition to do something of this nature?

We are all wondering about the election which will occur back in the States on this coming Tuesday. I know that the radios must be hot with political speeches and news. I believe that there is certainly a great deal of politics in this war back in the states. But I hope they finally get together and get this thing over, so that I can begin life all over again.

Mon., Nov. 6, '44. Two Am. planes caused plenty of excitement in this area early today. I was returning from the latrine at 4:30 A.M. when I heard the hum of motors far to the east. Soon the planes were over this camp and circled the camp time & time again, fly very low. We thought they were Jap planes trying to find the Cabanatuan airport. But the two planes ended up by bombing and strafing the airport. It was then that we were assured that they were not Jap planes.

Beginning at 7 A.M. flights of Am. planes were in the skies all day long coming & going to various points of this island. They put on a great show for us by bombing & strafing the Cabanatuan airport no less than 3 times, twice at 11 A.M. and once at 2 P.M. Bombing could be heard throughout the day. Everyone here anticipates a landing especially since this is election time. Jap sentries put in their helmets when the planes fly over and the Jap guards out on the farm crawled into ditches and hid whenever they could when the airport was strafed. The sentry on the water tower was kept very busy staying on the "right side".

Although farm details work the farm each day, we receive very little for the farm. The men bring in onions & vegetables for the Japs. We do not even get any camote tips for greens nor talinum. No more cassava is being harvested. We eat just a little rice & corn for dinner & supper.

Men are now smoking anything & everything. Any leaf that is dry, can be crumbled & burned, serves as tobacco. Okra leaves are supposed to be very good and even leaves from our lily plants. Many of the prisoners have quit. Anyone who has tobacco or cigarettes stared away, can demand anything for them & get it. I know many men suffering from malnutrition, who are trading part of their chow for enough tobacco to roll a cigarette. Every-

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one is in search of greens to cook or papaya trees to cut down.
"Woodman, spare that tree!"

Tues., Nov. 7, '44. This is election day in the States. We have all looked forward to plenty of action here but have so far been greatly disappointed. The day has been very quiet. There is a strong rumor throughout the camp that many men from the hospital would go to duty in a few days and that nearly all those men in the upper area were leaving out on detail in addition to 25 medical men. We were examined by the Jap Dr. this P. M.

I have spent most of the day reading Kenneth Robert's historic novel "Arundel".

Wed., Nov. 8, '44. Four men from this bei-hei will go to duty tomorrow. I had fully anticipated going. The forenoon was cool and I sat outside with a shirt and jacket on and read "Arundel".

At noon, we were informed that we could send home another 25 word message. I sent this one to my sister Jennie at Beachhead, Mis. The message was as follows: Rec'd. Duanes letter. Very happy. Where is Ella? But Bonde, take care of Durocs, collect pictures & books. Pray always.

Meat was brought to the kitchen this P. M. so we are expecting a gravy for supper.

Thurs., Nov. 9, '44. We had gravy for supper - one half cup of thick rich meat gravy. This and a little rice is all we did have. But that meat gravy was wonderful.

Two fellows from my bei-hei are being punished today. One draw double rations for himself in the mess line and the other one was caught straying a garden. As a result, they are both digging a sump hole in the wind & rain today.

A steady rain set in during the night and today we are getting the tail end of a typhoon. It has been raining & blowing fiercely throughout the day, the wind coming from the northwest. I was forced to stay inside all day and the wind and rain blew in upon us since we have no doors. I sleep in an upper bunk and sure could feel the old bei-hei swaying. I put on two jackets, a pair of socks and my pair of long trousers over my pair of shorts. Then I wrapped up comfortably in my blanket, read "Arundel" and let the wind blow - read all day long. The story was very appropriate since it related the struggle of the early Am. thru the swamp lands on their way to attack Quebec. They encountered wind snow & rain and were hungry - hungry as we are. The book mentioned how well the men liked the fat meat of bears & porcupines and how their stomachs craved grease. And so it is with me. But today a friend gave me 2 oz. of mineral oil to use on my dry rice and I found a coffee can full of carabao tallow to put in my hot lugao. So I will have grease for sometime. The book frequently told how the men dreamed of good things to eat, sitting around fires talking about food, and arguing as to the best way to prepare certain foods. So I had a double setting or atmosphere created - the actual weather conditions and those described in "Arundel". During the early P.M., my friend Sehei came & informed

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me that he was one of 25 Medical men to leave camp in a few days. Also, that about 200 men from the upper area would leave on the same detail. This came as a complete surprise to everyone. I will miss Schei greatly since he is my last real friend left in camp.

The Japs have stated that there is heavy fighting going on at Leyte, that all but 300 sick Americans have left Bilibid for Japan, that there are only about 1,000 Am. P. of W. left in the Philippines and that those who were still here at this time next month stood a good chance of being retaken by the Americans. But no one knows anything for certain and so we just wonder, and think and wonder some more, from day to day.

The wind became stronger this P.M. We certainly got soaked wet at supper time. But we had a good chow. Rice, cassava, corn, meat broth and a bit cornmeal cookie. I filled my stomach and went to bed immediately. The wind howled & lashed the old bei-hei all night long. I made myself as comfortable as possible, sleeping with my socks on and pulling the blankets over my head. I was warm & comfortable all night long.

Fri., Nov. 10, '44. We arose this morning and the wind and rain were still with us. I became soaked at breakfast time while preparing some cassava peelings for guan. So after breakfast, I put on some dry clothes and sock, finished reading "Arundel" and then wrote in my diary. It is now 10 A.M. and the wind & rain have ceased. I think it will clear off. This is supposed to be the official closing of rainy season according to the old dhobies here in camp.

Someone just handed me "Rabble in Arms". This is another Kenneth Robert's novel and so I will read some more. I enjoy his historical novels, especially the descriptions of the country of the North and also the manner in which he depicts life of the early American soldiers and portrays early American History. An American prisoner was caught drawing doubles for himself in the chow line. This was his second offense. As a result, he is only given $\frac{1}{2}$ issue of rice as he now goes through the line. This is American way of punishing such an offender; that is, the American officer's way in this camp. This is very un-American and inhuman in my opinion. He is in the hospital and needs food - not food to be taken away from him. He was actually hungry. He has tried to get to the Jap officials about the matter but he is not permitted to do so. There are other forms of punishment besides taking food away from a person who is already half-starved. Such action by the Am. officials is typical of many of their actions in this camp.

Sat., Nov. 11, '44. This is Armistice Day - a day which ended that great struggle known as World War # 1. What & when will that day arrive for World War # 2? Will this world ever have world peace again? My thoughts are certainly back home today, since I recall that first Armistice Day and how I celebrated it?

The day dawned brightly with a clear sky and a beautiful

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sunrise. I placed my bedding at the edge of my bunk when I went to bango. I did this so that I could get it quickly and place it out on the line for airing, since it was quite damp from the typhoon weather. I even stood in the front row at bango so I could get an early start and then almost lost out on line space. Everyone had their clothes out to air right after bango. But I found space and then washed out many of my clothes. Then I cleaned my shoes and put fish grease on them. I aired all my belongings and made my bed and by that time it was chow-time.

Each prisoner rec'd. $\frac{1}{2}$ can of condense milk today.

The Japs on the farm state that Roosevelt won the election over Dewey but that the contest was very close.

Squash leaves, eggplant leaves - infact any dry leaves that burn fairly well, are considered tobacco these days. I have not smoked for several days and believe I will quit.

We had talinum for dinner & supper today. I added some carabao tallow to mine and it flavored the greens very well. We had no corn except some meal for breakfast. At supper time, many litters and carabao cart loads of cassava were brought to our mess hall. Some one said that this was a 5 days ration. We had a slim supper and I retired at 8 P.M.

Sun., Nov. 18, '44. Saving my milk from yesterday, I put half of my ration on my cornmeal mush this morning. Then I went to mass confession, and communion.

Shortly after church, Sgt. Nichols brought me down some salt. catnip leaves for tea and 4 Jap cigs. He also brought me his laundry which I promised to do for him. It being a bright clear day, I did his washing immediately and put it out to dry. Nichols told me that he was one of 204 men listed to go out on detail from the upper area. As usual, no one knows when the detail will leave nor where it will go. No one seems to know anything these days. We are all at a loss for news- just waiting to get free. Everyone seems to be growing more restless each day as this imprisonment becomes more monotonous.

Instead of receiving 4 vitamin capsules each day, we now received two. Also there has been no welfare food for about a week.

News tells us that there is heavy fighting going on in Mindanao. If this is true, it will not be long for Luzon.

A friend gave me 3 pesos this P.M. Since money is practically worthless at the present time, I will keep it until the opportunity presents itself for a purchase. You cannot even buy chow with it but you can with cigs. So, I bought an A & B ration of cassava for 2 cigs. this P.M. So I expect to have a full stomach at supper time. I hope that I can obtain some more cigs. in the future. My friend Sohei has everything packed and ready to leave camp on detail. I will certainly miss him, especially after evening bango. We always took our benches out into the open air, watched the evening sun go down, and then spend an hour talking over things in general. Sohei has been a real friend to me. We have made arrangements that the first one of us to reach the

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States will contact the other ones parents and thus, we will contact each other. We are both strongly hoping that we will not leave these islands. For the last several nights, I have been dreaming a great deal about my people. We were very happy and doing many pleasant things according to my dreams.

My legs have been feeling stronger and in general I have been feeling better the last week. I hope this continues. But when I eat too much salt my knees and feet swell considerably. I spent the P. M. killing flies, writing and drying my diary. My diary became quite damp due to the heavy rains recently. So I spread all my notebooks and the wrappers out in the sun and thoroughly dried them. The writing all remains very distinct.

The Japs are trading and buying all the products mfgd. in the U.S.A. that they can possibly get. They are very anxious to make the bargains for they expect to take these articles back to Japan with them.

Mon., Nov. 13, '44. Flights of Am. planes went zooming thru the skies early this morning. They came from the east and travelled far to the south of us and did much bombing which we heard during the afternoon, also. Many prisoners are so disappointed because the Yanks do not come in & free us, that they no longer get excited about seeing Am. planes. They want to see walking Yanks or rumbling tanks.

We had a unusually good dinner today. It consisted of dry rice, corn, cassava and pud. fish. We have so much cassava on hand that it is nothing. But the Japs have rationed it for so many days and so it has to last even though much of it rots. The Japs never did understand how to issue rations to us.

Today, I obtained the book "Book of Culture" by Ethel R. Fyser. The book is most interesting containing many thoughts and information concerning a variety of education subjects. I would like a copy for my library back in the States.

Late this P.M., we were examined by the Jap doctor again. It is supposed that many of us will be sent to duty when this next detail leaves camp. At present, no one seems to know anything - the Japs as well as the Americans. A friend of mine from Am. Headquarters has told me this. Personally, I am just waiting from day to day for the Yanks to land upon this island.

This P.M., we signed our 25 word messages which we recently wrote. They are dated Nov. 10th and I surely hope that my sister Jane receives this card. I have felt good today, reading & writing most of the day.

Tues., Nov. 14, '44. Last evening about 8:30 P.M., planes were heard from the east. Four planes with their lights on, came in and completely circled our camp. The Japs put out all lights including the perimeter lights. I heard much jabbering amongst the Japs fence guards. After circling our camp, the planes went straight west and I did not hear them come back, as I went to bed immediately.

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Sgt. Nichols stopped by on his way to breakfast and gave me 2 milk cans full of salt. I welcomed this greatly and must use it sparingly. We had plain lugao for breakfast this morning, the first in a long time. I added some carabao tallow to mine which flavored it greatly. A friend gave me a cup of cooked cassava peelings which I added to my lugao and thus had a pretty good breakfast.

The fish that we eat here tastes very good to us. At present, we are receiving small salty fish which the kitchen takes and places in large baking pans and bakes them until they are very crisp. This smell from the fish while they are baking makes us very very hungry. Yet, I refused to eat fish many times back in the states. Then, the baked fish is run through a meat grinder and made into a fine fish powder. So, by this method, the fish flavor can be spread out so as to feed many men. In actual quantity, we received very little fish.

Flights of American planes came from the east at 7:30 A.M. and proceeded south & west. Heavy bombing could be heard in those directions. It is a beautiful clear day and most appropriate for the Yanks, in my opinion.

The camp payroll is being closed today. The medics and those working on the farm are being paid. Pay day has always been on the first of the month. I am inclined to believe that another change is about to take place in this camp.

The birds that built a nest in the vines next to my table have a house full of youngsters now and a great deal of noise comes from that little bundle of straw. I am anxiously awaiting the coming out party.

Schei informed me at 11 A.M. that he was leaving on detail tomorrow morning. I could hardly believe. He said that 25 medical men and 50 men from the upper area were leaving. He has had his possessions all ready for some time. Another detail of 75 will leave Friday of this week and another group on Sunday. It is rumored that this camp will be cleaned out by the end of this month - prisoners leaving in small details. The Japs are supposed to have said that these people are all going to Ft. McKinley. Schei also brought me some mineral oil to flavor my dry rice, 3 large bottles of salt, some fish pwd., some fish grease, a straw hat, a suit case to put things in, and some toothpowder.

Our bei-hei received the cassava peelings, from the messhall today. He and I spent the afternoon, peeling, washing, and cutting up the peelings and had a 5 gal. pailful. We will quan them tomorrow.

We had rich carabao meat gravy for supper. But we just never get enough of anything to eat. If only we had the potato peelings that are thrown away in the States. Oh! What good soup we could make from them? Or the crust of bread, or meat bones or almost anything that is found in the American garbage can. We could live very well and have a full stomach with a satisfied feeling 3 times a day. There are many greens back there which people would gladly give us to say nothing of stale bread

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cakes, etc. It would also be very easy to beg a cup of rice which would make a goodly amount when cooked. But we cannot even have these simplest, humblest of Am. foods.

Sohei & I had a real visit after supper. We talked about this coming Xmas, our people and our return to the States. Four planes circled our camp just before dark & plane activity was heard throughout the night. I was on the first shift of guard from 9 to 12. These prisoners have to go to the urinal every hour and many of them every half hour during the nite. Most of them have small buckets which they keep outside the bei-hei and fill them. Then they empty them at the urinal, since they are often unable to control their kidneys until they reach the urinal. Wed., Nov. 15, '44. At 5 A.M., Sohei brought me down his mattress, sheet pillow case and other small articles. We sat and talked and then said "So long" but not goodbye. After 6 o'clock bango, we said goodbye again and I saw him off. The detail left in two trucks and although it had rained a great deal during the night, clear skies prevailed this A.M. We expect to meet here in the islands, at Manila, or in Frisco on our way home.

I spent the forenoon making up my bunk with my new mattress & sheet and in packing my belongings in my suit case. I certainly thought about going home when I had that suitcase in my hands.

This P.M., I received another injection of blood plasma since my feet and knees are badly swollen. I then had to lie down & rest and then I wrote in my diary. I also filed away some religious cards in my missal and fastened a large silver Catholic medal into a good silver chain which I found. These things I want to take home for souvenirs to my folks.

We had rich meat gravy for supper and I ate 2 cups of cassava peelings. Although I was full, I was hungry. Not feeling too good, I retired at 7:30 P.M.

Thurs., Nov. 16, '44. Two other fellows & I cleaned some cassava peelings run them through a meat grinder, put some oil in them and baked it like bread. It tasted pretty good at dinner time. Someone also gave me some pit-weed greens which I gasted very good. The fellow from the upper area are bringing it in from the farm. We have had no greens for a long time. I also had cooked cassava peelings left over from last evening. Many Am. are being poisoned from cassava. Their bodies swell up and some of them get severe cases of diarrhea & upset stomachs. I have not been a victim as yet.

A large truckload of cassava left camp yesterday, presumably for Bilbid or Ft. McKinley. A recent inventory of all hospital property was made this week. Because of shortage of personnel, there is no longer a ward man on duty at nights. The O.D. can be located by contacting the mess hall in case of an emergency.

There is a strong rumor in camp this P. M. that there will be Jap issue of tobacco very soon. The tobacco is supposed to be in camp already. I have quit smoking and will not resume the habit until the Americans take over.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

This has been a very hot, quiet day in camp.
Fri., Nov. 17, '44. Our meals were pretty slim yesterday. Rice & corn for dinner & rice & fish gravy for supper. Cassava was served for A chow and there has been nothing brought in from the farm for several days.

One Am. truck driver returned from Manila last night. He stated that the last details to leave here were all at Bilibid, and being fed salt and dry rice, that the last small detail went to a place near Ft. McKinley and that it was a confirmed fact that the Ameridans had Leyte.

The reason why the tobacco has not been issued is because the Americans who carried it into camp stole some of it. Maybe we shall not receive any at all, as our punishment. We have not seen nor heard one plane for 2 days now.

I have not been sleepy well so I spent the forenoon in my bunk reading my Missal & sleeping.

The other detail left camp at 8 A.M. this morning, going in 3 trucks. Another small group is scheduled to leave camp Sunday.
Sat., Nov. 18, '44. Yesterday P.M., I laid my jacket down on a bench near my table and it quickly disappeared. I had my cigs. case, an empty first aid pocket in a pocket with 10 Jap. cigs. in it. That is why the jacket was stolen. Cigs. have more value than money now and I was using them to trade for chow. Luckily, I had traded 3 cigs. for an extra issue of corn yesterday noon.

Chow continue to be mighty slim. We had dry rice and fish gravy for supper last night. Being on welfare chow, I was issued a Filipino hen egg which cost 7 pesos. It had been boiled at the kitchen & was very good.

My legs and feet cramped all night long and this morning they were as thin as toothpicks. They are very sore and I am mightly weak. This is a rainy day and I have spent most of the day sleeping. Welfare mungo beans, amounting to about 2 tablet spoonful, were issued at noon today. I understand the beans now cost 80 pesos per cup. All available gas drums about the camps are being collected and hauled out by the truckload by the Japanese.

Sun., Nov. 19, '44. Planes were heard during the night and true to everyone's expectations, the planes came over early this morning. They really put on a big show for us. The first flights came over around 7 A.M. While I was at mass large lights of them passed over and then I heard bombing in the distance. About nine o'clock some of them returned. At least a dozen planes bombed the Cabanatuan airport and at least 20 planes strafed it. They can dive bomb pretty nice and their machine guns had the area around this old camp humming & cracking with their rat-a-tat-tatts. A caravan of Jap trucks was just ready to leave camp. It consisted of several truckloads of supplies going to Ft. McKinley cassava to Bilibid and a detail of about 90 Americans presumably going to Manila. When the air raid began, all Japanese left the trucks and hurried & scurried for shelter. A butchering detail scheduled to kill 3 carabaos today, was cancelled due to the air-raid. As a result, we will have no meat gravy for supper.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

The planes have been coming and going all day and bombing. The airport was dive-bombed again at 11 o'clock this forenoon. If only those tanks would land & free us. We are receiving less to eat each day. I have learned from my former sergeant at Ft. Hughes, who is a Jap truck driver in camp, that Bilbid is crowded to capacity with American Prisoners of War. Thank God they were not sent out to sea for Japan.

I spent the forenoon washing clothes, shaving and, in general, cleaning up personally.

This afternoon, I slept and then rearranged the material in my diary and missal which I want to get back to the States with me if possible. I arranged it so I could grab it quickly in case I have to leave this camp in a hurry. Rumors say that we are all soon to go to Ft. McKinley. But I am hoping the tanks land soon.

The close of day yesterday was an unusual one to me. I was out near the prison fence at 6 P.M. as the sun was beginning to set. The hills were beautiful - bathed in the sunset, so peaceful and Godlike. Carabao carts were to be seen & heard rumbling down the road, the birds were all singing their evening songs, a Filipino woman would be heard crooning a lullaby to her babe over at the shack across the field, children hallooing & laughing at play, flocks of doves soaring around a pigeon house, the carabao and goats being taken in from the nearby pasture, the crowing of roosters, barking of dogs, the quacking of wild ducks in their plights - all these presented to me a peaceful country-like picture. I stood there for quite sometime enjoying all this. A most beautiful sunset followed this, the sky being inflamed with lavender - red fleecy clouds in the west which reflected the same color far to the east and upon the mountain tops. This rural beauty and love for nature helps me so much in a desolate place like this.

Mon., Nov. 20, '44. Everyone spent the evening talking about the planes of yesterday. Since many of them flew low over camp, we could easily see their stars and insignias. But many fellows are thoroughly disgusted that they came and put on a show occasionally but do not land. To hear these prisoners talk, you would think all the brains of the Am. govt. were in this camp.

I learned that Schei made the trip all right. I miss him very much and usually go to bed about 7:30 each evening now.

The day has been no chow brought to our mess hall for about 9 days. Today, I diced up some parts of a papaya tree which some one throw away. I washed & cleaned them and ate them raw for dinner. It helped to fill up. I obtained some more after dinner and cut them up and had them cooked. So, for supper I had almost 2 gal. of cooked papaya. I took the hot water from it, added some salt & carabao tallow and had some very good broth. I filled up with the papayas and broth and then ate my dry rice with mineral oil on it and a little tasteless fish gravy.

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More mail has arrived in camp and is now being distributed. I have not received any as yet.

There are now approximately 510 men left in camp and about all of these are in the hospital area except 85 who occupy two barracks up above. Small details go out to the farm but bring very little to us. The remaining Japs do most of the work outside the camp. Inside details continue to haul away & burn rubbish left by those Am. who went on detail. Pillows & mattresses, former priceless luxuries are now being burned. Every house each day will find someone out to the rubbish pile looking through the junk and one or 2 quanning.

The last few nights whenever a plane has been heard, all electric lights and other lights about the camp have been extinguished. Today the Japs issued an order that hereafter when any planes come over the camp at night, all Am. must put out all their lights, cigarettes, and not to strike any matches or cause any commotion. The prisoners are to gather and stay within our bei-hei until the black-out is over with. The Jap guards have orders to fire on the camp at will if these orders are violated.

Tonight after supper, one carabao cartload of cassava was brought to our mess hall. This made us all very happy. We have all been very hungry and as a result have filled our stomachs with salt and water. Men are picking weeds and greens of any kind, just a few hands full of them, and then boiling them out at the junk pile. I cannot eat greens anymore, since they give me uncontrollable diarrhea. The Japs have kept us half-starved all these years. And now it is worse yet, there is so much food we could eat - right here on the prison farm.

Tues., Nov. 21, '44. The butchering detail went out this morning and so this noon, carabao meat was issued to our mess hall. We will have meat gravy for supper. We had a good dinner this noon, the best in a week. A better bit of dry rice, small amount of corn, small amount of cassava, and a small spoonful of fish powder. I reheated my papaya tree quan, left from last evening, and so I had a full meal.

We received a tobacco issue at last but what an issue. The Japs have had some tobacco in storage which they used out on the farm. It was old scrap tobacco which they soaked and used the juice to pour on plants^a vegetables to kill plant lice. Two socks of this moldy stench stuff was issued to the camp today. In our bei-hei, each man received about 1/3 canteen cup of these loose leaves and stems. This will not last very long and since I have quit, I am going to trade my issue for chow. My eating partner traded his corn meal mush this morning for 3 Jap cigs. Many other fellows do the same thing and then go hungry. Oh, God in thy mercy, deliver us soon so that we may have the rare pleasure of having a full satisfied stomach and some decent tobacco to smoke so that we might relax our minds, hearts and souls. During these last few days of extreme hunger, I have noticed that everyone is very irritable and there have been many fist fights.

Wed., Nov. 22, '44. We were weighed this morning and I weighed

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108-1/3 lbs having gained $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. I had just finished breakfast, drank a gal. bucket of hot water and my bowels have not moved for 2 days. So I do not figure that I have gained any weight. We received no corn for dinner or supper today; only a small amount for breakfast since most of our mush was lugao. There will be no more corn but we are to receive camotes or more cassava in place of it. We have not done so, thus far. Our rations were very skimpy all day and I cannot keep from being hungry and continually thinking about food.

At this time I am very weak and spend most of my time lying down to conserve what little energy I have. I have quit reading again, do not care to talk to anyone, have no desire to read, write nor pray. It is an effort to move or do anything. This is a terrible way to be but it is all due to lack of food. My skin is wrinkled & drawn, my eyes sunk deep in their sockets, the hair on my body & scalp is lifeless and my blood veins very prominent. I am very weak & nervous. But I must go on.

Today I traded some catnip leaves for 4 large spoonful of sarabao tallow to flavor my lugao and to make soup. I still have a strong desire for grease.

Many patients are volunteering for duty so as to draw A ration occasionally. My legs are too weak or else I would do the same thing. A group is expected to go to duty on Friday of this week.

There has been no plane activity in several days and this is a mighty quiet place. The prisoners do various things to pass away the time such as: sleep, read, sew, polish mess kits and spoons, pound out & enlarge mess kits, rearrange their eating tables, make cloth hats, grease their shoes, cut up stems & dried leaves for tobacco, sharpen all their old razor blades, grind salt, make salt shakers by punching holes in small cans, rummage through the junk pile, talk about what they plan to do when they get back home, etc.

Rats abound in great numbers throughout the camp and can be seen running in all directions at night. So far, they have not entered our bei-hei but I fear they will in a month or so when it gets colder. They breed in large numbers at the latrines, although the latrines are kept in a most sanitary manner.

Thurs., Nov. 23, '44. A week from today, will be Thanksgiving back in the States. Everyone in this camp is certainly thinking about it. Thus far, our's looks very very dark.

Feeling unusually good this morning, I spent a busy forenoon. First, I aired my blankets and mattress, then washed some clothes, shaved, greased my shoes and took a shower. All forenoon, we heard what we thought was artillery fire. We only heard, we know nothing. Americans continue to trade American articles to the Japs for cigarettes. Am. dollar bills, the old Philippine peso bills and silver pesos can be traded for 1 pkg. of Jap cigs. (20) A cartogen is worth 1 pkg., razor blades worth 2 or 3 cigs. etc.

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Towels, wash clothes, colored socks and zippers seem to be in demand.

The birds that built a nest by my table hatched their young and they came out yesterday noon. Someone threatened to quann the five small birds. I have not seen them today. But I did see a small dog skinned slicker than a whistle headed for the quan stove. While the corn was being brought in from the farm, large quantities of mush and corn cakes were quanned each morning. But not anymore. That rocket is ended. The men in the upper area are gathering all they can from the gardens and quanning that. If ever I get back home, I am going to have a garden of such size and variety that my table nor cellar will be lacking in vegetables.

Late this P.M., each prisoner was issued a pair of shoe laces. They were either Jap or Filipino and had not tips.

Friday, Nov. 24, '44. Last night was a brilliant moonlight night and I sat outside and talked until 9 P.M. The brilliancy of the stars formations in the skies is most outstanding on a night like this in the Philippines. I often spend a great deal of time star-gazing.

At 6 P.M. last evening, many Jap trucks bearing soldiers, supplies and artillery guns moved in a northern directions. Jap sentry posts and embankments have been established at a distance outside the camp ence to resist guerrilla or Filipino activity.

Mail continues to be distributed and contains many pictures of American families. The interesting thing about this mail is that much of it is postmarked May and June of 1944. This is very recent mail for this concentration camp.

A few planes were in the air and we thought them to be American. Slight bombings could be heard in the distance.

Chow has been very poor today. We are receiving less rice and cassava. We seldom receive any fish gravy anymore - just the dry fish powder instead. We were issued a cartload of okra which is so tough and old that it cannot be chewed. All we can get out of it is the seeds and few shreds which are used for a mighty small issue of soup. We are now eating plain lugao for breakfast. It is not as thick as the cornmeal mush but I put some old carabao tallow in it and the hot lugao melts it imparting a good greasy taste. I can truthfully say that I am eating the best now that I every have since the imprisonment.

My eating partner went to duty today so that he could draw a chow occasionally. I gave him most of my tobacco issue so that he could give me greens & vegetables in exchange for it. He will have any opportunity to pick up camotes, camote tips and pigweed up there. This afternoon he brought down a gal. pail of papaya tree for me to quan. I had it cooked and it certainly did add to our skimpy supper. I rolled a big cigarette from the tobacco recently issued and when I smoked it, it tasted to me just like a strong odor from a barnyard manure pile.

I accidentally found 3 bulbs of garlic today. A coffee can had been laying under the bai-hei near my table for sometime. I

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was going to sweep it away but decided to look inside first. To my surprise, I found the garlic. At first, I was going to trade it for chow but since chow is too scarce for trading, I cut the garlic into small pieces added some salt and made myself a good sized bottle of garlic water.

Sat., Nov. 25, '44. Last evening, I retired shortly after 8 P.M. A fellow from this barracks, who dog-robs for the Am. truck drivers, brought some canned dog meat and soup down to the barracks. He had 3 buckets and treated his friends. I heard the scraping of mess kits and rattle of spoons but all I could do was lie there and think of roast chicken or t-bone steaks or pork chops etc. I have been kept from sleeping the last several nights due to brainstrms about food. I pity a snake that is hungry, I really do..

Am. planes in small groups have been flying around today. There were occasional bombings to be heard to the south, north and west of us today. Everyone is expecting a big air show tomorrow since this seems to be a custom of the Yanks to put on a show for us once a week.

As I sit here writing this afternoon, camotes are being brought to our mess hall. This is the first issue of camotes for this season. But there is no use getting excited about them, for we will receive them only in very small amounts. If ever I see the day when I can eat as much as I want of one particular item of food, I will be a happy fellow. Someday, I will have a feast on meat, beans and sweet potatoes and plenty of rich highly seasoned gravy and many many hot biscuits.

A month from today will be Xmas. There are rumors that we are going to receive Red & chow but I do not listen to it. The Japs say that they have a surprise for us. I am looking for a surprise from the Yanks. Furthermore, if the Japs give you one camote or 1 cigt. or 1 bar of soap, they consider that as a big surprise for us. How my heart aches and my mind longs for a Xmas with my people again. Some people may enjoy Xmas and get as much out of Xmas as I used to but no one enjoys it more than I ever did. If only there would be peace throughout the world this Xmas season. The brilliant display of gifts, the decorations, winter weather, Holiday spirit and all will make me a child again. Oh for that first Xmas back home.

After supper, the butchering detail brought the head, heart, legs, and bone trimmings from a fresh butchered carabao to the mess hall. It was given to the detail by the Japs and the detail donated it to the mess hall. It will make very good rich broth. Two more large cartloads of camotes were also brought to the mess. A carabao wandered on the farm from some Filipino pasture and a Jap sentry shot it. The Japs took the meat and we got the bones. The Japs harvested the camotes and they are to last us for 5 days. After bango, I received a pleasant surprise. Sgt. Farr, my former sergeant while on Ft. Hughes and now a truck driver for the Japs, sent me some chow. I received enough cassava to

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completely fill a large round porcelain dish about 2 inches deep and larger in circumference than a pie pan. This cassava was completely smeared with good fish gravy. I ate until I was actually in misery and thought I would get sick. Cassava makes so much gas on your stomach that you hardly know what to do. I spent $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. at the latrine but did not get sick. Also, my former eating buddy, brought down a 3 gal. pail of mixed greens for me to quan and divide with him. Still feeling sick at my stomach from too much to eat, I quietly eased my way to bed at 8:30 P.M. I was miserable but happy. It was a beautiful moonlight night and I lay there and thought about what I would do if I were back home or in Frisco on a Saturday night like this. Soon I was asleep.

Sun., Nov. 26, '44. Planes were heard during the night but we have not seen any thus far. I fixed my greens immediately after breakfast and then went to mass. I made a cup of salad from the greens by adding a little grease and garlic water. I ate this after Mass since I have been craving greens for sometime. We do not receive any from the farms although there are acres of greens out there.

The mosquitoes are terrible at this time. I was forced to put up an individual net this morning. This is the first time that I will have ever slept under an individual net since the imprisonment. The large green nets which have been in the bei-hei have been taken down.

Everyone in the upper area is working the farm today, even though it is Sunday. We think that they are harvesting ohow to be sent to the prisoners in Manila. A friend of mine told me that his detail hoed talinum yesterday and that the weeds were twice as high as the talinum. The stupidity of these Japanese. Another cartload of meat and meat scraps just came to the mess hall. Although this was mostly scraps, it means more broth which I do crave. I just obtained a pan of scraps from a papaya tree which I will wash and clear and then have it boiled. Life is very unpleasant when you have to depend upon finding something extra to eat or someone giving you some extra food. You spend many hungry hours.

We have some very stupid Am. officers in this Bei-hei. Two of them bear the rating of Capt. They are very sick, do not stand bango outside but lie down when the doctor or Japs are around. Both of them are working in the kitchen now, drawing A ohow. Their money is no good and they are hungry. Just how sick are they? these so called captains! Then we have a major and many commanders who sit and argue about ohow, cassava, their pay, etc. They are the laughing-stock of the bei-hei, these leaders of men.

The Yanks disappointed us today and did not come. It has been a very quiet Sunday. I ate greens for dinner and sent another large bucket of pig-weed and one of papaya tree to the quan stove after dinner. I will share this quan with my friend in the upper area. We are to have rice, meat gravy, washed

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camotes and a little okra seed soup for supper.

I have felt pretty good the last few days and continue to take 2 iron-sulphate and 2 calcium tablets twice a day. Mon. Nov. 27, '44. We had our first camotes last night. Everyone received 2 helpings of washed camotes, some dry rice and rich meat gravy with lots of ground meat in it. This was our first real meal in several days.

Today, our bei-hei deloused. The bed bugs all but pulled us out of bed at nights. Such a time. Everyone was moving his possessions around, sending his bedding & clothes through the delouser, carrying wood and water, sweeping and cleaning the bei-hei and working as best they could. But you would think that we were constructing a 40 story building. All the yelling, excitement, harsh words and general struggle to get anything done. I pity these people when they return to civilization again. This was a very hot day and everyone became very tired. We used a great deal of soap and creosote on the bamboo. We let it dry thoroughly and no one could put their possessions back in the bei-hei until 3 P.M. Such a scramble. Not having many belongings, I soon finished this job and then lay down to rest after taking a shower.

I had greens for dinner and supper, all I could eat of talinum and pig-weed. I made a green salad by sprinkling some salt and pwd. dry fish on the greens and then adding some garlic water. To the hot juice, I added a little carabao tallow and had several cups of good broth. Besides this I had several cups of the greens and in fact filled myself. I took a 2 gal. bucket of greens to the quan stove at noon and when it was returned at 4 P.M. I had a pail of water and a few greens. The quan cooks had strafed it and had a good feed on my greens. Pretty rough when people take greens but worse thing than that happen here. My bei-hei leader and I took the bucket and showed it to the mess officer who tried to blame it on to our bei-hei quan representative. But I made it very clear to him that the greens disappeared at the quan stove and no where else. Greens are very good when fried in grease and that is what the quan cooks have been doing. It is not funny that anyone who works in the kitchen or quan stove soon gets so fat.

We had a camote gravy mixed with meat broth a good sized baked camote & dry rice for supper. I sure enjoyed that baked camote. It was a nice yellow one and the skin on it was baked crisp and sort of burnt so that it was crisp & crunchy. I am longing for the day when I can have all the baked Idaho, Irish or Sweet potatoes I want - oozing and dripping with butter. I eat my salad, soup and greens first and then enjoy my food issued from the mess hall. This I eat and chew slowly so as to thoroughly enjoy every bit of it.

My friend brought down a 5 gal. pail of greens after supper which I was to share with a few others. We had a visit across the fence in the moonlight and he told me about hoeing talinum

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on the farm and how the Japs and Americans were trading with each other. He told me that he would bring me some greens tomorrow noon to quon for the two of us. These are brilliant moonlight nights and we will soon have a full moon.

The Jap major in charge of our camp came down into the hospital area last night after bango. He was feeling plenty high and passed out some cigarettes. Several guards accompanied him. Many Jap men have very low morals which are most evident when they are influenced by dope or liquor. The major was an example.

Tues., Nov. 28, '44. Everyone slept real well last night in our clean barracks. As I walked through the building on my trips to the latrine, I could not help but notice the good clean smell of cresote and soap suds. As I go to the latrine on these beautiful moonlight nights, I always stop and gaze up into the sky and at the moon. This splendor of the heavens seems to get me and I think of the moonlight nights back home, of my dear people, my native country which I love more and more each day, and for my nation's flag which I have not seen for years. A thousand thoughts in a few minutes under a brilliant tropical moon - and then back into the old bei-hei - lonesome, I guess, that's all.

Flights of supposedly Am. planes have been operating to the north and south of us for the last several days. We have heard that the Americans have all the Phil. Is. under control at the present time, except Luzon. I am looking for an invasion every-day and praying for it by the hour.

This noon, 2 carabao cartloads of camotes were brought to the galley and some scraps of meat. We were all very much surprised to see all these. We have had meat grease in our lugao and mashed camotes for several days. It certainly imparts a good flavor to this tasteless food.

The fellows at Am. Hdqtrs. have been working until midnight for the last two weeks. They are typing rosters of details of Am. P. of W. which left this camp long ago, and must have them all completed by Nov. 29th. The Japs are evidently attempting to have all camp records complete to hand over to the Yanks. But I know many things which they never will complete. And what kind of records will they offer for the thousands who rotted away at Camp O'Donnell and out here at group 4 or Boat Hill to say nothing of many others who did not make the March in from Batang and other individuals killed mercilessly. There are many unwritten records about this camp - unwritten and unknown to the outside world and which the outside world would never believe if they did read them. Oh!! for the day when I can walk out of here a free man - to forget these years of starvation and yellow - race rule of terror - and to look forward to happiness back in America - where people are free and happier than any other peoples in the World.

I spent the forenoon sleeping and most of the afternoon writing. I quanned a lot of greens today and will have plenty for supper and also tomorrow. There has been much tallinn in

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these last few batches.

After supper, a large crowd gathered in the brilliant moonlight outside our bei-hei and listened to some old time fiddle and guitar music. It sounded very good and everyone was talking and laughing in a jovial spirit. Many prisoners had made bargains with the Japs for cigarettes and since the Japs received a large shipment of cigs., everyone was smoking "up a storm".
Wed., Nov. 29, '44. Two truckloads of Jap troops left camp last night. It seems that the Filipinos are causing trouble of some sort. There have been 2 Filipinos tied up over at the Jap camp for several days. The Jap M.P.'s. have been in camp today. There has been no trading for cigarettes. Two more Filipinos were brought in today and given the "Water treatment". Jap sentries have been "out" nearly all day. There was no farm detail.

Today, I began reading "Crosswind of the Empire" aloud to two fellows who have very poor eyesight. It is a book about the Jap issue in the Philippines and is very well written. I had not heard of it before, although it is a 1941 publication. I consider it for better in thought and subject matter than "Orphans of the Pacific". Reading aloud is one of the finest things I can do. Malnutrition has affected my throat and voice, so this reading aloud will help improve my speech and aid me to speak distinctly. After so many years of not reading newspapers, I am surprised at the words I cannot pronounce. Reading aloud prevents me from skimming over them. I read 100 pages for the fellows today.

After a slim chow for supper, I pulled out one of my cigarettes, a Cabanatuan special wrapped in wall paper, and leisurely smoked it. Not having had tobacco for sometime, it made me dizzy. It was a quiet evening and I was rather lonesome.
Thurs., Nov. 30, '44. Today is Thanksgiving! But is just another day here. On previous Thanksgivings, we were issued extra carabao and other rations. Today we had very little. Our dinner consisted of a handful of Dirty dry rice and a small salmon can of Gamotes soup. We have no meat issued for today. The least we could have had was an addition of fish gravy. We have received no fish from our galley for several days. The mess officer and crew in our kitchen at present are "no goods". But I try to console myself by thinking of our freedom - some day? Maybe? But I am certainly thankful for one thing - and that is that I am still alive. I thanked God many times this forenoon in my mental prayers for this grace alone. I always look to the east and the hills and recite my morning prayers, while waiting for the Jap officer to come and count us at morning bango. I always pray for strength and endurance, an increase of faith, hope and charity, peace and an allied victory, blessings upon my nation & family, the poor souls, and then a general Thanksgiving.

I spent most of the forenoon reading to the fellows with poor eyesight. I began another series of B-1 shots this morning, since my feet and legs are cramping very much and my left leg and foot are becoming quite numb. The afternoon was spent in

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sleeping and reading. Due to a water restriction (reason unknown). we were not permitted to bathe today.

Everyone has talked about Thanksgiving all day long. About all the good thing they formerly had to eat, what they would like to eat today, and what they would eat when and if they ever returned alive to the States. I tried not to listen as this makes me think and doing so, become hungry. The talking began at 6:30 bango this morning and lasted all day. Many thought that when they saw those first U.S. planes, last Sept. 21st, that we would be free by Thanksgiving. Thus, the morale of many is very low today. I must admit, if we are not free by the Xmas, my morale is going to be mighty low; if not completely gone.

Our supper consisted of the usual rice ration, some poorly made fish gravy ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup and very very little fish flavor - mostly imaginary) and a baked camote. I received a large yellow camote and was well satisfied. A ration received 1 large and small camote. Some fellows are still trading their ohov for cigarettes and they are usually fellows who need the ohov the most. I made a trade of 1 cigt. for a fellow's A ohov tomorrow noon. He wanted a smoke badly, so I took him up on his deal.

Fri., Dec. 1, '44. Today marks the beginning of the last month of this year and I have only one thought in mind. Will the close of this year bring us our freedom? My last Xmas at home was in 1940 - four long, yes very long years ago.

This forenoon I completed the usual reading of "Crosswinds of the Empire". The fellows will select another book which I will begin reading for them tomorrow. Upon my return home, I should like to do things of this type for bedridden patients and many other things to comfort them and bring them happiness. I am certain that I shall think of the suffering frequently, since I have seen so much sadness here. I recall reading a magazine article about a blind person who stated that she had attended the most outstanding operas, read the best literary works and met the authors, enjoyed musical gems and their composers, had attended the best movies, and had travelled to all the interesting places throughout the world. She stated that her world was not one of darkness but instead a very bright one. Why? Because someone had read many books to her, she had listened to many talking records and of course had done some reading in Braille herself. Yes, a copy of the Reader's Digest in Braille is to be my gift to the Jonesville, Wis., school for the Blind just as soon as I have the money and can write to that place. This is just one of things I have planned upon my return to the States.

A chicken or duck is cooked and given to a patient in the surgical ward when they are very low. The welfare department keeps a few on hand for this purpose. The other day one of these welfare chickens disappeared. It was thought that some hungry prisoner had quanned the chicken. The Am. camp commander immediately went to the quan kitchen to check up. Yes, someone

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had quanned a fowl. But upon further investigation, it was found out that some one on the corral detail had killed 2 crows which he had caught in traps. And I believe if the rats around here continue to increase in size, there will be many rats roasted and fried over at that quan stove.

Each night, many Japs dress as Filipinos and go out into the barrios to mingle with the Filipinos and act as G-men. This morning at 4 A.M., I was awakened by rifle fire over by the duck corral. All the Japs were yipping and yapping and making a great deal of noise. They gathered in large numbers and searched that entire area. I do not know what happened but evidently the guerrillas are active again. I had hoped that some Filipino Joe had swung a sharp bolo and possibly he did. Many truckloads of Jap troops go up the road to the northeast of this camp each day.

The afternoon was quiet, cloudy and scattered with showers of rain. I slept and wrote and thus passed the last day of this last month of 1944.

Sat., Dec. 2, '44. Much to our surprise, we were given 2 baked camotes for B ration chow at supper time. We sure did enjoy these and A ration received 3 large camotes. The chow situation is getting serious. Men are gathering in groups and threatening to bring about action. Several meetings were held last night.

Between 8 and 9 P.M., especially and at intervals during the night, heavy rumblings could be heard and felt herein this camp. Many thought that it was heavy artillery but I think it was thunder. The largest movement of tanks, guns, supplies, armored trucks and Jap troops that has ever passed this camp, went east and up the road in the moonlight last night and early this morning. The Japs are either expecting a landing or are evacuating. I am praying that the Yanks will land.

A meeting of officers and bei-hai leaders was held this forenoon at AM. Hdqtrs. regarding the chow situation. What it will bring forth, if anything, remains to be seen.

I began reading aloud, the book "Famous Trials in History". Most feeling good, I read very little during the day.

I traded cigs. for a nice yellow camote last night which I saved for my breakfast. I also had an extra A ration of washed camotes for dinner by a cigarette trade and have another A ration coming up tomorrow. I get these camotes for 2 cigarettes. I only have 2 cigarettes left, but certainly wish that I could obtain more.

Money of any type is no good in this camp. Just think of that; American money, Philippine currency, or silver, nor the Japanese currency. Man cannot buy goods with money. Tobacco is now the medium of exchange. Corn was king and now it is tobacco. We receive no tobacco and have to depend upon making bargains with the Japs who have cigs. American products are exchanged for cigarettes which are issued to the Jap soldiers. I recall in my study of Economics while a Sophomore in High School, how trading and bartering began in the history of the

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world and how various articles were used for weights, measures and mediums of exchange. I also recall how the Indians used wampum. But I never realized that I would see such bartering days as these. I have 13 pesos which I am hanging on the "just in case" we ever have the opportunity to buy anything again. Sometimes, I think that when we get paid-off back in the States that most of us will buy everything we see and then again I believe I will be very careful about my spending. But time will tell.

Sun., Dec. 3, '44. Last evening at bango, our bei-hei representative told us what he found out at the meeting yesterday forenoon. We were told how many grams of rice and camotes which the Japs issued to the kitchen, how many grams of each we received daily and that everything in the kitchen was on the level. The same old story - a few facts and figures presented by the mess officer to appease the hungry men and make them believe that everything is being done to serve them the most chow possible. As a result, there were heated talks about chow after supper. I did not take part in them and neither did I listen to them. Gatherings of prisoners to discuss chow and constant complaining are now forbidden and the offenders are subject to 2 wks. work on the utilities detail without a chow.

Much trouble has arisen in our bei-hei concerning chow. A captain is being shanghaied to duty because he was reported by the bei-hei leader as complaining or "bitching", as it is commonly called here, about the chow. Many very weak patients and patients almost blind have been caught trading chow for cigarettes and are being punished by performing extra work. Some who have had special duty jobs and have complained about chow have lost their jobs. Hungry Americans, half starved at the hands of the Japs, are fighting amongst themselves and causing each other more suffering and more trouble. Oh God in their mercy, spare us and give us strength to survive this ordeal which I pray will end soon.

Some fellows are picking up bits of stems and leaves from greens which others have thrown in the garbage box and cooking them. Most anything to help fill up that empty space in the stomach. Diarrhea, stomach cramps and sickness result. But these men are hungry. The other night, one fellow saw a rat and said: Look at that rat! Big as a horse! No, said another fellow - he is not that big - we are just getting smaller. But men working in the kitchen look like giants to us. Today is the first Sunday in Advent and I attended mass, confession and communion. Then I did some oral reading and slept. After dinner, I fixed some camote tips to be quanned for supper. My friend from the upper area worked in the camotes this forenoon and so brought them to me. They will taste good with some salt and carabao tallow. Rations of rice and camotes have been brought to our kitchen so we have visible signs of eating a few more days. But we are all pretty weak and hungry all the time. I try not to think of food, but I just do.

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Mon., Dec. 4, '44. Two trucks left camp early this morning loaded with camotes which were harvested by the farm detail yesterday. They were going to Manila and one American truck driver made the trip. Upon his return, there will be some news in camp.

A small detail from the hospital area went to duty this morning at 9:30 A.M. including 3 men from this barracks. Most of the fellows are volunteering now because of the fact that they can pick up greens and extra food while working on the farm.

I have been very weak and hungry all day long and have done nothing but sleep and rest. I am praying daily for strength mentally and physically. I would like to have enough ambition to read, write, think, sew, sketch or do something to pass away the time. This is by far the worst condition that I have ever confronted.

It has been raining in the hills for several days and we have had occasional showers here.

Sometime ago I read the book "Byways to Adventure". In the section on Bird-Watching was mentioned a new book of 1941 entitled "Wings at my Window". I accidentally saw and read a review of "Wings at my Window" in an old copy of a 1941 Reader's Digest late yesterday afternoon.

Tues., Dec. 5, '44. This morning I attempted reading again. I began a biography of Paul Revere by Esther Forbes. The book describes the country and times in which he lived. The colonial life and struggles of the colonists has always interested me very much. The clever acts they committed against the tyranny of Great Britain, have always elung to my memory from history. It all means so much to our American heritage of which I am proud. So I have spent the entire day reading.

Today we had camote and cucumbers soup for dinner which tasted very good. The Japs became good hearted and gave us a few kilos of good sized cucumbers. A small amount of meat scraps came to the kitchen at noon, so we will have some meat broth for supper. We have been having dry rice and washed camotes for dinner and supper for quite sometime now. Last night we had camote soup with powdered fish in it. Any kind of soup goes here and we are glad to get it. There have been some changes in the mess personnel and policies so I think it does some good to complain. Also, we had a lot of washed camotes in our lugao this morning.

We have not been able to do any laundry or bathing for several days due to a water restriction while the pump was being repaired. It was lifted at noon today and I was the second person under shower.

Wed. Dec. 6, '44. Our supper last evening was unusually good; a handful of dry rice, 2 small baked camotes and $\frac{1}{2}$ canteen cup of gravy made from meat, camotes and rice. The gravy was very

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

very tasty and God alone, only knows how I enjoyed those baked camotes; even though they were only half-baked and very very dry.

This morning, I felt good and so I aired all my bedding, washed my pillow case and clothes, turned my mattress and shaved. Then I spent the rest of the morning reading "Paul Revere". It certainly will bring me great comfort to lay my head down on a snow-white clean pillow-case laundered with real P & G soap from the States.

The mess hall gave our bei-hei the peelings from the camotes today. So, 38 of us divided these wormy peelings, cut out the worst pieces, washed them, and prepared a stew or soup from them for our supper. They were very wormy and so our stew will be bitter. But anything to take away the hunger. Many men have been having "hunger shakes" here recently.

A few American planes flew over this area today. Thurs., Dec. 7, '44. We were very lucky to have our camote peelings stew for supper last evening since our chow from the mess hall was very small. The stew was very good and we received a good canteen cup of it. Dry rice and a small camote stew with a little meat in it, was all we had from the mess hall.

After supper, I sat and talked with a fellow about what our reactions to civilized life would be. Someone gave me a cigt., and I was as happy as a child at Xmas. We have learned to appreciate such little things. I smoked half of it and saved the other half for the following day. Smoking tobacco is so rare these days. Everyone is digging deep trying to find articles to trade with the Japanese for cigarettes.

Men go about with small pails cutting single stalks of pig-weed or any green which they can find. Stalks of okra plants, most any kind of green leaf or stem, and plants that will make a soup or stew are being gathered and cooked by the hungry prisoners. Yet, some of the weakest patients in the poorest physical condition continue to trade their chow for cigarettes.

A few Am. planes flew over again today. Larger flights were seen and heard to the south and north of this camp. Bombing and rumblings in the distance could also be heard. I spent most of the day reading "Paul Revere".

At supper time, I was given a cupful of pig-weed greens which helped out so much. I also received half a cup of pig-weed salad with green onion tops cut up in it. Did those onions ever taste wonderful? As I ate the salad, I sat there and pictured a great big combination salad on a large platter. Oh for the days of good food again - when you can eat as much as you want and not have to take just what is given you. I had a headache all day from being hungry. This is becoming a common thing.

After supper, a friend gave me a good-sized pail full of pig-weed for tomorrow. I had forgotten he was still in the upper area and his gift surprised me very much and made me very happy. The friend who was bringing me greens is now working in the mess hall so he no longer brings me any greens. With a full stomach,

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I sat around after supper, with pleasant thoughts of home. We were given some more camote peelings for a stew which we cleaned after supper. This will help out our moon day meal for tomorrow. Fri., Dec. 8, '44. Three years ago today, this struggle in the Far East began. Little did I realize that it would still be going on 3 years hence nor do I think that American realized this same thing. The Japs went through their regular ceremonies this morning at 8 A.M. of raising their flag and reading their glorified successes in spreading the Sphere of Greater East Asia.

This is also the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and thereby a Holy Day of obligation. I attended mass and communion at 7:30 A.M.

We were out to one vitamin tablet this morning. There were some medical supplies brought into camp yesterday.

The two trucks that recently took camotes to Manila, returned yesterday afternoon. The rumors are now flying around camp. This is the news as I gathered it: Land-based planes are now flying over Manila from Leyte & Samar, the vicinity of Manila has been bombed the last four days, the men at Bilibid are receiving 2 meals each day consisting of a mixture of cornmeal and rice served as a lugao, and that 1500 pkgs. of cigarettes were brought back from Manila.

I had a good dinner today and really felt full for a few hours. I made a large porcelain dish full of pig-weed salad. The dish is a little larger in circumference than an ordinary sized pie tin and about 2 inches deep. I flavored the salad with salt and dry fish powder. I had my salad first, but was able to eat only half of it. Then I was given some more salad by another fellow and still another fellow gave me some cooked camote stems and juice. After all this, I sat back very comfortably and slowly but in an enjoyable manner chewed my washed camotes, 2 slices of cucumber and dry rice. We had 2 slices of cucumber for dinner at supper yesterday and cucumbers in our soup for supper. Our camote-peeling stew did not get done for dinner so we will have it for supper.

I finished reading "Paul Revere" today and plan to study the book "Culture" which I previously had. There is much practical knowledge to obtain from that book and there are many books listed in it which I wish to obtain for my library back home. I will get the book tomorrow from a friend who has it. He & I keep alternating it and thus keep it in our possession.

After dinner I slept and then wrote in my diary. I then fixed a large mess of pig-weed which I will have cooked the first thing tomorrow morning. Pig-weed soures very easily and smells quickly if left in water very long, in fact, one day. To my surprise, I was issued a canteen cup of cooked purple beans today as welfare chow. Boy! Oh, boy! did those beans taste good! Someday, I will sit down to a large pot of hot beans with fresh fat pork in them and eat all of them that I want to; plus plenty of hot corn-bread or french bread and butter or peanut butter, some catsup, cheese, pickles and some buttermilk or plain milk

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and a platter of steaming oven-hot baked sweet potatoes, cozing and dripping with butter. I have always been a bean eater since I was a small boy. I recall eating plenty of them when I was a small boy on the farm. Also, one Sunday evening my sister's fellow came to our house for supper. We had navy beans for supper and I assisted in setting the table. I placed the large bowls of navy beans on the table and soon one of my sisters, nervously broke the lamp chimney on the table as she accidentally hit it with a dish. We did not have beans for supper after all.

Sat., Dec. 9, '44. We had an unusually good supper last night. We were served dry rice, 2 helpings of washed camotes, camote & cucumber soup and fish powder. Besides this, I had a cup of camote stew and 2 cups of greens and green salad. It seemed so good to have your stomach full and I took plenty of time eating it in a leisure manner.

There is evidently a typhoon out in the China Sea. It began raining last night and a very strong wind has been blowing all day. The Hills of the East are covered with mist, rain and clouds which are blowing this way. I went to the fence several times today and imagined that I was looking at the mists, rains and hills of San Francisco. It really was a pleasure, although I was only kidding myself.

We prepared for usual Saturday inspection by the American officers but did not have any.

It being cold and windy outside, I spent most of the day sleeping. This afternoon, I began reading aloud to one of the fellows with bad eyesight. It is a book concerning the islands of the South Seas. He gave me a cigarette which I saved for after supper.

We again received 2 scoops of washed camotes for supper. Four cartloads of camotes were brought to the mess hall this evening. They are very wormy and there is a great deal of waste to them. They spoil very easily. The ration detail come out of the mess hall with washed camotes simply piled and stacked upon large plotters and tins. They receive a special ration and it really is special. Since we are receiving more camotes and also fish powder there is a great deal of trading for chow. Hospital patients line up by the road which the farm workers come to the mess hall and yell out fish pwd. or camotes for cigarettes. Even some men from the T-B ward come up here and trade their chow for cigarettes. They try to cover up their canteen cups or small dishes and do their trading on the sly, but fail to do so. The patients who need the food worst are doing the most trading.

After supper, I smoked my cigarettes but did not enjoy it since it was loosely rolled and was poor tobacco - went over to the kitchen to get a light from a bucket of coals which they keep there for that purpose. Seeing the coals in the kitchen stoves made me long for an open fire-place back home at this time, and the customary Yule Log burning in the fireplaces at Xmas. A strong cold wind forced me to retire early.

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Sun., Dec. 10, '44. It is cold and cloudy this A.M. About 8 A.M., a friend of mine from California stopped by to visit me. He works at Am. Hdqtrs. We spent the forenoon talking about cheese, Swiss people and customs, Swiss cooking, wine, beer, Swiss cookies and candies at Xmas and also about my city and county. A heavy rain began at 10:30 A.M. and continued for several hours. This will be good for the gardens. Some prisoners are setting out stalks of pig-weed, camote vines and transplanting okra plants.

I have eaten so much pig-weed recently, that my stomach is very sore and partly swollen. This is due to the salad I ate, since it is hard to digest pig-weed if it is not cooked. I often wonder how our stomachs can digest anything. All we eat is starch and water. Camotes make so much gas on our stomachs and the last few nights have been very noisy since the increase of the camote ration.

For dinner and supper this day, we received an 8 oz. scoop of real dry camotes which were washed. Our washed camotes have previously been very wet and saggy. The kitchen has a wooden block which they can put in or take out of this scoop to increase or decrease the ration. At present, this wooden block has been removed and since the camotes are dry, we are receiving a much better serving. The dry washed camote are much more filling.

I slept most of the afternoon and then did some oral reading. The rain continued throughout the afternoon and I put on my long trousers over my blue denim shorts and a jacket over a navy shirt. The cold rainy weather was too much for me. Why be cold when you have the clothes to keep warm?

We were issued 2 rations of washed camotes and fish powder for supper. Chow-trading was brisk. Many fellows trading their camotes and fish powder for cigarettes. Men with canes because their legs are half paralyzed, T-B patients weighing less than 100 lbs., men whose eyesight is very very poor, and others suffering, generally, from malnutrition. Americans, simply must have their cigarettes! Or are they Americans? Most everyone went to bed about 7 P.M. and had a warm sleep with all those clothes on. It will certainly seem strange to sleep without my clothes on after doing so all these years. But when you sleep on bamboo, and have practically no flesh on your shoulders, tail bone, buttex, hips nor any place else, your clothes serve as a padding. Furthermore, they help to keep the ants and bed-bugs from biting so freely.

Monday, Dec. 11, '44. This morning we were given permission to write another 25 word message home. I sent the following message to my mother: Dear mother: my thoughts and prayers for you, your cellar, garden, health, comfort, smiles, Durocs, bonds, and home especially now. Regards to Mr. Clans. ----- I want to impress my mother that I was thinking strongly of the security, comforts and happiness at home especially with the Xmas season so close at hand. My last four words referred to none other than that my old gentleman from the North Pole - Santa Claus.

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Our bei-hei was given the camote peelings from the mess hall right after breakfast. Another fellow and I worked on our share of them until 10:30 A.M. and turned in 8 canteen cups of cleaned dry peelings. So we should have about 9 cups of cooked peelings for our supper. The cooked peelings will be issued out in proportion to the amount you turned in. Some fellows have been doing very little or no work but drawing just as many cooked peelings as the next fellow. This will be eliminated from now on.

The sun came out at 10:30, so I hurriedly took a shower. This was my first in 2 days due to the cold rainy weather. It was then chow time. We had camote soup, dry washed camotes and rice. Several days ago, we had to decide if we wanted to eat dry rice or lugao 3 times each day. We could have our choice. I decidedly chose dry rice. The lugao which is served for dinner and supper is very watery and has no grease in it. As a result, those who chose lugao are sorry people these days and 3/4 of our bei-hei signed up for lugao. So I traded my dry rice this noon for an issue of camotes with a lugao patient. I really filled myself with washed camotes since I had 2 pie tins full of camotes plus my soup.

Soon after dinner, I washed out some clothes, shaved, wrote in my diary and read the "Book of Culture". Thus, the day passed quickly and pleasantly.

Things are very quiet about the camp and there is practically no plane activity. I heard one flying low in the rain yesterday afternoon and also heard one at 2:30 A.M. this morning. A strong rumor in camp states that a large American convoy has landed in Leyte with troops and supplies in preparation for the invasion of Luzon. That is just what we want so we can be in American hands by Xmas, this year.

Tues., Dec. 12, '44. We had full stomachs last night. We received dry rice, 2 large baked camotes and a good camote stew. In addition to this, I received a gallon pail of camote-peeling stew. I ate all of my stew, soup and dry rice but saved my baked camotes. I was actually in misery. Too many camotes give me a headache. But we have to eat this way in order to satisfy our stomachs.

During the night and this morning, we have heard deep explosions to the north and east. Plane activity has also been heard in those directions. But living in the dark, we do not know the significance of all this.

This forenoon was spent in reading and studying "The Book of Culture". I covered the sections on sculptors, painters, architects and some history. I am trying to affix the outstanding thoughts in my mind which I find most difficult to do. I recently spoke to my doctor about this matter who informed me that his mind functioned very slowly and that he could not remember things. It is all due to lack of food; half-starvation, malnutrition at the hands of these Japanese. I write down the outstanding thoughts on paper and then go over them from time to time.

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Sometime ago, long drawers, some of cotton and some of wool, were issued to some of the patients in the hospital; there was not a sufficient amount for everyone. On cold mornings, fellows can be seen running around in their long drawers, with a pair of khaki or blue denim shorts worn over them. This presents a rather humorous picture here in the tropics.

We were warned early this morning, that we should be on the look-out for a Japanese inspection of our personal belongings. We were also informed to hide all drugs, medicines, diaries, maps or pictures that we might have in our possession. I immediately hid my diary, papers and books outside in a bench with a false bottom in it. I had been keeping them at the head of my bunk in an old suitcase which Schei left for me. I placed them in this bench and then set it under the bei-hei behind my eating table and covered the bench with an old piece of canvas. While I am writing at the present time, I am doing so with both my ears and eyes wide open.

Several cartloads of camotes and some greens came to the mess hall this forenoon. A cartload of rations went to the supply house yesterday. We have recently been having soup or gravy for dinner and supper. Our large serving of dry washed camotes continues. This noon, we had radish tops cooked in our camote soup. This was a rare treat for us and everyone enjoyed them so much. We are to have some more for supper. The greens tasted somewhat like turnip tops and then like cabbage to me. What I could do with a large kettle of stew with boiled cabbage in it, or weiners and sauerkraut or oole slow or cabbage salad of any description! I ate one of my baked camotes, which I saved from supper with my lugac this morning. I will have the other for supper.

Because of so many complaints against the mess hall, a representative from each bei-hei now spends a day at the mess hall observing the preparation and serving of the chow. He is an observer of all things, is free to ask any questions, investigate any conditions, eats his meals with the mess officer and then makes a report to his bei-hei. But this is an old concentration camp joke to me. I saw the same thing happen last year when I was in the upper area. The men who were eating at a certain mess hall complained & almost rioted and mobbed the mess officer. Then, merely as an act of appeasement and nothing else, representatives were invited to spend a day at the mess. A beautiful picture was painted and a smooth yarn tightly and carefully spun, and things went on in the same old manner. And so it is happening here again. But as long as the Japanese increase our rations, I do not care. I want to get enough to eat to live through this imprisonment.

Recently, I received some duck meat from the welfare department for which I am most grateful. I was informed at noon that I was going to receive it but somehow I did not get it until supper time. My bei-hei leader had to get it while I went through the chow line. This is what I received - 1 piece of meat, 1 ducks web-foot in some luke warm water. The meat was very good and I chewed the foot, web-skin, toes, bones and all. I never ate duck

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feet before, but I did this one. The skin slid off the toes as gloves off a hand which amused. There was not one globule of oil or grease in the water since it had gone elsewhere. By adding salt to the pale yellow water, I obtained a faint-imaginary duck flavor. But I am thankful to the welfare department. There is a sign hanging in the quan kitchen which reads: quit your bitching. "I think it should read: quit your snitching!"

Rain, which set in at bango time this morning, has continued all day. But I have been bright in spirits all day long. This is due chiefly to eating more chow. This afternoon, I did a great deal of writing and some additional reading.

An issue of meat arrived at our mess hall at 2:30 P.M. today. Oh boy! Meat gravy tomorrow! That is something to look forward to in this place.

A great surprise come to us all at 3:30 P.M. this afternoon. It happened so quickly and suddenly that it swept us off our feet. Each prisoner received 41 Manila white cigarettes. The Japanese major had given orders for the cigarettes to be issued when they were first brought to camp. But they were not. Instead, heavy trading of cigarettes for American goods took place. The Jap major found this out and the secret was out. The Jap quartermaster had held the cigarettes back and was racketeering off them. All prisoners working on detail today were shook down and searched by the Japanese higher officials. The cost of the cigarettes was 1 peso 65 centavos per person. Money to pay for them was provided by those who had money and who willingly donated it so that everyman could have his cigarettes. I had enough to pay for my issue and also for a friend of mine. Some fellows made a racket of the affair by getting permission to buy another fellow's cigarettes for him and charging him 8 cigarettes for furnishing the money. The Americans have made a racket out of everything in this prison camp and instead of working together for everyone's benefit, they out each others throat and thought only of their own individual benefits. Everyone was highly excited and readily grabbed their cigarettes. Some could not wait until they received their own, and borrowed one from the first fellows who received them.

At supper time, more greens and camotes were brought to our kitchen. We had a thick camote soup with many radish tops in it; also some pieces of radish. Last year, we received the radishes, also, but this year we are mighty glad to receive the tops only. I ate my other baked camote and was miserably full. Then I smoked one of my cigarettes. But I was so full and the tobacco was so strong, that I did not enjoy it. I think I will smoke a few, but will use most of them to trade for chow. Everyone was smoking in a plentiful manner. Cigarette lights could be seen everywhere and the air was full of a tobacco odor. Loud talk and laughter could be heard everywhere throughout the dark night as Japanese searchlights brightened the darkly clouded skies to the south of us. Heavy rumblings which shook the earth, were heard between 8:30 and 9:30 P.M. Rumors state that Krueger

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and a large convoy landed at Leyte and that the ships left immediately after disposing of their men and supplies. The Japs expect them to return soon and land upon Luzon. Since we have no Xmas shopping days here, I am counting the "Landing" days until Xmas. This has been a great day and I am thankful to God for the good things which happened for our benefit. this day.

Wed., Dec. 13, '44. A beautiful, cloud-free dawn greeted us this morning after several days of rainy weather. Not a single cloud was on the horizon nor hanging over the lower ridge of hills. We signed our cards which we recently wrote to our families. We had the opportunity to order panutsa syrup for 30 pesos per Prim can full. We have heard that sugar will be issued to the mess hall Monday - the first in months.

Meat-gumbo was served for dinner and enjoyed by all. We received a 12 oz. dipper of thick rich rice gumbo containing ground meat and cooked camotes. We also received a small issue of washed dry camotes.

Most of the day was spent in studying "The Book of Culture." Each day I am finding more seeds of knowledge in this book and am enjoying it more and more. It is a book I shall always want at my hands-reach to increase my knowledge of this world and the civilization in which I am living.

Supper was very good. We received our regular issue of rice, washed camotes, a big serving of cooked greens and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of thick rich meat gravy with rice and camotes in it. I traded my dry rice for an issue of washed camotes which is more filling and I gave 3 cigarettes for an issue of meat gravy. After supper, I smoked part of a cigarette and talked about the holiday season back in the States. When tobacco was scarce, you could not smoke a cigarette unless two or three fellows would come up to you and almost beg you for "just one drag" or "save me the butt". This is no more or at least for a few days. I have put my full package away and will save it to trade for chow with those who are willing, after this issue of cigarettes is gone. I am hoping that we will receive some tobacco for Xmas since everyone's morale is so much higher when they can smoke.

Asthma patients have been suffering intensely during this rainy damp weather. Their heavy breathing and continuous coughing can be heard throughout the night. They have to be given a shot of Adrenalin ever so often.

A new malady has sprung up in camp. Some men are going about with their eyes almost closed. Their eyelids want to go shut and it is not easy to open them. The doctors state that it is something new to them but undoubtedly it is all due to malnutrition.

Ducks from the Japanese duck corral are disappearing. The Japs have issued an order stating that anyone found quanning their ducks will be severely punished. The ducks are wandering across the road into the dysentery where they are snatched up and put in a pot and privately quanned by some hungry American prisoners. This has been going on for sometime but just recently the Japs missed their ducks.

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E.L.S.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

Thurs., Dec. 14, '44. Immediately following bango last night, all American prisoners were examined by the doctors by orders of the Japanese. Anyone who had symptom of drooping eyelids or wiggling necks was moved to the dysentery area and quarantined. This was done to prevent the disease from spreading in case it is contagious. 18 from our bei-hei had the disease. The victims have been nicknamed "wiggle necks". It is undoubtedly due to malnutrition. I continue to take 6 iron sulphate tablets daily, 2 liver shots a week, and just finished another course of B-1 shots.

The Yanks returned to us this morning and have kept things hot around here throughout the entire day. The first ones appeared about 7:30 A.M. Flights of 12 or more planes have been in the skies all forenoon. Heavy bombing could be heard to the south and west of us. This continued steadily throughout the forenoon. Many think these are land-based planes. The heavy powerful drone and rumble of the Yanks planes make them easily distinguished from the Jap planes. Their clever flying formations, maneuvering and beautiful dive bombing is surely wonderful to see. It seems to us that they fly around in small groups just looking for trouble and that is what we like to see. Strangest thing of all is that no Jap planes ever intercept them. Japanese guards could be seen running for their fox-holes all morning long. But I distinctly recall when I was kept busy hitting the dirt and hugging Old Mother Earth on Caballo. In those days, the air was full of Jap planes, roaming the air lanes at free will and not a single American plane could be seen. That was 3 years ago exactly. Now, the picture is reversed. Strange to say, this place has no Red Cross Markings although it is now strictly a hospital area. But we are sure that the Yanks know this place. The Cabanatuan airport was strafed and bombed twice this forenoon; at 9:45 A.M. and again at 11 A.M. It was a beautiful sight to see those American planes go into their dives. Our old bei-heis shook and wiggled from the bombings. A huge fire was caused by the second bombing of the airport and dark smoke arose into the clear sunlit Filipino sky. But I also recall seeing the seemingly endless clouds of smoke which hung over Manila Bay and the adjacent area for many days as a result of the bombing of Manila and Cavite.

Our bei-hei was issued camote peelings for a bei-hei stew just before dinner. After dinner, I immediately began cleaning my peelings and turned in 2 canteen cups for the evening stew at 2 P.M. I spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning the remainder of the peelings while American bombers flew over head and bombed the surrounding territory. The day passed quickly and was one of the happiest days I have spent for years. I whistled, tried to sing, and talked a great deal. At 4:30 P.M. I hurriedly took my shower and had a smoke. I stood guard last night for someone else who gave me 2 cigarettes for doing so. The cigarettes are too strong for me, so I cut them in two, reroll them in news-

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Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

paper and smoke $\frac{1}{2}$ cigarette at a time in a cigarette holder carved from carabao horn.

My stomach was really filled at supper time. We received dry rice, washed camotes, camote soup, 2 dippers of talinum and fish powder. Besides this, I had almost a gallon of camote peeling stew and an extra serving of talinum. I was so full that I saved my dry rice and washed camotes for breakfast and finished my camote-stew after evening bango. My stomach was certainly full of gas but I soon got rid of that. Then, I put both feet upon my bench, took off my skivvies and relaxed with a dhobie cigarette.

Just at dusk, a Jap plane circled our camp and crashed to the ground not far to the east of our camp. The perimeter lights went out and the torches were hung on the prison fence. The Japs were very excited and were yelping and chattering like hundreds of monkeys in some sacred temple of India. A Jap truck soon left camp and went in the direction of the fallen planes.

The morale of the T.B. ward is unusually high. Right after the crash of the plane, the patients were outside talking, laughing, and singing. Someone was playing a guitar while a group of prisoners sang "Let me call you Sweetheart", "Home on the Range", "Springtime in the Rockies" and other old tunes. I recalled the hundreds of times I had played these songs for dances back in the States and also danced to them myself. It brought back many golden memories and a bit of loneliness but yet what pleasure it is to live amongst our souvenirs of bygone years - just for a few minutes or hours.

At evening bango, we were again warned by the Japanese to stay in our bei-hei during any plane activity. We were told not to point nor wave our hands nor gather outside in groups. If the plane activity occurred at night and the perimeter lights were out, we were not to smoke any cigarettes nor light any matches.

Friday, Dec. 15, '44. Although there was plane activity throughout the night, I slept unusually well. Searchlights and A.A. bursts were seen in the vicinity of Clark Field. Planes flew over the camp at various hours during the night and flares were seen.

The Hanks are right back with us today. In fact, they were up, had their Ham & Eggs, and were flying over camp, by the time I sat down to eat my lugao. I really filled my stomach this morning. Besides my lugao, richly flavored with cooking oil, I ate my dry rice and washed camotes from supper. I took it slowly and ate every bit of it. I wrapped the chow up in a heavy cloth and kept it beside my bunk during the night. A small lizard or large cock-roach ate a hole through the clothes and got into it. But I checked up on it during the night, found the hole in the cloth, took the chow outside so I could see, and wrapped it in additional cloth.

65 *W.S.S.*

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

The planes are flying in every direction this forenoon. Twelve planes dive-bombed the Cabanatuan airport at 10:20 A.M. 'Twas a wondrous sight to watch, which I fully enjoyed. It was bombed and strafed again at 11:30 A.M. The Yanks just seemed to be flying around looking for trouble. But I cannot figure out what is over there that causes the Yanks to dive bomb it so frequently. But everyone is wondering when the Yanks are going to land here and come to stay with us. They do not like this idea of coming around bombing for a day or two and then staying away for a month. A Yankee landing - that's what I want for Xmas. The afternoon has been very hot. Small flights of Am. planes kept the airplanes hot throughout the P.M. I did considerable writing this P.M. and a little reading. I am anticipating a full stomach tonight, since I turned in 3 canteen cups of cleaned camote peelings for a barracks stew tonight.

Some fellows who ordered panutsa at 30 pesos for a Princeton full, are now trading their order for a pkg. of Manila white cigarettes. They have smoked all their cigarettes and some are now attempting to borrow cigarettes. In fact, a major tried to borrow cigarettes from me and several other fellows this afternoon. But no one knows if we will ever be issued anymore cigarettes or not and, furthermore, you cannot eat your pie and have it, too. I still have my full package and some besides. Salt is becoming very scarce and fellows are now trading chow and cigarettes for salt. I am planning to have plenty salt and cigarettes for Xmas, especially.

Although we had our usual supper, I filled up with the camote peeling stew. We had a thin soup of camote juice so I traded mine for an issue of washed camotes with a fellow who is burned out on camotes. I saved them for my breakfast. After bango, I went to the chapel in the library building in the upper area to rehearse the singing of Xmas carols for midnight mass. A low mass is planned due to present conditions. If war activities continue as they have the past few days, I do not believe it will be possible to have a midnight mass. But we are going to rehearse each evening after bango and be prepared. After the rehearsal, I returned and finished my camote stew; 1 gal. in all. A short smoke, and then to bed.

Sat., Dec. 16, '44. This old camp certainly received a jolt at 12:30 last night. American planes had been patrolling this area throughout the night. At 12:30 A.M., one particular plane spotted a motorized Jap unit on the road and strung six bombs out along the way. This happened very near our camp and it sounded as though the bombs were dropping right in the camp. Everyone awakened with a start, some jumping from the upper bunks, some hitting the floor and everyone talking in a most excited noisy manner. Mosquito bars were pulled down and shoes and skivvies were strewn all over the bai-hei floor. Of course everyone had to urinate and since we are not permitted to go to the latrine at a time like that, the buckets at the rear of our bai-hei were soon full. Everyone was outside talking and very excited. Some

Mary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

said that it was bombing, some that it was A.A. fire and others that it was tank-gun fire. Many arguments ensued for about an hour afterward, and then everyone went back to sleep. However, I did not get to sleep until 4 A.M. because of bed-bugs and ants biting my skin. When I did get to sleep, I dreamed of corn-beef until bango time.

The Yanks are with us again today. Flights of planes began coming over camp shortly after seven A.M. and the air has continually hummed with their roaring motors all forenoon. Several Jap tanks were brought in here during the night. The airport was dive-bombed and strafed 3 times this forenoon. It appears that some important hideout or strategic place is in or about this camp and the airport. The planes seem to be seeking for something which they cannot find. Many think that the Yanks have landed and others say that Luzon must be under complete Yankee control since these planes are spending so much time in this unimportant area.

There was no farm detail yesterday nor today due to the Yankees. The Japs brought in 8 carabao cartloads of camotes and greens yesterday afternoon for our mess hall. We had radish tops in our soup this noon which tasted so good. The Yanks took time off for lunch but are back again this afternoon strafing and bombing in that good old Yankee style.

Nothing new has developed to the "wiggie-necks" but they continue to be quarantined. No new cases have been reported and not any of the victims are seriously sick. I am glad for this.

The water restriction was lifted today and we are again permitted to do our washings and take our showers at will. These are very warm days and a shower each day is most essential.

The afternoon was spent reviewing data obtained from the "Book of Culture" and reading aloud some short stories by Arthur Train.

Recently, I have become the victim of "camote tooth brush"-not "pink toothbrush". Yes, we eat so many washed camotes that they impart a yellow stain upon our teeth which has stained my toothbrush. But stain or no stain, keep bringing those camotes.

Mail call brought me 2 letters at supper time. These were the first letters that my folks had mailed me and were the first letters that I have received in months. They were postmarked March 23rd and May 24th of 1943. They informed me indirectly of having 2 brothers and a nephew somewhere in service and of family conditions in general. The letters made me very happy and after supper, I sat at my table under the vines, removed my skivvies, put my feet up in the air, rolled one of my Manila cigarettes, and thought of the folks at home. My stomach was full of camotes, and although I was lonesome, I tried to be happy.

At 8 o'clock this evening, the Japs moved several tanks, armored trucks and some small artillery pieces into this camp.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

They were taken to the upper area which used to be part of this camp. Some of them were stored in the old bel-hels and mess halls. This is a non-combatant camp and area, so we are very much surprised at such action. Are the Japs using this prison camp for a hideout, or do they intend to arm it and then remove us in a sly manner and live here under our protection? These things are being discussed about the camp at this time.

Sun., Dec. 17, '44. A rain which began at bango time this morning has remained with us throughout the day. Although we saw no particular action of planes here today, large flights of them were heard to the north and south of us. Rumors state that the Yanks have taken Gebu and Iloilo and have now landed on Mindoro. One of the Am. planes dropped a belly-tank while flying over camp yesterday and it lit at the edge of our camp. An excited Jap guard came running through our area and went to get the tank. We all are hoping that the Yanks will drop us some corn-beef and cigarettes for Xmas if they do not free us by then. We are certainly looking for their rolling kitchens. I am duly prepared for a feast when they do come. My present list of eating utensils consists of 1 large round deep porcelain dish, 1 large sized pie tin, 1 large aluminum plate, 2 mess kits, 1 mess cup, 1 porcelain cup, 2 water glasses, 2 knives, 1 spoon and a fork.

Most everyone slept all forenoon and I did also since I did not feel good. My legs and arms feel very lifeless today and I almost fall over when I walk.

After dinner, I went to the library and browsed amongst the books. If only my mind was in better condition, I could master many excellent books while I am here. Becoming very weak and dizzy, I returned to my bel-hel just in time to receive an issue of camote peelings. It was now 2:30 P.M. so I hurriedly began work on them as I knew that it would mean extra chow. By 4:30 P.M., I had cleaned enough for 3 canteen cups. Having camote soup for supper, I traded mine for an issue of washed camotes. I filled up on this dry food and plenty of water.

Monday, Dec. 18, '44. Immediately following morning bango, I began cleaning more camote peelings and by time we had to turn them in, I had 4 cups in all. Then, I spent the remainder of the forenoon cleaning the rest of the peelings and cleaned 3 more cups of them. These I will keep in fresh water and quan tomorrow since I should have a good gallon or more of stew for myself today.

Trading 2 cigarettes for an issue of washed camotes, I filled my stomach for dinner. During noon hours, a cartload of radish tops were brought to the mess hall. I certainly intend to make a soup, rich flavored and seasoned, using radish tops and other greens when I get back home. I never ate radish tops in the States. And I never peeled and cleaned wormy old camote-peelings and ate the good part which was left. No, I never ate many of the things I have eaten in this camp, but hunger will drive man to eat most anything and I do mean most anything.

LT A.L.S.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

After dinner, we were informed that we would be examined by the Jap doctor at 2 P.M. I hurriedly shaved, showered and washed my G-string so as to be clean for the inspection. Then I wrote in my diary. We were examined at 2:30 P.M.

The Japanese trucks that enter & leave camp, are now camouflaged. Nets, ropes, wires and large branches of trees are used for the disguise. There has been no air activity today. We are wondering how long this lull will last. When will the storm break? That storm of invasion which will bring our freedom and return to our homeland and people, once more. Who said "The Golden Gate in '48!" I hope to make it in '45 if we are still alive!

We were all called back before the Japanese doctor at 3:15 P.M. He wanted to re-classify us. All we did was walk by him in our G-strings. A dhobie Revue!

A plentiful supper filled me with food and gladness. We had dry rice, 2 baked camotes, stew, and fish pwd. In addition to this we had our camote-peeling stew of which I received a little more than a gallon. Our stew from the mess hall was made of radish tops, lots of rice, camotes, and grease. It was very thick and tasty. I traded one cigarette for an issue of this good stew. So I ate 4 cups of the camote stew and 2 cups of the radish stew. This filled me to capacity. I put my dry rice, baked camotes and part of my camotes stew away for breakfast.

After supper, I sat at my table and listened to the victrola in the next bei-hei. I smoked one half of a cigarette and then retired.

Cigarettes and salt are becoming more scarce each day. He who has these two articles is considered a wealthy person. I am hanging on to mine as much as possible. Many are running out of cigarettes everyday. When they are ready to throw a nicotine fit, they will trade most anything for a cigarette. Also the fellows are beginning to trade chow for salt. This was done in the first days of our imprisonment.

Tues., Dec. 19, '44. We arose this morning to find ourselves in the middle of a black-out. A plane was flying about the area. Bombing was reported at 2:30 this morning. I heard from a very good source this morning that it was straight dope that the Yanks had landed on Mindoro. This is mighty close and assures me that it will not be long now. We could see Mindoro from the observing station on Ft. Hughes on certain clear days. This location should give the Yanks command of the entrance to Manila Bay.

As a result of yesterday's physical examinations, there are many men moving from one bei-hei to another according to the re-classification of yesterday. Luckily, I am not moving. Most of the forenoon was spent with the "Book of Culture".

Approximately 100 Jap troops with complete equipment marched into camp shortly after dark last night. Two truck loads of Jap troops and equipment entered camp early this morning. Several truck loads of lumber and supplies have brought in camp during the last several days and I am sure that these Japs are setting up fortifications around the camp. Troop movements have been

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

going north and east by our camp throughout the day. There is a story circulating throughout camp today that 38 Japs were killed and 20 injured during the bombing along the road several evenings ago.

An issue of meat and radish tops arrived at the kitchen this noon. Fish was issued to the kitchen yesterday - dried and consisting mostly of scales and bones. The worms get most of the meat, that is why the remains are laked and given to us in a very salty pwd. form.

Some of the "wiggle necks" have returned to our bei-hei. They received no treatment. But the camp commander is supposed to have informed the Jap doctor that we Americans need much more meat.

There has been very little plane activity today, except an occasional Jap plane now and then.

A most enjoyable supper was made possible by receiving a thick meat gravy and also a radish top stew. I also ate one of my baked potatoes left over from the night before.

Xmas does not look very bright for us. After bango, I went to practice singing for midnight mass. But we will not have any more, since the Japs will not permit it or any other type of gatherings. The only crowds permitted by them will be for the midnite mass to be read at 5 P.M. Dec. 24th and for the Protestant services Xmas morn and the masses Xmas morn. But with conditions such as they are at present, we cannot expect much of a Xmas.

After the chair meeting, I returned to my table and enjoyed eating a large baked camote and a little salt and water. Then a short smoke, and then to bed.

Wed., Dec. 20, '44. Saving my issue of washed camotes from last night, I had a good breakfast, the lugao being nice and thick. Then I did some religious reading. Then I made accommodations for Dale Gilbert of Ill., and who was at Ft. McDonnell with me in early '41, to eat at my table. Becoming very tired and sleepy, I went inside and slept until chow time.

This is a very hot day and unusually quiet. What will be our reactions to the fast life of an ordinary American city, upon our return? We think, talk, move and line so slowly here.

At evening bango, we were informed that the Japs had ordered all drainage ditches in the camp to be thoroughly cleaned immediately and that all the bei-heis should be de-loused. This action was taken to prevent further spread of the wiggle neck disease. Several new cases were found today. But meat and good wholesome food will also help.

While standing bango outside, a carabao was brought to the kitchen, which is just across the road. Our meat is usually skinned but this carabao was not. The arrival of a whole carabao caused great excitement and after bango, many went over to see the meat. I can assure you that the kitchen was a very "busy place" during the night. Yes, meat and broth are very slippery and so many peoples hands when there is meat around the kitchen.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

Certain groups and individuals are always favored and have feasts of their own. We had meat gravy for supper.

Thurs., Dec. 21, '44. We had lugao that was flavored with meat broth and contained many small rocks and dirt. Some people could not eat much of their breakfast. Where this dirt all came from no one knows. Our bei-hai deloused today, so I have been quite busy. The supply of camotes was small, therefore we received only $\frac{1}{2}$ ration of them for dinner. The kitchen had an ample supply cooked but saved half that supply for supper in case no camotes were issued. We did have good meat and rice gravy for dinner.

Right after dinner, I put all my belongings back in the bei-hai, arranged them neatly and made my bunk. Then I rested for a short time. Four cartloads of camotes and some meat scraps and bones were brought to the kitchen. So we should have a full ration of camotes for supper.

There has been plane activity all day long, one or two flying about this area continually. It was 3 months ago today that we saw our first American planes. After today, there are only 3 more "Bombing" or "Landing" days until Xmas.

We were bitterly disappointed at supper time as we only rec'd $\frac{1}{2}$ ration of camotes again. The kitchen crew did not get the camotes ready for supper, although it could have been done. Everyone was hungry and sat around after supper with hands in their hands and hungry stomachs. Everyone was unusually quiet and retired early. I contracted severe headache which kept me awake most of the night. Most everyone is out of cigarettes and this makes it worse. I still have an ample supply of 20 and I want to be sure and enjoy some of them on Xmas Day. I continue to cut my issued cigarettes in two, re-roll them in newspaper and save the butts and use a cigarette holder. I enjoy my evening smoking best of all.

Dec. 22, '44, Fri. American planes can be heard as they travel to their missions in adjacent skies. Thus another happy for we prisoners. About 10:30 A.M. two flights of heavy bombers could be seen travelling south and west, accompanied by fighters. Upon their return something happened. As we were watching them, an enemy plane suddenly zoomed down from up above and a dog fight ensued. It resulted in one plane crashing to earth amidst smoke and flames. We hoped it was the enemy plane and not one of our heavy bombers. Plane activity could be heard in the distance throughout the day. Many thought that the planes we saw during the forenoon were land-based planes. But amongst a group of men with poor eyesight such as we have, it is difficult to say. Most of us are lucky to be able to sight the planes and many cannot even do that.

We have been out on our ration of washed camotes. We receive a few ounces less, which I miss greatly. The ration we had been receiving was just the right amount to satisfy most of us.

After dinner our bei-hai received camote peelings. So I spent the afternoon cleaning them. As we sat here cleaning our peelings, we had a conversation concerning poor people in the States. We wondered if poor Americans would lower themselves to clean and then eat waxy old half-rotten camote

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peelings. They would go on relief first. But after seeing these men live on greens of every description, rubbish from the garbage pit and a little old wormy rice, few vegetables and what meat the Japs give us, I see no use for anyone going on relief back home. An American beggar can live like a king compared to us. Then, too, a small patch of ground in America can produce more and far better vegetables or greens of higher food value than soil here. Also, a beggar could easily obtain plenty of rice, stale bakery products, tea, coffee, meat scraps & bones to make wonderful stews and broths, and hundreds of other things. Anyone who will just try a little can provide enough to eat in America. There should be no relief and very few if any bread lines. For a little work, a poor man could easily subsist on a good diet. We estimated that our high standard of American living had been reduced to one as low and sometimes lower than that of a Chinese coolie.

At evening bango, Xmas orders from the Japs were read. Sunday, Dec, 24th will be a work day. Midnight mass will be held in the chapel at the camp library bldg. from 5 P.M. to 6 P.M. Supper will be served between 6 to 7 P.M. Protestant Xmas services will be held between 8 & 9 A.M., Xmas morning. Singing, music, and gatherings will be permitted at these two church services only, due to war conditions.

After supper, a friend and I sat out in the moonlight and discussed Xmas of other years. We talked of our personal Xmas customs and festivities and our people and homes. I have had many dreams recently, of being at home with my people at Xmas time. We hear rumors that the Japs are going to issue pork, sugar, extra rice and onions to our mess hall. We will be happy if we get a little extra something to eat and may be some tobacco. So, instead of having visions of "sugar plums dancing through my head", I have visions of onions, rice, pork and camotes dancing through my head and really know what it means to have visions of good things to eat dancing through your head.

Sat., Dec. 23, '44. There was plane activity throughout the night and some bombing. We could not turn in our camotes peelings for cooking this A.M. due to a shortage of wood. But were told we could cook them in the P.M. Welfare food patients received a treat this morning. We received a square of baked-scrumbled eggs just solid with salted peanuts, quite a combination but very tasty. They even tasted as though the eggs had been cooked with butter. This certainly did brighten me up.

After policing up around the bel-hel, I did some personal policing. I shaved, washed my clothes and cleaned my shoes. I have been saving 5 Blue Gillette Blades and 2 Star Razor Blades. But I broke down this morning and used one of my Star Blades so as to have a slick clean shave for Xmas. I have been saving a bar of scented toilet soap from Manila for 9 months. But this morning I used it to wash my sport shirt and long trousers to make them smell nice and clean as I plan to wear them to mass, Sunday evening and wear them Xmas day which is to be a camp holiday.

It looks like we will eat pretty good this Xmas. During the noon hour, the Japs sent two pigs, weighing about 100 to 125 lbs.

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each to our mess hall. This is indeed rare, since pork is very expensive at this time and also since the Japs are unusually fond of it. I cannot remember the last time I tasted pork or even pork grease. A litter of radish tops was also brought to the mess hall. Now for rice, sugar and onions. I heard, with my own ears, the mess officer talking about a pudding. It would take very little sugar to make a camote pudding, since they are sweet and syrupy when they are stewed and left to cool.

After dinner, we turned in our camoted peelings. We are going to steam them this time. So each individual placed his peelings in a quan bag or old sack and put a tag on them. They are then placed in a large boiler and boiled. This is called a "steam job" at the quan stove. I do not like mine this way since we do not get any soup or juice. But the bei-hei voted to steam them this time and everyone has to turn them in alike since we are not permitted to quan them individually. I also turned in a small bucket of camote stems to have boiled and make a soup. I seasoned them with salt and fish pwd.

Four Xmas pictures which I gathered recently, fill my mind with Xmas thoughts since I look at them each day when I write. One is a scene of the nativity with a brief story beneath it, two are woodland snow scenes, and the other is a picture of a reindeer herd. They boost my morale greatly and fill me with that good old American Xmas spirit.

The Japs are drying various vegetables over at their camp. They are experimenting mostly. Radishes, radish tops, steamed camotes and other vegetables are being strung on wires and bamboo and hung out in the sun and air to dry. These vegetables are dehydrated and then placed away in storage to see if they will keep. A friend of mine who recently fed the Japanese hogs, stated that the hogs received plenty of camotes, camote greens, radishes and radish tops and that they were better fed hogs than we were. He also stated that the old sow received an A ration and the younger hogs received B ration.

My stomach was well satisfied at supper time. Besides our regular chow, which included an excellent radish-top-stew, I had 2 cups of camote tops & soup and I ate 1 cup of my steamed camotes. This satisfied me completely. At supper time, the sugar, extra rice, and cooking oil were brought to the kitchen. I traded some cigarettes for a ration of camotes and put them away for tomorrow. This fellow was about to throw a nicotine fit. Then I traded a cup of steamed camote peelings for a ration of camotes for tomorrow noon. So I will have 2 extra camote rations. I still have 13 cigarettes left and since I am about the only one in the bei-hei who has any cigarettes, I have plenty of chances to trade. But I seldom do, since I like to smoke once in a while, also. There is a rumor out that we are going to receive 2 pkg. of cigs. & 3 cigars for Xmas and everyone is really sweating this rumor out.

Sun., Dec. 24, 44. Last night was a beautiful moonlight night and I stayed outside until 9 P.M. Two short cigs., Nicotrola

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music and thoughts of Xmas and home, provided a pleasant evening for me. There was plane activity during the night. I was the happiest and felt the best mentally and spiritually last night that I have for many months. I have been praying strongly to the Infant Jesus.

Flights of American planes are active in the distant areas this morning. After returning from Mass, I saw two large flights of them. Due to war conditions with blackouts and such things, our midnight mass will be conducted from 5 to 6 P.M. today, Bangó will be held at 8:10 P.M. this evening and supper will be served after bango. Ordinarily, we eat about 5 P.M. Since it will be a long time between dinner & supper today, I am glad that I have 2 extra rations of camotes.

These are very cold mornings and the sun rises late. Due to poor blood circulation, my fingers have been numb all morning and still are while I am sitting here writing. Although we are receiving no Red Cross boxes this year, I am really excited over Xmas. Just the thoughts of it being Xmas, receiving a little extra chow, may be some cigs, and that we will be free soon after the first of 1945, have uplifted me greatly.

Yes, we will have good Xmas chow. This noon a sack of real sugar, some cooking oil and extra rice came to the mess hall. This was followed by a cartload full of radish tops and a litter stacked high with large onions and plenty of tops. Will those onions ever flavor this tasteless chow of ours? Now, all of the rumors are complete except the cig. rumor. Time will tell, as it always does.

Action of Am. bombers during the noon hour boosted our morale still higher. 21 large bombers appeared and went in the direction of the air-fields to the south and west of our camp. We heard no bombing but could see A.A. bursts in the vicinity of Clark Field. When the flights came back, we could count all 21 bombers. It appears that the Yankee planes are here to stay. The Day Before Xmas! Will Santa come this year by P-40, Bombers, or Carabao cart. We have no chimneys here on these bei-heis. The only sock I have to hang up is a white heelless Japanese sock. But if I thought that Santa would put on big onion or a package of double cigarettes in that sock - up it would go. We have no doors and our windows are always open. So I hope he can get in the old bei-hei.

After dinner, I enjoyed a smoke and thought deeply of Xmas and home. Then I read the Gospels for the Xmas masses from my missal. I then slept and rested until 3 P.M. after which I shaved, put on a pair of socks, my greased shoes, my sport shirt and long trousers. At 4:45 P.M., we Catholic fellows went to the upper area to attend war-time midnight mass.

The mass was the most unique that I have ever attended at Xmas. It was truly representative of our humility here. The altar was simple and humble in its decorations, but beautiful to see. A bright green cloth with a white cross in the center,

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

draped & fully covered the front of the altar. Back of the altar hung a pure white sheet on which these words were printed: "Christ Is Born". The letters were cut from brown paper to match the color of the rough wood of the chapel and were edged in green. A large wooden cross in the center of the altar bore a brilliant silver crucifix and a large spray of a palm tree stood up dignantly behind the wooden dross. A white wooden candelabra hold 3 white candles was placed at each side of the altar. Four single candles also burned on the altar. Bouquets of red, yellow & white flowers, were brightly clustered about the candles. Their colors were brought out distinctly by the use of large green lily leaves which grow in abundance about our camp. The altar rail was clothed in pure white stainless cloths - sheets as white as the purest white snow. All the altar linens were as neat and clean as I have ever seen upon any church altar. Marks where the cloths had been folded neatly gave signs of the neatness and care given to them. What a picture to behold. Such a contrast from that of an ordinary church or cathedral. To the left of the altar was a crib fashioned from bamboo and native straw. It contained figures of the nativity scene and was lighted. On top of the crib was a silver star, fashioned from metal and green lily leaves and red lilies were displayed about the crib. The mass was attended by only a handful of men, not a hundred at the most. There are around 520 men in camp. I had the privilege and joy of singing in a choir of 8 which sang Xmas carols during the mass. The Congregation was asked to join in the singing. A low mass was said due to the allotted time. Yes, it was Xmas mass again - the third one for me in this concentration camp. I offered my prayers for World Peace, my people, my native land and for the world in general. The mass concluded at 5:40 P.M.

I immediately returned to my bai-hai, changed clothes and stood bango at 6:10 P.M. By order of the Japanese, each prisoner was then given a small piece of cloth on which a letter A or B was stamped. The hospital patients received B's and all others A's. These are to be pinned or sewed on your clothes and worn at all times. Why? We do not know.

Chow was served at 6:30 P.M. and found everyone very hungry. An excellent hot soup of radish tops tasted very good. I had 2 extra rations of camotes and so I just sat back and took my time eating. I was pleasantly full and did not eat my supper's issue of camotes but saved them for breakfast instead.

Finishing my supper about 8 o'clock, I rolled a cigarette and walked over to the kitchen and obtained a light. On the way back, I heard an airplane and sure enough out went the lights - just another blackout. So I had to put out my light. I sat and thought of Xmas and my home, my people? Where were they all and what were they doing? I offered many mental prayers. About 8:40 the lights come on and so I finished my cigarette. I placed my urinal bucket out in line with the rest of them, and retired. It was Xmas Eve once more. But what a Xmas Eve. But the spirit

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Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

of the men was good and there was much laughing & joking. A light shower of rain fell just at 9 P.M. Monday, Dec. 25, '44. I awake this morning to discover that "someone" had stolen my fish powder and a canteen cup full of washed camotes off my table during the night. I forgot and left the camotes outside although I usually take left-over food to bed with me. But the fellow who stole them gave himself away this morning and began talking to me about fish powder and camotes. A Xmas thief! No Santa Claus! What a Xmas Spirit! That individual had no cigs. Last night but is certainly smoking this morning. Well - someone will catch up with him someday. Thank God I do not believe in Xmas in that manner.

We received very poor lugao for breakfast since it was sloppy and watery. But we did receive a heaping G-I spoonful of brown sugar. After eating my lugao, I put my sugar on some hot water, making a syrup which I drank. What sweetness! How good that cigt. Tasted after something sweet - the first sweet taste in months. How I wished I could reach for a Lucky Strike. Echoes of "Merry Xmas Bill" - "Greetings Jim" etc. rang out in the morning air. Some men are cheery and others just cannot see anything good about it or anything else.

This morning, a Xmas greeting was read to us from the International Red Cross of Geneva, Switzerland. Protestant church services were conducted at 9 A.M. It is a beautiful sunshiny morning. There was plane activity all night long. I feel good this morning and thank God that I am alive. I am going to enjoy smoking this one day - if none other. But you almost get mobbed when you light a cigarette. Very few have them as they have smoked all of theirs. The cigarette rumor is the only one which has not come true as yet. But the day is not over. Two trucks left for Manila, one last evening and one early this morning. We all have our fingers crossed.

At 10:30 A.M., a 4 1/2 oz. can of American concentrated orange juice was issued to each 4 men by the Am. camp supply. This came as a complete surprise to all of us. It had been saved from the Red Cross food of last year.

At 11 A. M. 24 large Am. bombers flew over accompanied by many fighters and pursuit planes. This was a moral builder. We could see plenty of A.A. bursts over Clark Field. We were all glad to see the Yanks busy on Xmas Day.

As we entered the mess hall at noon, a large blackboard conveyed "Merry Xmas" greetings to us in large red letters. Sketches holly and U.S. bombers were also on the board. We received the best tasting stew-ever. It was thick with large white radishes, radish tops, onion tops and camotes. It was flavored with onions which gave it a taste which I will never never forget. I immediately thought of rich thick brown Pork gravy seasoned with onions such as is served with Pork Roast. Our big meal will be served at supper time.

A good Californian dropped by at 1 P.M. and we visited until 2:30 P.M. We had an interesting time discussing the California missions, Currier & Ives prints, England and our homes.

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

I then took a shower and slept until even chow.

Most everyone was disappointed with our Xmas chow. The food was there but not too well used nor prepared. We had about 1/3 cup of pork gravy containing a few tiny peices of pork, onions & onions tops, hardly any pork grease and a faint pork taste, a double bit of dry rice, 1/2 cup of camote - radish top stew, 2 baked camotes, a large long white radish and a good sized piece of rice bread which was a little sweet. I was thankful for the extra articles of food but I did not get as full on this meal as I have on many common meals here. This was the general opinion of the camp members. I really had expected to taste some good pork grease but there was not enough to even cling to the sides of our cups. Where did it go?

I ate my rice bread after evening bango and then nibbled on a radish and smoked until 8:30 P.M. It was a very quiet Xmas night. Everyone was talking about where they would be, what they would be doing and eating a year from tonight, and how long it would be before the Yanks landed on Luzon. There was plane activity throughout the night. Troop movements on the road and in and out of this camp, are increasing day by day.

Tues., Dec. 26, '44. A gray dawn was on hand, this morning after Xmas. It is cloudy, cool and rainy. Everyone seems so quiet. Small groups of Am. bombers are with us again today for the 6th consecutive day. Most everyone is now convinced that these are land-based planes. Left-over rice cake was in our lugac this morning and tasted pretty good. I slept most of the forenoon.

There is strong talk throughout the camp that we prisoners are to be moved out of here in 10 days. I am quite jittery and have a feeling that it is going to happen this time. Jap troops with full equipment continue to come into this camp. Our bei-hei leader orders us to hand all our clothes out on the wash line to air each day. Although many do not know it, he does this to show the Yanks who fly over camp that we are still here. U.S. planes patrol this area each night, flying low over camp; evidently watching this camp and looking for troop movements at night. This is no time for us to go to Manila in a truck convoy! This P.M., I rested and studied the "Book of Culture!"

Xmas is here and gone again. I planned to have plenty of salt and cigarettes for Xmas and my plans were realized. We were all disappointed to think that we received no cigars or cigarettes. The Japs state that the tobacco factories have been bombed and destroyed by the Americans. With Xmas past, there is just one thing to look forward to now. That is, our freedom - nothing else. God grant us that and please, Merciful Father in Heaven, grant us that blessing soon. But They Will be Done!

We had a good tasty stew of onions, onion tops and radish and radish tops for supper. We will be tempted to eat onions in everything but pie and cake when we get back home. It is such a temptation to smell them cooking at the mess hall across the way. Before I had finished my supper, a very good friend brought me a gal. pail full of washed camotes. I ate a small amount of them and saved the remainder.

Every one is excited tonight. It seems that authentic news

Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

has reached camp stating that all prisoners at Bilibid left for Japan one week ago, except about 100 and that only about 400 are left at McKinley. It is estimated that approximately 1000 Am. prisoners now remain in the Philippines. We are supposed to go to Bilibid within 10 days. A complete roster of the camp is now being made up at Am. Hdqtrs. Being on the first shift of guard, I set my pail of camotes right beside me. It was a beautiful moonlight night and several Jap trucks entered camp heavily loaded with Jap supplies. There was plane activity after midnight.
Wed., Dec. 27, '44. We received not quite a teaspoonful of sugar with our lugao this morning. I ate some of my left-over camotes and saved the remainder for dinner. At 9 A.M., the doctor gave me another blood plasma. My feet and legs have been swelling considerably and my temples have been aching intensely. A feeling of complete relaxation followed the injection of the plasma and I slept all forenoon.

The Japs forgot our camote issue again, so we received a very small dipper of camotes for dinner. The ones left were from breakfast came in very handy. I ate camotes until I almost gogged. But they were beginning to sour and I could not afford to lose them. I was miserably full but in reality hungry. To the delight of all, an issue of carabao meat came to our mess hall this noon.

Having 5 cigs. left, I am still smoking. It will not be long that I will do so. I break each cigt. into 3 pieces and save the butts. It is mighty difficult for the officers, civilians and those who have always had money and plenty of tobacco and extra food. But their condition has only come about recently. I wonder if they ever stopped to think of the enlisted man who went without for years and ate just what was handed out to him at mess hall. Everyone asks you for a drag as soon as you light up a smoke. I do not mean to be selfish, but this is a mighty unsanitary habit in here. Then, too, some people who never knew you before, approach and engage you in such a lengthy conversation that it is necessary to walk away from them. But nicotine fits are mighty strenuous on the mind & nerves.

The completed camp roster was delivered to Jap Hdqtrs. at 8 A.M. this morning, I just officially learned.

Our supper was pretty good: rice, a few camotes, a few greens and a good meat gravy. This was a very quiet evening; everyone was more or less hungry and wanting something to smoke. Must everyone went to bed by 8 P.M. to forget it all.

Thurs., Dec. 28, '44. There was a great deal of action during the night. Jap trucks and tanks could be heard rumbling on the road throughout the night. Jap troops disguised as Filipinos were also on the move. A few Am. planes were also patrolling the area. The perimeter lights of the camp have been shaded so as not to be seen from the air.

I spent the forenoon resting and sleeping. Since the Japs have issued us no camotes, we had watery lugao for dinner. One cartload of camotes came to the mess hall right after dinner.

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Diary of Lt. Col. Arthur L. Shreve, cont'd.

The Japs are busy cutting grass along the guard paths, building fortifications about the camp and repairing their trucks and tanks.

Having finished my writing after dinner, I re-read the letters which I have received here and spent sometime in deep thought. Another large cartload of camotes just arrived at the mess. Everyone is so happy again. A ray of light usually appears when things seem darkest. There is light if you will

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Captain, WAC

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