

GUEST OF THE EMPEROR

K. C. Emerson

1977

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by

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PREFACE

After my return to the United States in the fall of 1945, my parents and others urged me to record my experiences in the Orient before and during World War II. In 1970 I wrote about my experiences from the fall of 1942 until mid September 1945. At that time I could not write about my earlier experiences because my notes covering that period had been misplaced. Recently I found the remainder of my notes while emptying an old foot locker for my son. The job has now been completed.

My delay in beginning this task probably reflects the fact that I did not want to do it until time had mellowed my interpretation of these experiences. Just as in combat, time alters what one cares to relate to those who were not there, and it moderates interpretation of the more severe situations.

Some people experienced worse conditions than I, and of course, some had better conditions. However, I have chosen to discuss typical incidents, with emphasis on the ordinary events and without many of the unpleasant details.

Five notebooks of notes which I took in prison camp and my memory were the principal sources of the material recorded. The National Archives, the US Army Photographic Library, and friends who also survived were consulted to verify my recollections.

In addition to my family, L. Van Loan Naisawald, Larry Williams, Charles McKinley, Norman Augustine, Harold Moore and many others encouraged me to record the events before my notes were lost.

This effort is dedicated to my wife and parents who knew I would return.

INTRODUCTION

I was transferred to the Philippines almost a year before World War II began. When I arrived in the Philippines to serve with the Philippine Scouts, it was a delightful, peaceful and quiet country. The US Army units stationed there were the last of "The Old Army."

My wife and other dependents were returned to the United States in May 1941 because war was expected to start before the summer rainy season. When the invasion did not occur in June, plans were made to mobilize the Philippine Army, an Army that existed only on paper.

On October 1, 1941 part of the Philippine Army was mobilized; another part was mobilized on November 1; and on December 1 another part. Most of the remainder was mobilized when the war started. The Philippine Army consisted essentially of untrained civilians equipped with World War I rifles.

The mobilization and fighting are covered fairly well in the official history published by the US Army in "The Fall of the Philippines" by Louis Morton.

After several months of heavy fighting on reduced rations, without adequate equipment, and with a poorly-trained citizen army, the US and Philippine Armed Forces on Bataan surrendered on April 8, 1942. The "Bataan Death March" followed. I was a participant in both the fighting and the "Death March. Most of those captured were taken to the O'Donnell Prison Camp and later to one near Cabanatuan. In late 1942 Americans were shipped from Cabanatuan to other prison camps in the Philippines, Taiwan, Japan, Korea and Manchuria.

In the pages that follow I have attempted to record some of my observations and experiences from the surrender of Bataan on April 8, 1942 until I departed Japan in September 1945.

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THE DEATH MARCH

After it was apparent that units of the II Philippine Corps could no longer maintain the main battle line on the eastern part of Bataan, Corps Headquarters started moving from the Experimental Station Farm north of Cabcaben to a location closer to Mariveles. I departed about four p.m. to find a new location for the maintenance company and gave directions where to meet me, as I expected to complete my task before the company could pack and move. By nightfall the main, and only, road to Mariveles was so clogged that vehicle traffic was almost stopped. I was ahead of this main body, so I did not know that the maintenance company could not meet me at the appointed place. About mid-morning I learned from those walking on the road that General King had surrendered the US and Philippine Forces on Bataan. Major Bill Orr, Assistant G-4, Philippine Division, saw me and suggested we go to his headquarters, get a bite to eat, and await instructions. We drove to the Philippine Division Headquarters on Signal Hill (kilometer marker 189.2, indicating the distance by road from Manila) and found others gathered there for the same purpose.

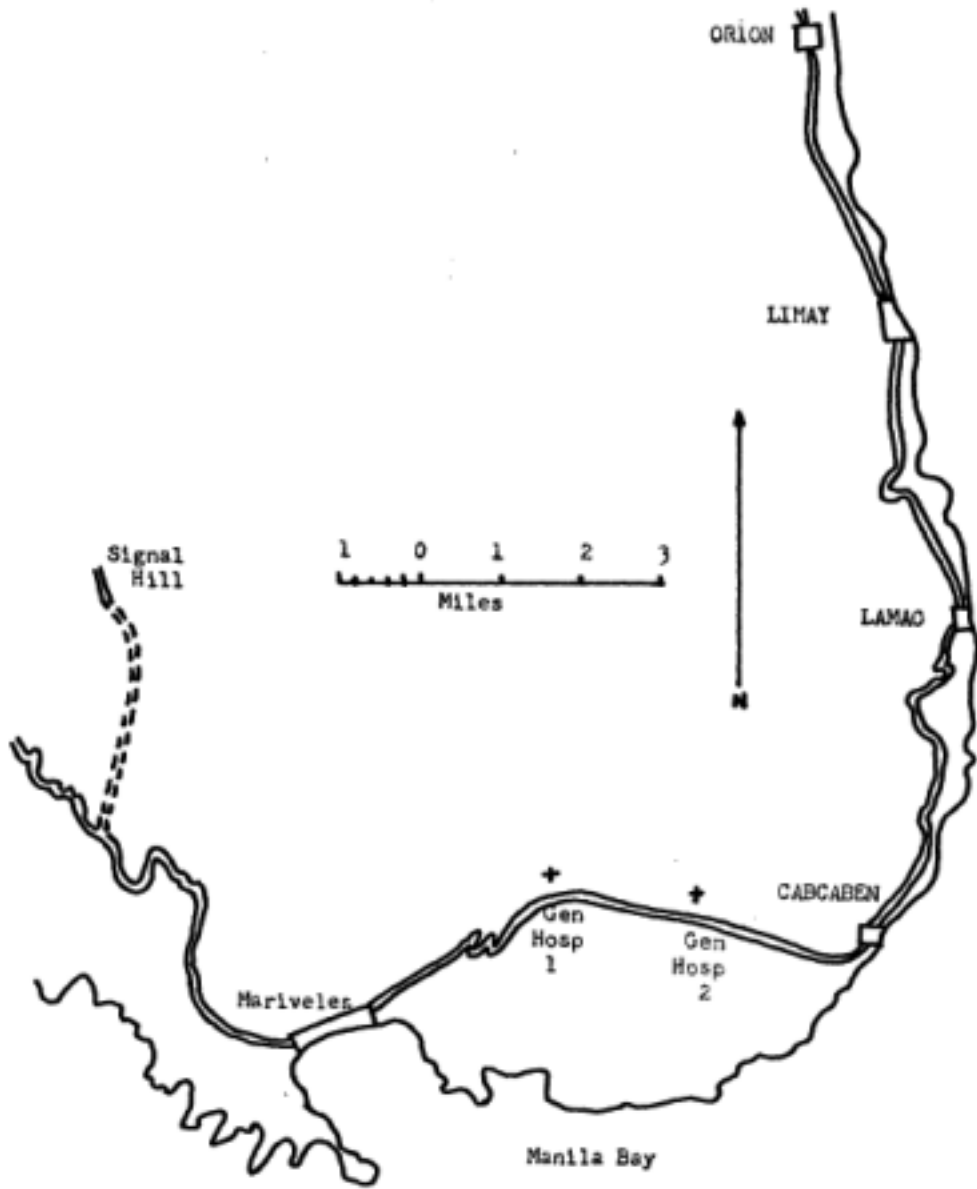
Most of the men had not seen one another since early December, so we spent a lot of time exchanging information on our individual actions of the past few months, and a little bit of time wondering what the Japanese would do with us. Colonel Harrison C. Browne, Chief of Staff, Philippine Division, asked me, "Do you remember the maneuvers near Balmorhea, Texas, in the fall of 1939?" I answered, "Yes." "Did you ever think about what happened to the participants?" "No." "Well, Skinny Wainwright commanded the losing side as a new brigadier general and he's here and a three-star general; Clint Pierce, as a lieutenant colonel, was the umpire and he's here as a brigadier general; and I commanded the winning side—the 9th Infantry as a colonel—and I'm here with no promotion. You know Emerson, I would have given anything to have had the 9th Infantry here; it would have made a difference." Similar discussions by others were fascinating to listen to, yet it reminded one of the old saying, "Just before death your entire life flashes through your mind.." In my own case I wondered how my wife would survive with a young son I hadn't seen; if she and my parents would adjust mentally to my loss; and many other items of lesser importance.

Just after finishing the evening meal on April 10, 1942, Colonel Bob Hoffman, who spoke Japanese, returned to camp with a truckload of Japanese soldiers. He had been sent forward earlier to arrange for our surrender because it was decided that we did not want to be overrun by Japanese combat units who might not know that US and Philippine units on Bataan had surrendered. The Japanese soldiers quickly dismounted and stationed themselves around the group, apparently anticipating hostile action on our part. When it became apparent to them that such was not the case, they relaxed a little and indicated we were to load onto our vehicles and start down the hill. I put a few belongings in my sedan (my private car which I had painted olive drab) and invited Henry J. "Hank" Pierce, Edward W. "Buck" Stewart, and Charles Leasum to join me.

Movement down the narrow winding road was slow. About one-half way down the hill we encountered a Japanese Army unit which was camped for the night and cooking food. While we were stopped in their area, they began searching the four of us for valuables. I lost my wrist watch to a private, and don't remember what the others lost. About midnight we reached the outskirts of Mariveles. The road to Mariveles was littered with US Army vehicles and materiel which had been destroyed before the Japanese arrived. At Mariveles we were told to leave our vehicles and go to the beach area to spend the night. I rolled up in a bath towel and shelter half, used my musette bag for a pillow, and went to sleep.

Soon after awakening on the morning of April 11, 1942, and after having washed up, I started looking for something to eat for breakfast. I found someone who gave me a can of C-rations, which I consumed. Then I spent a couple of hours walking up and down the beach conversing with long-lost friends. Every so often an artillery round from Corregidor would whistle overhead, and when it did, we fell to the ground and hoped none would land on the beach.

During my strolls I encountered a friend reading an Army Manual on Rules of Land Warfare. He wanted to be sure he knew his rights as a prisoner-of-war. I didn't think much about this incident until after lunch. In the early afternoon I was sitting on the beach near a small wall tent erected for a Japanese officer. A Japanese soldier was sitting on a stool in front of the tent as a guard. Apparently because everything was peaceful and quiet, the soldier took his pistol out of the holster and started looking at it.

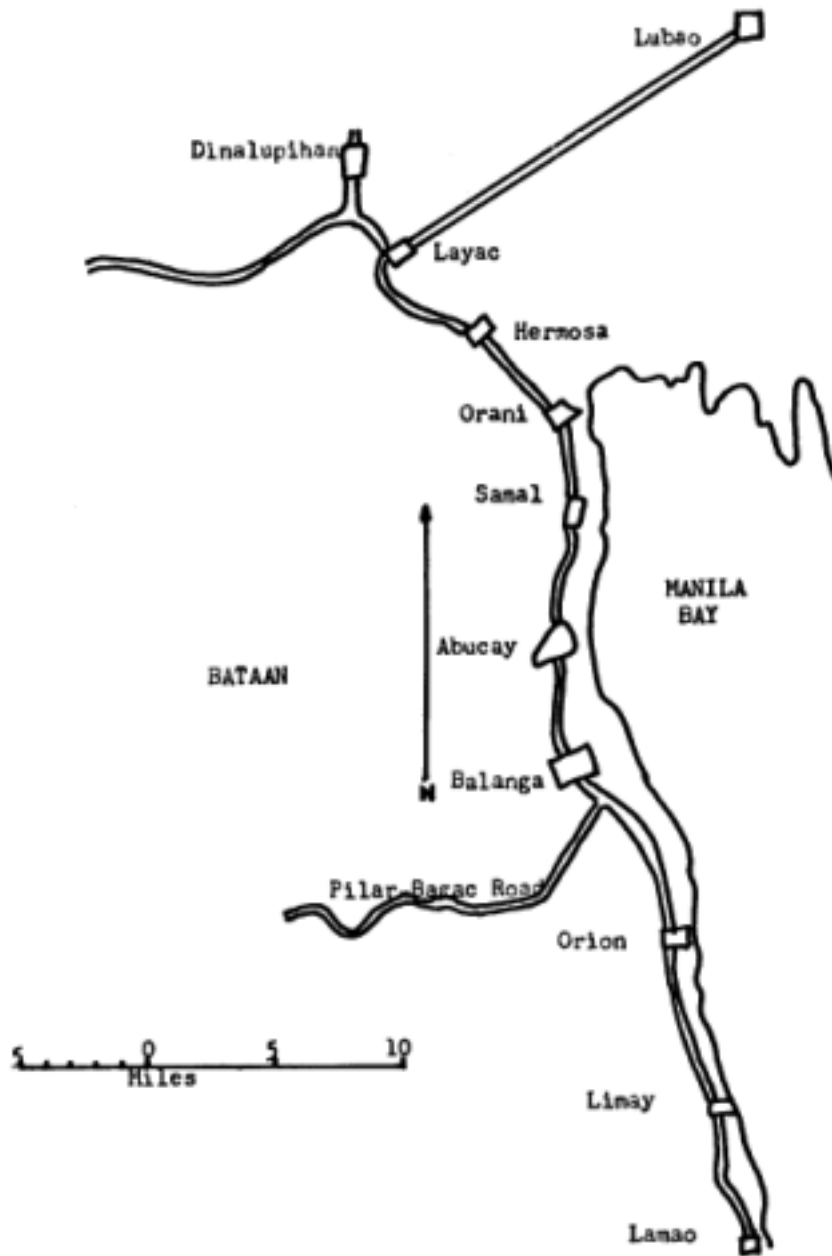


Somehow, while doing this, the pistol accidentally went off -- fortunately skyward. As soon as this happened, the officer sprang out of the tent; the soldier stood at attention while he was bawled out; and then the officer took the pistol and shot the soldier. He screamed for other Japanese soldiers to remove the body, and then went back inside the tent. Four Japanese soldiers carried the body into the brush back of the beach and left. Other Japanese in the area were not curious or concerned. I watched the entire incident with amazement, but thought to myself -- they will not treat us according to any Geneva Convention rules of land warfare; you have just seen an example of the rules that will apply to prisoners. From then on I prepared myself mentally for the worst, but hoped for better and more humane treatment. However, I knew there was no possibility that we would be treated better than their own soldiers.

In mid-afternoon Japanese soldiers started strolling among those of us on the beach. One came up to me and started talking to me in English. He was quite friendly, and spoke as though he had studied the English language in high school and wanted to try it out on me. I was soon joined by Bill Orr and Ralph Garver. After about an hour of conversation, a Japanese noncommissioned officer shouted instructions to his soldiers. The one we were talking with said they were instructed to start the prisoners moving down the road toward Manila. He said we would have to comply. I asked him for a note in Japanese that might help us. He wrote one and then took us to an empty Japanese supply truck that was about to depart. After a word with the driver, he said we could ride in the back and wouldn't need to walk. We thanked him and climbed onto the back of the truck.

After a ride past the "zig-zag," the driver stopped and indicated he was turning off the road and into the area occupied by a Japanese unit. During our ride we passed many prisoners walking single-file down each side of the road. They were not being accompanied by Japanese soldiers; however, Japanese Army units were camped almost solidly in the woods on both sides of the road. After we walked about one kilometer, a group of Japanese soldiers came out onto the road and started searching us. I thought I had nothing of value left; however, a soldier took my canteen. He either didn't have one or needed two. I don't remember what they took from Bill Orr or Ralph Garver.

When we reached kilometer marker 139 near Lamao, which was just before we were to leave the forest area, we saw a



Japanese Army Pack Artillery Battery camped beside the road. We walked up to a small group cooking supper over a wood fire and showed them my note. They invited us to join them. We looked around and saw many cans of bacon which had been opened. They indicated they didn't like the contents and we could have all we wanted. After eating bacon, rice, tea and hard tack, we moved about fifty yards away and went to sleep.

By about seven o'clock April 13, 1942 we started again walking down the road toward Manila. Shortly after we started, we entered the open spaces and were herded into an open field. There we were formed into a column four abreast to be marched away under the supervision of a squad of infantry. Each squad was given about 200 prisoners to guard and supervise. We had to stand in the open field, under a hot sun without water, while the columns were organized. It was obvious the Japanese soldiers did not relish the job of marching with us and soon became very hostile and impatient with those who were sick and could not keep up. They used bayonets, sabers and sticks to beat those who fell behind.

When we reached the deserted Orion about noon, a shower occurred, cooled us off, and gave us new hope. When we reached the Pilar-Bagac road junction, we were joined by fellow prisoners from the I Philippine Corps. By mid-afternoon we reached Balanga, capitol of the Province of Bataan, where we were herded into an open field on the south bank of the Talisay River. Shortly after we arrived, Brigadier General Max Lough and several older colonels arrived in trucks to join us. General Lough misunderstood instructions given him by the Japanese and was hit with a saber, which resulted in a bloody gash on his head. He was then left for us to take care of, which we did. All of us who had walked that day were exhausted, and we had no idea how many had been killed by the guards that day.

There was no provision to provide food or water to prisoners upon their arrival in Balanga. So within the area under guard people started looking for both. I dug up some turnips and found a few pieces of sugar cane which I shared with friends. I decided not to risk drinking water from the river or ditches, and searched until I found a small artesian well where I drank. Without a canteen I knew water would continue to be a problem.

April 14, 1942 in Balanga was more of the same -- no food from the Japanese, a limited water supply, more incoming

prisoners, extreme heat, no shade, people being shot or clubbed for leaving the area in search of food, and some dying from exhaustion.

The next morning we were formed up again into groups of 200 each in a column of four. In this reorganization I became separated from Bill Orr and Ralph Garver, and don't recall who were in my column. We had new guards who despised their task as much as their predecessors. By this time many prisoners had dysentery from the contaminated water consumed earlier, so they started dropping out and were killed by the guards. Those who had malarial attacks suffered the same fate.

We spent all day walking to Orani which was a great distance away. As we went through Samal, I wondered what happened to my riding boots, spurs, riding pants and other items in a footlocker left in the church with the local priest. My first stay in Bataan after leaving Fort McKinley was for about a week in Samal. The narrow, two-lane road was filled with trucks moving supplies to Bataan for the attack on Corregidor, and empty trucks returning for more supplies. Because the road was narrow, a lot of time was spent waiting for trucks to pass. Nevertheless, the heat caused many to become delirious and they were clubbed or shot by the guards. When we reached Orani we were herded into a field near the road and pushed together into a compact, circular bunch. After the guards were satisfied that the bunch occupied a minimum space, rope and wire were placed around the mass of tired prisoners. Then we were told to sit down. We spent the night in that condition. A few tried to leave and were shot. Fortunately within our boundary was a small artesian well where we could get a drink of water.

The next morning, April 16, 1942, we took off again towards Manila with new guards. When we reached Layac near the junction of the Olongapo-Dinalupihan road, a small shower helped cool us for a few minutes. In December, the 23rd Field Artillery, Pack (PS) left their home station at Fort Stotenberg (now Clark Field) for Bataan. Enroute they stopped near where the road to Olongapo joins the main highway and set up a picket line and camp to give their horses a rest. Shortly after that was done, the unit was attacked by Japanese fighter aircraft and suffered heavy casualties. As we passed near the site, someone in our group explained to me the events of that incident.

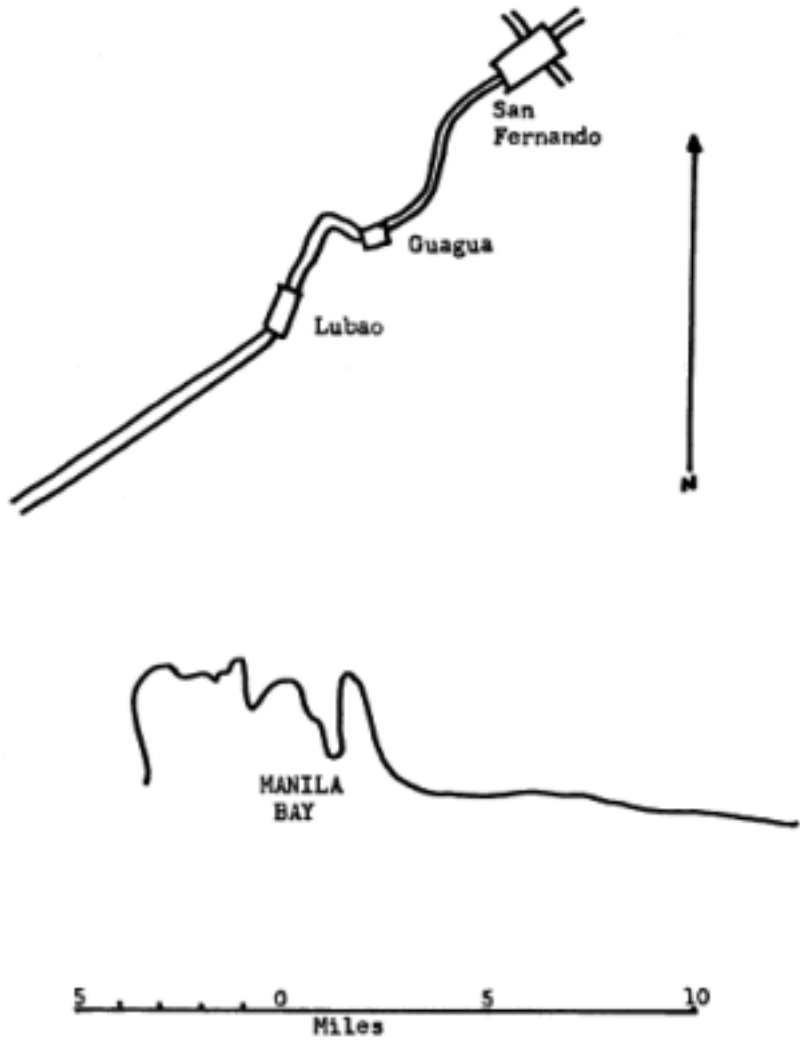
The road turned northeast outside of Dinalupihan toward Lubaou and became very flat with numerous culverts since it was only slightly above sea level. During this portion of the march, we passed a column of trucks stopped along the road. One of the drivers was Dennis Sheridan, a good friend, who said he had been on a detail collecting US Army equipment on Bataan and had been detailed to drive a truckload out of the area. About two o'clock that afternoon we passed a clump of farm houses along the road and, at the entrance to the homes, there was a Japanese soldier dishing out cooked rice to prisoners as they passed. The guards didn't permit the column to stop, so only a few were given rice. I was one of the lucky ones who stuck out a hand and happened to be on the outside of the column just at the right time. It was the first rice I had eaten since starting the march under guard. It was less than a cupful, but seemed like more.

About five o'clock that afternoon we arrived on the outskirts of Lubaou and were herded into a fenced-in area which contained some sheet-iron buildings which had been used prior to the war as government storage warehouses for rice. The area already contained quite a number of prisoners, and others arrived after we did, so the area soon became crowded. Fortunately there was plenty of water available. However, the place had become filthy and no food was available.

One group which arrived that afternoon after I did reported that my friend Ralph Garver had become delirious a few miles outside of town and was shot by a guard who thought Ralph was trying to escape.

The sheet-iron buildings were too hot in the daytime, but many had to stay in them because there just wasn't enough room for everyone on the outside. I spent two days and three nights resting there. During that time more prisoners were arriving from Bataan, and others were leaving for movement down the highway.

On the morning of April 18, 1942 I was put into a group that was leaving. The guards we had for that trip instituted something new. The narrowest parts of the road were the bridges. So our column would double-time until we reached a bridge. If there was no traffic we could continue the double-time. If there was truck traffic, we could stop until it cleared. This routine continued



until about four o'clock in the afternoon when we reached San Fernando. There my group was herded into the yard of an elementary school.

The school and the yard had become filthy, but the area was cleaner than those we had used during the past few days. The guards stayed out of the area, but maintained an adequate force on the outside of the perimeter. This change was welcomed because there would be no beatings inside the area. The water supply was adequate, and some cooked rice was brought in twice a day. Even though this school and yard were being used as a holding area, it was obvious that the Japanese had not made preparations to feed adequately the entire group. The latrines were full by the time I arrived, and shortly thereafter they overflowed. The Japanese made no arrangements for them to be emptied.

One afternoon I ran into my old friend Al Fobes. He had about a quart of sulfa pills which he offered to share with me for future emergencies. I took about a double handful, tied them in a handkerchief, and put the bundle in my musette bag. A short time later word was received that the Japanese had brought in a large batch of cooked rice. I got a mess kit full to eat. When I finished, there was still plenty on hand, so I got another mess kit full for reserve rations. I took it out of the mess kit, tied it in a handkerchief, and put it in my musette bag. The next day the Japanese brought in another large batch of cooked rice. I decided to replace my reserve ration of rice with a fresh batch, so I emptied the handkerchief full of day-old rice into the latrine. I then put the new rice into the handkerchief and put it in my musette bag. It wasn't until a few days later that I noticed that in the dark I had dumped the sulfa pills rather than the day-old rice into the latrine. Many times later I regretted that careless action.

After three days in the school and yard, we were moved to the railroad yard in San Fernando. There we were loaded into steel boxcars. One hundred prisoners and two Japanese guards were put into each narrow-gauge steel boxcar. Fortunately the door on each side was kept open. Even so, the heat was almost unbearable and many prisoners became delirious. The guards used the rifle butts and bayonets freely to keep the sweating prisoners inside the boxcars. The sick got sicker or died, and most who were not sick were soon suffering from dehydration or heat prostration.

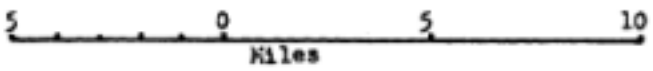
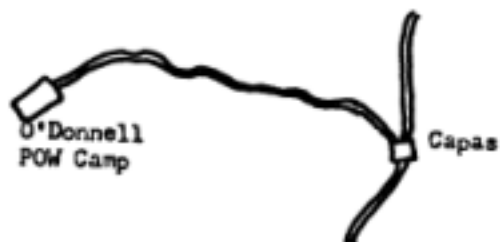
When the train finally pulled out for the 25-mile ride to Capas, many prisoners were already too sick to ever recover. The train traveled slowly through the small barrios and the fields. Many Filipinos threw food into the boxcars as they passed. Some guards attempted to shoot the Filipinos, but most didn't interfere.

When the train stopped at Capas we fought to get out of the hot boxcars as soon as we could. Those who survived were exhausted and dehydrated. Somehow women of the Philippine Red Cross had gotten permission to give us limeade while we were being formed into a column. Limeade was never more needed or welcomed. As we left the town of Capas, many Filipinos along the street gave prisoners packages of food or pieces of fresh fruit.

We marched westward down a dirt road about nine miles to Camp O'Donnell. The "Bataan Death March" had ended for me. For others it had ended earlier, and for some it would not be over for many weeks later.

People often ask how long was the Death March? My answer has always been in two parts. First, the distance depended upon where one started; for some the distance was twice as far as for others. I suspect the distance I traveled was about average. Second, it took too long, and how long it took depended upon how long one remained at each stopping place. Again, I think my stays in each locality were about average.

Another question usually is, "How many people were lost on The Death March?" I don't know and I don't believe anyone else knows. However, I do know the number was probably far greater than contemporary historians believe. Stanley Falk, in his book "Bataan: The March of Death," estimated that about 650 Americans and somewhere between 5,000 and 10,000 Philippine soldiers lost their lives on the march. There were thousands of civilians captured on Bataan in addition to US and Philippine Armed Forces personnel. Most of them had to make the march also, and without self-discipline, I suspect their losses were greater than ours. I have seen no estimates on the civilian losses, so I'm forced to conclude that the losses were substantially higher than generally believed, based on the sample of deaths, killings, woundings, etc., that I witnessed.



Another logical question is "Why did it happen?" This is a complex question which is difficult to answer completely. Perhaps an understanding of the Japanese position will help. From the initial attack on Pearl Harbor until the Battle of Abucay in Bataan in mid-January 1942, every Japanese military operation was a success. Each success increased their confidence of final victory, as the Germans were being equally successful during the same period. Ultimate victory depended upon a quick disposal of all opposition in the Far East before the Allies could muster resources for recovery. The US-Philippine Forces in the Battle of Abucay refused to fold and the Japanese Forces had to withdraw and obtain reinforcements. By the time reinforcements arrived, the US-Philippine Forces were in such poor condition due to shortages of food, ammunition, gasoline, etc., that the Japanese -coordinated air and ground attack had little trouble in capturing the peninsula. The Japanese Force's spent all their energies preparing for and executing an attack on Bataan. The US-Philippine Forces, once the attack started, were defeated more quickly than anticipated. The Japanese logistics system was programmed for a longer battle, which meant that with the collapse of US-Philippine defenses, the logistics system couldn't be reoriented rapidly. A portion of the logistics system was also needed for the Battle of Corregidor which would follow immediately.

A second consideration was the Japanese did not know the US-Philippine Forces were in such poor health. Half rations began in early January and weeks before the final battle, it was cut to one-fourth of a ration. Part of this was because of the large number of civilians entrapped on Bataan. A food shortage, malaria, and other diseases left the defenders in poor health. When the surrender came, the Japanese were not prepared to feed the number of people captured.

A third consideration was, with the battle for Corregidor about to begin, truck transportation to support that effort should not be diverted for movement of prisoners of war.

A fourth consideration was Japanese Army policies or methods of operation. Their only experience with other prisoners was in China where the attitude toward human life, discipline, etc. was similar to their own. They did not understand either the Americans or the Filipinos. The Japanese Army operated by delegation to juniors more authority than in any other modern army. Therefore, problems were solved one way or another at the lowest echelon possible -- so long as the solution did not

adversely effect higher echelons. With a whole system of one-track minds devoted toward reaching the main objective, all other matters were of no consequence. Any act of kindness or compassion was considered to be a sign of weakness and would not be tolerated.

None of the above completely answers the question. However, each provides a piece of the answer.

CAMP O'DONNELL

Camp O'Donnell, located in the hills west of Capas, was a standard Philippine Army camp built in the summer of 1941 to house a Philippine Army Division. When hostilities began, the camp was a few months away from completion. Most of the bamboo and nipa buildings had been erected, but utilities had not been installed.

As we went through the gate, some prisoners shouted, "Get rid of your Japanese money." During the fighting on Bataan many people had stripped dead Japanese soldiers of items of value including money. We marched to the Japanese headquarters building which stood on a knoll, opened ranks, and watched Japanese personnel search all our belongings. They next searched the clothing we had on. Watches, rings, pens, razors, and knives were taken from us. Several people were pulled out of the formation and taken away, apparently because items of Japanese origin were found on their person or in their belongings. I did not know any of the prisoners removed from the formation, hence, I cannot comment on their fate.

After the search we were told to face a small box in front of the headquarters building. A Japanese officer then stood on the box and started shouting to us. A civilian, who could have been part Filipino, translated his speech into English. About 10 or 15 minutes were spent telling us (1) we were not prisoners of war; we did not surrender, we were captured, and thus we would be treated as captives; and (2) we were Japan's enemy and Japan would fight us for 100 years if necessary to win.

Apparently they considered us captives rather than prisoners of war because the US and Philippine Forces on Corregidor and the southern islands had not surrendered. Such logic was new to us, but we would encounter more of their logic or reasoning later.

The statement about fighting us for 100 years, if necessary, was an interesting one. Since the turn of the century Japan had been expanding her sphere of influence, and now even a low-ranking officer knew that the US was blocking further expansion, and to remove that barrier would be a long and difficult process. I interpreted it as an admission that Japan could lose this struggle, but there would be others.

Following the speech we were marched northward to a cluster of buildings inside a barbed wire enclosure which had been planned as a regimental area. When we arrived in the assigned area, each person was told by a senior US officer the number of the building in which he would live. I was assigned to the building set aside for the 26th Cavalry (PS) and 12th Quartermaster (PS). The person in charge of my building was Tom Trapnell, formerly Executive Officer of the 26th Cavalry, and who later retired as a lieutenant general. The barracks building in which we were to live was made of bamboo and nipa without windows or a solid floor. Instead of windows, a portion of the wall was hinged at the top so it could be opened. About thirty yards to the rear of the barracks was an open-pit, straddle-trench latrine. In front of the barracks, on the regimental street, was a small water faucet. Water was available only when the pump was working. It took days to get the pump working adequately.

When I arrived, my barracks was about three-quarters full. I found an empty space on the floor of split bamboo, put my shelter-half on the floor to indicate where I intended to sleep, put my musette bag at the head of the space, and left for the latrine. When I returned, I saw a friend, one of the battalion surgeons, and said, "You won't believe this, but I just had my first bowel movement since leaving Bataan." His answer was, "Yes, I do, because that was my experience also. If you had told me that before the war, I would have said 'Impossible'." The two weeks without a bowel movement was also evidence that I had been starved for the period.

Before dark I made the rounds to other barracks to determine who had already arrived. During this period we were each given a mess kit full of lugao to eat. Lugao is rice and water cooked together so that the consistency is about the same as gravy. With no seasoning, it takes a while to develop a taste for it. Only when one is starving is the taste acceptable.

Each additional day prisoners arrived. The Filipinos were sent to the area on the south side of the camp, the US enlisted men to another, and the US officers to our area. Incoming prisoners were in about the same condition as the group with whom I entered. A few arrived via supply trucks when they brought equipment or food into camp; others marched in as my group did.

Signs posted in the area were:

PROCLAMATION

Any of those captives who commit the following acts shall be shot to death.

1. Those who escape or attempt to escape.
2. Those who attempt to escape, disguised as civilians.
3. Those who inflict injury upon the inhabitants or those who loot or set fire.

April 11, 1942

COMMANDER-IN- CHIEF OF
THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE FORCES

The Japanese erected guard towers along the perimeter of the camp, stationed a few around the Japanese headquarters, and had a few patrolling inside the compounds. Apparently their major concern was to prevent prisoners from escaping. There was no attempt on their part to dictate, in detail, how the internal affairs of each area would be organized or run.

Food was inadequate in quantity and variety, so those who arrived in poor condition had little opportunity to get better. Medicine was not available, except that carried in by individuals. Consequently, sick and exhausted men started dying. Some gave up hope which sped up the process. Major Duisterhof, a Dutch-born officer in the 57th Infantry (PS), for example, endured the march, and when he arrived at Camp O'Donnell was so exhausted that, when he laid down to rest, he never got up. He was an officer of the old school, and the only one I knew who wore his boots on the march. So, he really died with his boots on. Pecos Finley was an example of another type. Pecos had been a truly outstanding basketball player at New Mexico State University, and

after graduation played professional basketball. He did not march out of Bataan, but was lucky enough to catch a ride for the entire journey. However, after his arrival in Camp O'Donnell, he decided he could not survive on a diet of lugao. He didn't even try, so he died. Incidentally, when Pecos died, I took his canteen and blanket, and others took items that they needed.

Each day some officers were summoned to the Japanese headquarters for interrogation. After the first batch returned, word soon passed to others that they were questioning everyone suspected of having knowledge of Corregidor. When I was called, the interrogator asked, "Where on Bataan is the entrance to the tunnel which connects Bataan and Corregidor? Show me on this map." I replied, "I don't know of any such tunnel." "Have you been to Corregidor?" "No, I haven't." "Where were you on Bataan?" "I was on the East Coast." "Then you were never near Mariveles or near the tunnel entrance?" "That is correct. "Can you tell me who does know where the tunnel is?" "No, I arrived just before the war started and don't know anyone outside my unit." With that he let me go. There was no tunnel between Bataan and Corregidor. However, had I told him the truth about my travels in Bataan before and during the war, I would have been tortured as others were to show him where the entrance was. The earlier warning on the subject allowed me time to plan my answers.

After a few days in camp I succumbed to attacks of diarrhea or dysentery. They were so severe that five bowel movements in less than an hour were common. About this time I really regretted the loss of sulfa pills at San Fernando. Within a few days I was too weak to do anything but go to the latrine eat and sleep. Fortunately I never gave up, and with the help of friends, we got the attacks under control. After that bout I could understand how easy it was for someone to just quit caring about survival.

As soon as I got back on my feet I started getting assignments on work details. These included barracks clean up, latrine clean up, carrying cooked food from the kitchen to the barracks, supervising the water faucet while people filled their canteens, and the bathing detail.

A small stream was just outside the fence on the western boundary of the camp. The Japanese agreed that we could use the stream for bathing during certain daylight hours, under

certain conditions. The Japanese stationed guards around the bathing area to prevent escapes. Those who wanted to bathe were dispatched to the area in small groups of about 40 or 50 under the control of senior officers. The bathing area would be maintained, policed, and patrolled by US officers to prevent escape, or encounters with the Japanese soldiers. Adjacent to our area was one for the Filipinos, with similar rules.

While on the bathing detail I was able to talk with several of my Philippine Scout soldiers and obtained a reasonably complete report on their condition. The Japanese had separated the Americans and the Filipinos so that the latter could be subjected to a program which would convert them to loyal supporters of the Japanese war effort. We all knew that such a program would fail, but it would permit the Filipinos to ultimately obtain freedom from the prison camp and later to resume the war against Japan. The Filipinos had already been so mistreated that they would never willingly contribute to Japan's "Co-prosperity Sphere."

The Zambales mountain range could be seen in the distance west of the camp. In between the camp and the mountains were foothills covered with tall cogon grass and a few trees. Streams bisected the area, so the terrain looked ideal for escapes. A few apparently did try to escape by this route, because we did hear the guards shouting and shooting on occasion. No one I knew personally attempted to escape.

In May, showers began, occurred almost daily, and each succeeding one lasted longer, signaling the rainy season was on its way. Showers kept the streets and paths muddy and caused the latrines to overflow. This resulted in more flies almost immediately, ultimately more mosquitoes, both of which added to our misery and probably contributed to an increase in sick prisoners.

Fortunately the Japanese started using prisoners on work details outside the camp. Many of these details were used to obtain and move supplies for the Japanese Forces. This meant that the prisoners were frequently in contact with Filipino civilians who gave them canned food, medicine, and other essential items. Some, of course, didn't provide the items free, but were willing to sell them. When the details returned to the camp for the night, often they could avoid a shake-down inspection so that all of the loot obtained that day helped us survive. The quinine, obtained especially, was welcomed by those who had malaria.

In time our food situation improved. We never received as much as we needed, but occasionally dried mung beans and fresh vegetables were available for soup, and the lugao, except for breakfast, was replaced with cooked rice. The Japanese brought in a few cows occasionally, one at a time, so we got a few meals with a little piece of meat. Never did I get as much as a piece one inch square in a day.

We were able to start a graves registration activity to insure that those who died received a decent burial, and details of their deaths and places of burial were recorded. The burial area was named "Boot Hill." I presume the records survived the war and later the bodies were moved, because Fred Koenig, the officer -in-charge, survived the war. During my stay there deaths occurred at the rate of at least 20 per day and peaked at about 60 per day. I think at least 1,500 Americans died in Camp O'Donnell, and have no idea how many Filipinos were lost. If their ratio of deaths to survivors was the same as ours, their losses could have been at least 5,000.

Work details returning to the camp each night usually brought us "news" obtained from the Filipinos. The "news" included such items as the US reinforcement of Corregidor, defeat of Japanese forces attacking Corregidor, defeat of Japanese forces in the southern Philippine Islands, successful guerrilla raids on Japanese units, and other wishes. Even though most recognized this "news" as being only wishful thinking, they still wanted to hear it, probably because it indicated that people on the outside hadn't given up hope. When asked how things were going, the Filipino reply was always "Very soon now, Joe." So, that became a standard phrase used by the Americans also.

Sometime in late May all the US Army generals and colonels were taken out of the camp. A few of their aides went with them. Later we learned they were taken to a camp established for senior officers in or near Tarlac. We never saw them again until after the war.

In the last week of May we had a rumor that we would be taken to Fort McKinley near Manila for processing to go home. The rumor didn't include how we would get back to the US. However, on the last day of the month we were organized into groups of 100 for a movement somewhere. The lists drawn up for the groups did not appear to have been done by any logic. They were not by

unit, or rank, or alphabetical. So again I ended up with a group in which I knew very few.

At four o'clock the morning of June 1, 1942, we formed into our columns of fours, each column with 100 American prisoners. We marched out the front gate on the road to Capas in the cool of the morning. Along the road Filipino families gave us small packages of food, and with few exceptions, the guards did not interfere. So long as the Filipinos placed food on the side of the road within our reach, we didn't break ranks to get it, and the Filipinos kept some distance away from the road, things went smoothly.

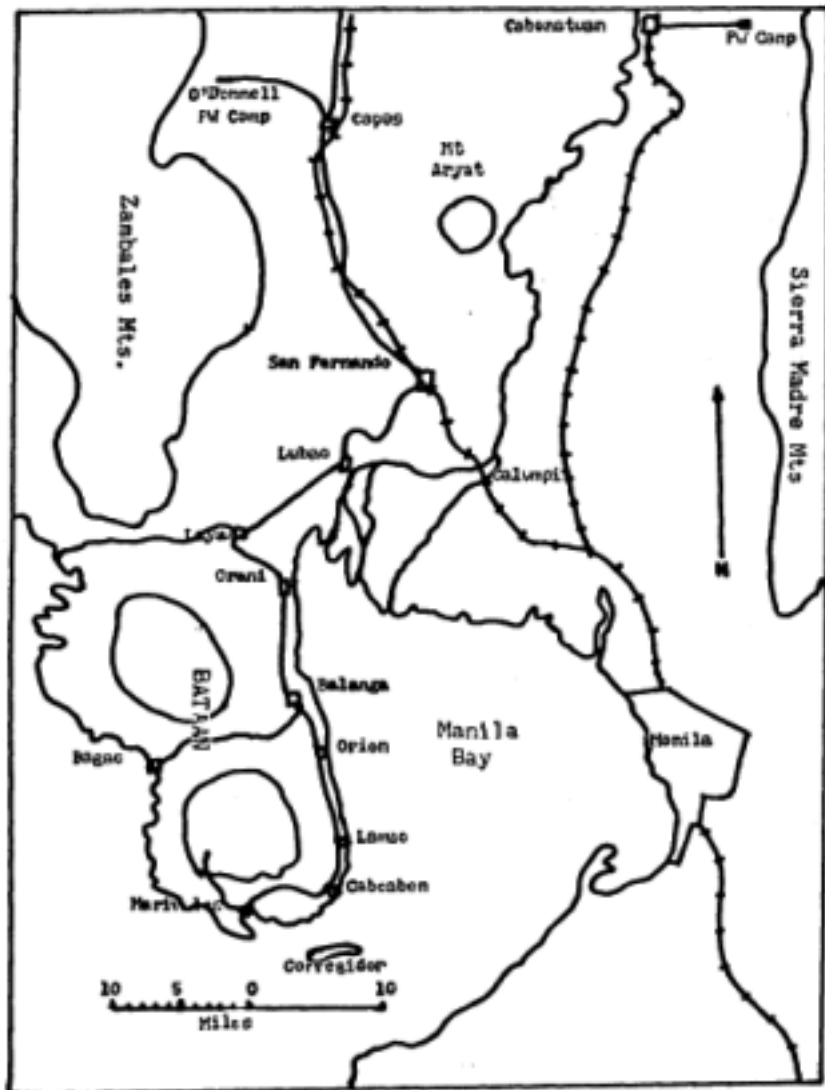
By the time we reached Capas it was hot again. The familiar steel railroad boxcars were waiting for us. Again we were loaded, 100 prisoners into each boxcar, and each car had two Japanese guards. After we were loaded, the train started south towards Manila and Fort McKinley.

As we moved south, thankfully, again the Filipinos threw food into the boxcars and this time the guards didn't shoot anyone. As the day got hotter, the boxcars became almost unbearable; however, we seemed to adjust to the heat better than we did on our earlier train ride.

We proceeded toward Manila at a slow speed until we stopped south of Calumpit. Then we were switched onto the branch running northeast which meant we were headed toward Cabanatuan and away from Manila. This killed the rumor of going home immediately.

I had never been in the valley east of Mt. Arayat, so it would be new territory to me. As we moved northeast at slow speed, the people and the landscape looked about the same as we had seen earlier. Conditions didn't change so the afternoon was a repeat of the experiences earlier in the day.

At about 6 p.m. we reached the city of Cabanatuan. The train trip had covered about 130 miles. After detraining, we moved to an open area adjacent to a schoolhouse. There we were fed a reasonable portion of rice and a cup of onion soup. The area was filthy because it had been used by others and there were no latrine facilities available, Cabanatuan was a typical provincial capitol and had not suffered significant physical damage



from the war. Japanese were present in the city in sufficient numbers to discourage normal routines among the civilian population.

The next morning, June 2, 1942, after a small breakfast of rice, we were back in formation and marching eastward. After a march of about six miles, we arrived at a Philippine Army camp, similar to the one near Capas, which had been built for the 91st Philippine Army Division. Two of my friends from the 9th Infantry in the US, Art Fouret and "Boots" Warren, had been stationed in the camp prior to the outbreak of hostilities with assignments to train infantry units of the division. We walked into the camp at eleven o'clock a.m.

CABANATUAN

After the usual shakedown inspection and short speech by the Japanese Commandant, we were assigned to living quarters. I was assigned to a small one-room bamboo and nipa house which had been constructed to be the living quarters for a field-grade officer before the war.

Fourteen of us were assigned to live in this small building. It was one in a row of five buildings of the same size and design. My building faced north, and about thirty yards away another row of identical buildings faced south. My row was filled with captains and the other row was filled with field-grade officers. A footpath bisected the two rows of houses. Two houses were west of the footpath and three were east of the footpath. The footpath was the main thoroughfare so it was called "Broadway." At the eastern end of the line of small houses was a latrine for each row of houses. Behind, to the south of my row of houses, were mess halls on the west side of Broadway, and barracks on the east side of Broadway. There also was a mess hall behind the row of small houses which faced my row. The only water faucet to serve both rows was at the west end of my row. A road just outside the fence by the water faucet ran north and south and was the one we walked down upon arrival. East of the latrines was a fence which marked the eastern limits of the camp. The camp was divided into several areas. The area just described was called Group 2. Group 1 was north of Group 2 and in between the two were Japanese Headquarters building, supply building, and American Headquarters building.

Westward across the road were areas set aside for Japanese quarters and beyond that a hospital area for Americans. I never visited either of these two areas.

I don't recall the names of all those assigned to my building, but do recall Ace Faulkner, Alvin Bethard, Otho Shamblin, Neal Shimp, Alfonso Melendez, Chaplain Fred Howden, Chaplain H. B. Stober, Russ Patterson, J. S. McDonald, R. K. Hendry, and Andy Shoemaker. Unfortunately my notes are not clear on who the others were, if any. Of the group, I knew only Russ Patterson, Ace Faulkner and Alvin Bethard before arrival at Cabanatuan.

When we arrived at our house, we were met by old friends in the area. The Americans captured on Corregidor had arrived earlier. Since they did not make the "Death March," they were in

much better shape than we were. Even though the march to Cabanatuan had not been too long or hard, many who made it were exhausted upon arrival because they were in poor health when they left Camp O'Donnell.

After shaking hands with my new roommates, I went to the faucet to get a canteen full of water. The faucet was under the supervision of Claude Stump whose job it was to see that everyone got some to drink and none was wasted or taken for bathing. As before, the water supply was inadequate to meet our needs and it took time to increase the capacity.

By mid-afternoon everyone who left Camp O'Donnell the day before was in the camp and settled. My group was assigned to get food from the mess hall just back, or South, of our house. It was operated under the supervision of Chester Johnson who survived and retired as a major general. My first meal from that mess hall consisted of rice and whistle-weed soup. The rice was well cooked, but whistle-weed soup was a new experience. Whistle-weed is an aquatic vine. found in irrigation ditches and ponds and looks a little bit like a sweet potato vine, but the stems are tougher and very woody. Most could eat some of the leaves, but no one ate the stems.

The camp was organized into groups of ten individuals. The Japanese decided that the system would prevent escapes because if one person in a group escaped, the other nine would be shot. They stationed guards in towers along the perimeter fence; had roving foot patrols in the fields outside the compound; and each morning sent noncommissioned officers into the camp for a headcount of each building. Alfonso Melendez was the leader of our building, so every morning when we fell in for reveille, he and the Japanese NCO counted us.

A few days after getting settled, I was resting in the shade of the building in the early afternoon when I heard, "Where's K. C.?" The voice was some distance away, so I answered loudly. When I stood up I could see Colonel Wallace Durst coming toward me. Before the war Colonel Durst was Post Quartermaster at Fort Stotenberg. He was sixty years old, a veteran of World War I, and could have retired, but had preferred to stay on duty in the Philippines. During the war he was II Philippine Corps Quartermaster. I first met him near Cabcaban when he arrived in my area and asked if he could camp with me. He said there were too many people at Corps Headquarters. I agreed to

let him stay and found him to be a delightful person to be around. When he arrived, we shook hands and sat down on the ground. "K. C., I'm glad to see you. I was afraid you wouldn't make it because you young fellows don't know how to take care of yourselves. Now, I learned to take care of myself when I was in the infantry on the Mexican Border with Pershing. "He didn't look any different than before the war ended, except for his clothing. His secrets were he didn't get emotional about any matter, knew how to pace himself, and took care of his feet. He survived the war in good shape.

Work parties were sent out each day to cut wood for the mess halls. Other work parties were sent out when needed to bring in other supplies, and do odd jobs for the Japanese. All except those on the wood details had opportunities to steal or buy medicine, food or tobacco. Even though the parties were subjected to shakedown when they reentered the camp, much of the loot found its way into the hands of prisoners. Soon there was a system working whereby Filipinos in Cabanatuan would provide items to work parties for dollars, pesos, or US Government checks. Prices were high, but the system worked. One American civilian, formerly employed by the Corps of Engineers, arrived in camp with several thousand dollars in paper bills which he was supposed to have burned on Corregidor just before the surrender. Others had lesser amounts. Those who had money or Filipino relatives started eating better and some shared their items with friends. I had a few pesos which permitted me to buy a small can of sardines and a small can of salmon for emergency rations.

As the rainy season progressed, the straddle trench latrines overflowed and the fly population became worse than at O'Donnell. Improvements were made as tools and materials became available, but without screen wire, chemicals and buildings over the trenches, it was a losing battle. The situation became so bad that the Japanese required each prisoner to kill a certain number of flies daily. We more than met the quotas, but it had no noticeable effect.

As at O'Donnell, prisoners were assigned guard duty within the camp to help prevent escapes. The Sierra Madre mountain range could be seen clearly several miles east of camp. Before the surrender on Bataan, Lt. Bob Lapham had been sent into the mountain range to organize a guerrilla effort. Our camp was located on a plain, but between us and the mountains were miles of tancogan grass and then foothills. Knowledge that if one could

get to the mountains he would be free caused many to consider ways to escape. The organization into groups of ten deterred some, and our guards stationed inside the fence stopped some. Those who ignored both were usually killed either by Japanese guards in the towers or by those patrolling outside the fence. Examples of each will illustrate how the system worked.

One soldier of Mexican descent managed to escape. Because of his size and color he went undetected in the area by the Japanese. After wandering for days, he decided to rejoin his buddies in the camp. He was caught by a Japanese patrol, at night, while trying to go through the barbed-wire fence. He was executed the next day. Others were caught outside the fence while trying to escape and suffered the same fate.

About the first of September, Lieutenant Colonels Briggs and Breitung and Navy Lieutenant Gilbert were caught trying to escape. They spent days planning their escape and accumulating materials needed for survival after the escape. When they approached the fence, the American guard attempted to talk them out of trying to escape. They became so noisy that it attracted the attention of the Japanese guard. They were taken to Japanese Headquarters where each had his arms bound behind his back. They were tied to stakes and beaten severely with fists, sticks and sabers. Their groans and screams could be heard throughout the camp for three nights and days before they were taken outside the camp and shot.

Many individual efforts to escape ended with the same results, even though all knew the consequences of being caught. I don't know of any who were successful. Perhaps after I left the camp some were.

I pulled guard duty as detailed. Only two incidents occurred during my tours. One night a man attempting an escape was captured at the guard post just about twenty yards north of me. I could hear everything as it happened, but couldn't see anything. The second incident occurred one night when I was at the guard post near the latrines. That night I had the last shift which ended at reveille. I had been sick, and as it was getting daylight, I fell asleep in the sentry shack. I heard a noise and looked up just as the Japanese NCO approached. He was about to club me for sitting down when I threw up. He said a few harsh words and left, apparently willing to accept the fact that I was sick. Others under similar conditions had not been so lucky.

The food began to improve a few weeks after I arrived. Whistle-weed was replaced by sweet potato vines which tasted better and were easier to digest. Occasionally a little bit of carabao meat was added to the soup. Egg plants, squash, salt and sometimes sugar were given to the kitchens. Occasionally those who worked for the Japanese would bring into the area the food left over from their meals. The Japanese had very little sugar at home so they added it in abundance to all their meat soups. Rancid shrimp or sea food cooked in sweet water is hard to eat even when you're hungry.

Just after I recovered from a siege of malaria, I was standing in line at the mess hall waiting for my turn to get a cup of rice when a doctor asked me how much I weighed before the war. After I replied, he told the mess officer, Chester Johnson, to put me on the list. When my rice was given to me I knew what it meant. Another officer standing nearby put one tablespoon of canned milk on top of my rice. I never ate anything that tasted as good as that combination. I continued to receive the ration of canned milk until I had my strength back. Somehow the Japanese authorities gave our officials a few cases of canned milk from a stock found in Manila. Until milk was added to the rice, I was losing ground fast because I had lost my appetite for plain rice. So that small addition to the rice made a difference. From then on I was on my way to recovery.

Surprisingly many people arrived in camp with a book in their belongings. In the first month, individuals loaned their book to others in exchange for the privilege of borrowing the other person's book. About mid summer we were asked to turn in all books so a library could be established. Most complied and a library was established which became quite popular. By fall we were organized well enough to occasionally have shows. There was quite a bit of talent in camp so the shows, improved food, and rumors helped our morale.

Religious services were a mixed bag. Catholic chaplains generally tried to hold services on a regular basis in each area of the camp, and they had good responses. Protestant chaplains varied in their attention to duties. Some worked at their jobs; others were available when asked; and some just sat. An attempt was made to give each person who died a Christian burial with a chaplain present for the services.

More than 2,100 Americans died in the Cabanatuan POW camps during the summer of 1942. Malaria, dysentery, poor sanitation, malnutrition and sometimes actual starvation, in addition to the exertions of the "Death March," took their toll. In July the daily death rate varied from twenty to fifty. However, by early August 1942, the death rate began to drop noticeably.

At that time, 16 ounces of cooked rice and four ounces of vegetable oil, sweet potato or corn was the daily ration. Once a week one ounce of carabao meat was issued. In season, one thin slice of cucumber was issued each day. At two-week intervals two ounces of coconut or banana were issued which were cooked with cornstarch and sugar in the form of a pudding. One quarter of a pound of coconut oil for the soup was issued per man per week. Sometimes the vegetable was eggplant, but more often than not it was sweet potato vines and leaves. Actually the leaves tasted a little like spinach but much coarser in texture.

Beriberi was common, and pellagra and scurvy were starting to be observed. "Wet Beriberi" was more common than "Dry Beriberi." Sooner or later more than 75% of the prisoners had massive edema, which we called "Wet Beriberi." Apparently it was caused by protein and Vitamin B - 1 deficiencies. The symptoms I noticed, in order of their occurrence, were swollen ankles, swollen jaws, and then swollen eyelids. In cases more severe than mine, legs, arms and the abdomen became swollen. Very few, if any, severe cases recovered. In cases like mine, the swelling could be reduced in a few days with beans or meat in the diet. "Dry Beriberi" produces a burning or tingling sensation in the feet and hands without any outward signs of disorder. The pain may be so intense that an individual will submerge his feet in cold water, even in wintertime, to numb the limbs and thereby reduce the pain. The cause and cure of the type of "Dry Beriberi" we observed are still unknown to the medical profession. I know of no one with a severe case of "Dry Beriberi" who fully recovered. Some scientists believe that both types of beriberi are caused by a deficiency of Vitamin B - 1, and that the form it takes depends upon such factors as individual capability to utilize salt in the diet. Those who retain the salt develop "Wet Beriberi"; those who can pass the salt develop "Dry Beriberi."

There were occasionally cases of "Cerebral Malaria," and "Ordinary Malaria" was fairly common. Apparently "Cerebral Malaria" resulted when the parasite population in the blood stream became so high that blood could not flow freely in the blood vessels

in the brain. The "Cerebral Malaria" was probably falciparum malaria, and the "Ordinary Malarial" was probably vivax malaria. In the absence of adequate laboratory facilities at the time, the guesses could not be verified. Deaths from "Cerebral Malarial" remind those nearby of a person being tortured to death. Their suffering is loud and can be heard for some distance. It is demoralizing to hear the suffering and not be able to relieve the pain.

The black market supply of quinine was inadequate to treat everyone; however, I was able to obtain enough to cure my case of "Ordinary Malaria." I shall be grateful forever to Ace Faulkner for taking care of me during my bouts with malaria and for helping get the quinine. Throughout my illness at O'Donnell and during my bout with malaria at Cabanatuan, I became obsessed with the notion that I could not die and be buried in foreign soil in an unmarked grave. I just couldn't let it happen. In both instances, this determination no doubt contributed greatly to my survival.

In October the Japanese officials started screening POW's and selecting those for movement to other locations. A small group of about 200, which included Ace Faulkner, Walter Hewett, Allan Cory and other friends, was selected for shipment to Japan in October. Following that shipment, the 1,500 healthiest, predominantly enlisted men, were selected for shipment to Japan during November. Another 2,000 in only fair condition were selected for shipment to Davao to work in the former Philippine Penal Camp on Mindanao. I was one of those selected for the 1,500-man shipment to Japan. Arthur E. Fouret, my former roommate, and many other friends were in the group destined for Davao. After enduring many hardships in Davao, most of that group was lost during a move to Japan when our airplanes sank the unmarked ships in which they were being transported.

In 1956 I found, in the Command and General Staff College archives, this message which had been intercepted during the war:

"Telegram from the Superintendent of Transportation and Communication to the Forces Concerned. Shipping Message 557, September 8, 1942.

"In view of the urgent demand to use white Ps'W because of the conspicuous labor shortage in Japan proper,

each returning vessel (whether warship or supply ship) is requested to transport at least a few white Ps'W.

"Shipping Transport Headquarters, besides publishing provisions in shipping messages 375 and 547, announces the possible number for each month (as determined by technical specialists) at the end of the previous month. It wishes to have as many as possible transported by various means including deck transport."

At that time we assumed the move was to prevent recapture by US Forces returning to the Philippines. No good underground news network had been established, so the rumor mill ran at full speed. There were many rumors about how close the US Forces were to Luzon. In retrospect, it's probably best that the truth was not known at the time; otherwise, many more would have given up hope. "Very soon now, Joe," the Filipino reply to Americans, did help.

THE TRIP NORTH

At about 0300 hours we walked out the front gate. The night before we had been searched and assigned our positions in the column. I had as personal possessions:

- 1 khaki shirt
- 1 khaki hat
- 1 khaki pair of trousers
- 1 pair of G.I. shoes
- 1 lightweight blue shirt (Philippine Army issue)
- 1 lightweight blue pair of trousers (Philippine Army issue)
- 1 musette bag
- 1 towel
- 1 shelter-half
- 2 pair of socks
- 1 canteen
- 1 mess kit and eating utensils
- 1 can of sardines
- 1 small can of salmon
- U.S. Army identification card and a few personal papers

Before leaving camp we were each issued a small quantity of cooked rice and a piece (1-inch square) of cooked carabao meat for our noon meal. Needless to say, this food was eaten at the first rest stop an hour after leaving camp. The kitchen which served my group was under the charge of Major (later Major General) Chester Johnson. The other two kitchens were run by Majors Alva Fitch and William Chandler. Major Fitch (later Lieutenant General) had a sign at the entrance to his kitchen which read: "Fitch's Kitchen - Quit your Bitching."

The rate of march was reasonable and the morning was cool, so we reached the city of Cabanatuan in good shape, shortly after sunup. An old Japanese colonel addressed the assembled group, warning that we should "guard our health," and that we were being taken to Japan where treatment and food would be better. We heard the same speech later when it was given prior to other moves; apparently it had been prepared in Tokyo for use on such occasions. After the speech we were loaded into steel narrow-gauge railroad boxcars. Each boxcar contained 100 prisoners and one or two armed guards. Additional guards rode elsewhere on the train. Fortunately, we were allowed to keep the boxcar doors open.

A crowded steel boxcar, moving slowly under a tropical sun, can quickly give a traveler a fairly good preview of what to expect on a trip to hell. Even with these well-disciplined men, many became irrational, and a few chose death in preference to continued torture.

At several crossings, and in small villages, Filipinos tossed food into the boxcars. Their kindness and loyalty was appreciated and done with the full knowledge that the Japanese guards frequently shot people for helping prisoners.

We arrived on the north side of Manila at about 1700 hours. Since no train traversed the city, we detrained and marched across town to the port area. As we were paraded through the business district, Filipinos of all ages watched in respectful silence. When we walked through the Luneta (a park area), Mr. and Mrs. Newland Baldwin, an elderly American couple who had two sons in the column, tried to walk with us while talking with their sons. They could not keep up, and the guards tried to prevent their joining the march, but they did manage to have a few words and hugs for their sons. Barry, the oldest son, later died in prison, and Mr. Baldwin died before the Philippine Islands were liberated. Before the war, theirs was one of the prominent families in Manila. My son, James Baldwin Emerson, was named for James Baldwin who survived and returned to the Philippines to help reestablish the family business - Macondray & Company.

We spent the night and most of the next day on the docks in a small area near Pier 7. In May 1941 I had watched my wife depart from the same pier for her return to the United States. While my emotions on the two occasions were different, my hopes for the future were similar.

We watched all day as supplies were loaded on an old freighter by Filipino and Japanese personnel. Some prisoners managed to steal a few hands of uncured leaf tobacco destined for Japan. I didn't smoke, so their actions were of no interest to me. The cargo loading was completed late in the afternoon, so starting at 1700 hours on November 6, 1942, the prisoners were herded aboard.

The ship was an old freighter built in Mobile, Alabama before World War I. It had been renamed "Nagato Marull" by the Japanese. The first deck was occupied by returning Japanese troops. Prisoners occupied the other decks. To increase passenger capacity,

an extra deck had been constructed of wood between each regular deck. This meant that except for the hold and the ladder areas, one could not stand up below deck. Each prisoner had only enough room for sleeping. The ceiling was high enough to sit up and there was natural lighting, so card games were limited to the area around the holds.

The ship stayed tied-up at the pier overnight. With the cramped quarters and the heat, very few slept that night. Almost everyone was given a short time on the upper deck to cool off. Lights in Manila were almost nonexistent. The "Pearl of the Orient" was dead after dark, and as we had observed earlier, it had little life in the daytime.

On the morning of November 7, we set sail for Japan, and our hopes for an early liberation vanished. From that time on the attitude of most was to somehow find ways to endure an eternity of confinement in Japan.

Topside were two temporary toilets built so they hung out over the side of the ship, thereby permitting the sewage to drop into the ocean. Dysentery and diarrhea among the prisoners insured full utilization of both facilities. In addition to the two outside toilets, several wooden buckets were placed near the stairway for severe cases of dysentery and for nighttime use. The heat, crowded conditions, sewage buckets, wretched dysentery cases too weak to take care of themselves, and cerebral malaria cases presented a sight that probably was worse than the "Black Hole of Calcutta" and equal to that on the early slave ships. A few prisoners had body lice when we sailed, so within a week all were infested. With no bathing or washing facilities and inadequate toilet facilities, the ship soon smelled as bad as a cattle boat. Prisoners who died were thrown overboard, after a short prayer.

At mealtime prisoners in each hold were allocated a few buckets of rice, thin vegetable soup and hot tea water. The ration and quantity were essentially that provided at Cabanatuan except for the absence of sweets, meats and oil. After the meal, the food buckets were taken topside for cleaning and returned to the galley. Each prisoner cleaned his own mess gear as best he could, thus adding more diarrhea cases each day. The tea provided with each meal was the only drinking water available.

The 1, 500 returning Japanese troops fared little better on food or living quarters. However, since they were in better

physical condition, and returning home, they didn't mind the conditions too much. They seldom bothered the prisoners, except to control their movements when topside.

One day while working topside, I heard a familiar voice. When I finally located the person, it turned out to be Eugene Baker, a marine from my hometown. I didn't even know he was in the service because the last time I had seen him we both were students at Oklahoma A&M College. He was still full of life and determined to make it through the ordeal, which he did.

On November 11, 1942 we arrived at Takao, Formosa. We anchored in the harbor until November 15, 1942 during which time cargo was loaded and unloaded onto lighters or barges. It was a quiet harbor with very little activity, and no prisoners were allowed ashore.

After we left Takao, we sailed northwest and arrived at the Pescadores on November 18, 1942. The islands were bleak, desolate and wind-swept. No trees could be seen. There was no evidence of any activity except that needed to man the radio station and the large antennas. Our reason for stopping was to weather a storm. The islands provided protection from the high winds and waves. The storm also brought cool weather, so conditions for the remainder of our trip were a little better.

A day or so after leaving the Pescadores, there was a one-day flurry of activity as the escort destroyers dropped depth charges while other vessels in the convoy took evasive action. The Japanese guards said a submarine had been detected in the area. If one was in the area, it escaped unharmed.

We arrived in the port of Moji late on November 24, 1942. The next day we debarked just at dusk. The Japanese soldiers and part of the cargo were unloaded before it became our turn. It was snowing as we walked down the gangplank. Many men had no shoes and few had clothing warmer than mine. I had on only a pair of cotton trousers, a cotton shirt and shoes.

On the pier a Japanese civilian, speaking excellent English, and several soldiers formed us into groups of 500. The first words I heard from the interpreter were, "Let's get the lead out and get moving." With this outburst we all knew he hadn't been trained in the local school system. In conversations later, he said his name was Mr. Fuji Moto. He was in his late 20's or early 30's and had been educated in the United States. We could never determine his

first name, birthplace, nationality, or reason for being in Japan. His behavior with us was reasonable. We later encountered him on other moves.

My group consisted of 178 officers and 322 enlisted men. Lieutenant Colonel Ernest B. Miller, a National Guard tank officer from Minnesota, was the senior officer in the group. My group was marched out of the port area to a grade school nearby. The civilians watched, without any outward sign of emotion, as we walked through the streets. It was dark by the time we reached the school. Inside the clean, well-lighted, unheated school we were given a meal of rice, soup and tea. The change in conditions was welcomed by all. While we were eating the interpreter engaged many prisoners in friendly conversation, the first time any Japanese had done so.

A number of prisoners too sick to move were left in the holds and topside when we debarked. We suspected they were too sick to recover and the Japanese would leave them to die. Later we found out that a few did survive. The prisoners formed into other groups were marched off in other directions, so during our stay in the school we wondered if the groups would be reunited later. They were not; however, later we found out that one group was taken to Osaka to work in a railroad freight yard, and the other group was taken to the Kobe area to work in a factory.

After the meal, we marched back to the port area and boarded a ferry. After a short ride across the straits, we arrived at Shimonoseki. We then marched to the railroad station and boarded coaches of a special train. The cars were clean and warm, so for the first time, we began to believe that our lot might be getting better.

It was the first time for any of us to see Japan, so the next morning we sat in silence and carefully watched everything in view. The countryside was neat, quiet, but drab since no buildings were painted. The streets were dark, void of vehicles, but with plenty of pedestrians. All males wore some type of uniform, and the women wore traditional clothes in dark colors. The railroad, obviously patterned after the German system, was efficient and well run, with guards at all crossings.

In addition to the unexpected condition of the cars, we were provided bento boxes and hot tea for each meal. These were delightful small boxes of food prepared for travelers (even today).

The contents were rice, vegetables, a small piece of fish, and a slice of daikon (pickled radish).

We were surprised to find that the war had not reached the Japanese homeland. Rumors in the Philippines had caused us to believe that the war was almost over. Our hopes were dashed as we saw mile after mile of undamaged countryside and built-up areas.

About dark on November 25, 1942, we arrived at the Umeda Railroad Station in Osaka. After detraining, we marched to a trolley station and boarded several cars. Then, after a short ride, our trolley cars stopped in the open countryside. It was a clear cold night with a full moon shining. We then marched for about three miles through the small village of Tanagawa into a brightly lit compound of a small, newly-established prison camp.

This would be our home for several months. Little did we realize at 2000 hours on Thanksgiving Day, 1942, as we walked through the gate, that conditions would get worse, not better.

TANAGAWA

Late in the night on Thanksgiving Day, 1942, I was one of 500 American prisoners -of-war who walked through the front gate of the Tanagawa Prisoner-of-War Camp. After walking through the gate, we immediately entered a small, well-lit area and stopped. Beyond the floodlights we could see a number of new white stucco buildings which looked as cold as tombstones in the snow.

After being counted, we were assigned to barracks. Once inside a barracks building, the hospitality was little better. The only heat in the building was that given off by three 40-watt light bulbs. A cold, icy wind howled through the building because there was a gap of about six to ten inches between the bottom of the walls and the ground. The building was actually built as a shed with the walls fastened on to the outside of poles supporting the roof. Double-decked platforms were built on each side of a narrow dirt passageway. The lower platform was about two feet off the ground. Laid out on the platforms were neat stacks of gear, each stack contained five thin cotton sheet blankets and a small rice husk pillow. These were placed so that each person was allocated about 22-1/2 inches on a platform on which he could sleep. On the wall was a 12-inch shelf, and each person had space on this shelf at the foot of his sleeping area for personal belongings.

To keep from freezing we bedded down in groups. Tom Sawyer, Frank Gensberg and I shared our "blankets" so as to have a few as a mattress and a few for cover. Fortunately I drew the middle so while it was a little cramped, I managed to stay warm as long as we were sleeping. The next morning after a breakfast of hot tea and watery rice, we listened to a speech by Colonel Murata, the officer in charge of all POW camps in the Osaka District. He cautioned us "to guard our health" and said we would receive good treatment. After the speech we obtained some shovels from the Japanese and spent the day piling dirt against the wall until that source of ventilation was eliminated. We never did get much done about the loose fitting windows.

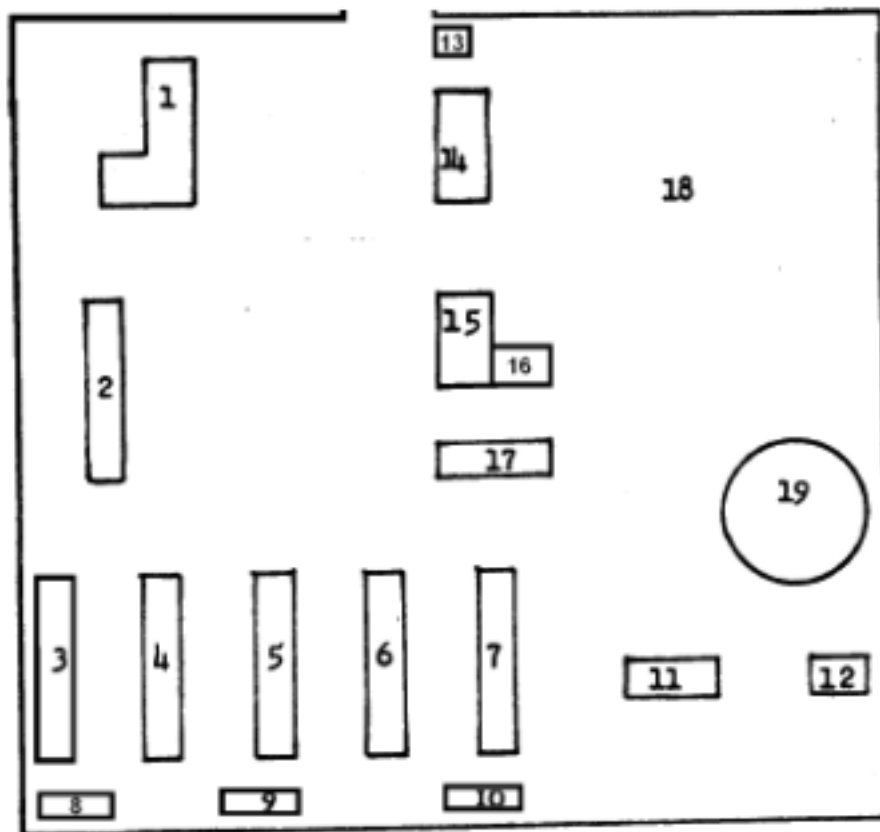
Complaints through the interpreter about the food, living conditions and lack of medicine did no good. After a day's rest, we were assembled in the open space between the buildings. Following a short lecture informing us of the regulations, we started basic training, Japanese style.

Every position and movement in Japanese drill was new to us, and of course, the commands all sounded alike. A noncommissioned officer would demonstrate a position or movement, then we would execute it to his command. We worked hard at our tasks, but our progress was slow. After a few days corrections were accompanied with slaps, and later by swats with a long stick. The goose step executed with an eyes-right (or left) when passing a sentry, noncommissioned officer, or officer, and about-face were the movements most difficult to master. Concurrent with these drills, we were taught to count off in Japanese. It was difficult for Americans who were making an honest effort to accept corrections accompanied by physical punishment.

Before we completed basic training, Lieutenant Habe, the Camp Commandant, and Mr. Fuji Moto departed, leaving us without an interpreter, and with Sergeant Major Tanaka as Camp Commandant. One Japanese noncommissioned officer could speak only a few words of English, but not enough to meet the need. Fortunately George Ragusin, who had been born and raised in the Orient, could speak Chinese and Spanish. The Japanese Commandant could speak Chinese, and a Japanese civilian, Mr. Omoe, the work force supervisor, could speak Spanish. This threesome somehow managed to handle most situations. Sometimes it was funny to watch the three trying to reach agreement on what was wanted. Each could talk to the other two in the threesome, but there was no common language, so no one was satisfied that he was being completely understood by the other two. When we finally did get an interpreter assigned, he was such an obnoxious individual that I think we would have fared better under the earlier arrangement. At least, in self-defense, we would have learned the Japanese language quicker.

A camp layout, as I recall it, is shown on page 44.

After a week or so of basic training, work schedules were published. All of the enlisted men who could possibly walk, except those working in the kitchen, were assigned to a construction project. The project involved carving a dry-dock for submarines out of a hillside on the bay and lining it with stones. The work force was made up of Koreans who had been kidnapped and transported to the area, Japanese criminals serving prison sentences, and American prisoners-of-war. The Japanese prisoners occupied a small camp nearby and at all times were kept away from the other groups. The Koreans lived with their families in shacks along the main road. There was some mingling on the job between the



Tanagawa Prisoner of War Camp
1942

- 1 Japanese Office and living quarters
- 2 POW Officers barracks
- 3 - 7 POW Enlisted Mens barracks
- 4 -10 Latrines
- 11 Warehouse
- 12 Sick Bay
- 13 Guard Stand
- 14 Food Warehouse
- 15 Kitchen
- 16 Bath
- 17 Wash Rack
- 18 Recreation Area
- 19 Water Storage Tank

the Koreans and Americans, but none with the Japanese criminals. All three groups worked under the supervision of Japanese civilian foremen and were guarded by Japanese soldiers. Guards for the camp and the work details were provided from a garrison in Osaka. The guards were changed each Saturday about noon. The camp officials and civilian foremen served continuously.

I was assigned to a pool of officers who did odd jobs around the camp. Every day that men worked on the drydock, several of us would be assigned to take lunch to them. This involved taking boxes of cooked rice and buckets of soup from the camp to the work site, and after it was dispensed, to bring back the empty containers which were washed and returned to the kitchen. The work parties heated their own tea water on the construction site.

The hard work, exposure, and poor physical condition of the prisoners resulted in many deaths. I was one of those assigned to cremate dead prisoners. The usual routine was to place the body in a pine box, then by two-wheel cart take it to a saw mill where a supply of pine slabs was piled on the cart, then pull the cart to the crematory. Once at the crematory, we placed the body and the wood in the fireplace. After a prayer, the body was burned. The Japanese provided a small box for the ashes. I tried to save a small piece of charred leg or arm bone to be included in the box so there would be no question later as to the origin of the ashes. The pine box was not burned but was saved for the next victim. The road to the crematory required pulling or pushing the cart up two hills. When the load contained more than one body, the work was doubly hard. As I recall, we had three bodies on one occasion, and two were not uncommon. I participated in more than sixty cremations while in that camp. I believe that Barry Baldwin was the only man cremated without my help during my sojourn at Tanagawa. I asked not to serve on the cremation detail that day.

When we arrived at Tanagawa, our group was without a doctor. After so many prisoners became sick, on December 20, 1942 the Japanese transferred Dr. George Campbell and Dr. William Marsico to our camp from another camp. Neither had medicine to dispense, so the death rate did not drop until summer. By that time those who survived had obviously made some adjustment to the living conditions.

For Christmas the Japanese officials issued contents of a few Red Cross boxes. The rate of issue was one box per six or seven prisoners. Japanese District Headquarters had issued

enough for each prisoner to have one box, but the camp officials kept two-thirds of the boxes for their consumption. Even this small amount of food was helpful in raising morale. I shared a can of curried mutton, prepared in South Africa, with Frank Gensberg and Tom Sawyer, and it was as tasty as anything I've eaten. I never liked mutton in any form, but circumstances changed my taste on that occasion.

The Japanese insisted that everyone work on an assigned task. Anyone who could not work, or who did not despite punishments, was given reduced rations. Normal rations were inadequate to maintain weight and health, so reduced rations increased the probability that the sick would not recover. When we had a day off from work, regardless of the cause, rations were reduced in accordance with this rule. POWs were so hungry that they took scraps from the garbage heap whenever possible. Anyone who has seen a garbage pile in the Orient knows that pickings are very slim. People who have not been to the Orient can appreciate our situation if they understand the saying, "We were so poor that we didn't even have cockroaches."

We were permitted to write a short message on a postcard for dispatch home. This was the first time we had been given this opportunity. Much to my surprise, my wife received my card in. During my stay in Tanagawa we did not receive mail. We were so isolated that we got little news about the outside world.

On January 15, 1943, 120 officers were transferred out of Tanagawa, and they were replaced the next day by, 50 enlisted men from Zentsuji. I was one of those to remain at Tanagawa. When the incoming prisoners arrived we could hardly believe our eyes. They were in top mental and physical condition. Many wore parts of their American uniforms and others wore complete uniforms. It was like a breath of spring to see and talk with this group. Most of them had been captured at Wake or Guam in December 1941, and had suffered no hardships in combat or after internment. Their glowing accounts of conditions at Zentsuji convinced me to try to get there, if possible.

Captain Clinton W. Kuhns and Lieutenant Charles H. Smith arrived in camp on January 6, 1943. When we had last seen this pair they were litter cases left on the deck of the Nagato Maru. Of the 29 sick left on the ship, these two were among the 15 who survived. They had been taken to a Japanese hospital and given good treatment. I believe they were the only prisoners to receive

anything approaching adequate medical attention by the Japanese.

Medicines were nonexistent except those brought in by the prisoners. So when a prisoner became ill, he was given reduced rations, no medication, and confined in a cold room without sanitation, all of which practically insured that he would die. People with severe cases of "dry beriberi" would get up at night and put their feet in buckets of cold water to kill the pain. When this was done, circulation in the feet was reduced and many lost their toes. The Japanese authorities sent several cases to Osaka for treatment. When two of the group returned they told of operations under crude unsanitary conditions by medical students. One still had an open lower abdominal incision and he died within a few days. The other man had been operated on to cure his case of "dry beriberi." The operation consisted of trying to sever the nerves to his legs thereby eliminating his suffering. Instead of doing this, they cut the nerves controlling his bladder so he too eventually died. Other cases were cited during the war crimes trials. Chillblains were a new, painful experience for me and many others. We made mittens but they didn't help much.

Clinton "Pappy" Kuhns and Charles Smith asked the interpreter to return some money they had borrowed from a hospital orderly. Instead of doing it, the interpreter unmercifully beat both of them until their faces became swollen, and this was at a time when they had not recovered sufficiently to walk alone.

"Pappy" Kuhns had several packages of George Washington brand pipe tobacco which had been given to him by the hospital personnel. This was the first American tobacco we had seen since our capture. Personnel from Zentsuji had been issued American tobacco products which they brought with them. After their personal stores were used up, they too had only the three cigarettes per day issue of Japanese Army cigarettes.

The group from Zentsuji brought with them a number of home-made pipes which they had made from cherry tree stumps. I obtained a small block of this wood and in my spare time carved a pipe which I smoked when tobacco was available. I still have the pipe.

Another job I often had was to help carry supplies from the village into camp. On one cold sunny day, two of us with a guard were sent to a local store to obtain a package of food for the

Japanese officials. It was about three-fourths of a bushel of mandarin oranges (very much like our tangerines). We hung the box under a pole which went from the shoulder of one person to the other and started back to camp, with the guard in the lead. As we walked down the street and paths between the fields, I started picking some of those small enough to be mashed with my tongue and swallowed without chewing so as to avoid detection by the guard if he should turn around. During the trip I probably consumed a half dozen or so. If the loss was noticed by the Japanese, they probably thought the guard ate them.

Early in February those of us not working on the drydock started spending a few hours per day in the fields adjacent to the camp. We helped cultivate English peas, and later sweet potatoes, eggplants and onions, but we never got involved with the rice crop. Our work consisted primarily of emptying the benjos (toilets) and putting the sewage around the base of plants, and hoeing the plants with an implement built for the short Japanese. Both tasks were despised by Americans because of pride and because the poorly-designed tool always caused a backache. Neither job was as hard as the rockpile at the drydock.

Labor for the drydock was supplied on contract by the government. Therefore, the Japanese camp authorities wanted a maximum turnout each day. Work performed elsewhere, from the Japanese viewpoint, was not considered work because it did not count on their contract. The US officers insisted that as prisoners-of-war they were not required to perform manual labor. We accepted the Japanese interpretation of manual work and refused to work on the drydock. We did agree to perform other certain duties in the camp such as gardening, carrying food to the men, etc. These positions remained unchanged during my stay at Tanagawa, which meant that the officers were constantly threatened and always received reduced rations.

With no heat in the buildings, we always welcomed the hot tea which was provided at mid-morning and mid-afternoon breaks, and at mealtimes. In addition to the pleasure of drinking something hot, it was the only time we could get our hands warm. Warming your hands in freezing weather by holding a hot tin cup of tea, as every duck hunter knows, can keep you going a little longer. About two months after we arrived, one morning one of the captains said, "I believe I'll take some tea." Until he said that I hadn't noticed he had not been drinking tea. We commented on this and he said, "I'm a Mormon and as you know, we don't drink tea, but after

thinking about it for a couple of months, I believe the Church would understand and not object under these circumstances." For quite some time I thought about this poor fellow who, in addition to enduring all the hardships imposed on us, had added another one while he wrestled with his conscience.

The Japanese officials at the camp were a curious lot of wounded veterans and reserve personnel from Osaka. The camp commander, Lieutenant Hazami, a Reserve first lieutenant, was the son of a real estate dealer in Osaka. He was a large friendly person who worked at learning English and was proud of the name "Big Buck" that we gave him. The interpreter, Takagi, was a little runt who had convinced someone in the Japanese Army that because of a short tour as a houseboy in England he could speak English. He suffered from an inferiority complex resulting from his prewar social status and lack of formal education. These factors with his inadequate English vocabulary made him a difficult person to deal with. He rightfully deserved the name "Goathead" which we gave him. Corporal "Donald Duck" was a short, enthusiastic, energetic, emotionally unstable individual in charge of the work details. The only time he was not a potential hazard was when he contracted a venereal disease and asked a prisoner doctor for help. He was blackmailed into reason for a while. He was killed in August 1945 by prisoners for his conduct.

The corporal paymaster, prior to the war, worked in a bank in Osaka. He was a rather tall, neatly-groomed, well-educated person who spoke a little English. He was all business and highly efficient. When it was his job to be cruel, he could perform the job as efficiently as his superiors demanded. His personality can be illustrated by a couple of incidents. One afternoon after we returned from the drydock, he sent for us and asked that the time sheets be returned to him. These were kept to record how much each person worked each day and were the basis for a monthly bill to the contractor. When we informed him we didn't have the time sheets and had not seen them, he accused us of stealing and destroying them and proceeded to administer beatings. After he tired of this, he had us remove our shoes and stand on a gravel path with a bucket of water held high over our heads. When our arms began to tire, and the buckets started dropping, he would hit us across the shins with the flat side of his saber. This lasted about three hours until a Japanese clerk found the misplaced time sheets. There was no apology for the Japanese error.

In August we noticed a change in his attitude and asked him why. He replied that his sister had just returned to Japan from the United States on the Swedish ship Gripsholm. He had talked to her at great lengths about her treatment in the United States. He learned that she had not been mistreated during her internment, and she spoke very favorably about her treatment in the United States. He admitted he had mistreated us earlier because of the incorrect information he had read in the local papers. Obviously the accounts he read were propaganda, so he apologized. During the rest of my stay in Tanagawa his behavior was proper after his sister returned. I don't know how he behaved in the later stages of the war.

The most likeable official was a limited duty corporal who had been wounded several times in China. He was tall, gangly, and as friendly as a pup. Because of his appearance, we immediately nicknamed him "Horseface." He tried to get involved in all our activities and apparently had a sincere desire to be a friend. We thoroughly enjoyed him, except for one day. One morning as we started to work, we noticed he was in a bad mood, which was very unusual. The first time someone asked him, "Horseface, what do we do next?", he slapped the prisoner. This was so much out of character that we asked why. He replied, "Last night I found out what Horseface means." We all laughed and after a while he joined in, and thereafter his old personality prevailed.

By the time summer arrived we had lost 22 officers and 47 enlisted men. The officers remaining decided that no more officers would die. This became a real challenge since several in the sick bay had obviously given up hope. In our free time we started trying to help in every way possible. Rebuilding a man's spirit, pride, or confidence was often the most difficult part of the task. Let me mention just two examples of the form this help took.

In the case of Swede Dalness, Porky Long and I went to see him each day. While there we would tell him he was lazy and that there really wasn't anything wrong with him except he couldn't take it. He actually was in extremely poor physical condition. We then, against his wishes, got him up and walked him around the barracks -- with his cursing us each step of the way. We completely ignored his pleas, to leave him alone so he could die. I obtained a pair of scissors and while Porky held him, I gave him a good haircut. Porky gave him a shave. As soon as the bathhouse was open, the two of us carried him over for a warm bath. Incidentally it was the first bath for anyone in the camp. We dressed him in clean

clothes while his were being washed. The constant personal attention and the effort to make him feel like a man again soon started to pay off. As soon as he could walk without falling, we took him on work details. We made him hold onto the cart, as if he were pushing, so that the Japanese thought he was working. By the first of August, Swede could hold his own without any outside help.

Tom Savage was not quite as bad off physically as Swede Dalness, but he had given up hope. Somehow he had obtained a can so that he wouldn't have to get up to make the trip to the latrine. To solve this problem, I took his can away and told him he could make it to the latrine and back without any help, and if he didn't, I would whip him. I kept him under constant surveillance to see if my threat would work. He cursed a lot, but got up, being more afraid of me than anything else. He pulled through in good shape. Swede Dalness frequently told people how Porky and I had saved his life. Tom Savage later was embarrassed by his behavior and the "cruel treatment," but when we were liberated, he thanked me for my help.

Getting rid of the lice we picked up during our trip to Japan proved to be a long, slow process. However, by changing and laundering our clothes and bedding frequently, we finally made it by summer.

Captain Walter White was a light-skinned Negro, the only one of his race that I encountered in Japan. One day during a hazing session, the Japanese official asked each of us, "What are you?" A wide variety of answers were given, but Walter's answer was, "I'm an American Negro." Until then I had not known it, so I turned to Walter and said, "I thought you just needed a bath like the rest of us." We laughed about it many times afterwards. Walter was a delightful person and we corresponded until his death in Pasadena, California after the war. Later we had Indonesians who were darker than Walter, and earlier we had many Americans of Mexican descent. There was absolutely no racial trouble among the prisoners. It was us against the Japanese, just as in combat.

The Japanese issued us their regular army uniforms, except for caps. These consisted of shirts without collars, five-button blouses, and pegged trousers. In the Japanese Army clothing was not issued by size. Stacks of clothing were made up, based on tariff sizes derived from experience. Each person was

issued a stack and once outside started trading until he got items the right sizes. This system worked well for the Japanese, but it wasn't geared to the large American. The results was that most prisoners wore trousers and shirts too short for them. The socks were made without heels so they would fit everyone. When the heel wore out, the sock could be turned over until holes were worn on the other side. I could never find a pair of shoes that fit, so the pair I wore when I was captured had to do. To save them I wore wooden sandals which I made whenever possible.

Maintenance of clothing under prison conditions required a lot of time and attention. When prisoners died, their personal items were usually taken by a close friend who hoped to survive and return them to relatives; their clothing and other possessions were given to men most in need of the items. Everyone did his own repairs on clothing and shoes. These repairs consisted mostly of resewing split seams, and sewing on patches over worn spots. Thread was obtained by unravelling a piece of cloth, preferably a piece of shelter-half. Patches were obtained from the best portions of clothing too worn to be salvaged as complete garments. After a few patches of different colors, our clothing looked like that worn by hippies today.

Among the prisoners transferred to Tanagawa in January was a New Zealander named Basil "Pat" Were. Pat was a reservist serving at a radio lookout station on an island in the South Pacific when he was captured. He was a very talented artist and I still have a sketch he made of me. Being the only non-American prisoner in the camp, he received a great deal of attention, but he also had quite a time adjusting to American thinking. His knowledge of U.S. history was good, and his interpretation of it was quite different from any I had heard previously.

We had to work six days a week. The seventh day was allocated to personal and barracks cleanup. If it rained during the week so that work stopped on the drydock, Sunday became the makeup day. Reveille was early so that people could be on the job by sunup. The work day ended after sundown and everyone was in bed by 2030 hours at night.

Porky Long always woke up everyone in our barracks by loudly announcing, "Everybody up, I'm up. " Lieutenant Colonel E. B. Miller was the senior P.O.W. until he was transferred to Zentsuji in January. Thereafter, Carlos McAfee was the senior

officer; however, since he was a Judge Advocate General officer, he preferred that Bill Orr, an Engineer, assume the responsibilities as senior officer, which he did on March 20, 1943. Bill was a natural leader respected by all, and quickly gained the confidence and cooperation of all prisoners.

After the evening meal, the time until lights out was set aside for educational discussion. One topic was discussed each night. Each officer picked his topic based upon experience or education for presentation to the group. Mel Miller talked about his experience as a highway engineer and as a student at the Coast Guard Academy. Bob Broadwater told us how portland cement was made. Ole Johnson, who previously worked for Coca Cola, explained the foreign operations of that company. Stan Johnson, a mining engineer, discussed his experience in several countries. Many other interesting topics were covered. These few examples illustrate the fact that there is always a great wealth of knowledge in any group of American officers. We had only a few books, so these discussions were very necessary for diversion and relaxation. I personally profited a great deal from the experience.

During the spring, our clerk who worked in the Japanese administrative office intercepted a letter written by a prisoner and addressed to the Commandant. The prisoner, a Navy Chief Petty Officer, wrote that he was convinced Japan would win the war and wanted to apply for Japanese citizenship. Shortly thereafter, while on a work detail, he was pushed off an elevated trellis onto a rock pile. He survived with a back injury. While recuperating he had time to reconsider and decided to again become a good American. He never repeated his mistake.

One rainy day in June, Donald Duck and Horseface came by the barracks and asked if we wanted to go fishing. We could see the beach about a half-mile away, so we jumped at the chance to go fishing and perhaps have a swim. They took the group, about twenty, by the warehouse and there issued to each prisoner either a shovel or a bucket. Instead of going to the beach, we wound our way through the rice fields in the hills until we came to a small stream used for irrigation. We stopped at a small dam across the stream and were informed we would now begin to fish. The procedure followed was to dig a diversion ditch around the water backed up by the dam so that the stream could continue to flow. We then proceeded to dip out the pool of backed-up water until the fish could be picked up. We then put them in a bucket of water and

returned to camp, tired and much wiser about Japanese ways. The second blow came when we got to camp. The fish were put in the water reservoir to control mosquitos, so we didn't get to eat the catch. About a month later the Japanese asked the same question again. After one experience of this type, we didn't volunteer for another. It didn't help. They picked the same group to repeat the episode. Later we did get to spend about an hour on the beach, without "fishing Japanese style."

Three more incidents which occurred at Tanagawa will help illustrate how difficult it is for anyone not involved to understand and appreciate situations confronting prisoners of war every day.

Alex Welcher was given the job of providing wood to the Japanese kitchen. The cook was a delightful old lady who spoke no English, but nevertheless chattered at us all the time. One afternoon a local carpenter was called in to make some repairs on the Japanese office building. Japanese lumber, as it came from the sawmill, was rough-sawed so for finish work it had to be planed on the job. This carpenter planed several boards for a door frame. While he was taking a break for a smoke before nailing the boards, Alex reached over and took one. He chopped it up and put it in the wood box. The carpenter blinked his eyes and began to laugh. Alex then chopped up the other two boards which allowed him to fill the box, and then walked off leaving the man in a fit of laughter. Each was amazed and laughed at the other's stupidity, and the cook was happy for the full box of wood.

When the ration truck arrived, I had to help unload it. Vegetables arrived daily; the dried produce -- rice, beans and barley -- arrived about once a month. On one particular day the truck arrived just after the last sack had been sent to the kitchen. We unloaded the truck, stacking the bags in stacks according to their content. Each sack weighed 60 kilograms (122 pounds), so it was heavy work for personnel in our condition. After completing our job, we returned to the barracks. Within a few minutes we were called back and reprimanded for such a poor job. We had stacked the barley where the rice should have been stacked and vice versa. We told the foreman to leave and we would do the job right. After waiting an appropriate time, we asked him to return and inspect the job. Horseface was pleased and complimented us on the job. All we had done was move the signs, which we couldn't read.

The Japanese were avid baseball fans. After the weather warmed up, it became their favorite pastime. Japanese camp and guard personnel ate lunch at 1100 hours at which time we started carrying food to the outside work details. After we returned, then we would eat and be about our jobs at 1300 hours. The Japanese asked us to eat in a hurry and join them in baseball practice, which we did. On the diamond, prisoner-guard relationships were forgotten. However, after a few days we realized that the daily game required energy we couldn't afford. Nevertheless, they demanded that we play baseball with them instead of resting during our lunch period. This routine continued until it dawned on us that we had won every game. So one day we very carefully planned our play so that they could win. Thereafter we were not required to play baseball each day. We finally realized that survival takes some thought in addition to luck, determination, and many other factors.

We convinced the Japanese to let us have a holiday on July 4. A normal holiday meant that we didn't have to work on that day, but could mend and wash our clothing, and read or generally relax. Recognizing that July 4 was a special holiday, after lunch the Japanese walked us about four miles to a golf course that was not being used because of the war. Many relaxed in the sun and watched others play baseball. A few Japanese played on each team, so the prisoners interpreted the rules differently for the Japanese. For example, if the Japanese batter got a hit, before he could score a run we always found a way to call him out, usually it was for turning the wrong way at first base. The Japanese were so excited they didn't notice the inconsistencies of the umpire's decisions.

In late July, the local farmers harvested the onions for sale in Osaka. When they harvested them, the tops were cut off and left in the fields. We asked Big Buck to allow us to get some to supplement our rations. He obtained permission from the local farmers, so for a few days we had onion tops to eat raw or stewed until they came out our pores.

In August, we were informed that 25 officers would be transferred to Zentsuji and some enlisted men from Zentsuji brought to Tanagawa. After all the glowing accounts I heard about Zentsuji, I wanted very much to be among those transferred. I got my wish.

Lest the reader be misled by the fact that very little concerning torture or mistreatment has been included in this account

of Tanagawa the fact cannot be overlooked that none of the prisoners who died were smothered with kindness. We later learned that the prisoner-of-war camp in Tanagawa was disbanded on March 28, 1945, when the prisoners were sent to other camps.

We departed on September 3, 1943. The officers we left behind were: Ole Johnson, Bob Broadwater, Al Fobes, Stan Johnson, William Thomas, Ted Esatow, Walter "Hap" Farrel, Stockton Bruns, George Campbell, Bill Marsico, John Riley, Chuck Kasler and Gabby Galbraith. All but Dr. Marsico survived. In trying to reconstruct the list of those transferred to Zentsuji, I am sure of twenty-two names and believe the entire list is probably correct. The transferred were: Leo Giitter, Carlos McAfee, William Orr, Harold Dalness, K. C. Emerson, Anthony George, Clinton Kuhns, John Long, Melvin Miller, Thomas Sawyer, Ferris Spoor, Alexander Welcher, Walter White, Robert Wray, Lloyd Baker, James Baldwin, Eugene Boyt, Morton Deeter, Fred Laboon, Robert Silhavy, James Campbell, Edward Erickson, George Ragusin, Thomas Savage and Charles Smith.

Our ride to Osaka was in Japanese Army trucks, and it was our first experience with this mode of transportation in Japan. While riding through the streets of Osaka, we saw a battalion-sized combat unit marching down the street. This was the largest army unit I ever saw while in Japan.

When we arrived in Osaka, we first went to a British P.O.W. camp for lunch. The commander, a first lieutenant, had served with Allenby in Palestine during World War I. Our first real news of the war was provided by the British. They informed us the Badoglio had just surrendered Italy to the Allied Forces. Our morale really took a jump. There we met several officers who would accompany us to Zentsuji. It was a fairly good work camp and well organized. After lunch we were taken to the Umeda Bunsho Camp for American prisoners-of-war near the Umeda railroad station. This camp, in contrast, was very depressing and it contained half of the prisoners we had left at Moji. The prisoners in this camp performed labor in the railroad yards. They were in poor health, and the camp was dark, dingy, and treatment was bad. At least we had fresh air and daylight at Tanagawa. A few prisoners from this camp also joined us for the trip to Zentsuji.

We boarded a train at the Umeda railroad station about dark and arrived in Okayama late that night. Before daylight we were put aboard a ferry for a short trip across the inland sea. When

daylight came, I could see that others had joined our group. I was particularly glad to see Ace Faulkner and Hank Pierce who were old friends from other camps. When the ferry arrived at Takamatsu, we got off and boarded trolley cars for the trip to Zentsuji. After arrival in the village of Zentsuji, we walked about a mile to the prisoner-of-war camp which we hoped would be our home until the war ended.

Old friends waved to us as we walked into the compound. It was apparent that their condition was better than it had been at Tanagawa. We were destined to spend two weeks in quarantine before we could talk to our friends.

For the first time since my capture, I felt the worst was over. It was, but I had no idea that the road ahead would still be very rough and long.

ZENTSUJI

The Zentsuji POW camp was established on January 15, 1942 for Americans captured on Guam. In May and August of that year Americans from Wake Island were interned there also. During 1943, 1944 and early 1945, British, Canadian, Australian, American, Dutch and Indonesian officers captured at many locations in the Far East were sent to the camp. At one time it had between 900 and 1,000 prisoners.

The camp was established by enclosing, with a high board fence, a few buildings on the Army base. Similar prisoner-of-war camps had been established in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 and the Sino-Japanese War of 1937. When I arrived the rest of the Japanese Army base was vacant except for a few caretaker troops and a cadre to train recruits. Recruit training was accomplished in company-sized units, usually with only one company on the base at a time.

During our two-week quarantine, it was easy to see that the camp was well run and clean. While the prisoners were not enjoying their stay, at least they were not depressed or frightened; in fact, they were confident that it would be only a matter of time until the ordeal would end.

For barracks we had two-story permanent stucco buildings with wooden floors, but without heat. Each building had a central hallway on each floor, and was divided into a number of rooms of approximately equal size. Sleeping platforms, raised about 16 inches above the floor level, lined two sides of each room. On the wall behind each sleeping platform was a shelf for personal gear. Early arrivals in camp had straw mattresses, but by the time I arrived, we had only a thin straw mat on the sleeping platform. Barracks were infested with fleas and bedbugs which hid during the daytime in the numerous cracks in the walls, floors and sleeping platforms. Even though we worked constantly to exterminate the creatures, we only succeeded in keeping the population stable. Control of these pests would have been easy with an insecticide. Lice were no problem because before any new arrival was permitted in a building, he was stripped and bathed and his clothes were boiled.

After our arrival all prisoners were reassigned to rooms. My room contained sixteen U.S. Army captains, with the same

date of rank, all captured in the Philippines. After a few months, the camp was reorganized and I was assigned to a room for thirty-two. My roommates were: Ramus I. Anderson, Eugene H. Anthony, Clarence R. Bess, Robert Besson, Dow G. Bond, Jack K. Boyer, Edward L. Burke, James M. Covington, Harold E. Dalness, Stephene C. Farris, Ace E. Faulkner, Eugene S. Horney, Clinton W. Kuhns, Joseph D. Kwiatkowski, Erwin W. Lahser, Louis T. Lazzarini, John W. Long, George G. Maxfield, Robert Pennell, Henry J. Pierce, Felix N. Porter, John I. Pray, Jason N. Quist, Edwin W. Rue, Thomas J. Sawyer, Harold C. Carter, John W. Spainhower, Warren C. Stirling, Alexander B. Welcher, Frederick J. Yeager, and Joseph W. Zimmermann.

The normal schedule was to be awakened thirty minutes before daylight. After dressing, beds were made and everyone turned out for reveille. If the weather was good, the reveille formation was held outside; if not, it was held in each room. In each case the room leader reported, and then the prisoners counted off for the Japanese duty officer and NCO. Reporting and counting was done in Japanese. After the formation, each room sent one person to the kitchen to get tea water, and two people to get food for breakfast. The tea water was brought back to the room and consumed while the kitchen personnel put the soup and rice into the buckets. When the food arrived in the room, it was carefully divided into equal portions. After breakfast, personnel who brought the food from the kitchen washed the containers and returned them to the kitchen. Everyone washed his own dishes. Those not on work details had time to play cards, read, mend clothing, launder clothing, shave, walk inside the compound, or get together with a group for discussion of the war, speculate about the future, or take part in some type of educational endeavor.

At 8:30 p.m. we stood in front of our bunks while the room leader reported to the Japanese Duty Officer and his guard; then they watched while we counted off to verify the report. After the lights were turned off, two prisoners on each floor served as fire guards. The Japanese were very fire-prevention minded because of past experiences with fires. All ashtrays contained water and anyone, Japanese or prisoner, smoking away from an ashtray was admonished or punished severely. Crowded wooden buildings and a lack of firefighting equipment anywhere in Japan resulted in this attitude. The guard roster was set up so that an individual was on duty for one two-hour tour when he drew the assignment. In addition to the POW fire guards, the Japanese stationed one guard in each building who also walked through the rooms.

A diet deficient in protein causes one to urinate frequently, so our latrines had almost as much business at night as during the daytime.

We were issued only four thin blankets at Zentsuji, and with no heat in the buildings, it was a problem to stay warm, especially at night. After many experiments the solution I finally adopted was to fold my blankets into thirds and arrange them so that they could be made into a sleeping roll. Before getting into the roll, I took off all my clothes and arranged them neatly on top of the roll for added cover, and then placed the overcoat on top. When I got up at night, I put on the overcoat to go to the latrine. After I got a pair of flannel pajamas, I slept in them. On cold nights it was impossible to stay warm so we learned to sleep while being cold. Unfortunately even now if I become cold at night I do not awaken and get more cover. I suspect it is because subconsciously I still believe that no additional cover is available.

With so much talent and knowledge available, many prisoners tried to continue their education. Hank Pierce spent most of his spare time working on mathematics. Fred Yeager and Steve Farris became very fluent in Russian. Several studied Gray's Anatomy in anticipation of entering medical school after the war. Spanish and Japanese were popular subjects, and a few even learned to write Japanese. Mason Lowe had been a language teacher before the war and compiled a dictionary in several languages. Walt Cadmus taught poultry husbandry; "Budge" Howard taught artillery gunnery; Bert Backstrom taught commercial baking; and Al Welcher taught geology. A class could be started when someone expressed an interest in a subject and someone else agreed to teach it. Teaching under those conditions -- no laboratory equipment, a limited library, and limited supplies -- would have been more difficult had the students not been truly interested.

One U. S. officer in the camp had been a college instructor in psychology prior to entering the Army. During the winter of 1944-45 he was a popular speaker for room gatherings at night to discuss problems we would have after the war in readjusting to a free society. I later found out that his assessment of the situation was accurate. However, he didn't follow his own advice and required treatment before he made the transition.

Everyone kept busy; otherwise, the camp would have become a jungle of insane people. In addition to classes, plenty of time could be spent improving one's card-playing ability. Bridge,

cribbage and pinochle were played by all. Poker, without anything to bet, was seldom played. We were very fortunate to have some outstanding bridge players as teachers. Several prisoners had played in national tournaments in the United States, and the Dutch, British and Australians had men of equal talent. One British naval captain had been Captain of the King's yacht and his bridge partner before he abdicated. I think every system of bidding known at that time was thoroughly tested. Two - and four - hand cribbage, equally popular, were played with homemade boards. Pinochle was played primarily by the Americans. One was designated an expert when he could hold his own in a four-handed, triple-deck pinochle game. After playing cards to my heart's content with exceptionally good opponents, I had no desire to play social bridge after my liberation. Another reason for my attitude probably resulted from the fact that the games were not cutthroat, but were played for relaxation and self-improvement.

A few played chess, checkers and dominoes, but due to a shortage of equipment, these games were not as popular as the card games.

Much of Ambassador Grew's library ended up at Zentsuji where it was housed in a small room. The library was enlarged by a few books brought into the camp by prisoners and with the addition of a shipment from the Red Cross. The library contained a good assortment of subjects, i.e., history, travel, fiction, religion, politics, economics, science, etc. Textbooks sent by the Red Cross greatly assisted in our education program. I managed to read most of the books, many of which I would not have touched under normal conditions. For example, four biographies of Queen Victoria were included in the Ambassador's library, and all of them proved to be interesting.

A number of prisoners kept busy by doing things with their hands. Ed Burke received a sweater from home which was too large, so he unraveled it and spent a summer knitting a smaller sweater. He had enough yarn left over to knit a cap and a scarf. This feat can be fully appreciated only with the knowledge that Ed had never knitted before, and prior to the war he looked like a tackle for a professional football team.

Gus Johnson had a phenomenal memory and artistic talent. Gus drew and painted several books of interest to us. One book contained paintings typical of scenes at each place he had been stationed while in the Navy. One book was devoted to sailing vessels

Gus had seen, and another was devoted to railroad rolling stock. In the summer of 1928, Mel Miller, as a midshipman at the Coast Guard Academy, took his training cruise to Europe on a sailing vessel. Gus heard Mel describe the vessel and said that his description was inaccurate. Gus produced his painting of the vessel and Mel admitted that Gus was correct. The remarkable fact was that Gus had seen the vessel only one time; it was at a distance while driving across a bridge on the bay where the vessel was anchored. Details on his paintings of railroad rolling stock and ships were proof that he knew both subjects. Later when we left Zentsuji, Gus gave away all but one of his albums because he could not carry them.

Knives and tools were forbidden; nevertheless, we were able to accumulate or make simple tools. With even a few tools, pieces of metal, wood and time, it was possible to make a few items which added to our comfort. The Japanese didn't issue drinking cups, so almost everyone made his own by putting a handle on a tin can. Another favorite item was a device similar to an ice cream dipper, used to insure that all received equal amounts of rice at mealtime. Smoking pipes were made from pieces of cherry-wood stumps. Tools and other contraband items were kept under the floor or in caches in the walls when not in use. Anytime we became careless, either by using these items in the presence of a Japanese, or by failing to put the nails back into the boards on the wall or floor which served as the door to the cache, the tools or other equipment would be confiscated by the Japanese authorities.

Periodic searches for contraband were a real challenge, just as in any prison today. Odds were about even because the prisoners have more time than the guards to think about the matter, but this was offset by the limited number of places suitable for hiding contraband. What constituted contraband was determined by the Japanese camp authorities and varied between camps. Knives, straight razors, tools of any kind, any Japanese-made articles except those issued, anything that could be interpreted as a weapon, and tobacco except that issued by the Japanese or received in Red Cross boxes were normally contraband. At Tanagawa, playing cards, newspapers, money, writing paper and pencils were also contraband. Since the ration was inadequate to sustain life adequately when working, food and tobacco were the items which caused the most trouble.

In a life or death struggle for survival, given any opportunity, prisoners will find ways to beat the system. All solutions are based upon a particular set of circumstances, but examples of some of our techniques are typical. The Japanese minor official or soldier blindly followed instructions and seldom thought of doing otherwise. This trait was exploited whenever possible. When the Japanese soldiers searched our persons for contraband, we often had to turn our pockets inside out so they could also examine the dust and other particles in the bottom of the pockets. If the object of the search was to determine who had stolen hardtack (crackers) from the Japanese Army warehouse, the official would usually overlook tobacco, money, knives, etc., which one might have in his pockets. Normally we tried to have no contraband on our person, but sometimes surprise searches were ordered before all of it could be hidden. When this happened, the first few searched determined the object of the search and word was passed quickly to others so within a few minutes none could be found. Those caught with contraband were punished of course, but our system kept the number to a minimum.

During room searches, if the contraband was not in caches, it was hung outside the windows from nails with string. When the Japanese searched the rooms, no one bothered to check outside because we were confined to the barracks, and by stopping all movement of prisoners, they knew we had no time to take any material outside and hide it.

The enlisted men lived on the first floor of the barracks in which I lived. Except for those employed within the compound, they worked on the docks at Takamatsu. One day when returning from work, they sneaked a small dog into camp as a mascot. They taught it to be quiet when hidden in a compartment under the bunk and to alert them when a Japanese approached. He performed well in both assignments because he could detect a Japanese, and would growl as soon as one entered the building.

One group of Australians regularly raided nearby Japanese temples at night to supplement their rations. Daily the townspeople took food offerings to the temples. The next day when they returned with new offerings, they were happy to see that the "Gods" had taken their previous day's offerings. The prisoners appreciated the custom and the Japanese were delighted that the "Gods" had honored them by taking their offerings. Unfortunately the number of prisoners who could participate in this enterprise was limited by the number of temples and the shortage of food for the local inhabitants.

In one search "Pappy" Kuhns was caught with much more than the authorized 50 yen. Japanese authorities refused to listen to any explanation, so he was beaten and spent several days and nights in a cold cell, without blankets, in the middle of winter. This punishment was typical. The severity of the beatings depended upon the individual administering them. Sometimes they would critically injure a person.

The easiest way to bring contraband into camp was to bribe the official who searched the work party when it returned to the camp. Bribery of officials could be done only after thorough study of who might be susceptible, and a plan developed as to how it could be done. The risk was great, so bribery was done carefully. Not all attempts were successful, but after a few years in the environment, susceptible officials could readily be detected. Sometimes bribery followed a threat of blackmail. "Everyone has a price" and "everyone has a weakness" are human traits which determine many actions and reactions, even in a prison camp.

The camp was guarded by a squad of soldiers from a nearby garrison. A new squad arrived each Saturday morning and the old squad departed shortly after their arrival. The squad on duty manned the front gate, provided a man to walk inside the perimeter, and periodically sent a man through the barracks. Since the guards stayed only a short time and did not get involved with administering the camp, no attempt was made to bribe them. They were subjected to planned distractions if it was desirable to keep them away from an area for a short time.

The constant struggle between the camp officials and prisoners can be illustrated by one incident. Just outside the fence was a small building, about the size of a double garage, in which hardtack was made. As might be expected, it was a target for raids by the prisoners. The Japanese finally decided the losses were due to prisoners, but never accused us or even admitted the losses. A hole under the fence was evident to all who passed by that either dogs or humans were crawling under the fence, and yet no attempt was made to close it. Tensions built up on both sides to the point that the matter became one of national honor, and neither side would give in. So, one night a Japanese guard was stationed so he could watch the hole under the fence and see that no one used it. The Japanese baker was told to sleep on the mixing table in the bakery and apprehend anyone who entered the building. The challenge could not be ignored, so a plan was devised to make one more raid. On the chosen night, one man was sent under the fence. He entered

the building, took five gunny sacks of hardtack, and passed them under the fence to others inside our camp. Before leaving, "for the hell of it," he awakened the man sleeping on the table. The five sacks of hardtack were taken into the barracks and hidden before the alarm was sounded and the flood lights in the compound turned on. After the flood lights were turned on, all prisoners were ordered outside while guards searched the barracks for the hardtack and tried to determine how it happened. They were un-successful on both scores, and restricted us to the barracks for several days. Their frustration turned to anger, and nothing was said officially by either side. The Japanese could or would not accuse us of the theft, and we were careful not to ask why they were upset. The prisoners had met the challenge and the Japanese knew they had lost even with their best effort. Successes of this nature, even though the consequences of a failure are severe, do wonders for morale.

When I first arrived at Zentsuji, the ration was better than at Tanagawa and almost adequate for one not engaged in heavy work. However, as the war progressed the situation became worse, both inside and outside the camp. Part of the problem was overcontrol nationally of a poor system for distribution of food stuffs, and a rigid adherence to allowances. The Japanese allowed food to spoil rather than permit issue of amounts above the stated ration at the time. Sam Goldblith, now a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, kept a daily account of all the foodstuffs issued by the Japanese. His records and analysis of diet is contained in "Prisoner of War Camp Nutrition Study" published in the March 1, 1949 issue of the Monthly Research Report of the Office of Naval Research. He stated in the article, "In no month was sufficient food Issued by the Japanese to provide energy for an average man doing moderate work (3,000 calories)." The calories received via the Red Cross parcels were sufficient to supply approximately 3,000 calories a day for short periods of time after their arrival. Other deficiencies in the diet were more severe.

The Japanese had fourteen ration classes, depending upon how much each class contributed to the war effort. Prisoners of war were in the lowest class which meant that both quantity and quality were the lowest. In the early stages of the war our class was fed a mixture of barley and rice. As the food supply became worse, millet, sweet potatoes, and cracked corn were substituted for rice and barley. Our caloric intake was reduced with each change and our weight reflected the changes.

Lieutenant Commander Van Peenen, our surgeon, in a letter of December 16, 1945, to the American Red Cross, stated "I believe that the Red Cross supplies were received in fairly reasonable amounts, and were directly instrumental in saving many lives and in producing comfort under conditions of great stress."

The issue of Red Cross supplies was watched with greater anticipation than that of a five-year old opening Christmas presents. In 1943 we were issued individual boxes on October 15, November 9, and December 24. In 1944 and 1945 we received twelve boxes during the rest of our stay at Zentsuji.

When Red Cross boxes were issued, prisoners immediately started celebrating. Old debts were repaid, items were traded, and individual plans were developed to ration the foodstuffs so they could be enjoyed for a longer time. Some exercised no self-control and consumed all edibles within a twenty-four hour period. This was known as a "bash." Two brands of cigarettes were in the boxes Chesterfields and Camels. Since most of the boxes contained Chesterfields, Camels were traded at a premium. Spam was cherished because it constituted a real meat supplement for our diet. So to this day my views on Spam differ from those who ate it in Europe during World War II. We made whipped cream with powdered milk, sugar, canned butter, water and a lot of labor. The procedure also required a great deal of patience, so I haven't tried to make it since returning home.

The Japanese camp authorities took some of the Red Cross supplies for their use, but their looting was not as wholesale as that which we witnessed at Tanagawa. Some bulk foodstuffs sent by the Red Cross also found its way into our rations, but the amount was much less than what we got in individual packages.

Some clothing was sent by the Red Cross. I received a pair of blue flannel pajamas which also served as underwear in the winter. The shoes sent were welcomed by many, but somehow the size 10B was overlooked, so I continued to wear my old ones. Shoes were repaired with materials sent by the Red Cross. Other supplies included were razor blades -- one issued per person per month as long as the supply lasted -- toothbrushes, toothpaste, sewing kits, a few medicines, books, playing cards and other games.

On April 28, 1944, Mr. Pestalozzi, a Swiss National and the International Red Cross representative in Japan, visited our

camp. On that day our population consisted of 309 American officers, 116 American enlisted personnel, 111 British officers, 1 British enlisted man, 5 New Zealand enlisted men, and 69 Dutch and Indonesian officers. Included in the American totals were several who were not U.S. citizens or officers in the U.S. Armed Forces, but for their safety were disguised as American officers. Prior to Mr. Pestalozzi's visit, the barracks and the grounds were cleaned thoroughly. The Japanese officials issued extra rations for the day (which were deducted later) and for the day were quite civil. Mr. Pestalozzi was shown through each room in the barracks, but was not permitted to talk with the occupants. Later he received the senior officer of each nationality, as a group, in the presence of the Japanese authorities. As might be expected, prisoners could not speak truthfully and the Red Cross representative realized this; therefore, he did not ask questions which would embarrass the Japanese. However, from his own experiences in the country, he no doubt knew our true conditions.

English was the language used in commerce in Japan before the war. The two major English language daily newspapers were continued during the war for the foreigners in residence there. We were given copies of these newspapers until August 1, 1944. They were read with interest and amusement because the propaganda was so crude that it was easy to detect. It might have been effective for the Japanese peasant, but I never found one who could read English. It was possible to follow the progress of the war because the locations of the major actions were accurately reported. After August 1, 1944, we had to depend upon Japanese language sources for our news. Japanese language newspapers were a little difficult to obtain, and of course only a few prisoners could read the papers. After translation, dissemination of the information took time. Because Japanese authorities stopped our newspapers, they intended that we should get no further news about the war, so our efforts had to be done in secrecy. Even under these conditions, I believe we were able to have news no more than one week old.

On Sundays we were allowed to hold church services in the canteen building as long as a member of the Japanese staff was present. The only chaplain present was James E. Davis, a Protestant Navy Chaplain. Catholics and Christian Scientists also had services conducted by lay members. Special nondenominational services were held on Thanksgiving, Christmas Eve, Easter, and following President Roosevelt's death. Services were short, and the Japanese official present usually slept through the service.

On Sunday nights some form of entertainment was held in the canteen building. Some of the programs were as good as might be seen and heard anywhere. The Bathhouse Singers was a chorus of enlisted men with many good voices. One marine in particular, an Italian tenor, was exceptionally good. He was from Burbank, California. When he was a small boy he lived near Luther Burbank, and in the late evening he would go to Mr. Burbank's house, sit on the porch and sing to him. Mr. Burbank's favorite song was "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and when he sang it, he received a dime. This chorus was truly memorable – a tenor soloist singing such songs as "Diane," just as the sunset melted into dusk and the sound echoing off the surrounding hills.

The minstrel shows were favorites also. Captain William T. Lineberry, an elderly Navy doctor from North Carolina, and James P. Powell were always the end men. I never ceased to be amazed by the fact that these two could always have jokes for a performance that had not made the rounds.

One of the most amazing performances was a play put on by the Dutch officers. In the library they found a play which they could stage, but it was in French. They translated it into English and the job was so well done that we didn't know this fact until afterwards. I am sure that no American in the camp knew two foreign languages that well.

I studied Spanish and Russian for a few weeks and then spent my spare time on other matters. Several studied a foreign language during our entire stay at Zentsuji. Steve Farris and Fred Yeager really concentrated on Russian, and by the time the war was over, both were proficient in the language. Mike Ushakoff was their instructor. Mike had been an officer in the Czar's Army, had graduated from military schools in Russia and France, and after the Revolution fought with the White Russian Army across Russia and Siberia before emigrating to the United States. Mike was a typical pre-World War I European university professor, Russian Imperial Army officer, rugged individualist, and kind, considerate soul all rolled into one very interesting person. I never tired of listening to his experiences in Russia, Washington, and Montana.

Jerry Byrne and several others learned Japanese so well that they could read and write the language. Most of us learned only that needed to get by. Lieutenant William R. Wilson was a good instructor. He had been sent to Japan by the U.S. Navy to learn the language. Unfortunately the Navy did not order him out

of Japan until late 1941, so he was taken prisoner in December while serving as gunnery officer on the U. S. S. Pope.

Spanish was taught by a number of people, but few students did more than polish their already limited knowledge of the language.

I spent time in five POW camps and visited several others. Zentsuji was the only camp I saw in which the prisoners had a reasonable opportunity to maintain their personal appearance. Even though clothing was limited, it was kept clean and mended. We had a tailor shop equipped with a foot-powered sewing machine. The man designated tailor sewed large patches on our trousers when they needed mending and we provided the patches. We had a cobbler who had a few supplies sent by the Red Cross. The half soles he tacked on helped to keep us from going barefoot. The Red Cross also sent shoes, but of course the supply was inadequate and not all were of the proper size. The other items of clothing sent by the Red Cross were needed also.

The outdoor toilet near the barracks could be reached by a covered walkway. The toilets were emptied about once a week by some local farmer and the contents taken to nearby fields and stored in large buried pottery jars to age. Later it was put on the fields. Toilet paper was issued occasionally by the Japanese, but the supply always was inadequate. The toilet paper issued was the same size as this page and made of a very low-grade paper, apparently made from rice straw.

The wash rack was near the barracks also. Clothes and dishes both were washed at the wash rack. The Japanese issued each person one bar of soap per month; under the circumstances, the supply was adequate.

Each person was issued one razor blade per month when the Japanese had them. Most people shaved twice a week; I shaved on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Between shaves I sharpened the razor blade by using a glass for hone and stropping it on a small piece of leather. Shaving with cold water, hand soap and a dull razor blade can be tolerated with practice.

Sunday afternoon was bath day during the winter. The bath was Japanese style, and since this method of bathing is unknown to most Americans, a word of explanation is appropriate. Inside the bathhouse was a large concrete sunken tub. This tub could be

any size. Ours was about fifteen feet on each side and about four feet deep. The sides extended about one foot above floor level and the tub was filled with about three feet of water. Water was heated quite hot by steam pipes which opened into the water, below the surface. Around the tub was a concrete step and outside this, at floor level, was an open paved area about a yard in width. The rest of the room was paved.

When you entered the room, you removed your clothes and then moved to the area adjacent to the tub. With a small wooden bucket you took a container-full of hot water out of the tub and placed it on the step. This bucket of water was used to wash and rinse. After rinsing, you could then, and only then, get into the tub and soak to get warm. The water was so hot that after soaking for 15 minutes you would stay warm for several hours. When your time was up you got out, dried, and put on clean clothes. Each room bathed in accordance with a published schedule so that the order of bathing was rotated.

Community baths in Japan and Korea are of this type. The customer pays a small fee to the owner, and all ages and both sexes bath at the same time. More expensive baths are individual or family size, and may include an attendant.

An enlisted man was detailed as the barber so everyone could get a haircut each month. Those who wanted haircuts more frequently had to get a friend to do the job. The barber also looked after an enlisted man who was a mental case, but was in good physical shape, happy and never violent. In good weather he would walk up and down a short path and greet everyone with "How's everything? OK?" One afternoon he couldn't be found, and finally the local policeman found him in a local house of prostitution. He was returned to the camp. He had walked out the front gate and knowing he was crazy, the guards had not stopped him. After that we concluded he wasn't crazy, and probably smarter than the rest of us. The Japanese authorities were amused by the incident.

In addition to gathering grass for the rabbits and performing small tasks inside the compound, during the summer we farmed. We cultivated two pieces of land; one just outside the compound, and another near the Japanese Officers' Club. The land was broken by spading fork, shovel and maddox. It was then planted to Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes and eggplant, and cultivated with Japanese wooden hoes. Some of the produce did end up in our kitchen but not as additions to our ration.

When we went to the plot near the officers' club, we had to pass by a Shinto Shrine. This meant that when we arrived opposite the shrine we stopped, faced the shrine, removed our caps, bowed (15 degrees from the vertical), put on our caps, turned, and resumed our marching. After practice this routine was done in real military precision. Incidentally, the same routine was followed by the Japanese.

On the grounds of the officers' club was a pine tree about 20 feet tall enclosed by a small wooden picket fence. The first time we worked on that plot, several sat under the shade of this particular tree during a break. They were punished for sitting under a tree that had been planted by the Emperor. Unfortunately we had not read the small wooden tablet in front of the tree. Word was passed so that it would not happen again. I also found out that purple was the color reserved for the royal family.

A couple of other incidents also serve to show how the Japanese personnel sometimes reacted. We had to build a rabbit house, about the size of a double garage, from salvage materials. Russ Johnson, not being in good shape, was given the job of straightening the nails we needed. Russ worked steadily at the job and by noon had all the nails straightened. The Japanese foreman saw him sitting with nothing to do and punished him for being lazy and ordered him to get busy. Russ then proceeded to bend the nails, then straighten them, etc. until the house was built. Both he and the Japanese foreman were satisfied.

One guard on duty was required to stroll through the barracks during his tour. Since these guards were from a nearby garrison and not part of the camp cadre, their behavior reflected individual interpretations of what should be done. Most merely strolled. Others would enter the rooms and discipline the prisoners. When this happened in our room, we would all give instructions to the person being disciplined as to what we thought should be done to satisfy the guard so he would leave. Porky Long would not do this; he would always say, "If that fellow gives you any trouble, just send him to me, I'll take care of him." One day a guard entered our room and without saying a word went over to Porky and started twisting his nose. No one uttered a word, so he did it again. Still no one said a word, so he left. After he left we all burst into laughter and waited for Porky's reaction. It was, "He knew when to stop, because he could tell I was getting mad and was about ready to hit him." None of us could remember if the guard spoke

English and had been in the room before. However, we all kidded Porky about the incident for a long time afterwards.

In addition to the rabbits, we usually kept a hog. The Japanese saw to it that he received enough food to mature. We slaughtered the hog when the time arrived. After it was dressed and taken to the kitchen, it was divided equally, by weight – one-half for the prisoners and one-half for the Japanese. Our half always included the bones and was shared by almost 1,000 while their half without bones was shared by less than 100.

A detail was sent out every day to pull grass by hand and bring it back to feed the rabbits. This detail was not too bad. The work was not hard and we managed to pull wild onions and bring them back for our use. When we got a lot of onions, they were put in a jar with salt and red pepper and saved for another day. This produced a product similar to Korean Kim chi. When rabbits were killed for food, we got the usual one-half with the bones.

We also had a small flock of chickens which a Navy enlisted man tended. One winter the chickens were under the supervision of a particularly stupid Japanese corporal. When the hens started molting in the Spring, of course the egg production dropped. Since the chickens obviously were not contributing their part, he cut their rations, and couldn't understand why they didn't get the message and resume laying. So far as I know we never had chicken in the soup, or eggs to eat. These were for the Japanese. We did however profit once from them. One afternoon the Japanese sent the entire batch of cooked rice, intended for the evening meal, to the chicken yard. They decided it contained some poison grain and should not be eaten. About half of the prisoners took a chance and ate the rice rather than see it go to the chickens. No one who consumed it became sick. This episode illustrates how desperate hungry people may become. At that time we were on extremely short rations.

Mail from home was distributed after the Japanese authorities censored it and felt like giving it to us. Delays of six months, after it arrived, were not uncommon. When a prisoner received a letter, it was usually read by everyone in his room, so in time everyone felt they knew all families of their fellow prisoners. We were allowed to send one card out per month. Usually we were limited to 25 words which included the address, date and

our signatures. So, our cards really only served two purposes: to let others know we were alive on a certain date, and where we were on that date.

We also were permitted to receive one eleven-pound box from home. When the box arrived, the contents were shared with others if it had not been looted. The items of clothing, toilet articles and sometimes food helped morale a great deal. When Fred Yeager received his box, it contained a football. Fred had played football at West Point, but when the package arrived we were not in shape to play the game. When Fred saw the football he said, "I'll write June and tell her the football tasted good."

I kept all of my letters and brought them home including all the photographs which I received. I have carried one picture of my wife and son in my billfold since 1944. My wife kept all of my letters to her which we still have. Jim Covington had no living relatives so when we were authorized to send a card home, Jim would let someone write his card. When he let me use his privilege, I sent a card to my parents. When I first saw them after the war, one of their first questions was who was Jim Covington, and why did he write them.

Relatives, in most cases, wrote often and receipt of their letters was anxiously awaited. A letter about members of the family or community with a few pictures enclosed often did more for a person's morale than the sender could possibly imagine. The absence of letters, or letters which were not cheerful had the reverse effect. I felt sorry for several officers in my room each time mail was distributed, because they didn't get any. Three officers, who never received mail from their wives, later found out that their wives spent the war living with other men and divorce proceedings were filed before they reached the United States. One officer found out that he was a father. He had arrived in the Philippines at the outbreak of the war and had not heard from his wife after his departure until communications were established through Red Cross channels. Several older men had no living relatives, so they accepted the fact that they would receive no mail. However I still condemn the wives who did not write to their husbands.

No one who was at Zentsuji as a prisoner of war will forget Lieutenant Commander H. J. Van Peenen. We had several medical doctors in the prison camp but Commander Van Peenen was the

only one who attempted to practice his profession. Before I arrived five prisoners from the Philippines died. After I arrived four died. Many more would have died had it not been for Commander Van Peenen. He was able to get some medicine from the Japanese, and maintained a sick bay for the worst cases. He performed several operations on people who would have died in other camps. He was the most respected man in camp. The Japanese also held him in high esteem. He once said that he entered the Navy because he had no bedside manners. I would agree with his opinion, but under our circumstances a doctor who was more emotional would not have survived or been as successful.

In the National Archives I found a layout of our camp at Zentsuji drawn by Ed Johnson shortly after the war. I have added to his drawing the location of the bakery from which the hardtack was stolen.

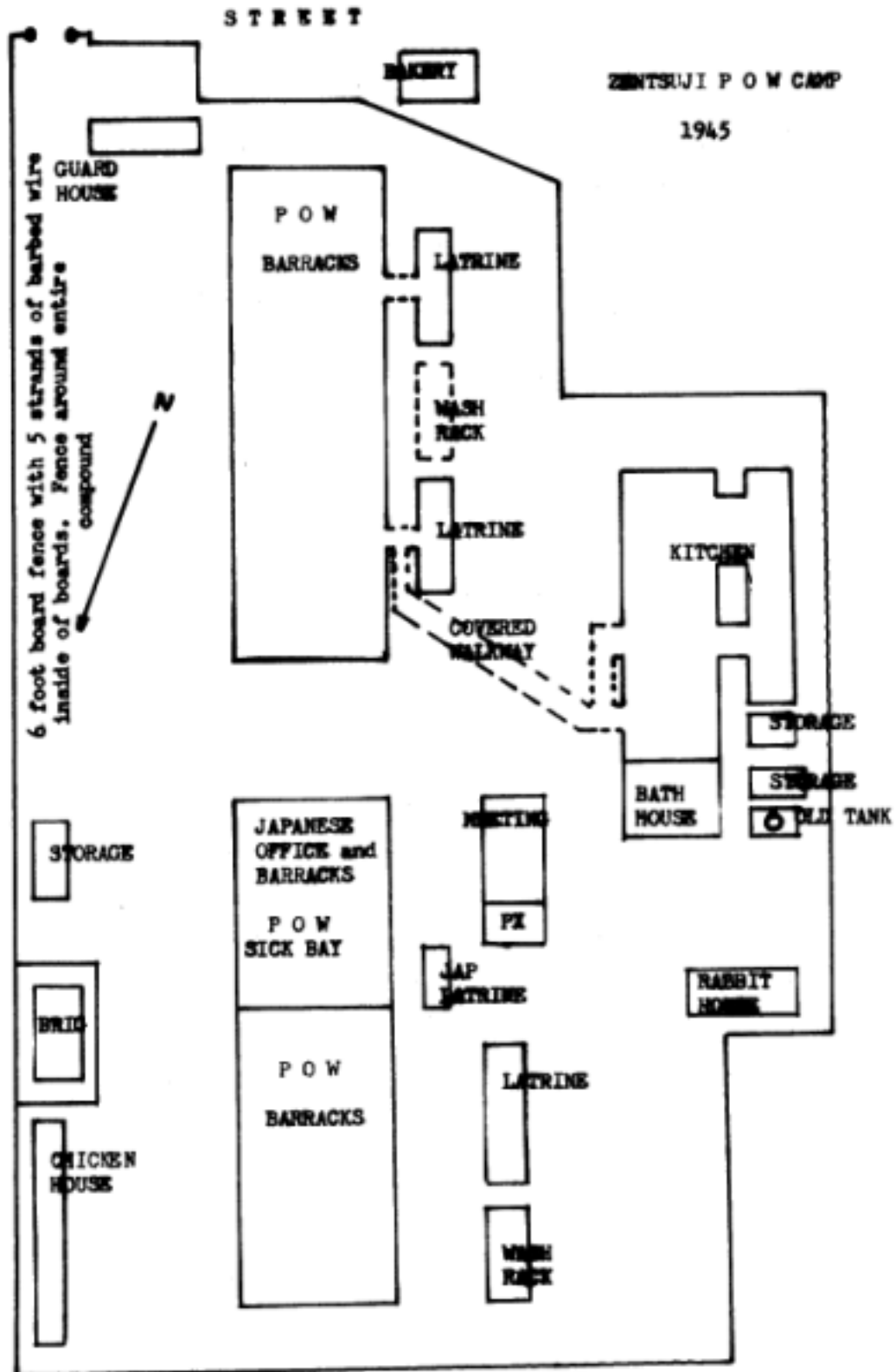
The Japanese camp officials were better than the ones we had at Tanagawa. They were not as cruel as some we encountered, and most of our complaints could be attributed to an indifference on their part. The entire group consisted of reserve officers, or civilians inducted for the war. Captain Hosatani spoke English fairly well, and before the war had been a school teacher. He tended to ignore the prisoners except when it appeared that they might cause trouble that would reflect on his ability as an administrator. He could be strict and ruthless when he felt it was necessary.

The second in command was Lieutenant Nakajima, whom we called "Sake Pete." He was a tall, slender man who liked to ride horseback, and consumed alcohol when it was available, but he never drank enough to be drunk, just enough to have a slight glow. He seldom was a problem.

Lieutenant Saito was the Japanese doctor. He was a tough character to deal with. In the Japanese Army doctors were line officers who drew extra pay for practicing medicine in addition to their other duties. This of course did not apply to hospital personnel. The result was that all doctors tried to outdo the line officers to prove that they were army officers first and doctors second. Lieutenant Saito was intrigued by the tattoos. When he encountered a prisoner with a tattoo, he copied it in color on a piece of paper. He did not practice medicine in camp, but sometimes he assisted Dr. Van Peenen by getting a few medical supplies. It was to our benefit that he did not practice medicine, and did not interfere with Dr. Van Peenen's activities.

We had two civilian interpreters, Mr. Asabuki and Mr. Mariyana. Mr. Asabuki was given the name "Cambridge Joe" because he was a graduate of Cambridge University with a major in architecture. He was a very considerate person who considered the war to be a mistake. Since he was from an upper-class family, and had traveled a great deal, he was the only one who appreciated our views. He was very fair and always behaved as a gentleman should. On one occasion when the guard was acting up in one of the rooms, we sent for an interpreter. Mr. Asabuki was sent to help. After straightening out the trouble, he said to us, "Why don't you realize that you have to be careful in dealing with these people, and don't go out of your way to make them mad."

For the anniversary of the founding of Cambridge University, the POW alumni in camp felt that the occasion called for a celebration. They decided to have a tea and smoker. There was quite a debate as to whether or not Mr. Asabuki should be invited. In true English tradition of fair play, he was invited. Much to the surprise of the group, he attended and brought a box of cigars. I would like to know what happened to all the camp officials that I came in contact with, but Mr. Asabuki is the only one that I could be civil with today.



THE LAST DAYS OF "TOJOIS JAPAN"

After the surrender of Nazi Germany in early 1945, Japanese POW camp officials finally realized that it would be only a matter of time until the "Land of the Rising Sun" would suffer a similar fate. All during the years of my imprisonment, Japanese Army personnel often bragged that the United States and Japan were the only undefeated world powers, and soon there would be only Japan. Their confidence in ultimate victory disappeared in stages. The more knowledgeable knew their cause was lost at the Battle of Midway, others when Germany started losing battles in Russia, and still others were hopeful as long as the war in Europe continued.

As an American POW, far removed from the policy battles being fought within the Japanese Government, changing actions and attitudes of minor officials and the villagers were interesting to watch. And, indeed they were watched with great interest since our survival was in doubt.

The Zentsuji POW Camp, part of the Hiroshima POW complex, while better than average in Japan, was far below minimum American standards. I was fortunate to be able to spend part of my imprisonment in that camp. Through contacts with Japanese civilians while on work parties, we obtained information from newspapers and other sources so that we normally had news on the world situation within a week after it appeared in local newspapers.

In early June 1945, it was apparent from the actions of the Japanese camp officials that something significant was being planned. It was finally determined, by our personnel working in their administrative office, that we would be moved to other camps. The Commandant announced on June 23 that most of the prisoners would be transferred to other camps, depending upon our nationality.

As on previous occasions, we were told that our destination would be a better camp, with plenty of food and we could take only what we could carry on our backs. After searches and practice formations, we finally departed in the middle of the afternoon on June 24, 1945. The Americans were the first group to depart. We walked from our compound through the Japanese Army camp and town to the trolley station at Zentsuji. There we boarded trolley cars which took us to Takamatsu. The ride through the

quiet farming area was as pleasant as could be expected, considering that there was only standing room in the cars.

We arrived at Takamatsu before dark. The dock area had little activity, where it had been busy months before. In looking around the dock area, I could find only one naval gun, about 75mm, mounted on the end of the pier, and it was unmanned at the time. However, a few limited duty Japanese Armed Forces personnel could be seen in the area.

We boarded a ferry after dark and were herded into the hold for an uneventful passage across the inland sea. When we arrived at the Okayama train station we were moved into an empty room reserved for our use. The station was crowded with tired civilians patiently waiting for their train. They each had large bundles of personal possessions. We were each given a small box lunch, and a cup of hot tea. Toilets were shared by prisoners and civilians which permitted considerable mingling of the two groups. In fact to my amazement the toilet attendant, an old lady, was still on duty. The civilians accepted the POW's with apathetic indifference. They were weary travelers, apparently deeply concerned about their future. The Americans were, in contrast, enjoying the journey and optimistic that their lot was improving. Prisoners, guards and civilians in recognition of the crowded conditions were careful to behave in a respectful and courteous manner. This happened by mutual recognition of the condition and without any prompting or suggestion by group leaders. Sleep was difficult with this mass of human flesh constantly on the move, the hot humid air, and the excitement of speculation. Okayama was, and still is, a major railroad junction in southern Honshu near the eastern end of the inland sea. We heard later that 24 hours after our stay, the railroad station was destroyed by American bombers.

Early the next morning we boarded an east-bound train which would take us through Kobe to Osaka. We had traveled this part of our route in November of 1942 and August of 1943, before the war had reached the Japanese homeland.

We were instructed to keep the blinds on the windows closed so that the populace would not know we were on the train. When the three guards weren't looking, we managed to sneak peeks and keep track of our progress. After we reached the Kobe-Osaka industrial area, the reason for this order became apparent. Bombings had gutted the built-up area. Thereafter the guards

were busy trying to keep us from peeking around the edges of the blinds. They fought a losing battle, but never gave up.

We detrained upon reaching the Umeda Railroad Station in Osaka. The train was on an elevated track and entered the station at about the third-story level. From that elevation it was possible to see for miles to the edge of the mountains. There was nothing in sight but ruins; foundations and blackened pieces of junk, mostly sheet metal from roofs. Later we were to learn that the area had been bombed with high explosives and incendiaries in the middle of March. The train station was the only feature we recognized. The devastation was unbelievable.

The station and the immediate area was almost void of people. The air was filled with the odor of burned decaying flesh, which meant that many bodies were still in the ruins. This explained why our previous night was spent with such a large crowd of refugees. We spent an hour or so resting in an underpass, presumably we had been moved there for our safety in the event of a bombing. We were elated to see these results of our war effort. We now understood why the Japanese were becoming war weary, and why it could not last much longer.

We were transported by trucks to another train station and resumed our journey by middle of the afternoon. We headed northwest and within an hour or so started climbing, passing through several long tunnels in the hills and mountains. Our route was through Kyoto and around the Biwa Lake.

We reached Fukui after dark and immediately detrained. From the train station, we walked across town and climbed aboard some empty trolley cars. After a ride of about an hour we got off the trolley cars. From there we walked up mountain trails, and sometimes winding, between fields and wooded areas. The distance of our walk was about eleven miles but it seemed longer. The grade was quite steep, and in consideration of our physical condition the pace was slow but continuous. Lieutenant Fred Garrett, a flyer who lost a leg when shot down, needed very little assistance to keep up with the crowd. We arrived at Roku Roshi, our destination, about midnight.

Roku Roshi was a small village inhabited by farmers, who also worked as wood-cutters in the forests. I believe that we were the first westerners seen by any of the villagers. About a

quarter of a mile, up the mountain from the village, were several wooden buildings which had served as barracks and storehouses for Japanese Army units during their summer training. The capacity of the Army camp probably was two companies. By U. S. standards, one company would be cramped. Our accommodations were crowded, dirty, bug-infested, dark and primitive; but the scenery was superb. The food situation was worse than before, so it was obvious that with the added burden of elevation and cold, our physical condition and health would deteriorate further. It was cold and our barracks building had no heat. On the fourth of July snow could be seen on the adjacent mountains.

We were put to work clearing land and planting sweet potatoes on the newly-cleared land. Morale started dropping because of the food situation, the overcrowding, the bedbugs and fleas, and because for the first time we had no contacts by which we could get news of the world situation.

In about the middle of July, one night the sky suddenly became very bright. It was so bright that at 10:30 p.m., a newspaper could be read in the yard. We later found out that this was caused by the bombing and burning of Fukui, about 25 airline miles to the west.

When we were transferred from Zentsuji to Roku Roshi, a new group of officials and guards were assigned. We had not seen any of the group previously. They were quite businesslike, but firm. Only the supply sergeant had a mean disposition and he occasionally kicked prisoners when he was mad. It is not known whether this change was made as part of a plan or not; however, it had great significance later in that there was no personal animosity between the camp officials and the prisoners. In some camps, officials and guards who had mistreated prisoners were killed once the roles changed.

As morale worsened, some felt the situation demanded drastic action, others felt that the war was almost over and that we should be patient and do nothing to provoke the officials. A poll taken at that time showed that opinions varied from 30 days to one year more of war.

U. S. Army lieutenants Smith and Dillard decided they could wait no longer and started planning an escape, so on the fifth of August they took off before reveille. As soon as the Japanese officials found out about their absence, everyone else was confined to the barracks. Doors, except for one, and windows were barred;

consequently our conditions were worse than before. Next day the lieutenants were led across a field into the barracks. Under guard, and led by ropes around their necks, they were retracing their steps from the point of capture to their old bunks. They had been detected by two small school children. After that they were led away. We found out later, they were placed in a jail in Osaka. They contacted the incoming Americans before we did.

The fact that the lieutenants had been forced to retrace their steps and not shot upon capture indicated to us that a significant change in attitude had been adopted by the Japanese officials. We had seen too many executions, for the same offense, not to detect the difference in policy.

The next day, a Japanese officer from the Osaka POW District Headquarters arrived to give us a lecture on the consequences of trying to escape. The doors and windows remained barred, and our movements were closely controlled. A duty officer was stationed at the one exit so that the time personnel left and entered the building for the outside toilet at night could be recorded. Only one person could be outside the building at a time.

The attitude and actions of the camp officials became very hostile on August 15. We finally got a guard to discuss the matter. All he knew was that the United States had just used a horrible weapon that totally destroyed Japanese cities and people. Because of our remote location and poor communications we thought he was referring to the bombings and subsequent fires. Yet, because of the attitude of the entire group, and their past experience with fire bombings, we knew it had to be something else. Later, of course, we found out that atomic bombs had been dropped on 5 and 9 August. When we first heard of the atomic bombs, our comprehension of them was little better than that of the Japanese.

On the 17th of August the Commandant received a telephone call. There was only one telephone in the camp. In the quiet environment, everyone knew when it rang, which was seldom. After the call, he departed and we were told there would be no work in the field for a few days. We were taken, in small groups, on walks through the forest. To our amazement this routine continued for several days. We were awakened on the morning of 21 August by the strains of U.S. Army reveille instead of the usual Japanese Army version. Believe me, this shook up the American prisoners. In checking, it turned out that an American POW had asked the Japanese bugler if he could borrow his instrument.

When the Japanese bugler didn't object, he took the chance. There were no repercussions.

Shortly after lunch on 22 August, we could see the Japanese Commandant winding his way up the mountain side toward the camp. When he entered the compound, he walked past his office and into our barracks. He went to the room containing the senior officer of each service and said he wanted a conference with them. After the room was vacated by the other prisoners, he announced, "The Emperor has brought peace to the world. Japan and America are no longer at war." He said large PW signs would be painted on the roofs of the buildings, and that he and his group would remain with us for our protection. All the eavesdroppers remained silent until he departed and our own officials made the announcement.

We immediately had a flag-raising ceremony. Two United States flags had been smuggled through the entire period of imprisonment. Lieutenant Lingo,⁽¹⁾ of New Mexico, and Lieutenant Commander Harrington, of New York, had managed to keep the flags through countless searches of their person and equipment.

Signs were painted on the roofs, the compound fence was torn down, and hoarded cigarettes and food were brought out. The Commandant arranged to have some grapes, flour, rice and a little meat brought into camp. Captain Frederick Yeager even produced the football which had been received a couple of years previously in a box from his wife.

With no knowledge of how we would get back to American control, several rules were established. Everyone would be present for reveille and retreat; Japanese officials and guards would not be harassed; Japanese civilians would not be molested; and our conduct would again be that expected of an officer and gentleman. These rules were strictly adhered to by all in my camp. I have been told this was not the case in other camps.

During the next few days, I enjoyed my freedom by walking through the nearby areas not previously explored. One day I went into the local village and saw an old lady hanging up several kimonos for sunning and drying. I told her they were very pretty, and that I would like one to take to my wife. She replied that they were quite old, and each belonged to a member of her family. I offered to buy one since I had plenty of money and nothing else to spend it on. She declined my offer, but after much discussion

stated that one member of the family was dead and she might consider disposing of the one garment. I asked what was her price. She replied that she had never had a raincoat, so she would trade the kimono for one. I immediately went back to the camp and bought an old US Army raincoat and returned to make the trade. My wife still has the kimono.

One day several U.S. Army POW officers from another camp appeared to tell us that on September 2 some airplanes would fly over and drop food and clothing. Sure enough on the morning of September 2, 1945, several B-29's appeared and started bombing us as promised.

The containers were two steel drums welded end-to-end. These were filled with canned goods and clothing. In most cases, the containers were too heavy for the parachutes and broke upon impact. One damaged the kitchen roof, one the barracks roof, and one man was injured with a broken arm. Those that landed in the rice paddies were half buried, but we salvaged everything. I saved a piece of parachute from each color dropped.

It had been agreed earlier that all the material would be collected centrally and then issued to members of the camp. However, after the containers started dropping, there were so many broken cans that people started eating --"so the food wouldn't spoil." This of course led to the next step -- some cans were damaged after impact. Gradually, and by mid-afternoon, everyone was gorged, and helped assemble all that remained.

As I recall, my consumption was one can of each type of C-ration, plus a can of fruit cocktail and a can of peaches. This was about par for the course. I couldn't eat 1/10th of that amount today.

After the feast, the remaining goods were issued. My share was about a bushel basket of canned goods. Any time thereafter, night or day, one could see small campfires with one or two individuals preparing meals. Between eating and sleeping, people played cards, swapped yarns, or roamed the area to work off the effects of the last meal.

Late that afternoon, while passing the kitchen it dawned on me that I had never bothered to check my weight. Even after all that food, I weighed only 112 pounds. I would, estimate, based on

that fact, that my lowest weight during imprisonment was between 85 and 90 pounds.

In addition to the food, clothing and tobacco, some kind soul had the foresight to include several cans of DDT powder in the containers. Of course we had not heard of DDT, but it worked wonders. Our barracks were so infested with bedbugs and fleas that uninterrupted sleep was impossible. When the situation became too bad, you would take your blankets out under the light in the hallway, find the critters, kill them, and start the ordeal over again. It was not unusual to kill fifty in one night. After the DDT was applied to the bunks and blankets, the results were unbelievable. We couldn't sleep soundly in anticipation of the bug assault which never came. It was like the calm before a storm, only the calm continued and after a few days we got used to it. Within a week our sores from the bites were about gone.

One day I decided to go to town at the bottom of the mountain. This meant a walk of several miles each way. Since Roku Roshi was too small to have shops, I saw no alternative but to make the walk. After breakfast I started down through the fields toward Ono. It was a beautiful summer day and just cool and quiet enough to make the walk enjoyable. I stopped after an hour or so to rest. Just as I did, a Japanese First Sergeant approached from my left pushing a bicycle up the hill. He stopped, and I said hello in Japanese; he returned the greeting, but neither of us bowed to show respect. I thought he should have acknowledged the change in our positions. Since he didn't, I was mad and told him to give me a light for my cigarette. He did so without saying a word, but it was apparent that he didn't like it. With that, I decided to punish him further by telling him to give me his pistol; now that Japan was defeated, he could not carry arms. After he did so, I told him to continue on his way.

These actions probably seem foolhardy to anyone with less experience in the Orient -- an unarmed former POW, without assistance, disarming a senior noncommissioned officer who might be a fanatic or who might not have known the war was over. However, let me say that once the Emperor spoke, his word was obeyed. We knew that Japanese discipline and control were excellent. Also, after asking for the light, and evaluating the results, I knew who had the initiative.

I proceeded on my way and arrived in Ono before lunch. The shops had very little for sale that I could use. Food was

rationed, and I had no ration coupons. So, my money couldn't help since no attempt was made to bribe the shopkeepers. I did go to the post office and buy a card and stamp, and write a message to my wife. The card eventually arrived in the United States after my return.

In walking down the street I spotted a barbershop. I entered and found that others had beaten me there, so there was a line waiting for each barber. I returned to the street and saw a Japanese private walking toward me with a pack on his back. I asked him if he knew how to cut hair and give shaves. When he stated he had done both, I took him into the barber shop and became his first customer. The barbers were happy about so much business, and the fact that we were Americans apparently made no difference. The townspeople were guarded in their actions until it became obvious we had no intentions of mistreating them.

I walked back to camp to be present for retreat. Shortly thereafter a truck with a barrel of sake arrived. It seems that a few of the men, led by Captain Clinton Kuhns, went to the Mayor of Ono and asked for a few bottles of sake. When he told them that he could not give them any, they demanded a barrel be delivered to the camp. Under the threat of death he agreed.

After a few drinks of sake, the top of the barrel was knocked in and thereafter canteen cups were used as dippers until the barrel was dipped dry. The hangovers that followed really quieted down the camp.

On September 4, a Japanese officer from Osaka arrived to officially inform us of the surrender and to assure us that a movement would take place as soon as possible.

Sometime in late August or early September, the Japanese paymaster contacted our paymaster, Lieutenant Gus Johnson, U.S. Navy, to settle our individual accounts. During our imprisonment, the Japanese authorities assured us we were receiving the pay equivalent to that of a Japanese of equal rank and that it was being kept in a bank account for us. We were allowed to have 50 yen. Each month we had to account for any difference. If we had less, or if we had more, an explanation was demanded. If accepted, we could obtain additional money to bring us back up to 50 yen. It wasn't worth the effort, so few people bothered with the exercise since there were few legal ways of spending money.

Of course no one believed that we had bank accounts until the Japanese paymaster arrived. He gave Gus a large box of paper money and the individual account records. He was surprised when Gus accepted the box and records, and signed a receipt without counting the money. Within a few hours, each of us received his money. Without ration coupons, and few items available for purchase, no one really was interested in the matter. The money was useful in card games, but we all doubted that it would ever be redeemed. Later, after most of it had been given away or lost, we found that it could be converted to dollars at the rate of 15 to 1. The prewar rate was 4 to 1.

The Japanese emptied their warehouse of Army clothing stocks and burned them. We couldn't understand why they would burn blankets and uniforms when the civilian population needed these items. However, we made no attempt to interfere with the operation.

Major William Orr and another officer were sent to Kyoto or Osaka to contact the International Red Cross or American incoming authorities and arrange for our movement out of the area. Our food supply, was about exhausted and we had no indication that more would be forthcoming. On September 7, Major Orr returned to state that contact had been made, and that trucks would arrive the next day.

At about 9 o'clock on September 8, 1945, a convoy of Japanese trucks could be seen winding up the mountainside. In addition to the Japanese drivers, the convoy had a squad or so of soldiers from the 1st Cavalry Division, two U.S. Army doctors, two U. S. Army nurses, a soldier photographer, and an interpreter (a Turkish citizen with their consul in Kobe). The interpreter was very impatient, and often more rude in dealings with the Japanese, than we were.

It was hard to believe that at last we were back with free Americans. Limited physical examinations were given to determine our individual condition to travel. Captain Eugene Anthony, suspected of having TB, one officer suspected of being mentally disturbed, and Lieutenant Garrett, because the stump of his damaged leg still had not healed, were separated out for close attention for the remainder of our trip.

The 1st Cavalry G. I.'s were swamped with attention; questions about happenings in the last six weeks; questions about

their weapons and equipment, and numerous other topics. They wouldn't believe that we were safe, so they walked guard that night for their and our security.

We departed Roku Roshi on the morning of September 9, 1945, by truck, for the last time, arriving at a trolley stop outside Ono in about an hour. While waiting for the trolley cars, I traded a blanket to a Japanese civilian for his pipe and tobacco container. These I still have.

We arrived in Fukui before lunch. The train station had been vacated for us. The Japanese authorities provided tables, chairs, and Red Cross personnel who served us hot tea. After dropping my gear, I decided to explore the town.

Before the war Fukui was a nice city of about 100,000. At this time, however, it was in ruins. The wooden train station, one new concrete office building, and one stone building were undamaged. The rest of the city was pretty well in ruins, with very few people to be seen.

The new nice concrete office building looked interesting. Henry J. Pierce, Harold E. Dalness and I decided to investigate it. Before we arrived at the building, the few occupants saw us coming and left before our arrival. We entered on the ground floor and found the door of a large bank vault. We couldn't find any powder to blow off the vault door, so we turned our attention to the rest of the rooms. Upstairs we found a large room full of Japanese Army individual equipment items: pistols, sabers, helmets, rifles, etc. We took as many as we could carry back to the train station and gave them away, saving one item of each type for ourselves. Others then went to the building and carried out souvenirs until the room was emptied.

The three of us then decided to go back and investigate the remaining rooms. In doing so, I found a modern dentist office. A search of the cabinets revealed a double handful of gold teeth. On closer examination it was apparent that the owner had taken the gold teeth and bridgework from victims of the July bombing. I found a small silk bag and took the lot. Later these were given away as souvenirs when individuals asked what I brought them – little realizing that a prisoner is not a tourist on a shopping spree. But, rather than disappoint them, I used gold teeth and Japanese paper money for this purpose.

After lunch the question was what to do next since I had seen the city. A train pulling into the station gave me an idea. I talked the matter over with a few friends and when the next train arrived, we were organized. Someone climbed into the engineer's cab, Lieutenant William Powell entered the train from the rear, and I entered the first car. I entered the first car hoping that the first-class passengers would have more of value than those in the second or third class. The two of us inside the train started walking toward the center of the train checking for guns and sabers that might be better than the ordinary issue items we had seen in the building. When we met, I had found nothing, but Bill Powell had found a nice samurai saber which had several hundred small pearls and diamonds in the handle. We then dismounted and let the train proceed on its way.

By this time, Lieutenant Colonel E. B. Miller and Colonel Unruh made a ruling that we would return all the weapons and equipment collected and that we could not take any with us. I helped dispose of the material by dumping it in a nearby vacant lot. Later after boarding the train we noticed that Colonel Miller and Colonel Unruh, who issued the order, each had a saber and a rifle. When confronted they said their items were given to them by our camp commandant and therefore they were not stolen goods. This explanation failed to convince anyone.

Late in the afternoon we boarded an empty special train provided to us. This time the blinds on the windows were not drawn. About 9 or 10 o'clock that night we stopped in a small town. To our amazement, two ex-POW's, with homemade MP armbands, were standing on the platform. The two ex-POW's and two "White Russian" young women boarded our train. They continued with us to San Francisco. Apparently the liaisons were established in the late stages of the war, and the young women were destined to become brides of the two soldiers. As daylight came we could see the destruction to the industrial countryside.

At 7:29 a.m. our train stopped in Yokohama. We stepped out of the train to receive a handshake from General Eichelberger while the 1st Cavalry Division Band played "California, Here I Come." We were elated; General Eichelberger began crying when he saw our condition. Brigadier General Frank Beason also was there to meet his brother Robert.

After we had all detrained, the Japanese commandant and his staff saluted our senior officers and departed the area. He

had carried out his orders to deliver us safely to American control. His opinion of American control differed from ours, but each side was tolerant of the other's views. His task must have been most embarrassing, but he did it very well and had received minimum harassment from us.

As the trucks were filled, we were taken to the dock area. There we had to shed our clothes, take a bath, and put on new clothing. Breakfast provided an opportunity to converse with soldiers of the 11th Airborne Division, who secured the area, and the crew of a Navy hospital ship. My stock of gold teeth and paper Japanese money started dwindling as souvenirs were handed out to those who had just arrived on the hospital ship. U. S. medical personnel on the hospital ship had not been in a combat zone so they had no souvenirs. Within an hour it was noon and time to eat again. The officer -in- charge of our processing said he was sorry that he was not prepared to receive such a large number, and that all he could offer us was K-rations. These were as good as candy, and a novelty to us -- everyone was happy. In the afternoon a Navy lieutenant started loading us into boats to ultimately take us to the United States. When I stepped onto the boat, the horrors of another era were left behind. The job of rejoining a free society and adjusting to all the changes which occurred in the Philippines and the United States in the last five years lay ahead.

(1) This year Ed Lingo said he was not the person who had the flag, but did recall that someone did produce the flag. So, my notes must have been deficient in this regard. I suspect that the flag was carried by someone who lived in the room with Ed, and I assumed he was the one who did it.

SURVIVAL

"How did you survive the ordeal?" is a question frequently asked. The easiest and quickest answer is "With a lot of luck and the help of God." This satisfies a lot of people, but others want more details. So what follows are my thoughts on the subject based entirely on personal experiences and observations from situations described briefly in the preceding pages. These thoughts and observations are not arranged in any priority or importance, because to do so would be as useless as trying to state which part of the car engine is most important. All parts are needed if the system is to function properly.

Physical condition and ability have a great impact on one's capability to perform tasks. These, coupled with intelligence, determination and motivation, greatly influence how or if one overcomes adversity and survives.

One who is not in top physical condition can, of course, become so exhausted that he gives up hope. I did an analysis of the West Point graduates who were captured in the Philippines and found that those in the Coast Artillery on Corregidor and in service units suffered greater losses in POW camps than average. I think this could be attributed to the fact that they did not undergo the period of physical and mental hardening which those in line units in Bataan went through. One has to conclude that mental conditioning had to accompany physical conditioning. There is, however, a point on the scale from good health to complete exhaustion beyond which recovery is unlikely.

Motivation, or the will to live, probably determines where that point on the scale is. I have seen men who were in reasonable physical condition and with great athletic ability simply give up and die. Apparently they could not cope with situations which could not be handled by physical strength and athletic ability. Two types of people adjusted best: (1) the person who had overcome a childhood of poverty or neglect, and (2) the quiet, small to middle-sized man who is lost in a crowd and seldom excelled in athletics. Both groups experienced adversities before the war and were accustomed to them.

Another cut at the question sorted people into other types of categories. These were: (1) the young who had no responsibilities of a family at home, and so inexperienced that they didn't know how

tough things were or would get -- they did quite well; (2) the older people who had grown children at home and knew that the family could survive without them also did quite well; and (3) the in-between group who had dependent children at home, worried too much about how the family could survive with the bread winner in a prison camp -- they did not survive as well as the others did.

Rank, per se, was not a major factor except for one group. Behavior for all groups, except chief petty officers in the Navy, was as stated above. Chief petty officers displayed a behavior which stemmed from the fact that they ran the Navy by being the go-between authority -- the Navy officers, and the workers --the lower grades in the Navy. So in every camp they very quickly worked themselves into the same position -- the go -between the Japanese authorities and the American authorities. You found them in all key jobs: kitchen, hospital, supply and administration. With few exceptions they were either despised or barely tolerated by the other Americans. A few company-grade officers tried to survive the same way and they too lost the respect of their fellow Americans.

Luck is an important ingredient for survival, but I believe that a person has a lot to do with how much good luck he has. There is the saying, "The harder I work, the luckier I get," which contains at least a kernel of truth. In most cases of good luck, if you observe closely you noticed that the recipient spent a lot of time and thought on how to avoid an incident or how to get out of a situation should the worst happen.

Key to this process is realization that rules of the game are prescribed by the captors or prison officials. Their tradition and cultural influences govern their behavior. Survival depends upon how well you know your captors, how they think and behave, and how well you adapt to them. You must live with your fellow man with one set of standards, and deal with your captors with another set. You can't survive by mixing the two indiscriminately.

If you know your captors, with time and thought you can always find ways to improve your situation. Finding and exploiting a weakness of each official takes time, but experienced prisoners can always do the job. Greed, jealousy, pride and the desire to survive are traits which always present opportunities. Usually the lowest ranking officials are the best targets to start with, because they are either underpaid or want advancement.

Prisoners who worked on docks or in railroad yards had opportunities to steal food in transit. Usually the dried products such as beans, salt, dried fish, etc., were the items. When the food supply became inadequate for the civilian population, loot shared with minor officials meant that they could help feed the wife and children who were suffering. Acceptance of loot leads to joint participation and gradually involves more officials. The code of ethics or behavior among the participants soon becomes similar to that of the organized criminal element which pays for police protection in some modern societies today. The keys to success are selecting the right officials to start with, the initial contacts, and keeping the operation as small as possible. When this operation is working smoothly, then blackmail or threat of blackmail can be used to keep participants in line.

Just as in civilian life, flattery of susceptible officials can be exploited to gain benefits or concessions. Prisoners often can cooperate with sympathetic or more reasonable officials who are jealous of a fellow official, and thereby influence which one keeps his job. Completely understandable "accidents" or "misunderstandings" can drive an undesirable official out of his mind, if they are properly planned and executed. Initiative for dirty tricks rests with the prisoners.

Many people, without an understanding of their captors, will propose instant changes or actions which, if executed, can be disastrous to all. Teamwork by a group can get a lot done if the group doesn't rush, thinks, and knows its captors. It's even true today in our civil prison system.

Survival also depends on relationships with fellow prisoners. Cooperation and understanding of your fellow prisoners are essential. Dissension among prisoners can be exploited by the captors and must be avoided. Prisoners can live with a few "loners," but cannot tolerate anyone who exploits fellow prisoners to improve his own lot. The person who exploited his fellow man in civilian life must change his ways in prison or face additional dangers. We tended to deal with these individuals by warning them to either straighten up or suffer the consequences. If they didn't straighten up, then they were given "the silent treatment," which meant that for a stated period of time, usually a month, no prisoner would talk with them. This was usually effective. However, if more stringent measures were needed, it meant physical punishment or violence. Fortunately "the silent treatment" in a prison environment works wonders for most.

I am convinced that a person's moral standards, tolerances, values, self-discipline, attitudes, etc., result from the environment he grew up in, and probably was influenced more by his parents than by any other combination of factors. Prison life accentuates basic traits or training that a person had prior to being captured and are key in determining survival. The Armed Forces Code of Conduct, while written with good intentions, won't change the items discussed above.

Intelligence is another key prerequisite to survival. Intelligence isn't synonymous with education. However, "native intelligence" or the ability to understand others and their reactions is essential. In a prison environment, emphasis is on people and their interactions rather than on understanding the operation and maintenance of complicated machines or complexes of machines. One must have the intelligence to understand what motivates his fellow prisoner and the officials, what their values are, and recognize the human strengths and weaknesses in each group. I'm reminded of a statement by my friend Dr. Ralph G. H. Siu who once told me that "Philosophy should be taught in the university by a group of people, all over 65, from diverse backgrounds, because anyone who has lived that long has been successful and must have adopted a philosophy which worked for him." Native intelligence, in my opinion, is the ability to accept, adopt, or modify whatever is observed or experienced which helps survival and rejects anything else. Education helps those with native intelligence, but cannot replace it.

After enumerating the items above, I am sure that treatment of the subject seems inadequate to the reader. I too believe it is inadequate. However, I have found it impossible to express, in writing, all the contributing factors because many are subjective feelings, impressions, or intuitions which one gains only from experience. It's like knowing which officials can be exploited. No accurate checklist has been devised that the novice can use. However, anyone who has survived the ordeal can, given a few hours with that person, render a reasonable opinion as to his chances of survival. Since that isn't practical and most people want a guide, I am providing one which is oversimplified.

The man who doesn't stand out in a crowd, has native intelligence, fails to attract attention, carefully plans what he will do, husbands his energy, is considerate of his fellow prisoners, and is determined to survive, probably will.

EPILOGUE

When my ship departed Honolulu, I knew that the next time I saw land it would be at Yokohama, Japan. For several days in September 1958, I wondered what my reactions would be on my first return to the "Land of the Rising Sun."

At the foot of the gangplank, an American port official escorted me to a U.S. Army sedan and said the Japanese driver would take me to Camp Drake near Tokyo. My executive officer got into the sedan with me and I told the driver, in Japanese, to take off. He registered some surprise at my stern command.

As we drove through the villager, and countryside I found that they looked familiar. My executive officer had not been to Japan before, so after some time I realized that I was explaining what we saw, and enjoyed telling him about customs and dress of the people.

After checking in at Camp Drake, the two of us went to Tokyo. Later in Tokyo we started walking the streets and stopping at many of the small shops which tourists seldom entered. My knowledge of the Japanese language had deteriorated, but it was still adequate for short discussions. By the time we returned to Camp Drake after midnight, I realized the working people of Japan had not changed; I still understood them, felt completely at ease with them, they knew I understood them, and enjoyed associating with them. In fact, I felt as comfortable as I would in my hometown. My visits since that time have been wonderful and I never miss an opportunity to visit Japan.

My experiences gave me an insight into the customs, personalities, and reactions of the Japanese people that could not be obtained in the normal training in language, history, or political science. I often cringe at the views expressed by those who gained their knowledge of the Japanese in classrooms and as tourists or U.S. Service personnel who spent a tour in Japan, because they have not seen the country or the culture as an oriental sees them and interprets events.

I did not realize it at the time it was happening, but events later proved that I had survived and emerged from prison life with an ability to react as an oriental when in the company of orientals.

This is probably the greatest benefit I derived from my experiences as a prisoner of war for almost four years.

Typed by Marjorie Kay Thomas

Officers of the U. S. Armed Forces
(and civilians accorded that rank) ,
who were prisoners of war at Zentsuji,
Japan on June 24, 1945, and moved
that clay to Roku Roshi, Japan

ADAIR, William Gregory
ADKINS, Hill
ALBRECHT, Randolph Nevinson
ANDERSON, Edward Lee
ANDERSON, Noren Victor
ANDERSON, Ramus Isse
ANDERSON, Richard Kerfoot
ANTHONY, Eugene Hamilton
APRA, Auguistine Samuel
ARMOLD, Harold Arthur
ARMSTRONG, George Herbert
ARVIN, Charles Robert
BAARDSON, Brynjolv
BACKSTROM, Bert Harold
BAGGETT, Warren Candler
BAKER, Lloyd
BALDWIN, James Howard
BARTLETT, Leland Delano
BASSETT, Robert VanRensaelaer
BELENKOFF, Nicholas Nicholas
BESBECK, Louis Benjamin
BESS, Clarence Riley
BESSON, Robert
BIDGOOD, Clarence
BIRD, William Wiley
BJORING, Robert George
BLASS, Daniel Luther
BOETTCHER, Arnold August
BOGGS, Kenneth LeRoy
BOND, Dow George
BOYD, William Knight
BOYER, Jack Karper
BOYT, Eugene Phemister
BRADLEY, Jack William
BROOKS, Lee Culver
BRYANT, Franklie Monroe
BULL, Harcourt George
BURKE, Edward Louis
BURKHART, Thomas Francis

BURWELL, Frank Hunter, Jr.
BYRNE, Jerome Stanley
CADMUS, Walter George
CALAS, George Constantine
CAMPBELL, James Atlas
CARLSON, Arnold John
CAVE, Glenn Edwin
CHANDLER, Robert Joseph
CHESTNUT, Albert Heath
CHEVAILLIER, Lewis Beall
CHRISTENSEN, Arthur George
CLINTON, Jack William
COFFEE, James Frederick
COLEMAN, John Scott
COMBS, Oliver Bert
CONRAD, Eugene Blair
CORMACK, Bruce Logue
CORY, Allan Murray
COTTON, Percy MacDonald
COVINGTON, James Moses
COWART, Frank Earl
CRITCHLOW, John Nisbet
CROSBY, Allen Foster
CROSLAND, Donald Moore
CULP, Willis Powell, Jr.
CURRENS, Ronald Bryce
CURTIS, John Charles
DALNESS, Harold Elmore
DALTON, Joseph Francis
D'ARDZZO, Alfred John
DAVIDSON, Roy Hayes
DAVIS, James Edward
DAWSON, Leland Webb
DEETER, Morton Lansing
DILLARD, Samuel Harwell
DIXTON, Louis LeRoi
DREHER, Alfred Benjamin
DROBEK, Peter John
EDDINGTON, Harold Francis
EMERSON, Kary Cadmus
ERHARDT, Charles Wilson
ERICKSON, Edward Arthur

EVANS, Fred Barrett
EVANS, Robney David
FARRIS, Stephen Charles
FAULKNER, Ace Earl
FISHER, John Washburn
FITZPATRICK, Lyle Jerry
FLOURNOY, Walter Nevins
FORINASH, Cecil Lavone
FORTNEY, Thomas Hays
FOY, Thomas Paul
FULTON, Robert Burwell, II
GAINES, Oliver Wallace
GALBRAITH, William Jackson
GALLAGHER, Frank Edward Jr.
GALLAGHER, George Adrien
GARRETT, Fred Francis
GASPERINI, Silvio Emil
GATES, Julian Jack
GEER, Paul
GEIS, Robert William
GENSBERG, Frank
GEORGE, Anthony Raymond
GIITTER, Leo Francis
GIUBERT, Basil Jones
GILES, Donald Theodore
GILLET, Richard LaMar
GLADYS, Stanley Joseph
GOFF, George Ernest
GOLDBLITH, Samuel Abraham
GORDON, Jerome Arthur
GRAF, Paul
GRAHAM, Leonard Carvell
GREGG, Donald Caxneron
GRIFFIN, Thomas Francis Jr.
HALL, Ridgley Lee
HANSEN, Ralph Whitney
HARDING, Harry Jacquemin
HARRINGTON, Wilson Hemphield.
HARRISON, Thomas Robert
HART, Frank Herbert
HARTY, Kevin Dennis
HARWOOD, Otto
HAVILAND, James William

HAY, John Henry
HEICHEL, Byron Luither
HEIN, Herbert Ross Jr.
HENFLING, George William
HESLER, Delbert Preston
HIGHTOWER, Wyne Ranson
HILL, Ralph Orr
HILLEY, Arthur Gayle
HILTON, Hart Dale
HINES, Carroll Robert
HINES, Clifford Cecil
HOHL, George Michael.
HOLLAND, George Traylor
HOFMANN, Urban Christopher
HORNEY, Eugene Stedman
HOWARD, Charles Edward Nadon
HOWELL, Leon
HUMMEL, John Jacob
HUNT, Wylie Mallory
IVEY, Richard Gay
JENSEN, Jens Jr.
JOHNSON, Harlan Thode
JOHNSON,. Lyman Edward
JOHNSON, Russell Burke
JOHNSON, Wilard Carroll
JONELIS, Frank George
JONES, Richard Ivor
JONES, Robert John
KALBFLEISH, Edwin Jr.
KAMPMANN, Charles William
KEENE, Campbell
KENNAMAN, Jack Richard
KENNEDY, Richard Alan
KIERNAN, John Lawrence Jr.
KIMBLE, Horton Edward
KIRKPATRICK, Harlan Good
KLIEWER, David Donald.
KLINE, Claude Nelson
KNOX, Henry Mortimer
KOENIG, Fred Willem Jr.
KUHN, Clintoh Winfeld
KWIATKOWSKI, Joseph Dominic
LABOON, Fred Philip
LAIRD, Eugene Ellwood

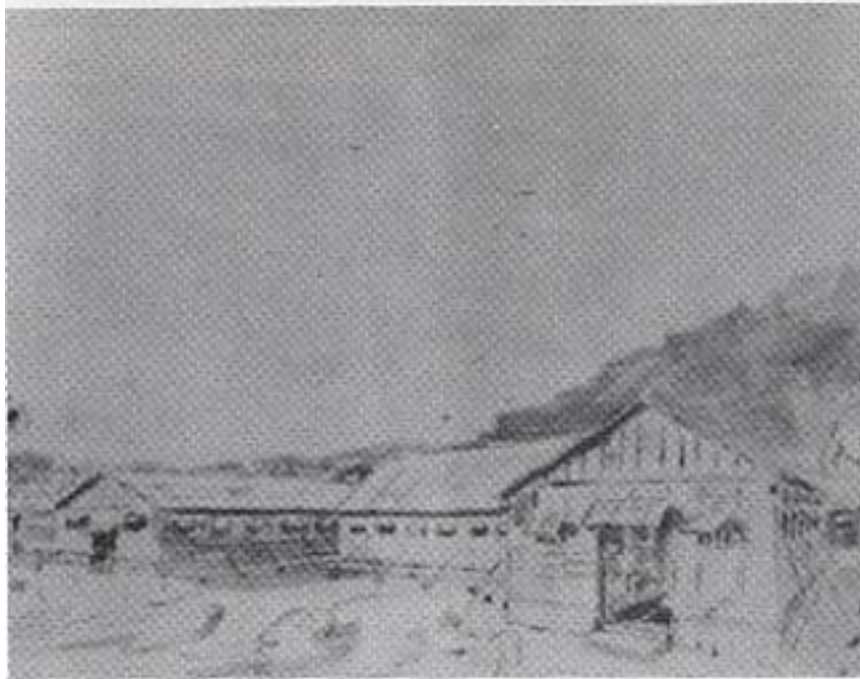
LANGWORTHY, Alonzo Ernest
LASHER, Erwin William
LAUFF, Bernard John
LAY, Kermit Russell
LAYTON, Buxton Lawn Jr.
LAZZARINI, Louis Thomas
LEBARTS, Kenneth Alfons
LEGGETT, James Llewellyn Jr.
LENTX, Emert Carl
LEVITT, Harry
LEWIS, William Elmo Jr.
LINESBERRY, William Taylor
LINCO, Edward Francis
LONG, John William
LOOMIS, Donald Dixson
LOWE, Mason Richard
MAC NULTY, William Kirk
MADDEN, Clarence Edwin
MADSEN, Elwood Christian
MAGEE, Thomas III
MALLETTTE, James Irie (died at Roku Roshi)
MANNESCHMIDT, George Clarence
MARKS, Mortimer Allen
MARTIN, Joseph Jr.
MASSELLO, William Jr.
MATTIOLI, Joseph
MATZEN, Charles Dudley
MAXFIELD, George Geln
MAY, Earl Vincent
MAYNARD, Clarence Francis
MC AFEE, Carlos Edmond
MC CLURE, John Francis
MC ELFISH, Roy Edgar
MEEK, Ward Benjamin
MEIS, William Lornn
MELLON, Hugh Robert
MENDELSON, Sheldon Harold
MICHALEK, Emil Theodore
MILLER, Ernest Brumaghim
MILLER, Melvin
MOE, Tilden Iver
MONTGOMERY, Robert Daniell
MOORE, George Melvin
MORGAN, Charles Allison Jr.

MORGAN, Glenn Dean
MORIN, Ben Ryan
MORRIS, Wilbur Leroy
MUIR, John Stewart
NESTOR, John Louis
NOLES, John Roy
ODEN, "J" "A" Jr.
OLCOTT, Chester Wallace
ORR, William Allen
OYEN, Alvin Oliver
PARKER, James Young
PATTERSON, Horace Butare Jr.
PAYNE, Thomad Benjamin
PENNELL, Robert
PETERIE, Lester Leroy
PHILLIPS, Russoll Allen
PIERCE, Henry Jones
PLACKO, Frank
PORTER, Felix Nathaniel
PORTER, Gwinn Ulm
POTTER, George Hubbard
POWELL, Elmer Beverly
POWELL, James Pearl
POWELL, Robert Preston
POWELL, William Henry Jr.
PRAY, John Irving
PUTNAM, Paul Albert
QUIST, Jason Noble
RAGUSIN, George Alfred
RIALL, Benjarnin William
RICE, Glenn
RICHARDS, James Finley
ROBBINS, Robert Clifford
ROBINSON, Timothy Earl
ROSEMONT, Eugene
ROSS, James Montgomery
RUCKS, Berry Talmadge
RUE, Edwin Wilson
RUSSELL, Nelson Herbert
RUSSELL, Robert McCullough
RUTZ, Clarence Alvin
RYAN, John Ambrose
RYDER, John French

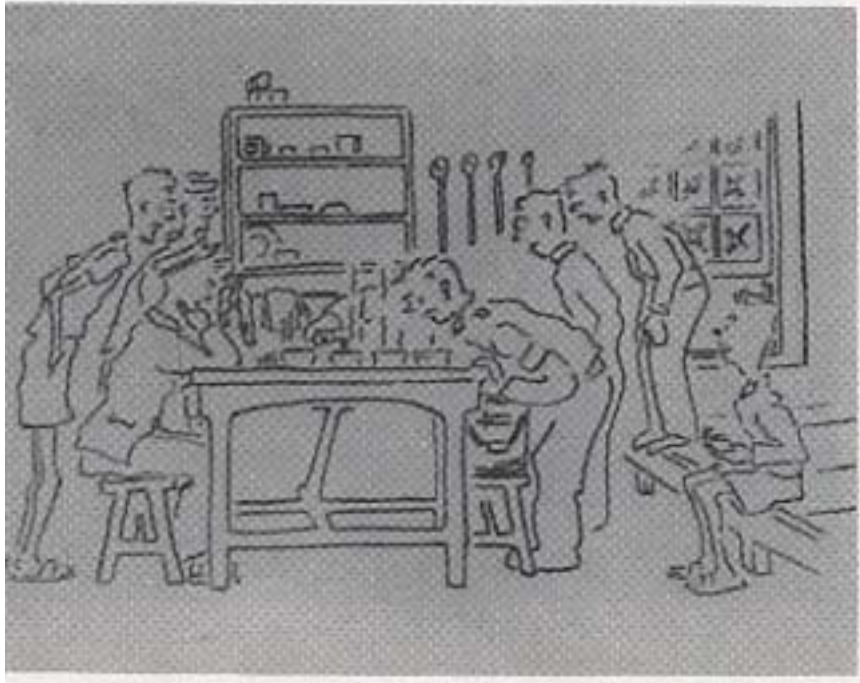
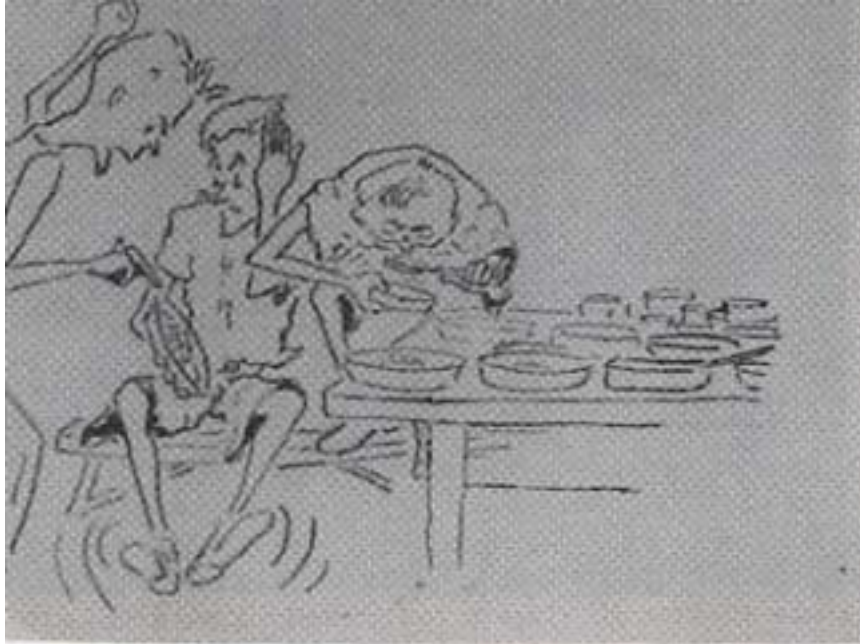
SATTERWHITE, David Scotty
SAVAGE, Thomas Scott
SAWYER, Tom Jessie
SCHACHT, Kenneth George
SCHECHTER, Martin Aaron
SCHWARTZ, Jack William
SELLERS, Roscoe Albert
SENCUK, Walter
SEYMOUR, Clinton Cotton
SHAW, Kenneth Leigh
SHERRY, Luther Clinton
SHURE, Paul
SHURTZ, Hubert Woodrow
SICILIANO, Joseph.Marie
SILHAVY, Robert Carl
SIMIVIII, Albert Fillmore
SIMPSON, Harry Thompson
SMALL, George
SMITH, Charles Henry
SMITH, Harold Carter
SMITH, Horace Arnold Jr.
SMITH, Trevis Joel
SNOW, Russel Wakefield Jr.
SPAINHOWER, John Wesley
SPEARS., William Oscar
SPICER, Donald
SPOOR, Ferris Grable
STANSBURY, Paul Alfred
STAPENS, Cameron Spencer Jr.
STARR, Marvin Tipton
STECKER, William Wallace
STEIGER; George Edward
STEWART, Edward Ward
STEWART, William Henry
STIRLING, Warren Curtis
STRANG, Arthur Eugene
STUDER, Robert William
STUMP, Claud Wallace
SUTTMANN, Aloysius Thomas
SWEARINGEN, Russell Leroy
TESKE, Clyde Lewis
TODD, Charles Solon
TODD, William Oberton Jr.

TRIFILO, Santo Samuel
TRUDELL, George Thomas
ULRICH, Antonio Munroe
UNRUH, Marion Daniel
USHAKOFF, Michael
VALKENAAR, John Jacob
VANDERGRIFT, Jacob Jay Jr.
VAN PEENEN, Herbert John
VASSEY, Howard Monroe
VERITY, George Luther
WALCHER, Bruce
WALL, Carl Hollis
WARNER, William Scott
WEBB, Henry Gorliem
WEIKEL, Ivan Wellar
WELCHER, Alexander Borah
WELLES, William Thompson
WELLS, James Robert William
WEST, Lee Herbert
WHITE, Walter Augustus
WICKORD, Theodore Francis
WIDES, Norman Aaron
WILDISH, Myron Frederick
WILLIS, Meade Homer Jr.
WILSON, Henry Stanley
WILSON, William Ritchie
WINSLOW, Walter Gillespie
WITMAN, Victor Weaver
WOLFSHEIMER, Frank
WOOD, Edwin Allen
WRAY, Robert Stephen
YEAGER, Frederick Jacob
YODER, Ralph William
YOUGHIVICH, Robert William
ZIMMERMAN., Joseph Wendall

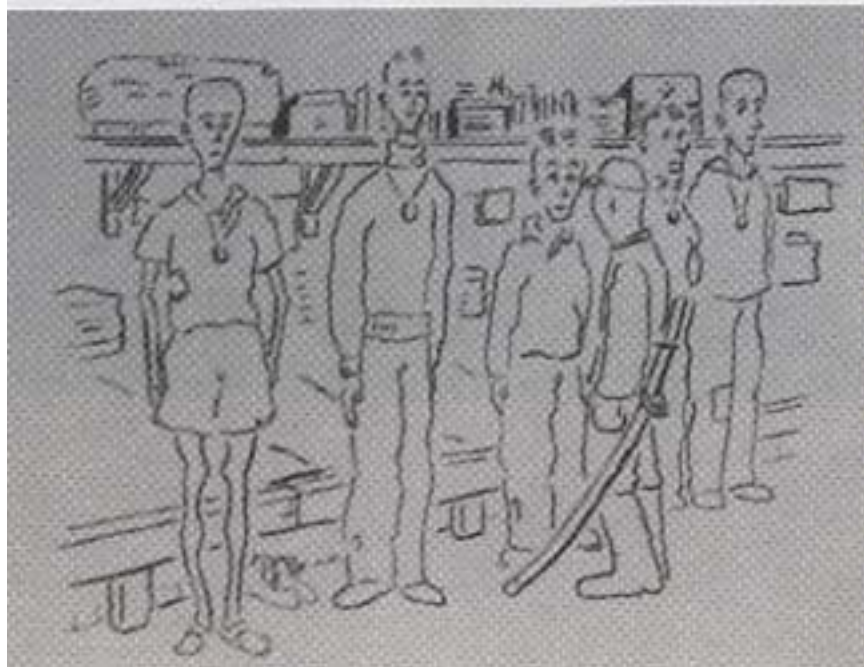
We were fortunate to have several POW's who were good artists and who took the time to sketch typical scenes. The sketches which follow were drawn by K. G. Schacht who kindly consented to permit their presentation in this volume. Only a small fraction of his efforts has been included, but it aptly illustrates some events of our imprisonment.



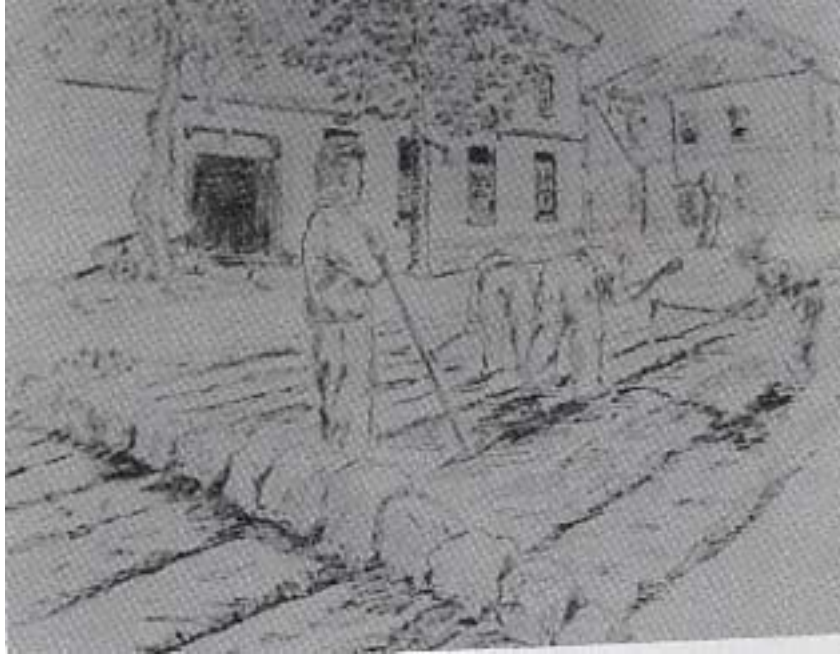
Zentsuji POW camp



Chow time in Zentsuji



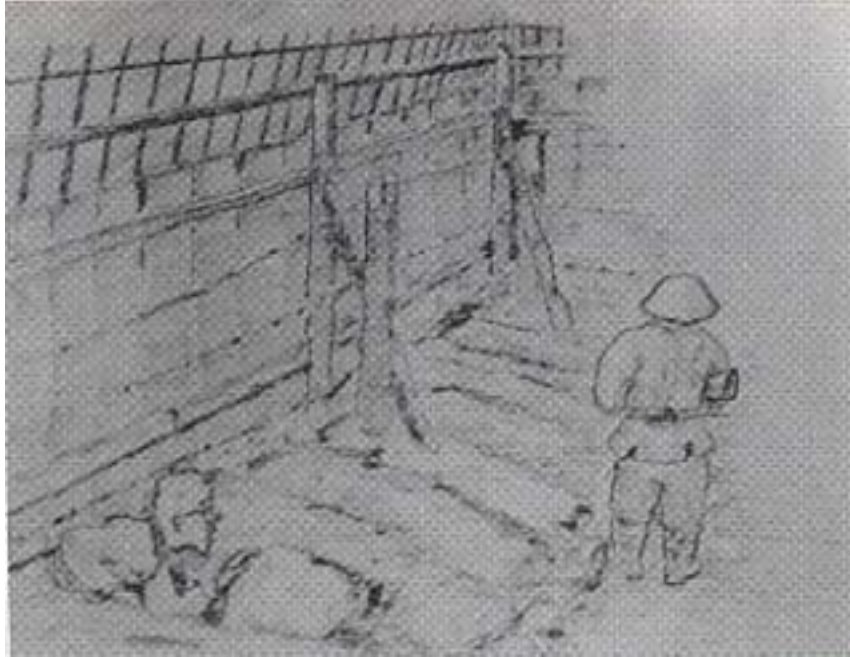
Barracks scenes in Zentsuji



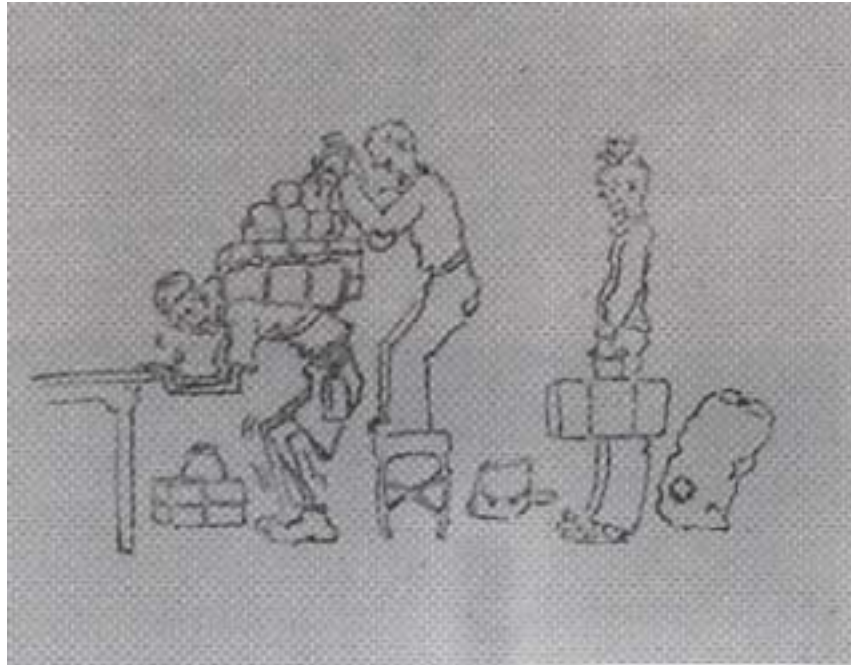
Gardening in Zentsuji



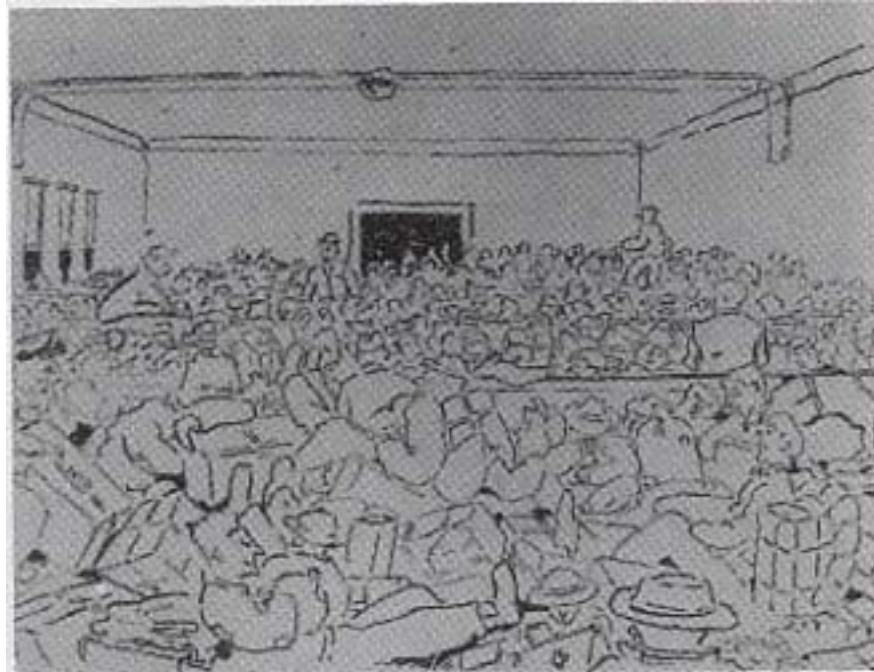
Trading Red Cross food items



Fence near the bakery, Zentsuji



Packing to leave Zentsuji



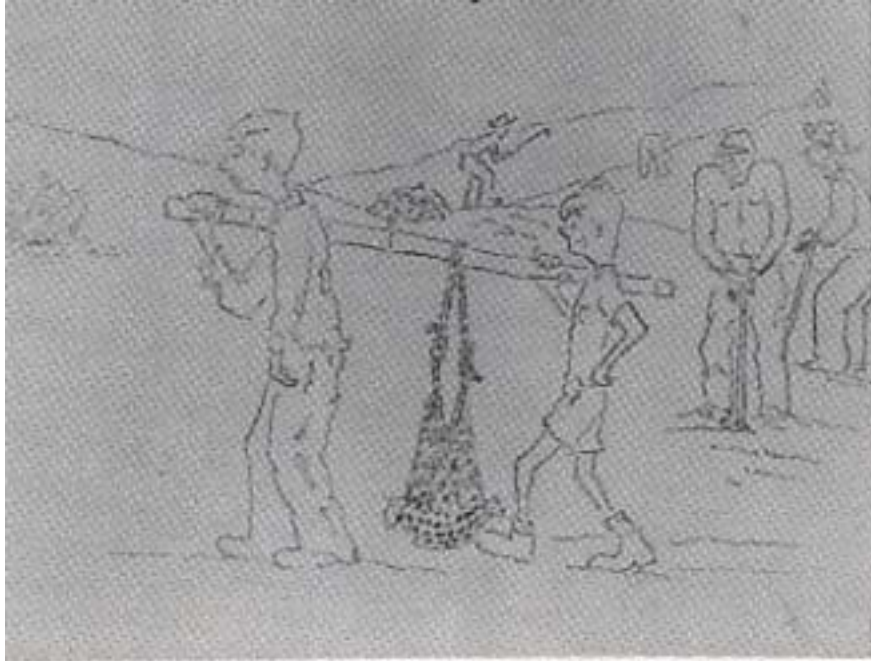
Railway station at Okayama



Train ride to Fukui



Night hike to Roku Roshi



Clearing land at Roku Roshi



What a difference a day makes at Roku Roshi

The photographs which follow were taken by two photographers who accompanied the "rescue team" from the 1st. Cavalry Division, They arrived at Roku Roshi September 8, 1945 and stayed with us until we arrived in Yokohama September 10, 1945. Only a sample of the pictures taken has been included.

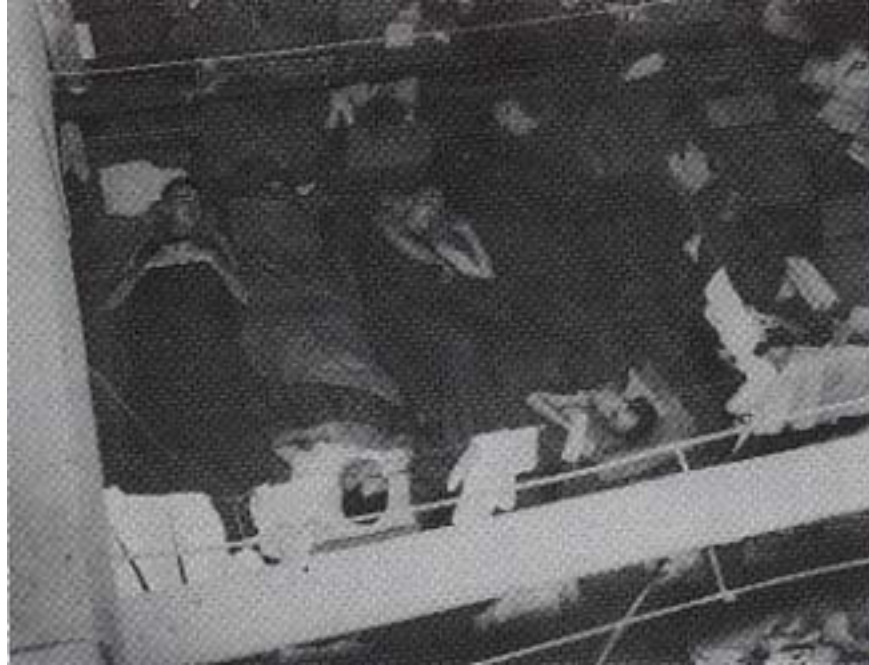
Colonel Carlos E. McAfee, now retired and living in Oklahoma City, obtained copies of all photographs taken by the two photographers. Examples presented here are from his collection.



Arrival of the "Rescue Team"



POW Barracks, Roku Roshi after fence was removed



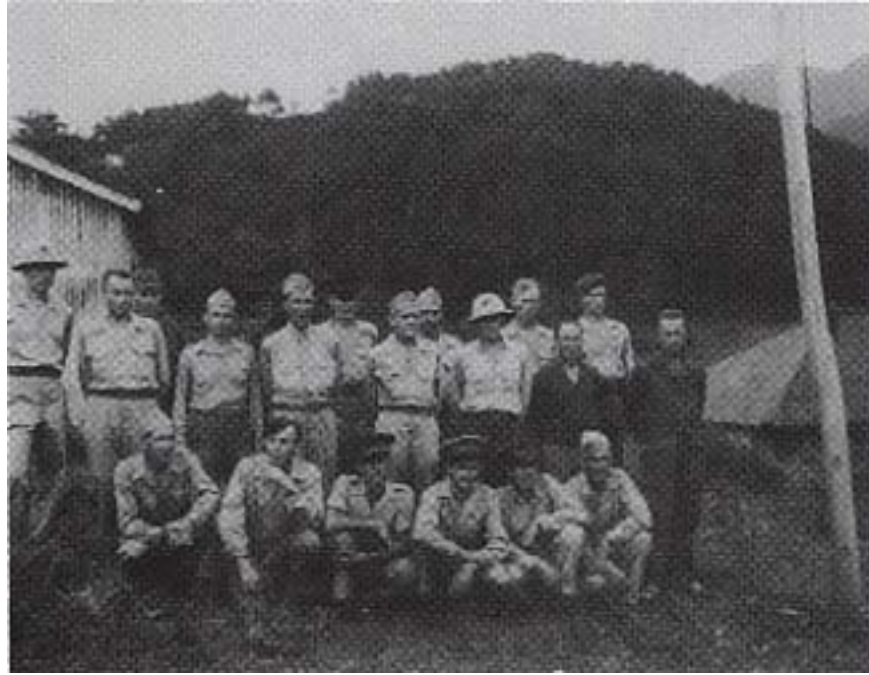
Inside POW Barracks, Roku Roshi



Fred Garrett in fields cleared and planted by
POW's at Roku Roshi



A group of former POW's, Roku Roshi
Parachutes from food drop in foreground



U. S. Marine Corps former POW's



Former POW's from Arkansas
L-R: Mel Miller, Mort Deeter,
Julian Gates



Former POW's from Oregon
Front Row, L-R: Ivan Weikel, Tim Robinson,
John Ryder, George Cadmus
Back Row, L-R: Eugene Laird, Chester Olcott,
William Powell, David Kleiwer



Former POW U.S. Army Quartermaster Officers
Front Row, L-R: Jim Covington, Stan Gladys, Otto Harwood,
Gene Rosemont, Harold Arnold
Back Row,: Walter White, Clyde Teske, Jim Baldwin
Fred Koenig, Jens Jensen, Ben Riall, Ralph Yoder



Inside POW Barracks at Roku Roshi
Eating food dropped by B-29's
L-R: John Spainhower, Scotty Muir, Ed Johnson,
Ed Burke, George Calas



Former POW's from New Mexico

Front Row, L_R: Jim Richards, Jay Oden, Tom Foy
Al Suttman, Jack Kennaman

Back Row, L-R: Jack Boyer, Jack Bradley, Dow Bond,
Ed Lingo, George Henfling, Tom Sawyer, Claud
Stump, Anthony George



Former POW's from Pennsylvania

Front Row, L_R: Victor Witman, Horace Smith,

_____?, Lou Lazzarini, Harlan Kirkpatrick

Back Row, L-R: John McClure, _____?, Walt

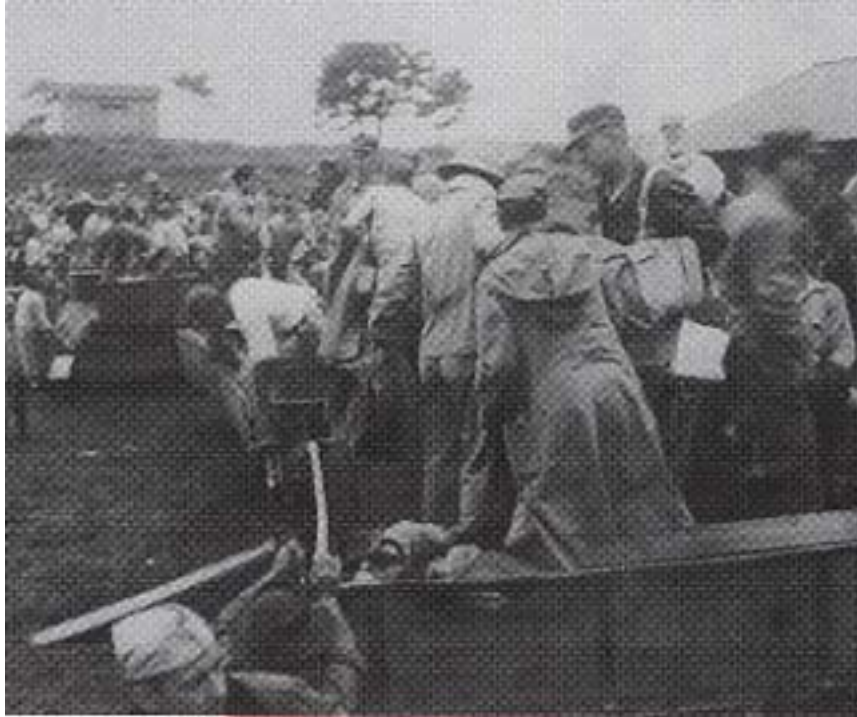
Senchuck, Warren Stirling, Jim Leggett, Joe

Kwiatkowski, Frank Placko



Former POW's from Oklahoma

Front Row, L_R: William G. Adair, Russell B. Johnson,
Ralph W. Hansen, Kermit R. Lay, George M. Hohl,
Fred P. LaBoon, Eugene P. Boyt, and Allan M. Cory
Back Row, L_R: George L. Verity, Alexander B. Welcher,
Fred F. Garrett, Carlos E. McAfee, Edward W.
French, George C. Maxfield, K. C. Emerson, Paul
Geer, John Hartung, Clifford C. Hines, Wayne R.
Hightower, and Felix N. Porter



Former POW's prepare to leave Roku Roshi
in Japanese Army trucks



Former POW's being served tea in the train station
at Fukui by Japanese Red Cross personnel

L-R: _____?, _____, John Coleman, Frank Cowart,
Mort Deeter, _____?



Former POW's waiting to leave the train station in Yokohama for the port area and home. They are reading their first American newspaper in several years, Lieutenant Commander Harrington is the one standing in the truck. Note two "White Russian" women in the second truck.

AUTHOR

Dr. Kary Cadmus Emerson, son of Earle Evans Emerson and Diva Elizabeth Wilkins, was born March 13, 1918 near Sasakwa, Oklahoma. He attended public schools in Ada, Beggs and Cromwell, Oklahoma, and graduated from Oklahoma A&M College (now Oklahoma State University) in the spring of 1939 at which time he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Infantry. Before going to the Philippines, he served as a platoon leader, Company H, 9th Infantry, and Company Commander, Company F, 9th Infantry.

He departed Fort Sam Houston, Texas on January 1, 1941 for the Philippines. Upon arrival there, he was assigned to Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 45th Infantry Regiment (Philippine Scouts), Philippine Division, with station at Fort McKinley, near Manila. He was immediately placed on special duty to command Companies E and F, 12th Quartermaster Regiment (Philippine Scouts). Company E was an automotive maintenance company and Company F was a car company. Within a month he was given an additional duty: that of training 350 new recruits for the special units of the division. On May 16, 1941 his wife, Mary Rebecca (Williams) Emerson, seven months pregnant at the time, departed the Philippines as part of a large shipment of dependents for return to the United States. A newly-arrived officer took command of Company F, thereby relieving part of his workload.

On the morning of December 8, 1941 (Philippine time), Japanese war planes attacked Fort McKinley and other military and naval facilities in the vicinity of Manila. Damage to Fort McKinley was slight so that three days later all units of the Philippine Division stationed there were moved to the Bataan Peninsula. In January 1942 Captain Emerson was commanding Company E, 12th Quartermaster Regiment (Philippine Scouts), commanding a provisional transportation regiment, and serving as Assistant G-4 (Maintenance & Transportation) of the II Philippine Corps. The provisional transportation regiment was a unit organized to control the civilian drivers and commercial buses and trucks taken to Bataan. He retained these assignments until the surrender of U. S. and Philippine Armed Forces on Bataan in April 1942.

After the war he was commissioned in the Regular Army and served as an Army ROTC Instructor at Oklahoma A&M College; with the Second Armored Division at Fort Hood, Texas, and in Germany; as an instructor with the U. S. Army Command and General Staff College; with the United Nations Command component of the Military Armistice Commission in Korea; and with the Headquarters, Department of the Army in the Pentagon.

He retired as a colonel on October 31, 1966 and since that time has been Deputy for Science and Technology to the Assistant Secretary of the Army (Research, Development and Acquisition). His sons William and James are officers in the U. S. Army, and Robert is a mechanical engineer in California.

An internationally known biologist, he is author of more than 140 scientific papers and books in Canada, India, England, Australia, Denmark, South Africa, Thailand and the United States.





ARMY SERVICE FORCES
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
WASHINGTON 25, D. C. ^{EMW}



7 August 1945

RE: Captain Kary C. Emerson
United States Prisoner of War
Hiroshima POW Camp, Japan
Via: New York, New York

Mrs. E. E. Emerson
Cromwell, Oklahoma

Dear Mrs. Emerson:

The Provost Marshal General has directed me to inform you of the transfer of the above-named prisoner of war to the camp indicated.

You may communicate with him by following the inclosed mailing instructions.

Further information will be forwarded as soon as it is received.

Sincerely yours,

Howard F. Breesee

Incl
Mail Cir

HOWARD F. BREESEE
Colonel, CMP
Director, American Prisoner of War
Information Bureau
Provost Marshal General's Office