the war was an occasional comment from some Jap guard who was anxious to show off his high school English and to boast of an endless succession of Japanese victories. Our captors must have been feeling pretty good about themselves and their country. They could afford to be magnanimous. And sure enough, one day this new "magnanimity" was expressed by the arrival of a small supply of peanuts, candy bars, soap, needles and thread "strictly for the officers". I was called over to Beecher's shack where the loot had been divided up into three shares: for Beecher and his staff, for the Group I officers, and for the Group II officers. I took my group's stuff in a cardboard box, called in the fifteen or twenty officers of my group, and we split it up. My share was a candy bar and a spool of thread - or something of the sort. The candy bar was absolutely wonderful. Nothing like a little starvation to whet one's appetite! And I don't even recall that my conscience bothered me.

But about a week later another shipment of such items arrived, again "strictly for the officers". I told Beecher that I thought we ought to find some way, by lot perhaps, to share this stuff with the enlisted men. His reply was that his order from the Japs was that it was for the officers only and that any attempt to make a general distribution of it would probably cut off the supply altogether. I thought: "The hell with that", and went back and called the group officers together and told them we were going to give half of the loot to the enlisted men. They agreed, and that's what we did; but it was difficult, dividing up the few items of candy, fruit etc., by lot, among some 500 men! I told Leo Paquet about it the next day, feeling a little stuck on myself for my generosity and for defying higher authority. Leo said, quietly, that he had

done about the same thing - except that he had put all the stuff up, to be drawn by lot by all the prisoners in his group, officers and men alike. I was a bit humbled; but Lee was right, and that's the way we did it from then on.

The aged Japanese commander at Camp #1 had told us that we would be paid and that a commissary would be started where we could buy a few necessities. This system was now started: each of us received a few pesos (Japanese occupation pesos) each month, the amount being more or less related to our military rank, and being, in any case, some small percentage of what our captors were putting in a savings bank for us, so they said. The occasional arrival of a small supply of peanuts, bananas, tobacco, "mongo" beans etc. was the commissary. As the quantity of these items never equaled the demand, we worked out a system that gave everybody a chance to buy <u>something</u> regardless of how many pesos he had. At best it was a very imperfect system, since it required accurate and honest record keeping, an impossibility under the circumstances. At worst it sort of degenerated into an economic class system, with a few "filthy rich" and a lot of impoverished suckers. The tycoons of this class system were not the officers, but a few worldly-wise, wheeler-dealer non-coms and petty officers who, through gambling and swapping, managed to control a pretty flourishing black market.

Commissary

One day a young prisoner came to me and offered to sell a West Point ring which he had bought from another soldier who had taken it from a dead body. I looked at the ring and saw Jean Harper's name etched there. So I told the man that Harper was a friend of mine, was alive and at Camp #1, and

that I would see that the ring was returned to him. The poor soldier was downcast at this turn of events, but I couldn't help him; at the moment, I was also a member of the pamper class. I never saw him again.

The war must have been going pretty well for the Japs. They lost their edginess and relaxed their severity. We began to get a little more rice, and our strength improved. The Japs provided us with some soft ball equipment and we formed some teams and arranged some inter-barrack games. Then one day a team from Camp #1 came to play against us. The lieutenant in charge of the visiting team was a friend of Harper's, so I gave him the ring with a note to Jean. Loss of his ring had depressed Jean almost as much as the malaria and, as I later learned, this fortuitous recovery cheered him immensely.

There was agentlemanly Japanese lieutenant at Camp #1 who spoke good English. (He was much more accomplished at it than the official interpreter whom he often had to correct.) He visited Camp #3 occasionally, and one day he told Beecher that a lot of mail had come in for us prisoners, and that he had seen several letters for me. I was surprised that he knew my name, let alone that among the hundreds of letters he should have noted that some were addressed to me. But mostly I was filled with a great joy and a great impatience. We were told that it would be a week or so before we received our mail, as it all had to be censored. This was in August of 1942, I believe. It was not until October that, better than water, better than food, the first wonderful letters reached us. Meanwhile there was to be a good bit of change.

Our Camp #3 was just an appendage to Camp #1, a temporary holding place for the overflow during those early months of our captivity. Up to now, we prisoners had been a burden to the Japanese. But now we were bodies to be used, to help turn the Philippines into a fruitful member of "the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" and, for the time being, to contribute to the war effort. So batches of prisoners were sent away, from time to time, to wherever slave labor could be put to use. Eventually there were only enough of us at Camp #3 to form one "group". Leo Paquet became American group commander, and I his executive. Beecher continued as American camp commander, with Ridgely and Bradley as his staff.

Meanwhile the rains were letting up as we approached the dry season. Then, one day, in October of '42 I think, we learned that we would move back to Camp#1. The next day, "Bull" King and I were sent by truck to Camp #1 to "make arrangements" for the arrival of the approximately six hundred others who would be coming along on foot. King was an old friend. He had been a sergeant at Ft. McKinley, near Manila, when I had served there as a second lieutenant seventeen years before. He had married a Filipina and had stayed in the Philippines with the 60th Coast Artillery. He was now a second lieutenant, having been commissioned by General MacArthur along with many other senior non-commissioned officers and some civilians.

When Bull and I arrived at Camp #1 we were taken to a section of the compound where there were some empty barracks. One of the guards pointed to the barracks, said something in Japanese, and left. The other guard stayed, watched us, and said nothing. I had with me some scraps of paper on which we had kept the many-times-revised rosters, by barracks, of our Camp#3 men. These empty barracks corresponded in number and size to the ones we had vaca-

ted. So we hoped to be able to keep the group organization and the barrack assignments intact. About mid-afternoon (we could only guess at the time, all our watches having long since become war booty) the weary column of prisoners began to trudge in. Neither Beecher nor Leo Paquet was with them. Bull and I started to get the men located in barracks as we had planned. It was difficult and slow because the long column was completely disorganized. But we were beginning to reestablish some order when a guard came with word that I was to go with him to Camp Headquarters. So I left poor King to struggle alone at getting these 600 or so tired, hungry, thirsty prisoners located in barracks.

I was taken along the muddy camp "street", past other bamboo barracks, where other ragged, skinny prisoners squatted on their haunches or stood around in small groups, to a small shack: the (American)Camp Headquarters. There I found Paquet, Beecher and several other Americans together with the Japanese lieutenant who spoke such good English and who seemed to be the Camp Executive. He was explaining the new camp organization. Beecher was to be the new American commander. (His predecessor, the imposter and collaborator, was gone - sent to Japan, we believed, to protect him.) Leo Paquet was to be in charge of Group III of 3 groups, and I was to be his executive.

As soon as I could, I got back to King who was still plodding along, in good, steady, determined first-sergeant fashion, getting his men assigned, one-by-one, to their barracks. But it was getting late, it would be dark, the Jap guards were hollering. So, to speed things up, we had to abandon our orderly plan and get the men XXXXXXXX located quickly. It wasn't quickly enough to suit the Jap guards, who began to solve the problem in their own way. With pointing fingers, yells of "speedo, speedo" and swinging

rifle butts, they broke up the column and sent the prisoners hurrying to find a place in the barracks - somewhere, anywhere. The confusion and uneven distribution lasted a while. But these men had learned, by now, to make-do; so with a bit of help from Bull King and me they all found a small space in one of the buildings.

We sent a detail to one of the "kitchens" where the rice was cooked in huge cauldrons over open wood fires. They came back with five-gallon cans of steamed rice - enough for each of us to have a cupful - and a sort of vegetable stew whose only ingredients were pigweed and water. King and I joined one of the barrack groups, shared their rice and the pigweed soup, and found some room where we could bunk down for the night.

For several days I had had some itching around the genitals, but had been much too busy to notice it much, and hadn't had a chance to bathe. I thought it was a heat rash caused by the dust and sweat. But it finally got bad enough to attract my attention. I took a careful look and saw that my crotch was generously sprinkled with very small red spots. There was a doctor, Captain Long, in our group, a fine big Texan whom I had gotten to know and like. I hunted him up and said: "Doc, I've got a bad rash around my balls. Will you have a look at it?" Long inspected the disaster area, and had a great laugh. He said: "Colonel, you've got the finest dose of crabs I've ever seen!" I had heard of crab lice before, but had never met them face to face. I had a feeling that, under our primitive living conditions, these minuscule invaders were going to be hard to get rid of. But Long managed to get some hot water, brought out his safety razor and some soap, and did a fine job of shaving my suffering privates, leaving me as hairless as a newborn manchild. Then from among the various sal-

vaged items in his medical kit he brought forth some ointment, which he gave me - still laughing at my plight. I found a spigot and, somewhat embarrassed at the super-nudity of my private parts, had a good wash, and washed also the khaki shorts I had been wearing. The itching stopped, and the crab lice never returned.

Leo Paquet, being the Group III American commander, was assigned a bamboo shack with a bamboo floor. Four others shared it with him: Irvin Alexander, a West Point classmate of Leo's who had suffered a heart attack; Doc Long; Doc Musselman; and I. Like everyone else we did some scavanging to make this place as livable as possible. We found some pieces of wood, some nails and some scraps of canvas and knocked together five cots of sorts. This was to be our home for the next two years.

As soon as I could, I hunted out Jean Harper and Doug Smith. Jean was in much better physical condition than when I had last seen him, he could now get quinine for his malaria, and he was sporting a goatee of which he was quite proud. I razzed him about that. And he was delighted to have recovered his class ring. As for Doug, he had been sent to Mindanao with a large group of prisoners who were to work clearing forests and planting and harvesting coconuts.

I also learned, sadly, that another friend of mine, Howard Breitung (USMA '23), together with a Navy lieutent, had been executed for trying to escape. They had been caught after only a few days of freedom, had been beaten with two-by-fours, and then shot. To this tragic warning for would-be escapers there had been added the further restraint of "shooting squads". All the prisoners had been grouped into ten-man squads whose members were each held responsible for the good conduct of the other nine. An escape, or even attempt, by one squad member, would result not only in his

execution, but in that of the other nine as well. This threat was not carried out at Cabanatuan Camp #1 while I was there. One prisoner was accused of trying to escape, and was severely beaten; but the Japanese said later that he had not actually gotten outside the fence, so that didn't count.

Besides Jean Harper, I found many other officers whom I had known at West Point, either as fellow cadets or later as fellow instructors. The most senior among them, lieutenant colonels and majors, were grouped into one barrack. Their prison life and conditions were the same as that of the other Americans, except that, for the moment, they were not being sent out on slave labor details.

The Cabanatuan camp was seven or eight miles east of San Fernando, Pampangan and about fifty miles north of Manila. It had been built for use by the Philippine Army, and consisted mostly of bamboo barracks with dirt floors and nipa-thatched roofs. There were a number of other buildings, some built of planks and having corrugated metal roofs. The camp was divided into two sections by a dirt road which, at its northern gate opened into the San Fernando highway, and at its southern gate led to an expanse of abandoned rice paddies. The smaller, western section was used by the Japanese for their camp headquarters, guard barracks, carabao (water buffalo) corral, etc. The larger, eastern section was ours. It was enclosed on the north, east and south by two high barbed-wire fences separated by a deep moat and a well-patrolled sentry path. The western length of our section, along the dividing road, had a single barbed-wire fence and a large gate, overlooked by the main guard shack. The Japanese area was also fenced in by barbed-wire. And there was a distant perimeter of guard towers, each topped by a thatched roof sentry shelter.

The abandoned fields around the camp had probably been intend-

ed for Philippine Army tactical instruction. But the Japs, now fighting a war on a shortage of almost everything, were not about to let either fields or American prisoners remain unproductive. A daily work detail, small at first but gradually expanding into more than a thousand, was sent out to develop the fields into what we prisoners called "The Farm". And an American captain who had some agricultural background was selected to run the project - under the overall supervision of a Japanese interpreter and a lot of guards. We called him "Farmer Brown" and didn't envy him his thankless task.

The first job was to break up the ground, now baked hard and reinforced by the tough, tangled roots and stalks of cogon grass. There was no farm machinery to do this - only an inadequate supply of sturdy, unwieldy sickles, hoes and rakes. The guards had evidently been told to make sure that no prisoner loafed on the job, and they carried out their mission with shouts and rifle butts. As there were usually more prisoners sent to the fields than there were tools, there was always a scramble to get something to work with - for to be seen without a tool was to be hollered at and perhaps beaten for loafing. To protect these hapless fellows, Farmer Brown would keep them busy carrying the cement-like clods from here to there and back again. In this way, slowly, laboriously, painfully, as the months passed, the fields were made ready for planting rice, sugar cane, corn and beans. And the slave labor, with native ingenuity, loafed on the job as much as possible, avoided being slapped around, and even managed to overcome the language barrier enough to exchange a few wisecracks with some of the friendlier guards.

The "farm" was very slow in producing anything, but we naively thought it would eventually provide some food for us prisoners. Unfortunately, its chief product turned out to be cash crops: rice and sugar cane. If any table vegetables were raised, they must have gone to the Japanese guard troops; we didn't see them. We continued to subsist on tasteless, unsalted rice and an occasional concoction of pigweed, or of beans, or of some soupy small fish which must surely have been intended, originally, for fertilizer. But about Thanksgiving time, the long-promised mail began to come into camp, and with it Red Cross supplies, including food packages.

Mail! Letters from Sophie telling about our two little girls and her! It was now more than a year since I had left them in Coronado; and missing them, thinking about them, had often been overwhelming. Sophie, in turn, had had no word from me or about me, and didn't know whether I was alive or dead. And the realization that she had to bear this uncertainty added to my own unhappiness. Brutal treatment had, at times, been of such immediate concern as to drown out other pains. But the hunger of loneliness, like the hunger for food, was the endless thread of our consciousness.

The mail didn't come to us all at once, nor in any chronological order. There must have been thousands and thousands of letters. The Japanese, at some depot in Manila, read them and censored them by cutting out parts. Then, every once in a while, when a bagful was ready, a few lucky prisoners would receive a letter or two that had been pulled by chance out of the great pile in Manila. I was by far the luckiest. Sophie, never one to bother about rules she didn't like, had written many long letters and included snapshots of Frances and Cynthia and herself. All this in violation of the strict military and Red Cross instructions.

Since the order in which our letters reached us was not related to the order in which they had been mailed, the news was often confusing. Time jumped backwards and forward as we tried to relive, in our imagination, the lives of those we loved and missed so much. For example, a postcard from Cynthia, who was just learning to write, said simply:"Dear Daddy, Sambo is one year old today." It was not until three years later that I learned anything further about Sambo.

Besides the mail, the Red Cross shipment included books, some musical instruments, medical supplies and food packages. The latter contained such things as Spam, dried milk, process cheese, candy, soap, cigarettes. The Japs adopted a distribution schedule: one package a week to each two prisoners. There was also some canned food which came in bulk and which, doled out from time to time to the "kitchens", was added to the meals. None of this was enough to get us fat, or even to calm our hunger very much; but budgeted carefully it sure made the daily rice more palatable. From our previous starvation diet we had now been promoted to a lean diet. But we began to regain some weight and our health. Indeed, this was the beginning of a period which, by contrast with most of our POW ordeal, we later referred to as "the good old days".

These "good old days" reached their high point about Christmas time, 1942, and lasted, though gradually deteriorating, for about a year. Then, there being no more Red Cross ships, and food beginning to get scarce in the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere", the life of the POW grew harsher and harsher. Meanwhile, it was good to be alive rather than a constant struggle to stay alive. There was a commissary, which from time to time had things

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Taken at Cabanatuan Camp #1 during an inspection visit by a Japanese general. Date about December 1943, towards end of the period which we later remembered as the "good old days" of our life as POWs. Things gradually deteriorated into some very bad days. Shown are, from left: #3 HURT (USMA '30), #5 PAQUET (USMA '19), #6 HOPKINS (USMA '25), #7 Maj. GROSS, #8 Lt. "Bull" KING.

THE VERY BAD DAYS

This fine sketch was done by an ex-POW, Ben Steel, whom I don't know. I haven't tried to locate him for permission to use it, but trust he he wouldn't object to its use in these private-use pages.

to sell: beans, fruit, some vegetables, coconuts, etc. "Zero" Wilson (USMA '24) organized the "Cabanatuan Players" who, among other things, rewrote from memory, and put on, the play <u>Three Men on a Horse</u>. A warrant officer from a regimental band formed a chorus and a sort of orchestra; their performances included Christmas music and even some works of Wagner and Sibelius. Joe Ganahl (USMA 1927) - I think it was he - took charge of the Red Cross books to run a "Cabanatuan Lending Library." Some ambitious fellow started a "University of Cabanatuan": a group of volunteers who, when requested, would give a lecture on some subject which interested them. (It turned out that most of these lectures dealt with food. I had a lecture on French wines which was well received because it aroused fantasies of succulent French ragouts.) Carl Engelhart (USMA '20) and Major Pete Pyzic (USMC) gave Japanese lessons.

These intellectual and artistic endeavors, however, never replaced food as our major preoccupation. The open-sided cook shacks, with their huge cauldrons (like those used by legendary cannibals for cooking legendary missionaries) remained uppermost in our attention. Their fires required constantly replenished supplies of wood. To meet this need, a chopping crew of the strongest prisoners was formed. It was headed by "Bo" Ridgely (of Beecher's staff) and went out to the forest every day to cut down and chop up trees. One of the members was Ted Lewin, a Manila night-club owner, gambler and former boxer. He had been a civilian instructor with the Philippine Army and so found himself in a POW camp instead of in a civilian concentration camp. Ted was a great big guy, a smooth "operator", suave, friendly, with many connections, able to take good care of himself and to help many of his less capable fellow prisoners. Well, there were some carabao (water

buffalo) which had apparently escaped from their corral and were running wild in the weeds. So Ted, who could talk anybody into anything, and who saw the possibility of getting some fresh meat, got permission from the Japs for the weed detail to hunt the beasts. And every once in a while they bagged one - using the guard's rifle, no less! When they had the good fortune to do this, they butchered the carcass, divided the meat among the crew, who in turn shared it with their friends. This occurred infrequently and irregularly, but many of the prisoners eventually got a bit of meat this way. Lee Paquet and I were among the lucky ones several times, and each time I took our portion and had it stewed up, with some vegetables I raised, for the five members of our cabin.

There was a small plot of weed-covered ground, about six by twelve feet, in front of our cabin. I borrowed a spade from the Japs, turned the weeds under, and made a little garden. With seeds scrounged from various places I managed to raise some tomatoes, corn, eggplant, corn and carrots. Whenever a few vegetables were ready I would take them to the cookshed and have them cooked (paying the prisoner cook by giving him a share); then I'd take this vegetable stew back to the cabin where we would divide it up to put on our rice. I also made bean sprouts, occasionally, which gave us some variety as well as some much needed vitamins.

Among two or three thousand prisoners you are bound to find almost any craft, skill or profession, and some ingenious fellow who, under the pressure of dire necessity, has learned to make-do with such tools as he can steal or improvise. There thus evolved, in the camp, various needed crafts and a sort of free-market commerce. This was based on the little money we had, but mostly on barter. There were some barbers who, for a few cigarettes, would cut your hair. Other prisoners had learned to bend and hammer into

shape scraps of metal, producing various rough pans for cooking, buckets for carrying water and containers for storing the extra bits of food we had. Others became expert at cutting two-by-fours into sandals or sabots, much in demand during the rainy season. And we all became scavengers, ragpickers, junk dealers. Nothing was wasted - no scrap of cloth, no piece of metal, no bit of string or wire. Everything we found or could steal from the Japs was made into something or was laid aside for future use.

Among the new skills acquired by some of the prisoners was that of carabao driver. Our rice was brought into camp from San Fernando in clumsy, big-wheeled carts, pulled by the slow, plodding water buffalo. Each beast was handled by one of our men, four or or five Jap guards trudged carelessly alongside the column, and an elderly prisoner walked at the head. He was an Army chaplain, a Jewish rabbi. He had long white beard and carried a shoulder-high stick. The picture was biblical: this patriarch, with his ragged clothes, his staff of authority, his dignified face, followed by the weary and tattered column - Moses leading his people out of Egypt.

This Moses, whether or not he was in communication with God, turned out to be in communication with friends in Manila. It was a practice for the carabao train to make a half-way stop near a bridge where they could take a rest and go under the bridge to relieve themselves. When he was not being watched, old Moses would pull out a certain stone, collect a paquet of letters hidden there, deposit another paquet which he had concealed under his shirt, and replace the stone. Thus was carried on, for a year or more, an effective underground mail system.

At our end of the line, the recipients were mostly those

prisoners (civilian, like Ted Lewin, or military, like Bull King) who were residents of the Philippines, and had friends or families in Manila. One of them was an old fellow with a German accent whose wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren were in the civilian internment camp at Santo Tomas, near Manila. Sometimes he would bring me one of their letters and read it aloud to me. One day he came chuckling over something his daughter had written: "Pop, for an old man aren't you bragging a little too much about your virility?" It seems that, in a letter to his wife, he had said:"If we ever get out of this mess I'll serve you breakfast in bed for the rest of our lives." The catch was that he had omitted the word "breakfast". (They did eventually get out of it. But the wife had contracted lepresy and had to go live in the center at Carrsville, Louisiana. The husband, determined to keep his promise, managed to get permission to go there and live with her. I heard later that she was cured and that they had gone elsewhere to live out their years.)

Not only letters were smuggled into camp, but money, too. And some of us were even able to get a check cashed, in a makeshift sort of transaction. Here's how it worked for me. I lettered on a piece of paper (actually the back of a tin can label) the usual blank check format of the Philippine Trust Co. where, I hoped, I still had a small account. I then wrote the check for 200 pesos, payable to a fellow prisoner who had "connections" in Manila. He sent it out via the secret loose stone under the bridge, and in a few weeks I had my money, in Japanese occupation pesos. I may have paid my prisoner go-between a small commission. I can't remember. In any case, I heard from him after the war. He still had my check. I sent him the equivalent amount in dollars, and he returned my check. I gave it to the West Point museum as a curiosity of history.

As I have mentioned before, we received a small amount of money, each month, from the Japs. Like the underground money from Manila, it was in occupation pesos which were grossly inflated. We had to pay, at the "commissary", five or ten of these new pesos for a coconut or a few bananas or a cup of beans. And yet, there was always enough money among the prisoners to buy, even at those prices, whatever products the Filipinos were permitted to bring in for sale. The Japanese grew suspicious, and began to check. They discovered that we were spending each month at the commissary twice as much money as we were being paid. We senior American prisoners were spoken to severely about this "breach of trust" and were told that, henceforth, only one and a half times the monthly pay could be spent. The lieutenant who transmitted this curious order had a sense of humor, but managed to keep a straight face. Unfortunately, the Japs did some more investigating, and eventually the illegal money supply dried up, along with most of the illegal correspondence. The white-bearded rabbi was caught. We were all worried that he might be shot, or at least brutally beaten; but his punishment (solitary confinement with reduced rations for several months) was mild by the prevailing standards.

Another result of the tightening security was the arrest and (so we heard) imprisonment of a young mestizo journalist and his wife who had opened up a stand not far from the main gate. Their business was selling fruit, candy and curies to the Japanese soldiers. But sometimes a work crew of prisoners would pass by that way, and if any of them had any money the guards would let them stop to buy a few articles. Thus this brave young couple accomplished their real mission, which was to help the

prisoners by giving them money, food, an occasional bit of news and, most of all, encouragement.

We prisoners were keenly eager to get any information we could about the war's progress. The stupid but touching rumors of the early months, about the imminent arrival of a "huge American fleet", had mercifully dried up. But we would listen avidly to any report that seemed in the least authentic. One surprising source was the Nippon Times, a slim magazine which continued to be published in English all during the war. Copies of this were issued to us once in a while. They were usually about six months old, and references to the war were not news items, but fervent editorials praising Japanese military successes. One issue, however, carried an article that lent itself to some interesting reading between the lines. It spoke of a certain "Battle of Midway" and demonstrated that the Americans could scarcely call this a victory, their losses having been irreparably heavy. But for us prisoners this was cheering information: our side was carrying the war to the enemy and had won a decisive, even though costly, battle.

Whether our interpretation of this news was correct or not, our POW life was made less harsh by the continued Japanese belief in their eventual triumph. With some unhappy exceptions (a few slappings and beatings; one prisoner shot to death by a sadistic sentry for getting a little too close to the barbed wire) our captors were generally not unfriendly. Some of the guards - just kids of seventeen or eighteen - after a glance to see that no Japanese officer was in sight -would venture a few words of English. Our enlisted men, naive and brash, seldom hesitated to reply - or even to try to start a conversation. Unlike the officers, they were not at all self-conscious about trying out their ~~xxx~~

Japanese. There even grew up, between these young Japanese guards and our enlisted men, a sort of vague camaraderie against the "common enemy", officers. I was surprised, one morning, as I walked past a Japanese sentry, to hear him say: "Hello, you old son-of-a-bitch!" It must have given a good laugh to the American soldier who had taught him what to say but not what it meant.

One day about a hundred prisoners were trucked to a spot where they were to take part in a propaganda film. They were given captured American rifles which, as the camera turned, they were to throw down in a supposed reenactment of the surrender. While the hostage actors stood waiting for the filming to begin, there arose a great hubub and excitement among the Japanese. Something puzzling and serious seemed to have happened. The rifles that had been given to the prisoners to be used as props were now hastily taken away. It turned out that some loaded rifles belonging to the guards had gotten mixed up with the unloaded prop rifles. When all the guns had been examined, and a few of the guards had been thoroughly slapped, the movie-making proceeded. But the prisoner-actors had had a good laugh and, even had they been willing, they couldn't put on the dejected faces that the scenario called for. I doubt that the film was ever used.

I knew very few among the several thousand prisoners at Camp #1, but I tried to remember the names of those with whom I came in contact most frequently. I found that by writing down the names, then later trying to picture the faces as I reviewed my list, I got to know a great many of my fellow prisoners. My list was later lost in Subic Bay, along with many of the fine Americans whose names I had written down. One of those lost names, and now lost even to my memory, was that of a young fellow, a little guy, whom

I met one day, sloshing along a muddy camp street, singing: "Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me." I stopped to congratulate him and to ask how old he was. Twenty or twenty-one, as I recall. I said that he seemed to be bearing up pretty well under the bad conditions. "Oh, sure," he said. "I can take it OK." But you know one thing, Colonel? What I really miss is my fuckin' parents." In the context, his choice of expletive was surprising, funny and very touching. He was determined to convince me that, though sentimental, he was no sissy.

During the rainy season, the dusty lanes between the bamboo barracks became sloppy with mud, and the latrines filled up with water and caved in. Joe East (USMA '30) was given the job, in our group, of doing what he could to improve the situation, using what tools he could beg or steal from the Japanese, and such men as were available after the daily "farm" quota was filled. He had as his assistant Lt. Yancey B. Chancey. I had known both of them before. Joe and I had been students together at Fort Monroe in 1936, and Chancey had been a corporal in my battery way back in 1925 when, as a new second lieutenant, I had served at Ft. McKinley, near Manila. Theirs was a tough job. There were hundreds of yards of ditches to be dug; old latrines had to be filled with rice straw and covered with earth; new latrines had to be dug and shored up with whatever lumber could be scrounged from the Japanese. The work was endless, and most of the time Joe and Chancey did it themselves, there rarely being anyone left over to help. They were devoted, conscientious, and tireless. As I think of them, now, it is with gratitude, admiration and affection.

In spite of the good work of Joe and Chancey, flies continued to be a constant annoyance and a serious health threat. They

were so numerous and so voracious that we could not eat without having one hand free to continually shoo them off our food. Otherwise the rice in one's messkit, instead of being white would, in an instant, be black, completely covered with flies. The officers in charge of our group's cook-shack - Harold Johnson (USMA '33), Alva Fitch (USMA '30) and Chester Johnson (USMA '37) - managed to get hold of some squad-size mosquito nets to keep the flies off the rice as it was being prepared or served. One day, a Japanese staff officer, sent from headquarters to inspect the camp, noticed the mosquito nets in the cook-shack. He commented that the nets were meant to be used against mosquitoes, not against flies. The nets had to be removed. We were never quite sure whether whether this was just plain harrassment, or the typical decision of an underling too timid or too stupid to bend the rules when common sense called for it.

Life in our camp, though unpleasant at its best, was anyhow uncomplicated. When nightfall came, we just went to bed - which meant simply lying down on the floor, no undressing necessary. In the morning we just stood up, went outside in the dark, and waited to be counted. Then, after morning lugao (rice gruel), those who were on that day's farm detail would form in column, answer the roll call, and be marched out to their labor. But even this simple daily routine required some awareness of the hours and minutes; and as we all had, long since, been "relieved" of our watches, Beecher established a Navy bell system. The rim of a large truck tire was hung by a rope from a post; a bell detail was formed and provided with an old alarm clock obtained from the Japs; and each half hour the time keeper would wack the iron with a piece of two-by-four, one resounding bong for 12:30, a bong-bong for 1:00, a

bong-bong, bong for 1:30, and so on through four bong-bongs (Navy eight bells) which told us the time was 4:00, or 8:00, or 12:00 Good system. I liked it and still do.

Each group had several overhead, outdoor faucets where we could shower; so, except for our muddy feet, we could keep reasonably clean. Soap was scarce, but there was always a little piece, somewhere, that you could rub on your wet face and so produce a lather for shaving. My one dull razor blade made the process feel like I was pulling out the hairs one by one. But our pride made us keep ourselves as neat and soldierly as possible;a morale booster for each other, and a defiance to our captors. No amount of cleanliness, however, could eliminate the bedbugs that hid by the thousands in the cracks of the bamboo huts and in the nipa-thatch roofs. Their armies descended on us each night and disputed our bodies with hordes of jumping fleas. We favored the fleas; their bites were more bearable.

Sharing the nipa shack with me and Leo and Irving Alexander were two doctors: Capt. Long (the one who had rid me of the crab lice) and Lt. Musselman. I was surprised, one day, on entering the hut, to see Long, pants down, bent over, buttocks spread, and Musselman squatting on the floor behind him with a razor blade and a bottle of iodine. Doc Long had hemorrhoids and Musselman was operating. The pain must have been excruciating, but Doc did not let out a sound. Such were the surgical facilities at Cabanatuan.

We had with us a large proportion of doctors and corpsmen. Many had been attached to the Filipino troops, but had been separated from themby the Japs. This had deprived the Filipino prisoners of medical care and advice in the early months after the

"Death March" from Bataan, and was probably the chief cause of their tragically high death rate.

Just as many of our medicos had been attached to the Philippine Army, so had a lot of American chaplains, especially Catholics, and they were now with us. I got to know many of them, and found them to be, as a group and individually, as fine a bunch of men as you could ever meet. There was Obie O'Brien, a cheerful, cocky little guy who seemed a natural to be entered as a featherweight in some Golden Gloves tournement. And Johnny Wilson, grave and reasonable, a member of the Society of the Precious Blood. I felt a particular friendship for him. Then there was Father Cummings, a crusty 55 or 60, who had been in the Philippines for many years. Although only a reserve lieutenant, he was an experienced priest and didn't give a damn about military rank or the Japs either. When he saw some of the fellows playing poker for food they could not afford to lose, he joined the game, won all the food, then returned it to the losers along with a severe sermon. He was also a thorn in the side of Father O'Reilly, the only regular Army chaplain among the Catholics. As the senior Catholic chaplain, O'Reilly, a lieutenant colonel, felt it his duty to call them together sometimes to discuss matters of common religious concern. One day he came to me with a problem. After telling me about his "staff" meetings with the other priests, he continued: "And, Colonel, do you know what Father Cummings said to me? He said, 'Who the hell do you think you are, O'Reilly? The Bishop of Cabanatuan?' What do you think of that?" I thought it was funny, but didn't say so of course. I said something soothing, O'Reilly, in his heart, forgave Cummings, and I heard no more about priestly insubordination.

I have already mentioned our one rabbi, the "Moses" of the

carabao train. And the only Protestant chaplain whom I knew well was John Borneman. He was the senior, a dignified, intelligent gentleman whom all respected and liked, and to whom any prisoner, regardless of religion, age or military rank, readily went for advice. Our regimental chaplain, Captain Cleveland, also a Protestant, must have been in the camp; but I don't recall ever meeting him until later, and under tragic circumstances.

By Christmas of 1942, life for the POW's at Cabanatuan Camp #1 had settled down to a bearable routine. Thanks to the Red Cross shipment and to occasional purchases at the "commissary", our food was adequate enough in quantity and variety to keep us in good health. Our hunger,never entirely satisfied, was more like a good healthy appetite than like the constant craving that preoccupied us earlier (and was to torture us again, later). The chaplains held Christmas services (which some of the Japanese attended, but at a distance); the camp chorus performed with carols and hymns; and several ingenious fellows even set aside enough of their rice to make some "saki". It was certainly not the kind of POW existence so cornily portrayed in some TV "comedies"; but it was benign enough to encourage patience. We looked upon it later as "the good old days". It lasted about six months before the deterioration began. Little by little, life became tougher for the Japs; and in proportion it became more and more unpleasant for us.

Some of our enlisted men who had been truck drivers were, on occasion, detailed by the Japanese to help out in the transport of various kinds of supplies. As far as I know, this had to do only with the civilian economy. It was a much coveted detail. Usually there was a Jap guard with each truck, but sometimes an American driver would be sent all alone to take a shipment from one town to

another. In any case, the guards were lax, even friendly, and the drivers got plenty to eat and were able to have some contact with the local populace. In fact, one driver had too much contact: he was sent back to camp with a case of gonorrhea.

We were always glad to talk to these drivers when they returned after one of these details. They brought us news and rumors. And even though we knew that much of the stuff they heard and repeated was mostly wishful thinking, we could nevertheless sense the turning tide of the war. Moreover, the drivers were convinced of the wholehearted loyalty of the Filipino people. One of them told me that he had stopped, one day, to give a ride to an elderly Filipino padre. He asked the old priest how the Filipinos felt about the Americans. The padre's reply: "My son, I wish I had as much faith in the Almighty as I do in the Americans." True or not, the story carries the flavor of a growing and pervasive hope.

Meanwhile, the outshipments of prisoners continued. At first, the men had been sent to work elsewhere in the Islands -especially to Mindanao. But as the war dragged on, the Japanese were more and more short of manpower. So they began moving prisoners to Japan (and I heard also to Manchuria) to work in the coal mines. The earlier shipments were composed mostly of enlisted men, with a few officers to help in administration and supervision. But later, with the growing need for laborers, the younger officers were also included. We didn't learn until after the war what a brutal life was ahead for those people. Many prisoners believed that their chances for survival would be better in Japan than in the Philippines. So there were volunteers for the outshipments and, as far as possible, the selections were made on that basis.

But one day a rumor circulated that one of the ships carrying prisoners had been sunk by a submarine. That was good news: the Americans are coming! and bad news: we might find ourselves locked in the hold of a torpedoed and sinking ship. As the rumor gradually became accepted, the names of the prisoners became known. Doug Smith, XXX Navy commander, skipper of the <u>Mindanao</u> and friend, was among them. Almost everyone in camp had lost a friend or two on that ship, and that made us very sharply aware of our dilemma: if you had the choice, should you join the earliest outshipment? or should you hang on here as long as possible? By leaving now, one had a greater chance of survival than by going with some later group when, when the U.S. Navy would have full command of the sea; on the other hand, if only one could hold out here until the day when when no Jap ships could leave, then maybe, in the excitement and disorder of a Japanese last stand, it might be possible to escape from the camp and somehow join our troops. I always opted for taking my chance with the latter course.

As the camp population began to dwindle, the three "groups" became two, and eventually just one. One of the groups thus eliminated had held most of the senior officers (lieutenant colonels and majors) who were now assigned to our group. Many of them were senior in rank to me, and a few of them senior to Leo Paquet; but the Japanese, perhaps at Beecher's recommendation, ordered that Leo continue as American "commander" of the group, and that I remain as Leo's deputy. This situation caused some embarrassment to Leo and me, but little if any resentment among the others. Leo was responsible, in general, for the welfare of our group, and in particular for ensuring that Japanese camp rules were obeyed. But

in practice this meant that he had responsibility but little authority. So nobody coveted his job - or mine as his assistant.

The group consolidation brought to us a small crew of engineer officers who had managed to stick together under the leadership of Freddy Saint (USMA '31). They had been trained in field sanitation, and had done a remarkably capable job of improving the drainage and latrines in the area from which they were now moved. Leo decided, properly, that, because of their greater knowledge and experience, they should take over this work in our group. It was my unhappy duty to break this news to Joe East and Chancey. They were my friends, had worked hard and loyally, and had accomplished a lot with little to work with and no previous training. Now the best I could do was to ask them to continue, but under Freddy Saint. They both declined.

There was, among us, an electrical engineer, a lieutenant named Hutchinson, who was used by the Japs to keep the camp power system working. Because he was constantly on call (mostly to repair some Japanese officer's radio) he was, by order, excused from the work details on "the farm". And because he had malaria he was, also by Japanese order, given a small shack of his own where he could rest when not needed for some electrical job. The Japs depended on him completely in this regard - and they trusted him more than was wise. So in time he was able to swipe from them a few radio tubes, some earphones, and enough wire to build a small receiving set. Soon he was getting the news - the first reliable war reports we had had in almost two years. He just happened to have an onset of chills and fever eabh evening at news time, and he would lie in bed, covered to the chin, with the earphones under his makeshift pillow. And some sympathetic friend always managed

to be there at that time, and Hutchinson would relay to him what came in through the earphones. Occasionally a Jap guard, making his rounds, might poke his head in the doorway. "Hutchinson San very sick", the friend would say, sadly. "Ah, so", the guard would comment as he withdrew. The interruption might cause the loss of a few details; but, in a few hours, by word of mouth, the whole camp had the day's report on MacArthur's island hopping in the South Pacific.

This daily news was inexpressibly wonderful to us after so many months of emptiness. But Allied victories meant enemy defeats; and as life became more difficult for the Japanese, it became doubly more difficult for us POWs. The Red Cross packages were about used up, and no more came in; the issue of rice diminished, bit by bit, to a barely subsistence amount; many of the prisoners were sick with beri-beri and other deficiency diseases; and meeting the daily "farm" quota became a serious problem. The number of men required for this work varied from day to day. When the day's quota ran particularly high, we could fill it only by by using the younger officers, and sometimes the senior officers also. This use of officers for manual labor was contrary to the Geneva Convention, and the Japanese did not demand it. But they did demand that the quota be met. So, rather than send very sick men out to work in the fields, we sent officers. In theory, members of the "American staff", including Leo and me, were exempt; in practice, we, too, fell into column with the farm detail and were marched out to work, when the quota ran too high.

Like the other prisoners, I got pretty skinny, but my health

was better than the average. That was partly due to the vegetables from my little garden; and, as I now realize, my small size must have had something to do with it, for my share of rice was the same as that given to the larger men. It didn't occur to me at the time, but when you think about it, there was an inequity there. I wonder if, had the situation been reversed, I wouldn't have perceived the injustice rather quickly? But I never heard any of the big fellows complain about it. And as I now look back on it, I think they were also more susceptible to beri-beri. Our doctors had long since run out of whatever vitamin pills they had managed to bring with them and, as the food situation grew worse, we began to see more and more prisoners whose legs, especially around the ankles, were greatly swollen. Mo Daly (USMA '27) was one of the worst cases. But we managed to get some yeast started, and kept it reproducing itself in the cook shacks. And every morning, into each prisoner's pan of sloppy lugao, the servers dumped a big spoonful of this fermenting, yeasty rice. It tasted awful, and some of the prisoners refused it, but we managed to persuade almost all that they needed it. The incidence of beri-beri and of swollen legs decreased.

On one of the days when I was out in the fields, breaking up clods or cutting down the razor-sharp cogon grass, a sudden, heavy rain fell on us, unexpected, as was often the case towards the end of the dry season. The Japanese farm manager decided that his army of laborers, plodding around in the wet fields, would do more harm than good. So we were re-herded into columns by the Jap guards, and we slogged back to camp in the continuing downpour. But when we got to the gate the guard there would not let us in. He had not received the word. So, soaked through, we stood and waited, and waited, and finally we just sat down in the mud. The cold rain

kept falling, and its chill seeped into our thin bodies. But still we waited. We must have waited three or four hours in our wet clothes, shivering, teeth chattering, until at last the gate opened and we were dismissed. I undressed quickly and lay down pulling a blanket over me. Doc Long, who had been working in the "dispensary", came in and saw that I was shaking under the blanket. He took my temperature, told me to stay covered up, and went off to get some medecine. When he returned, he had some sulphadyazine. He told me that I had pneumonia and he gave me two of the tablets. They had been in the new, long-ago, Red Cross shipment. They were miraculous. In a few hours the chills and fever had gone. I wanted to get up, but Long mademe stay on my cot until the next day. None of the other prisoners got pneumonia. And during my years of captivity, though I suffered many indignities of body, mind and soul, that was the only time that I was really sick.

In the "good old days", when we had been better fed, and had had enough energy for a little recreation, I had learned a little Japanese with the help of one of the American interpreters, Carl Engelhart (USMA '20). But only two things remain with me: how to count to ten (because we had to do that every morning at roll call), and an expression that sounds something like "seri wa ikimasen" (because it means "That is forbidden" - and almost everything we wanted to do was "ikimasen"). One day, as a member of the farm detail, I was put in charge of a group of fellow prisoners, and sent out, under a guard, to some rice paddies. The guard led us, single file, along the mud dikes, between the paddies, to where the Jap farm manager was waiting for us. That individual was furious because, as we more or less understood, we had walked along the top of the dikes instead of coming around by a narrow road. He berated the guard, who looked sheepish, and then started beating the pris-

oners with a bamboo stick. The illogic of that, more than the injustice, made me mad. I shook my finger at him and yelled: "Sori wa ikimasen!" He was astonished. It was very, very bad policy for any prisoner to seem to threaten, or even to show a rebellious attitude towards, any Japanese. But I was lucky. I wore an armband that meant that I had some kind of Japanese-approved authority. So the fellow glared at me, gave me a few hefty wacks with his stick, and we got to work repairing dikes.

That armband had some advantages. It exempted me, at first, from laboring on the farm, and it gave me the right to go and come between our side of the camp and the Japanese side. The two areas were separated by a lane with a high barbed wire fence along each side. I had merely to pass a guarded gate and cross the lane; so I had formed the practice of going to the carabao corral, on the Japanese side, bofrowing a shovel and a wheelbarrow, and scraping up carabao dung for my garden. The limits of this minor freedom had not been specified. All I knew was that the guards, seeing my armband, never questioned my goings and comings. But this privilege caused me one day to make an unwarranted assumption that could have had serious, even tragic, results. This is what happened.

Out over the fields, in the direction of the far perimeter, there was a wooden building which was being cannibalized to provide materials for various camp projects. Labor details, working near the building, had been permitted to bring back salvaged boards, nails, sheets of metal for making all sorts of needed things, from cots and benches to metal buckets. One day several men came and asked me to take them out there on a salvaging ex-

pedition. It was not unusual for officers, wearing armbands, to take small groups of prisoners, without guards, to work in the Japanese area; so the request seemed reasonable. I agreed, and formed up my squad of six, marched them out the gate past the indifferent guard, and turned down the lane in the direction always taken by the farm details going to work. A hundred yards or so farther on there was another guarded gate - the one where the rain-soaked prisoners had waited so long that I had caught pneumonia. Here the guard, another inexperienced youth, stopped us. He said something in Japanese. I did not understand. I said something in what I thought was Japanese. He did not understand. I pointed to my armband, and tried again, with my few words of Japanese and with gestures, to explain what our mission was. He gave up, shrugged his shoulders, and let us pass. We then turned off the farm road stumbled across some rough, uncultivated fields towards the abandoned building. It was farther from the camp than we had thought, and much closer to the outer perimeter. In fact, one of the guard towers was only about a hundred yards from us. We could see the guard, and he could see us, But he paid no attention as we scrambled about the tumble-down place looking for usable items. When each man had selected as much stuff as he could carry, we made our way back across the fields as we had come. But when we reached the gate where, a half-hour before the young guard had reluctantly allowed us to exit, we found that the guard had changed. There was a new soldier on duty, and he proved to be much more determined to keep us out than the other fellow had been to keep us in. He was not impressed by my armband, by my few Japanese words, or by my air of indignant authority. We were in trouble - or I was, anyway. We had been entirely

outside the barbed wire fence, almost to the outer circle of guard towers, without permission and without a guard. We could have the hell beaten out of us for a serious violation - or we could be shot for "attempted escape". Spurred on by these unpleasant thoughts, I redoubled my efforts to convince the guard that we had been on legitimate and authorized business. (It seems comical, now, that a group of POWs should be making an effort to get into their prison, rather than out of it. But the situation wasn't funny then.) Fortunately, the changing of the guard had just taken place, the new corporal would not be making his rounds for a while, so I had a little time to continue my arguing with the adamant sentry. He was very irritated - with me and with himself for being uncertain what to do. Finally he made an impatient gesture with his thumb towards the gate, and in we went. We were lucky. It was a close call. And I had done a stupid thing.

Life under the Japs was getting more and more difficult; but Hutchinson continued to get the war news on his secret radio. There wasn't much about Europe - or if there was, we didn't pay much attention to it. Our hearts and our hopes were all keyed to the events in the South Pacific. But then, one day in June '44, came the exciting news that a great Allied army had made a successful landing on the beaches of Normandy. That was such a huge leap towards victory and freedom that, for the time at least, our attention turned from MacArthur's island hopping to the exploits of the airborne troops and the tank columns advancing across France.

Because I was quite familiar with France and not at all with the South Pacific islands, I followed the almost daily reports

with hungry interest. I tried to sketch, as well as I could from memory, a map of northern France. But it was no good. I had a vague mental image of the coastline and the location of a few big cities, but I was stumped by the small villages whose names were making history. And then I learned that Johnny Presnall (USMA '40) had a set of those beautifully detailed road maps of France. How had he acquired them? and why? and why had he hung on to them in a prison camp half way around the world? I don't remember Johnny's explanation. He was an outstanding young officer, had been president of his class and first captain, and it would have been in character for him to study the geography of France in preparation for the day when he might be fighting there. So I borrowed his maps, scrounged a large piece of wrapping paper, and made myself a composite map of northern France. And from then on until October, plotted the daily progress of our troops.

Our attention was now so strongly focused on the European news that we didn't follow very closely what was going on in the Pacific. We knew that MacArthur's forces were making progress; but we had never heard of the islands whose names kept cropping up in the newscasts. So we felt that our forces were still a long way off. But one unforgettable day, September 15, 1944, we heard away to the east a growing sound of aircraft. This was the first indication we had had, since the surrender, of Japanese air activity. It seemed to indicate that the Americans were closer than we thought, and the Japs had assembled an air armada to go out to meet them. As the sound grew closer, we could tell that there must be a great many planes. And then they came into view, high overhead, flying in the direction of Clark Field. There seemed to

be thousands of them - bombers in steady formation, small fighters weaving in and out. And the great, wonderful truth dawned almost simultaneously on everyone in camp, Americans and Japs: they are American! The camp went wild, prisoners jumping up and down, pointing at the sky, hugging each other, yelling with excitement and joy; and Jap guards rushing in, angrily forcing the prisoners into the bamboo shacks, as the great air fleet faded from view in the west.

The roar of those many planes had been the happiest sound we had heard in several years. And soon there came a different one - the heavy boom of explosions, and we knew that the Japs at Clark Field were catching hell. And then, in a little while, we again heard the thunder of the motors as the returning armada passed over us. We could only get glimpses through cracks in the walls. The bombers were holding to their steady course, but there must have been some dog fights. I saw a plane fall, tumbling and burning. I didn't see a parachute open. I couldn't tell whether the pilot plunging to his death was American or Japanese. . Soon the sound of the motors became a distant hum, then died away. The camp was quiet again, but would never be the same.

After a few hours we were allowed to come out of the barracks, and the camp resumed its normal routine. But the atmosphere was changed, touchy. Relationships, which had fallen into an accepted pattern, were upset. The Americans didn't make much effort to conceal their elation, the enlisted men, especially, getting rather cocky; the Japanese officers, to maintain their authority, grew more heavy-handed; and the young guards became more hostile or, in a few cases, seemed anxious to make some friends. One of the latter said quietly to a prisoner: "I be good to you now. You be

good to me when the Americans come. OK?"

All through the long months of our incarceration we had kept up our spirits with many rational and irrational speculations about the distant and vague future. Now, all of a sudden, the future was not so distant. Now the talk was of next month, next week, maybe tomorrow. One topic was not pleasant to consider: it was the rumor that we were going to be shipped to Japam. There were some 1500 of us still at Cabanatuan. Age, rank, or personal ~~may~~ choice, when that choice was offered, or maybe just plain chance, had kept us behind when previous groups had been sent away. Now it appeared that the Japs were not going to give up any of their hostages. We were going to join the others. And now the chances of surviving the trip seemed slim indeed.

On October 17, 1944, most of the Cabanatuan prisoners were moved to Manila. We were again confined behind the walls of Bilibid prison, which apparently was used as the staging point for the movement of POWs. Many other prisoners were already there, some recently arrived from various work details in the Islands, others too ill to be used as slave labor. For Bilibid served also as the "convalescent" camp.

There were no prison cells at Bilibid, at least not in that part of the compound into which our hundreds from Cabanatuan were now poured. There were only vast wards with a few cots. All the wards were partly occupied, and all the cots taken. None of the wards had been set aside for us. We were simply turned loose inside the compound, each to fend for himself, to find as best he could, an empty space on one of the concrete floors. As in past moves under the Japs, whatever orderly organization had existed before was now completely disrupted, and again friend was separated