sent to help defend the Dutch East Indies, and that they had now been here at Fukuoka for several years. There was a lot of enthusiastic handshaking and talk between us. They had been able to keep their uniforms, and seemed in pretty good shape both physically and psychologically. And of course that was encouraging to us, for it augured some improvement in our condition. They, on their part, were surprised and shocked at our appearance. And well they might, for a sorrier-looking crew could scarcely be imagined: our faces were sunken and haggard from hunger; we had not been able to shave, or even to wash, for almost two months; and on our beards and around our eyes there were still the remnants of coal dust from the ill-fated Enoura Maru.

In a few days, however, prodded by our pride,in the presence of these well-groomed allies, and in spite of our feeble condition, we managed to wash and shave. It wasn't easy. It had to be done outdoors in the chill wind and at spigots of icy water. The trick was to splash a little water on your face, rub on some soap, and then to yank away the whiskers as quickly as possible before hands, face and whiskers all froze. After that first clean up we were less impatient to use those outdoor facilities, for it was still mid-winter.

We didn't get around much to visit with our British friends, either. It was just too cold. Though we had to stand roll call each morning, and to stay"out of bed" during the day, we mostly just stayed huddled in the drafty barracks. We slept in all our clothes, including the overcoats, and most of us doubled up, which made better use of the blankets and of body heat, for there was no fat under our skin, little flesh on our bones, and never enough fuel in our bellies. It's miserable to be constantly shivering, day after day, week after week, with never a warm moment of let up. That's how it was, that

February and most of March at Fukuoka.

The food supply in Japan must have been running desperately short; or maybe they were using us as guinee pigs to find out what grains, normally fed only to animals, could be adapted to the human diet. In any case, they began to provide, as a replacement for one of the twice-daily rations of rice, a gluey mass of course, large-kernel grain which some said was millet. None of my fellow prisoners seemed to have trouble with it, but in spite of the constant hunger, I couldn't digest it. I would eat it, and then vomit it out. I kept trying, however, and of necessity gradually learned to keep more and more of it down. But for a while, there, I was living on a half-ration - half, that is, of an already meagre portion.

Meanwhile, the deprivations of that long, brutal voyage from Manila continued to take their toll among us. Many of the survivors were too weak, now, to hold out against the cold and the lack of nourishing food. There were a few deaths each day. In order to save as many as possible, Captain Kostecki, one of our American doctors, persuaded the Japs to treat one of the barracks as a sort of convalescent ward. The weakest prisoners, selected by Kostecki and the other American medicos, were moved there from the regular barracks and, as far as the crude situation permitted, were treated as bed patients. A few younger and more vigorous officers were detailed to serve in a sort of hospital orderly capacity, bringing the food (that is, the rice) to the convalescents, and helping them to and from the latrine. In spite of this good effort, a hundred or more of the 500 of us who had made it to Japan, did not survive the winter. Among them were my West Point classmates Eddie Mack and Ted Smyth.

My own strength and health were at a very low ebb. I had developed a cold that kept my nose constantly filling up and running - not just the clear liquid of an allergy, but a disgusting, heavy mucous that had to be disposed of. I was able to scare up a few coarse rags to use as handkerchiefs, but they filled up quickly and had to be washed many times a day at the cold outdoor spigot. As there was no way to dry them, they were full of the slimy stuff again almost immediately. Finally, one of our medicos told Kostecki that I ought to be in the "convalescent" barracks. I didn't much like the idea of being considered an invalid, but I realized that, with my dirty snot nose running all the time, I was a pretty poor bunk mate for Alex. So I agreed, and moved into the "rest home". My stay there lasted only about a week, but it helped. The cold cleared up and my health and strength improved.

One day, when a rare bit of sunshine had broken through the winter gloom, and I had gone out into the camp yard to absorb some of it, I met an enlisted man whom I had known at Cabanatuan. We exchanged experiences, and he told me that, along with some other prisoners, he worked at the docks. He looked fairly well fed. The prisoner laborers were given extra rations of rice, he said, and they were sometimes able to buy a little meat through some of the Japanese civilian employees. I wondered out loud whether it might be possible to get some meat for Alex and me. "Well, yes... maybe." But it would take dollars. I had some Japanese occupation pesos hidden in my canteen cover, but they were now worthless. When I told Alex about the meat business, he dug into his canteen cover and came up with a ten dollar bill - real money, U.S. money. It ~~was~~ was risky placing our trust in this fellow whom I hardly knew. But you can't eat a ten dollar bill. So I took the money to our black market supplier and told him to get us some meat. The next day he brought us a few chunks and slivers - about a half pound of something red and pretty strong smelling. Maybe it was cat or dog. It sure wasn't beef. But it was meat, and we were hungry enough to eat anything, even though it stank. So I gathered a few sticks of wood and built a very small fire on the dirt floor of our barrack. Alex kept watch for a Jap guard, because this was one of the many activities that were "strictly" forbidden and punishable by "severe" justice. I put the nauseating stuff in a tin can, covered it with water, added a little salt (rare commodity in all the POW camps), and we cooked it until we thought that all the germs and poisons had been boiled out. It began to have a tempting aroma, and we could hardly wait for it to cool a bit. Well, it was absolutely delicious. Which goes to show that anybody can be a gourmet cook if the diners are ravenous.

I haven't said much about Alex. He was quite reserved, and did not say much about himself. He told me about his wife and twelve year old son back in Indiana. The boy had suffered from polio, and insisted on being called Alex, like his dad. From Leo Paquet I learned that, in spite of a severe heart attack, Alex had made the brutal Death March. Later, I learned from others, that Alex had commanded an Infantry regiment on Bataan; that he had been awarded the DSC (which, after the Congressional Medal of Honor, is our nation's highest recognition of unusual gallantry and heroism in combat); and later, that he had been selected to go forward into the Japanese lines and make the preliminary arrangements for the Bataan surrender. He was six years my senior in age and in military rank. He was a classmate of Leo's, and it was through Leo that we met at Cabanatuan. Our friendship was strengthened by our efforts to take care of Leo after the bombing in Takao harbor, and by our struggle and our mutual support, material and psychological, that kept us alive during that deadly passage from Manila to Japan. Alex was the most patient and loyal friend any man could hope for.

Towards the end of March, 1945, we prisoners began to feel some promise of spring. Kyushu is the southernmost of Japan's main islands, and the climate is moderate - about like that of South Carolina, since they are in the same latitude. So the Japanese authorities reclaimed our overcoats - prematurely, we thought. But they didn't want to spoil us. Anyhow, as the winter chill subsided, we no longer had to bunk in pairs to keep warm. And soon, the lice, feeling the urges of spring, began to breed and multiply. Sleeping became impossible. So, on the first sunny, reasonably warm day, I got out into the prison yard, peeled off my double layer of chino khaki, and began a louse hunt. Most of the prisoners were doing the same thing. It was an interesting and meticulous operation, requiring some skill, for you had to catch a louse and quickly squash it between your thumbnails before it got away. I became quite adept, and in a few days I had reduced my louse population to almost zero. I managed, also, on sunny days, to wash the two shirts and two trousers which, except for the louse safari, I had not taken off for two months.

For some time, a rumor had been circulating that the Japs were building a bath house for us. The wiser ones among us never gave much credence to that kind of talk. It was obvious from experience that our jailers were not about to make any effort towards our well-being. But as often happens, the wiser ones were wrong. One day it was officially announced that a Japanese-style bathhouse had been built at one end of the camp. It had those big, deep, wooden tubs, intended for group use - and we were going to get to use them.

My first (and only) encounter with a Japanese bath house was an event. Organized. By the numbers. We were counted off in groups of about ten to await our turn. Arrived at the bath building, we peeled off our clothes in a sort of preliminary room furnished only with some wooden benches on the concrete floor. As we stood there naked and shivering, it came as a shock to see how skinny we were. For none of us had been completely naked since our arrival in Japan, and in our two or three layers of clothing inherited from our dead comrades we had had the appearance of normally well fed human beings. Now we were revealed to each other as a grotesque, almost funny, bunch of scarecrows: no buttocks, no muscles, just moving skeletons draped in wrinkled skin.

In the undressing room there were some wooden basins, sort of miniatures of the old-fashioned washtub. You took one of these, dipped it into one of the deep, steaming tubs where five or six of your friends were sitting, immersed to the chin. You poured the hot water over you, soaped up well, then rinsed with more hot water dipped from the tub. Then you waited, shivering, until it was your group's turn. When I finally put a tentative foot into that steaming water, I jerked it out immediately. It didn't seem possible that a living thing could get into that water and survive; but there, lobster-red and dripping,were the six friends who had just emerged, and they were obviously pleased with the boiling. So, inch by inch, I got myself in up to my neck; and soon I was completely immersed in the overwhelming physical pleasure of being warm, through and through, after all those weeks of unending chill. And when my time was up, and I had to get out, the warmth had so penetrated to my bones that even the cold air no longer bothered me. It was like a renewal of life.

Our British friends had been at the Fukuoka camp long enough to organize a few recreational activities. Among these had been an occasional show involving such amateur talent as they had, and a few musical instruments donated, I suppose, by the Red Cross. Now that spring was here, another gathering of this kind was scheduled for mid-April, this time with the participation of us Americans. Then, the very day of the show, we learned from our gleeful Jap guards that President Roosevelt was dead. The guards seemed to have been told that he had committed suicide or been assassinated for, in passing the news on to us, they would run a finger across their throat, or point it at their head and say with a grin: "Rooseveltu! Rooseveltu!"

The organizer of that night's entertainment tried to have it postponed. News of the President's death had been a sad blow to all of us, Americans and British alike, and nobody was in a mood for fun. But the Japs were unwilling to permit any sign of mourning over what was, to them, a welcome bit of brightness in the increasing gloom. They ruled that the show must go on. And so it did, all the prisoners being obliged to attend, and all the entertainers obliged to do their numbers. As the last event of that cheerless evening, the British master of ceremonies announced a trumpet solo. Whereupon one of the prisoners arose and blew Taps - slowly and beautifully, the way you here it at Arlington cemetery. And so, after all, we were able to say a military farewell to our mourned commander-in-chief. If the Japs realized what had taken place, they gave no sign. We went back to our barracks with heavy hearts and yet, in a way, bu~~y~~ced up by the fellowship of that requiem.

About this same time, there was considerable talk of air raids. Fukuoka, a seaport, would have been a logical target. We learned that

American and British enlisted prisoners were laboring on several shelters "for us". These were crude affairs, dug six or eight feet below ground level, supported and roofed by heavy logs, and covered by about three feet of earth. After they were completed, we were often hurried out of our barracks by shouting guards and crowded down into these clumsy shelters, there to huddle until the all clear was given. In my opinion, a single lucky (or rather unlucky) hit would have brought the whole makeshift contraption down on us, thus ridding the Japs of our burdensome presence. Anyway, as we never heard any planes or antiaircraft fire, we began to grumble (not very loud, of course) that all this taking shelter business was intended as harassment.

One day late in April we were told that some of us, Americans and British, would be sent to Korea. And a few days later, after turning in our blankets and undergoing a showdown inspection of our miserable possessions (razor, soap, canteen, messkit, spoon) we were marched down to the waterfront and loaded aboard a seagoing ferry. An overnight ride, not too uncomfortable as compared with previous travel under the Japs, took us to Pusan on the southern coast of Korea. There we boarded a train and, to our relieved astonishment, we were not packed into stinking freight cars, but were given the comparative luxury of third class coaches. We had been promoted to the human level. We were almost on a par with the Japanese soldiers and the Korean civilians in the other cars of the train. And we were going to Jinsen, so the rumor had it. (Most of our rumors, true or false, came from the young guards.) None of us knew where Jinsen was, but the reader will recognize its later name, Inchon, made famous by a later war.

The distance from Pusan to Jinsen is about 250 miles; but our rail trip took at least 24 hours, for there were many stops, including a long wait in the railway yards of a city which we learned was Seoul. We were not allowed to leave the train, but we were given two box lunches(rice ball, seaweed, bean curd), drinking water was available, and we were not so crowded as to prevent our getting a little cramped sleep. A luxury trip, in other words.

On arrival at Jinsen, we were quartered in a compound of one-story, masonry buildings. As the weather was still quite chilly, we were each given a coarse blanket. About 25 of us, mostly majors and lieutenant colonels, shared a small barrack where, in the style to which we had now become accustomed, low, mat-covered sleeping platforms were separated by a dirt-floor aisle. Ten of this select group were British; they were assigned to one side of the aisle; the rest of us, Americans, were told to take the other side. The aisle became known almost immediately, of course, as the Atlantic.

Until we had been at Jinsen a while, we didn't know how many prisoners there were in this move from Fukuoka, nor what proportions of the contingent were American, British, officers, enlisted men, army, navy, etc. We gradually learned that it was an odd mixture, with no logical explanation of why the Japanese authorities had made their selections. There had been some British prisoners here before us, but they had been transferred to a camp at Seoul, leaving behind a few enlisted men to run the cook shack. Our group from Fukuoka consisted mostly of American junior officers. There were about 50 enlisted men of whom half were British and half American. The only British officers were the ten who shared a barrack and the "Atlantic" with the fifteen or so American senior officers. In all, we were a small group, only about 175, sent to Korea from Japan, but for what inscrutable reason?

From the very first we hit it off well with our British barrack mates. Living thus closely together, sharing the same daily routine, enduring the same discomforts and privations, we got to know each other well and became close friends. Except for the senior, they were all reserve officers with various civilian backgrounds: a bookstore owner, an estate agent, a wholesale whisky salesman, an Anglican priest, a public (i.e. private) school teacher, a Lord Somebody-or-other, known to us all only as Gerald. Their senior officer, Lt. Col. M.D.S. Saunders, was a sandy-haired, beetle-browed chap about my age, red of face, mild of manner, and with a gentle sense of humor, He had commanded an anti-aircraft outfit sent out long ago to help the Dutch defend their East Indies against the Japanese. Most of the British here with us were from his unit. They treated him with respectful familiarity, calling him "Copper" - as we all soon did - and he exercised his authority over them without seeming to do so. If there were ever any serious disagreements or quarrels among them, we never knew it.

We Americans were, militarily, a more disparate group. Lt.Col. Beecher, whom I had not seen since we left Manila, was the senior. He was a Marine. The rest of us were Army, but from different branches: infantry, artillery, quartermaster, medical and others. Beecher's authority was accepted, but grudgingly, and he was only partially able to calm the occasional loud disputes that arose among us. To do him justice, I must say that he was not at all well. Like all of us, he had lost a lot of weight, and he seemed to have grown old and feeble - a shocking contrast to the sturdy, forceful, authoritarian leader I had known at Cabanatuan.

~~Few of us had any contact with the local Japanese authorities, and rarely saw any Japanese except the guards - and many of the latter~~

Few of us had any contact with the local Japanese authorities, and hardly ever saw any Japanese except the guards - and many of these, it turned out, were young Koreans. In time we learned that the camp commander, Lt.Col. Okasaki, was an old man, recalled from retirement. The day to day job of running the camp was the responsibility of Okasaki's executive, Lt. Isobe. Isobe was a reserve officer, a bank official in civilian life. He was middle-aged, slim, and taller than the usual Japanese. It was with him that our two "liaison" officers - one American and one British - dealt. They found him to be neither friendly nor unfriendly, but approachable and fair, and their relations with him were unstrained. He was willing to listen to their complaints and to consider any reasonable requests for improvements in our still bad situation. When the Fourth of July approached, the two liaison officers went to Isobe and asked that that day be declared a holiday and that we be given extra food. Isobe, a bit suspicious, asked what was so special about the Fourth of July. The American pointed to his British colleague and said, "That's the day we Americans declared our independence from those fellows." All three laughed, and Isobe got us the day off and extra rations for everybody to celebrate the Fourth. But that's a little ahead of my story.

There was also a Japanese doctor who visited the camp and was supposed to take care of any seriously ill prisoners - and there were many still in very bad physical condition. Our own doctors - there were four or five, all Americans - did what they could, but they had no medecines, no facilities and no authority. So when a prisoner was sick we had to depend on the Japanese doctor. Only he could provide the needed medecine, and only he had the authority to excuse from work a sick enlisted prisoner. But this one was a bad egg, vengeful and cruel. He was needlessly harsh with his prisoner patients, usually denied them any treatment whatsoever and refused to excuse them from work. Our two liaison officers complained to Isobe, who tried unsuccessfully to have the doctor changed. Beecher and Copper Saunders then took the problem to Okasaki, and after repeated efforts they were able to get rid of the sadistic doctor. His replacement was capable, friendly and helpful.

It was indirectly through a victim of this ill-tempered Jap that I became better acquainted with Captain Morton, the British Chaplain. The victim was Lt. "Bull" King whom I have mentioned earlier. Bull got soaking wet, one day, fell ill with pneumonia, and lacking decent care, he died. He was to be buried in a Korean cemetery about a half-mile from our barracks. In addition to the four enlisted men who would handle the plain box coffin, two officers were to be permitted to attend the funeral. As a longtime friend of Bull's, I volunteered. And Morton, as the only clergyman among us, chose to go along to provide some religious solemnity to Bull's departure into eternity. It was a generous gesture on Morton's part, for he didn't know King at all, was not an American, and the weather was foul. We trudged up a narrow, deserted street, full of overflowing puddles, then up a steep, muddy road to a bleak, hillside burial ground. A Japanese guard led the cortege, followed by the coffin on a small cart, tugged and pushed along by our four soldiers. Morton and I followed the coffin, and another Jap guard brought up the rear. Morton, water running down his face, read the appropriate selections from, I suppose, the Book of Common Prayer, which he protected as best he could from the blowing rain; our soldiers lowered the coffin into the sodden hole; the guards, impatient to get back to their dry quarters, hurried us away; and we slithered back down to the prison compound, thoroughly soaked and shivering. And that's how I came to know Chaplain Morton with whom I later had many long talks, and from whom I learned more about theology, philosophy and English history than I have been able to retain.

Our reception back in the barrack deserves a parenthetical note. We were each greeted, on our respective sides of the "Atlantic", by a friend with a big, steaming hot cup of coffee, milk and sugar added. This may seem to be nothing more than intelligent thoughtfulness. But it was much more. Those spoonfuls of powdered coffee, of sugar, of powdered milk were a very generous sacrifice, a substantial reduction of our friends' frugally rationed portion of the diminishing Red Cross shipment. What a wonderful cup of coffee that was, and what wonderful friends! I have forgotten who Morton's was, but I'll never forget mine: Dennis Moore (USMA '24).

At Cabanatuan, the Japanese had circumvented or completely disregarded the Geneva Convention rule that officer prisoners were not to be used at forced labor. But here in Korea, far from the hot enmity of battle (and probably also because they now foresaw the inevitability of defeat) our captors tended to be more "correct" in their conduct. So we officers were not required to work. We were, however, given the opportunity to earn a little extra food by working at a few minor jobs. One of these, one which brought some extra food to the whole camp, was tending a small garden which we had inherited from the camp's previous occupants. So care of the garden became the responsibility of the officers. Some potatoes and peas had already been planted, and at various times we got other things started as well: daikon (huge white radishes), sweet potatoes, leeks, cabbage, onions and even some tomatoes. The products of this modest venture went into a watery soup which, occasionally flavored with soy sauce or bean paste, became a regular part of our menu. Work in the garden was not onerous and it occupied very little of our day. We liked to work in pairs, and thus spent as much time just talking as we did working.

During my own stints as a gardener I often worked with Copper Saunders, laying the straggling sweet potato vines back up along their hills, picking peas and sometimes bringing in, from an open cesspool outside the compound, a big wooden bucket of liquid night-soil which, like two coolies, we carried between us on a bamboo pole. I learned that Copper was a graduate of Winchester and of Sandhurst. He had an older brother, a friend of Churchill's, who wrote detective novels, and was then engaged in writing the official history of the RAF. Copper had never married, but he listened with courteous interest as I talked about Sophie and our two little girls. It turned out that we both spoke French reasonably well, so to keep from getting rusty we practiced on each other as we pulled weeds or dug potatoes. I learned that Copper was a Roman Catholic, as I then was. But his relationship to the Church was a curious one: he was a Roman Catholic grudgingly. He would have preferred to be an Anglo-Catholic, a member of the Church of England. As we got to know each other better, he explained to me how this had come about. His father had been an Anglican priest, his mother a Roman Catholic. Because of this marriage, his father had felt obliged to give up his ministry and to raise the two sons as Roman Catholics. Copper believed that this spiritual defection had ruined his father's life; and for that, Copper blamed his mother. I wondered, but did not ask, whether that was why Copper had never married. In any case, Copper always attended the Sunday Anglican services conducted by Chaplain Morton - and so did I, occasionally.

In addition to the thin soup provided three times a day by our garden, the standard morning meal included about two teacups of steamed rice. Then at noon there was a good-size bun. It badly needed salt, but it was a great treat nevertheless, especially for us Americans who, since the surrender had scarcely tasted anything made of wheat flour. The evening meal was the same as the morning: two cups of rice and the soup. Usually, in the middle of the afternoon, we had what our British friends euphemistically called tea. At first it was, in fact, a big kettle of rather weak tea, enough so that each of us could have several cupfuls. (Later the tea leaves ran out, but the hot water was still provided. We continued to drink it, however, and the British, with dead-pan humor, or maybe out of loyalty to tradition, continued to call it tea.) And every two weeks each man received an issue of half the contents of a Red Cross food box. This package, a little larger than a shoe box, was similar to those we had received at Cabanatuan in "the good old days". Some of the items: chocolate bars, powdered milk, powdered coffee, process cheese, lump sugar, Spam, prunes, cigarettes. On the day of the issue - "Yasume Sunday" we called it - there was a lot of bartering: cigarettes for coffee, candy for tomorrow's bun, a piece of moldy cheese (because it was thought to contain extra vitamins) for an equal piece of unspoiled cheese. We tried to make these treasures last until the next "Yasume Sunday", but they were usually consumed in a few days.

This was an improved diet, but it was scarcely enough to quiet the persistent hunger that had nagged us now, with little easing, for three years. Fantasizing about sumptuous meals, talking about famous restaurants, exchanging favorite recipes - all this preoccupation with food still had a strong grip on us. Even so, we began to get a little flesh back on our bones. On our arrival at Fukuoka on

February 1, 1945, the Japs had weighed us. I had checked in at about 95 pounds. Now, in June, at the periodic weighing, I found that I had gained nine pounds. But that was still about 26 pounds under normal; and like my fellow prisoners, especially the Americans, I was always hungry. So when the Japs offered us the chance to earn a little extra food (specifically one teacup of rice at the noon meal), we accepted. To earn this, we were to spend a half-day making button holes, sewing on buttons or folding and pasting small cartons for matches. Because our cold fingers were clumsy, and because the wet weather made the cartons come unstuck, this was make-work of laughable quality; but the extra food was important. And as for me, I was able to do some shoplifting: a spool of thread, a needle, some string, some paper and a few pieces of cardboard. With the last three items I put together a small notebook, and thus started a diary.

In spite of the hours spent in the vegetable garden or working in the "clothing factory", the days passed slowly. We did a lot of talking and, when we could get hold of a book, we read. Most of my companions, British and American, played bridge. There seemed to be a game or two going on all the time. I didn't play, but Alex was a tireless participant. Copper Saunders joined the games occasionally, but he and I spent a good bit of time walking, practicing our French and arguing about everything from the relative merits of cold beer (American) vs warm beer (British) to the future of world affairs. When not working together in the garden, we paced back and forth in a small courtyard where, at one end, a sentry was posted - presumably to keep us from running away and swimming home to America or England. We had been told that it was Japanese custom to salute sentries, and that we must conform. So whenever we went out there for our walk, we saluted the young fellow and he would respond with a slight bow. It turned out, however, that the one salute was not enough. We were to salute the sentry each time we approached his end of the yard. Copper agreed that this silly order was intended to harrass us; and we knew, by military experience, British and American, that the best way to deal with a stupid regulation is to carry it out with overwhelming meticulousness. So the next day we recruited seven or eight of our fellow inmates to go out into the exercise yard with us. Then we spaced our individual back and forth strolls so that someone was always arriving at the sentry's end just as someone else was returning. The first arrived, saluted and received the sentry's half-bow, then another, salute, bow, and another, salute, bow, and so on. Soon the poor fellow found himself bobbing every few seconds like an automoton. After a while, frustrated and angry, he went and hid behind the corner of a building; and there he stayed, with his back to us, like a pouting child. The saluting was abandoned altogether.

As I try to recall the flow of those wet and chilly days at Inchon, various incidents pop into my mind with great clarity: that never-to-be forgotten Fourth of July when our British friends from across the aisle presented us with some cakes they had concocted out of hoarded and priceless sugar, milk, chocolate, and saved-up flour, cakes decorated with small paper flags, British and American; and the time I told Major Kramer a joke about a little Jewish boy, and Kramer said: "Colonel, you're the first Christian who ever told me a Jewish joke!"; or the day when, hunger having overcome wisdom and disgust, I ate a raw potato, unwashed and unsterilized out of our night-soil fertilized garden; and then there was the night when Carl Engelhart, hurrying out to the latrine with bladder almost bursting, bumped into Lt. Isobe, lost control, and peed on him!

These are but a few of the incidents - funny, inspiring, touching, annoying - that sprinkle my memory. But for the most momentous and emotional event of that Korean summer, I now quote from my diary:

> 8/17: Yesterday, about 9am, as I was returning to the garden after taking a basket of cabbage to the kitchen, I met Jack Schwartz (Lt.Col. M.C.) [Jack was our senior doctor]. He stopped me and, somewhat pale and breathless, said, "The war's over!" I said, "You're not kidding?" He assured me he was not, that the Japanese doctor had just told him, and that our previous news source had told Major Steele. [Steele was the British liaison with the Japanese; the previous news source was a Korean who delivered newspapers to the Japanese, or possibly Lt. Isobe himself.] My chief emotion was a lump in my throat, and it took some effort to keep tears from my eyes. As it was a big secret, I promised to keep quiet, and went back to work. By noon, however, the word had been passed to all the senior officers, and by evening, some of the guards had talked, so that all the prisoners knew it. As it had not been officially announced, however, we carried on as usual, maintaining the fiction that we knew nothing, and the Japanese officers pretending that they did not know that we knew. However, there was very little sleep last night, and this morning, Col. Beecher and Col. Saunders were called to the J. Hq. where Lt. Col. Okasaki told them the news, and gave instructions for our conduct until Allied representatives should arrive to take over. Alex was celebrating his wife's birthday yesterday, It was a happy celebration. Six months ago he had made a bet we would be in the US on that day. Though he lost the bet (a big dinner) he was more than elated that the very day he picked should bring us the word of peace! For the time being, we are restricted to camp, still have Jap guards, but our food is now adequate, and interior administration is now in our hands. The J. doctor told Jack Schwartz this morning that the Americans had invented an "atomic-molecular" bomb having the force of 10,000 ordinary bombs; that two such bombs could completely destroy a city of half a million; that the J. emperor, to save lives, had ordered his troops to surrender. The J. doctor; Lt. Col. Okasaki (commandant);

and Lt. Isobe (Asst.Com.), all very considerate & gentlemanly in the past, were in tears. Our people are all behaving very well. The embarrassed J. guards are all smiles.

In the tremendous jubilation over the news of the Allied victory, I was in great hurry to write it all down in the diary. I missed a few points which I now add from memory. Our reason for, at first, pretending we didn't know was to protect the informant, Korean or Japanese. And, after the official announcement, we were not restricted to the camp, but were asked by the Japanese to stay within the camp limits. They explained that Korea had been declared an independent Soviet state; that there was rioting in Keijo (Seoul) and in Jinsen; that they were being held responsible for our safety; and that the guards were there, now, not to keep us in, but to keep rioters out. Besides, if we wandered away, they said, we might get left behind when the rescue teams came in. That last point made sense, and Beecher and Copper passed the word to their respective groups that they were not to leave camp. Here are some further extracts from the diary.

> 8/18: Still restricted to camp. Report Korea independent Soviet state. Report Am. war vessel arrives today or tomorrow. Saw very large planes this am, high alt. (B-29?). All quiet here. We are being fed enormously & have received issues of shoes and clothing.
>
> 8/19: All the Korean guards have been relieved. Replaced by Japanese. The latter still walk post with fixed bayonets, but look very meek, sad. Last night Sgt. Grover was sick from overeating. The British soldiers sleeping near him were going to wake Schwartz but the J. sentry said not to bother him, and went and woke the Nip doctor.
>
> 8/23: One week since we had word the war was over. We have seen no Allied troops, have received no word. Col. Saunders sent, via Lt. Isobe, a message to another British Lt.Col., prisoner at Keijo, Reply rec'd. today says their situation same as ours. They have been joined by 2 Am pilots who crashed recently. We are eating,

eating, eating! The change of physical appearance of most of in one week is so marked as to be startling. Even those with diarrhea & dysentery (and there are many) look better. We are all anxious to get word to our families.

8/24: Have been reading Clare Leighton's Four Hedges. She writes almost as beautifully as she cuts her wood prints. Must get the book for Sophie. Amoroso [Lt. Col. Amoroso, CAC, the senior US Army officer with us] plans to take over command of the US Army personnel at some moment not definite; and, at same time. he says, he will insist on taking command of camp. He has designated me as his executive, putting me in an unpleasant position. For there are Lt.Cols. senior to me, and besides his policy is not at all clear.

8/25: Day before yesterday we bought,for butchering, a bullock.

8/26: Attended communion and mass today for the first time since Dec. 8, 1944. I asked several days ago to have a Catholic priest sent into camp...... The priest was a young Korean whose command of English was sketchy. But he heard confessions and said mass as any other priest...... He gave me his name before he left: Fr. Dominic You, Jinsen Catholic Church......[Here I skip from diary to memory. I recall that we had great difficulty convincing Fr. You that we were Roman Catholics, not Greek or Russian Orthodox, or some other breed. I wonder, now, whether he was afraid of committing a sacrilege, or of angering the authorities, church or political. Anyway, along with about 25 others, I went through the correct formalities: "Bless me Father, for I have sinned." Sinned? What possible sins could I have cooked up to feed to this good young priest who, in any case, must have understood not a word? Failing to love my enemies, perhaps? Surely not "impure thoughts", unless an occasional lust for mayhem or murder can be included in that category. But back to the diary entry of 8/26/45.] .... We were paid some days ago - the"postal savings" accounts being closed out. I received some ¥ 4,000.00 [money which now had almost no value]...... The J. brought in some merchants, and our QM officer, Capt. Patterson, has been able to buy for us a few peaches, eggs, [redacted], chickens. Peaches and eggs at one ¥ each! The bullock cost about 7000 or 8000 ¥. We had 8 young pigs about 10 weeks old. They were butchered this am for tonight's supper.

8/28: According to the Keijo (Seoul) newspaper, copies of which we get now and then since the surrender, MacArthur will enter Tokyo by air today. Several huge flying boats have flown over Jinsen several times today. One of them rolled his wings as he passed near camp. We hope this was a signal to our people who were in the garden, looking up and waving. The J. authorities seem unable to buy the commodities we want...... but our men who go to the outside farm have been contacting merchants and have bought eggs, peaches (green), grapes. The J. officers pretend not to know this goes on, as it is contrary to their instructions (so they say). They have, however, bought both the bullocks we have had. Eggs now 2 yen each. We understand that sugar can be had at ¥ 40.00 a kilo; we'd be willing to buy it at that price. Tea should be available, and would be very welcome, as the powdered coffee from the RC boxes is nearly gone. We are still much occupied by food, although we are beginning to fill out well. I am back to my normal weight of 130 pounds, but it's not healthy weight, as I am still pretty weak...... My face and belly are fat; my legs and arms are still quite spindly...... Anyone taking a superficial look at us would think we were in robust health......We hear that 33,000 Allied prisoners in Japan, Korea and Manchuria will be concentrated at Manila...... But the death rate must have been enormous if only 33,000 remain. We hear that some groups sent from Manila to Japan suffered higher losses than ours - and we have only about 300 left out of 1600. On the way from Takao to Moji we carried up from our filthy hold 20 to 40 naked bodies every day. Many died even after we reached Fukuoka......

I pause again in quoting from the diary to add a few additional memories. Almost two weeks had passed since we had learned of the war's end, and still not a word from the American authorities. We had no doubt about the Japanese surrender; but the only message we had had from our people was an indirect one, via the Japanese: that we were to stay put until told to do something else. It's easier, now, to understand why this was; but at the time we were scornfully impatient.

Now that the Japs had given up, we couldn't understand why we weren't on our way home. Each day of waiting was maddening. We wanted to get word to our families. We wanted to hear from them. We wanted to get out of there. Or, at the very least, we wanted to have some news. We persuaded our Japanese enemies-turned-friends to get us a radio. It was a small gadget, and the only sound we could get out of it was a mixture of Korean and static. Then, one day, there was a broadcast in French. The listeners clamored for Copper and me to come and tell them what was being said. We hurried over to the set and listened intently, trying to capture a bit of news, information, anything,from the very garbled, weak broadcast. But the reception was too poor. We couldn't make any coherent sense out of the few words we were able to catch. We had to admit defeat - and to suffer the disappointed razzing of our disgusted friends.

I had put together, from some scraps, a sort of pocket book that I used, not only for my diary, but also for jotting down trivia of various sorts. One of these was a long list of books that I intended to read some day (but which - mea culpa - mostly remain unread). My British friends were the most fruitful contributers to this list. Copper recommended, with enthuastic veneration, The Golden Bough by Sir Douglas Fraser. Major Alan Steele (editor and bookseller in civilian life) drew up for me, from memory, a fine list, novels and travel guides, describing the beauties of the English countryside and rich with the individuality of the various counties. And Chaplain Morton ("the Padre") gave the names of many books and illustrative novels dealing with psychology and morals. Many of the novels were, of course, classics by such writers as the Brontës, Hardy, Austen, Dostoevsky, etc. But many others were unfamiliar to me.

The annoyance of waiting was relieved somewhat by a change in the weather. The cold wetness of June and July turned, almost simultaneously with the Allied victory, into fine hot days and clear nights. I found a big mosquito net, and went outdoors to sleep, as did many of my companions. Then, two weeks after the surrender, we began to get signs that the outside world was aware of our existence. The diary continues.

8/29: Today about 10:30 am, 3 B-29's flew over camp several times. We finally could read "PW SUPPLIES" printed on wing. Then they began dropping enormous GI cans of food, clothing, medical supplies. Many of these cans were too heavy for the cords, and broke loose [from their parachutes]. They came in groups of 10-20, crashing all over camp, through the roofs etc. Capt. Orson was hit by one and suffered a badly fractured leg - possibly other leg broken. Finally we had to evacuate the camp for safety. About 75% of the food was destroyed in the fall. One GI can fell through the dispensary roof where Schwartz and North [Lt.Col. Jack Schwartz and Major Bill North, Army Med. Corps] were working over Orson. Men and officers are now busy salvaging what is still good, and storing it......

8/30: Supply planes returned today.Dropped food and clothing. Set fire to my barrack. We had to move out - building badly wrecked by candy bars and chewing gum. Planes left, apparently without dropping entire load, having seen fire no doubt.

8/31: Today one B-29 and one PBY flew over. The B-29 dropped more supplies, this time in dock garden as per our panel request. Probably remaining supplies from yesterday. A Korean was killed by a falling box. When J. Supply Officer was told, his reply: "Yes, but he's only a Korean."

Sept. 1: Have sent radio message for plane to pick up Orson. If one comes today, Bill North will accompany. Today we will not evacuate camp if supply planes come. Yesterday and day before, our people gave cigarettes, candy, chewing gum to crowds of Korean kids when we evacuated camp. Today, several thousand Koreans, mostly children, have been hanging around in the streets outside camp, waiting for the "daily evacuation & rain of candy etc." So some of our people took up a collection of these items, plus clothing, and took them out for distribution..... We are gorging ourselves. We have been so starved for variety (and quantity) that we crave more even when our overloaded stomachs call a halt. Quite a few have been sick from overeating, but not so many as I had expected. I have not been sick, but frequently uncomfortably full. I now weigh 135+, more than ever before. And still in prison camp!

Sept.4: Fr.You came again Sunday, to say mass. Today [Tuesday], by arrangement with J. authorities, 20 Catholics took walk to Catholic church. Pastor fat, jolly Korean, spoke no Eng. but made us all drink beer. Later visited French priest and sisters of convent and orphanage. Irish sisters very lively and gay. They wanted to serve wine and cakes, but we had to leave. One said [in a delightful Irish brogue: "Ah, boys, when those planes flew overhead, I could just smell the chocolate!"] And then, of course, she did get some which we sent up Sunday by Fr. You...... I gave Fr. You a note addressed to any American officer in Keijo, enclosing messages to Sophie, to Dinty [Moore]'s wife and Alex's wife. Asked [him] to get note to Keijo. Gave him ¥400 to cover exp. of trip.

Sept.7: Saw first Americans today: Lt.Col. Fry. Later Capt. Stengel arrived with information & orders & instructions...... Wrote to Sophie.

Fry and Stengel were part of an advance group sent in to arrange for the arrival of the first combat troops. They told us that "Archie" Arnold's division was to make an amphibious landing, in the harbor area, the following day, September 8, 1945. The local Japanese garrison was ordered to keep the whole area clear of people. And we were instructed to stay in camp until the landing was completed.

Of course it was a great disappointment to us not to be down there the next day to witness one of the most thrilling events of our lives. But General Arnold was determined that the landing be accomplished with orderly precision. And it was, except for one minor incident. We knew of it by the few scattered rifle shots coming from the docks. Later we learned that a crowd of enthusiastic, flag-waving

Koreans had tried to break through the Japanese lines to greet the arriving Americans, and that the Japanese, under orders to keep the area clear, had fired over them or at them. We never did find out if anyone was hurt.

Later in the afternoon, when establishment of the beachhead was about completed, many of us went down to the wharves to welcome the troops and possibly find some friends. I was rewarded by running into Brig.Gen. Jerry Counts (USMA '17), who had been a professor at West Point when I last saw him in 1941, and Cols. Ken Strother and John Hincke, both USMA '24, and both good friends. But word was passed that we ex-POW's might be ordered aboard one of the ships at any moment, so we hustled back to camp so as not to "miss the boat". Hincke and Strother came along with us, for they were as eager to tell their experiences as to hear ours.

I don't recall whether or not these old friends commented on our physical appearance; but they must have been surprised. For not only were they aware of the horrors of Buchenwald and the other Nazi death camps, but they had no doubt seen the emaciated, starving prisoners who had, not so long ago, been rescued from Cabanatuan and Bilibid in the Philippines. So the arriving troops, expecting to find a lot of walking skeletons, must surely have been astonished to see us looking more like well-stuffed sausages. The peculiar result of this situation was that, in the various stages of our return home, we were to find, among clerks, doctors, newspaper reporters - and even friends - a vague sense of disappointment, an unconscious suggestion that they had been deceived. "We-e-e-ll! You don't look as though POW life disagreed with you!" But I am putting too much stress on that very understandable reaction. On the whole, we were treated much more like heroes than we deserved. Back to the diary.

Sept. 8: Americans landed p.m. General Arnold ordered POW!s aboard hospital ship REFUGE this evening. We left camp about 6 pm. Wonderful reception......Had supper, bath, bedded down on mattress and between sheets!

Sept. 9: Orders changed. After lunch all POW's sent to PA218 (NOBLE). Late in pm orders changed again, all sent back to REFUGE. POW's from Keijo came aboard about supper time.

Sept.10: Orders changed again. All POW's (incl. Keijo) sent aboard NOBLE. Twelve lt.cols. berthed and fed in c.p.o.'s qtrs. Very comfortable. Good food. Informal. [All this back and forth business between ships required piling into and out of small boats, since the NOBLE and the REFUGE were not docked, but anchored out in the harbor.] Rumor that we go to Dairen to pick up more prisoners. In evening our orders received to proceed direct to Manila, to sail at 6 am or about 12 noon tomorrow.

Sept.11: Left Jinsen harbor (moving about 2 pm) in convoy with 8 other PA ships.

Sept.12: Seasick. Shaved, bathed, but no breakfast......

Sept.13: Still sick. Spent morning in bed. Got up about 10. On deck for air. Feeling somewhat better. Had lunch...... Called on ship's captain, Cdr. Isquith. Ate many sandwiches, doughnuts, cake. In spite of that, ate hearty supper. No longer seasick......

These diary pages, reviewed now after 38 years, bring to mind many details and emotions that are not written therein. I never ceased to marvel at, and to revel in, the liberal abundance of food. In addition to pride at my country's victory (an outcome that I had never once doubted), I was proud, too, of a nation that was able to produce and send half way around the world, millions of men, thousands of ships and countless tons of supplies of almost infinite variety. For example, there was the fabulous machine that, any time of the day or night, for any member of the crew or the present happy passengers, would dispense, at the pressing of a button (no coin needed), a generous helping of ice cream. My British friends, whose custom it was never to be surprised at anything, were nevertheless impressed by all this abundance.

On the day I got my sealegs, I had a very pleasant surprise. Copper, after asking where I'd been hiding(in my bunk, from seasickness), said, "Hoppie, there's a young sailor been looking for you. He says he knows your family." So we went to find him. He was Bruce Clarke, Jr., Radioman Second Class, son of my classmate, Bruce Clarke, Sr., and our class godson (first son born to a member of the class of 1925). He was a tall, sturdy, good looking fellow of 19, brimming with health and enthusiasm, a fine example of American youth, and one more American product that I was proud to show off to my British friends. He told me that the Clarke family had rented a house in Syracuse, N.Y., not far from where Sophie and Frances and Cynthia were living. They were friends. They were all well. His father had been promoted to brigadier general last December, and was now in Manila. He was obviously proud of his dad, and was excited at the prospect of seeing him - for the first time since 1943.

On September 16, we entered Manila Bay at dawn, and anchored about 10 miles off the harbor breakwater. The harbor,and the bay outside the harbor, were crowded with a myriad ships of all sorts - combat vessels, freighters, tankers - lying at anchor, waiting for a murderous D-day that was no longer needed. Darting back and forth, among all these ships, like busy bees, were scores of launches. One of these - it turned out to be the mail boat - came out to us. No mail for the ex-POW's; but it picked up young Bruce, who had gotten shore leave, ~~and~~ He was going to see if he could find his father somewhere in all that confusion ashore.

It had been rumored that Bruce senior's command had already shipped out for Yokahama. But like most rumors, this one proved to be false; for the next day the radioman second class came back to the ship, bringing with him the brigadier general. Bruce senior and I ~~had~~

had lunch that day with the ship's captain in his cabin. It was a wonderful chance to hear some news of my three gals, and the first time in many months that anything had displaced food as my principle item of interest.

That afternoon our ship entered the harbor and docked. We Americans were sent by truck to a replacement depot about twenty miles south of Manila. Our British companions went to a different camp, also in the Manila area, run by the Australians. Copper was very unhappy about this. He had hoped that he and his people would be taken care of by a British section in the American camp. "But, my God, Hoppie, not the Aussies!" I don't think that Copper felt as strongly about it as his exclamation would indicate.

We were nine days in Manila getting "processed" and waiting for a ship to take us home. There was an enormous lot of activity in the whole Manila area. It was bewildering, but pleasantly so, after our long Rip-van-Winkle-like separation from normal life. We were wide-eyed gawkers. A group of us, walking along Dewey Boulevard, one day, saw a sort of small barge rapidly approaching the beach. Some one of us exclaimed: "Hey, that guy's going to wreck his boat!" But no, the amphibian came out of the water, rolled neatly up the beach on its wheels, which we had not seen, turned and went swiftly on its way along the strand. Our first encounter with a "duck".

The "processing" process, having been set up many months before, and having now handled thousands of ex-POW's - from the Philippines, Japan, Korea and Manchuria -, was efficient, businesslike and coldly impersonal. Like a bunch of new officer candidates, we stood in a lot of lines: physical exams, innoculations (typhoid, typhus, small pox), dog tags, underwear, shoes, uniforms, insignia, musette bags, mail, copies of orders and campaign ribbons. Campaign ribbons! That was a surprise. The clerk, when I arrived at his window, asked my name, looked at his list, and gave me a handful of "fruit salad". I asked: "What's all this stuff?" He explained: "Sir, those are the campaign ribbons that you are entitled to."

Getting re-outfitted, and becoming once more members of the United States Army, didn't take much time. Now we just had to wait for a homeward bound transport. Meanwhile, food was good and plentiful, and coffee, cokes, fruit juices and beer were always available for the asking. We had time, now, to look around and see if, in this vast military concentration, there were not a few old friends. I had already seen Bruce Clarke, and felt that there must be others, too. And so there were. I found another classmate, Hank Westphalinger, as well as three other friends: Stan Ellerthorpe (USMA '23) and Larry Brownlee and Fred Chaffee (both USMA '29). The reunions were hearty, with a lot of back-slapping; I was glad to be alive and free, and they were happy to find me so. The air was full of relief and good humor.

Larry sent his Jeep, one day, to take me over to his place for lunch. Afterwards, I borrowed the Jeep and driver and went out to the Aussie camp to get Copper and George Wightman. We spent the afternoon drinking beer and planning the future of the world. The Jeep and driver came back later to take Copper and George back to their camp.

The next day, Amoroso and I got a ride to Manila with Carl Engelhart in a Jeep he had borrowed. (Everybody seemed to have a Jeep or to have a friend who had one.) We called on Bruce Clarke where his command was encamped. He asked us to stay for lunch. Carl had to leave, but Amoroso and I stayed to see what kind of a meal a field kitchen could prepare for a general. In Bruce's command it wasn't any different from what the troops got, and it was good. Later, Bruce invited me to stay for the night, and I accepted. Hank Westphalinger came out from Manila to have dinner with us. There was an extra cot in Bruce's tent, so that's where I slept. The next morning I borrowed Bruce's razor, and asked, "Where's your shaving soap?" He said, "Oh, I don't carry it. I just use a piece of plain soap." Well, you get a tough and lousy shave that way, as well I knew, having been doing it - when I was able to shave at all - for three and a half years. But I thought, "What the hell's the use of being a general if you can't have shaving soap?" But Bruce's was a combat command, and he believed in living like his troops. It wasn't for nothing that he had been nicknamed "The Sergeants' General".

He did have a car, though, and an aide, so he sent me back to the replacement depot in style. There I learned that we would be leaving the following day,Sunday September 23, at eleven. Well, there wasn't much to get ready - a musette bag with some extra underwear, socks, a shirt, letters from home and copies of orders. A truck convoy would take us to the pier in Manila, or we could report there individually if we wanted to. The next morning, Major Montgomery (he who had been the American liaison with the Japs at the Jinsen camp) offered to take Dinty Moore and me to Manila in a jeep he had borrowed. When we arrived at the pier we learned that our transport had not docked, and that we would not embark, if at all that day, until late in the afternoon. So we left our bags and went off to see if we could get something to eat.

Montgomery had served with a Philippine Scout regiment, and one of his former sergeants was now first sergeant of a detachment of the Scouts there in Manila. Monty was sure we could get some coffee and sandwiches there from his old friend. And I was especially glad to go along, for I hoped I might get, there, some information about Sergeant Rocamora (whom I had last seen at Bilibid in June 1942, greatly dejected after his abortive attempt to evade capture by the Japanese). So we went off to see Monty's friend, get something to eat and, I hoped, find out what had become of Rocamora. We were given a hearty welcome; and the Filipino first sergeant, sent for the mess sergeant to come and meet us and to fix us some lunch. And when the mess sergeant came in, lo and behold, he was none other than my good and loyal soldier,Technical Sergeant Rocamora! What a great and happy surprise that was for both of us. And what a feast Rocamora gave us that noontime!

I would like to have stayed there a while longer to hear more about Roc's experiences and about his family. But we had to get back to the waterfront to see if our ship had docked. It hadn't; and the passengers, about 800 officers and men, were sitting in the trucks or lolling about the pier, waiting. We lucky fellows with the jeep went off again, to drive about Manila and see how some of the familiar spots had fared in this battle-scarred city. Of course we had to interrupt our sightseeing several times to make sure not to miss our ship. Finally we learned that it would not dock until the following day. And as there was no place in Manila where the 800 transients could be housed and fed, it looke like we'd all have to go back to the replacement depot. But Alex got on the phone to a friend, the friend pulled some strings, and it was ordered that the stranded group would sleep that night, and be fed, aboard another waiting transport.

And I, too, telephoned - to Hank Westphalinger, who also pulled some strings and arranged for the four of us (Alex now added) with the jeep to have some cots, and to be given supper, in what was left of the half-destroyed Manila Hotel. Then, monday morning, after having breakfast with Westphalinger and some other old friends (Stan Ellerthorpe, Jean Conway and Fred Chaffee), we went back to the Waterfront, where our transport, the General Dickson, had docked at last. After the usual long, unexplained wait, the 800 passengers filed aboard and were assigned to quarters of various kinds. I was given a bunk in a shipboard dormitory along with the other senior officers.

None of our British friends from Jinsen was with us. I had learned from Copper that they would be sent home via Vancouver and Canada rather than by way of San Francisco and the U.S. This was because the railway systems across the U.S. were greatly overloaded with troop trains and homecoming troops. I was surprised, therefore, to find myself seated at table with six British brigadiers who, perhaps because of their newly acquired rank, had also pulled some strings in order to head homeward on the first available ship. With one exception - a self-important, seniority conscious fellow - they were a fine group and very pleasant table companions.

Our ship didn't leave the dock until the next day, and then only to drop anchor for several hours just outside the breakwater. The trouble was floating mines. Many had broken away from their moorings during the battles, and the minesweeps had not yet found and destroyed all of them. So every sighting, or imagined sighting, caused all ship traffic to be halted until the channel could be swept. And we were all required to wear lifebelts. But at last, late Tuesday morning, September 25, 1945, we headed west towards the mouth of Manila Bay - there where Corregidor and the other fortified islands had kept the Japanese fleet at a discreet distance in the winter and spring of 1942. Now, as our ship passed close to Caballo Island - "my" island - I knew that I had come full circle. That's where the adventure had started and, fittingly, that's where it now ended. Caballo Island disappeared astern as our ship began to feel the waves of the South China Sea.

These reminiscences, logically, should end with the end of the adventure. And so they shall, after a few epi-logical thoughts to tidy things up.

The day after our departure from Manila, I happened to be standing at the stern of the vessel as we were leaving Philippine waters for good, and heading out into the Pacific towards home. There was a small green island far away behind us, the last visible bit of the Philippines. Somehow or other the sight of this lonely, exotic isle gradually fading away evoked the sadness of all partings. It must have touched some nerve in me that let loose a flood of pent up emotions. I was overwhelmed by them, by the long accumulated loneliness for my family, by the years of suppressed fears that I would never see them again. Poe's "nevermore" is an unbearably sad word. I hadn't allowed myself to think it during those long years. Now the inhibition was released. I choked up, and the tears came rolling down my cheeks. I hurried off to some secluded corner where I could hide this unmanly display.

When we arrived in San Francisco there were letters from Sophie, from relatives, from friends, and a note from my father. He had come up from San Diego to welcome me home; but unable to find a bed in this bursting-at-the-seams city, he had been obliged to return home, sadly disappointed.

Though a bit flabby and fat from regaining weight too quickly, I was in good health. Nevertheless, I was sent, bedded down on a hospital train, to a military hospital in Utica, N.Y. Sophie, with Frances, eleven, and Cynthia, seven, came from Syracuse, in a friend's car, to take me home to the nice little house that Sophie had bought and furnished. On the way back to Syracuse, Cynthia, too young to have learned the full meaning of tears, said: "I thought this was supposed to be a happy time. What's everybody crying for?"

Copper and I were fortunate enough to meet again. He was promoted to brigadier, came to the U.S. on some military mission, and spent a few days with us at West Point. Several years later, I, also on some military job, was able to visit him in London; and at another time to stay with him at his cottage in Kent. And still later, Copper spent a few days with us when we were stationed in Paris. I have not had many friends whose company I enjoyed as much as Copper's. I deeply regret that, unduly concerned with practical, everyday matters, I have not kept up a correspondence with him.

I saw Alex again, several times, at West Point reunions, and had the pleasure of meeting his wife and his son. The weak heart,which he had so valiantly struggled to keep going all during those years of captivity, finally gave out. He died in 1963.

In the early days after coming home I wrote many letters to the widows or parents of fellow prisoners less fortunate than I. Among them, of course were Leo Paquet's wife, Louise, and Cecile Harper, Jean's wife, to whom I was able to send Jean's West Point ring.

I conclude, with profound gratitude, that I must be tougher than I look, and far luckier than I deserve.

The end.