Transcript of Handwritten Diary of Martha Bullert

**Special thanks to Laura M. Godden, historian and academic librarian,
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Throughout this transcript, clarifying information has been inserted in bracketed red text.

The War Years (1941-1945)

It was December 7th 1941, Sunday morning when news came to us of Pearl Harbor. This was a stab in the back. Surely the enemy would be stopped.

December 8th shelling, bombing, strafing of Manila and Coastal cities of Luzon, Mindanao, Cebu, Negros and Pansy took place. Our boys at Silliman in the ROTC were mobilized at once and inducted by Oath and Ceremony into the American Army of the Philippines. The 1st group of 500 left on the Pansy on Wednesday morning. We saw them off with hundreds of parents. Only a few days ago, they had been in our classroom. When would we see them again? Where were they going? The Pansy was sunk off Mindoro Island but most of the men rescued. How many? The 72nd Philippine Reg. Unit was made up of our Silliman boys and they fought the battle of Tarlac on Luzon in December. At the surrender of Corrigador, six men from the entire group of 500 were alive. Four of these escaped after the surrender and became guerilla fighters.

Silliman University disbanded almost immediately and the girls and boys went home if and when possible. *[Martha Bullert was teaching at Silliman University.]* Inter-island shipping ceased within the 1st week. Parents came in vintas *[a vinta is a traditional boat from the Philippine island of Minanao]* and scows *[a scow is a large, flat-bottomed sailing boat with broad square ends used chiefly for transporting bulk material]* from island to island to get their children. Seventeen Thai students remained. Faculty members were called upon to serve in Community and Army preparation for defense. For about 10 days, mails continued by ferry across the channel to Cebu, thence by submarine to Manila and to Australia. I was called upon to drive the mail truck to and from the ferry - about 21 miles. We wrote daily and many cards. only 2 written on Dec. 11 ever arrived State side - last communications with my friends or their knowledge of where I was for over 3 years.

Plans for evacuation for both Filippinos and Americans from Coastal cities was made. We too planned evacuation of Dumaguete. The battle on Luzon intensified. Christmas 1941 many people had left the city for jungle or mountain hideouts. Those remaining had a group Christmas dinner including all the Army personnel in our area; but there was not much Christmas spirit in the group. The day after Christmas almost everybody left the city - Dumaguete had a population of 28,000. All of our families were gone except Bell, Gluny, myself, Nannie and Dr. Chapman.

[NOTES: American missionaries Henry Roy Bell and his wife Edna had gone to the Philippines in 1921 to teach at Silliman University, a missionary school founded by Presbyterians in 1901. The Bell family was stranded in the Philippines after the attack on Pearl Harbor. They fled to the hills, and Roy Bell

became a major in the guerilla fight against the Japanese until they were evacuated by a submarine on February 6, 1944.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles Gluny were missionaries in the Philippines.

Nannie Hereford was born in Osaka, Japan, to Presbyterian missionaries. Appointed by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, she sailed for Japan in June, 1932. As war appraoched in 1941, American teachers were requested to leave and she was transferred to Silliman University in Dumaguete, Negros, The Phillipines. She arrived a month before Pearl Harbor. She hid in the mountains but eventually was captured and interned at Bacolod. Six months later in March, 1943, she was taken to Manila to Santo Tomas Internment Camp. Years later, she returned to Japan to teach and then retired in 1974 in Nashville, Tennessee.

James and Ethel Chapman were professors at Silliman University at Dumaguete, Negros island, the Philippines.]

Nannie was typing for the Army officers at the base established at the Phy. Ed. building - least conspicuous. Bell was liaison, I was driving mail and Army pouch to ferry and sub-base, Gluny *(?)* was inventorying Silliman *[University]* property and others were crating equipment, books, etc.

January 1st - The radio was on - it was always on... I remember how during Dec. everybody was whispering, "Oh, help is on the way!" "Boats are coming in at Cebu" "Planes are landing at Del Monte airfield." Yes, "Help was on the way". Everyone kept on hoping, fighting, working with what they had. At 1 o'clock New Year's Day, the radio was full of static. Stations seemed jammed, voices shouted in dialects, some music very emotional music - no hymns, no march, something I had never heard -- did not recognize. The whole world the whole war, Europe and Asia, all seemed to be caught up in etheral [sic] waves and our little instrument could not screen the stations. It gave one a crowded, choking feeling, a retreating feeling. It was Don Bell's voice we wanted to hear. Don Bell from Manila. There was music - clear and definite, clear and beautiful. Strange and think this was all in the midst of battle. Then the music stopped - "Sergio Osmena will address the people of the Commonwealth". "Keep faith!" "We the Filipino people must keep faith with truth, with ideals which are right...we the Filipino people must keep faith with America...Come what may, dark days though they may seem; I beg you, my people, keep faith. Let us pray- Our Father who Art in Heaven, Hallowed by Thy name..." Sergio Osmena, vice president of the Commonwealth, had spoken to his people; had spoken to his Philippines from Manila for the last time - for the City of Manila fell January 2nd, 1942. On that day, the first prisoners of war were interned at Santo Tomas. Manila had been declared an open city by MacArthur mid-December. President Quezon had left to join McArthur in Australia.

Daily the shelling of our coastal cities increased. Planes were coming low over us. Our pier had been hit several times. Few people were seen around the waterfront. On January 6th, I left Dumaguete and joined a group at Pamplona plantation. I was the last American woman to leave the city and returned 4 times after that on errands.

Pamplona was a coconut plantation 30 miles from Dumaguete run by Mr. Wm. C. Bryant. The plantation was 5 miles from the foothills of our mountain hideout and 7 miles further was our jungle camp. We began with Filopino laborers to build both of these hideouts at once and while at the plantation we dried beef for the Army on Corregidor. The Army commandeered the cattle on the

island, bought all they could and we killed cows, about 23 daily, sliced beef and dried it in the Copra *[coconut]* drier, sealed it in 5 gal. gas cans and again I drove the truck with the dried beef to Tanjay *[about 20 miles]* where it was loaded on a ferry and then to Cebu, from there by submarine to Corregidor and Bataan.

The Dumaguete Evacuation Hospital was established about 2 miles from the plantation. Dr. Ponce de Leon was in charge. Everyone wanted to get out of the city, fearing the invasion, the 1st troops. Landing seemed imminent. The battle of Bataan was growing more intense and Cebu and Dumaguete were shelled nightly. It seemed wise to leave the plantation so we (9 of us) moved to the foothill hut of Magalabi *[camp was near the Magalabi River, a clear, rushing stream]* : Mr. and Mrs. *[William and Alice]* Bryant and 5 single women. Gardens were planted wherever we moved and by the time we could harvest our 1st beans and veg, it seemed wise to move on. I set a hen with eggs at Pamplona and took the chicks along to Magalabi. The folks laughed until the chicks were a couple of weeks old and we had "fryers". There were 2 chicks however I couldn't kill. They had become such pets.

Our home in the hills was made of bark of trees for floor and sides and palm fronds for roof. It was a shelter from wild animals and rain except that a red fox and several weasels came in and rain dripped thro [sic]! We gathered and chopped our firewood as we needed it. We ate the heart of palm trees which is an excellent salad cold or a good vegetable when boiled. We had berries and trapped animals and crows. On one of our wood gathering tours, Francis Rodgers fell and scratched her shins. This developed into an infection and open ulcer and would not heal. She could not walk. We read to her a great deal.

Cebu fell and our island was charted next. We felt it was time to move to the deeper jungle hideout, a 7 hour walk further. This was known only to a few trusted "carriers" and ourselves. The "carriers" had been taking palay (unhusked rice which stores without spoiling) and corn up to the shack. A stream nearby was to be our water supply and land was cleared for a garden. We were also to begin work on clearing some larger trees for a guerilla landing field. Jungle trees are 250 and 285 ft. high - full of orchid parasites and tall straight with no branches at all for from 50 to 80 ft. from the ground. We were to move to the upper camp.

Francis' leg was bad and she wished to remain behind alone if we would leave some food and have a "carrier" check on her once in awhile. Human nature is not such that one willingly sees the life of a fallen man helpless or endangered. Nannie and I decided to stay with her. Others said it foolish to have 3 people stay in danger so Nannie and I flipped coins. We decided then we would change off weekly. It was my lot to stay first. The rest left us. We bathed her leg in warm water, read by the hour. I gathered wood and palm hearts. Her leg looked better for we bathed it constantly but proud flesh was growing fast and I asked the "carrier" to bring us some silver nitrate or ask Dr. De Leon what to do.

He decided to send one of our nurse friends up and she walked 11 miles to come and see us. It was like Sunday! She thought it best to let it heal and burn away the lump of proud flesh later sometime. Diet might make for hard healing if we monkeyed with it too much. On our 6th day, a "runner" came and said "You must go, leave at once, two Japanese soldiers were within a few yards of your house and tomorrow they will search these woods on horse back for all Americans." All Americans were in the hills in small groups. This was Friday. We planned and prayed. How could we possibly get to the jungle camp. Francis said, "I'll make every effort I can to hobble on Sunday." I had new courage with

her words and said, "No, we'll leave tomorrow." She wished me to go for she was in pain. That night, I walked 3 miles to the Mill Camp (a Filippino camp) and asked 2 men who had helped build our shack to carry our clothes and food supplies and they came up with me and left at once so they could be back next day with their own women and children as soon as possible. Saturday a.m. at 7 after a good breakfast of rice, palm heart and a can of corned beef, we left. Francis had tears but alas a smile. We tied a pillow and a jacket around Francis' leg and she got on my back "piggy back" and we left. We walked till we got to a rocky spot and then rested, then she hobbled for awhile and again, she rode "piggy back". I felt a super human strength and a great desire to hurry and be with the rest.

We walked all day and toward eve our "carriers" were coming back - hurrying. We rested again for they brought the good news that the Bryants and 3 girls were coming to meet us. We ate our last rice ball. Streams everywhere and springs provided ample water. We heard a crackle of wood, a shout, and hurrah. We were face to face with our group again. They said we were only 2 miles from camp and they had food too. We ate and rested and talked as though we had been separated for months instead of a week. We had made 5 miles from 7 a.m. until 6 p.m. Fran got carried all the rest of the way, everyone helping. We were all together again.

About 1 week later, the Governor of Dumaguete, because of pressure from the Japanese officers, sent a message begging us to surrender. The lives of Mr. Magdann (one of our faculty) and other Filippinos were threatened and if Japanese soldiers had to search the jungle for Americans, they would shoot on sight any when found. This happened to 17 on the island of Panay (Mr. and Mrs. Rounds from Wisc.).

[The parents and brother of POW Donald Paul Rounds were executed by the Japanese in 1943. The Hopevale Martyrs were Christian martyrs who died during World War II in present day Hopevale, Aglinab, Tapaz, Capiz, Philippines. The martyrs were Jeanie Clare Adams, Prof. James Howard Covell, Charma Moore Covell, Dorothy Antoinette Dowell, Signe Amelia Erikson, Dr. Frederick Willer-Meyer, Ruth Schatch Meyer, Dr. Francis Howard Rose, Gertrude Coombs Rose, ***Rev. Erle Frederich Rounds, Louise Cummings Rounds, and son Erle Douglas****. Despite the order that these Americans should go home because of the war, they refused to leave their mission and eventually offered their lives when they were caught by the enemies. During the Japanese invasion of the Philippines, the eleven American Baptist missionaries refused to surrender to the Japanese troops. The martyrs took refuge in the mountains of Barrio Katipunan, Tapaz, Capiz. They hid in the forest they call "Hopevale" with the help of their Filipino friends. On December 19, 1943, Hopevale fell into Japanese hands. The martyrs begged to free the Filipino captives and instead offered themselves as ransom. At the dawn of December 20, 1943, the missionaries asked to be allowed to pray and, an hour later, they told their Japanese captors they were ready to die. The adults were beheaded and the children were bayoneted.]*

Arrangements were under way with American Army to get away by submarine. It would take some time however to establish a safe base and to get the Am. *[Americans]* there. It was decided that if some surrendered, others might get out and also save the Filippinos from torture or death. Finally families with children and some single who did not wish to surrender stayed and Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens who joined us in the hills later and 5 single women surrendered. We were met by a Japanese Lt. and 17 soldiers at the foot of the mountain by a saw mill where we told the runner we would be on a certain date.

We all were loaded into the back of a truck and taken to Dumaguete. At the C.O. Office *[Commandant's Office]*, we were searched, questioned and marched through town, across school grounds to what had been our home in Dumaguete. The school buildings were empty. The machine shop had nary a machine in it, the print shop empty, the auditorium had its huge doors open and inside were trucks and a car. Lo and behold - it had become the Japanese Motor Pool. Desks were piled up outside in a heap. We found out later what the Japanese could use in machinery was loaded on boats and hauled away, the rest destroyed. When we entered our house, it was but 4 walls, no tables, chairs left, no beds, dressers, files, desks, icebox, stove, dishes, pans, everything was gone. Papers from the files were strewn everywhere.

The hospital sent cots and mosquito nets and food. The Intelligence Dept. arrived with an interpreter and 3 guards. The officer in charge was our Japanese shoe salesman of olden days. Every Japanese fisherman, clerk, all Japanese of pre-war days who were civilian workers or merchants <u>now</u> were officers in the Army or interpreters and knew more about Americans and about the coast line of Philippines then did our TBI or Geodetic Survey Bd.!

We were questioned. "Your name? Husband's name? Why aren't you married? How many children? Why no children? Father's name, mother's name? Address? Name some of your friends and address. What is your work? Why are you in Dumaguete? Why do you speak German? Who is going to win this war? How much money do you have? Where is it? "

We found out later that people who gave addresses and names of people other than big companies or corporations that "friends" named received letters requesting <u>money</u> be sent for welfare of their friend. The Jap. Gov. received larger sums before the Am. Gov. found out and stopped it. The money was to be wired or mailed to addresses State side and Jap. spys [sic] received it. Three days after our internment, General Yamamoto the CO in Dumaguete came to our house with 1 guard.

The guard asked for Nannie. She was afraid and asked if she could have a friend come with her. We were called on the front porch. Nannie had been born in Japan of Missionary parents and this info came out when we were questioned the 1st day. She was teaching in Hokaido, Japan up to August of '41 and was caught boatless enroute home from Shanghai. Stopped off in P. *[Philippines]* and was with us. He asked us both to sit down and then in broken English asked Nannie, "Where were you teaching? How many pupils? Who were some of your pupils? Who lived on the corner of such and such a street? Who brought the children to school? Who called for them? Was Kito so and so in school? Was he an obedient pupil? Did his mother bring him? Was he well? How tall was he? Were all the children in good health? Then he rose, took a deep breath, clicked his heels and bowed low and said, "Tank you, tank you velly much. You see, Kito is my son. I have not seen him for 6 years." He left and we were quite speechless. He sent tea to us the next day by the same guard. When we went to Bacolod, *[Bacolod Internment Camp in Bacolod, Negros Island, Philippines]*, he visited there and gave both of us tea. I guess this was real noble but I hated tea!

One nite [sic] about 8 o'clock 3 guards came, counted us as they did often and told us that guerillas were coming to kill all Americans and they must save us. We had to march with them and the Japanese Association (an apt. house over the hardware store where Jap. women lived). We had fun for there were about 21 Americans we didn't know had been interned. Some in the jail, some in a hospital, some in the EP, school house. We chattered. About midnite the guerillas did come - but not to kill us. The Jap women and children popped out of their rooms and the guards and soldiers grabbed us as Hostages and pushed us down the stairs. We were <u>not</u> eager to go and resisted till the

bayonets tickled. At the front door the guerillas saw us. Some were our former students and business men from Dumaguete. By the time the Japs got us herded downstairs and out of the door, into the street, there wasn't a guerilla in sight. All had disappeared. Not a *(hat??)* was found. We were pushed thro the streets awhile and by 5 everyone was back. Next a.m. we were told to go home. We did and went to bed. About 11 the guards came again and said we must leave the city, the Guerillas were going to fight against us. We walked to the pier carrying our worldly goods. There we were all loaded into a freight tug - 21 Americans and 14 guards. We bobbed up and down like a cork in the water for 3 days. Many got sea sick and vomited. The toilet was a corner of the tug. Nobody cared. You just went and squatted in the corner. It stunk and everyone was sickened from odors and no air. Twice a day we could climb up on top of the tug and sit around the hatch, and the boat that pulled the tug came and unloaded a wooden bucket of rice, a pail of water and some dried salty fish. We gorged on rice and clung to the boat soas not to fall off. You pressed rice into balls and held it in your lap and ate fast like a dog so you could get more. On the 3rd day we arrived at Bacolod, a sugar central city on the opposite side of the island from Dumaguete. Here we became part of that camp of Am., British and Dutch and now totaled 147 people in an elementary school building. Here too were people from Insular Lumber Co. and Bais Sugar Central *[sugar mill]*. The sugar people left about $6,000 with Swiss and Filippinos and for this money they brought food, Cambar *[domestic fowls]*, vegetables and fruit into camp. We used the school grounds for a pasture for some sheep, hogs, Ferdinand the Bull, and chickens which they brought in alive. The pigs died for lack of food, chickens were used for hospital and children, sheep are killed 1 every 10 days and poor Ferdinand lived till 5 days before we left. Poor Ferdy didn't want to die. We had nothing but an 8' 2x4 to kill him with and he was tortured to death, cut up and boiled - for 5 days we boiled and fried meat and lived it up! No refrigeration.

At Bacolod I was Chief Cook - put in charge by Mr. *[Harvey C.]* Pope, head of the Camp after our 2nd week there. We had 1 man and 1 woman cook breakfast (corn meal mush); 2 men and 2 women for luncheon and 1 man and 2 women for supper. There were lots of times we felt we were hungry but our gripes were merely opening our steam valves! Sister Lucina, a nun, took care of Douglas whose mother died in childbirth 3 months before. She came to me and said, "Martha, havest you anything for this little baby. He has no mother to give him extra things." From that time on, whenever I prepared a chicken for the 17 children and few sick people, the liver and a cup of broth before diluting it was taken out for Douglas. Sister mashed the liver and fed him. When fruit was brot [sic] in, if there were bananas, he was sure to get some first!

One day the Swiss sent word inside of a ripe papaya that we were all to be transferred, maybe to Japan, maybe to Manilla. That is when "Ferdy" began his struggle! In the 1st plan he was the Camp pet and no one wanted to kill him, 2nd we had naught to kill him with and 3rd nothing happened when the men hit him on the head. Finally, he cooperated and lay down and died. We had a meat boiling and Bridge Marathon for 4 nights, 5 days - eating and boiling to keep the meat from spoiling in the hot tropics. One afternoon we were loaded on 5 trucks and taken to the beach. There was a small oil boat. March 2nd was our departure from Bacolod. The trip was known as "The Nightmare of the Naga". We were all herded into the oil boat. Once it had been an inter island vessel. The Japs had captured it and renamed it "Naga". It was all covered with grease and oil and loaded with ammunition. We were permitted to go on one side of the deck and on the hatches. The women and children went on the deck, old men near the stairway and the rest on the hatches. Everyone was absorbing oil and grease and in a few hours the boat seemed clean and we were well greased and messy. We tried to sleep, packed like sardines, hoping it would not rain! Bacolod is about 800 miles

from Manila and we hoped that in 3 days we would be there. The Jap officers disagreed on the route to travel; the diesel engine sputtered and it took us 10 days.

Alas - we all smelled and looked alike!!! There was only a tank of drinking water. Most of us never took our clothes off nor washed. Some washed in salt water and tried washing clothes too but they got stiff and sticky and looked like starched dirty penguins. So we, like Ferdinand, just sat and smelled. The Japs had fun slapping us around, yelling at us, If anyone fell asleep, they snuck up and kissed the women. The toilet consisted of a plank at the end of the boat with 3 holes in it. The ocean was the receptacle. There was nothing surrounding the great outdoor "chic sale". Whenever women went in, Jap soldiers climbed the rail too. People usually went by 2 or 3 and hung onto each other and onto the rail, too. Some internees thought this was our "last ride" for the waters were infested with American Subs and the Japs did not inform the gov. of transfer of prisoners. Three of the 5 boatload of prisoners sent to Japan were sunk by our own Subs. Besides Japs often used groups of POWs as hostages carrying them back and forth on ammunition boats. We hoped the Filipinos in Bacolod would tell the guerillas of our transfer.

Life belts were for Japanese only. They told us to sink or swim if anything happened for it was all our fault that there was a war! At Cebu, we stopped and loaded on little white boxes with great ceremony. These were the ashes of their dead being returned to Japan where they will be enshrined. Now we thought sure we were going to Japan too! A space on the upper deck was roped off, the white boxes placed on a larger white box and guards stood watch, changing every hour. While the boxes were being loaded, we were all told to stand up and keep our heads bowed. Kids squalled and some old ladies fainted. When going from the hatch to the deck or vice versa, we had to pass by the altar and boxes and we were told to stop, bow and then proceed or we were slapped or tickled with the guard's bayonet. I'm not telling what we said under our breath or thought everytime we passed.

Finally on the 10th day after noon, we arrived in Manila at Pier 7. This had at one time been the longest pier in the world. There had been food and supplies stored on Pier 7 for a 2 years Army supply and when McArthur declared Manila an Open City in Dec. 1941, he told the people of Manila to "Come and get it - free". Filipinos got some foods but the Chinese shrewdies really hauled it away and stashed it into their homes and buried it and later sold it to us with money we borrowed from them at 40 to 60% interest - payable after the war. This was shrewd for if Japan won, who cared about borrowed money or food. If Americans won, men who borrowed and represented big Companies or Missions would pay back and that is when the Chinese would need money. Anyway, we were at Pier 7 and told to take our possessions - which grew less every time you moved. Things became less and less important! Only life matters after awhile! We looked like a Pagan nightmare and smelled as tho [sic] out of this world.

We lined up by 2's and when everyone was off the boat, we proceeded down the streets of Manila. We were supposed to be in disgrace and ashamed as Prisoners for, to the Japanese mind, a prisoner is "dead". Dead to his country, home and friends. "One comes home a victor or not at all." We did not feel dead at this point and we looked around at the havoc of a city we had once known as the most beautiful city of the Orient, now filthy, smelly as we were and much destroyed around the port area.

We yelled, "Hello" to the Filippinos on the street and they shouted, "Mabuhay Americano". *["Mabuhay" in Filippino means "welcome".]* They threw rice cakes at us and we gobbled them up, children ran to us with Bucayo (coconut and brown sugar) and they threw native cigarettes. The Japs

shouted, "You may not speak" so we smiled. So much can be conveyed with a smile. The Filipinos made "V" signs with their fingers and shouted "Victory!". The Jap officers slapped some Filipinos for making "V" signs. After about 1 1/2 miles of walking, some of our oldsters fainted and kids squalled. Fainting was "put on" when we needed it for convenience sometimes but often oldsters really did faint. So we stopped to rest and on the Boulevard men were working with pics [sic], shovels and wheelbarrows. They looked up at this new invasion and multitude of quasi men and one of the men smiled and yelled, "Hey there!" They looked tall, lanky and light - like Americans. We looked again. Sure enuff [sic], they were our own boys. "Hey there, I'll be darned!" and then said ___ Then the officer said, "No talking, line up, face me!" And we stood in files with our backs toward the workmen. One of the work men sang "Where do you come from?" One of our men sang back, "We are from Bacolod - prisoners of war." The workmen sang, "We are POW's in Bilibid *[converted civilian prison to POW camp, hospital and transit camp for Japanese POWs]* building an air strip here for these damn Japs but no planes will ever land safely if we can help it." We sang back and forth. Everyone listening and getting lots of info. Finally, the Officer said, "Do not make that noise." So we had to stop singing!

We marched on and soon came to Santo Tomas *[converted university to Japanese internment camp]*. A beautiful 12' steel grill fence with very ornate gates, 20' from there an 8' concrete wall with 4 strands of barb wire on it. We passed through the gates into Santo Tomas - my 3rd internment Camp. Everyone took a deep breath. It seemed like Paradise. Beautiful spacious lawns, trees, hibiscus bushes in bloom, children playing a ball game with coconuts, people sitting under the trees. Looked clean. Men busy pushing a cart with ash barrels or garbage. Could there be garbage? We wondered! This looked like a city within stone walls. 50 acre campus with 7 buildings. We were happy to become part of the 5000 internees there. New folks!!

At the Commandant's office, we marched in single file to be questioned, inspected, searched (the old routine. The month was full of jewelry again and women always had to go to the toilet. One woman taught us how to hide money, roll it up in a hankie and use it like tampax. We hid some for the men too for 25% of the total. The men couldn't figure out for a long time how or where the hell we hid it. Made quite a bit. Here we got assigned to a room and an alotted space. Class rooms in the main building were all sleeping quarters from 22 to 40 in a room according to size. Each person was assigned a floor space 72 by 32 inches and 4 inch aisle on each side. Most people pushed cot or grass mat together making for a 64 inch wide space for 2 and an 8 inch aisle. All of one's possessions had to go into this space, too. This however was not difficult. We took our mosquito net, grass mat pillow and blanket with us wherever we went.

I had a net, a carpet and a grass mat and rain coat as my bed roll. Some people had camp cots or mattresses. Men at Santa Tomas took the frames off the doors and windows and those 3 or 4" slats were nailed together for cots. In 3 days, I had a slat cot too.

Everybody helped everybody else. I was assigned to a room in the Main building. The Engineer building was for women with children over 5 years old. The Elementary building for women and kids under 5. The Education building for men and boys over 12 years old, the gym for men only, the convent nunnery became the hospital, etc. No sooner had I gotten settled when Max White rushed in and said, "Martha, Sister Luciana can't keep Douglas. She has to go to the nunnery and I'm supposed to let a guard take Douglas outside to a Filipino family unless I get some woman here to care for him. Will you take care of him for just a few days until I find somebody?"

[Max Douglas White (1905-1978) and infant son Robert "Douglas" White were interned at Santo Tomas from the beginning in 1942 until the liberation in 1945.]

So I moved into the Elementary building with the mothers and children under 5. Everyone was so helpful. There were 15 mothers and 18 children. Several mothers came to "welcome" us and remarked how much "my son" looked like me! "When was he born?" And I didn't know even when he had been born; but I thought it was a good game so I made up a date. Later I asked Max and found I had only been off 2 months on my guess! For weeks, no one knew I was not Doug's mother.

The days turned into weeks and weeks into months and when we were liberated, I had seen Douglas through life over 2 years and he was a young lad - talk, talk, talk!!

The 1st year and a half, men not too bad in Camp. All was going favorably for the Japs and they permitted the Chinese and Filippinos to come to the fence of Santa Tomas and with a guard's watchful eye and permission you could speak with them; give them notes and letters and ask them to bring you things. If you were working for a reliable corporation or Mission Board, you could also borrow money from the Chinese especially. People working for Standard Oil, Texas Oil Monte, General Electric or Missions could borrow at 40 to 60% interest payable after the war. These people in turn loaned or helped out others who could not borrow directly.

Carroll Grinnell of General Electric in Asia borrowed 96 thousand dollars. He was killed by the Japs the last month in Camp, but G.E. paid every cent. Good business policy.

When McArthur found he could not hold Manila and there might be vast destruction, he declared it an "Open City" to avoid slaughter. Pier 7 the Army supply depot of food was also opened and people urged to come and get it for themselves. Filippinos are happy go lucky, living from day to day, so they got a case or 2 of things they would like for themselves. Chinese are shrewd. They said, "Why it's free, it's food", "We might be able to sell it". So they hauled day and night cases by push cart or their back, all they could get, until the Japanese marched into the city. The small room of 17' by 17' which housed an entire Chinese family became still smaller as food cases were piled up against the walls and palm ply walls and dusty tables and chairs to hide the cache. So in 1942 we could buy food from the Chinese with borrowed money. In 1943, cases of food; in 1943 cans of food, in 1944 oz. of food. Prices ever rising...

	Before the war	1942	1943	1944	1945
White Sugar	7¢ per lb.	.75¢ per lb.	$185.00 for 80 lbs.	$600 for 80 lbs.	$1000 for 80 lbs.
Native Brown sugar	4¢ per lb.	.25¢ per lb.	$75 for 80 lbs.	$10 for cupful	No sugar except from Jap. guards for bribes
Klim (powdered milk)	47¢ per lb. tin	$12.50 per lb.	$250 per lb.	$800 per lb.	$1200 per tin

(This makes 2 gallons of whole milk.) People with babies or sick people were willing to pay from $1000 to $1200 per can.

	Before the war	1942	1943	1944	1945
Rice	8¢ a kilo which is 2.2 lbs. $6 per 100 lb. sack		20¢ for 2 lbs.	$60 for 2 lbs.	$100 for 2 lbs. if you bribed guard
Beans - chili, mungs & soya	4¢ per lb.		$6.00 per lb.	$37.00 per lb.	$125.00 per lb.

Four of us, eating together bought 2 pounds of Soya beans 10 days before liberation for $125.00. A month before we bought 2 pounds mungo beans for $110 from a Japanese guard. We also gave him a fountain pen as a bargain for more when he could steal it to sell to us.

Milk - canned evaporated	7¢ per can	$96.00 per can	$300.00 per can	Couldn't buy it!	
Toothbrushes	10¢ per piece	$8.00 each	-	None could be bought	
Eggs	2 or 3¢ each	10¢ each	$1.00 each	$85.00 per egg	None to be had

In 1941, Concentration Camp was a Community where individuals were hopeful. "We would soon be free for help was on the way!" Radio news was not too bad. Barter and trade flourished. People with bed sheets or turkish towels traded for food. Anything was traded for food. Sheets and towels were used to sew cloths [sic] as were the curtains from windows. It was not too hard a life the 1st year; just that it was such a confined, planned, routine, monotonous, thwarted life. We had church services, we had victrola music played over the Commandant's loud speaker sometimes during the day. We had lots to talk about - everybody's life history, all about relatives, romances, children, engagements, abortions, births, deaths. You knew everyone and knew it all! We reread books of High School days. Little Women, Scarlet Letter, Gold Bug, Emerson's Essays and the Japanese Daily Propaganda Sheet. The latter quite helpful for when they bold typed an article - "The strong arm of the Japanese Imperial Air Force destroyed 36 American Planes and successfully repulsed an enemy attack at Rabowl". *[Battle of Rabaul, 1942]* From this, we knew where our men were fighting. Usually 3 weeks later a small paragraph would read "The strong right arm of the Jap. Imp. Air Force destroyed enemy installations on Rabowl." So - if we hadn't landed a month before, how could they destroy us???

About 700 girls and boys in Camp from babies to 19 yrs. of age went to school. School was lectures by teachers who had previously taught at Brent School in Baguio at Bordous *(sp.?)* in Manila, American in Manila; U. *[University]* of Philippines in Manila; Southern College at Iloilo; Silliman at Dumaguete, etc. by Priests and Nuns or anyone else eager to lecture.

June 1943 we had a High School graduation, also in 1944. After that we were not permitted to have any classes or lectures or church services of any kind. The Jap officers said our school and religion were clap trap and fal-de-ral and we probably wouldn't live to enjoy the things we were telling each other about anyway!!! Their thought!

Mining men gave lectures on mining and gold or copper; Rabbi lectured on the meaning of Jewish faith; Dr. Chapman, the world's ant expert, gave several lectures on Ants. We had State lectures, People from New York talked about N.Y. and N.Y. City. People from Minnesota added fish to the 10,000 lakes of Minnesota; Texans were always talking! People from Wisconsin made hungry mouths drool in want of churn and butter! We had a Community choir singing Sunday afternoons and holidays in the garden out of doors. Christmas 1943 we had 120 people sing The Messiah - Jews, Mormons, Catholics, Methodists, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Christian Science - all - all together sang The Messiah. One of the beautiful things that happened was that the more people lived in "a crisis", the more they lived by Christian principals without half trying!!! No creeds, no colors, no petty differences. All suffered and all shared.

Chronology in brief of Santo Tomas

1942

[Jan. 2, 1942 - Fall of Manila]

Jan. 4, 1942- Santo Tomas Internment Camp officially established by Japanese. About 300 residents of Manila area were interned. No food was issued all day.

Jan. 5 - 10th, 1942 - Increasing number of American, British, Australians, Canadians, Dutch, Polish, Mexican, Nicaraguans and Belgians were brought into Camp. These were designated "enemy aliens". Filipinos crowded outside of fence and handed in packages of food. Some people's former servants brought food. Some people did not share but cached their parcels.

Jan. 11th - Manila Red Cross served cup of coffee at 6 a.m. and bowl of soup at 4:30 p.m.

Jan. 15 - Japanese parcels of food and clothing brought to fence by Filipinos for Internees. Internees may request "help" such as loans from Chinese and Filippinos.

Jan. 24 - Camp organized Committees to function for welfare of Camp and as a go between Jap. Commandant and civilian internees. Carrol Grinnel *[Carroll Grinnell]* the American leader was killed by Japs before our liberation. He worked loyally and hard for internees.

Jan. 27th - Camp under "Black Out" following an air raid. Camp population: 3,348.

Jan. 29th - First baby born in Camp - Cynthia *[Katherine]* Sietz.

Jan. 30 - Camp food poor. All food supplied by Red Cross.

Feb. 2nd - Camp Education program begins. 180 children in primary dept. 200 adults study languages and lectures.

Feb. 3 - Camp Census: 2,339 Americans, 875 British, 27 Dutch, 36 Polish, 4 Belgian, 9 Other Nationalities. Total: 3,290
Some of the internees were transferred to Military Camp, hospitals or taken out altogether.

Feb. 7 - Report of Medical Committee - Need of medical supplies and hospital facilities.

Feb. 11 - Three internees escape over wall. *[Three young internees (two British: Thomas Henry Fletcher, Henry Edward Weeks and one Australian: Blakey Borthwick Laycock), wishing to join troops in Bataan, escape over wall at night. They are recaptured and tortured.]*

Feb. 12 - One internee escaped over wall.

Feb. 13 - Three internees captured and returned to Camp, questioned and taken out by guards.

Feb. 14 - One internee escapes over wall.

Feb. 15 - Commandant orders all internees out on front patio for "public execution". Some felt that this meant everyone was to be publicly executed and they prayed, some hid, some tried to commit suicide. At 12:25, the execution took place by Japanese firing squad of the 3 who escaped Feb. 11th. Thomas Fletcher *[age 29]*, Henry Weeks *[age 28]* and Blakely Laycock *[age 25]* had to kneel by an open trench. Firing squad shot them and as they fell into trench, the guards shoveled dirt on them. No one knew if they were even dead. Internees had to witness and then Commandant spoke, "I regret the necessity of the execution of your fellow men; but by orders of the Imperial Headquarters, I must fulfill my duties so that you may learn thereby." Camp Committee begged Internees not to try to escape and to realize we are on an island. There is little chance of getting away. Further offense might also mean Camp punishment.

[Prison Tortures/murder witnessed by Ernest Stanley, New York Times January 8, 1946. On Feb 12, 1942 there were three men who had escaped from Santo Tomas. They had jumped the wall to catch a boat and sail to Australia. Unfortunately, they were caught. The three men were Blakely Borthwick Laycock age 25, Henry Edward Weeks age 28, and Thomas Henry Fletcher age 29. At 11 am on Sunday Feb 15th, they were tried by military court martial and sentenced to death, because the penalty for escape was death by shooting. The Japanese Commandant and other officers read the sentencing according to Japanese Military Law. The Santo Tomas Executive Committee... Earl Carrol, Chairman of the Committee, CE Stewart, RH Pedder and a British clergyman Rev. Griffiths, together with interpreter, Ernest Stanley, had been ordered to the Manila South Police Station where the prisoners were held. On behalf of the prisoners, they begged to no avail for reconsideration of such a sentence.

After the sentence was ordered, the Reverend spoke to the men and they were escorted to the Manila North Cemetery with the entourage, to the awaiting graves dug by Japanese soldiers. They were blind folded and made to sit at the edge of the graves with their legs dangling. Several Japanese soldiers with guns stood about fifteen feet from the men and they shot each man until they fell in the grave and they continued shooting them while in the grave. The witnesses counted 13 shots. The Reverend then read a burial prayer while the Japanese soldiers stood in salute. Groans still were coming from that grave when the Japs began to shovel dirt into it. Several Japanese guards then layed sprays of bougainvillea on the graves and they walked away.

The next day the Santo Tomas Executive Committee read this into the minutes: All three men faced their end bravely and heroically without faltering. And the committee wishes to record its admiration for their superb courage.]

[Feb. 16 - R. Tsurumi of the Japanese Consular Service appointed Commandant. He replaced Lt. Tomayasu who died of paratyphoid.]

Feb. 24 - Camp opens "War on Bed Bugs", a boiling water brigade disperses enemy. Not a single civilian was lost in battle.

Feb. 25 - Camp garden started. Spinach, beans, carrots, sweet potatoes, kangkong *[a semi-aquatic tropical plant that is a popular vegetable in the Philippines]*. Seeds were sent in by the Manila Dept. of Science and Agriculture.

Feb. 26 - Red Cross assures Internees of funds for food. Outlook was brighter!

Feb. 27 - Barbwire fence built around Seminary. Jesuit Fathers of Spain are to retain Seminary.

Mar. 2nd - Mentally deranged internee escapes over fence.

Mar. 3rd - Shanty constructed with materials brought to fence by Filipinos. Nipa [palm leaves], bamboo, boards, tins, wire and canvas.

March 7 - Liquor prohibited in Camp by Japanese.

March 8 - 12 Navy Nurses interned.

Mar. 29 - Palm Sunday observed with religious services. Filipinos Catholics bring "palms" to fence.
Mar. 31 - Women form a "Mending" Committee to sew and mend for those in need (helpless men).

Apr. 2 - Camp garden yields 1st meal of leafy vegetables.
Apr. 4 - The 11th baby is born in Camp. *[Dorothy Ann Aucoin, American]*

Apr. 5 - Easter Serves are observed. Each child receives 1 egg at noon. Male choir of 30 voices and mixed group of 25 voices sing in afternoon.

Apr. 7 - Each internee is to answer the following questions submitted by Japanese Propaganda Section of Army:
"1. Which is more responsible for outbreak of war. Answer: Japan? America? or Britain?
2. Who will win this war?
3. Will this war be a protracted one?
4. Will this war end in short time?
5. Will this war end in victory?
6. What is problem after war?
7. Which treatment is best: the treatment of local Japanese received by American Army here or treatment Japanese Army give you?" Did we laugh and answer.

[Apr. 9 - The fall of Bataan Peninsula results in 75,000 Filipino and American prisoners.]

Apr. 12 - Internees plan Bridge Tournament. 84 teams enter. Not enuff [sic] cards.

Apr. 24 - Curfew hour for all Internees extended from 7:30 to 9:00. Looks like Internees are growing up or being "velly good".

May 5, 1942 - Fifth month of Internment Camp. Blackout lifted.

May 6th - Corregidor Falls. Sad day in Camp. Jap guards and officers all got drunk. *[The fall of Corregidor resulted in 11,000 more POWs.]*

May 12 - Permission to write letters home. 2,000 letters were placed into the Japanese Censor's box.

May 17 - First twins born in Camp. Charles Edward and Sandra Mae Gervie - no diapers!
[Records list these twins were born on Oct. 11, 1941 to Casimir and Bernice Gervie two months before the December bombing of Pearl Harbor. Martha Bullert must have confused these twins with another set of twins. On May 17, 1942, Ngaire Joan Atkinson was born to Alec and Madge Atkinson in the Holy Ghost Convent which was an extension of Santo Tomas Camp. Both her sisters and mother were in the convent and her father was in the main Santo Tomas Camp where they later joined him after the convent was closed. Records show 6 babies were born in May 1942 but none were twins. From 1942-1945, 75 "war babies" were born at Santo Tomas Internment Camp.]

May 29 - Garden area enlarged by digging up more lawns.

June 16 - Camp Labor Call - Every man from 18 to 50 must do some Camp work, like gardening, cooking, sanitation, hospital aids, sewing, latrines, etc.

June 28 - Japanese agree to allot pay 35¢ per person per day for food.

July 7 - Camp Medical checkup. Announces TB, amoebic dysentery and enteritis on increase.

Aug. 8th, 1942 - American Internees ordered to build shed for Jap guards at gate.

Aug. 25 - Two meals per day only, except for those over 80 years old, teen agers and babies, medical certificate.

[Sept. 1, 1942 - Typhoon; and S. Kuroda, a steel and hardware merchant of Shanghai, becomes Japanese Commandant of Santo Tomas Internment Camp.]

Sept. 29 - Jap guards make a surprise search of all parcels delivered at fence - and find notes, letters, money, so receipts of parcels is finished. Gates closed! Amen.

Oct. 18 - Internee escapes. Captured by Jap. guard brought into Camp and publicly tortured. Taken out by guards. No one knew what happened! *[Sentenced to 30 days of confinement in jail.]*

Nov. 16 - Internees who refuse to work for Camp - no food.

Nov. 22 - Rats outnumber Internees. Internees declare war on Rats!

Dec. 19 - Cebu Internees arrive. 148 in all.

Dec. 23 - Japanese show movies in Camp.

Dec. 24, 1942 - Community Christmas sing.

Dec. 25, 1942 - Filippinos send ice cream to children in Camp.

1943

Jan. 1st - New Years Resolution "Carry On"

Jan. 6th - 23 Internees arrive from Tacloben. *[Tacloban POW Camp, Tacloben, Philippines]*

Jan. 12 - 30 men who had served in Army are transferred to Bilibid. *[Bilibid was a former civilian prison converted to a POW camp, hospital and transit camp for POWS. Almost every man captured on Corregidor passed through this camp at one time or another. As it was a transit point for movement to other camps, and for hell ships to Japan, it is safe to say that over 80% of all survivors from Bataan also passed through this camp.]*

Jan. 20 - Space in Camp becomes scarce as more people are interned. Shanties number 554 and people living in shanties 2,030. More urged to move out.

Mar. 8 - Orthodox Jews ask for uncooked food so they may comply with their religion. Japanese laugh and say "No".

Mar. 10 - Bacolod *[Internment Camp]* Internees arrive. Dirtiest people in Camp. 147 of them.

Apr. 19 - Twelve Cables received from America. Mail bags publicly burned.

May 14 - Los Banos Camp opened. 786 men transferred and 12 Navy nurses. This relieves the crowded conditions at Santo Tomas. Camp population now down to 3,547.

May 23 - First woman escapes. Margaret Ruan Fallsom. *[Margaret Ruan Folsom]*
[March 30, 1944, Margaret R. Folsom, who escaped from Santo Tomas Internment Camp (STIC) on May 23, 1942, imprisoned in Bilibid Prison. She is later moved to Mandaluyong Correctional Institution. Feb. 10, 1945, Japanese shell Camp: 2 internees killed, several wounded. Japanese take 20 men from Malate Church, including four Irish priests, and execute them. Mandaluyong Correctional Institution liberated which results in release of Margaret Ruan Folsom and Claire "High Pockets" Phillips.]

May 24 - Commandant's office moves to Education building. The 2,000 letters written by Internees a year ago are found in desk drawer - uncensored and unsent! Sad day! Many had believed....

June 1st - Breakfast = 1 cup tea substitute
1 ladle (cup) corn meal mush
1 spoon molasses
Supper = 1 plate (cup) garden vegetables boiled

1 banana
1 cup tea or substitute
Food getting soupier. More and more garden veg. are needed for children

June 8 - Typhoon sweeps over city. Garden and grounds under 2 feet of water.
Toilets are pails and barrels. Water lasts a week. Now we know what Noah went thro [sic]!

June 16 - Internees receive ration cards. May purchase from Japanese store.
For 1 year
Men: 1 pair shorts
1 short sleeve sport shirt
1 pair socks
Women: 1 pair bloomers - and I mean bloomers!
1 one-piece dress (like hoover apron) *[hoover apron: a woman's coverall in the form of a dress that closes by a tie at the waist and has overlapping reversible front]*
1 cotton hosiery

June 22 - Iloilo Internees arrive. 109 men, women and kids.

July 14 - 4 men escape and 1 woman. One fell down from wall and broke ribs, others were captured and publicly tortured, then put into 1 room (jail) for 60 days with **only** breakfast.

Sept. 23 - 127 Internees to be repatriated to U.S. on Teia Maru *[Japanese troop ship]* to meet Gripsholm.
[M.S. Gripsholm, built in 1925, was the first diesel-powered cruise ship to cross the Atlantic and its luxurious interiors were modeled after one of Sweden's most famous castles. Though seafaring vessels were in high demand during WWII, the U.S. government was able to charter the Gripsholm and its sister ship, the S.S. Drottningholm, to use as repatriation vessels for prisoner-of-war exchanges. The ships were painted white and lit up with bright lights at night to broadcast their protected status. Enemy governments agreed to give the ships safe passage.]
Nov. 14 - Typhoon hits Manila. 27 inches rain in 3 days. Camp inundated again. No drinking water, food supply slim, no toilets. Grand free-for-all - rather smelly!

Dec. 2nd - Commandant announces: "Army will feed prisoners. No sugar, no fats, no oils, no meat, no milk, no bread, no coffee." Internees announce: "Amen."

Dec. 10 - Transferred to Los Banos *[Civilian Internment Camp about 25 miles southeast of Manila]* - 127 women.

Dec. 16 - Comfort Kits that arrived on Teia Maru and Gripsholm are infested. Bayonets run into cans of corned beef to "test" if it's really canned stuff or notes concealed! Klim *[brand of powdered milk]* opened and hands poked into it. Camp committee complains of ruining of food. Cigarettes are removed from kits.

Dec. 17 - Comfort Kits are distributed. 1 Kit per person. 44 pounds contents: Klim, corn beef, pork loaf, spam, butter, bullion, cheese, raisins, prunes, powdered orange juice, sewing needles, and thread. Hurrah! Everybody had corned beef for luncheon!

Dec. 24, 1943 - Christmas Concert. Handel's Oratorio. The Messiah sung by 150 Internees of any and all creeds - Beautiful. Otherwise not much Christmas spirit. Everybody had 1 cup of sweet potato greens for dinner extra. Reminded me of Turkey!

1944

Jan 1st - New Years Resolution - "We WILL Carry On!"

Jan. 2nd - Davao Internees arrive. 279 - one died enroute. *[Davao Internment Camp on the island of Mindanao was a fairly large Japanese prison and penal farm.]*

Jan. 6th - Camp population: 3939

Jan. 20 - Medical Dept. reports epidemic of measles, whooping cough and chicken pox.

Jan. 30 - Garden enlarged. No lawns left. People physically able dug up around Nipa *[palm frond]* shacks and buildings and between sidewalks and planted anything, even weeds. One pod of beans with 4 beans in it sold for $1.00 or a can of food. Kitchen diet now stands at 800 grams of corn mush - and only mush. 1 cup in morning and 1 cup at 4:30 p.m.

Feb. 14 - Internee attempts to escape. Is shot by wall. Commandant ordered "No internees allowed within 20 yards of wall surrounding Camp." Another 4 strand barb wire fence is erected 20 yards from stone wall.

Feb. 22 - Japanese bring in 400 ducks for their "duck farm". Take part of our garden to fence in their ducks. Internees drool. Just one of these for dinner would be ducky!

Mar. 3rd - Six truck loads of parcel post and packages arrive - 341 bags.

Mar. 9 - Four Internees taken out by guards. Suspected of operating a Radio.

Mar. 19 - Internees ordered to construct guard towers for Japanese. Everyone offered to labor for this project because it meant getting up on the stone wall and seeing the other side of World! And - well - maybe dash away!! Two did.

Mar. 20 - No Public Meetings or Services Allowed. No walking in groups. No talking in huddles. No loitering. No looking up at sky wishing for American planes to come. By order of Commandant.

Mar. 30 - Woman who escaped May 23, 1943 caught. Interned in hospital. A mental case.

April 1st - Japanese Guards search bedrooms at 2 a.m. for radio sets. Even water pipes of radiator were disconnected. News is leaking out and in...This is the 4th such search.

April 13 - Internees reprimanded for not bowing properly, so we had a 3 hour practice. Many got slapped around.

Apr. 18 - Camp inspection from Headquarters - Tojo again. He was so hated...everyone looked sleepy and droopy, uncombed, didn't bow nicely. Inspectors displeased. Ordered internees to wake up and

smile and work harder to survive! Nice suggestions! Also ordered that no poison be used in rat traps. Scared we push poison into their food - huh?

Tojo ordered internees to wear better clothes and take an interest in cleanliness and upkeep. Some Joke! No soap for over a year. Anyway, who smells different and better? Men looked most dilapidated. Pants with a nail to hold fly shut.

Apr. 20 - Commandant orders all internees to sign [illegible] Oath.
"To His Excellency
The Commandant of the Military
Internment Camps of Philippine Islands
I, the undersigned, hereby solemnly pledge myself that I will not, under any circumstance, attempt to escape or conspire directly or indirectly against the Japanese Military Authorities as long as I am in their custody." Signed: _____" Phooey

56 of us would not sign. Got no supper.

Apr. 21 - Three of us not signing were called into office. Told to sign. 7 of us refused again. No food for 3 days.

Apr. 24 - Guards came in to have us sign. Slapped us. I was bayonated for refusing, Lillie Hussick was bayoneted and slapped. Ellis Hammer was kicked. So we ended up signing with a scrawl they'll never read and believe me, cussing.

May 1st - 12 Internees jailed 30 days for waving at Filipinos in house window across street from Camp.

May 6 - Japanese bring in 6 cows for their kitchen. Internees drool! Internees had to kill and clean animals for them. Told we would have legs up to 1st knee joint, head and skin. Internees line up with buckets. Head and feet sent to kitchen for soup for all internees. Skin cut into pieces and intestines torn apart by internees and boiled up for a rich broth. Everybody celebrated. Yummy.

May 29 - Everett Harris executed for spreading "news".

May 30 - Rations cut from 800 grams to 500 grams (less than a baby eats).

June 1st - Parcels and mail which were received March 3rd are publicly burned because "some mailbags had been stolen from room". After 3 months of waiting, this was hard to take.

July 8th - 407 nuns and priests and ministers brought into Camp.

July 17 - Japanese Military takes pictures of internees in groups of 5 with a number placard in front. We all stuck out our tongue or winked or looked cross eyed or laughed with mouth wide open. It was hilarious and they got nowhere.

Aug. 1st - Several Pigs brought into Camp for Japanese officers' mess. Internees drool! And grunt!

Aug. 15 - Commandant announces new labor schedule.

Teen agers 10 to 15 - work 2 hours daily
Children 15 and men and women over 60 - 3 hours daily
Women and Men 50 to 60 - 4 hours daily
Women and Men 18 to 50 - 5 hours daily
Rations cut from 500 grams to 450 grams daily. Whew!

Aug. 22 - Air raid alert - Total blackout to be continued indefinitely! Things begin to look darker!

[Aug. 25 - Japanese execute 5 American female non-internees for alleged spying.]

Sept. 13 - Rations cut to 300 grams. Hell, why bother to Eat!

Sept. 20 - Medical Dept. announces Typhus, Typhoid, and dysentery rampant. 4th case of Polio. 2 deaths due to polio.

Sept. 21 - Air Raid. First American planes came at 8:00 a.m. Group of 80 bombers leave Manila Bay in black smoke. Beautiful. More than 400 planes during entire day. (43 Jap ships were sunk in harbor.) Everybody cheers! 17 Americans punished because of display of emotions in looking up at planes and cheering. Had to stand by wall guarded by Japs and "look up at sky all day". Some were blinded for weeks, faces swollen. Invasion of Leyte took place. This was a Great Day!

Sept. 23 - Air Raid. Commandant orders Internees to build air raid shelters for guards. internees work real slow.

Sept. 26 - Commandant issues rules. Any Internee not obeying WILL be shot.

A. Matters which are prohibited:
   1. To run away or plan to run away.
   2. All acts to communicate with the outside secretly.
   3. All acts to bring into Camp or send out of Camp articles of any kind.
B. Possession or use prohibited:
   1. Communications apparatus
   2. Electrical supplies
   3. Optical instruments and materials

Looks good for us, eh?

Oct. 9 - Four truckloads of Japanese officers and some women enter Camp and erect tents in Southwest Garden area. Block and tackle is set up in front of Commandant's office. This area out of bounds.

Oct. 10 - Internees have Duck Soup - hurrah. Necks, feet and heads of all ducks killed by Japs. 80 were given to Internees. The children grabbed the vicera and dragged them away. Internees cleaned them and boiled these, too. Great rejoicing and tummy petting. Yummy.

Oct. 12 - Curfew at 7:00. Everyone must be in room. Say we, "It can't be long now." Internees declare war on crawling things - lice, bedbugs, fleas, ants, nits. There was no victory for Internees in their battle.

Oct. 15 - Air Raid Alert - 8:57 a.m. No movement of people permitted in Camp till 1:36.

Oct. 17 - First two floors of Education building evacuated. Japanese move in. Americans stay on 3rd floor. Protection?? Air Raid 7:21 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Oct. 18 - Air Raid Alert - 7:48 a.m. to 5:25 p.m. 3 good bombings black oil smoke by Port area. We're happy! Michaels Field bombed, too. Smoking.

Oct. 19 - Air Raid - 7:25 a.m. to 5 p.m. EPM Fires and smoke south of city. Keep Coming Boys! Commandant complains about Internees watching flames. This is forbidden!! Threatens punishment.

Oct. 20th - Air raid 7:00 a.m. to 2:59 p.m. We're getting might hungry; but keep it up Boys! It can't be long now! 2 Carabou brought into Camp for Japanese mess.

Oct. 21 - Air Raid 7:49 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. 2 Carabou killed for Japs. Hundreds of Internees lined up for feet and viscera and skin. Everybody had broth and shared their loot. It was so good. WIsh they'd eat more Carabou.

Oct. 23 - High Command (Tojo) inspects Camp. Greatly displeased with attitude of Internees. Only the sick and little children may be seated when Jap officers are present. Others should stand and bow! The old boys comment, "You are velly disrespectfully!" So who cares to respect who???

Oct. 24 - Air Raid 5:58 p.m. to 3:56 p.m. 2 Cows brought in and killed for Japs. Internees help kill them. Chop off legs way high and throw them to children to drag away. Skin the cows and cut up into meat and toss skin to kids. Broth in the kitchen for all. Good.

Oct. 26 - All men ordered out to cut grass for more Cows brought in that a.m. Reason for asking men to cut grass. Commandant says, "Grass will not be available next March." We hope not! Neither will we!! Grass is stored in hallway of 4th floor and in our room of Ed. building. (After release, we found this and the fuel barrels was intended for our Execution.)

Oct. 28 - Rations cut to 187 grams per day. We can't make it much longer. Corn only. Trees are leafless, roots are being dug up and boiled.

Nov. 1st - Camp Inspection. Report "Internees disrespectful. Do not bow proper." Commandant orders "Each morning and evening after roll call, internees must practice bowing for 1 hour. This is to include all men, women and children."

Nov. 5 - Air Raid 7:25 a.m. to 6:40 p.m. Commandant orders, "No work be planned for next 3 days. Everyone practice bowing." 3 Internees punished at 8:00 a.m. for watching air raid. Had to march to front gate and bow to 23 guards and stand at gate and look up at sky rest of day. Were carried to hospital at 4:10 blinded and swollen. 2 Internees were not in room at 7:10 p.m. so were taken to front gate and held for 24 hours without food or water. Feinted and carried to hospital.

Nov. 7 - Air raid 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. 22 tons of rice brought in and stored for Japanese Army. Did we drool. Men punched holes in sacks and let kids catch rice as it ran out into cloth bags. Kids carried it back to kitchen and everyone had rice and corn mixed for supper unknown to Japs. Good.

Nov. 8 - 450 bags corn stored in Jap Bodega. 3 trucks ammunition piled up at front gate. 7 truckloads of oil drums stored in garden. Internee labor. It can't be long now. This action looked good to us.

Nov. 13 - Air raid 7:50 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. City smoking. Not allowed to look out of windows or at sky.

Nov. 27 - Electric power shut off in city. Blackout everywhere. Commandant orders, "Air Raid Permanently On". We're glad. So this was our Thanks giving Day. Everyday is Thanksgiving if only Americans come nearer. Some people wanted to beg the Commandant to let us all have Thanksgiving Services but others said, "No, we will never ask for Anything." Some said, "Thanksgiving, what in heck is there to be thankful for? We're still in this Hell hole." There was much to be thankful for those who were still alive. The soldiers parading on guard on top of the Main Building around the parapet with bayonets glistening in the sun were a symbol for their Bayonets remained ever beneath The Cross on Santo Tomas! Always below the Cross!

Dec. 1st, 1944 - More trees were cut down for cooking fuel. Our big beautiful trees, one by one, chairs and tables from the University were chopped up when the guards were not watching.

Dec. 3rd - Due to the many children begging Japanese guards for food, the Commandant ordered all areas around guard houses and patrol area "out of bounds". Parents would be severely punished if disobeyed.

Dec. 6 - All rooms searched. Razors confiscated. Camp rations reduced to 150 grams. Impossible to live. 10, 12, up to 17 deaths per day.

Dec. 15 - Air raids continue day and nite [sic]. Flack from anti aircraft injured several internees.

Dec. 16 - Air raids continue. Fourth War on Bed Bugs declared by Internees. Due to lack of ammunition, vitality, and small army, bed bugs won. Internees retreated.

Dec. 17 - Rations cut to 137 grams - to be effective soon!

Dec. 23rd - New Rations go into effect. Japanese Christmas present to Internees. 137 grams is 1 soupy delicious cup of corn meal mush per day. That's all. News of this ration cut plus death rate reached America. Government called Tokyo, Tokyio called Manila. Imperial Army Police came in searched for radio sending or receiving set. No luck. Searched for 13 hours while we were restricted to stay in our beds with no food or water. No luck.... (But we did have a radio, concealed in Commandant's loudspeaker. (One of the 5 horns was ours and a set was also hidden in one garbage barrel which had had only earth and hay on top of it for over a year and a half and broken wood around it.)

Dec. 24 - At end of search, Carrol Grinnel and 4 others chosen at random were held responsible for the "Complaint" and were put into jail. Carrol Grinnel was American "head" of Camp and liaison with Commandant. He had been head of General Electric for Asia before war. There were no Christmas Carols.

Dec. 25th - Seven a.m. Meredith Courtney (sp?) left Main building to go on duty in hospital kitchen. He saw a paper on roadway, picked it up and rushed back to building. Others went out, saw more papers. A Christmas message dropped from the heavens - the leaflets read: "The Commander in Chief, the Officers and men of the American Armed Forced of Liberation in the Pacific wish their gallant Allies, the people of the Philippines, all the blessings of Christmas and a realization of their most fervent hopes for the New Year. Christmas 1944. sign: McArthur"
What a Wonderful Christmas message - a promise of our most fervent hopes....freedom!

Dec. 26 - Father of 5 children steals a cup of corn meal mush. Stabbing with fellow Internee results. Both wounded and taken to hospital.

Dec. 29 - Jap. officers search shanty area, confiscate knives, hammers, pliers, tools of all kinds.

Dec. 31 - Curfew at 8:00 instead of 7:00 . Bunch Jap officers come in 3 cars, stay in Camp all nite [sic].

1945

Jan 1st - New Years Resolution - "We Will Try to Carry On!" Air raid. Carrol Grinnel and 3 others taken out of jail and out of camp. (After our liberation, we learned they had been taken to Fort Santiago and killed after 9 days of torture.)

Jan. 7 - Air raids day and night. Bombings heavy. Smoke over Michels Field and Bay.

Jan. 9 - Leaflets dropped. "The Battle of the Philippines is in its final phase." Invasion of Luzon had taken place. Hurrah!

Jan. 15 - Commandant orders: "No movement in or out of buildings in Camp except by permission of guards and officers." Car loads of officers come in and out to eat and sleep.

Jan. 17 - J. B. Eisenberg escapes over wall. Two men chosen at random from his building are publicly beaten and tortured by Japs - so "we might learn".

Jan. 26 - Heavy explosions and cannonading in Mariquina Valley. Question of the day, "Where are our American boys? When will they come?"

Jan. 28 - Dr. Stevenson put into jail because medical staff signed death certificates: "Malnutrition" as cause of death. Commandant warns doctors. Sentence: Death unless they specifiy other causes. Dr. Stevenson refuses and is jailed.

Jan. 29 - No food. Death rate 7 today. Bodies are wrapped in swali cloth (grass mats) and taken to front gate where Japanese dispose of them.

Jan. 30 - Heavy demolition. Fires all nite [sic]. Japs are destroying their own installations. Where oh where are our Boys in Khaki?

Dec. 1st - Japs kill and eat last Carabou in Camp. Internees get entrails and feet. What a feast to taste the broth. Only 23 pigs remain.

Dec. 2nd - Silimor everywhere. *[silimor mortar]*. Jap trucks enter Camp. All rice taken out of Bodegas. Japs strip gardens. Corn rations down to 11 sacks - a 2-day supply. Internees have stolen and hidden another 2-day supply. Mighty hungry everyone.

***Feb. 3rd - 5:30** Conflagrations everywhere. Fuel and body cremation smell. At 5:30, eleven "Hell Cats" fly over Camp. One swoops down low - drops package. No anti aircraft fire anywhere. Internees gather round package, a box with pair of goggles and a note "Roll out the Barrel"! Boy, we'd like to! Shelling can be heard outside city. 11 deaths today. Please hurry Boys! No enemy Roll Call - unusual! Jap officers are in front of Main building and Education building burning papers and chairs for wood on fire. Rifle fire can be heard.....what's coming?

7:40 Everyone is in our rooms, silent, praying, hoping, thinking. Could this be our boys? "Crazy" says someone. "It's guerillas." Some who always prayed were now cussing. "Why are we in this hell. Will all be hostages if the guerillas don't stop!"

8:40 Camp is surrounded by tanks and motorized units. Windows are crowded with Internees 2 and 3 deep. It is hazy, just too dark to see who, what and where. The noise is hard on nerves. People who never prayed before, prayed now out loud. Some were sobbing. Some cried loud. It was like something inside of each human would break. A glow of fires over the city make us feel an inferno were closing in on us, too. A giant shook the steel grill fence in front and the reverberations were heard by everyone. Again, he shook it. People were holding on to each other. Max *[Max White, father of son Douglas]* said, "Martha, get our last milk supply for Douglas and let's stay together out of the building. Something's going to happen!" I ran and got over 5# of Klim wrapped in a towel and was going to leave the Main building at the front entrance. There were 13 people in the front half ready to leave but too late! The giant had shaken the grill gate for the 3rd time, crashed it down, ground its way through the cement wall. 3 flares were shot up. Everyone was silent, everyone must have been praying. (We found after our liberation the 3 flares were a signal that the 1st Tank had entered. All lights everywhere were turned on and men tumbled over the walls and set up machine guns, etc.)

8:45 - First American Tank entered and stopped at entrance by front of Main building, followed by tanks, Jeeps and trucks. We were speechless.

Out of 1st tank came 2 men. 1st man short, lemon yellow, funny clothes and short gun said, "Well we're here, you're free!" He said it twice, but we could not comprehend Freedom that way. (Carl Mydans, photographer for Life *[Magazine]* He and his wife who wrote, "An Open City" had been interned 8 months and then repatriated). Second man, also lemon yellow and funny gun said nothing. Third guy huge, tall, yellow said, "We are Americans! I'm from Texas. We've come to set you Free!" That was understood. "Americans - come to set you free". You heard it repeated from person to person all over the building. Free - Americans!

12 hours before our hour of execution - for the hay, the fuel oil, had been meant for our execution set for Feb. 4th. And it was a Jap Guard who got the info to MacArthur who tho [sic] not ready for Manila and any liberation - to liberate Malacan Palace, Santo Tomas and Bilibid.

10:00 All were not free. 212 American women, men and children were trapped in the Education building, taken as hostages by the Jap officers and guards who would not surrender until they were given their freedom on Feb. 5th.

Feb. 4th - Silence all over city. Fires everywhere. We chatted with soldiers on duty, ate their rations, ate the 23 Jap pigs and might as well have drank a quart of castor oil for results were the same. Our bodies were not ready for a splurge! Talked and talked and examined their guns, Jeeps, unheard of before.

Feb. 5th - First American Mail brought in by Red Cross. Also tooth brushes, combs, soap. Oh! What fun. Everybody lined up and it was Christmas!

Feb. 7 - First Army trucks roll in with food for us. Soldiers were hungry too for we had eaten all of their C&K rations. Our 1st breakfast was 1 whole cup milk for everyone; 2 cups mush and heaping spoon of sugar. Luncheon was 1 heaping scoop of corn beef hash. People couldn't eat it all, only a spoonful at time. Official Flag raising as McArthur comes to Camp. Talks and shakes hands. No emotions, no tears, no laughter and shouts when liberated, but when the **American Flag** was raised at Santo Tomas, every face was tear stained. What a beautiful flag, and it has always meant Freedom!

Feb. 8th - Japanese shell Santo Tomas. 11 Internees killed. 111 wounded.

Feb. 9th - Japanese shell Santo Tomas. 15 Internees killed. 90 wounded. West side of Main building and front of Education building demolished.

Feb. 10th 17 Internees killed; many wounded. Filippino civilians wounded brought into Camp. Santo Tomas becomes 5th Field Hospital. Army wounded and Corps come in. Entire lower floor and halls full of patients. Civilians able to hold bottles of blood plasma stand by stretchers and help. Doctors and nurses administer plasma and oxygen. Soldiers die right and left. Battle of Manila has begun.

Feb. 11 - 11th Airborne *[U.S. Army]* drops men, 37th Infantry reinforcements arrive. Men who liberated us and with whom we chatted are brought in wounded and dy. The 2nd garden plot becomes a Cemetery. 30 funerals in 1 hour. A green sack is slipped over head and tied at waist, another slips over legs and ties above waist, and they are buried. Fires rage everywhere. Shells whistle round about us. No place is safe.

Feb. 12 - Army planes land on street. 64 Army nurses and some sick people are flown out and home. First to Leyte by 4's and then home on big transport planes.

Feb. 18th - Philippine General Hospital is liberated. Patients tell of mass rape and slaughter.

Feb. 21st - Bodies of Carrol Grinnel, Duggelby, Johnson and Larson found in trench at Santiago. Bodies brought into Camp. All internees have a Memorial service. These men were taken out of Camp Jan. 1st after torture because news of our rations was received in U.S. State Dept.

* **Feb. 22** - Los Banos liberated - by perfect timed miraculous liberation. About 360 people from Santo Tomas leave for America. Cancer cases, aged, babies and the families, by plane to Leyte, then by boat to U.S. We envy but are happy they can go already. Soon it will be our turn too. Douglas goes home too!

Feb. 23 - Maniglugian *[? the Filipino word for "harm"]* liberated - 8000 Filippinos and Americans with only 2 liberated alive. All slaughtered. Mr. Brown one of 2 is brought into Santo Tomas where his wife and son are. The other man also. Both have gone temporary nutty.

Feb. 27 - Last garrison of Japs destroyed in Manila. What is left of Manila is now free. 2/3 of population was massacred as Japs retreated into walled city. Human bodies are piled high in streets. Soldiers sorted out bodies of Soldiers from Jap and Filipinos. Filipinos piled on side of street for identification. American soldiers wrapped and loaded for burial. Japs tossed in middle of street and later Bulldozed into Manila Bay where *[Cub - ? - illegible]* planes sprayed bodies with lye and oil. Stench in city is like a thousand unflushed toilets.

March - Helped in hospital. Visited with soldiers in hospitals. Walked thro [sic] rubble of Manila. Ate luscious meals with Officers on L.J.T.s and boats coming into Bay. Waited for our turn to go back home to America. Single people, married couples with older children or no children and all 3rd party Nationals were on last boat to go home. Lots of work cleaning up rubble.

April 9th - Our turn to leave. The S.S. Eberle, a troop transport, takes last of internees , 3100 home. Also 3 hospital ships. We have a convoy of 7 destroyers. We receive clean "going home" clothes. I have a new WAC shirt, WAVE skirt, Army nurse raincoat with liner and G.I. shoes. Do we look funny. But clean and so new. We're off. By trucks to the boat.

April 13 - Death at Sea - Burial very impressive, as body is dropped into H2O, the longitude and latitude are logged and spot marked where body is buried "at sea". That and American flag given to parents.

April 17 - News of FDR's death. Mourned by the British!!! Whose President now? No one had ever heard of Harry S. Truman. The British said the Americans were cold and without feelings for we didn't break down and wear black when the announcement was made.

April 19 - Convoy leaves us at Ulithi Islands. These are a supply base for U.S. Army. A 2-mile mine field around the area, planes overhead, subs pop up out of water. A convoy is getting ready to leave for the fighting area. We stay there overnight and refuel. Ice Cream served. Kids don't know what it is!

May 2nd - We arrive at San Pedro (Los Angeles) 10 a.m. Hard to believe this is the U.S.A. Here we are under the most beautiful flag in the world - Stars and Stripes, the flag of Freedom and Free men.

Everybody was processed by the F.B.I. and then by the Red Cross.

May 14th - Arrived at La Crosse [Wisconsin]. Friends at station. Stayed at FER [?]. College gave a "Welcome Back" party. Still felt pretty weak when the celebration started. Didn't realize it till then.

July 1st - Arrived at Arlington. Whole town at station. What a welcome. Banquet at school house. Dance 1st between 3 hours and 20 minutes. Town gave me a $200 cash prize!

So this is Home!!!