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Place of Interview: Dallas, Texas

Interviewer: Dr. Ron Marcello

Terms of Use: Open

Approved: H. Stanley

Date: 3/12/73

Oral History Collection

Mr. Henry Stanley

Interviewer: Dr. Ronald E. Marcello

Place of Interview: Dallas, Texas Date: March 12, 1973

Dr. Marcello: This is Ron Marcello interviewing Mr. Henry Stanley for the North Texas State University Oral History Collection. The interview is taking place on March 12, 1973, in Dallas, Texas. I am interviewing Mr. Stanley in order to get his reminiscences and experiences and impressions while he was a prisoner-of-war of the Japanese during World War II. Mr. Stanley was captured on the Bataan Peninsula in the Philippine Islands and is a suvivor of the Bataan Death March. Mr. Stanley, to begin this interview would you tell me where you were born and when you were born and what your education is--things of that nature? Just be very brief in this.

Mr. Stanley: I was born in south Georgia in the country in Milan, Georgia. I lived in the country up until I joined the service--farm boy.

Dr.Marcello: When were you born?

Mr. Stanley: June 12, 1920.

Dr. Marcello: Why did you decide to enter the service?

Stanley: In 1941, times was pretty rough for a country boy, and twenty-one dollars a month and food was pretty big. I was working for fifty cents a day, ploughing an old mule for fifty cents a day and food, so twenty-one dollars a month looked pretty big.

Marcello: Where did you take your basic training?

Stanley: Savannah, Georgia. Savannah Air Base.

Marcello: When did you enter the service?

Stanley: March 15, 1941.

Marcello: What was your training like? Is there anything out of the ordinary that happened?

Stanley: Not much training. No, I was joining the Air Corps and the training was . . . did a little marching, did a little guard duty, but the training was mild. We left Savannah Air Base and went to the beach and had about three or four hours of rifle training, and that was just about all we had. Of course, you went through recruiting like picking up trash, serving KP, but as far as getting out and marching and carrying a pack and all that, we did not do it because I was in the Air Corps.

Marcello: Did you have adequate weapons and all this sort of thing to train with? You hear a lot about the unpreparedness of the country at that time, and I was wondering how your unit was prepared.

Stanley: My unit was prepared real well for what we were supposed to do, but after we got over in the Philippines, we had no reason for that same stuff. I was in the Air Corps ordnance, and our main job was to load the guns and the ammunition in the planes. Well, we lost all the airplanes we had the first day of the war, so actually we were not prepared to fight on Bataan.

Marcello: Why did you pick the Air Corps over the Army or the Navy or the Marines?

Stanley: Well, I went to Macon, Georgia, to the recruiting sign, and they had all of them there, and I had never been away from home too much, and Savannah Air Base was the closest, and I thought, "Well, I will just get close to home."

Marcello: What were your thoughts when you found out that you were going to be sent to the Philippine Islands?

Stanley: Well, like I say, I was an old country boy too dumb to understand that we were about to get into a war. War was the least of my thoughts, and about the only thing I can remember thinking was that it was sure a long ways from home, but I would get to see a lot.

Marcello: Under normal circumstances I gather that duty in the Philippines was considered to be pretty plush. In other words, that twenty-one dollars a month supposedly went a long way in the Philippines.

Stanley: Well, let's go back a little bit on that. Just as I got in they started drafting a lot of men, lots of men, and I was scared not to. I shined my shoes real well, and the old sergeant came through and gave me a big rating just because I had my shoes shined. I do not think he even knew me, but they had so many ratings in each company, and they had to fill these ratings or lose a rating, so I got a big promotion which was equal to a staff sergeant then. It was a specialist rating, and my wages jumped up to it seemed like sixty bucks a month.

Marcello: Well, you could live just like a king.

Stanley: I was in high cotton.

Marcello: I gather then that you really did not have any idea whatsoever that the country would be getting into war in 1941.

Stanley: No, I do not think . . . we knew they were fighting a lot in Europe, but we were about as surprised at the war as most of the people was when the Japs hit Hawaii, I guess. We just thought nobody would jump on us. We just thought we was too powerful, I guess.

Marcello: Could you identify your unit?

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: What was it?

Stanley: 464th Ordnance, 27th Bomb Group, at Savannah. Then they sent us overseas, and they took about three companies and formed the 454th Ordnance. That is the one that went overseas. I was in the 464th at Savannah.

Marcello: Now what bomb group was this?

Stanley: 27th Bomb Group.

Marcello: Well, describe the trip from the West Coast to the Philippines.

Stanley: I have laughed about that a lot of times. Of course, we loaded all of our equipment, and all the men loaded on one troop train, I believe. There were some more troop trains, but my whole bomb group, I believe, was on one train. I cannot remember for sure, but we zigzagged all over this United States. We left Savannah Air Base, and we did not go to Chicago, but we went . . . let's see, where did we go . . . we went up north a little to some city, then headed all the way to New Orleans, then back to St. Louis, then straight for San Francisco. We were on a troop train and that was not hard times, but that troop train ride was the first sign that the Air Corps was not gravy all the way because on that ride--I guess some of the big-shots must have had an idea--because we did not have much food on that. We really griped. We had lots of food up beside what we

had in prison, but that was the first sign of rations being cut. I mean, we ate so good at Savannah Air Base. We ate just like we sat down at a table and ordered stuff, but on that train ride they gave you old field rations, and that was the first sign that it was not gravy all the way.

Marcello: Well, when did you leave the States then?

Stanley: I couldn't tell you the exact date, but I did . . .

Marcello: Was it in November of 1941?

Stanley: Yes, around the first of November we arrived in the Philippine Islands, which was Roosevelt's Thanksgiving. You remember they used to have Roosevelt's Thanksgiving; it was one week earlier. We arrived over there . . . I believe it was the twenty-seventh of November. The reason I think it was the twenty-seventh is because it was approximately two weeks before they hit Pearl Harbor.

Marcello: As an old country boy, did you get seasick on the boat going over?

Stanley: Well, I wouldn't have, but this was the first time I ever had to . . . they say that right out of Frisco Bay is just as rough as any part of the ocean, and they put me on guard duty, and we were on the President Coolidge and it was a honey. That ship was more plush

than anything an old country boy had ever been on because that was a presidential liner that hauled passengers. They put me on guard duty, and my duty was to sit there at the foot of the steps and not let officers go in there where the enlisted men were. It was hard to believe I was keeping officers out, but anyway I was sitting there, and it was kind of a small spot, and that boat got to rocking and I got sick, but as soon as I got relieved and got up on top and got some fresh air, I was fine and I had no more trouble with it on the way over there.

Marcello: Did you stop in the Hawaiian Islands on the way over?

Stanley: Yes. We didn't stay long. I kind of believe . . . the best I remember the ship maybe docked overnight, but we were only on the island a few hours. I did not look the islands over much. As I say, I was an old country boy and I was afraid I would get lost downtown, I guess (laughter).

Marcello: Well, then as you say, you arrived in Manila in the Philippine Islands on November 21, 1941. What were conditions like when you got there? Actually, this was pretty close to the beginning of the war.

Stanley: Yes. Well, like I say, I was too dumb to realize. Some of the older fellows, I think, smelled a rat, but an old country boy like me was not worried about that. But it seems like that base was Fort McKinley. I can't remember.

Marcello: There was a Fort McKinley there.

Stanley: Right out of Manila. Just almost on the edge of Manila. We put up tents and we really were not doing much, except kind of unpacking and sitting around and waiting. We had a little guard duty and going through our routine of shots and physical examinations.

Marcello: Did you undertake any type of training in the short time that you were there before war broke out?

Stanley: Yes, I believe they issued us a .45, and we did a little more range shooting with the .45, and I believe that was all.

Marcello: Was the military on some sort of alert--full alert or anything like that—at the time that you got there? Or was it business as usual?

Stanley: Business as usual, I believe. We did not know much because we were sitting over there at Fort McKinley, but we were sitting by ourselves, and we were under what they called a quarantine and couldn't get out because we were recruits and we were going through a series of shots. I really didn't have much information on that. Maybe I am jumping the gun there, but just as soon as I was uptown watching the movie "Sergeant York" with Gary Cooper, the Japs hit Pearl Harbor.

Marcello: Okay, we will go back and talk about that a little later on because that is one of the questions I'll ask you later on. You do mention in your brief statement here of your activities that you took sick very shortly after you got to the Philippines. It must have been about a week after you got there. On November 27, 1941, you were taken sick with high fever and chills. Was this malaria?

Stanley: Malaria.

Marcello: You got it pretty shortly after you got there then.

Stanley: Some of them got it before we got there.

Marcello: Is that right?

Stanley: Some of them got it on the boat. You bet.

Marcello: Were you pretty well out of commission then during this time?

Stanley: Now what dates was this? You see, I forget, Doc. This was written back . . . was this before war broke out?

Marcello: Yes. You mention here about November 27, 1941, you were taken sick with high fever and chills.

Stanley: Yes. They gave me some quinine, and I did not have to report. I just stayed in the bed. I was not sick enough to be hospitalized, but I did miss my duties. That is the best I remember.

Marcello: This kind of brings us up to December 7, 1941, and I will ask the question again. Where were you and what were you doing when you heard the news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor?

Stanley: Well, I'm almost positive that when I heard it--I know I was watching the movie "Sergeant York" that same day--but I was almost positive they flashed it or come on the loudspeaker that the Japs had hit Pearl Harbor while we were in the movies, and, of course, they told all military personnel to report back to the base, and when I came out of that movie, that town was wild. Of course, they had a lot of Japanese over there, and you did not know who was pro and who was con. I finally got in a cab, and that was almost as scared as I had been in my life--riding with that durned cab. That Filipino cab driver drove like a wild maniac. But I reported back to base.

Marcello: What were your reactions when you heard about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor?

Stanley: Well, I was still, like I say, an old stupid country boy, and I just thought like a lot of those other fellows. We would have the Japs whipped in thirty days (chuckle). That is really what most of us thought. Now this was right after we heard the war broke out. We

thought that Uncle Sam was prepared to handle the Japanese. Of course, we were a little scared then because there was such a panic. We were not scared of the Japs, but we were just scared of everybody being so wild. You didn't know who was on your side and that.

Marcello: Did most of the servicemen have the typical stereotype of the Japanese? In other words, when you thought of a Japanese, what type of person did you usually think of?

Stanley: Oh, a small man, small person, and non-educated. Of course, me being a country boy, I didn't have any details on it. I just felt like that they were inferior to the Americans.

Marcello: Did you usually think of the typical Japanese as having dark and thick horn-rimmed glasses and having buck teeth like the usual cartoon character.

Stanley: Yes, and short and talked fast and fiery.

Marcello: So what happened then after you got the word about Pearl Harbor and you finally made it back to your base? Do you recall what happened then?

Stanley: Yes. Our colonel--I believe he was a colonel--didn't go over with us. He was already there kind of in charge of the people coming into the Philippines and he . . . I never will forget him. I can't remember his name, but I will never forget how he did. Boy, he got us and he told

us just as soon as we reported back, "Get your shovels and dig you some foxholes." I thought, "Well, that old guy is crazy." Then he gave his orders and said he was going to shoot the ones that didn't have a foxhole dug in a couple of hours or something like that. Of course, we all had shovels and we went to work. By the time I got that hole dug good, here comes the bombs and, boy, I thought to myself that that old colonel was a pretty sharp old cookie.

Marcello: Describe this first Japanese attack. I gather that it took place on the same day they hit Pearl Harbor.

Stanley: I believe it was the same day. Possibly it was the next day. I couldn't say for sure, but I can't remember whether it was the noon meal or the night meal, but anyway they had rung the bell to eat. They rung some kind of a bell there because we were in a small area. I was sitting on the commode when they rung that bell, and I heard some bombs fall--the first bombs--and I knew they sounded pretty close. Of course, I was not scared of them, but I got out of there pretty quick and hit one of those holes. I think I got out pulling up my pants as I was coming out, and I hit the hole pretty quick, and it was a good thing I did because they blowed

the camp pretty good, but they didn't kill a man. We were real lucky. They hit all around our camp and tore up some of the equipment, but they didn't kill a man.

Marcello: Were there any airplanes at Fort McKinley?

Stanley: No, but there was a few planes at Nichols Field, and I don't know whether any of them got off into the air or not--I mean off the ground up in the air. I don't remember. Of course, we weren't with Nichols Field. We didn't have anything to do with Nichols Fields, but they had some planes at Nichols. But they hit Clark Field about the same time they hit us, and we were headed for Clark Field. That's where all of our planes were shipped to.

Marcello: What did it feel like to come under an air attack?

Stanley: Well, this time it wasn't too bad. We realized we were in danger, but it was nothing compared to later on because they didn't hit so close. They didn't try to put them in the hole with you like they did later on. They hit the camp and you could see the trees and the buildings torn up and all, and you knew right away that they could knock you out in a hurry, but they didn't hit close enough to scare me as much as I was later.

Marcello: How many attacks were you subjected to altogether before you moved back into Bataan?

Stanley: Very few until we moved back to Bataan because I think the Japanese were just . . . they were hitting all over. I guess they were just trying to shake us all up and scare the Filipinos and the Americans off. Just as soon as we could pack up to get out, we had orders to get out. In fact, we moved out at night, and it might have been that same night. I couldn't say. It was the next night or the same night. We moved out at night and drove without lights on a road that I had never been on in my life, and that was a mess. We had several wrecks, and we were carrying bombs on our trailers because that was our job--carrying ammunition and bombs. We pulled out of Manila at night. It was a good highway, but we went in convoys, and in our whole company it seemed like we had sixteen or eighteen trucks hauling bombs and, of course, we had some other trucks and the company commander's car. We pulled out of there at night. I don't know anything about the geography of that place, but we pulled into some small town and stayed a few days, but anyway the Japs hit us there pretty often. One thing I remember about the town so well--you have probably heard this, too--is right at the edge of the town . . . the town actually didn't have over four or five stores, possibly a thousand people, because over there the towns are small

but still have a lot of people. But anyway, they had along this road, main highway . . . the next morning I looked out and it looked like a big hayfield--several hundred acres--but the Japs came over . . . let's see, now how was it . . . no, when they heard the Japs was coming, the Filipinos would come and pick up those stacks of hay and just all at once--just in a period like that (snaps fingers)--you had an airfield. We had three or four planes that was left stuck back up in the woods, and those Filipinos moved those haystacks, and those planes took off. I remember that real well. It was kind of odd to see just all at once a hayfield turn into an airfield, but somebody had organized that real quick. But in this little town, we lost five men the next day or the day after we got there, and it was just a miracle that I was not killed. These five men were all good friends of mine--all five of them. Two of them were Catholics and two were Protestants and I was Protestant. But the reason I wasn't in it, I drove a truck a lot and they put me on a pickup to go to a little . . . I can't remember the base where they made ice, but it was about thirty or forty miles over to the coast. I was to pick up some ice and some food for the company. Of course, when I got over there, the Japs hit that little town, but I got out of there before they

tore anything up. But just about the time that I pulled back into this town, the Japs hit this town and these five . . . four . . . no, there were five of them besides myself . . . they all got under one bridge on one of the main roads there watching the Japs fly over, and the Japs popped a bomb right on that bridge and killed all five of them. If I had not run after the food, I'm sure I would have been under that bridge with those guys because they were the best friends I had. I remember that real well.

Marcello: In other words, you were doing this moving around after the first attack at Fort McKinley. Is that correct?

Stanley: Right, backing up just a little bit all along.

Marcello: Now what was your ultimate destination at this point? Where were you heading for?

Stanley: Well, we didn't know, but actually now I know we were heading into Bataan. This was just the opening of the peninsula, I guess, because we were just backing up. Every move we made was heading into Bataan. Of course, we hadn't gotten to the peninsula yet, but it was towards the peninsula.

Marcello: In other words, after that first raid, McKinley had more or less been put out of action, and then you almost immediately got orders to go back into the Bataan Peninsula.

Stanley: That's right. If I am not badly mistaken, all military personnel in Manila were evacuated from Manila--everything out of Manila, I believe. Maybe not out of Nichols Field, but I believe all military personnel in Manila was getting out. They figured that the only way we had of defending at all was to back up into the peninsula.

Marcello: Now at this point you had undergone several Japanese air attacks and things of this nature and had been exposed to danger quite a few times. Were you still optimistic, or did you think that help was on its way and that the war was going to be over shortly?

Stanley: Oh, yes. Of course, I felt a little better about it than most of the fellows because I was young and too stupid to know any better, but I felt real good about it right on up to the middle of February--sometime when Roosevelt made a radio speech. You probably heard about that, too.

Marcello: I gather that you had no idea as to the extent of the damage at Pearl Harbor. You knew the Japanese had hit Pearl Harbor, but did you really know the extent of the damage?

Stanley: No, I believe the only thing that we heard that they ripped the Navy apart there, and that was about all I

heard. Of course, you could hear everything. There were rumors flying by the dozen. You didn't know what to believe.

Marcello: I gather that near the end of December of 1941 you had moved back into the Bataan Peninsula. What was the Bataan Peninsula like? Can you describe it from a geographical standpoint?

Stanley: Well, it was pretty heavy, pretty thick. I was born and raised in south Georgia, and it was kind of like hilly and part of it is swampy. The first part we got into was pretty thick. It's not very wide from one side to the other. Most of our camps was setting anywhere from 300 yards to a half a mile off the main road, and they were setting in woods. I mean really woods. I can remember our camp. In fact, I can remember when I was using the boy's room, sitting there squatting, and I could look up and big old monkeys were sitting right there in those big trees looking right at you, and you just kind of had a funny feeling: "I wish that guy would quit looking at me." They looked so much like human beings. But it was real, real thick.

Marcello: Now this was in the upper part of the peninsula.

Stanley: Right. This was when we first got into the peninsula. I can see now why it would be good hunting country.

Lot of banana trees. We had all kinds of . . . I don't know what time of year bananas get ripe, but I do know that if it hadn't been for those green bananas that we pulled off the trees and stuck under the leaves and let ripen . . . you could stick them under the leaves, and in just a few hours they would soften up and get yellow, and we ate those things--little old bananas not much bigger than your thumb. But there were banana trees all around there. Back up in there it was pretty thinly populated because it was so thick.

Marcello: Like you mentioned, as you get farther into the peninsula and down closer to the tip of the peninsula, it gets swampy and there was much more danger of malaria in the lower end of the peninsula.

Stanley: Right. Snakes and more water and it just looked kind of like the swamps down in Florida really.

Marcello: What did you do when you first got into the peninsula?

Stanley: Most of the time we were on guard duty. Once in awhile they would send us on patrol duty. Of course, we were in the Air Corps, and they throwed us in the infantry. The lieutenants knew that we didn't know too much about patrol duty. But every once in awhile we would have to go out on patrol duty, and, boy, that was scary for an old Air Corps boy that didn't know anything about it. But most of the time we stood guard duty. We took all

of our equipment . . . we stored all the bombs and trucks and stuff maybe a mile or a mile and a half from out of camp for safety, and a lot of this was right on the waterfront--beautiful. Some of it was even like parks, and we would go down there and stand about twelve hours guard duty and twelve hours off, and after we lost some men and so many men got sick, sometimes we would stand more hours than that. Sometimes we would stay on duty more than we would off.

Marcello: Now was most of this duty rear area guard duty, or were you up on the front lines at this point?

Stanley: Most of this was rear.

Marcello: Like you pointed out before, you obviously had not been trained as an infantryman, and it would have been rather foolish, I suppose in a way, to put you up on the front lines, that is until things really got desperate and they needed men up there.

Stanley: That's right. It finally got to where there was not no front line nowhere. That was primarily what I did the whole of January . . . I'd say through January.

Marcello: In backing up a little here, you mentioned that on the 24th of December in 1941, you were injured behind both of your knees in a Japanese air raid.

Stanley: Right.

Marcello: Now was this before you got back into the peninsula?

Stanley: That was at this same town these five boys was killed in. It was a different raid, but it was the same little town.

Marcello: Could you describe this particular incident?

Stanley: I couldn't say for sure whether it was shrapnel or bullets from a machine gun that hit me. The air raid came over . . . they came over dropping bombs, and the strafers came over afterwards, and I hit the hole and when I did--I got there just in time--and I got hit behind both knees, and it is pretty good scars, and I kind of believe it was shrapnel off the bomb because they were rough cuts. Of course, they had a little old clinic there, and they throwed some iodine and throwed some paper around it or something. I could walk. I've got a couple of old scars back there, but they healed up real well.

Marcello: So you moved back into the peninsula, and you mainly stood guard duty of one type or another while you were there. How were you faring with malaria? You know, you had had that attack shortly after you got there.

Stanley: We all had malaria. Of course, back in there we had already begun to get short food because the Americans

did not have any way to send any in there. I believe the last of January we started eating the cavalry horses, I believe. I can't remember the dates on it. I had malaria pretty often, but like I say, we kept working and they had some quinine and atabrine, but they didn't have enough of it, and that stuff was just a temporary relief anyway. If you took enough atabrine to keep you from having it, you turned as yellow as that striped yellow shirt there. They didn't have enough of it. We would have chills and fever, but we kept working. We kept working unless the fever got up to 103° or 104° and kept it. My attacks most of the time would come and go pretty fast then. Of course, later on I had more serious attacks.

Marcello: Well, from what you say, food did become a problem very shortly after you got back into the Bataan Peninsula.

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: When were the rations cut?

Stanley: Well, they were cut three or four times. I believe our rations were cut right in the middle of January. I could not say for sure.

Marcello: What were you getting to eat?

Stanley: They issued us some canned food, and we started cooking rice. That was the first we knew about rice. They

started cooking rice. But the canned food . . . little cans of soup . . . but we were only getting about half rations. We were getting a lot of food then compared to what we got later on, but we thought then that we were really hurting. But it was cut down pretty low then.

Marcello: How did you go about trying to supplement your diet? Quite obviously you were still hungry yet.

Stanley: We killed everything. I have chewed on monkey all night long. We killed . . . they had some big old lizards over there. You've probably heard them talking about them. They looked like a turtle, and they were about twelve inches long and six inches wide, and we ate those things. We ate bananas, we ate coconuts, and we killed small animals.

Marcello: At this stage had you ever resorted to snakes or anything of that nature yet?

Stanley: No, because the lizards were better than snakes, and there were plenty of lizards. Well, like I say, it was kind of comical eating these monkeys. If you had long enough to cook a monkey on a fire, you would cook him and start chewing on him and go to bed chewing on him and wake up the next morning still chewing on him (chuckle). It was like a piece of leather because you

never could get him eaten up, but it was something to chew on, a little juice on it. But the bananas and coconuts helped us a lot. Sometimes if we had enough time off duty--and we were even sticking our necks out then--we would head up to the front lines to see the Filipinos and buy their chickens, and if they wouldn't sell them to us, we would steal them--small chickens or any kind of animal. Also, they had some little fruit growing. Up in there bananas and coconuts were about the only fruit, but they had some kind of fruit growing, and a little later on we started cooking some weeds and stuff that some of the boys from other companies had told us were fit to cook. Of course, in my company none of the boys had been over there before, but we run into some Filipino Scouts and things that told us what we could cook.

Marcello: You mentioned the Filipinos on several occasions now. More specifically, you mentioned the Filipino Scouts. I gather they were a pretty competent fighting outfit.

Stanley: Yes, we had a lot to do with them, but I used to wonder at night . . . some way or another Corregidor was sitting behind us, and Corregidor would come in there at night with the barges and bring 155 millimeters for the Filipino Scouts and the Americans' artillery. Well, since we

didn't have bombs to load, that was our primary job--to stand guard over those things and load them. The Americans would come in with the barges and give them to us, and we would stand guard duty in daytime and load them for the Scouts at night. Of course, we couldn't handle them in the light; we had to load them in the dark. We got pretty familiar with the Scouts because our duty at night was loading those bombs. We would stand guard duty at day and load them at night. But we didn't know enough about those Scouts and Filipinos. The Filipinos and Japs and all just looked the same to us. Sure enough, several times there was this Jap right in there with the Filipinos.

Marcello: Is that right?

Stanley: I remember one time--you have probably heard this before--my company was standing in line eating. We had some Scouts attached to our company helping us out. We were standing in line just before dark. It was pretty woody there so the Japs couldn't see us from the air. Some Filipinos were talking, and one of the ones we thought was a Filipino slipped up and started speaking a little Jap, and the Filipinos shot him right there with a .45--right in line, right in our chow line. I was fifty or seventy-five feet away from them, but I saw the Japanese

fall. The Filipino didn't take no time out to say, "Buddy, you're a prisoner." He just shot him right there in line.

Marcello: I gather that the whole time that you were on the Bataan Peninsula, you were being subjected to constant attack from either air raids or artillery barrages. Is this correct?

Stanley: Right, artillery all night long. It just got to where you couldn't hardly sleep unless you could hear those 155's: pom-pom, pom-pom, pom-pom all night long. However, we were far enough back . . . of course, it would still scare you because you didn't know if one of them was going to move up a little bit. But most of them was falling a little short of us. Every once in awhile they would come in on us. But it got to where you couldn't hardly sleep without that pom-pom because they were just a steady . . . and not only that, but our guns were on the other side of us. We were between the fire.

Marcello: Well, how about the air raids? Were you ever subjected to any air raids here since you were more or less around a type of supply depot?

Stanley: Yes. Very, very seldom there were many coming in at us because we were sitting there in the woods. Most of

the time they were small dive bombers--four or five dive bombers. What they would do, they'd send what we called "Photo Joe." Little bitty old plane that was not big enough to carry but one man, and he would fly around and you could see the old slanted eyes. But we had orders not to shoot him, and he was taking pictures, and the reason we had orders not to shoot him is that it would give away our position. He would fly around and fly around, and in about twenty-four hours here would come those bombers and drop bombs all in there.

Marcello: Did this start to work on you mentally or physically after being under these constant air attacks?

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: What do these constant air attacks do to one mentally and this sort of thing?

Stanley: Well, the more they came, the more scared you got, and you just felt like no matter which hole you got in, you would feel like that hole was the one that Jap was going to drop that bomb in. You'd lay in this hole, and that old plane would come over, and you could look there and see him because we had orders not to fire back at him on account of our position, and they'd drop those bombs all around, and it just got to where you wondered when it was your time. But like I say, sometimes

in the daytime I'd change holes four or five times. I'd get this hole for awhile, and I thought that Jap was going to drop that bomb right in that hole next time, and I'd get over there. But actually, with a good foxhole, they got to put that bomb--the small bombs--they got to put it right in that hole before they can get you. I remember one raid they dropped, and when I got out, dirt was all over me, and there was a hole big around as two bales of cotton within fifteen feet or ten feet of my hole, and I wasn't hurt except for the dirt all over me. The concussion . . . the top of the ground looks like an earthquake; it looks like it is going to come in on you. But as far as being hurt, I wasn't hurt. Now if that bomb had been a 500-pound bomb and dropped in that one spot, the concussion would have killed me. But these were small bombs they were dropping to set our trucks on fire and tear up our equipment and trying to scare us and kill the troops.

Marcello: Try and think about what things were like, let's say, at the end of January of 1942. By that time had things already become so desperate that sick men--if they were not too sick and if they could still stand--were they being put on duty at that stage yet? Is it not true

that by the end of January of 1942 things were getting so desperate that if a man could stand, he was doing his job? He had to be pretty sick in order to go to the hospital or the clinic.

Stanley: Most of the time. Sometimes maybe it would go by spells. It seemed like often a bunch of us would have malaria at one crack, and then they would have to work. But sometimes maybe 75 per cent of the men was up on their feet without malaria, and if a man got real sick, they could let him go to rest or stay in his bivouac. But every once in awhile a bunch of us would get sick at one time, and you just had to stand on duty sick or not. However, if you were on guard duty, you were almost as well off on guard duty with the malaria because there was nothing you could do anyway but take medicine, take the quinine.

Marcello: You mentioned in your memorandum here that during the first few weeks of the battle your nerves were excellent, but then after the first of February of 1942, you had become delirious and had committed some very dangerous acts during air raids and the heavy artillery fire. Can you explain that? What happened?

Stanley: Well, of course, this was so long ago that I wrote this. The main thing--like I said, I had malaria part of the time, too, and part of the time I didn't know . . . I

had a good type of malaria . . . I didn't hardly know what I . . . but I ran during the air raid and maybe changed holes. I know one time I was going down the road there from the bivouac to stand guard duty, and a Japanese dive bomber came down after us, and I was on a Jeep and I jumped off too quick. The Jeep was going about twenty miles an hour, and I rolled down the edge of that mountain. It was a wonder I hadn't broken my leg. That's what I am speaking about. I made movements too fast instead of thinking them out. I didn't get so crazy that I was dangerous, but I was just like a kid with a mad dog after him or something.

Marcello: Now at this time, you had not yet contracted dysentery, had you? Now we are still on the Bataan Peninsula.

Stanley: No, except at short periods of time. Sometimes we would have to get some Filipino food, and we'd have diarrhea for three or four days, but as far as a good case of dysentery, I really didn't get a good case of dysentery until about the time the Death March started.

Marcello: Well, I gather that after getting back into the peninsula, it was simply a matter of being driven farther and farther and farther and farther back into the peninsula.

Stanley: There is something else I would like to add to this. Am I talking too much?

Marcello: No, that is fine. You're supposed to do the talking.

Stanley: There is something else I would like to add that I remember so well after coming back over here and reading about different wars and the Vietnam War. We had bulletins that would come in from headquarters, and they'd tack them on a tree for a bulletin board, and we were supposed to read the bulletin board to see where our duty was, and I can remember we moved back three or four miles one day and changed bivouacs, and the bulletin from Washington said, "The heroes of Bataan are holding their own," and we had already moved back three miles that day (laughter).

Marcello: But all this time you were still back behind the front lines and really had had no contact yet with Japanese soldiers--the attacking force actually--other than the air raids.

Stanley: Patrols.

Marcello: Oh, you did have some contact with patrols.

Stanley: We had snipers. I know one day I sneaked off from our area and went . . . two or three of us sneaked off from our area and went off a half a mile up the edge of the mountain to a big banana field--of course, we carried our rifles--and the Japs shot at us, and one of the boy's helmets was knocked off. There were three of us, I believe. That was about the only real contact I had

with the Japanese except the air raids. In fact, I never was actually assigned to the front lines. After awhile, it got to where all was front lines: Japs behind you and in front of you and all.

Marcello: Well, then, what finally happened was that in the beginning of April, the Japanese launched a massive offensive. I gather from eyewitnesses that it appeared they had lined their artillery up hubcap to hubcap and simply blasted away.

Stanley: Right. And we were all so weak, too.

Marcello: Right. Of course, like you point out, by this time just about every American was suffering from malaria. You were down on short rations--had been for some time actually.

Stanley: Our morale had started cracking up then.

Marcello: It had? In what way?

Stanley: Well, any time you get as hungry as we were getting, your morale will crack up. It don't matter . . . it was not cracked up, but I mean we began to wonder if the Japs were not a lot stronger than we thought they had been to start with. At first, like I say, we thought we could whip them in no time flat. But after we got so hungry and they kept pushing us and pushing us and kept pushing us back, we had begun to wonder if Uncle Sam was going to be able to help us. But sometime--

you probably know the dates on this--sometime along in there--I would say in February or March--Roosevelt made a radio talk to the nation. See, they kept telling us they were going to ship stuff into Bataan to get us out, and we kept hoping and hoping they would, and our morale really didn't bust--or mine didn't--until Roosevelt, our President, got up saying there was not no way to get us anything in there, and I think that would bust anybody's morale. But that was when our morale really went down, when we seen that there was not . . . of course, some of the old timers were smarter than I was. Some of those military men were thirty or thirty-five years old at that time. They knew before, but I was a country boy thinking, "They will come in here. We'll be alright." But when Roosevelt made the speech, I began to wonder. I kind of lost my morale.

Marcello: There at the end, how drastically had rations been cut? What were you getting to eat, let's say, in the week before the surrender came?

Stanley: I couldn't say for sure, but I believe that . . . I'm trying to think what I got for breakfast. Seems like I got a little bowl of . . . it seems like we were cooking rice and maybe had a little canned milk, like a cereal and at noon, we got . . . I don't believe it was over a good spoonful of canned meat and maybe a piece of

bread.

Marcello: Probably salmon. I hear a lot of them talking about the canned salmon that you got from time to time.

Stanley: I can't remember what kind of meat because I could always eat anything as long as there was plenty of it. At night we got a little more, but I'd say that all told there would not be enough for one good meal. I dropped down . . . I don't imagine I weighed over 100 pounds or 110. I don't believe I weighed over 100 or 110 or 115 pounds when I was captured.

Marcello: What was your top weight when you went into the service? Well, let's say when you got to the Philippines.

Stanley: I weighed . . .

Marcello: About 145 pounds perhaps?

Stanley: Maybe a little less. At that time I was a little thin. Probably 140.

Marcello: Incidentally, around this period General MacArthur came in for quite a bit of criticism in that he had made only one trip over to Bataan to survey the situation, and I gather that the troops on Bataan used to refer to him as "Dugout Doug!"

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: What was your own opinion of MacArthur at that time?

Stanley: At that time--of course, I formed a different opinion later--I didn't form quite the opinion that most of them did because I got to thinking, "What would I do in his position?" And there were so many rumors; we didn't know what to believe. But the one thing that I heard pretty straight--and I do not know whether you got any information on this or not--the worst thing against MacArthur was that on the submarine he took some of his personal belongings out instead of getting some of the nurses out of Corregidor. I do not know whether anyone has ever told you that before or not, but some of that stuff . . . now a lot of this was rumor. Of course, we found out later it was fact, but at this time, this kind of stuff kind of turned me against him. But I have never up to this day--until up to the time he died--I have never denied him being a great general. But you have to put yourself in his place. What would you have done if you had been in his place. But now General Wainwright, he was something else. One reason I know something about General Wainwright, after I got captured a guy by the name of Sergeant Bearden . . . he was Wainwright's personal aide--him and one more boy. One of them was his horse trainer, and one was his personal aide before the war. The Japs would not let

but one of them go with him, and they flipped a coin, and Sergeant Bearden lost. Sergeant Bearden was his horse trainer. So this other guy went with Wainwright on Bataan; he got to ride. So I got to be good friends with Bearden. In fact, Bearden saved my life. I'll tell you later on. But he told me about Wainwright, and I do know that when Wainwright came up on the front lines--and I have seen this because our camp was right on the road there--he would come up with just one or two guys on his jeep and one jeep behind him and a submachine gun and head for the front. Well, once or twice when "Mac" come back there, he had a convoy a mile long going up to the front lines, and that kind of gave you something to form an opinion on. Of course, as a four star general, I guess that is what he was supposed to do.

Marcello: What was your opinion of the guys on Corregidor? Now obviously they were over there supposedly on a rather impregnable fortress, and they had plenty of food. What did you think about the guys on Corregidor?

Stanley: Well, being an old Georgia country boy, along about then I was kind of proud of myself because I didn't blame them one bit. I just wished I was over there, but I did know that the only thing I heard most of the

boys condemn them on was they just wished they were in their place, and a lot of them tried to get over there. Of course, I couldn't swim a hundred yards at the time, but a lot of them tried to get over there. But I couldn't condemn them. I just wished I had been over there with them. We heard all kinds of rumors from Corregidor. Gosh, rumors would just fly from Corregidor, and I was stupid enough to think they were going to send us over to Corregidor instead of letting the Japs capture us. Of course, there wasn't enough places for the GI's over there, let alone us.

Marcello: I'm sure that the Bataan Peninsula was one big rumor mill. There were all sorts of rumors floating around.

Stanley: Oh, you bet! It was just like what I said awhile ago about those Japs: "The Americans are holding on, holding our own." We were falling back two or three miles a day, and I found out right then that Uncle Sam could spread propaganda just the same as anybody else.

Marcello: Well, finally then on April 9, 1942, the surrender came. What was your reaction when you got the word that you were to lay down your arms and surrender?

Stanley: I don't know. I'll never forget it, but I don't know how to describe it. You just felt like . . . you just felt almost like you were on a boat and the boat just

went out from under you, and you were out in the middle of the ocean. You just felt the world had come to an end almost and yet--this sounds funny--we had had it so rough, starved so long--we thought we had had it rough, put it that way; so rough up beside what we had had it--in a lot of ways it was kind of a relief to get to surrender because we starved so long and we had been in these air raids, and I was too stupid to realize that I was in for something. I thought the Japs would just take us and pen us up and treat us like we were human beings. Does it make sense? But anyway it was kind of a relief to get to surrender, but yet I felt like a whipped dog.

Marcello: And here, too, I think you were probably still under the illusion that the war was going to be very short and you would be out pretty shortly.

Stanley; Right. There was some funny things happened. The night before we surrendered, there was Japs all around us and we could hear the sound of bombs. Corregidor was sitting behind us, and the Japs were coming in this way, and all the Americans was in between them, and, of course, by then we were all penned up real short. There was hardly any front line, and the Japs were shelling over us towards Corregidor, and Corregidor was shelling over towards the Japs, and a lot of that stuff was falling

short, and we lost a lot of men. My company didn't lose but a few, but we lost a lot of men. But that night those big guns from Corregidor . . . I don't say you could see that shell, but at night you could follow that shell when it was coming over you going towards the Japs, and, of course, it was the same way with the Japs, and that was a miserable night because they were just coming over all night long, and you were sitting there right between them. It was kind of like raindrops out here; you just didn't know how in the world you were going to keep one of them from hitting you. But the next morning--I guess it was about daylight--we had already heard that General Wainwright was going to meet the Japanese to make surrender terms, and we knew that we were going to surrender or get killed because we were right up in the water. We were backed up as far as you could go. We were sitting on this cliff looking out at the end of Bataan. We were sitting up on top of this mountain, and, of course, this mountain had been bombed, and there wasn't much trees left up there, and the Japs was flying all around us, and I'm sure they could see us, and I was so afraid that one of them would just say, "Well, let's get rid of them right now," and it was a pretty scary thought, and we got orders to surrender that morning.

Marcello: Did you ever hear the rumor that the Japanese weren't going to take prisoners--that they would kill you right away?

Stanley: Oh, yes.

Marcello: Well, what did you think about this? Did you believe that this was true?

Stanley: I didn't know. Of course, it did make you feel like, well, death is a lot closer. But I kind of felt like that there was a chance that they would capture us and not kill us. But they kept telling us that the Japanese wouldn't surrender, too, and I knew better than that because we had already captured some. So I felt like maybe there was rumors on both sides.

Marcello: What did you do after you got the word that you were to surrender?

Stanley: Well, all the food . . . no matter how short you are, you kind of save a little food for the next meal, and all the food that the company had, they dished it out among the men, and it wasn't enough for a decent meal, and we sat there on that mountain and ate that until about daylight when all these planes were flying over us. We were looking right over the bay. They told us to go down in small groups.

Marcello: When you say go down, were you going down to Mariveles?

Stanley: Yes, we were just north of Mariveles. Well, a little past Mariveles towards the end of the mountain there. Where is Mariveles at? Yes, at the tip end of this. We were right in here (indicates on map). We went down in small groups, and we had white flags holding them in our hands, and I walked down to the road. The Japanese were all around us, and, of course, they made us . . . I had a pair of Air Corps coveralls on, and they didn't make me pull them off, but it was a wonder they didn't because every Jap that got close to me would search me there at the first part, and they did let me keep my canteen at that time.

Marcello: Did they loot you of everything else?

Stanley: Yes. I had a high school ring on, and those Japs love jewelry. If anybody had a ring or watch . . . I think I had lost my watch or sold it or traded it for a chicken or something. I don't remember, but I didn't have a watch. But my high school ring, a Japanese told me he wanted it, and I made like I couldn't get it off, and he gave me the sign that he would take my finger and all if I didn't get it off, so I lost my ring the first thing. But what I remember about that so much was when they all went . . . I went down with a group of seven or eight men, and then all my company gathered down there,

and we had moved all of our equipment right on the end of the mountain, right on the end of the peninsula there--all of our trucks that we had left. Of course, a lot of them had been torn up. But I remember the sergeants and all--and I think I shot one or two--told us to take out our .45's and blow those engines apart on those trucks so the Japs couldn't get them. We did that and I found out the Japs was real strong the next day because here came those trucks right by us--the same darned trucks we thought we had blown the motors apart. So I found out right then that those Japs knew how to get engines going. Undoubtedly, those .45's weren't strong enough to go into that block. It maybe tore some of the wires loose, but we thought we had that equipment out of order until the next day.

Marcello: You had gotten the word to surrender. You were told to move towards Mariveles. What happened when you got to Mariveles? How long did you stay there?

Stanley: What is that at Mariveles? Is that the boat docks?

Marcello: There used to be some docks there, yes.

Stanley: Landing docks.

Marcello: Right.

Stanley: I don't believe my bunch stopped there. Of course, we were one of the last ones to surrender because they got

the infantry and all before they got us. We were on the back back there. I don't believe that I stayed at Mariveles any time at all. Now right after I was captured, I went along this road, and I spent the night in a concrete building right on the road—my first night.

Marcello: Okay, now let's just go back a little bit here. At the time that you had your initial contact with the Japanese, did they rough you up in any way? Now you mentioned, of course, that they looted you, but did they rough you up in anywway, or was there anything of that nature at this point yet?

Stanley: Oh, once or twice I got hit flat like that (gesture), but as far as guns, no. The first time I got roughed up was when I started to go after a drink of water. It was getting pretty hot over there, but I believe that was several hours after I got captured that I really got roughed up, and I got slapped, but I was a little fellow, and the Japanese picked on the big Americans because they had control, and they just looked a lot stronger if they got the big man instead of the little man. So I was a little bit lucky there. I maneuvered around and tried to stay out of the way as much as possible, and the first time I got roughed up was when I went after a drink of water which was probably about noon that day because I had my canteen, but they had

taken it away from me. But you probably heard those other guys talking about how many guys got killed going after that drinking water.

Marcello: Okay, we'll talk about that in a minute. Now the first day of the march--when the actual Bataan Death March got started--I gather that the ultimate destination was the town of Balanga.

Stanley: Yes, I remember the town . . .

Marcello: . . . which as I recall was about nineteen miles away. Now I think it took most of the prisoners maybe two or three days to march that nineteen miles.

Stanley: It took a long time. That is one thing that I can say: the Japs didn't rush us as long as we would keep moving.

Marcello: Well, let's talk about the first leg of that trip then. I'm assuming that you ultimately did end up at Balanga.

Stanley: Yes, I am almost sure that I know where that is--where they had two water spigots for about several thousand men to drink water. I believe that was the town.

Marcello: I believe that was later on. I believe that was further up the road either at Orani or Lubao. I think it was Orani where they had the two water spigots.

Stanley: Maybe so.

Marcello: I believe so.

Stanley: It was Balanga you were talking about?

Marcello: Yes.

Stanley: Now I remember some of the details on the march, but now I can't pinpoint those towns. I can't distinguish them. But this first day on the march we got pretty thirsty, and like I say, as long as we kept moving . . . and the only thing that kept me going for awhile was the Air Corps coveralls I had on. I had a little bottle of iodine that I put down in this pocket where you put pliers, and the Japs missed that, and after we got so hot, they didn't want us to get any water, and all that water along in the ditches was bloody with carabao and Japanese and the Americans, and it was not fit to drink, but I would get a little water in the cup off my canteen and put a little of that iodine in there, and that's what kept me from losing my head and getting a drink of water and getting killed. Am I jumping the gun here?

Marcello: No, that's fine.

Stanley: But I do not know how I was smart enough to do that, but I happened to have a little bottle of iodine about the size of your thumb, and I would just drop a drop or two of that iodine in that water, and I guess it purified it. Of course, I had several attacks of malaria on this trip, and that was what I was afraid of--going out of my head while I was having an attack of malaria on this trip.

Marcello: Do you recall how long it took you to make the entire march? Let's say from the time you left Mariveles until the time you got back to the train station at San Fernando.

Stanley: I have no idea. It was several days because, like I said, they didn't rush us, and I remember two different nights on the road, and I'm sure there were more.

Marcello: Let's talk about the two nights that you remember. Can you remember the first night?

Stanley; Yes. The first night, there wasn't too many of us. There was a concrete building that looked like a warehouse. Of course, it was made out of grass.

Marcello: Now I think this was at Lubao, I think, and this was where one of the water spigots was. Right? There were two water spigots there. This was at a rice mill. I think this was at a rice mill.

Stanley: Was this not too far from Mariveles? Was this on the first night?

Marcello; No, Lubao was quite a ways up the road. In fact, you were even out of the peninsula by that time.

Stanley: Well, which one would be the first one from Mariveles?

Marcello: Well, your first stop on the way out of Mariveles was at Balanga, and the next city was Orani . . .

Stanley: Yes, I remember Orani.

Marcello: . . . and the next was Lubao and then San Fernando, which was where you got the train, and from San Fernando you

went to Capas, and then you marched from Capas to Camp O'Donnell. Well, anyway, where was this concrete structure that you were housed in that first night? Was it at Balanga?

Stanley: It was the first night out.

Marcello: Well, it probably was at Balanga or some place between Mariveles and Balanga.

Stanley: It wasn't in a town. It might have been a mile or two out.

Marcello: What was it like?

Stanley: We all slept on the floor, and there wasn't too many of us. I would say there wasn't over a couple or three hundred of us there. Of course, they jammed us in a small building, and they didn't give us anything, nothing, because it was a small group, and there wasn't too many guards. We were so tired from . . . well, of course, we were already tired when we surrendered and tired from the march, and if I'm not badly mistaken, we had no food that day except what we ate that morning before we surrendered. We slept in that . . . when they drove us into that building. I was so tired that I just fell on the floor and went to sleep.

Marcello: Was it real crowded in there?

Stanley: Pretty crowded. Of course, if I am not badly mistaken,

then the Japs would let us walk out to use the bathroom if we had to.

Marcello: Did they have an open pit latrine?

Stanley: Yes. They may not even have had a latrine at this place because, like I say, this was getting close to dark, and they just stopped the ones that were right in this group, and the next morning, of course, we caught up with the big group. But we slept on this concrete floor, and I was so tired I don't remember anything except the next morning the Japs got us up and started us rolling. Now the next night—I guess it was the next night--I remember a little something about it.

Marcello: Well, describe the second night then.

Stanley: I can't remember whether it was in a town or not, but the bay was on the right and we stopped in this kind of like the edge of a park or maybe the edge of a field on the left, and the boys had begun to drop out then--dying--and the Japs started to come through there . . . we got a change of guards, I guess, and they came through, some of them swinging their rifles and some of them mad because you didn't have a watch or ring to give them, and some of them would see a big American and beat the devil out of him and every once in awhile you would see one of them stab him for no reason at all. But I got the first issue of food. I don't remember what it was.

It wasn't much and I don't remember any water being given to us. I believe I got some out of the ditch or something and put some iodine in it. But what I remember more than anything is that we slept there on this ground real close together--no buildings around us--and the next morning there were men laying all around who couldn't get up and died right there on the spot. That's the reason I remember so well, and right then I began to realize that my chance of survival was not as good as I thought it would be.

Marcello: What did you do with those men who had died during the night? Were they buried or did you just have to move on?

Stanley: We had to move on. I heard that they had a detail of men to . . . some of them they said they throwed in the water and some of them they buried. I couldn't say for sure. Now the next night, I helped bury some of them, but this night I didn't.

Marcello: Well, during your time on the march, what were some of the Japanese atrocities that you personally witnessed?

Stanley: Well, I saw two things that I remember so well. One of the worst things that . . . we stopped for a second or for a few minutes to rest, and I was on the right hand side of the road, and there was a little Filipino shack

on the left, and I saw the Japanese take a Filipino woman and a kid back in the woods and come back with a bloody bayonet. I don't know whether he killed them or why he killed them. I don't know whether they had done something to the Japanese Army or whether the Japanese thought they were traitors or not, but anyway he just walked back in the woods a few feet and I heard the woman scream, and I didn't hear the kid--I guess they killed the kid first--then he came back with blood all over his bayonet. I saw that. I didn't see the actual killing, but I presumed that's what happened because I heard the woman scream. But what I saw that was worse than anything was after we got so thirsty. All along this road where we marched was good artesian wells setting on the right, but after you got so thirsty, your tongue was dry and you would just almost give your life for a sip of water. The Japanese were standing around there and the Americans . . . some of them would lose control of themselves and run up there and get a drink of water, and the Japs would stab them. We had men laying around those wells. I don't know if anyone else told you this or not, but at most every well you'd see a few dead Americans laying around it. But like I say, that iodine was what saved my life because I got malaria, and after you get a high fever, your old tongue

gets so dry that you feel like you just got to have water no matter if somebody gets you, and some of these boys lost control, and right then I found out that some of the Japs was pretty bloody.

Marcello: How were you able to get water?

Stanley: Some of these little streams along this road . . . I would go along with that canteen . . . the little old bridge maybe was not wide but ten foot long--just a little old stream of water. The Americans . . . of course, they wouldn't let you stroll off to the side. You had to go along this road. But all along this road there would be dead carabao and dead Americans and dead Filipinos and probably some dead Japs all along, and this water was bloody, but I would pick up a canteen as we went along and pick me up a little water as we'd go along if I could see that a Jap was not looking. That's how I got my water, and I'd put a little iodine in it.

Marcello: Did you ever see any decapitations or anything of that nature?

Stanley: Yes, but I was so distant that I could not see the expression of the man's face and I never was . . . not later on I did, but I mean on the Death March I didn't.

Marcello: Did you ever see any acts of compassion on the part of the Japanese guards on this route?

Stanley: Well, I think I would have, but after studying the Japanese a little later on, the Japanese were afraid to be compassionate on account of their own men. If one of them was trying to be nice to us, the other Japanese thought he was taking our side too much, and I think that they were afraid to be. I found this out later on at the prison camps.

Marcello: What acts of compassion did you see on the part of the Filipino civilians as made on this Death March? Did they ever try and slip you any food and water or anything of this nature?

Stanley: Yes, and every once in awhile you would see a Filipino stick his neck out too much, and he'd get killed or get hit by trying to give some American some candy or give him a stalk of sugar cane or try to give him some water. It was real often you would see a Filipino woman or child dead. That was what I held against the Japs more than anything. They were so rough on the women and kids. I could kind of put myself in a spot being rough on the soldiers that had fought me, but I just couldn't see them on those Filipino women and children.

Marcello: Now I gather that as you were marching out of the Bataan Peninsula, you were meeting convoys of Japanese troops going down into the peninsula for the assault on Corregidor.

Stanley: Right. Bringing their equipment in to set it up for the attack on Corregidor.

Marcello: Well, I gather that from time to time it was kind of hazardous meeting these troops, too.

Stanley: Oh, you bet!

Marcello: What would they do?

Stanley: Oh, some of them . . . the road was so narrow that real often--sometimes we had the Filipino Scouts marching with us--so an American GI or a Filipino might get run over, or as they'd go along the Japanese might just hit them with a bayonet, cut them, or knock them with their hands.

Marcello: You mean the soldiers as they went by in the trucks.

Stanley: The soldiers that were going in the opposite direction. They probably had no contact with the prisoners except that, and that road was pretty hazardous because it was a narrow road--just big enough for two vehicles to meet--and the Japanese had trucks going our way and going the other way, so you had to fall over in the ditch or stand in between the two trucks, so you had to watch yourself or get killed accidentally.

Marcello: Now what was the condition of this road? First of all, was it asphalt or gravel or dirt?

Stanley: Gravel, most of it. The best I remember it was gravel. Of course, as you get closer to the cities or some of

the little towns like San Fernando, I believe it was asphalt. But it was a pretty good gravel.

Marcello: Well, I would gather that dust and so on made things uncomfortable, would it not?

Stanley: It did. I don't remember when we had the rainy season over there, but if we had had the rainy season during this march, it would have taken a lot of lives.

Marcello: Generally speaking on the march, was it every man for himself? Or did you try to look out for your buddies and things of that nature?

Stanley: Well, you tried but I think that every man thought that he had better try to protect himself. This may be out of line, but I would like to tell you something. My company had the youngest United States first sergeant--as far as I know--in the Air Corps or Marines or any branch. He was less than twenty-one when he made first sergeant. He made it the youngest in age. But anyway, he was a crackerjack. His name was Sergeant McGuire. He was from Mississippi, and I think he is still alive. But when we surrendered, every man went as light as he could, but this guy put every service record--181 service records, which is a pretty thick little book--on his back and carried them through that Death March. Of course, later on I think they got them. He tried to look after his men. Of course, he couldn't, but I give a lot of credit to a sergeant that would

carry 181 personnel records on his back for something like that, and he got them through the march. Of course, I think the Japs finally made him destroy them.

Marcello: On the march itself were you ever subjected to any beatings or anything of that nature?

Stanley: Not seriously. I got slapped across the head. I know one time I was walking along there and met one of these trucks, and one of the guys hit me so hard it knocked me down. But as far as a bayonet or shooting at me, I don't believe so. Every once in awhile two or three Japs would just come along there and just start swinging and hit everything. I got hit several times that way, but as far as one throwing a bayonet at me or shooting at me, I don't believe there was. Like I say, I was little and I maneuvered around, and I tried to stay behind somebody. I don't know whether I was being a coward or not, but anyway I was maneuvering around trying to stay out of the line of fire.

Marcello: As you look back on it, what is your own opinion as to why the Japanese were so cruel?

Stanley: Well, the best that I can understand--and this is strictly rumors--the last Japanese men to come in after us were older fellows who had been fighting the Chinese in Singapore. In other words, the first Japanese that we fought, we slaughtered them. We killed more of them

than we had men there from what I hear. But the last convoy of ships that came in there came in with those old guys that had been fighting the Chinamen. Now that is what I heard, and they were bloodthirsty. This was what I understand. Have you heard this before? Most of them that was on that Death March that was really mean, they were not the young ones; they were guys who had stripes on them . . . I mean they had a little rating and had battle stars on them and all, and that's what I understand.

Marcello: Well, anyhow, the march finally ended at San Fernando, which was a railway center, and at San Fernando you were put on boxcars for the trip to Capas.

Stanley: Just like a bunch of pigs.

Marcello: Describe this trip on the boxcars.

Stanley: This was another place the Filipinos tried to help us. I do not know whether they counted us or not, but anyway they loaded us on these boxcars, and the best I can remember the boxcars were smaller than the boxcars we have over here.

Marcello: They were the old French "Forty and Eights," I think they were called.

Stanley: But they packed us on there like sardines. They would push you on there and push the door to and open the door and push you on there again. In other words, you

couldn't breathe hardly. But I don't know how long the ride was. I don't remember. But it was a bugger. The best I remember they gave us nothing to eat and nothing to drink, but all along as this railroad train would go through little towns . . . some of the boxcars I believe was like cattlecars; I believe in some of them the Americans could stick their hands out. Now I was stuck inside the middle; I don't know what mine was. The best I remember, some of them got a little stuff from the Filipinos as we went through the towns.

Marcello: I gather that . . .

Stanley: They got dirty . . . the cars got dirty just like a bunch of pigs living in a pen or something.

Marcello: Well, a lot of these Americans had dysentery, did they not?

Stanley: Right, right. I had begun to have some of it then.

Marcello: I gather that a great many of them had begun to vomit because of this stench and the stink and everything else, and it was really a wretched place all in all.

Stanley: Right. Your bowel movements was right in your pants in a lot of places; you had nowhere else to go. If you had dysentery, your clothes got to where they stuck to you, and you were just like an animal . . . just like an animal.

Marcello: I gather from what I read that in some cases the prisoners were packed in so tightly that a person would die, and he would just keep standing because there was no way for him to fall.

Stanley: No way for him to fall. That's right, yes.

Marcello: Were you lucky enough to have a guard who opened the door to the boxcar, or was your boxcar sealed? Do you recall?

Stanley: Mine was sealed.

Marcello: Is that right?

Stanley: Yes, mine was sealed.

Marcello: Well, fortunately, this train trip only took three hours.

Stanley: I was fixing to say it didn't last long.

Marcello: I'm sure it must have felt like three days to you people.

Stanley: I knew it wasn't long.

Marcello: Do you recall offhand if you lost very many people on this train trip? Let's say in your car.

Stanley: No, I don't believe so. A few, but not too many, and possibly some of those that died--what had happened to them--they were already just about ready to go when we got on the train. I doubt if that short a trip . . . of course, a few of them could have suffocated, a few of them could have suffocated, but I don't believe we lost too many. I couldn't say. I believe, if I'm not

very mistaken, I was sitting right in the middle of one of them and I don't know.

Marcello: Well, had you still not had dysentery yet? Now you had malaria, but had the iodine kept you from having dysentery?

Stanley: I don't really think I had dysentery, but I had diarrhea. I had diarrhea. You know there is a difference. I didn't have dysentery, but I'm almost sure this was diarrhea. The Filipinos put out a little candy made out of brown sugar, and they say that stuff was full of the dysentery bug. It was good. Of course, anything was good to eat then, but it was full of the dysentery bug. I really didn't get dysentery to be noticeable until we got to O'Donnell, and I don't think nobody escaped dysentery at O'Donnell. If they escaped dysentery at O'Donnell, I don't know who it was.

Marcello: Well, anyhow, you finally made this three hour trip from San Fernando to Capas, and at Capas you got off the train and walked another eight miles to Camp O'Donnell.

Stanley: Was it that far?

Marcello: Yes, it was. It was eight miles from Capas to O'Donnell.

Stanley: I know it was a bugger.

Marcello: What was that like? Do you remember it?

Stanley: Not too much, except it seemed to me like this was more like walking through a desert. It was dry and more

dusty than back on Bataan. I don't believe it was as dusty in Bataan. There was probably more rainfall back in Bataan because I don't know whether it was hotter or not. Bataan was sitting right in there with the water surrounding it, and I believe it got more rain back in there.

Marcello: I gather that the Japs were not quite as bad on this little march as what they had been going out of the peninsula and going up to San Fernando.

Stanley: They must not have been because I don't remember this eight miles too much. I remember getting off the train, and I remember when I pulled into Camp O'Donnell how disheartened I was because I thought, "Well, this thing is over now. I'll be confined to a camp where I can take baths and get decent food and live like a human being." I remember when I pulled into that camp, my morale went down again if there was such a thing as going down again.

Marcello: What did O'Donnell look like? From a physical standpoint describe what the camp looked like. It was an old Filipino Army camp, of course.

Stanley: Right. It's hard to remember too much about it. The best I can remember, the road that we went in was almost on one side of it. The rest of the buildings was on the

right as we went in, and they were kind of scattered. They were not too close together. But they were old open . . . had walls on them, but the roof come out, and there was openings on it for those hurricanes to go through to keep from blowing them apart--old grass sheds. They were pretty good-sized grass sheds. They were just buildings for the Filipino Scouts or the Filipino Army to live in. But I think they had been hit. I don't know who had hit them, but some of them looked like they had been under some raids.

Marcello: Were there already a good many Americans there when you got there?

Stanley: Yes, yes. I wasn't in on the tail end, but there were a lot of them there.

Marcello: Did the camp have a fence around it of any sort?

Stanley: I believe so. I believe so. Like I say, there wasn't nowhere to go, but I'm almost sure it had a fence, but it was not a fence you couldn't see through. If there was a fence, it was a barbed wire.

Marcello: When you got there, did the Japanese immediately give you some sort of orientation? In other words, were you greeted by the camp commandant or an interpreter or something who told you what was expected of you and things of this nature?

Stanley: Not immediately. They just pulled me into one area, and, of course, we were tired and we stayed put, and this is the place that you would stand in for hours trying to get you a canteen of water. But the first thing I remember them telling us . . . General King . . . I think General King . . . I don't know whether he had to make the march. I believe General King got to ride up. But he was there, and he called us all together, and they gave him a loudspeaker, and most of us that could walk and move around formed in one area, and he told us what the Japanese expected of us--that if we tried to escape they would shoot and that the food would be limited because the Japanese didn't have the supplies to give us. He told us exactly what we were supposed to do--that we had to bury our own, and, like I say, when the Japanese told us to do something, if we didn't do it, we would be shot immediately. General King was doing this through an interpreter.

Marcello: Well, you mentioned the quarters that you had from the outside. What were they like on the inside? What were your sleeping quarters like and things of this nature?

Stanley: Well, if I am not badly mistaken, the one I slept on was just a roof. I slept on the ground. I am almost positive I was on the ground. I remember a guy by the name of Courtney, who was in my group--a young boy who

was married just before we went overseas--and the first horrible thing I remember about O'Donnell is I went to bed lying by that buddy at night and woke up the next morning, and he was dead as a doornail. I mean our bodies were touching, and I remember the next morning I woke up and said something to him and felt him and he was dead. The first thing I thought of was,"Gosh, I wish I could let his wife know." He was married just before we went overseas. But Camp O'Donnell was pretty rough. Fortunately, I was in better health than most of them, and I was on a burial detail.

Marcello: Would you describe what these burial details were like?

Stanley: I'm afraid to guess the numbers, but we would dig holes not very deep. It seems to me that we would dig holes as big as a good-sized room, and it seems like the Japs would furnish trucks. I don't remember how we got them down there.

Marcello: A lot of times I think they were put on a shutter that was on these huts.

Stanley: Maybe so. I guess it was.

Marcello: They'd put them on these shutters and then dump them into the pit.

Stanley: But my job was to dump them into the pit and fill the pit up. But they just throwed them in like you was

throwing a log on a fire. We just piled them all in, and if they fell crossways, alright, if they fell longways. But if I am not badly mistaken, most of the dogtags would be pulled off before they were throwed in. But I was on that detail several days. I didn't stay at Camp O'Donnell too long. When they first came around wanting volunteers, I volunteered to get out of there. I can't remember too much about Camp O'Donnell because I was one of the first ones to leave because I volunteered on the first detail.

Marcello: Well, I gather you got there on April 17, 1942, and you left there on May 12, 1942.

Stanley: I didn't realize I stayed there that long.

Marcello: So you really weren't there a month altogether, and I assume that during most of the period that you were there, the only work you really did was on these burial details. There wasn't a whole lot of work to be done at O'Donnell, isn't that correct? It was kind of like a transit point.

Stanley: Right, right.

Marcello: They sent you to O'Donnell before they sent you to some other place which was a more or less permanent destination.

Stanley: Right, and they got our full name and our serial number, and if I'm not badly mistaken, that was the first place

they got any record of each one of us. I believe. I believe I am right there. I believe that General King gave orders for the other officers to get our names and numbers and what company we were in.

Marcello: Did you have to undergo any interrogation while you were here?

Stanley: Not at Camp O'Donnell. I had a specialty rating, and I guess they knew that I didn't know anything (chuckle). I had the Japanese coming around real often looking to see if I had anything they wanted, but as far as any questions being asked . . .

Marcello: What sort of atrocities did you witness here?

Stanley: The worst ones I seen was the Japanese would tell a sick man to get up or do something, and when he couldn't, they would beat him, and I did hear some shots and see some guys fall. But I don't remember whether I saw any stabbings or not. I did see one . . . I believe it was a twin brother have to watch his brother get shot. There were some guys who lost their heads and went out of camp and got caught, and one of these boys had a twin brother, and some way or another the Japs found out about it, and they made his twin stand there and watch the Japanese shoot his own brother. I don't know whether anybody has told you about him or not before.

Marcello: I think Halbrook mentioned it, in fact.

Stanley: Well, Halbrook and I were together. I'm sure that Halbrook and I were at Camp O'Donnell at the same time. We might have went to Clark Field at the same time. I don't remember.

Marcello: Had the thought of escape ever crossed your mind at O'Donnell?

Stanley: Well, it crossed my mind but not seriously because I couldn't speak Filipino, and I couldn't speak Japanese, and I didn't know a thing in the world about it. My biggest worry was losing control of myself when I was running this high fever because I kept having this fever. But my biggest worry was when I didn't have a temperature my fever . . . I would think to myself, well, "Now gosh, when I get this malaria I'm going to do like some of these other boys. I'm going to lose control of myself and do just terrible things." But when I was not having a fever, I never thought about escaping.

Marcello: You mentioned that you had fever while you were at O'Donnell. Was this malaria again?

Stanley: Malaria. Right.

Marcello: How bad was the fever here?

Stanley: Well, sometimes you felt like you were going to freeze to death. You would just have chills, and your fever would jump up real high, and you would feel like you were going to burn, and your body ached, and, of course,

we had no way of taking temperature. But, often again, I would see some of those boys die, and I don't know if they died of fever or not, but that was another fear I had of dying with too high a temperature. I had that fear. I had that fear in my mind real often because I thought, "Well, this fever is going to get so high, and I'm not having no medicine to take care of it." I found out later that high fever don't kill too many. Most of the time you'll break out into a sweat before the . . . of course, our bodies were run down, and fever could kill you, but that was one fear that I had.

Marcello: What sort of medical facilities did the Japanese provide at O'Donnell?

Stanley: As best I can remember, nothing. I never received anything at O'Donnell except . . . seemed like it was a little half a bowl of rice a day or maybe twice a day or something like that.

Marcello: Well, how about in terms of medicine? Were you able to get any quinine or anything of this nature for your malaria at O'Donnell?

Stanley: The best I remember, nothing. The best I remember, nothing. I couldn't say for sure, but the best I remember, no medicine in Camp O'Donnell at all. That's one reason I volunteered to get out of Camp O'Donnell.

Marcello: What sort of meals were you being fed at Camp O'Donnell?

Stanley: I don't believe I had any meat. I think it was just rice.

Marcello: Strictly rice? As I gather, on most occasions, you had rice about twice a day, I believe.

Stanley: And it was lugao, I guess you'd call it . . .

Marcello: Which is a mush, isn't it? Rice and water?

Stanley: Right. Instead of being thick, it was just like a soup, just like eating a cereal.

Marcello: Were there any sorts of greens or vegetables—things of that nature?

Stanley: Given to us?

Marcello: Yes.

Stanley: Maybe once or twice a week, but not every day. And then it was awfully little . . . it was a small portion.

Marcello: In your memorandum, you mentioned that most of your food turned to water. I gather that your kidneys were very, very active.

Stanley: Oh, yes! I don't know if you heard them talk about it or not, but I remember this so much. They had what they called the "dry beriberi" and the "wet beriberi" and I had the dry beriberi awhile.

Marcello: What is dry beriberi like?

Stanley: The ones that had dry beriberi all the time, they drawed up kind of like arthritis, and they ached constantly. At Clark Field, you'd see them laying on the water hydrants all night long. I did that some, but fortunately I didn't have dry beriberi too long.

Marcello: Does your skin and so on dehydrate and dry up to . . .

Stanley: I guess. But your bones . . . you ache . . . you just ache . . . you just ache constantly, and, of course, you have no . . . you didn't have much meat on you anyway, and your old bones would just ache. Like you say, you just kind of dry up like arthritis or rheumatism or something.

Marcello: What was the wet beriberi like?

Stanley: Well, that's what I had more. Take your arm, for instance, here. You could take your finger and punch a hole in your arm here, and that hole would remain just like pushing a hole in mud. Everything in you was just water. You were soft and flabby, and you looked swollen kind of like a guy who was an alcoholic for a long time. You just look flushed. But the wet beriberi was very, very dangerous in some ways. The way I understood it, some of the boys had wet beriberi so long and so bad . . . had swollen up around their heart and choked their heart out!

Marcello: And I gather that their lungs would fill up and they would virtually drown sometimes with wet beriberi.

Stanley: Right. So I had both.

Marcello: And these both come from dietary deficiencies, did they not?

Stanley: Right. I know once in awhile--this is at Clark Field--we managed to get some kind of greens that we would steal from the Japanese, and we would eat a good food for a meal or two, and some of these problems would just fade away. It wouldn't take but just a little bit sometimes to tell right away that it wouldn't take much vitamins of any kind or food of any kind to do away with some of this stuff.

Marcello: While you were at O'Donnell, what was your morale like? Did you still feel that help was on its way?

Stanley: No, I had begun to wonder then. I had pretty good morale until I got to Camp O'Donnell. I thought that after we finished this Death March, we would have a different kind of Japanese, we would be throwed into a camp, and we would be issued food and a place to take a bath. We may have to work a little bit, but we are confined in a prison camp. But when we pulled in there and seen them dying like flies, and malaria, and no water . . . I think we had two or three spigots for thousands of men, and that old spigot just dripped.

Marcello: How long did you usually have to stay in line to get water?

Stanley: Oh, I don't know. I know I went to sleep in line many a time. You would stay in line for hours, but you were just as well off there as you were anywhere else! It didn't make no difference, because . . . of course, sometimes on old hot days, you was out in the sun rather than in the shade. But the water situation was . . . hunger was bad, but when you got short of water, that's worse than anything.

Marcello: What is it like physically to be thirsty, to have an acute thirst.

Stanley: Well, of course, your tongue is dry. Your tongue feels like it's stuffed with dry leaves. You just feel like if somebody would say, "I'll give you a cup of water for your right arm," you'd take your right arm off. That's all that matters. When you get thirsty, nothing else matters. You would just give anything in the world for a drink of water, and your old mouth, like I say, just feels like it's stuffed with leaves, and you just feel like a drink of water would solve all problems! It would get so bad that you would feel that a drink of water would solve all your problems.

Marcello: I gather that when one is suffering from thirst or a lack of water that sometimes it is very very difficult to urinate, and when you do urinate, I gather that it is almost as if somebody was sticking you with a red-hot poker or something. Did you ever experience this sort of thing?

Stanley: Some, but not too much. I had a lot of burning sensations kind of like I guess you hear people talking about gonorrhea. I haven't had gonorrhea, but I had some burning sensations. But fortunately, I didn't have to do without water as much as some people. I know on the boat ride later on--you probably have heard of the boat ride--there were some people that drank their own urine, but fortunately, I managed to escape that.

Marcello: We'll talk about that a little later on, for it sounds like a pretty interesting story. At O'Donnell, what sort of shower or bathing facilities did the Japanese provide? Did you have an opportunity to take a bath?

Stanley: I was just trying to think. I don't think I had one. I know what it was, but I never did get to it. They had a river on one side of that camp or on the edge of it or somewhere that every once in awhile they would take some of the men down there and let them dive in or

let them walk through it or something. But I never did get to the river. I never did. If I'm not badly mistaken, I didn't have a bath the whole time I was at O'Donnell. I don't remember it.

Marcello: How about sanitary facilities? What sort of latrines and so on were provided?

Stanley: Just old pits that we dug. Of course, everybody had . . . and flies were all over the place, and you could understand why nobody ever escaped dysentery. So many times a guy was too weak to walk to the latrines, and if he did walk, he didn't make it. You could walk through the barracks there, and a certain percentage of the fellows were so weak that they couldn't get up, and some of them had on shorts, and some of them didn't have on nothing, and some of them had coveralls on. They was just like a bunch of animals.

Marcello: I gather that at times that the dysentery got so bad that at night a lot of the prisoners simply stayed right by the latrines . . . didn't even go back in the barracks.

Stanley: Yes, yes. I've done that later on.

Marcello: Well, fortunately for you, you were only at O'Donnell for, oh, a little less than a month.

Stanley: I didn't think it was that long, but I guess it was because along about then I started to remember dates better. See, this was written twenty years ago.

Marcello: And finally on May 12, 1942, you were able to leave O'Donnell. How did you manage to get out of O'Donnell?

Stanley: Let's see, May 12. That was right after Corregidor fell, wasn't it?

Marcello: That's correct.

Stanley: I remember how I got out, but I don't know how I managed to be lucky enough to get out.

Marcello: Did you volunteer for a detail or something?

Stanley: The Japanese told the Americans that they wanted so many men to go on detail, and I thought to myself, "Well, I don't see how in the world it can be worse than this. I'm going to volunteer." I volunteered and fortunately I was little, but I was in better shape than most of them. They needed so many, and when they called . . . when they lined us up there and they saw me and I looked like I was in pretty good shape, they just put me up there on the truck. I went to Clark Field and I thought . . . I was seeing right away that I had made the right move.

Marcello: What was the trip like from O'Donnell to Clark Field?

Stanley: To the best of my memory, it was pretty good. The best I remember, it was pretty good. I don't remember who carried us. I don't know if it was the Japanese guards

at Clark or somebody at O'Donnell. I kind of believe that the Japanese at Clark came and got us. I couldn't say. I don't know how far it is. I don't remember the ride. But if it had of been real bad, I would have remembered it.

Marcello: What was Clark Field like? Can you describe it in a physical sense?

Stanley: Yes, Clark Field was . . . of course, along in then, Clark Field had a . . . their runways was dirt. I don't believe that they had a concrete runway, and they didn't have but three or four hangars at that time, and every one of them had bomb holes through them. Clark Field was only two or three miles from a little town called . . . what was that town called . . . I can't remember the . . . Angeles? Yes, I believe Clark Field was outside Angeles, and it was level. After we pulled into Angeles and started for Clark Field, I believe there was a little boulevard there going to Clark, and it was level and it looked a little bit swampy, but it was level. We pulled into Clark, and just as we got to the hangar, we pulled over to the left, and we weren't over three or four hundred yards from the hangars, and there must have been about eight barracks and a couple of smaller buildings, supply

buildings, and they had that fenced off for us. But fortunately, it looked so good. It just looked just like a million dollars to a pauper. There were water hydrants all over the place and just plain old drinking water. And, man, that was just like . . . well, you just can't imagine what wonderful feeling we had, and I knew right away that I had made a good move.

Marcello: What were the barracks like inside?

Stanley: They had an old wooden floor, and they was a grass . . . most all that stuff over there . . . they make them . . .

Marcello: Atap, isn't it called?

Stanley: Yes, they make them to take care of these hurricanes, and they are not enclosed completely. You got about an eighteen foot or two inch opening from your roof to your sides when that wind hits, and those old hurricanes would hit and that old building would just sit there and do just like a gal doing the Hawaiian dance, but it wouldn't go down! But the buildings, they looked good to us. If I'm not badly mistaken, the Japs gave each one of us some shorts of some kind. They weren't uniforms.

Marcello: Incidentally, what had your clothing been reduced to by this time? That is, before the Japanese issued additional clothing.

Stanley: I still had my coveralls, but if I'm not badly mistaken, some way or another I had cut the top off, and maybe I cut my legs off because it was hot. That's all I had—my coveralls.

Marcello: Well, you mentioned here that at one stage you made a pair of shorts out of some old sacks and mattress covers.

Stanley: Yes, at Clark Field. Now this was later on. Now first at Clark Field, if I'm not badly mistaken, they issued every one of us shorts. Of course, they had captured a lot of American stuff . . . gave us a pair of shorts. Later on we was going on these details, and we worked on all kinds of details at Clark Field. I could talk a year on Clark Field. We would go to these old barracks . . .

Marcello: Well, let's just go back a little bit before we start talking about the details. Getting back to your living quarters again, did you have bunks or were you sleeping on long racks, or what sort of sleeping quarters did you have?

Stanley: No, we didn't have anything to start with. But fortunately, we ran into some Japanese that were compassionate. Fortunately, they carried us on details, and we worked every day. We would go on details, and we would get on a detail, and we would find an old GI cot, and with the

right kind of Japanese he would let us bring it in. It wasn't six to eight weeks that everyone of us had a decent bed. Some of them didn't have a decent mattress, but you'd find an old blanket or an old mattress ticking or get you some straw, and you had something to get off the floor. Eventually, our living quarters wasn't too bad. I mean, it was bad but it was heaven up side of O'Donnell. But this was stuff that the Japanese didn't issue us, but working at Clark Field on different details we had scavenged it and brought it in.

Marcello: Who was running this camp? Was it the army?

Stanley: Yes, and it is amazing because they didn't have much rank. A sergeant over there was a high ranker. I believe it was something like a lieutenant in charge of the whole works, and usually something like a buck sergeant would be in charge of each shift. Most of the time--I'll give the Japanese credit--most of the time they didn't mess with you inside the camp when you wasn't working. Every once in awhile you would get a harebrained Jap that would come through, and he was a troublemaker. He just wanted to show off. But so many times we would go for days, and a Jap wouldn't come through that camp except to walk through and inspect it, looking around to see if somebody was making something

he wasn't supposed to. Of course, we worked every day, but as far as bothering you in the camp, they left you alone.

Marcello: In other words, generally speaking, at Clark Field the harassment stopped.

Stanley: Right. Of course, every once in awhile you would get a Jap that wants to show off, and you would go on a detail of five or six men to a place, maybe to a Japanese garage, and they wanted it cleaned up, and the man in charge of this garage hadn't been around no American prisoners before, and he would want to show off, and he would stomp us. But every once in awhile you would get hold of one that was real curious, and he would set you down, and we would begin to speak a little Japanese, and we would talk all day to them, and we wouldn't have to work because he was curious! Our working conditions . . . in other words, I could have lived a lot longer at Clark Field than I could at O'Donnell or Japan--either one. I could have lasted in Clark Field a long time with just a little more food.

Marcello: What was the difference in the food at Clark Field from that at O'Donnell? Were you being fed better? Obviously, you weren't being fed great at Clark Field.

Stanley: Well, the main difference we had more, and the Japanese issued so much rice to the Americans, and the Americans cooked it, and we had so much to scavenge at Clark. For instance, I remember one time I had dysentery. The dysentery was about to get to me. I had already had a good taste of dysentery, and this was something . . . sometimes I think God was the only thing that brought me back! I was working there at Clark Field right down there next to a hangar. It looked like maybe a kitchen right next to the hangar, and we were cleaning it up. The Japs made us clean it up. I found a wooden box about this big around (gesture), and you will never guess what was in it. A hunk of cheese! It was this cheese that has a hole in the middle of it, and the Japs let me bring that in, and it was caked all around, and I guess you could smell it all the way to Manila. But I cut that rough edge around it and took it into the camp, and, boy, that stuff stopped me up! It stopped me up, and, of course, Sergeant Bearden, who I was talking about awhile ago, I gave him some of it. Of course, you just didn't give stuff away like that. You were just looking out for "me!" But, of course, Bearden had been so good to me, and then I traded some of this to other fellows. Man, we got to be traders! Oh, we were professional traders!

Marcello: In what way? Would you explain more about this trading?

Stanley: Yes. I never did smoke. Never smoked in my life. I was around it all my life. But you'd go out on some detail, and some Japanese liked you, and he might give you a cigarette. Well, you had some guy in camp, and fortunately he wanted a cigarette. I couldn't trade him that cigarette today for his meal now, but I could trade him that cigarette for a bowl of rice tomorrow night. It sounds dirty trading a man a cigarette for his rice tomorrow night, but if he was sucker enough to smoke, we was so hard up for food . . . if he was sucker enough to trade, you'd trade with him.

Marcello: It's hard for me to imagine anybody trading a bowl of rice for a cigarette, considering the conditions.

Stanley: But those type fellows . . . most of them didn't make it because we had just enough to . . . a lot of guys didn't survive, and the ones that did had barely enough to survive. But those kind of guys didn't have no will power, and most of them didn't make it. Like I say, you could take . . . if you sit down and had a cigarette now, and that guy had a bowl of rice, you could have had a pack of cigarettes, and he wouldn't have traded that bowl of rice for that cigarette, now. But you could trade that cigarette now for a bowl of rice tomorrow

night, and they would deal with you. Because he was wanting a smoke now. You had a lot of guys that had no will power.

Marcello: What other type of trading did you do?

Stanley: Oh, it was mostly food. It was mostly trading food. Some guy . . . let's see, what was it I found . . . I found a gallon or half a gallon of syrup one time, and one guy found some flour, and we got together and fixed some pancakes. They'd let you cook inside, and we ate together. I didn't know the feller, and he didn't know me, but we would do all that kind of trading. And if a guy found something and you found something and he liked yours better than he did his, he would trade with you.

Marcello: Did you ever have any opportunities to trade with any Filipinos or with any of the Japanese?

Stanley: No, because I didn't have anything to trade. I didn't have much to trade. Now the Japanese would take some of the Americans on some details, and the Filipinos would be on the details and the Americans . . . like mechanics, I wasn't no mechanic. On a mechanical detail I remember so well, we had some guys that worked with the Filipino Scouts, and they worked on the same . . . some of them worked on the same detail for six months.

They would get to know the Japanese guard, and they would go over there. If we would have had plenty of food, it would have been fine because they worked just like they was out of the Army. They would work on Japanese trucks. Of course, they wouldn't try to make it run perfect, but they would work just enough to get by on it. The Scouts would trade with them. I remember so well that our morale was getting real low, and an American slipped a cover of a Life magazine in, and he put it in the bottom of this canteen. It was only about thirty days old. A submarine had slipped it in, and the Filipinos got it, and the Scouts got it to us to build up our morale. This was in about 1943. Of course, that's jumping the gun, but I was just trying to illustrate how good some of these Filipinos were.

Marcello: Did you have anything except rice to supplement your regular diet? Did you get any vegetables or meat here at all?

Stanley: The Japanese, every once in awhile, they'd give us maybe one side of a pig for the whole camp, and you'd make a . . .

Marcello: How many people were in the camp? How many prisoners were in the camp?

Stanley: Oh, anywhere from two to three hundred. In other words, it would make the soup look just like greasy water is what it looked like. Of course, it was good for us. And we had salt . . . I don't believe that they issued us salt, but there was a cavalry base right there out on Clark Field, and we would get these blocks of salt that they would feed a horse with. There was plenty of them captured there. So we would grind them up and make salt, and we had plenty of salt. I didn't do it, but we had guys there that could make anything. We had a guy there that made one of the prettiest guitars you ever seen in your life, and we had an artist in there, and we had one old boy from Pennsylvania that . . . he was in the Air Corps, and I don't know how he knew how all the airplanes looked, but from memory he would take wood and plastic stuff and make the prettiest model airplanes about just as pretty as anything you could buy now. We had guys . . . you take them all together, and they could do miracles with nothing.

Marcello: I would assume that all the prisoners were scavengers. In other words, if you saw anything lying around, you would pick it up and keep it because maybe you would be able to trade it for food or trade it for something else.

Stanley: Amen.

Marcello: I would assume that the prisoners had all sorts of odds and ends and various gadgets and articles.

Stanley: Later on at the end of the thing I'll tell you, but it was comical. Americans were trying to make us throw that stuff away when we were liberated. Oh, it was comical. Oh, you wouldn't throw nothing away!

Marcello: What were some of the things that you collected or gathered from your own personal experience?

Stanley: I remember one thing that I made . . . I got this from another fellow. We went barefooted most of the time, but sometimes we made wooden shoes and made them out of this thin Filipino wood. I don't know what you call it, but it was just a strap across the toe, and you take . . . they let us have regular old GI knives, and we would sharpen those knives, and we would cut that shoe out inside and save that top, and we would go on a detail where there was some rice, and the Japs would turn their backs, and you could fill the inside of that shoe full of rice and pull into camp, and you have got some extra rice to cook. See, they let you cook in camp. I got to where I could make a pretty good pair of pants. I could almost cut a pattern out right now from memory out of a GI mattress. I was trying to think of some of the stuff that . . . of course, when I was liberated I had a lot of stuff that the airplanes had dropped over.

Marcello: What did you do in your spare time?

Stanley: What spare time? We practically had no spare time. Well, we had spare time, but you were so weak that you didn't want to do anything but rest.

Marcello: Well, what did you think about while you were resting?

Stanley: Eating. That's all. Eating. Now when you are as hungry as we was, that's all you think about.

Marcello: I'll bet one of your prime activities was dreaming up menus.

Stanley: Oh, Lord! I think I have got a little book . . . one of these little books . . . I was from Georgia . . . I would send him a gallon of syrup, and a boy in Oregon would send me salmon. A guy from up around Detroit . . . let's see now, what was it . . . something they raise up there he was going to send me. Oh, we must have had a thousand recipes for rice! That's all we talked about. It is a funny thing. You would know a man, work by a man, and sleep by a man for six months, and you wouldn't know whether he was married, had any children. You would know where he was from, maybe, and all you would talk about was food. Just as soon as the war was over and you got a bellyful, every one of us started talking about our families and where we was from and all that. But when you're hungry, that's it.

Marcello: I gather that there were times when prisoners would even imagine that they smelled a particular type of food cooking, for example, bacon and eggs.

Stanley: Oh, yes! I remember no matter how desperate you get, how bad a shape you're in, you always have guys full of fun. We had a little old boy named Sadler from Kentucky, and I remember one thing . . . he used to come through, and he couldn't hardly walk because he was so weak, and you know corn "willy" is corn beef . . . corn "willy" is . . . you call a can of corned beef, you call it corn "willy."

Marcello: Corn "willy?"

Stanley: Yes, they call it corn "willy."

Marcello: This was a nickname.

Stanley: Right. He'd come through the barracks and just couldn't hardly walk, and Betty Grable was real popular, and he would holler, "What would you rather have, a can of corn 'willy' or Betty Grable?" And they'd all holler, "To hell with Betty Grable!" And stuff like that. Food was it! I mean food . . . when you are hungry, nothing else matters. Nothing.

Marcello: Awhile ago we talked about the workdays, and you mentioned that you didn't have very much spare time. How long did a work day last?

Stanley: Most of the time the hours weren't too long. Of course, over there, you have in the summertime . . . parts of the year the days seem so long over there that I don't remember. Some days they would work the hell out of you and some days they wouldn't. I can remember working on that airfield all day long filling up holes after a big rain. I remember doing that one day all day long. We went in real tired. You would have a bowl of rice and take a nice shower, and just about the time you laid down the Japs hollered at us and made us line up, and we had to march all the way to this little town and unload gas all night. The Japs had shipped gas in from Manila up to this town at Clark Field for the airplanes, and we would go in there and unload that stuff all night long. I don't see how I picked up their sixty-gallon drums of gas, two of us, but I did.

Marcello: We will talk about the work details in a little while. Did the workweek last seven . . . was it a seven-day workweek? Did you work everyday? Did you have any days off?

Stanley: I believe that at Clark Field it was according to who was your Jap company commander. There for awhile our officer talked him into letting us have off Sunday . . . one day a week, and I believe it was what we

considered Sunday. I don't know whether . . . I think some of the guys made calendars and we kind of kept up with the days of the month. But part of the time we had a day off. And, of course, the Japs had holidays, and whenever they had holidays, we had the day off.

Marcello: Let's talk about some of the work details that you were on on Clark Field. Can you describe some of them?

Stanley: Well, see, the Japanese and Americans both had hit this Clark . . . no, Japanese. The Americans hadn't hit it.

Marcello: The Japanese had hit it pretty hard!

Stanley: The Japanese had hit it and tore it apart! We went in there and we cut grass around the runways, and we filled up holes, we'd go to these old Army officers' quarters and tear them apart and tear them down, and we would tear them. The biggest work detail . . . and I would give a million dollars to see them now. The last year we were there was building revetments. Do you know what a revetment is?

Marcello: Yes.

Stanley: Around these little hills around Clark Field we worked sometimes as much as thirty days on . . . and they'd give us each a pick and shovel and to dig into this hard rock on the edge of these hills there, and they would push an airplane back in there and hide it. Now

that was . . . that was the biggest . . . I guess we put more hours on that than any one thing. But we just did flunky work—haul gas, haul bombs, cut grass, clean outhouses. They had a water shed up and we would go clean the water shed out, and just a little bit . . . just flunky work.

Marcello: I would assume that any sort of physical labor was tough, however, since you were not receiving very much to eat and virtually no medical attention at all.

Stanley: Yes. Except on these gas details loading this gas and hauling these bombs, the average work detail wouldn't have been hard for a man in good shape. Most of the Japanese, unless right there at the last part when the Americans began to push them, during the first part, as long as you could keep moving, the Japanese would leave you alone. They just didn't want you to stop. I know sometimes we cut grass. I was real short, and fortunately I could just squat for hours and hours with a sickle and cut grass around these runways. But when you would raise up, you had to be on your guard because they'd get after you. But some of those poor fellows . . . tall old six-foot three boys just couldn't get down there. I was real fortunate. We did that for days and days.

Marcello: It almost sounds like WPA work.

Stanley: Yes, yes, yes. I will never forget that on April Fools Day of 1943 there had been a big rain the night before, and we were cleaning and working right in front of the hangars. We were working in front of the hangars cutting grass. On the first day of April they got a detail of us--I guess there were ten or fifteen men--and we went down in front of the hangars, and we were working right around the edge of the airport, and we were cutting grass. Now this was in '43, and we had been captured a little over a year, and the Japanese had a bunch of airplanes out there. First, let me tell you that they captured our gas, which was real strong gas, and they diluted it . . . sent it to Manila and they sent it back way diluted, and it was weak because they was short on gas. But, anyway, we was working this morning, and this one Japanese got on this plane and started it up, and he just raced that thing and tried to get that weak gas and that motor going good. Anyway, he finally got that motor going good . . . and it was a dive bomber, and he got in this plane and started down the runway, and just about the time he raised up off the ground, one of his motors conked out on him. He got five of his own planes that morning. He tore all five of them

to pieces. We had to stop laughing because the guards with us worked us over! But I will never forget that April Fools morning because we felt like we had had a good day . . . six airplanes destroyed.

Marcello: Incidentally, did the prisoners ever do anything to sabotage any of these projects?

Stanley: No, there wasn't much you could do.

Marcello: Well, I guess the guys working in the motor pool could perform some acts of sabotage.

Stanley; Yes, but they felt like they couldn't . . . it wouldn't be valuable enough to stick their neck out to do it because they would be more or less cutting their own throats. We had one guy to escape the whole time we were there . . only one guy escaped. He had married a Filipino before the war, and he knew the Philippine Islands, and he was the only one that escaped.

Marcello: Well, I gather that by this time the Japanese had already divided you into ten-man death squads, had they not? Had that been done here? I know at Cabanatuan the Japanese had divided the men into ten-man death squads, and if one prisoner escaped, the other nine would be executed. Had they done anything like this at Clark Field?

Stanley: They told us they had, but really we didn't know what squad we was in, and if I'm not badly mistaken, they

were divided into bigger groups at Clark Field. When this one guy escaped, he escaped at night, and every morning we counted off, and most of the time it was routine, and we come up with this one man short. Boy, they got excited real quick, and they counted three or four times until they realized that he was missing. They counted off by barracks. Each one of us had a number. My number was 291. But this guy escaped, and they realized that he was missing, so we stayed in that one spot all day. We didn't move. We expected them at any time to line one group of us up and shoot us.

Marcello: What were some of the favorite forms of petty punishments that the Japanese would deal out here at Clark Field?

Stanley: Well, one that I remember so much was . . . and I can't remember that dude's name . . . we nicknamed him. We nicknamed all of them. This was a sergeant, and he had taken an American GI shoe and wore them like a house shoe, and cut everything off except the toe. He left the whole sole and one strip across the toe. Just for meanness, he'd take one shoe off and grab hold of the toe end and hit you with that heel. And that heel was pretty heavy on that GI shoe. He would do that for meanness. Then they would make you do so many pushups

till you'd fall. Then they'd jab you in the back with a bayonet to try to make you do more. Of course, at Clark we didn't have too much of that because it was more or less dependent on the Japanese in charge of the camp as to how you got treated. Now I will say one thing for Japs. Boy, they loved to play baseball. We had a boy that had been drafted by the Pittsburgh Pirates, and then the Army got him. His name was LaRue, a Frenchman. Of course, he got drowned . . . he got sunk on this boat. But every once in awhile the Japs would make us play baseball with them, and fortunately we could go out there and sit on the bases, and with this old boy throwing they couldn't hit them. But the Japanese were pretty good sports. If an American throwed a Japanese out running for a base, that Japanese got mad and he slugged that baseman that threw him out, the Japanese in charge would go over and knock the devil out of the Jap. So they was pretty good sports. Fortunately this American was so good at pitching . . . we couldn't run around the bases, and we couldn't run or hit those flies or catch those flies if the Japs hit them . . . this boy was so good at pitching, even so weak, that he could strike the Japanese out, and we could go out there and sit. But they were pretty good sports, but they made us play ball.

Marcello: I was going to ask you if there were very many opportunities for this type of activity.

Stanley: No. Baseball was about the only thing that they made us play.

Marcello: While you were at Clark Field, what sort of news from the outside world were you able to gather?

Stanley: Well, we heard all kinds of rumors from the Filipinos because like I said, we had different details going out, and we heard all kinds of things. The thing that kept our morale up . . . I didn't know the geography of the islands, but the Japanese would tell us "_____ _____," in other words, forty B-27's shot down and all that kind of stuff. We would get on details, and they would just talk about how they was winning the war. If you could get hold of one, you could talk back to him and say, "Well, our planes will finally get you if you get hold of the right one." We would get to talking, but every so often they would tell us what a big battle they had won. But the next time they would tell us about the big battle, and the battle was one island closer to us. So we knew that Uncle Sam was heading our way. That's the best way that we could tell. We would get the Japs to talking, and they would tell us where each battle was. And, of course, I didn't know, but some of those guys knew exactly where islands

was, and they would say, "Boys, the Americans are coming our way!"

Marcello: I'm sure that this did quite a bit for morale when you got this sort of thing.

Stanley: Oh, you bet.

Marcello: Did you receive any Red Cross packages while you were at Clark Field?

Stanley: Yes, one time. They were robbed. The cigarettes was got out. The main item I remember is I got a pretty big can of powdered milk.

Marcello: Klim.

Stanley: Right. And there was maybe a half a dozen canned goods.

Marcello: Cheese . . .

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: . . .some candy, things of that nature.

Stanley: The candy was robbed a lot of times.

Marcello: Toothpaste, I believe, was in some of them.

Stanley: I think so. But the item I remember that done so much good was this Klim. But, gosh, when you get a can of that you'd try to make it last long, but you wouldn't do yourself justice because instead of getting a spoonful in a glass of water, you took a half a spoonful. The Japs didn't know what powdered milk was all about. That's the only reason that they didn't take it, but

they robbed a lot of the packages. The best I remember, we only got one through, and I believe that most every guy . . . I believe that most every guy managed to get a box.

Marcello: And I assume that they were lifesavers.

Stanley: You bet.

Marcello: They really helped quite a bit.

Stanley: They did.

Marcello: According to your memorandum, around the beginning of 1943, your health began to deteriorate quite a bit. Isn't that correct?

Stanley: That's right.

Marcello: At one time you mentioned that you had skin trouble which was caused from an insufficient diet. What was that like?

Stanley: Almost like the itch. My whole skin was raw, and I had big blisters.

Marcello: Did it also make your mouth tender?

Stanley: Oh, yes. My gums bled. There for a long time after I got back, my gums still bled, and I didn't know it till I got back, but the doctor tells me now to keep eating a lot of fruit because there is one thing you can't build up, and that is vitamin C. You can't built it up, so now I make it a point to get plenty of fruit. When I

first got back, for months and months, I'd catch myself not drinking or eating fruit, and I'd brush my teeth and my gums would bleed.

Marcello: How did this dietary deficiency affect your eyes?

Stanley: I got weak but it affected people different ways--some eyes, some ears, some skin. Some of the boys went almost blind. In fact, some of the boys went blind, and we got the Red Cross packages, and they started seeing again, a little, you know. In other words, just a little bit of something would really give you a big boost.

Marcello: Were your bones still aching yet?

Stanley: Oh, my bones ached a lot. I guess that was probably what gave me more pain than anything in there. I slept many a night . . . they had in those wash houses about twenty foot long they had troughs and maybe ten or fifteen water hydrants. That was for the Filipino Scouts, and they had ten or fifteen hydrants about every foot apart. They had a sink or trough about that wide (gesture). I crawled up in there a many night and laid down and turned the water hydrant on my legs.

Marcello: This was because of the dry beriberi, isn't that correct?

Stanley: Right, right. I wasn't the only one out there.

Marcello: Did you have more attacks of malaria while you were here?

Stanley: Oh, yes, I had malaria the whole time. I don't believe that I had but two or three types of attacks of malaria in Japan.

Marcello: Were you able to get any quinine at Clark Field?

Stanley: Some, but the problem . . . it's a wonder that we hadn't all killed ourselves. We would find medicine in cabinets and not marked, and, of course, some of it you could tell. We got hold of some quinine. I got hold of some quinine.

Marcello: I think you had to steal it, did you not?

Stanley: Right. The Japs didn't give us anything. On details we would find it.

Marcello: Well, when you have all these ailments, do you kind of get irritable? Are you apt to get into fights and arguments with your companions?

Stanley: Oh, yes! Guys were awfully, awfully cross. You couldn't say much to a guy about . . . if you talk real cross to him, he would fight you in a minute. Of course, he couldn't fight. The Japs wouldn't let you, and he was too weak anyway. Naturally, you were cross.

Marcello: How did the rainy seasons affect the prisoners' health?

Stanley: More malaria. We worked all rainy season, but I think malaria was the only effect we had because the temperature was warm enough that it didn't affect you. I worked all day long in the rain, and I was just in shorts. But,

like I say, I don't know what the lowest temperature was, but I don't think it ever gets below fifty or sixty degrees over there. We had no trouble with the rainy season except having more misery while working and malaria.

Marcello: I gather that at one stage during your stay here at Clark Field you had a run-in with a Japanese guard, and he even went so far as to bayonet you, did he not?

Stanley: At Clark Field?

Marcello: Yes. I think that it occurred on one of these grass cutting details.

Stanley: Oh, yes! Right about the same spot that these five planes cracked up, these Japanese used grass to start their fires in the kettles at the kitchen. And there was about a half a dozen of us who worked on this detail of cutting grass, and it was dead grass. When we started in, this Japanese kitchen was kind of behind our camp, and we would have to walk from the airport or the hangars where we were cutting this grass, right by our camp, and on into their kitchen. When we got through each day, they would pile this dry grass up and make each one of us pick . . . it looked like a little mat. Of course, the grass was light. I got hold of a load, and it wasn't as much as the Japs wanted me to

carry, and I reached down to get some more and it fell off. I couldn't get as much as he wanted me to get. He kind of got fiery mad, and he swung that bayonet and hit me across there. Fortunately, he didn't get no bone. It was just a big old flesh wound, and I carried the grass on it, and I don't think they sewed it up. They didn't sew it up because there wasn't no way to sew it up. If they had sewed it up, I wouldn't have had no scar.

Marcello: You still had to keep working, I gather.

Stanley: Well, this was on the way in. The day's work was over.

Marcello: But the days after that . . .

Stanley: Yes, oh yes.

Marcello: From everything I have read, the only way you could get out of the work details was to be sick to the stage where you were off your feet. If you were on your feet, you worked.

Stanley: You might have heard . . . I am sure Halbrook told you about this sergeant that we had, and he probably told you his nickname. But anyway, a guy would say he had the fever and he was too sick to work. We'd line up and a guy would say he had malaria, and this old sergeant would go along with a pair of white gloves on, and if he couldn't feel your temperature through them

white gloves, you were alright to work. Now if he could feel a little heat through those white gloves, he might let you off. But that's just an example. You had to be where you couldn't walk, more than likely.

Marcello: You mentioned sometime back in the interview that you had nicknames for all the guards. What were some of the nicknames?

Stanley: I wished I could remember! Maybe I will later on. I can't remember them. We gave them all kinds of funny nicknames.

Marcello: Well, anyhow, in September of 1944 you left Clark Field, and I guess you headed for Manila.

Stanley: Went to Manila and then went to Japan, yes.

Marcello: Was this a voluntary thing, or was this mandatory?

Stanley: Well, it was both. See, in '44, Uncle Sam's Navy was heading this way and was about to recapture the Philippines. Uncle Sam's Navy was getting real close, and the Japs had to get us all out of there and get us to Japan.

Marcello: How did you know that Uncle Sam's Navy was getting close? Had you witnessed any American planes or anything at this time yet?

Stanley: No, no. They hadn't hit the Philippines, but we could hear the Japanese talking where they were at. We had begun to speak a little Japanese. But the main way was that we could hear them talking about a battle at such

and such an island down here which wasn't too far. The Filipinos would tell us about it. There wasn't no way to keep it from us. When we got out of there, it wasn't too long before Uncle Sam's Navy come in there because Uncle Sam's Navy almost shot us out of the water on the way to Japan.

Marcello: Well, when you left Clark Field, did you have any idea at that time that you were going to Japan?

Stanley: Yes, because we had begun to speak a little Japanese.

Marcello: What did you think about going to Japan?

Stanley: Well, we thought we'd be there a lot longer now because they have got to capture the Philippines and come back and take Japan. We was hoping we would stay in the Philippines and take our chances on being recaptured there.

Marcello: Well, what happened when you got to Manila? You were at Clark Field, so it wasn't too far from Manila to begin with.

Stanley: They trucked us on down there. We stayed in Manila--I don't know--one night, two nights, a short period.

Marcello: Where did they put you in Manila? Were you in Bilibid Prison?

Stanley: Bilibid, yes, that's the name of it. Then we had several meals there, and I believe that they kept a

fairly good record of us. They got all of our serial numbers and Japanese numbers and marched us down to a dock and put us on these freighters, and they put a thousand of us in each hold.

Marcello: Now before we get that far, had the American airplanes hit Manila yet?

Stanley: No.

Marcello: There had been no air raids at all.

Stanley: No.

Marcello: Describe the freighter that you were put on.

Stanley: Well, there is not much to describe, really. I can't remember how the outside of the thing looked.

Marcello: Do you remember what the name of it was?

Stanley: No, I sure don't. I don't think I have it written down anywhere. But it was a pretty good-sized convoy. I heard that they put a thousand of us down in each hold. I couldn't say but to say there was five ships in this convoy. We hadn't got out no piece before one of the ships had trouble, and we had to sit there two or three days.

Marcello: This was in Manila harbor?

Stanley: I believe so. I don't know. We was down in this hold.

Marcello: What sort of provisions did the Japanese make for you while you were in this hold?

Stanley: Practically nothing. That ship was the worst thing of the whole deal. That ship made the Death March look like a picnic.

Marcello: In what way?

Stanley: They died like flies! They gave us . . . I think it was one ration of food a day, and it was a short ration. This was a place where you'd just sit. You stayed in one position the whole time you were there unless you was lucky. They was so thick that you couldn't move. They had a little place to urinate over there, but you couldn't get over there. They were so thick. Where I was real fortunate, I was pretty close to the hold . . .

Marcello: Do you mean to the bulkhead? Oh, you mean the hatch!

Stanley: Hatch. I think that was the only thing that they had going . . . the only place that the air could get in. I was fairly close there and in better shape than so many of them. I was on the burial detail. They had them just dying like flies down in this hold. They were dying real fast because of the suffocation and heat. I was on the burial detail, and it rained up on the top deck, and I got me some water that way.

Marcello: In other words, you were able to catch some water in your canteen cup or something?

Stanley: Right and get cooled off, too.

Marcello: Where did you take them on this burial detail? Did you take them ashore and bury them on shore?

Stanley: No, we threw them in the water.

Marcello: You were in Manila Bay and you just threw them into the water?

Stanley: No, no, no.

Marcello: I'm still in the Bay yet. Let's stay in the Bay for awhile. You mentioned that you were in the Bay for a couple of . . .

Stanley: No, they didn't die that fast. We were out several days before they started dying.

Marcello: Well, let's just go back a little bit.

Stanley: I'm sorry.

Marcello: You were in the Bay . . .

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: . . . and you got ready to take off, and, like you say, you got out there and one of the ships had trouble so you all came back.

Stanley: No, we just sit! The ship didn't come back, if I remember. We just sit there while they were repairing on the others.

Marcello: Well, how long were you sitting in Manila Bay?

Stanley: Not too long. A day or two. I couldn't say.

Marcello: Well, what was it like there? Did they provide food

for you and so on while you were sitting there in Manila Bay?

Stanley: No, no. The same thing as on out. We were out oh, two or three hours before this happened. I guess you could still be in Manila Bay. We had left Manila two or three hours before one of these ships had problems.

Marcello: And then you all came back.

Stanley: No, my ship stayed put.

Marcello: I see.

Stanley: The best I remember, we stayed out. Now some of them might have . . . the one that broke down, they might have pulled it back in to repair, but we all went on the convoy together. While we were setting there, we got the same old rations that we did on the way to Japan.

Marcello: Did anybody die while you were just sitting there?

Stanley: Oh, yes.

Marcello: Well, what did you do with these people? Did you throw them overboard?

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: In other words, you were far enough from the actual shore that you could pitch these bodies out of the ship.

Stanley: Oh, yes, yes.

Marcello: How did they get rice down to you? Did they simply lower it in buckets?

Stanley: No. A couple of Japanese, the best I remember it, would bring it to you. Then we used to have an American officer more or less in charge, and he would go over and get it or send a couple of men after it. When he would get it down there, you would be real lucky if they got it rationed all the way.

Marcello: Well, I was just going to ask how people at the back, away from the food, were able to get any rice? If you were in there so heavy that you couldn't move, or anything . . .

Stanley: They tried to pass it around, and most of the time it got through because if one man got another man's ration . . . you had to be honest . . . you were out for number one, but, boy, you had better not fool with anybody else's stuff or you would get the whole gang on you.

Marcello: In other words, if you were away in the back of the ship, and if you passed your mess kit to the front, chances are you would still get the rice by the time it came back?

Stanley: You would get your little ration. The best I remember, everybody got their ration. Now later on we got more like animals before we got to Japan.

Marcello: What were some of the other bad features of this trip over to Japan? Lack of food?

Stanley: Well . . .

Marcello: How about water?

Stanley: Oh, water! The water was the worst part of it. Water killed more of them because . . . see, the ones at Clark Field . . . we hadn't built up any, but we . . . we were starved for the last few months. We wasn't down to this seventy-five pounds like I got in Japan. A few days we could have probably made it without too much food, but you cannot do it without water. It was so hot down in that hold . . . and like I say, that was just a little old hatch up there where the only air was coming in. And so many of us suffocated back in the . . . I didn't do it, but I heard several of the boys talk about it and saying some . . . that urine . . .

Marcello: They would do what?

Stanley: Drink their own urine. I can believe it! Because of some of the things we ate down at Clark Field, I can believe it.

Marcello: How could you get those guys out of there? How did you get the guys out of the hold that died?

Stanley: I can't remember whether the Americans down there lifted them or whether the Japs gave them rope to pull them out. But it was my job to help throw them over the side.

Marcello: Is that all you did . . . just took them to the surface and . . .

Stanley: Just toss them over!

Marcello: . . . I assume you took whatever possessions they had and then threw them over?

Stanley: Well, the only possessions that they had was shorts. If they had any other possessions they were down in the hold, and, of course, when they got on the ship they didn't let you carry anything with you. Shorts were about all you had.

Marcello: Was there any sort of panic or chaos down in that hold because of the lack of water?

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: You mentioned, for example, that you had water. Were you perhaps a marked man so far as somebody trying to get your water?

Stanley: I didn't have the water down in the hold. I got the water on the burial detail. Most of the time I couldn't store water, but it was raining most every day over there on that old ocean, and on the detail when it rained I could cool off a bit. Just a pinch of water would survive you, see. It would keep you from thirsting to death.

Marcello: Now I gather that this trip, altogether, took a total of seventeen days. Now that is an awfully long time, is it not, to go from the Philippines to Japan?

Stanley: Well, they were zigzagging all over that ocean. Now I couldn't see. This is what I heard. I wrote this right after the war, and this is what I heard. I couldn't tell you if it was ten days or seventeen days. This is my best figures. See, they had to zigzag all over that ocean . . .

Marcello; On account of submarines?

Stanley; Oh, yes. Japanese submarines.

Marcello; American submarines, you mean?

Stanley; I mean American submarines. They got most of them before we got there. See, we were on freighters, and they didn't mark them, and we heard some of the firing, but we didn't know what it was. Of course, those Navy men said that's submarines firing at us. Of course, they knew what they was talking about, I guess.

Marcello: I would gather that sometimes you could hear the ping of the sonar against the ship too.

Stanley: I don't remember.

Marcello: The submarines were tracking you.

Stanley: Oh, I didn't hear it. I didn't know, but I heard some of them talk about it.

Marcello: Did you go straight from Manila to Japan, or did you make any intermediate stops along the way?

Stanley: No, we didn't stop any more except for that one break. I mean, the boat stopped, but as far as docking, we didn't dock anywhere. They were trying to dodge Uncle Sam's Navy, and they zigzagged all over the place.

Marcello: What were your own thoughts about this time? How concerned were you about the submarines?

Stanley: Well, not as much as you would think because I didn't really know what was going on outside. When I was on those burial details, none of this was happening.

Marcello: Were you able to note that there were fewer ships in the convoy as you were up on deck on the burial detail?

Stanley: Well, some of the ships didn't stay very close. Some of those ships were two or three miles apart. They don't jam them up too much. Of course, I didn't pay much attention to that, and also in the rainy weather you can't see too far. But they didn't pack them in real close at all. They kept them a long way apart. They had destroyers and cruisers sitting all around the convoy, and our submarines would sneak in and get them.

Marcello: Anyhow, you finally got to Japan after approximately seventeen days, and where did you land?

Stanley: In Yokohama, I believe. I believe it was Yokohama. I will tell you something else that was funny and comical, too. We was down in those holds so long, and when we got there we were like a bunch of animals, and we all had the heat. We had the heat just raw. They stripped every one of us, run us up on the top deck, and took that big water hose and ran that salt water from the bay on us, and it was just like pouring gasoline on you, but, by golly, it cured the heat! They washed us off with that old salty water, and seems to me like when we started to dock they gave us a pair of pants or something. I don't remember what. But what is amazing to me is when we got off that boat and docked in Yokohama, we went through this big railroad station, and they told us what gate to go in and what gate to go out. I could have walked right out and gone anywhere in that city I would have wanted to because there wasn't no guard no time! I guess they figured an American over there wearing a pair of prisoners' clothes didn't have a chance of escape, but there in that railroad station you didn't hardly see a guard!

Marcello: Well, at this time, I gather that Japan had not yet been bombed. The bombing really had not yet occurred, had it, by the time you got there?

Stanley: I don't think so. I got there, oh, in October, I guess, of '45.

Marcello: What was the weather like?

Stanley: Well, right along now it would be real pleasant now. It was a little bit cool because our blood was thin from being over there, and we were skinny. But now, partner, it wasn't long before that was the coldest, coldest place that I have been in in my life! It started snowing in October, and it snowed till April!

Marcello: Did the Japanese ever give you any additional clothing to combat this cold?

Stanley: Yes, they gave us one . . . it was pretty thick, but it was made out of cotton, a green cotton quilted pants and top. We slept, we ate, and we worked in that thing. They had a little, oh, I'd say it was a ten by twelve enclosed pool where the Japanese took their baths, and about once every six to eight weeks . . .

Marcello: Now where was this?

Stanley: This was in a camp in Japan.

Marcello: Well, let's not get to the camp, yet. Let's get you into the docks at Yokohama. Where did you go from Yokohama?

Stanley: Well, we got on this train. I would love to see it now, but it was beautiful country. Of course, we were in

bad conditions, but it was a narrow gauge train, and we went 200 miles . . . seems to me like it was 200 miles north of Tokyo, way up to Hanawa. I think Halbrook was in Hanawa. I don't know whether he was or not.

Marcello: Was Halbrook on that same boat with you?

Stanley: I don't think so.

Marcello: He came later on, I think.

Stanley: Might have.

Marcello: Because I know he described some of the air raids on Manila, so he must have come right after you.

Stanley: Now the raids started right after we left. The raids started right after we left. Now I bet he was in Bilibid because they done away with Clark Field. I stayed at Clark Field till they done away with it, but I think Halbrook might have stayed in Bilibid longer.

Marcello: Yes, he was. He was in Bilibid longer than a day or a night the way you were.

Stanley: Yes, and he came on a ship after I did.

Marcello: Anyhow, so you were going north and you finally ended up at Hanawa?

Stanley: Hanawa. A narrow gauge train, and it was beautiful, a beautiful ride, and it was kind of like going through the Rockies in Colorado. Beautiful country. When we got up to Sendai, the naval base, Japanese naval base

. . . then we got on another . . . no, we didn't change, but we made a complete level. This railroad followed right along the coast. When we got up to Sendai, we went right up to this town named Hanawa, and it seemed to me like it was two or three hours on this narrow gauge train. It was up in their beautiful mountains, and one of their Triple Diamond Mines was up in there.

Marcello: One of the Triple Diamond Mines?

Stanley: Copper mines.

Marcello: Triple Copper Mines?

Stanley: They was called Triple . . . I believe three big diamond and copper mines, and the name of the company was the Triple Diamond Mines, the best I remember. Hanawa had the copper mine which was one of the Triple Diamond Mines. In other words, Triple Diamond Mines was the name of the company. That was the American name for it. The camp was at the foot of the mountain where we had to go to work. The copper mine was underneath the ground.

Marcello: I assume that you worked in the copper mine.

Stanley: Yes.

Marcello: What was it like in the copper mine?

Stanley: Oh, it was a bugger! It was a bugger! They gave you a little old lantern, a little old carbide light, like

they have here in mines where you don't have electricity. It was so damp, so damp, and they gave us a quota of rock to get out each day, and some days it wasn't too bad, but some days was rough. You see, the Japanese at night would drill holes in the floor up above you and put dynamite in and blast it. The next day we would come, and the rock would fall out of this chute onto the ground, and we would load it from the ground onto these little old cars which would hold about . . . oh, about half as much as a pickup truck. I would say it holds maybe two square yards or something like that. They would take it, and we would push it to a certain spot and dump it. Boy, it was rough work!

Marcello: In what ways was it rough work?

Stanley: Heavy, and we didn't have no food, and we was already tired. See, it was a mile . . . it seemed to me it was a couple of hours walk. It was a long way from Hanawa.

Marcello: In other words, you had to walk several miles from the camp to the mine, is that correct?

Stanley: Right, up a mountain. Then when we got there . . . this mine was a huge one. It had floors, levels, just like a big building except it was real crude. Most of the main levels and main leadways had electric lights, but, see, we worked up in these little cut-off places

from the main level. It was damp. Sometimes you would work with water dripping on you, and it was kind of cool up in there.

Marcello: How safe were these mines? Were cave-ins a common occurrence or anything of that nature?

Stanley: Fairly often, but, fortunately, we didn't lose a man. I was scared of them all the time, and you could hear them . . . sometimes you would go along one day, and you'd come back along where you had been the day before, and you would see where there was a small cave-in. Fortunately, we didn't lose anyone.

Marcello: Were you being supervised very closely by the Japanese?

Stanley: Not too much, except they kept a perfect count on you.

Marcello: The Americans, I gather, had most of the pick and shovel jobs in these mines. The Japanese took care of all the blasting.

Stanley: Right. The Japanese had electrical drills, and they were drilling these holes and putting this dynamite in these holes. No, we didn't do any of that.

Marcello: Were these camps being run by the Japanese Army or by Japanese civilians?

Stanley: The camp was run by the Army, but the civilians would come down and get us and carry us to work and stay with us all day. The Army didn't even leave the camp. The Army didn't even guard us up there.

Marcello: What sort of food did you receive for this work, which I gather was quite strenuous?

Stanley: Rice and over there a little carrot soup and a little greens and turnips is about all. I can remember one day . . . it was a Japanese holiday, and we didn't have to work, and they got me on a detail, and it snowed over there. It snowed all the time. Snow was neck-deep. You couldn't hardly walk. They got six of us and we pulled a sled, and it seemed like we walked half a day back to a little old town in the mountains back of Hanawa. They had a little place underneath that snow made out of wood, and it had carrots and turnips. I am not exaggerating, they had carrots over there as big as a baseball bat. They raised them with human manure, and we pulled this stuff back into camp, and they gave us a little of that. Of course, the problem was that we had no meat in Japan. We would hardly get any meat at all over there. If we got any meat, I don't know what it was.

Marcello: What were the barracks like?

Stanley: The barracks weren't too bad. The only thing is that it was cold. We didn't have anything to keep us warm.

Marcello: Did they provide you with any coal or charcoal or anything like that?

Stanley: They provided us with a little coal, but that wouldn't even keep it warm during the day while we was gone, let alone at night.

Marcello: What about blankets?

Stanley: I believe that they gave us one blanket apiece.

Marcello: And I am sure that that was a very thin blanket.

Stanley: The best I remember. But, see, we slept in our clothes. This quilted suit that we had and this one blanket . . . and we all slept so close . . . and the snow . . . you couldn't hardly see the building. There was a big fence right by the building, and the snow had the building almost covered, so we more or less formed our own heat in there. See what I am talking about?

Marcello: How much of a problem was bedbugs and lice?

Stanley: In the Philippines not too . . . well, neither place was not too bad. I think one reason was that we had so much open space, and if it got too bad, you could set it afire. Say you had an old quilt or an old mattress or something, you could set it afire. We really had no problem. Until I got back and somebody asked me about it, I had never thought about it, but really we had no problem with them. Of course, if we had it would have been so minor up side of starving to death.

Marcello: What sort of bathing facilities did the Japanese provide here at Hanawa?

Stanley: Well, like I said awhile ago, the only thing they had was this one building that had a little storage shed and a little kitchen for the Japanese, and it had a place like a little pool, possibly eight by six and probably four and a half foot deep. The Japanese would heat it for themselves and all take baths. I don't know how often they would do this. Then every once in awhile we would take baths in the same hole. There might be fifty of you bathe in the same hole of water, but nobody much cared. Of course, it was so cold. Over there we didn't have the problem of stinking like we would in the Philippines where it was so hot. But I will tell you something that was real interesting. Talking about this pool of water, when the Americans come back and had taken the Philippines . . . let me get this thing straight . . . when the war was over, the Americans came over and dropped a note saying, "If you want food, put one sheet on the roof; if you want medicine put two sheets on the roof; if you want clothes put three sheets on the roof." So they made the Japanese give us sheets, so we put one sheet, two sheets, three. We needed all three. It seemed like it wasn't no time before the planes came over and dropped all this stuff out. But the funny thing, we had three or

four guys taking a bath in this pool of water, and they started dropping this food at us, and one sixty-gallon drum didn't . . . parachute didn't open on it . . . it had chocolate bars or something, and it came through the roof of that thing and dropped right smack in that pool of water. There must have been ten thousand chocolate bars drop right in that pool of water.

Marcello: Incidentally, did you ever make any friends with the Japanese civilians with whom you were working here in this copper mine? Did they more or less mind their own business?

Stanley: There was one guy named . . . oh, the same thing as that Japanese big shot last year. What was his name? He was a pretty good joe.

Marcello: Tanaka?

Stanley: No, I can't remember his name. I'll think of his name in a little bit. He was a civilian, and I worked with him for probably three months. He didn't say much, but if something got wrong, he could sympathize with you. Once he learned you . . . he was pretty smart. He learned the ones that was playing possum on him and the ones that were trying and the ones that wasn't. But once he learned who you was and how you tried, if something got wrong, he was generally pretty nice to you.

Marcello: What sort of medical facilities did the Japanese provide here at this camp?

Stanley: We had one doctor, and he was from Tyler, Texas, a Jewish doctor, and I can't remember his name, but he had a little medicine--aspirin tablets, a little atabrine, a little bandage.

Marcello: I would assume that there was really nothing for malaria.

Stanley: No.

Marcello: And you had had several attacks of malaria while you were there, did you not?

Stanley: Oh, yes, yes. Most of us did. Did Halbrook say he had malaria?

Marcello: Yes, I'm sure that he did.

Stanley: There were very, very few of us that didn't have malaria.

Marcello: Did you have any idea of how the war was progressing while you were up here in this copper mine?

Stanley: Oh, yes. Like I say, we got on some of these details and we got to talking with some of these Japanese, and they would tell us where the fighting was at and how many planes we had lost.

Marcello: But you really had never seen any American planes or any bombing or anything? You were too far north for that sort of thing?

Stanley: Right. But, I will tell you one thing. When they dropped the atomic bomb, I was underneath this ground working. They had these pipes running all through these tunnels underneath this mine, and these Japanese had a little hammer that they would test this rock with, and that is the way they would communicate (knock . . . knock . . . knock) . . . kind of like that . . . telegraph. They talked with one another with these pipes way down a quarter of a mile underneath that ground way down there. When they dropped that atomic bomb, and you was down in that mine, you should have heard those hammers knocking. Man! They was really carrying the message. We had started picking up Japanese, and although we didn't realize that they had dropped the atomic bomb, we knew Uncle Sam had hit the Japs real hard. On the way in that afternoon, boy, the women and kids throwed rocks at us, and they was . . . we felt good because we knew Uncle Sam had hit them real hard.

Marcello: Well, describe the period then leading up to your liberation.

Stanley: You mean from the time the war was over?

Marcello: Well, let's say from the first that you knew that the war was over. How did you learn that the war was over?

Stanley: Well, they worked us every day. Only days they didn't work us was on holidays, Jap holidays. Of course, we knew that the atomic bomb had been dropped, and we had listened to the Japanese talk a little bit, and we could understand a little of what they said. So we lined up one morning to go to work, and they told us to go back and rest. Well, buddy, that was very, very unusual! So they didn't fool with us all day, and the next day the same thing happened. Man, we was beginning to really feel big! Of course, they hadn't changed the food or any of this stuff. On the third day they lined us up out there and told us to sit down awhile. Now this was in the fall, and it hadn't gotten cold again yet. We were dreading this next winter. Oh, I guess it was about ten o'clock, middle of the morning, when the Japanese officer in charge and another guy, an American, the high rankers, called us all and the Japanese got on a little stand and told us . . . I did have his speech written down here somewhere . . . told us the war was over; now we are friends; and that we would be going back to our homes.

Marcello: He never really did say that Japan had been defeated?

Stanley: Oh, no! He said we made peace terms and that we would be going back to our homes. So, boy, we felt like a million dollars then!

Marcello: What were your feelings when you heard that the war was over and you were going home?

Stanley: Oh, we all cried and raised the American flag. There wasn't a man there that didn't cry.

Marcello: Where did you get an American flag?

Stanley: We had everything there. Some guy made it, kept it or something. And not only that, but the airplanes dropped us some flags.

Marcello: This soon?

Stanley: No. When they came over dropping this food.

Marcello: Right.

Stanley: No, this Americn had made this flag. They had American-made radios in there. We had American-made everything. I don't know what they made the flags out of.

Marcello: Had you ever seen any of these radios?

Stanley: No, I heard them. In the Philippines they had made radios, and they were so. . . you always had big-mouthed prisoners talking, and the Americans would get to talking among themselves on work details, and so they had to cut those radios off because the Japanese were getting wise as to how the Americans were picking up some of this stuff. But they made everything. You had guys that . . . American flags, they made model airplanes, and just you name it and they made it. Because, see, they

had engineers . . . in the Air Corps we had engineers . . . so you name it. They would all put their knowledge together, and they could do most anything. The only problem we had was keeping it a secret from the Japanese.

Marcello: I gather a lot of times, in the case of a radio, what they would usually do is tear the radios down after they had been used. Each prisoner would have a part of the radio, and then at a predetermined time they would bring it all together and listen to the broadcast and then tear it down again.

Stanley: No, I don't believe . . . the best I remember, they never listened . . . they had earphones. They didn't make the radio where everyone could hear it.

Marcello: Yes, right. But what I mean is they would tear down this radio after they would finish listening to it, and then the word would be spread by mouth.

Stanley: Right. That's it. We had guys make everything. It was amazing. Some of the guys made some of the prettiest clothes you ever seen out of nothing. We had some comedians in there.

Marcello: I would gather that it is amazing what people can do under adversity . . .

Stanley: It is.

Marcello: . . . given what little material they had to work with.

Stanley: We had some comical things to happen. We had an old boy that was a drunkard, and he had more nerve than anybody we had ever seen. He went by one morning while the Japanese flag was being raised. Nobody but him could have got by with this. Anybody else would have got killed. He made fun of the flag. I can't remember what he did. The reason he did was he drank that sugared alcohol all the time; he was a drunkard. He worked on one of these details where they worked on the trucks, and he would get this alcohol and he would drink this sugared alcohol. He went and made fun of the Japanese flag one day, and it is a wonder that they didn't kill him, but they beat the devil out of him.

Marcello: Well, anyhow, you found out the word about the surrender, and, of course, like you mentioned, you were overcome with joy and that sort of thing. What happened next? What happened to the guards? Did they kind of disappear?

Stanley: Yes. The guards went outside to keep the civilians from coming in the camp. The guards left but they went outside to keep the civilians out. The civilians wanted to come in, and they tried to hold us back, but we went out of camp and we went to . . . see, what happened, some of these civilians were really rough to us. I don't

know whether this ought to go on record or not. I guess this many years that it is alright. But some of the boys, seven or eight of them, would go outside, and they knew where some of these civilians lived that was real mean and beat the Americans when they was sick and couldn't work, and they would get these Japs, and a big river would come by the camp, and they would toss them into that river. There were several of them missing that way. But one of the most happy days of the thing was when the war was over, and they would come over, these dive bombers, real low right over that mountain and drop chocolate bars and peaches and meat and cigarettes, just everything. Of course, it was just stock for Uncle Sam. I mean it probably was stuff that they had left over, but to us it was ice cream and cake. They dropped it on this mountain, and we gathered that stuff up and carried it into camp, and at night--one o'clock, two o'clock in the morning--guys would be eating chocolate bars. They ate constantly. It made a lot of them sick. In fact, a lot of them had diarrhea and dysentery.

Marcello: Were you more or less instructed to stay in the camp until the rescue teams came?

Stanley: Oh, yes. The Japanese brought us a radio. I understand that they told the Japanese to bring us a radio, and we

kept in contact . . . we couldn't talk to them, but they called and told us out of Tokyo what to do. They told us exactly what day to catch the train in Hanawa. We went to Hanawa, then went to Sendai, and then got a hospital ship. That's when the Americans couldn't make these guys throw away their stuff. They had old shoes, they had these old canned goods that they had dropped out, and they had old clothes, and they had old souveniers, and recipes, and old barracks bags full of junk that you wouldn't want to burn! We tried to get on that hospital ship and they didn't want us to get on there. Boy, those American prisoners pushed them aside, and they wouldn't drop that old barracks bag of old junk till they got their bellyful, and they wanted to be sure that the war was over! They had been starved so long that they wanted to be sure before they lost that stuff. Those old American nurses would sit there and cry and watch us, you know. But on this hospital ship . . .

Marcello: Well, let's go back just a minute before we get to the hospital ship. We are getting a little bit too far ahead again. How much time elapsed from the time you heard about the surrender until the American rescue teams came?

Stanley; American rescue teams never came.

Marcello: How long was it from the time you heard about the surrender till the time you got on the train?

Stanley; It was a good while. Oh, it was two or three weeks.

Marcello; And in the meantime, of course, the B-29's came over dropping the food out of the oil drums.

Stanley: Right. The first food was dropped out of small dive bombers. Of course, we wasn't too bad . . . we wasn't complaining too much because it had taken us that long to kind of stop worrying about food. The first two weeks, all we worried about was food. We didn't care where we was at as long as we had our bellies full. But when we got our bellies full, then we were interesting in coming back home.

Marcello: Did you ever share any of this food with the Japanese?

Stanley: No. Really didn't have much occasion to because most of the Japanese stayed away from us. In fact, when we went to Hanawa to get on that train, I don't believe I saw a Japanese in the whole town. They didn't know what we were going to do. The same Jap that beat the mud out of you the day before the war was over . . . as soon as the war was over they would get down and kneel to you just like a wet dog. Their personality was a little different from ours.

Marcello: What special processing did you have to go through after you boarded the train, got down to Sendai, and got into a hospital ship? What sort of processing did you go through?

Stanley: Well, of course, on this ship they got the ones that was in the worst shape and throwed them in hospital beds, and the others they inspected . . . actually, we was in the hospital ship all the time, but I mean the others they put them more or less in intensive care. The rest of us they checked out our blood pressure, checked out the temperature, and tried to put us on a special diet, and they found out that wouldn't work. But anyway, they sent us to Manila pretty fast, and in Manila it was about the first time an American woman touched an American's hands, and, boy, you could see those old American nurses reach up and grab an American's hands, and his old face turned red, green, and purple! They gave us some more physical examinations down there, all kinds of physical examinations. Of course, they gave us all kinds of food, the Red Cross was there.

Marcello: There were no restrictions on food, I gather.

Stanley: No. They tried to, but there wasn't no way to hold us back on food. We would eat milk shakes at three o'clock in the morning. From what I hear, MacArthur

issued special orders to treat us like kings, and, buddy, they did! But we ate constantly. When we got to Manila, they run us through some more medical tests, and they put me on a ship in Manila. I mean we was ready to catch an airplane back in Manila to fly back to the States when a big storm hit. Then we had to get on a big ship in Manila, and by the time we was getting ready to head back to the United States, a little old boat there in Manila run into our big ship, and we had to stay about twenty-four hours longer than we expected to, and we were getting disgusted. But then we come back and landed back in Seattle.

Marcello: Did you have to take any sort of psychological tests or any thing of that nature? Were you ever interviewed by psychologists and people of this nature?

Stanley: Yes, in Manila there. We was in Manila several days. They pulled me into a little tent, and there were some doctors and a psychiatrists and even . . . oh, what do you call them, men from the intelligence. The men from the intelligence told us not to be discouraged because they didn't expect us to hold up thirty days, and they asked us about any American that had turned against any of the rest of the Americans, and we all turned in the same one, so it was pretty obvious. There were a few

Americans that had been collaborators, that would do anything for himself no matter how much it hurt Americans. Most of us told the same thing about him, so they were tried. They also gave us the Purple Heart there and told us not to feel badly because they didn't expect us to fight over thirty days at the most on Bataan.

Marcello: Did you ever receive any special rewards other than your back pay and a few medals?

Stanley: No. When I had been back a few years, I got a dollar a day for working over in Japan. No, I believe it was a dollar a day for working the whole time. I think they gave us a dollar a day . . .

Marcello: In addition to your back pay.

Stanley: Yes. The Japanese were supposed to pay us, and they paid us in Japan ten sen a day, but the whole fifty men's wages for a month wouldn't buy a pack of cigarettes, so you couldn't figure that.

Marcello: Speaking of Japanese paying you, didn't they deduct some of that wage for room and board or something, also? I know in some camps they would deduct some of it for room and board and you didn't get the whole . . .

Stanley: Well, if they had of deducted any . . . well, we didn't get nothing anyway. In fact, the whole barracks at the end of the month would gamble, and one man would take all the money and try to trade it for a pack of cigarettes.

That was a joke as far as wages was concerned.

Marcello: Incidentally, do you think you could have held out much longer? Suppose the war hadn't ended when it did.

Stanley: If I could have stayed in the Philippines, I could have held out a lot longer, but in Japan I don't believe that we could have made another winter.

Marcello: Is that right? This seems to be the general opinion of most of the prisoners that I have talked to. You guys were about at the end of your rope.

Stanley: We couldn't have made another winter, I don't believe. Freezing for one thing, and the morale, and, of course, your health had run down so low.

Marcello: As you look back on it, what do you see as being the key to your survival?

Stanley: Well, in my survival one of the key points, I think, is the way I was born and raised. I was born and raised in the country, and my Dad died the year I was born, and I worked from the time I was a little boy right on up till I was grown. It was a big change for me, but it wasn't as big a change as some guy that was raised in a home with a gold spoon in his mouth all his life. In fact, a good portion of these fellows that got back was small town boys, country boys. I bet you noticed that. The small town . . . the big city boys, a lot of them

that was drafted from well-to-do families, their percentage wasn't near as good as ours. So I feel like I was . . . I had a lot of luck, Mother's prayers, and God was on my side, and I had to have a lot of luck and be in the right place at the right time, just like those ships that went down.

Marcello: Plus, I'm sure, you had to continually keep in mind that you were going to come back, that you were going to be rescued, that help was on the way. You couldn't lose faith. You couldn't give up. The ones that gave up are still over there.

Stanley: That's right. There is no doubt about that. You just could not say, "Well, I'll never make it back." The ones that said that didn't hardly . . . we had boys over there fighting that didn't hardly live long enough to make the Bataan March because they didn't think that we had a chance. But if you thought you had a chance, it just helped tremendously.

Marcello: At the time you were liberated, what were your feelings toward the Japanese?

Stanley: I had no use for them. I had no use for them. The reason I guess is because . . . marching in Hanawa, for instance, when we were going up and down from that mine . . . of course, I can understand that now, the women and children would throw rocks at us going to work.

We were starved to death and cold and not enough clothes on, and they could tell we were freezing, and they would throw rocks at us. I would get to thinking I didn't think American people, women and children, would do the Japanese that way. But I guess it was the propaganda that they had heard about how mean the Americans were. Also, after the atomic bomb over there, Japanese women and children later would have tore us alive if they would have got to us and thought there wouldn't have been no danger. But the Japanese soldier, now he . . . nothing scares him. But the civilians would have tore you alive over there if they could have got to you and thought they could have got by with it.

Marcello: Has time healed the wound? What are your feelings toward the Japanese now?

Stanley: Oh, I had rather not be around them, and I won't let any of them in my home, but I don't feel anything like I did. I don't like them, but I don't feel like I did. I feel much better about them because part of the time over there in Hanawa when we were starving to death, they didn't have nothing themselves. They really didn't.

A P P E N D I X

Manila P.I.
Nov 22, 1941

Dear Mother,

We arrived in Manila Thursday, the 20. We are now located about 8 miles out of the city. We sleep in tents now, don't know how long, but not over 15 days. We will move to a air Base somewhere on the Island. It may be in Manila or no telling how far from the city, hope it not far.

What little I have seen of Manila was very pretty and clean looking. It is now larger than Atlanta and a lot more interesting. But on the road to where we are stationed, look like what you have heard about the tropics. There are grass houses, look like you could push them over, and old wooden houses, look to be a 100 years old.

The people here drive on the left side of the road. The steering wheel on the right side of the car. It sure look funny, to see the car go down the street on the left side. Their automobile just like the one back in the states. Most all the Philippines drive a pony pulling some kind of a cart. It has two wheel and sit high in the air. They used them as taxi and for other purposes. I think when I want a taxi I will get a automobile, they are just as cheap.

There is a river about 200 yds back of the camps. I go down there in the afternoon and watch the Philippines wash and plow with their ugly buffalo.

Love

A man plow for two hours the other afternoon and I bet he didn't break a piece of ground 10 ft. square.

I had a letter written on the boat and finish it yesterday and sent it to the post office and didn't send but $.75, the man said it would take a dollar to send it. So I done away with it and got some lighter paper. So if you don't want to pay over 50 to mail a letter, you had better make it light. You can buy some air mail envelopes and thin paper like this. You can send about 4 or 5 sheets like this in a thin envelope. After my first check come take out some money to send me the mail. I would like for you to write me often, but it would cost so much by air, and I sure don't want to get mail that a month old. I thought I would write about every 10 days. It will be about a week before we get any mail. Air mail with just 6¢ on it went to San Francisco by air and by boat the rest of the way.

We will be paid off in peso (P). My wages is 56, so I will draw 112 P. Over here one P will buy as much as $1 will back in the states. So that mean our money is worth twice as much here as back in the states. After my allotment is made I will have 52 P. That will be good little bit left. I may be able to send some of that home. They have some small piece of money, just about the same as our nickel, dime and quarter. They call them centavos. A coca cola cost 5 centavos the same as 2½¢.

I hope by by time I hear from you, you will have some word about the timbers

you know I told you that I was much the first day on the boat. after I left Hawaii I never had any trouble at all. I slept on deck every night and stayed plenty to cool. We had two theater, swimming pool, boxing ring and all kind of entertainment. We had a destroyer with us and another army transport. Our ship had been rented to the Government. It said to be the nicest ship of any sort on the Pacific. Before the army got hold of it, it haul passenger back from the states to Manila over 40 days. It was 650 feet long, cost 18 million Dollars and weight 18 thousands tons. I just hope we get to go back on the same boat if we get to go back.

It warm over here, some call it hot. It about the same as July back there. I expect it will be hot in the summer.

Well I had better stop so I can get this off on the Clipper. It leave tomorrow and won't leave again for about a week.

Tell all the folks hello for me. Will write again when we get stationed permanent -

Love
[signature]

Hawaii
November 6, 1941

Dear Mother.

Arrive here this morning at 7. We will sail this afternoon about 4.

We had a nice trip so far. I haven't been sea sick yet. None of the boys been sick much. The first afternoon I was on the ship I was on guard, and sit down for two hours, with a full stomach, and let out a little, but I wasn't sick at all.

We are riding on a passenger ship. It not a army transport. We are riding it, so as to fooled the other countries. The ship is "The President Coolidge, the nicest passenger ship in the Pacific. It look just like a nice hotel, or theater lobby. I never knew such things were made.

You can tell some difference in the looks of Hawaii and the U.S., but not so much difference. There are ~~plenty~~ plenty of all kind of people here.

Guess we will get to P.I., somewhere along about the 20th of November. Will write on the ship and mail it as quick as I get off.

I am enjoying the trip fine, but will be glad to get to P.I. I don't like the boat riding as good.

Well I am in a position for riding, and got to be back on the boat at 2 this afternoon, so will close until I get to P.I.

Love
W.L.

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MC1 VIA RCA=BALANGA PASSF 8 DEC 29/210P LC

JO WALDREP=

=MCRAE (GA)=

=AM OKEY=

=HENRY STANLEY.

THAT PASSF MEANS PASSED CENSORSHIP SANFRANCISCO.

827A DEC 31..

Jan 2nd - 1942

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

WESTERN UNION

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A. N. WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT
NEWCOMB CARLTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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t is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

NC12 50 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC JUN 15 627P

MRS LAURA J WALDREP=

ROUTE #2 MCRAE GA=

=REPORT JUST RECEIVED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS STATES THAT YOUR SON PRIVATE FIRST CLASS HENRY G STANELY IS A PRISONER OF WAR OF THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINEISLANDS LETTER OF INFORMATION FOLLOWS FROM PROVOST MARSHALL GENERAL=

ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL=

545P

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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TO INFORM YOU IF CHANGES ARE MADE IN SCHEDULE OR ARRIVAL PORT

=E F WITSELL ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

OF THE ARMY.

S 45. (40).

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

WAR DEPARTMENT
SERVICES OF SUPPLY
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
WASHINGTON

JAU

IN REPLY REFER TO

AG 201 Stanley, Henry G.
(5-21-42)EB

May 21, 1942.

Mrs. Laura J. Waldrep,
Route #2,
McRae, Georgia.

Dear Mrs. Waldrep:

According tc War Department records, you have been designated as the emergency addressee of Private First Class Henry G. Stanley, 14,036,510, who, according to the latest information available, was serving in the Philippine Islands at the time of the final surrender.

I deeply regret that it is impossible for me to give you more information than is contained in this letter. In the last days before the surrender of Bataan there were casualties which were not reported to the War Department. Conceivably the same is true of the surrender of Corregidor and possibly of other islands of the Philippines. The Japanese Government has indicated its intention of conforming to the terms of the Geneva Convention with respect to the interchange of information regarding prisoners of war. At some future date this Government will receive through Geneva a list of persons who have been taken prisoners of war. Until that time the War Department cannot give you positive information.

The War Department will consider the persons serving in the Philippine Islands as "missing in action" from the date of the surrender of Corregidor, May 7, 1942, until definite information to the contrary is received. It is to be hoped that the Japanese Government will communicate a list of prisoners of war at an early date. At that time you will be notified by this office in the event his name is contained in the list of prisoners of war. In the case of persons known to have been present in the Philippines and who are not reported to be prisoners of war by the Japanese Government, the War Department will continue to carry them as "missing in action," in the absence of information to the contrary, until twelve months have expired. At the expiration of twelve months and in the absence of other information the War Department is authorized to make a final determination.

Recent legislation makes provision to continue the pay and allowances of persons carried in a "missing" status for a period of not to exceed twelve months; to continue, for the duration of the war, the pay and allowances of persons

known to have been captured by the enemy; to continue allotments made by missing personnel for a period of twelve months and allotments made by persons held by the enemy during the time they are so held; to make new allotments or increase allotments in force to certain dependents defined in Public Law 490, 77th Congress. The latter dependents generally include the legal wife, dependent children under twenty-one years of age and dependent mother, or such dependents as have been designated in official records. Eligible dependents who can establish a need for financial assistance should be advised to approach their local chapter of the American Red Cross who will assist them in obtaining any benefits to which they may be entitled. In the event dependents require financial assistance and are eligible to receive this assistance the amount allotted will be deducted from the pay which would otherwise accrue to the credit of the missing individual.

Very truly yours,

Major General,
The Adjutant General.

Military Department
410 STATE OFFICE BUILDING
Atlanta

BRIG. GEN'L CLARK HOWELL
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

June 28, 1943

Mrs. Laura J. Waldrep
Route 2
McRae, Georgia

Dear Mrs. Waldrep:

I learn from a news story from Washington in the Atlanta Constitution that your son has been reported a prisoner of war.

May I express to you and the members of his family the hope that he will be returned well and safe.

Sincerely yours,

Clark Howell

Clark Howell
The Adjutant General

CH:j

Office of the Governor
Atlanta

ELLIS ARNALL
GOVERNOR

GRACE CANNINGTON
SECRETARY

June 28, 1943

Mrs. Laura J. Waldrep
Route 2
McRae, Georgia

Dear Mrs. Waldrep:

I desire to express to you my great interest in your loved one who, according to reports, is held captive by the enemy. I am sincerely hoping that he will come through safely and that he will be returned to you unimpaired.

The sacrifice of this young hero will be enshrined in the greatness of our nation.

Sincerely yours,

Ellis Arnall

Ellis Arnall
Governor

EA/aj

THE BRANTLEY ENTERPRISE
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF BRANTLEY COUNTY
CARL BROOME, EDITOR
NAHUNTA, GEORGIA

June 28, 1943.

Mrs. Laura J. Waldrep
McRae, Ga.

Dear Mrs. Waldrep:

I note in the newspapers that your son, ~~Stanley~~ Henry G. Stanley, is held a prisoner by the Japanese. Please accept my sincere sympathy in this situation and my earnest hope thatt your son may soon be released to return to his home and loved ones.

May God grant you strength and courage to endure this separation. You have the proud knowledge that your son has served his country to the best of his ability and that thru the sacrifices of such men as he we all can have our freedom.

May God bless and keep ypu.

Yours sincerely,

Carl Broome.

Carl Broome.

WAR DEPARTMENT

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

WASHINGTON

IN REPLY
REFER TO
AG 201 Stanley,Henry G.
(5-7-42)PC-S

May 7, 1943

Mrs. Laura J. Waldrep,
Route #2,
McRae, Georgia.

Dear Mrs. Waldrep:

The records of the War Department show your son, Private First Class Henry G. Stanley, 14,036,510, Ordnance Department, missing in action in the Philippine Islands since May 7, 1942.

All available information concerning your son has been carefully considered and under the provisions of Public Law 490, 77th Congress, as amended, an official determination has been made continuing him on the records of the War Department in a missing status. The law cited provides that pay and allowances are to be credited to the missing person's account and payment of allotments to authorized allottees are to be continued during the absence of such persons in a missing status.

I fully appreciate your concern and deep interest. You will, without further request on your part, receive immediate notification of any change in your son's status. I regret that the far-flung operations of the present war, the ebb and flow of combat over great distances in isolated areas, and the characteristics of our enemies impose upon some of us this heavy burden of uncertainty with respect to the safety of our loved ones.

Very truly yours,

J. A. ULIO
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

1. I am interned at Phillipine Military Prison Camp,10-C
2. My health is — excellent; good; fair; poor.
3. I am—uninjured; sick in hospital; under treatment; not under treatment.
4. I am — improving; not improving; better; well.
5. Please see that Everyone's health is well taken care of is taken care of.
6. (Re: Family); I think of everyone of you,& hope you do not worry about me
7. Please give my best regards to All relatives & friends

IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

1. I am interned at Philippine Military Prison Camp No.10-C
2. My health is — excellent; good; fair; poor.
3. I am—uninjured; sick in hospital; under treatment; not under treatment.
4. I am — improving; not improving; better; well.
5. Please see that all my things are used the best way possible. is taken care of.
6. (Re: Family); Please don't worry about me and try to stay in good health until I return.
7. Please give my best regards to all who inquire.

IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

1. I am interned at—Philippine Military Prison Camp No. 10-C
2. My health is—excellent; good; fair; poor.
3. Message (limited to 25 words)

Dear Mother: Am in good health. Received box and letters. Very glad to hear from you. Sorry to hear [illegible] died.

Henry G. Stanley
Signature

IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

1. I am interned at—Philippine Military Prison Camp No. 10-C
2. My health is—excellent; good; fair; poor.
3. Message (50 words limit).

Henry L Stanley
Signature

DATE

DEAR MOTHER,
HOPE ALL IS WELL AND ENJOYING LIFE. I THINK OF YOU EACH DAY. PLEASE DO NOT WORRY ABOUT ME. HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL SOON. LOVE
HENRY

東京俘虜收容所

IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

1. I am interned at—Philippine Military Prison Camp No. 10-C
2. My health is—excellent; good; fair; poor.
3. Message (50 words limit)

Dear Mother: This finds me fine, hope you are the same. Tell everyone hello for me. Don't worry about me for I hope to see you before long. Wishing you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Love to all

Pvt. Henry L Stanley
Signature

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A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

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MCH76 NL PD GOVT=WASHINGTON DC AUG 30

MRS LAURA J WALDREP=RTE NO 2 MCRAE GA=

=WHILE NO INFORMATION HAS YET BEEN RECEIVED AS TO THERETURN TO MILITARY CONTROL OF YOUR SON PFC HENRY G STANLEY YOU ARE INVITED TO SUBMIT A MESSAGE NOT TO EXCEED TWENTY FIVE WORDS FOR ATTEMPTED DELIVERY TO HIM AT SUCH TIME AS HE RETURNS TO MILITARY CONTROL PERIOD YOUR MESSAGE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO CASUALTY BRANCH AGO ROOM 3641 MUNITIONS BUILDING WASHINGTON 25 DC. IN REPLY REFER TO PFC HENRY G STANLEY:

=EDWARD F WITSELL MAJOR GENERAL ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

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MCH94 44 GOVT=UX WASHINGTON DC 13 1271

MRS LAURA J WALDREP=RT 2MCRAE GA

=FOLLOWINGMESSAGE WAS RECEIVED IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT FROM YOUR SON PRIVATE FIRST CLASS HENRY G STANLEY QUOTE ARRIVED IN MANILA DOING WELL GLAD TO HEAR FROM ALL HAPPY TO BE IN UNITED STATES SERVICE AGAIN LOOKING FORWARD ARRIVING SOON LOVE HENRY GRADY

UNQUOTE=EDWARD F WITSELL ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

SERVICE

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A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

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MCH116 DL PD GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC OCT 26 225P

MRS LAURA J WALDREP=ROUTE NUMBER TWO MCRAE GA:

THE SECRETARY OF WAR HAS ASKED ME TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SOON
CPL STANLEY HENRY G WAS EVACUATED TO UNITED SATES 8 OCT 45 AND
WAS DUE TO ARRIVE TWENTY FIVE OCTOBER AT SEATTLE WASHINGTON
PERIOD HE WILL BE GIVEN AN AOOPRTUNITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU
UPON ARRIVAL PERIOD THIS ARRIVAL INFORMATION IS TENTATIVE AT
THIS TIME AND IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE IF SUCH CHANGE IS NECESSARY
TO MEET MILITARY REQUIREMENTS PERIOD EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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LONG MCH 75 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC OCT 2 755P

MRS LAURA J WALDROP=ROUTE 2 MCRAE GA

=THE SECRETARY OF WAR HAS ASKED ME TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON PFC STANLEY HENRY G RETURNED TO MILITARY CONTROL IN JAPAN 16 SEP 45 AND ISBEING RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES WITHIN THE NEAR FUTURE PERIOD HE WILL BE GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU UPON ARRIVAL FOLLOWING MESSAGE JUST RECEIVED FROM YOUR SON QUOTE HAVE BEEN FREED MOTHER WILL SEE YOU SOON LOVE HENRY G REPORT FURTHER STATES CONDITION GOOD=

EDWARD F WITSELL ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY

P. O. Box #1292
Hattiesburg, Miss.
April 12, 1945.

H. G. Stanley
McRay, Georgia

Dear Sir:

I have just received a list of names of some of the men that were confined in the Stotsenburg Prison Camp, Clark Field, Philippine Islands, where M. H. Ridgway, my brother was held as a Japanese Prisoner of War. This list, on which your name appears, was furnished my by a friend of my brother that has recently been liberated.

Realizing that any information that relatives of these boys can secure about their welfare will be appreciated, I am writing each of the people on the list just to tell them that they were O. K. on December 26, 1942 as far as I know. That was when this list was written.

The most recent information that my family has received was a letter from my brother dated October 11, 1944, at Billibed Prison Camp at Manila. He said he was being transferred that day to Japan.

We are, of course, anxious to secure any information about our brother and if you are interested in exchanging information as soon as it is received, kindly let me know and I will be glad to keep you advised of developments as they occur in the future.

Yours very truly,

E. M. Ridgway

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MCH13 NL PD=DALLAS TEX OCT 28

MRS J O WALDREP=MAIL ROUTE #2 MCRAE GA=

=BROTHER CALLED TONIGHT. JUST LANDED IN SEATTLE WILL BE HOME IN ABOUT 15 DAYS HEALTHS FINE

=LESWING.

15 LESWING.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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WESTERN UNION

1201

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

MCH21 FT16=SEATTLE WASH 27

MRS J D WALDREP=R F D 2 MCRAE GA=

ARRIVED SAFELY. EXPECT TO SEE YOU SOON. DONT ATTEMPT TO CONTACT OR WRITE ME HERE LOVE=

=H G.

H G. 922A

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

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MCH11 NL PD=FORTLEWIS WASH NOV 1

MRS J O WALDREP=RT 2 MCRAE GA=

:LEAVING TOMORROW FOR OLIVER GENL HOSP IN AUGUSTA I AM GETTING ALONG FINE. HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON=

:HENRY.

829A

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MCH7 NL PD=CHICAGO ILL NOV 4

MRS J O WALDREP=RFD #2 MCRAE GA

=ENROUTE TO AUGUSTA HOPE TO REACH THERE NOVEMBER 5 SEND MAIL TO ADDRESS GIVEN BELOW HAVING A FINE TRIP. HOPING TO SEE YOU SOON LOVE=

HG. HG 5. 909A.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS S

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MCH147 7 TOUR=WUX AUGUSTA GA 8 344P

MRS J W WALDRIP=RFD 2 MCRAE GA=

=MOTHER WILL ARRIVE AT 206PM NOV 9

=H G S=

=206 PM ==

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

TO MEMBERS OF UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES BEING REPATRIATED IN OCTOBER 1945:

It gives me special pleasure to welcome you back to your native shores, and to express, on behalf of the people of the United States, the joy we feel at your deliverance from the hands of the enemy. It is a source of profound satisfaction that our efforts to accomplish your return have been successful.

You have fought valiantly in foreign lands and have suffered greatly. As your Commander in Chief, I take pride in your past achievements and express the thanks of a grateful Nation for your services in combat and your steadfastness while a prisoner of war.

May God grant each of you happiness and an early return to health.

Harry Truman

Nov-14-1945

Statement of H. G. Stanley concerning Military and Medical History from date of entry into U. S. Military Service to the present date:

To Whom It May Concern:

I, Henry Grady Stanley, A. S. N. 14036510, C number 854-22-42, enlisted in the U. S. Army on the 15th day of March, 1941, at Savannah Air Base, Georgia.

I left for overseas duty on November 1, 1941, and up to that time, I had never been on sick-call a single day.

I arrived in Manila, P. I., on November21, 1941, and started living in tents. About the 27th of November, 1941, I was taken sick with high fever and chills. I was treated for 4 or 5 days with quinine and remained on quarters until the 7th of December, the day war was declared.

I moved back into Bataan, where I had only field rations. I worked day and night, only getting 4 to 5 hours sleep each day. Our food supplies were cut about themiddle of January, 1942. Every few days the ration was cut down and before our surrender to the Japanese, we were only receiving one dozen 8-oz. cans of meat and a very small portion of rice, for a company of 100 men.

On the 24th day of December, 1941, I was injured behind both knees in an air raid by the Japanese. I was treated in an emergency hospital and started back to work in about 8 days, or before these injuries had completely healed.

About the middle of January, 1942, I had another attack of malaria and again was treated with quinine, but due to the large number of sick men, I had to continue to work for 3 or 4 days until my fever was so high and chills so often I had to go to bed. I was in bed for about one week when my fever was some better and I had to start back to work, running a fever around 102 to 103 degrees for several days.

We were being pushed back so fast that after the first of February, 1942, I had no mosquito bar and had to sleep on the ground with nothing but blankets.

By the first of February, 1942, all the men began to have trouble with dysentery. My first attack began about the middle of February, 1942. It continued and I began to lose weight rapidly. All during February, 1942 I kept taking quinine. I was dizzy from taking so much quinine, but I continued working, which was the handling of heavy ammunitions and some guard duty. So many of themen in my company were not able to work at all, and the men who were able, had to work extra to make up for those who could not. I continued to lose weight.

During the first few weeks of battle, my nerves were excellent, but after the 1st of February, 1942, I became delirious and committed some very dangerous acts during air raids and heavy artillery fire.

I had another attack of fever about the first of March, 1942, lasting only 2 or 3 days. I had chills but never was relieved of my duties. My dysentery kept getting worse and the food was very short. I would pull green bananasand wait for them to ripen before eating them. We ate monkeys, horse meat and most anything we could get. I kept on losing weight, and by the time of the surrender, On April 9, 1942, I weighed 115 lbs., compared with 145 lbs. upon my arrival overseas.

Immediately after surrendering onApril 9, 1942, I began what was called the "Death March", and no better name could have been given. I had no hat and the temperature was above 100 degrees. The second day of this march I had an attack of fever. For the first 72 hours after the fever began, I had only 1 canteen of water. I was hardly able to keep up with the other soldiers. This time I had no chills but every bone in my body ached. This fever lasted for about 48 hours. I made the march without any food and with only a little water, which I would get from the natives. This march laster about one week, and I had no blankets to use at night when we would be penned up like hogs.

Upon my arrival in Prison Camp O'Donnell, on April 17, 1942, I started sleeping on the ground under an old barracks made for the Phillipine Army. I had only a shelter half in my possession to use for bedding, and by this time we were having light rains.

Here werwere fed only twice a day on rice which was very watery, and sometimes a small portion of greasy water or what the Japs called soup. On this diet my dysentery began to get worse. The little food that I was getting all seemed to turn into water. My kidneys would act every few minutes and with the dysentery and acking bones, caused from malnutrition, and malaria, I hardly received any sleep.

On the 12th day of May, 1942, I left Camp O'Donnell and went to Clark Field where I began working for the Japs. Here I was able to take a bath for the first time in 6 weeks. My work was the upkeep of the air field. For the first 6 months I had few clothes, but when they were worn out, I had to make shorts out of old sacks and mattress covers. This was my only clothing, besides a hat. My body blistered and I had tropical sores which were very hard to heal with no medical treatment.

By the first of July, 1942, I weighte between 90 and 95 lbs. My dysentery kept my very weak. I had an attack of malaria every 4 or 5 weeks for the 27 months I was at Clark Field. The only treatment I received here was quinine I stole from the Japs and some old medicine I would find around the homes of this field.

After the first of 1943, I had skin trouble which the doctors said was caused from an insufficient diet. Sometimes the inside of my mouth would be so tender I could hardly eat rice. My eyes were very weak; my bones ached continuously and I could not get any sleep unless I was completely exhausted. Some of the prisoners had what we called the wet beri-beri, where the whole body swelled 4 or 5 times its normal size. My case was what

was called the dry beri-beri. My arms and legs seemed to draw up and I had aching pains continuously.

I was sleeping on the floor and my nerves were very bad. Any of my conpanions could speak to me and I would insult them. During the rainy season it would rain as much as a week without letting up and I would have to work in this for 4 and 5 hours with nothing on but a pair of shorts and a hat. This rainy season would last for 3 or 4 months out of the year. During this season I had very bad colds and the malaria attacks were more often.

During the work at Clark Field I was injured on the right arm by a bayonet from a Jap soldier who became angry because I would not carry a bundle of grass. Themedical boys in our camp did what they could for me but it took about 2 months for this would to heal, however, I didnot miss a day's work because of this, since the Japs made all men who could stand do a full day's work. The dysentery, aching pains and malaria remained with me during the 2 years and 3 months I was at Clark Field.

During the dry season the dust was very bad and we had to work in the midst of it. I kept a very bad cough and would cough up dirt. If we got sick on duty, the Japs would beat us with rifle butts and very often, men had to carry other men back to camp.

I left Clark Field in September of 1944, and stayed in Manila about a week before boarding a Jap ship for Japan.

On this ship there were 1000 men in one small compartment, which had only one entrance for fresh air to enter. Most of the men had to stand the entire trip and I had one attack of fever which lasted 3 days, but I had no treatment and had to stand until I passed out, then was given enough space to sit down. This trip lasted 17 days. Upon arrival in Japan we were very dirty and had a very bad case of heat. I was able to take a bath but had to put back on the same dirty shorts and wear them until I received one complete outfit, which was several days later.

My food here was still rice and soup or thin water. I had to walk four and one-half miles up a mountain where I worked under ground inaa copper mine. It was very damp and cold here and I had to remain down there about 7 hours a day. I kept a very bad cough and a head cold during all my stay in Japan.

The weather inJapan was very bitter and cold andit smowed from November of 1944 to May of 1945. I had to sleep in the same clothes in which I worked, in order to keep warm. Each one hundred men had only one small stove and the Japs would not give us enough coal to keep the stove going for more than 3 or 4 hours during the day. What time we were not working, we had to stay in bed to keep warm. We would go for weeks at a time without being able to get a bath. The Japs would not let us use the snow for water.

I had three attacks of malaria while in Japan. The first inDecember of 1944 and I had to stay away from work about one week. I received 5 small quinine tablets during this attack. My second attack was in March of 1945 which lasted about 8 days but I was made to work most of this period and did not receive any treatment. My third attack was in July,

1945. I had several chills and had to lay off from work about 10 days. I received quinine during this attack.

I left Hanaua, Japan in September of 1945, and arrived in Seattle, Washington, on the 27th day of October, 1945, where I was taken to Madigon Hospital. Here I received several physical examinations and was treated for malnutrition and malaria. I had been taking quinine and atabrine since I was liberated.

I arrived in Oliver General Hospital in Augusta, Georgia, about the 10th of November, 1945, where I remained under treatment for malnutrition and after several examinations, I was given a box of atabrine and a 90-day furlough. During the 90 days, I gained weight rapidly and upon reporting back the first of March, 1946, I weighed approximately 150 lbs. During these 90 days I had some trouble with dysentery. My bowels would move 3 or 4 times daily but this did not appear to hurt my any then.

Reporting back to Oliver General Hospital after the 90 days were up, I started back on treatment for malnutrition and remained under this for 3 weeks, when I was given a discharge from the hospital and a 90-day furlough.

During this furlough, or sometime about the first of April, 1946, I had an attack of malaria. I took some quinine and stayed in bed for about a week. I started losing my appetite after this and my dysentery was about the same. By the 1st of May, 1946, I had started losing weight. In June when I reported back at Ft. Bragg, N. C., I weighed 134 lbs. I was not given any treatment for this, but was treated for my mouth. I could hardly brush my teeth, due to bleeding gums. I was given several shots in the arm and this helped my gums very much.

I received my discharge on the 13th of June, 1946, I kept having stomach trouble and had an attack of malaria in September of 1946. I took quinine and was in bed for a week, after which I started back to work at a service station. My stomach trouble was about the same, my bowels moving 3 or 4 times daily. I kept losing weight and in December of 1946, I had a very bad attack of malaria with chills. I reported to the clinic at Love Field, inDallas, about the 20th of December. They found I had a high fever but said they could not admit me to the hospital unless malaria was found in my blood. They gave me atabrine and quinine and told me to go home and go to bed.

About the 27th of December I had Dr. S. R. Bumpass, of Dallas, examine me, who foundI had a slight fever. On the 29th of December, 1946, I was getting worse and talked to the Veterans Administration, in Dallas, who sent me to the clinic and requested that X-rays be taken on my chest. They found I had pneumonia and I waw admitted to Lisbon Hospital, in Dallas, weighing 123 lbs., on the 30th of December, 1946. Here I received between 50 and 100 shots of penicillin, plus 3 vitamin shots a day and insulin before each meal. I was in the hospital for 19 days.

I had an attack of malaria about the 2nd of May, 1947, taking quinine. This attack lasted about 5 days. I still have bowel movements 3 to 4 times a day, which keep me in a weakened condition. My nerves keep me from carry-

ing on normal social relations and I am susceptible to common colds and bleeding gums. My bones begin to ache after I am on my feet for several hours. I still cannot rest at night, due to nightmares and I am very nervous. I do not smoke and do not drink whiskey. I will not average drinking a bottle of beer a day. My appetite is very bad and my present weight is 130 lbs.

_____

(H. G. Stanley)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of July, A. D., 1947.

_____

Notary Public