U.S. NAVY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

ORAL HISTORY WITH RADM (ret.) FERDINAND BERLEY, MC, USN

CONDUCTED BY
JAN K. HERMAN, HISTORIAN, BUMED

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Telephone interview with RADM Ferdinand Berley, MC, USN (Ret.).

When did you join the Navy?

That goes back a long way. I entered Northwestern University in 1930 as a pre-med student. At that time, there were only six colleges in the United States that had the Naval ROTC program--Yale, Harvard, Georgia Tech, Northwestern, Southern California, and Washington. It had been started about 2 years previously. This 4-year course was exactly the same course they gave at Annapolis. When you graduated you had a commission either as an engineering officer or a line officer depending on your undergraduate studies.

I graduated in 1934 and got my commission as a line officer Ensign, DVG [Deck Volunteer Grade], USNR. At that time you were also given the opportunity either to join the Marines or become a Navy flyer. I did want to become a Navy flyer but evidently I was about a quarter of an inch too short. A classmate of mine who did become a flyer was killed in World War II.

At that time we were in the midst of the Depression and I made my first cruise on the battleship *Arkansas* (BB-33). At the end of our freshman year they took us by train to Hampton Roads, VA and from there we went to Boston and picked up the cadets from Yale and Harvard. We then cruised on to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

It was a most interesting trip. We stood all the different watches on that ship. We had to fix up our own hammocks. We had all kinds of sporting engagements aboard. We even engaged in battle practice, firing the different guns.

At the end of your junior year you were supposed to make a destroyer cruise but being in the heart of the Depression they didn't have the money to send us. So, instead, we made our cruise on a sub chaser on the Great Lakes. It was one of the old World War I sub chasers that was based in Chicago at the time.

When I graduated Northwestern I went to N.W. medical school. I had a commission as a line officer so I joined a Naval reserve group there in Chicago at Navy Pier. In the summer I would get orders to cruise on the Great Lakes and got paid for it. That money actually paid for one semester quarter of my medical school tuition. My ambition at that time was to join the two things I loved dearly, the Navy and medicine and become a Navy medical officer.

At the same time, they were just beginning to open up the examinations for internship in the Navy. A lot of the medical officers who were in the Navy at that time were kept on duty by sending them off to various CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) camps and things like that. That's how bad the Depression was in those days.

There were only 600 medical officers at that time. They gave the exam in May so I planned to take the exam the following May when I was a senior in medical school. I had a position as a counselor in a boy's camp each summer. For some reason I went back to Northwestern after the camp had closed in 1937 just as I was to begin my senior year. On the bulletin board at the time was a notice from the Navy about the coming examinations that were going to be given in about 2 weeks.

I said, "Oh my God, I had been planning to take that in May. What can I do?" I happened to see the assistant dean, Rocky Miller, and I asked him what I should do about taking the exam. He suggested that I get a letter off airmail, special delivery asking for an application. "But what can I do about studying for this thing," I asked him. He said, "You're a Northwestern man. You don't have to study!"

I did exactly what he said, filled out the application, got the acceptance to take the exam, and I took it at Great Lakes. There were only 20 openings from all over the United States. I placed 15th. And two other classmates of mine also placed, one was Lew [Lewis L.] Haynes. He later became the doctor on the *Indianapolis* (CA-35) and was on it when it was torpedoed.

Did he make it back?

Yes. As a matter of fact, I saw him later on but that will come later in our discussions.

I was tickled pink. I wanted to become a surgeon; that was my main objective. As part of your senior year, you were allowed to take a clerkship wherever you wanted to go. I took mine in surgery at St. Joseph's Hospital in Chicago. When the time came to select my internship, I selected San Diego. At that time there were only five hospitals in the Navy that had qualified internships.

When was this?

It was 1938. San Diego was a small town of 80,000 people in those days, with a beautiful climate. Across the bay was Coronado where most of the Navy fliers and their families lived. I remember driving out to Point Loma and having a feeling about wanting to get to China. Of course by this time I had to resign my line commission. At the end of my internship I was given a choice, and of course, I picked China, the Asiatic Fleet.

Everyone at the San Diego Naval Hospital thought I was nuts. I was a bachelor then and a lot of my peers would invite me to dinner and lecture me as to what might happen to me out there in the Asiatic Station. A lot of things they told me were true as I found out later.

At that time, when you traveled overseas, you went commercially. Even the wives went the same way. On that ship, the *President Polk*, there were a number of naval officers going over to join the Asiatic Fleet, and one other medical officer, John Nardini and his wife.

I arrived in Manila in September of 1939 and I was assigned as Medical Officer of DESDIV 58. At that time there was a medical officer for four destroyers which constituted a division. A squadron was made up of three divisions. The four ships in DESDIV 58 were the *Parrott* (DD-218), the *Bulmer* (DD-222), the *Edsall* (DD-219), and the *Stewart* (DD-224). My quarters were on the *Parrott*.

At that time we went all over the Philippines to places you just wouldn't think of. We used to do our torpedo practice off Mindanao.

As the medical officer for that division, what were your responsibilities?

The health of the crews and staffs. When we were together, I would hold sick call once a week or whenever necessary. Each of the destroyers had a chief or 1st class Pharmacist's mate, and they were darned good. They were as good as any doctors.

One of the problems we had in those days was treating syphilitics. Part of the treatment consisted of intravenous drugs. I had written several letters requesting that some of my pharmacists mates be allowed to give the drugs because many times we would be separated for several weeks at a time. I might not see one of my ships for 2 weeks and that might interrupt the treatment. I never did get permission.

What kind of drugs were you using?

Salvarsan, which we gave intravenously and intramuscular bismuth preparation.

The *Parrott* was ordered to south China for a month's duty at Swatao and Amoy. We relieved the *Asheville* (PG-21) which was sent back to the Philippines for overhaul. This was in February of 1940. When we arrived in Amoy, liberty was not allowed in Amoy proper but in a small island which lay across the bay from Amoy called Kulongsu. It was a beautiful island with a shrine at the very highest point that could be seen for miles around, just like a Chinese painting.

There were no automobiles allowed on the island, only rickshas and bicycles. All the consular officials were there and the American consulate occupied a home that was a replica of Jefferson's Monticello. They had a very nice club with all the amenities including a bowling alley.

The medical officer of the Asheville and his corpsman conducted me and my corpsman on a tour of the bars around Kulangsu and on his

recommendation only one passed, a bar operated by a former messboy named Sam. I set up a prophylactic station on the second floor above the main floor and it was required duty upon coming ashore each afternoon to inspect the new prostitutes who came to work there.

A Jap destroyer was also in the harbor--the *Hanikaze*. It was a beautiful ship compared to the old four-stackers that comprised the destroyers of the Asiatic Fleet. On the 2800th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire the skipper of the *Parrott*, "Butch" Parker. (He, incidentally, won two Navy Crosses and was promoted to rear admiral and was able to survive with the *Parrott* the Battle of the Java Sea. He and I played many a game of golf together while in North China.)

CAPT Parker sent ENS Willey to the Hanikaze to ask if they planned to dress? ship. ENS Willey returned with an invitation from the captain of the *Hanikaze* to come aboard, which we did. They had chairs set up for us amidships and put on an exhibition of bayonet and sword exercises, after which we were invited to their wardroom where we were served cheese and scotch.

During a party one evening at the club in Kulangsu we met a Mr. Suter who was Swiss and was the Standard Oil representative in Amoy. the Standard Oil Company was on the Mainland to the south of Amoy and he invited us (the staff of the *Parrott*) to visit the compound the next day. There was a Jap patrol boat that was present 24 hours a day and after his sampan picked us up we had to stop by the patrol boat to have our IDs checked.

This was a most interesting trip because the Standard Oil Company was situated on Free China soil. Below and surrounding it were Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers with trenches, guns, uniforms, etc. I took movies of them which I still have. Coolies were carrying 5-gallon tins of gasoline into China. So here were the Japs in control of Amoy proper and the Chinese, in close proximity, in control of the mainland. Incidentally, the night before we were to visit the Standard Oil Company a Jap four-engine seaplane landed in the bay and the Chinese opened up with an artillery piece at the plane, but didn't score any hits.

After 2 weeks we sailed for Swatow and lo and behold there was the Hanikaze at anchor well before our arrival. They must have known of our plans well ahead of time. We were invited aboard and treated to a luncheon by the Jap captain in charge of the port, a very gracious host. The luncheon was complete with refreshments and geisha girls.

While in Swatow, one of the members of the crew came down with what appeared to be smallpox. He had papillary lesions on the palms of both hands, forearm, and face. Although I had never seen a case of smallpox, this looked like the real McCoy. So after consulting

with CAPT Parker, I arranged for transportation and carried him to a missionary hospital and where the diagnosis was confirmed. Incidentally, although I had vaccinated the entire crew prior to our departure, he had never had a positive take. Furthermore, he had not followed instructions and had picked up a gal in Kulangsu and had slept with her.

With the diagnosis confirmed by the missionary doctor in Swatow, we left him there under their care.

This posed a dilemma. I revaccinated the staff and crew, attempted fumigation, and while the ship was scheduled to stop off in Hong Kong for R & R, this was cancelled and the ship proceeded directly back to Manila with the yellow flag flying signalling "Quarantine." The fleet surgeon, CAPT Owen, couldn't wait to see me and get my report. His first comment was "We don't have smallpox in the Navy." At any rate, he accepted my detailed report.

The tour of duty in the Orient at that time was 2 1/2 years. When our destroyers would nest together as a division, we'd get together and talk about China. The destroyers would leave during the hot months. That was in June. June, July, and August were spent in Tsingtao and Chefoo with a stop off in Shanghai on the return to the Philippines. The wives would follow them to Tsingtao and Chefoo where they spent their time. They had their own ricksha boys outfitted with uniforms. They also had amahs, Chinese servants who acted as cooks, babysitters, etc. Life on the Asiatic Station was pretty plush.

While we were in Tsingtao, I came down with a severe case of the flu. I tried to treat myself. Finally, four big sailors came, picked me up, and took me to the *Black Hawk* (AD-9), and I became a patient there.

I should backtrack just for a moment. When I entered Northwestern Medical School, they took x-rays of our chests. Three of my classmates had to drop out because they developed TB. They took pictures of your chest again in your senior year. The dean asked me where I was going to intern. And I said the Navy. He then said that was fine because I had something up there on my lung and they could watch it. Evidently, I had developed what they call a gohn tubercle. In those days TB was quite common. If you developed a case of TB, and you had the proper resistance to wall that thing off, your body would then create a fibrosis around that nest of the bugs, which in time became calcified. That in turn then left a spot on your lung that they called a Gohn tubercle. At any rate, they saw it in the apex of my left lung. When I came down with the flu, it was a very severe case and I wasn't doing as well as they thought I should so they transferred me to the *Augusta* (CA-31). There CAPT

Owen, the Asiatic Fleet Surgeon, became my personal physician. I was there almost for a month. Later on, he told me he thought I had come down with TB because he kept taking pictures of my lungs. Evidently, he decided I didn't have it and so I got orders to Shanghai.

And it proved to be everything I heard it was. It was just unbelievable. When I got there I joined the 4th Marines. There were four medical officers there at the time. There was a senior medical officer, a commander, named Jose Perez. Then Marian Wade came out as a lieutenant. Then there was John Nardini and I. There were three dentists and that was about it.

It was most interesting at that time because Admiral [Thomas C.] Hart had suspicions that something was going to happen and he ordered all the Navy dependents home. This was about September of 1940. The Army still had theirs. As I recall, they didn't send their dependents home until just before the war started.

Living in Shanghai as a bachelor was most interesting. The European powers were at war so the Americans had the run of the city. There were two parts to Shanghai, the international settlement and then the French settlement. On the outskirts of these settlements they had an international police force. And they actually had guards with barricades to inspect cars coming in. Something was going on nearly every day. You would read the newspapers, and they would report a bombing here, or a kidnapping there.

The Japanese were on the opposite side of Soochow Creek and there was a bridge that went across. They had their sentries on one side, and the Marines were on the international side. Along the bank on the Japanese side, which I think was called Hongkew, there were no sampans. All the sampans were on the international side. These people lived and died on these sampans. They were truly boat people.

The Japanese were constantly creating incidents. The Japanese were not allowed to come into the international settlements unless they had permission and we were not allowed in their section unless we had their permission.

On the outskirts of the international settlement there were several nightclubs. Several of them were placed out of bounds because of the incidents that might occur there. A lot of these were controlled by the Japanese.

About 2 or 3 months before I left Shanghai, we started to have our conditioning hikes because the Marines at that time had gotten absolutely spoiled. They had Chinese boys who shined up all their shoes and their buckles on their web belts. The colonel who was in charge, Sam Howard, ordered these conditioning hikes. Once a week in the morning we would march through the streets of Shanghai and we would see the women coming out to empty their toilets--potties--in

the honey cart that came by. Our hike would take us down along the Whangpoo River. The stench when you went by the honey cart area where they unloaded the honey carts was terrific!

They just dumped it right in the river?

No. They offloaded it onto barges to be used for fertilizer. The stench was unbelievable. And a little farther down were barges loaded with coffins. One of the things the Chinese believed was that their bodies should be returned to their place of birth. These coffins may have been on those barges for a year or more waiting to be taken where they supposed to go. And those two areas were pretty close together. We always had to hold our noses when we went by.

Where did you live?

I had my own apartment in a place called the Medhurst Apartments. I paid $55 dollars a month for a nice little apartment and all my meals. I had my own private waiter and house boy who made up my bed, hung my clothes, shined my shoes, etc. I ate very few of the meals because I loved Chinese food and I loved going out. We also had several clubs there that were very famous. There was the Circle Sportif Francaise, a French club, which was outstanding. Membership there was very limited but as an officer I had no problem getting in. There was also the Hung Chou Golf Course run by the British, which I believe right now is a zoo that you pass on the way to the Shanghai airport. These were two of the finest clubs. The French club had two ballrooms. The main ballroom dance floor was built on springs. And they had an orchestra there every night. Life there was pretty interesting.

When you went out on a Friday or Saturday night you had to wear a tux because everything was very formal. And after a while you began to recognize different people. You could always tell when a ship came in; you'd see all these strangers.

What were your duties?

I was assigned to the urology ward at the regimental hospital. It was on Gordon Loo. That was the name of the street. We took care of the Marines. I knew nothing about urology except what I learned at medical school. One of things I did was circumcise about three-fourths of the Marines. When I attended a 4th USMC reunion in Las Vegas some years ago I was asked to make a speech. Upon introducing me, the circumcision part was brought up with the note that the circumcised foreskins were added to the soup.

What were your normal duty hours?

I would have the duty about every third day overnight. The normal hours ran from 8 o'clock to 4. Our Marine driver would come pick me up and take me to the hospital. I'd have lunch there and then he'd take me back to my quarters. In the winter we would count as many as eight bodies along the way, lying on the street, near the curb. This was very common.

These were people who had died of exposure?

Yes. They had no place to live. Another incident I remember was a rice cart loaded with rice sacks. It was just ahead of us as we proceeded up the street. All of a sudden, out of nowhere, a bunch of people appeared and swarmed all over that cart. They climbed over the top of one another. They had pockets in the aprons they had on, and within 3 minutes those sacks were completely empty. They stole all that rice. It was just like a pack of rats. It was unbelievable! The coolies who were carting that stuff--there were about five of them--were standing around completely dazed.

What was the staff like? How many other physicians were there?

Just four of us plus two dentists.

How many corpsmen would there have been?

There must have been two or three dozen. There should be a roster of that regimental hospital someplace.

While I was there I was given temporary duty on board the *Isabel* (PY-10). The *Isabel* was the flagship of the Asiatic Fleet. It was a river gunboat. We cruised all the way up the Yangtze to a place called Wuhu. I spent the whole time with a lady doctor who was the chief of surgery there at the hospital. She was most interested in what was going on on the outside, whereas the missionaries would come to the ship and watch the movies. She and I spent the time discussing medicine. The next morning she invited me to assist her in operations if I had time. I asked the skipper and he said that since there was always fog in the morning, I could go, which I did. She had trained two other Chinese surgeons. She had so many cases, the patients were lined up in the hall. It was unbelievable. I thought about that many a time when I was back in the States undergoing my training in surgery.

You saw things there you had never seen before?

Oh, yes. Of course, in those days in general surgery you did everything. You did brain surgery, orthopedics, everything. And she did all of that. We used cotton for sutures. I had never seen cotton used before. After World War II, cotton became very commonly

used for sutures. I had been used to using catgut and silk, but never cotton. We used paper for sponges and used two pairs of gloves to operate with. We used wet technique with Lysol because they didn't have equipment to sterilize with. The instruments were boiled and then put in a Lysol solution and then rinsed off with sterile water.

Where had this surgeon been trained?

I don't know but she was very capable. In those days female doctors were very rare. In my class at Northwestern, where they only took 120 out of a selection of 2,000, only 4 were women. Today 51 percent are women.

How long did this trip on the Isabel **last?**

Seven or eight days. And then we came back to Shanghai. This was in December of 1940. After Sam Howard came and took over the 4th Marines, he allowed bachelor officers to then live in the French section if they wished. Prior to that, bachelor officers could only live in the International section. There were three Marine officers down the hall from me and we got together and got ourselves a penthouse in the French quarter. We had the furniture made, had a #1 boy, a cook, and a coolie. All the coolie did was sit off in the kitchen and open the door for us; we never carried a key. We lived like kings.

How long did you remain at Shanghai?

About a year. Orders came one day. I think it was in August. The CO called Nardini and me down to his office and said, "I have orders here to detach one of you immediately (24 hour notice) so I'll toss a coin to see which one of you goes." I told him that wouldn't be necessary, I would volunteer to go. I was getting tired of Shanghai and was ready for a change. I figured I only had 6 months left and I wanted to see another part of the Orient.

Did he tell you where you were going?

No. That was one of the reasons I volunteered. I wound up in Cavite, the last place that I would have wished to go.

How did you get there?

That was interesting. As I said, I had 24 hours notice and I had to go around and pay all my chits and what not. I also got my camera and took pictures I had neglected to take before. I left all my gear at the penthouse with the three Marine officers who were my roommates. I never knew until I got back after the war that it had all arrived home.

The next day I boarded the *Harrison*. On that ship was the new

fleet surgeon, Ken Lohman and [Thomas] Hayes, the new chief of surgery going to Cañacao. There was Ernie and Rose Necker who became very close friends of mine. Ernie was head of Mackay Radio. And there was a bunch of Marine officers, one of whom was Chesty [Lewis] Puller who had been the executive officer of the 2nd Battalion, 4th Marines there in Shanghai. I had gotten to know him pretty well.

Anyway, I reported into COM 16 in the Philippines and was then assigned to the dispensary at the Navy Yard, Cavite. That was about the last place I wanted to go but that's where I wound up.

We did all the physical exams on the employees. We took care of injured workmen from the Navy Yard itself. Across from us was the Naval Hospital at Cañacao.

There was a big dance hall right near Cavite. It was probably the largest dance hall in the world. These taxi dancers would be there. Part of their job, of course, was prostitution. On Saturday mornings they would bring all the prostitutes in. A first class corpsman would take care of them. He knew them all by name. He would line them up, take smears, and checked every one of them. They got a card if they passed the exam. He would tell any that didn't pass to go for treatment. The Filipino public health doctor was there at the same time. I didn't participate. I just watched the corpsman do it. He was as good as anyone.

So we had a very low rate of venereal disease. Evidently, one young sailor wrote home and told his parents how the Navy was running a house of prostitution. After that, we were not allowed to examine or treat any more of these prostitutes. I don't mind telling you that the venereal rate grew by leaps and bounds. Men that would have been in the fighting line ended up in the venereal wards.

Where did you live there at the Yard?

We had quarters right above the dispensary itself. It was a big wooden building in the center of the yard. Later on, a reserve lieutenant commander,a former missionary doctor, by the name of Erickson came out and became the CO of the dispensary.

About the same time, Gordon Lambert, who had just completed a post-graduate course in industrial medicine came out and was assigned to the dispensary. Erickson turned most of the duties over to him. In the meantime, some of us got tired of the food, so we got ourselves a Chinese cook and I learned to cook Chinese from him.

Did you have any other duties outside the dispensary?

While I was there, they set up a Marine unit, an antiaircraft battery, at a place called Binacayan. That was Ernie Irvin's unit. I was the doctor who drove out there once a week in a Ford station

wagon to hold sick call. In those days you drove on the left hand side of the road just like the British.

I got to know the new Fleet surgeon, and he got to be a very close friend of mine. We used to go hunting for snipe together on Saturdays.

How did you hear the war had started?

I had spent the weekend playing golf with Ken Lohman and Ernie Necker. Rose wasn't there; she had gone to Baguio. I was awakened about 5:30 in the morning by Erickson. He shook me and said, "Fred, we just got word. The Japs bombed Pearl Harbor." And all I did was say, "Good. Now we can lick the sons of bitches," and I turned over and went back to sleep. Those were my exact words. I didn't think the war would last 6 months. We just didn't realize just how clever these people were.

So that day, Monday, we had our lunch as usual. When Lambert came back from COM 16 headquarters that evening, he told me that I was going to be in charge of the dispensary and that was going to be the main battle dressing station. He was going to assign other medical and dental officers to various points around the yard where they would set up first aid stations. And I said, "Gordon, you don't want to have the dispensary as your main battle dressing station because this is nothing but a wooden structure and it's in the direct center of the yard. It wouldn't last 2 minutes in a bombing raid.

So he asked me what I thought and I advised him that I would find some place where we would have some protection. I looked around and found what they called the old paint locker, which was right behind the dispensary. It was made out of huge square blocks of concrete or stone material in the form of an arch. Above that, was a wooden building that had been a prison. This thing came down off the street on a ramp so it was below street level with a single door and a window to the left and a dirt floor.

The next morning I told Gordon that we found this place and he said fine, that we should stock it up. He told me I would be in charge of the stretcher bearers, the stretcher bearers would be the band, and I was to meet with them Wednesday, the following day after lunch.

I then went ahead and stocked it up with supplies, bandages, operating materials, etc. Then Tuesday night I rode my bicycle to the movie house. I still remember what I saw, *Abraham Lincoln in Illinois*. About the middle of the movie, everything stopped and they told us there was an air alarm. So I rode back and got my gas mask. Incidentally, when war was declared, we were issued World War I helmets, gas masks, and side arms. I then went down to the paint locker and received my first casualty. A sailor who was in a hurry

to jump into one of the submarines, cut his thigh on one of the hatch covers or something. He just tore the whole side of his right thigh open through the skin, the fascia, and into the muscle itself. I sewed him up during the air raid which didn't materialize at Cavite. Nothing happened. Incidentally, we had kerosene lamps and flashlights. There was no electricity.

The next day, we had just finished lunch and were waiting for our dessert, which I remember was apple pie, when the alarm went off. We grabbed our helmets, gas masks, and side arms and went down to the paint locker to take our stations. Remember, right after lunch I was supposed to meet with the band, which was going to act as stretcher bearers. That never materialized because this was the big raid on Cavite.

As I got down toward the paint locker, I saw a big formation of planes flying directly over Sangley Point and the antiaircraft fire was bursting about two-thirds the way up. The planes were flying about 21,000 feet and the antiaircraft shells were bursting about 17,000 feet or so. So they were bursting way below them. They flew from our right to our left. The next thing I knew, they were flying directly over the yard towards us in beautiful formations. And then I could see the bombs starting to fall. I ran into the paint locker and said, "The bombs are falling."

Shortly thereafter, we were hit. The whole place just shook. A lot of dust flew in through the open window. There was a palm tree just outside that door. Later on when I came out, that palm had gone straight up in the air and back into the crater the bomb had made. It was the darndest thing I ever saw.

Then the casualties began to arrive. We did what ever we could. I remember cutting a Filipino workman's hand off because it was just barely hanging by the skin of the wrist.

Then we realized that the whole yard was on fire and things were getting pretty rough. Trucks were arriving and picking up the wounded for transfer to Cañacao. I wound up over on the Guadalupe Pier. There were about five or six wounded on the pier. I saw a motor launch coming across and I waved to the coxswain saying I had some wounded. He yelled back saying there was a boat right alongside the pier. Sure enough, looking over the side and down, there was a launch with a Filipino coxswain just doubled up like he was hiding from everyone. I got him and we loaded that boat with the wounded and went over to the pier at Sangley Point.

I then made my way to the hospital and was assigned to one of the wards there where I helped triage the wounded, administered morphine for pain, tagged them, etc.

After doing this for a while, I got permission to leave and go

up to the operating room where they were busy as all get out. I remember asking Dr. Hayes if I could assist and he said yes. I then worked with Carey Smith. The wounded were lined up all along the stairwell one after another.

Did you have a chance to don surgical gowns?

We wore surgical gowns, but did not change them. The blood went right through them. We had one patient after another. Those nurses were unbelievable bringing out the material wet even though they sterilized it as best they could. And then you had the next patient. You'd amputate a leg, you'd amputate an arm. It was just horrible. Someone would die on the table. It was just a nightmare, when I think back on it.

We operated until 1 or 2 in the morning. When we were finished, I was just soaked with blood, my shirt and trousers. Because there was no place to go, I just slept right under the hospital that night. The next morning, I tried to get myself cleaned up as best I could in the bathroom there but I was still messy as all get out.

Because we weren't attached to the hospital but COM 16, I, Gordon, and, I think, Murray Glusman, and several corpsmen drove the station wagon on into Manila to Estado Mayor. As we made our way back to Manila the road was crowded with a line of people leaving Cavite carrying whatever they could, just like you see in the movies. We also heard that the ammunition depot was on fire and was expected to blow up any minute so it was a good time to leave.

We finally got to Manila and one of the first things we did was to go to the Army Supply Corps where I got myself a pair of pants, a shirt, some underwear, socks, and a pair of shoes, which I signed for. I guess I still owe the Army for that stuff! Anyway, I was able to get rid of all those messy clothes I had. Of course, all my earthly possessions had gone up in smoke in the Navy Yard, The Medical group wound up at Estado Mayor and that night CAPT Lohman came there looking for me. He greeted me like a long lost son because he thought that I might have been killed during the bombing of Cavite. He drove me to the Army and Navy Club where Ernie and Rose Necker were waiting. We had a couple of scotches. He informed me that at the request of Marion Wade he was ordering me to rejoin the Marines, who were bivouacked at Olangapo, but if I did not want to go he would order somebody to take my place. I assured him that I was very happy to go.

The next morning, Bruce Langdon, who had relieved me as medical officer of DESDIV 58, for some reason or another, had gotten ashore before the bombing and had missed getting back on the *Parrott*. He and I were taken to the Marsman Building. CAPT Lohman was there.

I remember they had a chart on the wall with a bunch of pins stuck in it. I remember this commander who was there, came up to me and said, "You have just looked at that chart which indicates the location of all our submarines." It was if he was saying I had done something I shouldn't have done.

At any rate, after we were there for a little while, they got a car for us and drove us to Olongapo where I rejoined the 4th Marines. Because of the danger of being bombed, the hospital was set up under the trees in the woods. We slept on cots underneath the trees. John Nardini, Marion Wade, Bruce Langdon, and I were the medical staff.

I heard that the PBY crew and evacuated their barracks so we went there and went through the lockers. I was able to get myself a few towels, a gem razor, a toothbrush, and a few things like that, which I badly needed. My beard was growing. I also found 80 pesos in one of the lockers. I remember I took down the name of the individual so I that I could return the money to the fellow when I got to the States because I didn't think the war was going to last 6 months.

They had put 50-gallon gasoline drums all over the open areas to keep Jap planes from landing there. And sure enough, there was a bombing raid. A couple of small planes came over and dropped a few bombs and did some strafing. I remember jumping into a ditch to take cover.

On Christmas Day we got orders to evacuate the area. We all loaded up on trucks and made the trip to Mariveles. It was just bumper to bumper on the roads going through Bataan all the way to Mariveles. It looked like an army of ants. The Japanese could have decimated the whole outfit right then and there. This was the retreat into Bataan.

Mariveles now became the headquarters of the 4th Marines. When COL [Don] Curtis saw my beard, he ordered me to shave immediately. He said my looks didn't set a very good example to the Marines.

Before we were taken to Corregidor, word came in that a submarine had a sailor who had been injured by some of the depth charging that had occurred. COL Curtis asked me to go out on a liberty boat to meet the submarine and bring him back so he could receive better care. With a warrant officer and a coxswain, we left that night through the minefield and waited for the submarine to show up. In the darkness, we imagined all sorts of things. We stayed out there till 2 or 3 in the morning. We never did meet that submarine and came back in. Someone managed to meet that sub the next night and took the injured sailor off.

On the night of the 29th [December], we went over to Corregidor by barge. It was just a short distance. We then went to Middleside

Barracks where we stowed our gear. They told us that the barracks were bombproof. Someone had put out the word that the 5-inch antiaircraft guns on Corregidor caused the Japanese to make a detour around Corregidor every time they went to bomb the mainland.

The next day, we could see all the Army personnel with their starched khakis, ties and everything. It just didn't look like a war was taking place on Corregidor. A buddy and I went to the officers club where we had lunch. This was on the 30th. On the way down, we saw what looked like the kind of field gun you'd see from World War I, with a couple of Army personnel working on it. We said to them, "We understand you have some 5-inch antiaircraft guns here on the Rock." They said, "We don't have any 5-inch antiaircraft guns. They're 3-inch antiaircraft guns." And he told me how many batteries he had. "Oh boy," I thought. We were going to have a repeat of what I saw at Sangley Point.

When I got back to the barracks, I heard that my old buddy, Bob Kelly, was down at the hospital. He was the exec on the PT boats with [John] Bulkeley. So I went down to see him. He had nothing more than an infected fingernail and he was anxious to get back to his squadron.

Meanwhile, there was this not very pretty nurse hanging around him, seeming to idolize him. I thought Bob had better taste than that. I understand that later on this gal sued him when that book came out, *They Were Expendable*. Something about a love affair that took place. He had made promises to marry her or something. After visiting Kelly I returned to the barracks at Middleside.

Shortly after my return the air raid alarm went off. In case of a bombing attack we were to go down to the first deck and stay in the building. I did just that, winding up in a room with COL Curtis. I was right in front of a doggone door, lying flat on the floor with my tin helmet. I tried to get away from that door but couldn't. When the first string of bombs came across, the third one hit that barracks about a hundred feet to my left. It went through the roof, and then all three decks, and landed in the dining room. It then blew the walls apart in the room I was in. Bombproof! You talk about being shell-shocked! I was shell-shocked. I could hear these bombs coming down and every one sounded like it was aimed for the back of my neck. At the end of that raid, we all knew that Middleside Barracks was anything but bombproof.

After the bombing, we were told to move down to James Ravine. James Ravine was kind of a little hollow area. There was a concrete tunnel dug in the side of this ravine. This was the most terrible thing I ever went through. I've never been more scared in my life. Following that experience in Middleside, if you heard anything at

all that sounded like bombs, you would run for that darned tunnel.

After about a week, the Marines were dispersed around the island for beach defense. My old company, F, needed a doctor so that's where I went, to Wheeler Point, under MAJ Bradley. That end of the island faced Batangas. And that's the best thing that ever happened to me. Because if I had stayed at James Ravine, I think I would have gone nuts.

Getting out in the open and getting away from that tunnel made all the difference in the world. If a bombing attack occurred, you could jump into a foxhole. To become a tunnel rat was the worst thing that could happen to anyone. You would develop a psychological aspect of fear you just couldn't get rid of. I think that's what happened to Hayes and a lot of those people who holed up in Malinta Tunnel. He never, never left that tunnel. He never came out to Wheeler Point to inspect any of the rear areas as far as I know.

There was an Army officer by the name of Thompson who later on was killed by the Japs. He was a veterinary officer who would come out to inspect for hygiene purposes and so on. I used to use the powder in gunpowder bags to burn out my latrines and kill all the maggots. The powder itself consisted of pieces about the size of the end of your little finger. They looked like pieces of licorice. I always got good marks from CAPT Thompson.

There was a Filipino Scout battery stationed just about 150 feet from us. They had a 155mm battery that faced Bataan. They had built a tunnel which they used as their plotting room. It went straight on in from the road. The tunnel then took a right turn and was extended maybe 50 feet or so to run parallel to the road that came to Wheeler Point. That's where I had my battle dressing station and sick bay at that time.

We were all as hungry as all get out at that time. We were on rations of two meals a day. And they kept skimpier and skimpier all the time.

What were those rations?

A stew of some sort. A type of porridge for breakfast and for supper. I know we ate up all the horses and mules. It was excellent stew. And we ate some sort of cereal in the morning for breakfast and maybe some toast. We were hungry all the time. I got to know some of the Filipino Scouts. They would find some sort of weed and when they would threw it out in the ocean it would stun the fish. Then they would collect the fish and have themselves a fish fry.

They also made spear guns out of bamboo. They used old inner tube rubber for those spear guns. I remember borrowing one one time. I took a Marine with me in case any sharks came along. I swam around

with goggles made out of bamboo and a piece of glass made from a pop bottle and sealed with some kind of sap. At any rate, I didn't spear any fish. But I got caught down there a couple of times during a bombing raid and there I was down there with nothing on, hiding behind a rock.

The Scouts also found wild camotes which is a type of sweet potato. I asked them how to find them. I walked around my sector looking for these wild camotes but never found one. I probably wouldn't have recognized one if I saw it at that time.

One morning we were surprised at breakfast. The Japs opened up with artillery from Batangas. If that barrage had been a hundred yards short, it would have cleaned us out. But it went right over our heads. They had been aiming at the guns up on top of Corregidor above us. From then on, we never had any warning at all. It was really scary. With the bombing you could at least see the planes. But with artillery, there was no warning at all. If all of a sudden you heard the shells whizzing by, at least you were safe. If you didn't hear them and they landed, that was it!

Several things happened while we were there. My group extended all along that beach defense facing Batangas, which was on the opposite side from Bataan. Of course, Fort Drum and Fort Frank were on the islands that ran across from Corregidor to Batangas. Sometimes we watched a firefight at night or early in the morning and we would learn later on that they held out and were not invaded.

When the Japs went behind our lines at Langaskawan, which was behind Mariveles, a bunch of sailors just happened to be there wandering around out in the woods. All of a sudden they were fired upon. It seems the Japs had infiltrated behind them. They were camouflaged and hidden pretty well. That was when LCDR [Francis J.] Bridget got all the sailors together and went out to get these Japs. But that was a terrible mistake because they didn't know anything about jungle warfare. After a few casualties, they finally got the Filipino Scouts to come in and they finally cleaned out the Japs. In addition, the mortar batteries on Corregidor opened up. Of course, this was before Bataan fell.

We also saw a couple of Jap planes get shot down. Eventually the submarines brought us some fuses that would enable the shells to reach up to their altitude. They would fly 21,000 to 25,000 feet and none of our AA fire would reach anywhere near them. We had the same fuse problem we had at Sangley Point.

So it wasn't a matter of the shells reaching the planes; it was a matter of the fuses exploding the shells too soon.

That's right.

But they could reach the planes even with the 3-inch guns?

Oh, yes, and they did. As a matter of fact two planes came over one day. We heard later on that they had a couple of big shot generals aboard inspecting the Rock. I saw those shells bursting right beneath the planes and they went down over Bataan.

That must have been quite a morale-booster at that point.

Oh my gosh, we just stood on our heads and cheered. It was terrific! We also learned about the bombing of Tokyo on April 18th by Dolittle, which also was a real morale-booster.

They used to broadcast the Voice of America to us and we couldn't help but hear all the lies they were telling about the number of planes we shot down, etc.

So, the Voice of America was inflating all the figures.

Oh my, yes. They were broadcasting back to the States about the terrific defense we were putting up. We also got our first news of what happened at Pearl Harbor. One of the submarines brought some pictures from, I think, *Life* magazine which showed what happened there. When we saw those pictures, my God, we knew then the war was not going to end in 6 months.

What do you recall about the final days?

My Marines dug me a small tunnel about in the center of the defense line, about 500 yards down the road from where my original sick bay had been. This was to be my main battle dressing station whenever the landings occurred.

Of course, we could hear the guns on Bataan creeping closer and closer toward us. Eventually the word came out that Bataan had fallen. Whoever could escape swam or came over to the Rock as best they could. Some of them were incorporated into our beach defenses. That was about a week or 10 days before the fall.

Up to that point, had you been treating a lot of casualties of the bombardment?

Not too many. We had a few shrapnel wounds mainly from the shelling. We would treat them and then bring them in by truck to Malinta Tunnel hospital. I used to make a run to the hospital about once a week or once every 10 days to replenish my supplies and report to Hayes.

During one of the bombings, COL Anderson came out to inspect our place. During the raid, he and I were standing at the entrance to the tunnel and pieces of shrapnel were literally landing on the

road in front of us, to the left and right of us. But we were in no danger at all at that point. Then all of a sudden I felt like something came up behind me and gave me a kick. As I turned to say something to him, I saw him looking up to his left into the sky with his mouth open. I looked up and, my God, I saw pieces of concrete as big as a house just flying up in the air circling around. The Japs had hit the main magazine of one of the 12-inch mortar batteries and blew it up. Fortunately, there only one or two casualties. If you go to Corregidor today you can still see some of those mortars lying around.

After MacArthur left and Skinny [Jonathan] Wainwright took over command, he came right out to our sector to inspect it. He was a soldier's man. I never saw MacArthur but Wainwright must have inspected all the defensive positions on the Rock. He carried a walking stick with him. While he was visiting, there was an air raid and we all took refuge in the plotting room of the Filipino Scouts' tunnel. Wainwright kept talking about what good camouflage the Japs had. He called them "those yellow-bellied bastards." That was the expression he used all the time. After a while he got impatient, so he turned to his aide and said, "Let's go, let's go." And the aide said, "Well, general, the all clear hasn't sounded yet." Wainwright then said, "I don't give a damn, let's go." And off they went.

Just before the fall, we got a call from Battery Crockett, I think it was. They said they had a badly wounded man and could we send relief. I happened to be near the phone when MAJ Bradley got the message. He said, "No, we just can't do that now because the road is covered with fragments because they're bombing and shelling." I don't know what came over me but I said, "No, no, no, I'll go and get him." I got a truck driver who volunteered to go with me and we went down and picked up the man and brought him back. When the air raid was over we took him to Malinta Tunnel hospital. Major Bradley wrote a citation for me but it never went through. Later on, after the war, I turned a copy of the citation over to a Marine officer and I was awarded a Bronze Star with a Combat "V".

What was the nature of the man's injuries?

He had been hit with shrapnel in several places. Of course, we put him on a litter and gave him what first aid I could at the time. Then we got him aboard the truck and took him back to our battalion aid station because we were still under fire. After the "all clear," we took him to Malinta Tunnel.

We knew the fall was imminent. About a night or two before the main landing, the Japanese had a dress rehearsal and it was

unbelievable! The sky was lit up half the night-- shells from all over the place rained down in a constant bombardment till well after midnight. Major Bradley made me turn in my sidearm and my rifle. He said, "You can't have that. Put your Red Cross brassard on." I argued with him. "Look, at least I can defend myself a little bit." We knew that if they landed where we were, there was no place to go. We just had a narrow road next to the water and then a drop down through some woods about 25 feet to the shoreline below. If they landed there, we knew that was it.

But he was adamant. I remember taking my two guns and putting them behind a wall in this tunnel. I was hoping one day to get them back.

You had a .45 and a Springfield?

Yes, a .45. The rifle was on a 30-30 stock but it shot a .22. It was a training rifle.

Anyhow, the morning of the landings, we got word to take our stations. I went down to my battle dressing station. Nothing was happening around us but we could hear a lot of firing going on--machine guns, rifle fire, etc. Finally, we got the word to destroy all our equipment and report back to Wheeler Point, which I did. That was the closest I ever came to crying. Hiking all the way back to Wheeler Point you could hear small arms fire, especially up at the top above us.

When we got back to Wheeler Point, everyone congregated there. We didn't know what to do. Communications were cut off. We stayed there for a day or so. We could see the Japs up above yelling, "Banzai!" and raising their guns. Planes would fly over. But we were pretty secure where we were because we were right below the sheer wall that went on up to the top.

After a day of this and no food, we finally talked MAJ Bradley into marching on in to Malinta. He wasn't in any hurry to do it. He said, "Let them come and find us," but he finally gave in. We got a sheet to use as a white flag and then we marched all the way back to Bottomside. Just before we got there, we were met by our first Japs. They were looking for rings, watches, anything they could take off of us. I hid my watch and ring in my shoes.

When we got to Malinta Tunnel, I still had my Red Cross brassard on. They pointed for me to go to the tunnel and I told them I didn't want to go. I wanted to go with my group. One of them then shoved a bayonet right at my stomach and changed my mind.

Everything was just a chaotic mess. There was no order of any kind whatsoever. I went into the tunnel and reported to Hayes.

The Malinta Tunnel hospital was just a horrible place at the

time because the air was foul, it was hot and humid, and there were all these different odors. You couldn't get outside. There was a lateral that did go to the outside on the opposite side of the main lateral, a continuation of the main hospital. They allowed us to get out periodically but it was terrible out there with the smell of the decaying bodies. You couldn't do anything because you had to keep brushing the flies away. Eventually, one of the Catholic chaplains got a volunteer group to go out and bury some of the bodies.

That's about the time I contacted George Ferguson and we got together with Murray Glusman and John Bookman. The four of us formed a little team and we stayed together during the time we were incarcerated. And we adopted Carey Smith who was a lieutenant commander. He had been at the hospital at Bataan and he had gotten over to Corregidor with COL Adamo a few days earlier. Adamo was an Army surgeon. Carey Smith had been working with him in the hospital on Bataan.

An incident then occurred that involved that young Army captain named Thompson, the veterinary officer who used to inspect us. He was put in charge of the so-called mess after the fall. The food consisted of a watery dish made with some cream of wheat they had found in some sacks. The cream of wheat was loaded with weevils. If you ate in the dark it was all right. We made a joke out of it and said we needed the weevils for protein. That's what we ate twice a day. The incident occurred with a sergeant named [John David] Provoo who had spent some time in Japan. He had been attached to G-3, Army Intelligence. He could speak fluent Japanese. He shaved his head, put on a kimono, and said he was a Bhuddist. He had a Navy corpsman who sort of became his batboy. One afternoon or evening he sent the batboy in to see Thompson to tell him to bake cookies or something for the Jap guards. Thompson told him to get the hell out or something to that effect. The next thing we knew, the Japs came with rifles and took Thompson. We never saw him again. The word was that Thompson was taken topside and executed. Later on, when I was in Bilibid, one of the Marines who had acted as a driver on Corregidor told me he was an eyewitness of the execution. Hayes then called us all in for a conference and told us to be careful of any contact with the Japs. That incident made everyone that much more afraid of the Japs.

In the meantime, word came up from the 92nd Garage area that the men down there had no cover whatsoever, no medical attention and that volunteers were needed to go down and set up a dispensary. I volunteered and went. It was something to see. All the POWs--and there must have been 10,000 of them--just covered the area. There was just one 1-inch pipe where they got water and there was a line day and

night to get water.

We set up the dispensary. We had very little to work with. The one thing I remember was argerol which was an old remedy used to treat clap and things like that. It was a mild type of antiseptic. We had no medicine for diarrhea and practically nothing in the way of bandages. There was a line 24 hours a day to that so-called dispensary. We took boards and set them up on horses or 55-gallon drums and we stood behind those things. After a day or so it became obvious that we needed medicine. Several of us went back up to the hospital to see COL Cooper who had been the CO of the hospital at that time. Provoo hadn't put on his kimono yet. He was still in his Army uniform. He was the guy who talked to the Japs and got us to get on up to the hospital again.

We went up and made quite a case for getting some medicine down to the garage area and we were able to get some antibiotics and some other things.

One night it started to rain and that was a blessing. And then all those POWs began to sing God Bless America spontaneously.

About 6 or 7 days later I was called before CDR Hayes and told that I was to form a group of 25 corpsmen. John Bookman was to be my assistant. We were to leave with the POWs who were then being put aboard ships. The next day they gave us a little packet of something to eat and drink and we marched out. We were the last ones in that line as we moved toward the Bottomside area to board the lighters to get aboard the ship. We were there all day. We had no idea where we were going. This loading went on all day in the hot sun. All the Army and Filipinos had already been loaded and we were the last ones in line. And then just before dusk when we were about to board, they sent me, Bookman, and the corpsmen back to the Malinta Tunnel.

In the meantime, life continued. Through the grapevine, we learned that someone had discovered a tunnel off the main lateral, a lateral that had a lot of canned goods. Of course, you were taking your life in your hands to sneak down that lateral and not get caught. But we were so hungry we divided up into twos. George went with me one time and John went with Murray the other time about 2 or 3 in the morning. We knew where the guards were. They were at the entrance so we just snuck down the lateral into this thing. In the dark you could feel broken cans. We took a pillowcase with us and stuffed it with as much stuff as we could get a hold of.

Did you have flashlights?

We had a flashlight to begin with but the batteries soon died so it was more or less in the dark. When I think back on it, we were

really playing dangerously. There's no doubt that had we been caught, we would have been taken topside and beheaded.

The next thing that happened in that tunnel, I was summoned by Hayes again and told to get a group of corpsmen volunteers that they had been working on the bombed out hospital at Middleside or Topside, or wherever it was, and that we were going to move all the equipment and patients up. So I was put in charge of a working group to move all that stuff up there, which we did.

So, you still had plenty of patients in there?

Yes, we did.

Then the only men who went on the ships were the prisoners who were down in the garage area.

That's right. I got a bunch of volunteers and I remember we got everything we possibly could and moved it on up there. And it was delightful. We had a breeze, and what a difference it was from the tunnel. And, of course, we had the supplies we had pilfered. I remember one big can of corned beef hash. My, how good that tasted! I remember trading some flour to the cooks. And they baked a lemon pie. And that was the last pie I had for a long time.

Everything went along fine for about a week or two, and one morning I was summoned to COL Cooper and told that we had just been ordered by the Japanese to evacuate the hospital that day and move everybody to a ship that was laying off Bottomside. So again I got my volunteers and we moved everything out. We took x-ray equipment and all sorts of things. We didn't know where we were going.

I found a group of Filipinos down at Bottomside and asked them if they would help. It was quite a job. We had to get patients down to the boats. The tide was low and there was a gangway which was nothing but a 2 x 12 plank, and how we ever accomplished getting those patients down carrying all those stretchers, I'll never know. I was the last aboard that ship.

It was some sort of lighter?

It turned out to be a freighter they had used to transport horses. It just reeked of manure. I was the last one to leave Corregidor. There was a Jap sergeant who was so impressed with what I was doing that he gave me his card!

You were the last prisoner off Corregidor?

I was the last one of the hospital group. I was in charge of evacuating that hospital. As a matter of fact, Carey Smith recommended me for the Navy Cross but I never heard anything about

it. (I still have the copy he sent me.)

We lay over in the harbor that night and the next morning we docked in Manila and marched through the streets. The sick were taken by truck. It was interesting to see the Filipinos along the side of the street giving us the victory sign. They were all very friendly.

We wound up at Bilibid. And there was the former group from the [Cañacao] Naval Hospital. They had already set up hospital facilities there. However, the equipment we stole from Corregidor was very much in need. They worked it out to where they got permission to allow all the Navy doctors, dentists, and corpsmen to remain in Bilibid while the rest of the personnel were sent to Cabanatuan the next day.

Who went to Cabanatuan?

All the medical personnel. You see, the main group was Army. We were a small contingent of Navy corpsmen and doctors with Hayes. We were all part of the 4th Marine group from Corregidor, whereas the main group of medical personnel was Army. Evidently Hayes, or somebody worked it out with Sartin and the Japs where they could keep us whereas the rest of them were shipped off the next day. So we remained there. Bruce Langdon and Hayes' very good friend, Herthneck, somehow didn't get to stay at Bilibid. There was a mixup and they went off with the Army group to Cabanatuan.

That's how we wound up at Bilibid. It was almost like a homecoming because there was Gordon Lambert who was at Cavite with me and he treated me like a long lost brother. As a matter of fact, he had built a bunk for me and we started to settle down there. We were never fully accepted as part of the Cañacao group of doctors because we had been with the Marines in the field all the time. I was assigned to the sick officer's quarters.

Life at Bilibid was very pleasant at the outset. We had very little contact with the Japs. They were on the outside.

The living conditions weren't that great, were they?

They were fantastic compared to what was coming up later. We had plenty of water for showers. We had recreational facilities. We played volleyball, chess, and poker. We even had a library.

There was a warrant officer by the name of Haas. He learned to speak Japanese quite fluently and more or less became the camp interpreter. He and some of his comrades were able to convince the Japs to allow them to open a sort of canteen or commissary in the camp where you could buy duck eggs, mongo beans, and raw peanuts. Once a week you might be able to buy something. The raw peanuts were

a godsend. You could put them in your lugao. Those 80 pesos I told you about came in handy. Murray, John, George, and Carey didn't have any money. I had the 80 pesos. So that fed us. That commissary kept us alive.

The staples we had stolen over on Corregidor also helped.

Were these some of the supplies you had gotten over on the Rock. How long did they last once you got to Bilibid?

Not very long. Maybe a month. We rationed everything out very carefully. Just before Christmas we received our first Red Cross parcels. These were British Red Cross parcels. They contained dumplings and things like that. But they were very very welcome, believe me. The five of us used those boxes for several months. If you had a can of Spam, we would share the one can amongst the five of us. The only things you kept for yourself were the cigarettes and maybe the candy or chewing gum. Any canned stuff we spread out as far as we could. There was one young sailor who always stood in line on Corregidor at Wheeler Point when we had chow twice a day. He would always eat standing up in line and be up first to get seconds if there were any seconds left. He ate the box and a half or two boxes we got all in one sitting and died of distension. He actually killed himself but he died happy.

This food helped us tremendously because the food at Bilibid was absolutely atrocious. It was nothing but a watery rice they called lugao. The rice was the worst type of rice you could ever imagine. I often said to myself that if I ever made it back, I would never eat rice again. The rice we had at that time was nothing more than just the sweepings off the floor. It contained pebbles, rat turds, and things like that. It was mouldy and it tasted awful. It was nothing like the rice we eat today. I actually love rice.

This was the meal we had twice a day. Sometimes they added what we called whistleweed. It had thick stems which were difficult to chew and digest. Occasionally, there was some meat in it. And the meat was always rancid and terrible tasting. But it was always welcome because it was something different. We also had fish heads and dried fish on occasion which tasted awful. If we hadn't had the food we had stolen on Corregidor, I'm sure we would have ended up like some of the others.

After about 5 or 6 months of this diet we began to see the dry form of beriberi. This manifested itself in what we called "painful feet." Patients who developed this painful foot syndrome just sat. They couldn't do anything. The pain was just unbearable and it was constant. They would sit on their bunks hunched over massaging their feet.

Another thing we began noticing was optic neuritis. Some people began losing their vision. The central portion of their vision was disappearing. Whether some of these recovered after the war, I don't know. I know that Al Smith was one of those. He also had the painful feet. Al came down with diarrhea after the capture and never fully recovered. He was a patient the whole time I was at Bilibid.

Did you see the wet variety of beriberi also?

We saw very few cases of the wet type. I don't know why.

Another thing I saw was rabies. A young army man was bitten by a dog and he developed rabies. I had never seen a case in my life except there in prison camp. They had an isolation section where they took care of him.

Then it was fatal?

Yes. It was a pitiful, pitiful thing to see. Later on, when we get to Japan, I'll tell you about a case of tetanus we had.

We also had quite a bit of amoebic dysentery and various forms of amoebiasis. I remember one or two cases that actually died from brain abscesses due to amoebiasis.

I also saw a case of blackwater fever. Blackwater fever is a very rare and also fatal form of malaria. The hemoglobin in the bloodstream actually deteriorates and you begin urinating it. The urine actually turns black. This fellow was an army captain who, as a guerrilla, had been captured up in the northern part of the Philippines. Bilibid was divided into two parts. The central part was the hub of a wheel. All the long buildings that housed the patients and staff were like the spokes of a wheel. One half was the Bilibid hospital; the other half was where they kept people who they had captured and even Japanese who may have been condemned to death. Anyone caught as a guerrilla went there. I remember staying up with this captain all night. We got some volunteers to donate blood and we had a terrible time matching his blood. But we got the blood and were able to transfuse him. And, he made it! Later, in gratitude, he gave me a guerrilla 2 peso note he had. And I still have it.

I remember another patient that stands out in my memory. His name was "One Man Army" Wermuth. He was a captain who made quite a name for himself during the war on Bataan. He and a sergeant would go out and slaughter Japanese. Supposedly, they would go out and ambush a group of Japanese and kill 18 at a time. This became a very good piece of propaganda to send back to the States. There were a lot of us who had doubts whether this really happened or not. He

and the sergeant were really the only ones who knew about it. At that time news was all bad and any good news that came out of Bataan was great. They built him up into some sort of hero. Anyhow, he became a patient of mine and he wasn't sick. I couldn't figure out why every time we'd take his temperature, he had a temperature. Finally I watched him put the thermometer in a hot glass of water or tea and I had him discharged. He didn't want to go off someplace. He was afraid the Japs would take it out on him because he had a reputation of being such a Jap killer. But evidently, the Japs admired someone like that. I have no idea what happened to him.

Everything went along fine at Bilibid. We had entertainment. We put on a show about once every 2 weeks. Long about the first part of July, the Japs suddenly decided to cut the staff in half. The Cañacao crew remained and those of us who had been with the Marines left, with the exception of Marion Wade, who stayed there. I had been with him at Shanghai. He never made it back. He was the only one I know of the people from Corregidor who stayed.

The next thing I knew we were shipped to Cabanatuan. Again, we were marched through the streets of the city to the railroad station and there we were loaded on small boxcars, crammed in so we couldn't sit. We had to stand all the time. They closed the doors and we were just crammed in this oven. Every now and then they would stop along the way and open the door and then we could get a breath of fresh air. That's how we traveled up to Cabanatuan for some 10 to 12 hours.

When we got there they loaded us on trucks and carted us to the POW camp. It had formerly been a Philippine Army training area and by the time we got there in July, things had pretty much been cleaned up. You've probably heard of O'Donnell. It was pretty bad. And you probably have heard of the first part of Cabanatuan. The present Cabanatuan was not. It was clean, neat, and well organized. They had a hospital. The Japs were on one side of the fence and we were on the other side of the fence. We met up with some of our ex-Marines because they had a bahai, a barracks, just across from ours.

We were assigned to work details. You lost your identity completely as a doctor and an officer. We were just excess baggage. Reveille was at 5 am when you had your lugao then you were formed into work details. You might be sent out to one of the fields chopping up the ground with a hoe, weeding, or making rows to plant, or trimming off the tips of camote vines. When you did the latter, your hands turned purple. You might also have to carry fodder for the carabaos the Japs were raising. You worked all day. You were not allowed to talk. You couldn't look up and had to stay down all the time. There was a lot of hazing going on. We had Formosan and

Korean guards who were just as mean if not meaner than the Japs. They had long poles and they wouldn't hesitate to hit someone over the head or beat them on the arms if you didn't do what they wanted.

There were huge anthills out in those fields. Some of them were 7 or 8 feet tall. There was always a cobra residing in those anthills. There was a Jap who insisted that any snakes captured out there be brought back to him alive. He tied a string around the cobra's neck and he had it on a stick. As we came in from work past him, he would throw the snake at you and you would jump out of your skin. That was his source of fun. The best work detail they had was the wood chopping detail. The detail was run by the Marines. The POWs were taken out into the beautiful woods and all day long you chopped these trees down and chopped them up into logs to be brought back to the camp for cooking fires. I eventually got on that wood chopping detail and that probably saved my life. I got into the best physical condition I could have ever been in. They fed us better. At least the rice there was cooked better than what we had gotten at Bilibid.

What were they feeding you?

They were feeding us the same thing, but every now and then we would get carabao in our stew. We would get one meal there and one meal back in camp. You worked in pairs. They set up a couple of guys who did nothing else all day but make axe handles. And they made the prettiest axe handles you ever saw.

What kind of trees were they?

All kinds. If you were lucky sometimes you would get a balsa. That was an easy one to chop down. Mahogany wasn't too bad but if you got a hardwood tree, it might take you all day to get it down. After you got it down you took off all the branches and then chopped the trunk into lengths about 3 or 3 1/2 feet long. I was able to get an old sack and used it on my shoulder. They had a group out there doing nothing but building roads to come in to load the wood we were cutting up. Eventually, once a week, we would carry all the wood we chopped. Two guys would lift up the log and put it on your shoulder. Then you would stumble down the trail back to where they were loading it on the truck. To this day I can carry on my shoulder more than I weigh. You had to learn how to do it.

The wood then was for cooking fires?

That's all it was for, nothing else. I made a couple of pipes with some of it. One was made of a beautiful piece of wood but that's another story.

The Jap guards were quite pleasant on the wood detail. When you were resting and your partner was chopping, they would come over, sit down and start telling you how our subs were sinking all their hospital ships. We found out later that that was a bunch of baloney. And then they might give you a cigarette.

On the way back to camp, we had to go over several rivers. Once in a while they would stop and allow us to jump in the river and swim around a bit to wash off. Occasionally they would kill a carabao and we would have meat in our rice dish.

I should also mention that several escapes were attempted. In one case, they caught three officers. There was a ditch that ran around the outside the camp. Then there was barbed wire beyond that with the sentry posts. The three officers managed to get through and they were hiding in the ditch when someone came along and urinated on one of the guys, who then created a ruckus. In doing so the Jap guards were alerted and they captured the men. They then took them and tied them to three stakes outside the camp beside the road. As the Filipinos went by they had to kowtow to the Jap guards. Along with that, the Jap guards then made the Filipinos beat the three men. They were there without food or water in the hot sun and, of course, after 48 hours, they went out of their minds and the Japs finally put them out of their misery.

Another POW escaped from the psych ward and hid out in the fields where we worked. Evidently, he hid under a bunch of weeds that were piled up out there. Anyway, they found him. COL Beecher, the senior officer at Cabanatuan, went over to the Jap side and tried to plead with them not to hurt this guy because he was not in his right mind but they ignored him and as we came in from work detail, the firing squad was all lined up ready to shoot him, which they did.

After that, they divided us up into shooting squads of 10 people. If anybody from your squad were to escape, then the other nine would be executed.

Then the Japs started to examine us for amoebae or other bugs in your system. They did this on two occasions by running a glass rod up your anus and taking a smear. They did this on two separate occasions. After this they divided us excess medical personnel into four groups. Our Navy group didn't have enough men so they added some Army doctors and corpsmen to our group. I think the total of these four groups was 450. George Ferguson was not one of those assigned to go because he tested positive for amoeba. Anyone who tested positive for amoeba or any parasitic disease was not allowed to go to Japan. As you know, later on they just took everybody.

We then got our gear together and about 4 o'clock one morning we marched to the gate and George carried what little gear I had all

the way to the gate. But the latest news had come out that Truk had been hit. The date was February 17, 1944, I believe.

While we were in Bilibid, the Japs plied us with newspapers. Of course, these papers told of their great victories down in the Coral Sea and what not. Then they began to write in their papers that they were giving up a certain territory because it was no longer of strategic value to them. Then we knew they were retreating. Finally the newspapers stopped altogether so any news we got at Cabanatuan probably came via someone's hidden radio. Actually, one night a week one man from each bahai would go to a certain bahai and receive a briefing of the latest news to report back.

Anyway, they carried us back to the railroad and put us in boxcars and took us back to Manila, and then Bilibid. There we saw some of our old buddies when they put us off to one side. There was one area there where they always put the groups of POWs coming through separate from the hospital. They also had a whole bunch of parcels that had come from the States and I managed to get one my mother had sent me.

We were there several days and then taken to pier 7 and loaded on one of the freighters. We were put down in a hold. Around the sides of the hold were some wooden platforms of two tiers. That's where we bunked and stayed.

The Japs formed a convoy of about 14 or 15 ships. We were not allowed up on deck except to go to the bathroom. They had some wooden potties laid over the side of the ship.

On the way to Japan we kept saying to ourselves, "Where are the submarines?" If they got us, we felt, we could escape and get to one of the islands or something. How stupid our thoughts were but that's what we were thinking.

After I don't how many days, we wound up in Takao, Formosa. There they lifted up the hatch and we watched them load sugar through our hole down into the hold below us. They had all these Formosan women who were doing all the loading of the sugar sacks. This went on for 2 or 3 days until they finished loading the sugar. We found a way to get down to it and each one of us got as much sugar as we could possibly store in whatever we could store it in. We laced our lugao rice with all this brown sugar.

What were the conditions down in the hold?

We had no air coming in except when the hatch was open. We were not allowed to bathe. Once in a while they would allow us up on deck for maybe 10 minutes to get some air. An incident occurred on the way which we heard about later on. One of the escorting ships, either a cruiser or destroyer, was sunk by a submarine. When that happened,

they battened down the hatch and we heard a lot of clanging and firing going on. Hearing about what happened to other POW ships, we didn't know how lucky we were.

It took us about 3 weeks to get from Manila to Moji. When we got there they took us to some sort of warehouse and that's where we had our first bath. The dirt was just caked on us.

The four groups were then split up. The Jap officer that claimed our group was named Nosu. He was a doctor. We eventually boarded a train with the windows shuttered so you could not see anything outside. But they did give us a box lunch which was a blessing. It was much better than anything we'd had aboard ship. There was a pickle, a pickled radish they called a dikon, rice, and some chopsticks. Nosu would ask each one of us to sit with him for awhile and he questioned us about our backgrounds. What he was looking for was someone with a good surgical background. There was one Army doctor, Paul Roland, who had been a surgeon and had worked in one of the hospitals in Bataan. Evidently Nosu chose him to take to his headquarters and we didn't see him again until after the war.

We wound up in Osaka at Tsumori Camp, where there was a bunch of Americans and Dutch POWs with a Dutch doctor in charge. There were a couple of Army captains there and we gave them all the latest news. Later on we found that they already had a radio and were getting all the news. In fact, they knew more than we did but they didn't let on. I later learned that their radio was discovered and they were punished severely. The POWs in this camp were sent out each day to work in various factories.

We were just excess baggage and the Japs started to teach us drills. We had to stand at attention, right face, left face, about face, and all that sort of stuff by Japanese commands. That's when I began to realize that I better start learning how to speak Japanese. Prior to that they had offered to teach us Japanese at Bilibid but I thought anyone who learned how to speak Japanese was a traitor and I wouldn't do it. But now the idea seemed to be a good one and I did learn a little Japanese and it proved to be a great help. We did this for several weeks.

We heard that people who were really sick were sent to a so-called hospital in Osaka called Ichioka. Ichioka was underneath the stands of a stadium. It was said that anybody that was sent there never came back. In other words, it was a hellhole.

One day all the doctors in our group were ordered to the Jap commander's office and there we were told to strip to the waist. This was in March and there was a Jap there who turned out to be a doctor looking us over like you would look over cattle. And he chose me and Bookman. As I told you, I was in pretty doggone good shape

chopping those trees down.

We were then told to get our gear and we left with a couple of guards. We went by streetcar and finally I was told to get off with my guard. I said goodbye to John. I didn't know where he was going; I didn't know where I was going. I ended up at Ichioka at this so-called hospital.

Meantime, the Jap doctor who had been charge of the camp was relieved by a civilian who was no longer a civilian. He was a well known surgeon in the Osaka-Kobe area. We found out later that he was highly thought of. He name was Ohashi.

I shouldn't even call Ichioka a hospital. There had been a British doctor named Jackson. He had been keeping a record of what had been going on there. Evidently, the Jap guards had been stealing the POW food and severe beatings were occurring. There were no medicines to treat the patients with. Describing it is almost impossible. I drew up a diagram for the interrogators after I was freed.

This so-called hospital was underneath the stands on one side of an athletic stadium. There was a long passageway that extended the length from the back door which opened into a very small walled off area to the front which led to Ohashi's office. This passageway divided the area into two parts--with an entrance coming in halfway on the left side as you faced Ohashi's office.

The passageway which divided the place in two was about 6 feet wide and on either side were wooden platforms about 1 1/2 feet high. these were divided by partitions which formed bays about 12 feet square. The patient lay on their straw mattresses in these bays with their feet toward the center.

The ceiling slanted down so that on the right side you couldn't stand up. There was no ventilation, no windows.

Our office was a small room at the back end left side. But Ackroyd and I slept up forward on the right side where you couldn't stand. Everyone had two grayish-brown Jap issue woolen blankets that you formed into a sleeping bag that you could crawl into on top of the straw mattress. There was a wash room and toilet at the back end, but most of the sick were too weak to bathe and some were covered with lice. It was horrible. I was there 3 months before the move to Kobe. I don't think that I could have lasted another 3 months.

You never saw anything like it in all your life. There was nothing there but a bunch of scarecrows--horribly diseased, sick men. Another doctor had been sent to Ichioka besides myself. He was an Australian named Ackroyd. He had been at Zentsugi, a camp on the Inland Sea, where they had sent all the officers. He had arrived at Ichioka about 3 or 4 days before I did. Many of the sick in this

camp were British. There just a few of our men there.

Ackroyd and I settled down and got acquainted. Things were pretty terrible. The new doctor, Ohashi, sent for Ackroyd and then for me. Evidently, he could understand me better than Ackroyd. I had trouble understanding him myself. He wanted me to come every afternoon for an hour and teach him English, which I did. I became his tutor. Evidently, he had studied English when in grade school.

The food was atrocious there. We did have plenty of cigarettes and Ackroyd smoked constantly and he'd cough constantly. And he never turned his head or put his hand in front of his face. We slept next to one another and he coughed all night. Later on, he was diagnosed with TB. There was TB all through the place. Remember earlier, I told you that I had developed a gohn tubercle in the left apex of my left lung. It occurs when you get TB and the infection is walled off by your body and calcifies. Sometimes it doesn't get calcified and later on breaks down. But evidently, that bit of TB I developed, probably in my sophomore year, probably saved my life because I must have developed enough immunity there to stave off a severe infection with all the TB we had in Ichioka. And with Ackroyd coughing in my face all the time, it was a miracle I didn't get a severe case as well.

As I said, the food was pretty terrible. Once a month we were supposed to get a ration of fish. I remember seeing these fish come in. When we got our meal that night I didn't see any fish so I went to the cook and asked him where the fish was. He told me the Japs had taken it. I said, "What do you mean the Japs took it?" He said that was one of the things they did. So, I went to Ackroyd and said, "Look, you are senior to me. They stole our ration of fish. What are you going to do about it?" He replied that there wasn't much to do about it. So I told him if he was unwilling to go see Ohashi, I would. So I shamed him into going to Ohashi.

Every night the Japs would come in to hold Tenko. Ackroyd would be standing at attention; I would be standing at attention next to him. That night there were three of them. One was named Kato. He had his hands behind his back. And there were two other guards behind him on either side. And they had their hands behind their backs. Ackroyd spouted off the Tenko which was telling the Japanese how many patients were there and so on. And right after that they started. They had these long leather belts and they beat the daylights out of all of us. They even went to where the sick guys were lying on their straw mats and, yelling and screaming, they beat them. They didn't hit me about the face but they did hit me about the body with the straps. And they warned me, "Don't you say anything to Ohashi." It was the fish protest that caused all this. I learned a lesson

the hard way. There wasn't much you could do but grin and bear it.

Things got worse all the time. There was one British boy who wouldn't eat. I tried to feed him but he would throw it up. You've heard of bulimia. That's a very common thing. When you reach a certain point in malnourishment, you don't want any food. It becomes nauseous to you. It may be hard for a healthy person like yourself to understand how anybody can develop bulimia, but I saw it in prison camp. He finally died. In his blankets we found the food he was supposed to eat.

My tutoring of Ohashi progressed to the point where he was getting pretty good and we could understand one another pretty well. I asked myself, how could I possibly get him to go back there and see what we had. He had no idea about all those horrible, stinking bodies with lice, TB, and whatnot, emaciated men just like the pictures you see from Buchenwald and places like that.

Finally, we got talking about medicine and I said to him, "We have several cases back there and we just don't know what to do with them. They're quite complicated and beyond our scope. And I was wondering if you might take the time to come back there with us and examine some of these cases." And he agreed.

So we finally got him back there. We had those who could walk come back in that little office, one after another. He sat on a stool and all he said was "Sah, sah." He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Well, a couple of days later, we had the biggest damn feast you've ever seen. It was unbelievable! I think that if I had continued I would have gone out of my mind. Fortunately, this wasn't going to last much longer because he came to me one day and gave me a list, and told me we were going to be moving to a beautiful hospital to be called the Kobe International Prisoner of War Hospital. And he told me I was to be the senior American officer and that a British doctor was to be the senior officer in charge. Then Ohashi gave me a list of all the Navy corpsmen and doctors in that area and then told me to choose two doctors, one dentist, and six corpsmen. I went through the list and that's how I chose Ernie Irvin and five others, Murray Glusman, John Bookman, and Stan Smith, the dentist. They all arrived about a week before our departure for Kobe.

By that time Ackroyd had become so sick that there was no question about what he had. Before all this took place, Ohashi had taken Ackroyd and me to a hospital by streetcar. He examined both of us with a fluoroscope and then he took a picture of Ackroyd's chest but not mine. After the picture was developed we realized that he had a great big tubercular lesion in the lower lobe of his left lung. It had already had formed an abscess and you could see fluid.

I had been treating some of these TB patients. When they developed fluid I made an apparatus out of plasma bottles. I could replace the fluid with air. This was one of the treatments I learned in San Diego. At that time it was one of the new treatments for TB where you would try to compress the lung by putting air in the abdominal cavity to try to compress the lung upward after crushing the phrenic nerve on that side, or put air in the chest to compress the lung so you would give the tubercular lesion a better chance to heal. I had been doing these things in Ichioka with a lot of the TB patients. When I would diagnose pleural fluid, I would drain the fluid and replace it with air.

How did it work?

It was working pretty doggone good. A lot of them made it back.

About a week after Ohashi took the picture of Ackroyd's chest, he gave me a list of American Navy doctors and corpsmen to choose from. And that's what I did. In the meantime, they had chosen Dr. Page as the British component of the hospital and a Dutch-Javanese doctor named Indorff, and a pharmacist by the name of Gonie. They had a couple of corpsmen along with them. I remember one named Ritsma. There were also a couple of British corpsmen that came with Page. McReedy was one.

With a lot of fanfare and publicity, the Japs formed what they called the Kobe POW International Hospital. Evidently they had gotten so much flak about their treatment of POWs, they did an about face and formed this hospital, staffed by Australian, British, Dutch, and American personnel.

In the meantime Ackroyd had developed a severe case of TB. Before we moved to the new hospital, we operated on him. I assisted Page in removing one of his ribs so we could insert a drain to get rid of fluid and pus. We did the surgery with him on a kitchen table. And he developed what we call a pyopneumothorax and was one sick cookie. He was a man who was probably about 6 foot 2 or 4 and normally weighed about 240 pounds. He was now down to about 80 some odd pounds. And he was sick the rest of the time after we made our move to Kobe.

Where did you get the drain?

We got the drain from the Japanese. They also furnished us with some instruments. Prior to that we practically had nothing to work with. Once the corpsmen arrived, the Japs loaded us on trucks and took us to Kobe.

They had taken over a former American school up on the hills above Kobe. Kobe is a narrow city that follows the bay and doesn't

have much depth to it. The city rises from sea level straight up the mountainside. This school was just about the last block from the very last house up the side of this mountain. It was a beautiful location. We had a nice clean air and we had a wonderful view of part of the harbor. It was a very pleasant place.

And our treatment was so much different. We were out in the open in a beautiful area and we could walk around the grounds. Whenever our planes raided Osaka we could see the fires about 20 or 25 miles away.

This school was made up of three main wooden buildings all interconnected. There was also a building at the entrance to the compound which housed the guards. And that had two floors to it. The compound itself had two levels, a lower and upper level. We were on the upper level. In front of the main building where Ohashi's office was there was a pool that had been built, not necessarily to swim in but to use, as we learned later, for the bucket brigade to put out fires. The lower compound had a wooden structure, a mortuary where the dead were taken for transport to crematoriums.

The Japs also developed a garden in that area and some of us were asked to help take care of the garden, which we did without any compensation for it; they didn't share the produce with us.

Our food was not nourishing. We still had a very low ration diet because the Japs felt that patients didn't require the same number of calories as a normal working individual did. As far as the doctors were concerned, they didn't need any more than the patients because they didn't do any manual work.

What was the diet?

We weren't getting much rice then. We were getting mainly barley and millet seed, and a vegetable--squash or something--thrown in periodically, as well as dried fish heads. Sometimes they would give us small buns as one of our meals. Occasionally they would bring us soybeans to be cooked. But they were never cooked thoroughly because the cooks didn't have enough fuel to cook them. Fuel was also a prime commodity then. They were using charcoal. As a result, when we ate the soybeans they just passed through us and we didn't get much nutrition out of them.

When there was a holiday, they would increase our diet and give us something extra special. We did get some Red Cross parcels while we were there. The Japs opened the parcels and took out certain items and then rationed the parcels back to us, giving us a little bit at a time.

In the meantime, we had set up a pretty good functioning hospital.

Did you have more equipment to work with?

Yes. We had an operating room set up with instruments that were antiquated by our standards. You had to sharpen the knives; they weren't the Bard-Parker type. They even gave us some optical instruments to work with which were also antiquated. They used a mirror to reflect the light back into the eye. It's amazing how well you could do with some of these old instruments.

We got a few patients there. At Kobe there was a group of POWs, mainly British who were part of the Hong Kong group. They were working down there mainly as stevedores. Whenever they brought us a patient from there, I never saw a healthier looking bunch of guys in all my life. They were just as strong and healthy as all get out. They looked like that because they were stealing things right and left. They had false pockets where they could hide things in--whale meat and all sorts of things. They were eating quite well.

Occasionally, the cooks would go down there with a cart to pick up supplies and sometimes one of us would be invited to go along with them. It was a real pleasure to get out of camp and walk through town. And they were always able to get news from their buddies there because they had newspapers that were being delivered to them. There were a certain number of people in Kobe--an international set--Russians, Germans, and whatnot. And they published a paper for their benefit. You knew the war was going bad for the Japs because the news kept saying they were throwing away the islands because they didn't need them anymore.

Ohashi proved to be a very fine person, very much a gentleman, very much a doctor. He was not a military man; he had been drafted like many of the people had. And he treated us as fellow physicians. He actually encouraged us to keep our minds busy. He got us to write a paper on the painful foot syndrome I told you about. Murray Glusman told me later on that Page actually published it in Britain. Ohashi would invite Japanese physicians to meet with us. The first one came in February of '45. The day he came they sent some more charcoal over. We didn't have any heat in the quarters where we slept and ate.

We had a 12 by 12 room and I had a desk I had built in one corner. We also had a table in there where we would eat and talk. This doctor who came was a pathology professor named Konai, who was married to a British woman and he had studied at Cambridge. He spoke very good English.

The day he was to come we saw our first air raid. They hit the shipyard plant right below us. These B-29s came in and what a sight that was. We saw one fighter going up to hit a B-29 from behind and as he was climbing above it from behind, all of a sudden he just

flipped and went spiraling on down into the sea. I saw two planes shot down that day by the B-29s. We also saw one B-29 hit. He started smoking and drifted out to sea. This was all going on while we were waiting to meet with the Japanese doctor.

After the air raid was over, which was just about dark, we met with him, just like nothing had happened. Ohashi introduced us and we sat around discussing medicine. We talked about the painful foot syndrome, got his ideas about it. We had a very friendly discussion.

Another time he invited the professor of surgery at the Osaka Imperial University, who we learned later on, was quite a well known surgeon internationally. His name was Ozawa. After the capitulation, he invited us to his hospital where he showed us movies of lung resections [removals]. I had never heard of anyone resecting a lung prior to World War II. When he came, he would not speak English. He spoke German. Just as their armies were trained by the Germans, many of these doctors were trained by German doctors. Ohashi had been trained by them and he too could speak German.

Indorff, who was Dutch, could speak French, German, and English. So they spoke to each other in German and then Indorff translated into English for us. Then he translated our reply to Ozawa.

Life was much more pleasant there because of the atmosphere and conditions. It was so much better than Ichioka, which was a hell hole with foul air, etc. We even had an isolation ward for all our TB patients. We also had a lock ward just off the TB ward were we had a patient who had gone out of his mind. One of the corpsmen I had chosen to come with us to Kobe, named Chamberlain, was supposed to go up and feed this patient. Word came down that he wasn't feeding him but instead was eating the patient's chow. Of course, I was incensed about that. We finally caught him red-handed and I took him down to the basement below the ward and lost my temper and hit him, which was not very good. I had to apologize to him later on. At any rate, we went ahead and court martialed him. He was convicted and we found an excuse to send him to another camp.

We had a chap named [Richard] Bolster, a chief petty officer who came. He had been a diver and he had been a body builder. He had a huge chest, small hips and small legs. As a matter of fact, we became very good friends after the war when I was at Bethesda. He became a lieutenant in the Medical Service Corps and then retired and went back to school. He got his college degree, his masters degree, and then his Ph.D. in business. I think he taught at a small college in Massachusetts, and later died of a brain tumor. I was very proud of him. It turned out that I probably saved his life getting him to Kobe because the Japs were picking on him all the time because he had such big shoulders. Evidently, all the POWs were

working in different factories around Osaka at that time.

There was one American boy from Tennessee and a British boy who had lost the toes on both his feet and he couldn't walk very well because of this painful foot syndrome. They built him a little cart with wheels on it. And the blind boy from Tennessee would pull him around. They became inseparable buddies. He would direct him like he was a horse, this way and that way and so on. When we got those instruments I told you about, Murray Glusman took him upstairs above the main ward where we had most of our patients. After examining him he came to me and said, "There's nothing wrong with his eyes. They're perfectly normal." This was a form of hysteria. If you had seen this man, you would have sworn that he was as blind as a bat because he had that look about him. He walked around just like a blind man. Dr. Glusmnan carefully treated him with hypnosis and brought his eyesight back. Well, the Japs could never get over this. They could not understand how this blind man all of a sudden was able to see. Because our hospital was an international hospital, we had different dignitaries coming through to inspect, including the Red Cross. Any time any of the Japs came through they always stood in front of this guy and just jabbered away about how he could not see before and now he could see.

The raids began to occur more frequently. One time they bombed at night. They came in at about 5,000 feet. You could see the numbers on the planes they were so close overhead with the searchlights flashing on them. We could see the bomb bays and everything else. They bombed to the south of us and fortunately didn't hit us.

Anyway, the Japs got all excited about it and came into our place. One had a club and appeared to go berserk, hitting people. They made excuses for the Jap sergeant who they said had been shell shocked and that we had to forgive him.

In the meantime, they made us build a trench for them to take shelter in. And they also had us dig another trench to put supplies in--barley, medicine and things like that. Evidently, they were expecting more bombings.

I got to the point where I was speaking pretty good Japanese and the guards would come to us for treatment. A couple of them would come by and one would say to the other. "Careful what you say, he speaks pretty good Japanese." And I understood what he was saying. One time we cleaned up the halls, scrubbed them all down, and then a guard came in. I told him he shouldn't walk in the hall, we had just scrubbed the floors." He took offense. They took me outside, stood me up, and clobbered me a few times. Then they made me stand at attention for about an hour. That was just to teach me a lesson

not to talk fresh to the superior guards. As far as they were concerned, prisoners of war were the lowest thing. Of course, the guards who could no longer fight for the emperor were of pretty low quality too, but we were the lowest.

The bombing raids became more frequent. To help build our morale, we organized a pool as to when the next bombing raid would take place. Everybody got into this thing and put in a yen or whatever you wanted to and put down the time the next raid would occur. This became quite a thing.

So your collective morale was going up?

Absolutely, going up all the time. And when the cooks would go down to get supplies, we would get the latest news. We even knew when Roosevelt died. One of the British cooks married a Chinese in Hong Kong. And he could read Konji, which is the print. Of course, the Japanese and Chinese characters are the same. If you could read Chinese, you could read Japanese. He could read the Jap papers. We had pretty doggone good information coming in.

Ohashi would appoint one of us to be the supervisor of the hospital for a week and then you would report to him on a Monday morning and give him a report of what had gone on that week. He was speaking pretty good English by then. One time when I was giving him my report, the ground started shaking. He looked at me with his eyes open really wide and then jumped out the window. I went out right after him. It was a minor earthquake.

The raids then were becoming more frequent.

They were just unbelievable. As a matter of fact, I had my hair shaved off because I was afraid I was getting bald. Ohashi called me into his office and asked me why I shaved my head. I told him I was afraid I was getting bald. And he asked me again, "Why did you cut your hair off?" And I kept saying the same thing. And then he asked me why I shaved my head. Later on, we learned that the word had gone out to the public to wear long clothes, no shorts and cover or shave their heads. They were even advised to shave their heads because of the flames that came from the napalm. And Ohashi thought maybe I heard that news.

I used to listen to the radio coming from the guard shack. They would play it very loud. Often you could hear beautiful music coming from it--different classical composers, Mendelssohn and so on. And then they would interrupt the music and you would hear them jabbering in Japanese. The Americans had warned the Japs what city would be bombed next and they better get the public out of there. So Ohashi must have thought I was getting news that way.

I saw them bring into the harbor an aircraft carrier hull they had been working on. Evidently, they had launched it from one of the shipyards. It was there floating in Kobe Bay. Just about the 17th of March around St. Patrick's Day, planes suddenly appeared out of nowhere, The Japs had an elaborate system of air raid warnings. They would ring bells. They rang the first bells when the planes were spotted, and you would hear the bells getting closer and closer. These planes came in so fast they didn't have time to ring their bells. They were already there bombing when the bells went off. They were Navy dive bombers. My goodness gracious, I'm telling you, that was a sight to see! They were just like a bunch of bees just buzzing all over trying to find targets. I saw them level off and I saw several direct hits on that aircraft carrier. I waited all day for that darned thing to sink but it never did. They finally towed it away. We knew then that things were getting mighty close.

Every so often, we could hear what sounded like naval gunfire. It was a long rumbling like big guns going off.

As the war started getting closer and closer, did you begin to have some foreboding that if the Americans came, you folks would be in trouble?

Not at that time. That came about later. At that time we were just so doggone happy about what was going on that it didn't seem to bother us one bit. We would see them hit Osaka and would see the fires going up and the antiaircraft fire and so on. And then 2 or 3 days later they would hit the Kobe area. It seemed like a sequence.

We had several patients who were brought up from the work camp below--the stevedores. One was a young army boy who had been born and raised in the Philippines. His father had married a Filipino and had stayed there. And this boy had volunteered to go into the army. Well, he had never received any tetanus antitoxin. They brought him up because he had injured his toe and had a very bad infection. We tried to get the guards to allow him to stay in the hospital but they wouldn't do it. And they carried him back. Two days later they brought him back to us with a terrific infection. To make a long story short, he came down with tetanus. John Bookman treated him. Ohashi was able to get some tetanus serum from another hospital. John gave large doses of the serum and heavy doses of sedatives. He had tremendous seizures, his back would get almost like an arch. The only way to combat them was with the sedatives; we had plenty of those. And the man survived! Two cases very few doctors ever see in a lifetime, I saw in prison camp--rabies and tetanus.

The next thing we had was an Australian major who was brought in from Zentsuji, which was the officers' camp on an island in the

Inland Sea. He had a tumor on his cheek that had invaded the bone. Page was the surgeon and I assisted. So he and I studied the anatomy book covering that part of the head. John Bookman gave the anesthesia. He was able to use a mixture of chloroform and ether and put an endotracheal tube down him. It was just a miraculous thing that John did. It seems we were able to operate on him for 5 or 6 hours. And the surgery came out fine. We ran into some pretty tough bleeding at times but were able to stop that. We were actually working right underneath the brain. We removed the tumor and half his maxilla and closed a flap over it, but he had paralysis on that side of the face. We had to feed him through a nasogastric tube. A lot of the personnel and even some of the patients donated part of their powdered milk ration we had gotten from Red Cross supplies so that we could nourish him. We were able to send him back to his camp and he recovered. I think he actually made it back to Australia.

We had another memorable case. He was a Marine sergeant brought in with a ruptured appendix. We removed that, put drains in, and he was recovering well until the big raid on Kobe.

I told you how Ohashi had tried to keep our minds active. He knew that I was supposed to go back to the States and I had been promised postgraduate training in surgery. I often talked to him about that. He had me operate on one of our patients who had a hernia. And he assisted me which I thought was something. That was the kind of person he was.

Ohashi was truly an exceptional person, very much a gentleman and very much a doctor and, I think, anti-war. He did many things for us. This prison hospital was entirely different than anything that existed throughout the war. It was a showplace for the Japanese. They had a lot of visitors come through to show it off.

Ohashi did a lot of things on his own. He took the staff and the patients who could walk, out on a tour one time to go to one of the shrines close by. Another time he took the medical officers to visit one of his friends at his home down the street where we sat around and talked and visited. This Japanese gentleman served us persimmons.

Ohashi also found a piano for sale. We pulled some of our yen together and went over and bought the thing and brought it back to the hospital. So we had a piano in one of the hallways. We organized a show at Christmas time and put on different skits. We were able to get instruments like harmonicas and a concertina, and Ohashi actually performed playing the flute.

After the capitulation had taken place, Ohashi took us to his home and presented Page with a samurai sword and me with a kimono for my mother. He had a beautiful daughter who had a lovely doll

house with all sorts of things in it and she asked us to choose an object from her dollhouse. And I still have a little doll she gave me.

Did you ever try to contact him after the war?

I received a letter from him in which he thanked me for saving his life. When we came back they questioned us and we had to write different answers to questions and report any atrocities. Of course, I reported how Ohashi had treated us. Evidently, he was not confined to prison like some of the others.

I tried to get in touch with him back in late '68 or '69 when I was a medical trip to Japan and Hong Kong. But I learned that Ohashi had died.

About 2 or 3 days before the big attack on Kobe we received a Marine sergeant named Hammelgard, who had a ruptured appendix. Page and I operated on him and he was doing quite satisfactorily. On the morning of 5 June about 5:30 or so in the morning, the alarms went off. We didn't see anything imminent at the time so we went ahead and had our breakfast at 7:30. Then about 15 or 20 minutes later the attack on Kobe started. We then moved all patients downstairs to the main floor and most of them into a ward in Building 2. We also took whatever stores we had--about 10 bags of grain, soy butter, medicine--from the storehouse and put it in a shelter we had dug in front of this ward for safekeeping. We also had pulled some first aid kits together with bandages, morphine, stethoscopes, and things like that.

I was running around through the halls saying to the guys, "This is it. This is the big one!" And they were carrying Hammelgard down and putting him in the cook's room, which was in the building right across from my ward. I can remember the look on his face. He was just scared to death. He had a look on his face that is hard to describe. He felt that he was a gonner.

In the meantime, I came around to the other side of the compound and ran into Indorff. We looked up into the sky but by that time you couldn't even see the sun which was pretty well blotted out by the smoke from below. We were about a block from the last house on the side of the mountain so we felt pretty safe. But by then the planes were flying directly over us. They started a pattern to the east. The first wave came in below and then the next wave followed. Then the next would move over. They were pattern bombing. And by that time they were flying directly over us. Pieces of tin, bullets, and wreckage were floating down and hitting the compound.

Just about that time, as we were looking up, a flight was heading over. Indorff looked up and said, "They're dropping leaflets!"

"Leaflets, hell," I said, "Those are bombs!" You could see the things raining down.

Fortunately, we moved over in front of "I" building and about that time all hell broke loose. Later on I counted about 10 large oil bombs that hit our compound. When they hit they exploded with a great big "Whoosh" and tremendous flame. One of them hit right in the room where we had taken Hammelgard. I must have been about 15 feet away when that thing hit. There was a tremendous explosion of just fire, nothing like a bomb blast. Later on we figured that five of them hit the buildings. Fortunately, none of them hit the ward where we had taken most of the patients.

Before the attack we had put a lot of the patients in another shelter we had dug and we had also taken as many blankets as we could and threw them in the little pond. I remember running back and forth bringing patients out. There was fire coming out of a hole in the ground. One of those bombs had hit our storage shelter where we had put the grain and it was on fire. I was just lucky I didn't fall into that thing.

By that time the fires had become so intense that it was unbearable to stay in the compound. I was one of the last to leave. As I went out, patients, staff, and many Japanese civilians were lined up along the road lying there, sitting, some of them moaning and crying. With our emergency kits we administered aid to them too. We didn't have much to treat them with but we had plenty of morphine which we administered for pain; that's about all we could do. By then it was almost completely dark from the smoke; the sun was invisible.

After everything subsided, we moved back into the compound to assess the damage. Hammelgard and two TB patients had been killed, and there were about 17 patients burned and about 3 others with severe injuries. About 20 others had been slightly injured by falling timbers.

What happened to Ackroyd in all this?

He was one of those we carried out of the compound.

So there we were with everything in ashes to the cement foundations. Later, we found just Hammelgard's torso, just part of his chest. The rest of his body was completely burned. We found just a few bones from the other two victims. They had been completely incinerated.

Because of the destruction that had taken place, the wind had kicked up and was just blowing like all get out. Ohashi's room in his building was still standing and he turned it over to us. We then tried to build a temporary shelter there near the morgue, but could

only put about five or six of the badly burned in there. All patients that could walk and staff were lined up and ordered to leave. I was left with about 35 of the severe cases including 17 badly burned. I choose John Bookman and four corpsmen to stay with me. So, we were left there by ourselves.

We worked till about 11:30 or 12 p.m. with what few medical supplies we were able to salvage from the burned out storage we had built. Practically all the grain and other food had burned. I think we had 70 sulfanilamide pills and some bandages, but not very many, not enough to take care of the injured, but we did the best we could.

We slept on the ground and had salvaged a few blankets from that pond, which was actually built to put out fires. All day, I tried to take care of these seriously wounded patients. I sent out a scouting group to see what they could find in the way of anything to eat. They did find some green tomatoes growing. We managed to make some kind of a stew with those and a little rice we had. We still had plenty of water but food was non-existent as were medical supplies.

About 5 or 6 that evening one of the Jap guards and about 15 men from the Kobe stevedore group came and told us we had to leave. I protested as best I could. They had 10 homemade stretchers made out of doors they had salvaged someplace and we had 17 critically ill burn patients. One of the toughest things I have ever had to do in my life was to select who was going to go on those stretchers. They were all stretcher cases. I remember just weeding them out. I'd line them up and take out this fellow and that fellow until I got down to 10. Then the 10 were put on the stretchers and that was it. One died the next morning.

We stumbled through the burned out city. God, it was something to see! Burned out streetcars, trucks, cars were just laying around, destruction all over. There was just nobody around. And then it started to rain. The guards were trying to hurry us along. Those that could help somebody else might act as walking crutches for another person. I was running up and down that line trying to slow them down, talking to the Japanese. Of course, they didn't feel too happy about what had happened. Ohashi was there and he said to me, "Dr. Berley, this is one night you will never forget." And I haven't. How we ever made that trip to the Kawasaki station, I'll never know.

After about 3 hours we got to the Kawasaki electric station, where we stopped. Ohashi was able to get the trainmaster out of his bed and get a train to take us to a place called Maruyama. And that was all uphill. We got there about 4:30 in the morning. We were roughly 11 hours moving our patients from the burned out Kobe hospital

to Maruyama. I just fell on the floor there and fell asleep.

When I woke up some time the next day, I was covered with flea bites. There were sand fleas all over the place. You couldn't walk around without these things jumping on you. At night you tried to sleep on a table. If you had one of the blankets we salvaged, you'd hang it on a line and search every inch of it for fleas. Then when you got up on your table to go to sleep the last thing you did was brush your legs off to make sure there weren't any fleas.

Things were pretty rough there. It had been a camp for some of the men working in some of the factories around that had been bombed out.

They moved the stevedores from Kobe up there so they were occupying some of the buildings. Fortunately, they gave us some torn sheets we could use for bandages. But our rations were down to practically nothing. All we had was millet seed, some squash, and a very thin soup once a day for about 129 patients and staff. So things were pretty rough there.

One day we saw a cat come over the fence. Holy mackerel! We got a carpenter who had been one of our patients--a civilian--to build us a box. And we caught that cat. I couldn't drink the juice but I did enjoy the meat.

The Japs had some corn growing right in front of their guard house. I stole an ear. We cooked that darn piece of corn and ate it cob and all.

We tried to clean the camp up as best we could because there was an open pit with flies, etc. I asked for volunteers to change bandages. Maggots were underneath the bandages because of all the flies. But the maggots did a tremendous job. They cleaned those wounds better than any antibiotic. It was amazing to see. It was awful to see these maggots all over a person's head, face, or body. Oh, God, I still think about it. But the wounds were clean. We didn't have any soap so we just rinsed the homemade bandages and put them out in the sun to dry. We had a set in reserve to put on. We changed the dressings every second or third day.

I received a letter from one of the British boys after I got home in which he told me how his wounds had healed without scars. That was just the kind of treatment that was available during the Spanish Civil War for osteomyelitis. Maggots were used to clean the infected fractures.

I remember hearing about the Hiroshima bombing. The cooks had gone down to get some supplies and they brought back part of an English newspaper. The Japs said that the Americans had dropped a bomb that had exploded before it hit the ground. They didn't know the number of casualties but they were sending somebody to Hiroshima to

investigate. They were protesting the use of this inhuman bomb. Then the article went on to say that civilians should take precautions even when they were riding on trains. They should wear clothing to cover their bodies and so on. Even if there was a single plane, they should take precautions.

Meantime, the Jap guards were practicing sword fighting with bamboo sticks. They were also becoming more belligerent and aggressive. That was when we sensed that things were not going to be too good if a landing became imminent. We felt they would probably kill us. I found four iron rods and I told Bookman and Glusman, and Bolster about them. We also found in one of the deserted buildings what looked like a tunnel that came up from the floor. We thought it went to the outside. We agreed that if anything happened we were going to try to protect ourselves with the rods, and maybe use the tunnel to escape. We didn't tell too many people about this.

One day the guards' radio was blaring away and the guards were sitting there with their heads hanging down listening. It must have been the emperor talking to them. We knew something was going on. That night, some of the British boys from the stevedore camp came in to see some of their British friends. They had civilian hats and sport shirts on. They told us they had taken over the town and that the war was finished. So the cooks went off on liberty, shall we say. The colonel who was in charge of the POWs in that area, a guy named Tanaka, came to Ohashi and wanted to meet with Page and me to see if we could not control these individuals. Apparently, the stevedores didn't have any officers in charge. They had a small car that came and picked Page and me up and they took us with Ohashi to meet with Tanaka. He had an interpreter and they served us some tea.

We told him there was nothing we could do because we were medical officers and we had no control over the fighting men because we were non combatants. We explained to him that whoever was next in rank take over, even if that was a corporal. In the meantime, while we were discussing this, one of the British boys came in because he knew that Tanaka was meeting with us. I wish I could remember the exact words he used. I never heard somebody dressing a person down in such wonderful diction in all my life. He just stood there and pointed at Tanaka and called him everything he could think of. Told him what a no good s.o.b he was and so on. We suggested to Tanaka that he send the officers back so they could get control of the situation.

Meantime we were beginning to get some food coming in. They brought us dried eggs, powdered milk, and ham. It was difficult to eat because it just didn't set too well after 3 1/2 years of not eating anything like that. We still had no medicine to speak of. And one by one our patients were dying, especially the TB patients.

We also heard through the newspaper that the fleet was coming in on the 27th of August to meet for the surrender. Glusman, Stan Smith, and I then got the bright idea that we would go to Yokohama or Tokyo to meet the fleet. We thought our own people would never know where we were. So we got a list of all the patients, their addresses and so on, and one afternoon we just took off.

You should have seen the way we were dressed. We didn't have much in the way of clothes. I borrowed a hat from John Bookman and I had a khaki shirt with a Marine Corps insignia on it. We had our wallets, we had money, and we went down to the Kobe station and bought tickets to Tokyo. We went up to the platform and every time a train came by I'd ask if that train was going to Tokyo or Yokohama, and the answer was no. Kids came up to us and said "baseball" and things like that. It was very friendly.

But we were getting nowhere until finally a very nice gentleman with a briefcase came to us and spoke English. He introduced himself and asked us what we were trying to do. We explained that we were on a mission of mercy. We were from a hospital that had been burned out. We had no medicine and we were trying to get to Tokyo to report our plight. He told us to come with him on the next train and he would show us how to get where we wanted to go.

The next train came along and we sat down together. He took a peach for each of us from his briefcase and told us how glad he was that the war was over and that we could be friends again. When we got to Osaka he went to the train station master, explained who we were and where we were headed. The trainmaster told us to get up on the station above and he would let us know when the train came in.

The station was full of Japanese soldiers and marines all heading home. When a train came in they climbed over one another through the windows and doors to get a seat. They just mobbed the train. And then the train would take off. Another would come and the same action would be repeated. Finally, after waiting an hour or two the stationmaster told us that the next train coming in would be the one to take to take us to Yokohama, and then from Yokohama we should take the electric to go to Tokyo.

When the train came in we shouldered our way in there just like the Japs. I found myself sitting next to a Japanese marine. It was interesting. They were as happy as all get out because the war was finished. As we traveled along through the night you couldn't see very much but as the morning came on you could see destruction in every town we went through. This fellow had a few hard biscuits which he shared with me.

When we got to the bay just before Yokohama, I could see our

fleet out there. And that's when I almost broke down and started crying. Goodness, what a beautiful sight that was!

When we got to Yokohama we got off the train, no problem. I remember how the people stared at us, their mouths open. We followed the directions and took the electric to Tokyo. I had been there before the war so the only place I knew was the Imperial Hotel. When we got off the electric, we started walking. Then a Japanese army truck came by and we bummed a ride. We told them we wanted to go to the Imperial Hotel and so they took us there. It's almost unbelievable when I stop and think about it.

Because it was like night and day. One minute you were at war and suddenly...

Like night and day. Suddenly the people just changed. And that's exactly the way they are. I'll never forget. There was a paymaster, a mean-looking s.o.b. with his entourage inspecting us with his sword clanking by his side. If the patients didn't come to attention he would shout something and the patient would get slapped around. When I came back to the camp after this experience in Tokyo, the same man was bowing and scraping and sweeping up the floors and so on. You see, that's how they change. Americans don't do that. It takes a while for us to get over something. It took me a while after I became a prisoner before I would even study Japanese but not them. They turn just like that.

Did you see a lot of destruction?

Oh, yes. Part of the Imperial Hotel was burned. But the destruction in the area of Tokyo we were in was nowhere near what we had seen in Kobe, Nagoya, Osaka, and all those places. They were just rubble, whereas Tokyo was not. A lot of buildings were still standing.

We got to the Imperial Hotel and went into the men's room down below to clean up a bit. Then we went to the desk. I'll never forget that guy's face when we said we wanted a room. He asked us who we were and we said we were doctors from Kobe International POW Hospital. He directed us up to the mezzanine to sit. While we were sitting there a Japanese major came by who spoke English and he asked us what we were doing there. I told him we were on a mission of mercy because we had 120 sick patients in a place called Maruyama with no food and no medicine and they were dying one after another. We had come to meet the fleet and tell them of our plight.

Well, they gave us two rooms down in the basement and they put a guard over us. He was a young Japanese who spoke perfect English and had been studying to be a teacher. During the few days we were

there we learned a lot from him about what would have happened had the landings taken place.

What did he tell you?

He told us they had stashed away I don't know how many planes, for kamikazes. They had 10,000 volunteers who were going to act as human torpedoes and blow themselves up against the landing craft. Nobody had ever invaded Japan and we were not going to do it. Every Japanese would fight to the death. And that meant that all of us would have been killed too. He was very happy the war was over and he could go to visit America one day.

We played a game of "poker" with the Japs for a couple of days. We had beds, we had sheets, we had meals, we had knives and forks and napkins. We had showers, we had soap. And they sent one person after another to interrogate us. They sent the Kempe [Kempetai (secret police)]. And the Kempe wanted to know how we got there and how we were able to get there without being killed. And we refused to go back until we could meet someone who represented the American government.

What was the Kempetai's attitude when he was interrogating you?

Oh, he was very, very haughty. As a matter of fact, Murray Glusman got up and pointed to him and said, "Look, you are no longer the victor, you are the defeated." And he pointed his finger at this guy and said, "You do not talk to us in that tone of voice anymore. We will have you shot. And the guy turned white and walked out.

In the meantime, we could look out the window and see Navy planes flying over practically at treetop level.

Finally the foreign office took over from the army and the Kempe and they agreed to take us to the Swiss Embassy. And where do you think the Swiss Embassy was? It was occupying the old American Embassy. The seal was still on the wall. We walked over there and met with the Swiss delegates and turned over the list I had of all the patients. And they promised they would turn it over to the proper authorities. The fleet had been delayed in coming in for the surrender signing because of a typhoon and so we didn't get a chance to go out to the fleet. And, I'm sure the Japanese didn't want us to meet anybody from the fleet.

We then agreed to go back to Maruyama. In the meantime the Swiss ambassador served us a nice cocktail. The next day with a young Kempe as our escort, we boarded a train back. He got on and kicked people out of their seats so we could sit.

When we got back to Osaka, we went to the same building where Tanaka had met with us. My gosh, the place was bustling! Tanaka had

followed our suggestions and the officers had come back and taken over. There was so much activity, such excitement, I just couldn't sleep. They now had *Life* magazines, food, all sorts of things. Stan, Murray, and I were in such a state of mind, we just couldn't settle down. We tried to rest up on the roof and perhaps catch a little sleep up there.

While we were there we met a young Russian fellow who could speak very good English. I told him I wanted to get back to the hospital at Maruyama to see what had happened there. He was able to commandeer a car taken from some Japanese civilian. He drove us to Maruyama. The camp was deserted but for a few cooks, as I recall. "Where were the patients," we asked. They told us that ambulances had taken them to the Osaka Red Cross Hospital, which was still standing.

Evidently, our trip to Tokyo did some good. They had immediately sent a high ranking army officer to Maruyama.

When did all this take place?

This would have been about the 27th or 30th of August. When we got to the Osaka Red Cross Hospital, all the patients were in beds with sheets and mattresses. They had Japanese nurses taking care of them. Our planes had located where we were and were dropping supplies. They were doing that all over Japan as we found out later.

I don't think Page was very happy about what we did. In fact, we had left without telling him. But he should have been very appreciative because it was through our efforts that our men were moved from Maruyama. Otherwise we would have been stuck there with no medicine or food.

Ohashi was very happy to see me. I got a nice room all to myself. A surgeon named Paul Roland had the room right behind me. I remember lying there one afternoon just resting and Nosu came to visit Roland. And I kept listening to this talk for about an hour. Nosu was asking Roland what would become of him. Finally, I had about enough and I went in there and told Nosu to shut up. I didn't want to hear another word out of him. He was still wearing a saber. I asked him what he was doing wearing that saber. "You had better get that thing off," I told him. He was flabbergasted and left.

So, Nosu was trying to negotiate his future with Roland.

Exactly. This was just about the time Ohashi invited Page and me to his home and we met his family. He gave me a fan, which I still have. He explained to me that the fan was a very important thing in Japanese culture as it represented life.

Things remained very pleasant there in Osaka. And then one day Ohashi told me that they were sending a special train to take the

sick POWs to Yokohama. He wanted me to be in charge of the train. I selected John Bookman and four corpsmen to accompany me.

The next day we were taken to the train station and sure enough, they had several sleeper cars with berths. All the patients were then loaded in these bunks and we took off for Yokohama. I said goodbye to the others, wondering if I would ever see them again.

On the train to Yokohama, we were so excited we couldn't sleep. There was a reporter who got hold of me and started asking me a lot of questions. Did I know who Frank Sinatra was? Did I know about this and that? Of course, I didn't. I didn't know half the things that had happened the last 4 years. Evidently, he was from Chicago because he sent his interview with me back to the *Chicago Tribune* or *Chicago Daily News*. Even though my name wasn't mentioned in the interview, when my brother-in-law, who happened to be the assistant chief of police in Chicago, saw that interview, he said, "I'll bet that's Fred!"

When it was daylight, on the trip to Yokohama, you could see all the bombed out cities along the tracks. Everything was completely leveled. When we got to that same area I told you about near the bay, there was the fleet sitting out there. What a glorious sight it was for even the second time.

When we pulled into the station at Yokohama, I looked out the window and lo and behold, there was Admiral [Richard E.] Byrd standing on the platform! Of all people! And I recognized him. I rushed out there and introduced myself to him and said, "Admiral, I've got all these sick POWs. Would you mind coming on the train and just walking through. I know they'd just love to see you. And he did. He came aboard and shook hands with every one of those hundred or so that we had.

And then we saw the Marines. You talk about a bunch of tough looking hombres. Holy mackerel! None of them were smiling, with their guns at the ready. Oh, brother, that was another sight to see!

All the POWs were taken to the various hospital ships. The train station was right beside the docks. There were British, Australian, and of course, our own hospital ship there. There was John and I and our four corpsmen at the train station. What do we do now? We began asking directions. We were directed to an LST and we went aboard that ship.

We got some clean clothes, a khaki shirt, underwear, trousers, socks and shoes, shaving gear, and things like that. Then they gave us bunks down below decks someplace. It seemed to me that they had about 10 doctors aboard that ship.

Did you have medical exams at that point?

No, we didn't. You know, not one of those doctors ever came to John or me to ask us any questions or talk to us. We sat by ourselves in the wardroom. We could hear them talking about our patients. "Golly, those guys all have swollen legs and edema and so on." Well, we knew why the devil they had edema. They were eating salt, fatty foods, and their diet had completely changed. It took a while for the newly freed POWs to be able to assimilate those things. They stood in line and never left that line. And they were being fed 24 hours a day, which was stupid.

I just remember how those doctors never came to talk to us. But maybe, we weren't in the mood to talk to anyone either because it was a very, very emotional feeling we had. I remember they would have movies and I would be crying over in a corner someplace. There would be tears running down and I'd just be sobbing by myself. I'm not the kind of person who cries very much. That could have been the reason they just left us alone.

I also remember the skipper of that ship happened to be a graduate from Northwestern University. He was about 3 years junior to me when I graduated from there.

Our LST wound up going to Guam and when we got there they drove us to the hospital. We passed a Jap POW camp and I saw these chaps sitting there looking about as healthy as all get out. I was ready to climb over the fence. You should have seen how well they were being treated!

When we got to the hospital, they gave us a cursory examination. Then I learned that Murray Glusman and the rest of the staff from the Kobe International Hospital had flown back to the States. They were already home and here we are on this LST! Through one of the Hospital Corps officers, I asked to talk to the commanding officer because I was anxious to get home.

So he took John and me in to meet the CO of the hospital. I stood there and told him how anxious we were to get home. And he started telling me about what a tough time the civilians had at home, and how they had been rationed. Anyway, I blew my stack. Jan, I blew my stack. With my two lieutenant stripes on my shoulder, I practically told that CO to go to hell. The warrant officer took me by the arm and gradually led me outside, I was so damn mad about this guy telling me how bad it was at home. He apologized for him. I probably had one of the biggest chips on my shoulder you ever saw.

Back to the ship we went and it was a long trip back home. It took us about a month. When I look back on it, that was probably a godsend. It gave me time to get my feet back on the ground, even though they were not back on the ground by a long shot by the end of the voyage. I had such a big chip on my shoulder. I even got

angry in the wardroom because they served us rice. Rice of all things! Terrible. I vowed that I would not turn down any speaking requests to tell people what had happened. But after a while, I found that you just couldn't dwell on all that stuff. But it took me a long time to get over it.

One of the things I had wanted was that course in surgery that had been promised me. So I went to the Bureau [of Medicine and Surgery] to meet with the Surgeon General. I told him why I wanted the course. I told him I wanted to go back to take some post-graduate training in anatomy, in pathology, and then I wanted this done at Northwestern University, my alma mater, and that I wanted to take a 6-month course in surgery at Cook County Hospital, which had one of the best surgical residencies in the country. And they gave it to me.

I did spend a week or so at the naval hospital in Great Lakes before they let me go on leave for about 90 days. I was promoted to lieutenant commander before we left San Francisco and I was able to buy a uniform there and put my two and a half stripes on. The rest of my class had already been selected for commander. I had to wait 90 days in grade as a lieutenant commander before I rejoined my position in my class as commander. I lost all that pay. They gave us our back pay and money for the equipment we had lost like our golf clubs, our uniforms. You had to make a list. We were also given all the yen that was due to us and then cashed it into dollars. I think I got something like $10,000 in back pay as a senior grade lieutenant, not as a lieutenant commander.

Were you in good health?

I weighed about 112 pounds when the war ended. I went back up to about 150 pounds. But I had this rapid pulse and low grade fever, which I continued to run for several years. And it wasn't until one of my radiologist friends from Pensacola got the films back from Great Lakes and reviewed them that he saw that an inflammatory process had infiltrated my left apex. I had a touch of TB up there. Evidently, due to the fact that I had that gohn tubercle probably saved my life because I had TB all over me in Ichioka with Ackroyd coughing in my face all the time. With all those TB patients I was taking care of, it was just amazing that I didn't come down with a full blown case of it. I think the fact that I had some developed immunity due to that infection I got in my sophomore year in medical school, probably saved me from getting a severe case of TB. But the fact that I did have an infection probably explained the rapid pulse and the low grade fever.

After completing my Fellowship in Surgery at Northwestern and

Cook County Hospital, I took an additional 3 months in Orthopedics. Then it was time for me to move on. I wanted to go to a smaller hospital where I could put my recent training into practice. There my good friend Don Miller, who was in the Bureau of Personnel at that time, agreed on USNH Pensacola, FL. This proved to be an excellent choice, especially for my new bride, Camille. We made life-long friends there. Working with Charlie Moon, who was Chief of Surgery, was a rewarding experience.

After 2 1/2 years at Pensacola I was ordered to the USNH Philadelphia in order to complete my requirement for Board Certification. It was there that we became close friends with Bob [Robert B., 24th Surgeon General of the Navy] and Janey Brown. Later I was to become his assistant Chief when he became Chief of Surgery at Bethesda.

After 4 1/2 years at Bethesda, I was sent to USNH Jacksonville, FL, as Chief of Surgery in May 1955. In February 1959, with a growing family of four small children, I made the painful decision to retire to enter private practice in general surgery. I felt this decision was necessary to provide properly for my growing family. Another son was added in 1961, so the decision proved to be a wise one in many respects and I have never regretted it.

Shortly before reporting to Pensacola after the war, I went to collect a bet we had made while we were POWs--George Ferguson, Murray Glusman, John Bookman and I. We used to play bridge when we came back from working in the fields at Cabanatuan. We would play until it got dark. We had a deck of cards I had gotten from my parents in one of those packages. And we took care of those cards just like we'd take of the most precious thing you would ever own. We wrapped them up in a special piece of cloth to keep them from getting soiled. And we kept score. Whoever lost was going to treat the other three to a dinner out--of course George was killed. And so Camille and I went to Pensacola by way of New York to collect that bet from Murray Glusman. John Bookman, of course, was there too. So Murray took us to some fancy restaurant where we collected our bet. On the way back, we stopped in Washington to meet some of my former classmates. And that was it.

I'd like to tie up one loose end. Did Ackroyd survive?

After I wrote to him, I got a nice long letter in which he told me he was reoperated on after he got back, and he had regained his weight and was in good shape.

Following his repatriation, Dr. Berley was awarded three Bronze Stars with Combat "V", two Presidential Unit Citations, the Purple

Heart, and another Bronze Star awarded to all POWs in 1993.