VOLUME TWO

Robert F. Augur's
World War II Story

Three U.S. submarines heading out to sea (righ to left) through the North Channel of the entrance to Manila Bay in September, 1941. This view from Infantry Point, the location of Battery Kysor commanded by Lt. Augur looks across the two-mile wide channel between Corregidor and the Bataan Peninsula with the Mariveles Mountains in the distance. Shortly after the Japanese overran the gallant defenders of Bataan, Kysor's 155-mm guns scored direct hits on enemy troop concentrations on Bataan arriving to set up artillery positions for the shelling of Corregidor. The accuracy of the Kysor artillery resulted in many enemy casualties. It was from that peninsula massed Japanese heavy artillery only days later silenced Lt. Augur's battery. Photo was taken by Lt. Augur. and was among a several he sent home to his parents by mail in the months leading up to the Japanese invasion.

91st Coast Artillery

Col. Joseph F. Kohn.
Lt. Col. E. Carl Engelhart.
Lt. Col. Floyed E. Mitchell.
Lt. Col. Will K. Stennis.
Maj. Lawrence A. Bosworth.
Maj. Joe C. East.
Maj. Robert F. Haggerty.
Maj. Stanley H. Hankins.
Maj. Ervin C. Somerville.
Capt. Jerome S. Byrne.
Capt. Bert B. Backstrom.
Capt. Robert F. Barton.
Capt. John H. Davis.
Capt. Edward P. Freiman.
Capt. John McCulick.
Capt. Charles B. Gay.
Capt. Herman C. Haumann.
Capt. Howard H. Irish.
Capt. Philip H. Lehr.
Capt. Roy W. Massie.
Capt. John B. McCluskey.
Capt. Allen W. Mayhew.
Capt. William H. Owen.
Capt. Alvin O. Oyen.
Capt. Richard T. Pullen.
Capt. Carlton H. Preble.
Capt. Frederick J. Roth.
Capt. Richard A. Smith.
Capt. Francis G. Smith.
Capt. David M. Snell.
Capt. James E. Traw.
Capt. Roy M. Vick.
Capt. Robert J. White.
Capt. John M. Wright, Jr.
1st Lt. Karl Ek.
1st Lt. Dwayain K. Ford.
1st Lt. Robert W. Hey.
1st Lt. Frank B. Jonelis.
1st Lt. Raymond D. Minogue.
1st Lt. Thomas Merrick.
1st Lt. Richard I. Rouse.
1st Lt. Morris L. Shoss.
1st Lt. Roger W. Swain.
1st Lt. Clayton C. Shupp.
1st Lt. George Schnicke.
1st Lt. Leonard Schuey.
1st Lt. Hugh E. Wandel.

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92nd Coast Artillery

Col. Napoleon Boudreau.
Col. Octave DeCarre.
Lt. Col. Lloyd W. Biggs.
Lt. Col. Albert D. Miller.
Maj. William C. Ball.
Maj. Albert W. Braun.
Maj. Lawrence K. Meade.
Capt. Frederick C. Amos.
Capt. Frank W. Bowee.
Capt. Earle H. Carle.
Capt. Alfred J. D'Arezzo.
Capt. Stephen C. Farris.
Capt. Neville L. Grow.
Capt. Harold A. Jimerson.
Capt. George Kappes.
Capt. Alonzo E. Langworthy.
Capt. Fred E. Rose.
Capt. Edgar H. Rosenstock.
Capt. Robert I. Wheat.
Capt. Charles E. White.
Capt. Iwan J. Weaber.
Capt. Jules D. Yates.
1st Lt. Robert F. Augur.
1st Lt. Chester K. Britt.
1st Lt. Charles F. Coffey.
1st Lt. William N. Delano.
1st Lt. Edwin J. Kalbfleish.
1st Lt. Dean R. Keating.
1st Lt. Ray G. Lawrence.
1st Lt. William E. Lewis.
1st Lt. Charles F. Monteith.
1st Lt. Jack E. Post.
1st Lt. Donald A. Rowden.
1st Lt. William H. Shoup.
1st Lt. William W. Stecker.
1st Lt. George A. Sense.
1st Lt. Emil M. Ulanowicz.
1st Lt. Irvin M. Vetesnik.
2nd Lt. Royal S. Gulden.
2nd Lt. Frank T. Hardt.
2nd Lt. Robert L. Chourn.

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Pre-war and Japanese occupation money from the Philippines. Uncle Bob likely sent the Philippines one peso bill home in one of his letters before the war broke out in December of 1941. The Japanese 50 centavos was legal tender in the Philippines until the the American army liberated the islands in the early months of 1945. In November of 1942 the Japanese began paying American officers, non-coms and medical personnel a small monthly salary at Old Bilibid. The income was used to supliment their monotonous rice diet with such items as mongo beans, bananas and garlic purchased through a prison commisary. Even small amounts of tobacco was available from time to time. The prisoners who were paid set up a fund to purchase additional food for seriously ill patients not recieving pay. The fund was instrumental in helping save many lives. Uncle Bob no doubt had this Japanese 50 centavos bill among his belongings when Old Bilibid was liberated on February 5, 1945.

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THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT
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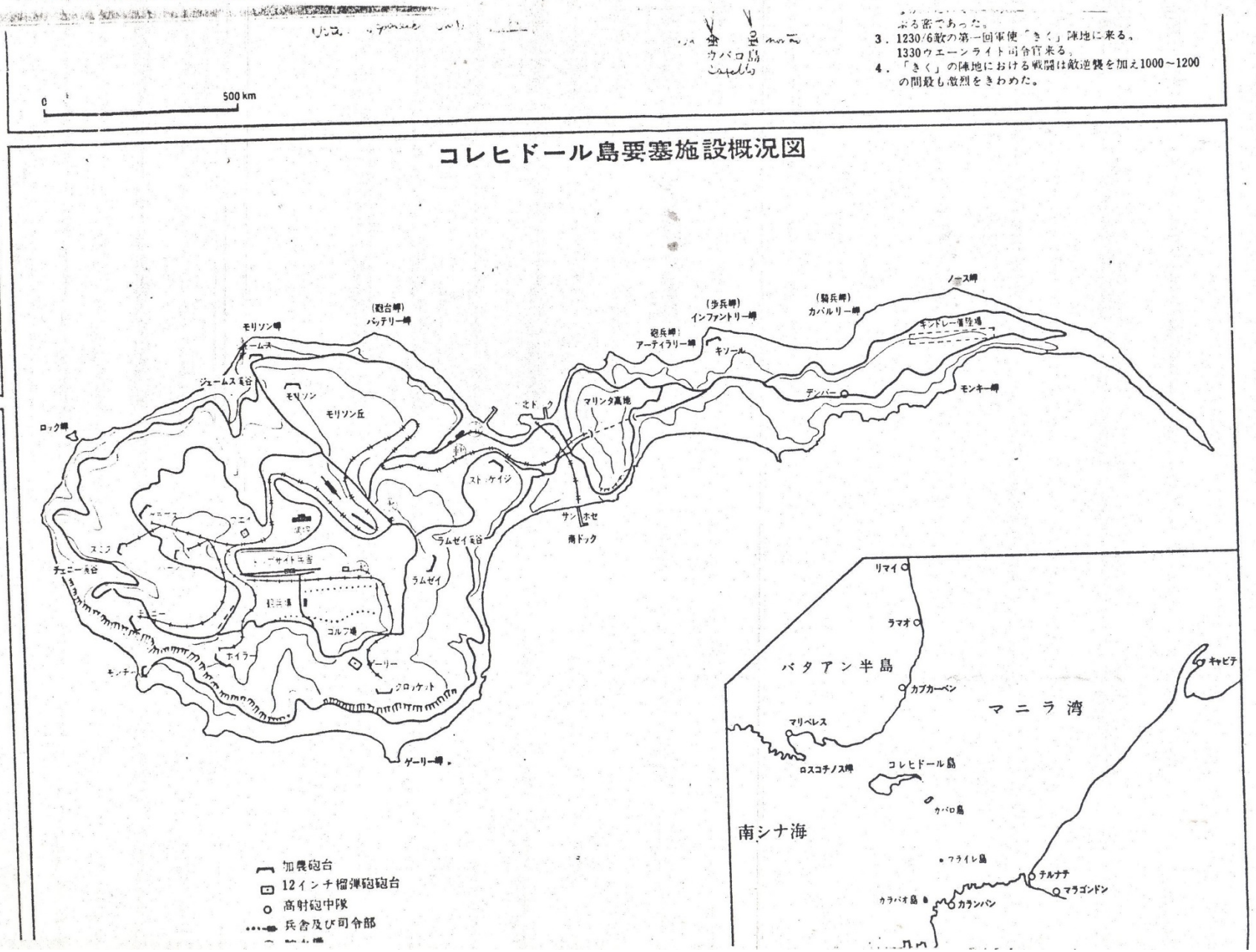
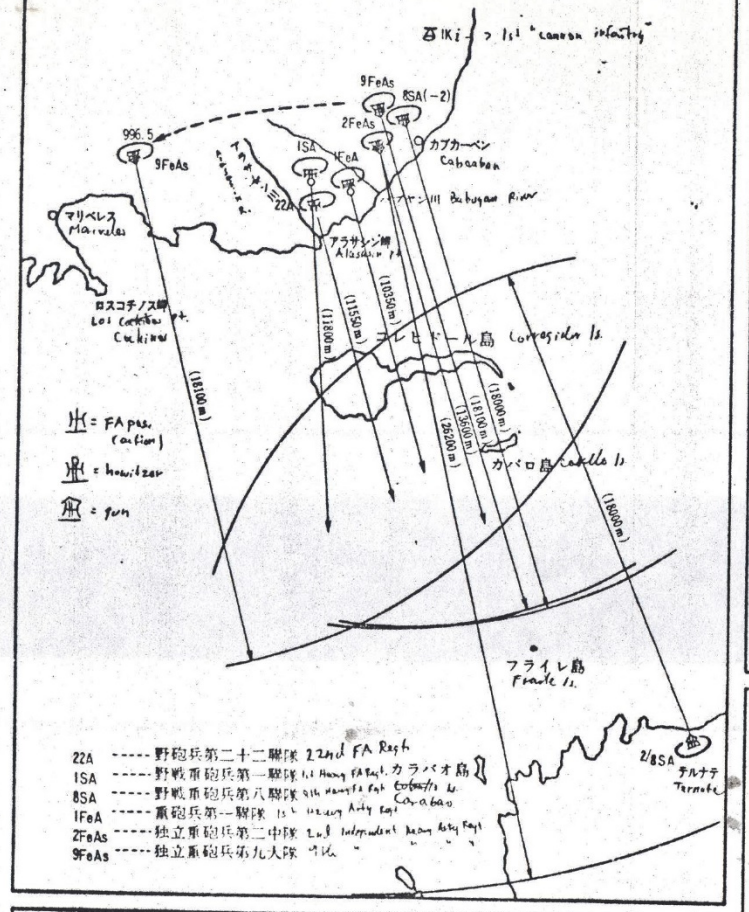
This and the following two pages are photocopies of April, 1942, Japanese Army situation maps of Corregidor. The map copies were obtained by George D. Munson of Oxnard, California, who in 1981 was writing a history of the 92nd Coast Artillery, Lt. Augur's unit on Corregidor. Munson included the maps, which he had secured from military archives following the war, and subsequently forwarded copies to Uncle Bob in an exchange of correspondence. This is a general situation map of the island, similar to the American version shown earlier in this book.



付図第十六 Artillery units —— map

軍砲兵隊展開要図(射界)

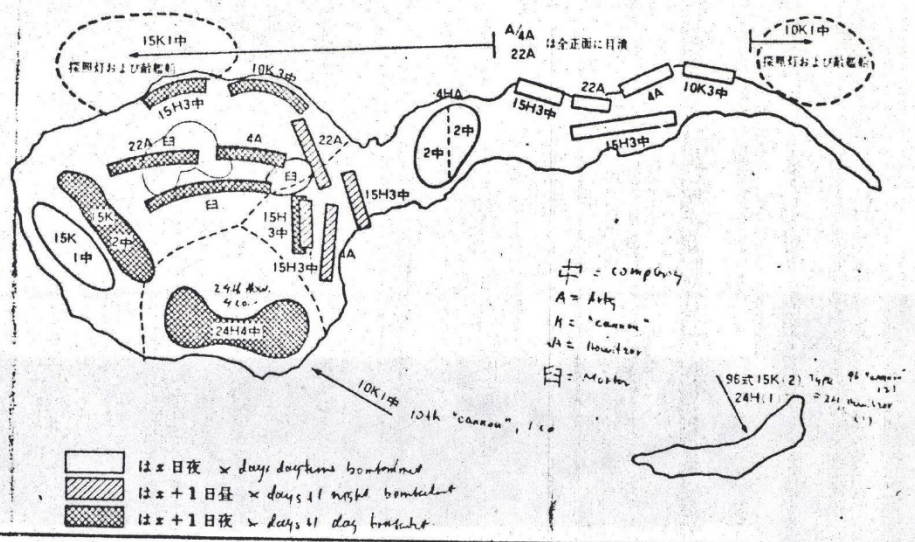


上陸防禦施設(除探照灯)要図
(情報記録第二十三号付図)
23rd map

April, 1942, Japanese Army artillery positions on Bataan and Cavaite Peninsulas show maximum ranges and coverage of each battery.

Bombardment plan map

甲乙上陸戦闘支援射撃大要要図
(四月二十二日計画)



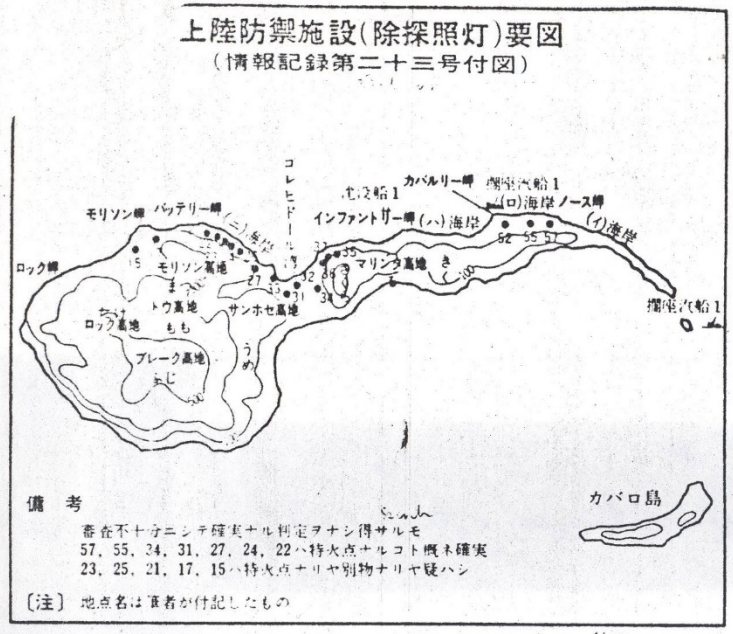
Corregidor Island Tunnels map

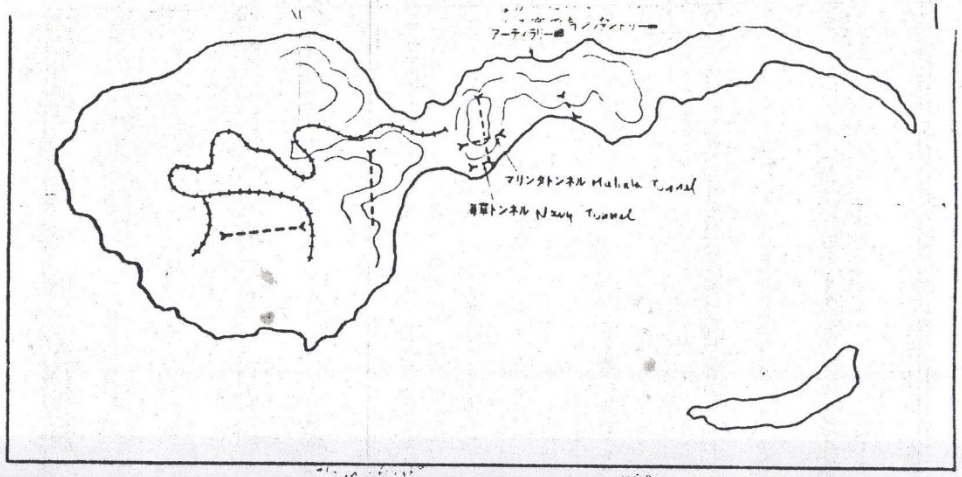
コレヒドール島主要トンネル要図
(情報記録第二十三号付図)
23rd map

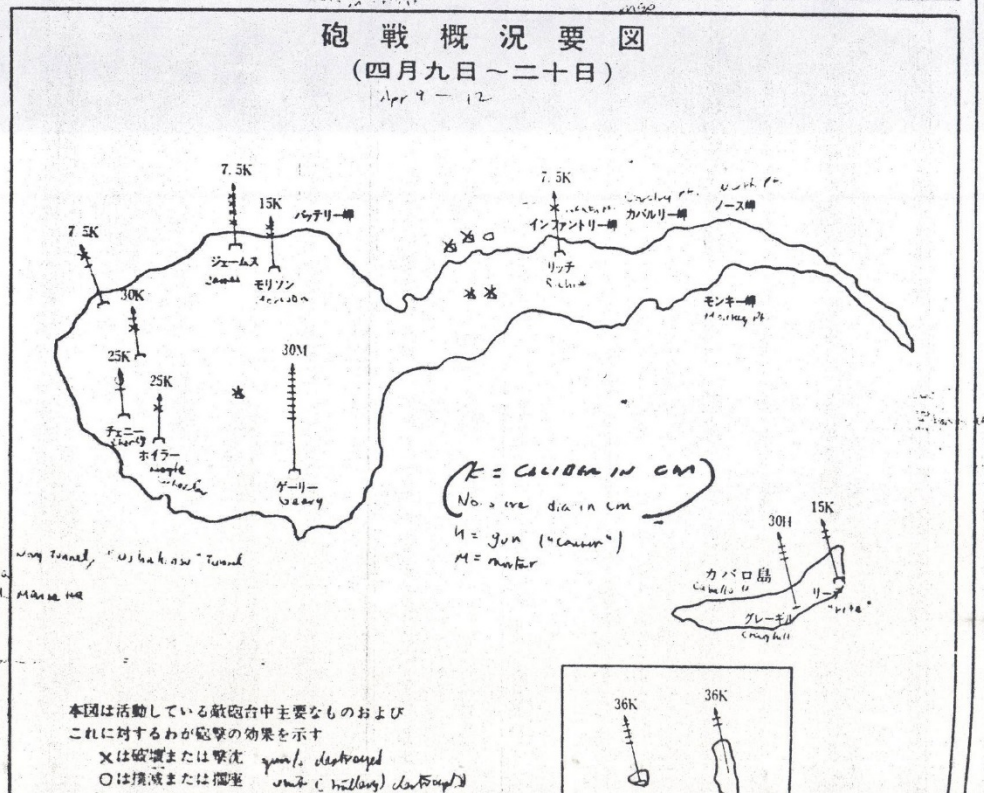
Top: Artillery bombardment plan showing general daylight and nightime target areas, showing the intent of round-the-clock shelling of the island. Lower map is repeated on next page.

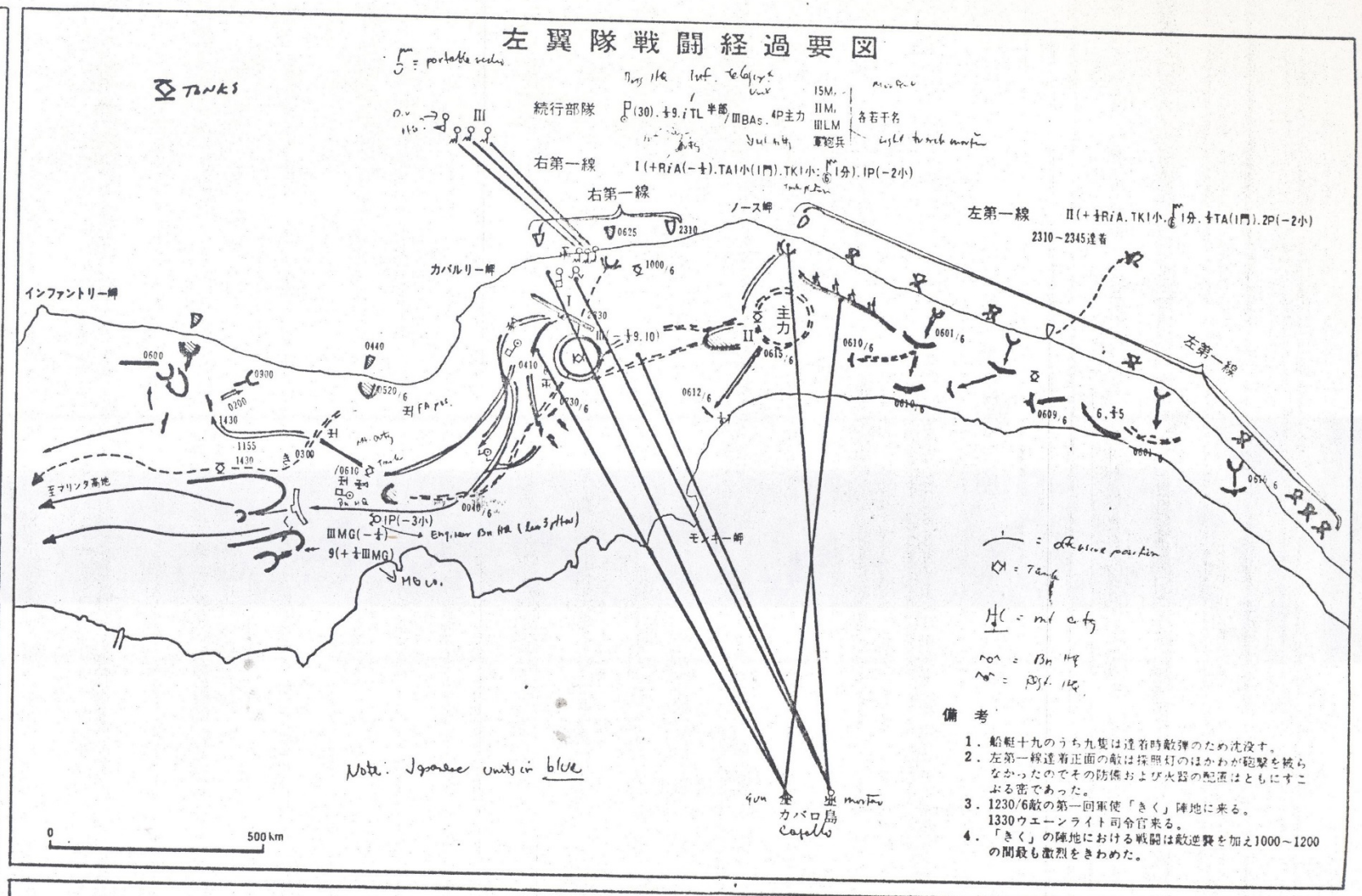
TOP LEFT: April 1942 Japanese Army assessment of American beach and landing defenses on Corregidor. BOTTOM LEFT: Map of personnel tunnels and amunition bunkers on west end of island.

TOP RIGHT: Map locating Malinta Tunnel and Corregidor's railroad route. BOTTOM RIGHT; April 4-12, 1942 Japanese assessment of damage to American gun installations on Corregidor.









コレヒドール島要塞施設概況図

April, 1942 Japanese invasion plans for Corregidor. showing projected beach landings on the north side of the island, mortar support from Cabello Island, and subsequent troop advancement westward. After several delays the plan was put into action on May 6.

92nd CA (Philippine Scouts)
Fort Mills, Corregidor, P.I.
April 30, 1942

Compiled from memory of Capt. H. G. Bull, Personnel Adjutant, and one other 92nd officer at Tanagawa Prison Camp, (near Osaka) Japan about January 1943 and amended on account of deaths at later dates.

Col. Octave DeCarre	Died about 1970
Lt. Col. Lloyd W. Biggs	Beheaded by Japanese Sept. 1942 for attempted escape
Lt. Col. A. D. Miller	Dead
Maj. J. C. Hultquist	Died at Cabanatuan June 1942
Maj. W. K. Ball	Died at Camp O'Donnell June 1942
Majo Harry Harding	In Santa Fe, N.M. (Ill) May 74
Maj. Harry M. Gray (on Detached Service to Phil. Army)	Died in Prison Camp after 11/42
Capt. Frank Boves	Died
Capt. H. G. Bull	Lives in San Clemente, Ca
Capt. Alfred D'Arrezzo	Lives in Austin Texas
Capt. Steve C. Farris	Lives at APO NY
Capt. Neville L. Crow	Lives in Ontario, Ca
Capt. George Kappes	?
Capt. Alonzo Langworthy	Lives in Travers City, Mi
Capt. Robert S. Lawler	~~Died at Cabanatuan?~~
Capt. Lawrence K. Meade	Died at Cabanatuan of Beri Beri Aug. 1942
Capt. Fred Rose	Died in Prison Camp or drowned enroute to Japan
Capt. Edgar Rosenstock	Died
Capt. Harold Shumate	Died of Malaria at Cabanatuan
Capt. Weber	Died
Capt. Robert I. Wheat	Died in prison in Japan in 1945 Post supply officer SPO
Capt. Capt. Charles E. White	Died ADS
Capt. David Yates	?
Lt. Robert Auger	Leg shot off on Corregidor. Probably alive today
Lt. Richard Carle	Died at Cabanatuan
Lt. James F. Coffee (attached from 86th FA)	?
Lt. William Delano	/?
Lt. Roy Gulden	?
Lt. Frank Hart	?
Lt. Edwin L. Kalbfleish, Jr.	Lives in St. Louis, Mo. "B"
Lt. D. Keiting	?
Lt. Ray Lawrence	?
Lt. William Lewis	?
Lt. Edwin W. Marcum	?
Lt. G. Monteith	Died at Cabanatuan "B"
Lt. Robert L. Oburn	?
Lt. Charles A. Pace	?
Lt. Jack Post	Died at Yodagawa of Beri-beri and malnutrition Jan'43
Lt. Don A. Rowden	Died at Tanagawa Feb 1943
Lt. George Sense	?
Lt. Shoup	Died
Lt. Emil Ulanowitz	?
Lt. William Stecker	Lives in Oakland, Ca
Lt. George Vetesnek	?
Lt. George W. Williams	Killed in Action at Abucay, Bataan Jan 1942

HGB 6-19-74

write Am Ex Foo

SERVICE des PRISONNIERS de GUERRE

俘虜郵便

NAME Robert F. Augur,

NATIONALITY American,

RANK First Lieutenant, U.S.ARMY.

PHILIPPINE MILITARY PRISON CAMP NO. 3

比島俘虜收容所 検閲 12318

U.S. CENSOR

To: Mrs. Frank M. Augur,

1936 Southeast 41st Ave.,

Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

郵便はがき

ORIGINAL

IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

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

Letters from Portland which were delivered last month were most welcome to me and I was very glad to hear that you are all well and getting along so nicely. I continue in good health and better spirit. Please say hello to all and give them my best wishes, Love,

4/29/44

Robert F. Augur
Signature

SCANNED FACIMILE OF REVERSE SIDE

One of five postcards Lt. Augur's family received from him during his 33 months as a Japanese prisoner of war in the Philippines. The Japanese military strictly limited the content and length of the messages. The cards, closely censored, could only give general statements of health and place of internment and a personal message limited to 50 words. The first the family heard from him was in September of 1943, sixteen months after he had been taken prisoner on Corregidor. This was the last of the cards received by his family before he was liberated by U.S. troops on February 4, 1945. This card was addressed on April 29, 1944 but took nine months to reach its desitination. The card arrived in Portland in mid-January, just a couple of weeks before he was liberated. According to records kept in his "little black book" which he carried with him throughout his internment, he had sent 10 cards to his family; only five ever arrived.

俘虜郵便

検閲済

比島俘虜収容所

きがは便郵

From:

Name Bob Augur

ROBERT F. AUGUR

Nationality AMERICAN

Rank 1st LIEUT USA

Camp Headquarters Military Prison Camps of P.I. #3

U.S. CENSORSHIP ★ EXAMINED By 126

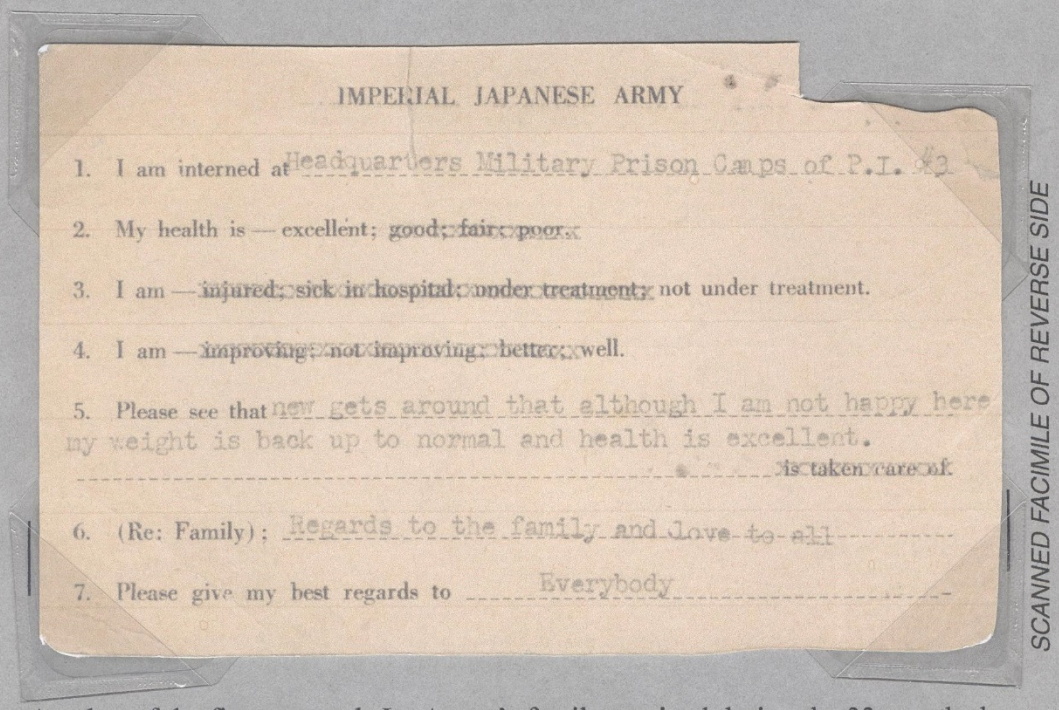
To: Mrs. FRANK M. AUGUR

5910 N.E. 12th Avenue

Portland, Oregon

USA

ORIGINAL



IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

1. I am interned at Headquarters Military Prison Camps of P.I. #3

2. My health is — excellent; good; ~~fair; poor.~~

3. I am — ~~injured; sick in hospital; under treatment;~~ not under treatment.

4. I am — ~~improving; not improving; better;~~ well.

5. Please see that new gets around that although I am not happy here my weight is back up to normal and health is excellent. is taken care of.

6. (Re: Family); Regards to the family and love to all

7. Please give my best regards to Everybody

SCANNED FACIMILE OF REVERSE SIDE

Another of the five postcards Lt. Augur's family received during the 33 months he was held by the Japanese in Old Bilibid prison in Manila, Philippines.There is no indication whether this came before or after the card on the opposite page.

OCT. 4, 1943

DEAR BOB,

A WEEK OF NICE WEATHER JUST PASSED AND TIME TO WRITE YOU ANOTHER LETTER. I AM SO HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO EVEN DO THIS MUCH. IT IS NOW ABOUT TEN P.M. SUNDAY AND I HAVE BEEN BUSY ALL DAY. GRAMP HAS JUST LEFT. HE CAME OVER ABOUT NOON. RUTH WENT TO SUNDAY SCHOOL WHERE SHE HAS A CLASS OF TEN YEAR OLD GIRLS. DOROTHY AND RUTH BOTH WENT TO CHURCH. MRS. PEAKE SAID LEWIS WAS IN WASHINGTON D.C. AND SAW LOUISE AND MRS. WHIPPLE. BETTY PEAKE IS MARRIED NOW AND HAS A BABY GIRL EIGHT WEEKS OLD CALLED PATTY. THEY ALL INQUIRED ABOUT YOU. AFTER CHURCH BARBARA AND HER FAMILY WERE HERE AND HAD DINNER, THEN LATER IN THE AFTERNOON BARBARA, KEITH, DAVID, GRAMP AND I RODE OUT TO BARBARA'S PLACE TO FEED THE CHICKENS AND HAVE A RIDE WHICH I SURE ENJOYED. THEN WE TALKED ABOUT YOU, SANG SOME SONGS AND MEANWHILE DAVID WAS SO TIRED HE FELL ASLEEP ON THE DAVENPORT.

I MADE A PRETTY BLUE COAT, HAT AND LEGGINGS FOR JUDY THIS WEEK AND DOES SHE LOOK CUTE ! IT JUST MATCHES HER BLUE EYES. SHE IS THE BEST LITTLE THING AND IS JUST BEGINNING TO TALK AND WALK.

WELL THE SMITH FAMILY LEFT FOR HOME ABOUT TEN P.M.

I HAVE TWO SERVICE PINS I WEAR ON MY COAT - ONE FOR YOU WITH A SMALL COAST ARTILLERY INSIGNIA ATTACHED BY A CHAIN AND ONE FOR CLARENCE. SO MANY PEOPLE ARE BE ABOUT THEM. ALSO MANY PEOPLE WANT TO BE REMEMBERED TO YOU. THERE ISN'T A DAY PASSES BUT WHAT SOME ONE INQUIRES ABOUT YOU AND ARE SO HAPPY TO KNOW I HAVE HEARD FROM YOU. AS I SIT HERE WRITING THIS I THINK OF THE MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES THIS WILL HAVE TO TRAVEL BEFORE IT REACHES YOU BUT STILL YOU DO NOT SEEM SO FAR AWAY. EVERY NIGHT I LOOK TOWARDS THE WEST AND THINK WELL IT IS TOMORROW WHERE BOB IS AND ONE DAY NEARER TO HIS COMING HOME. SO KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE AND FAITH IN THE FUTURE.

THIS LAST WEEK I LOST ONE OF MY CATS, IN FACT THE BEST ONE OF THE TWO. HE WAS HIT BY A CAR SO NOW I HAVE ONE. BUT CHEER UP, BARBARA'S CAT HAD KITTLENS AND I CAN HAVE ONE TO KEEP MY CAT PINKY COMPANY.

ALSO LAST WEEK I HAD MY LAST THREE FRONT TEETH EXTRACTED SO NOW I HAVE NONE BUT I DO HAVE A VERY SORE MOUTH. I ALSO HAVE A NEW BEAUTIFUL SET OF PEARLY TEETH IN MY PURSE BUT CAN'T WEAR THEM TILL MY MOUTH HEALS UP SOME MORE. OH ME I KEPT THE UPPER ONES IN FOR TWO DAYS BUT COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER. WHERE THE DENTIST PUT THE LOCAL IN MY GUMS WERE SO SORE AND MADE MY FACE SWELL SO THAT I HAD QUITE A FAT FACE. WELL? I SUPPOSE SOME day I WILL GET USED TO THEM.

ORVAL BROUGHT HOME A BUSHEL OF CUCUMBERS AND HAZEL SAID HE WAS HELPING HER PUT PICALES IN THE JARS WITHOUT ANY PANTS ON. WHEN HE BUYS ANYTHING HE BUYS TWICE AS MUCH AS HE SHOULD. THEY ALSO HAVE A PUPPY AND CAT SO THEY HAVE WORRIES BESIDES CHILDREN.

YOUR FATHER IS FEELING BETTER AND KEEPS BUSY ON HIS JOB. HAVEN'T SEEN ANNA FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS SO MUST CALL HER ON THE PHONE. ROSEMARY WANTS TO BE REMEMBERED TO YOU.

WELL ENOUGH FOR THIS TIME TILL NEXT SUNDAY WHEN I WRITE AGAIN.

WITH ALL OUR LOVE

Mother

HI FELLA, HERE'S MY TWO CENTS WORTH. SORRY THIS IS SUCH A MESSY LOOKING JOB, BUT I'M RATHER BUSY ON THE JOB TODAY AND CAN'T DO IT OVER. DO BETTER NEXT TIME, I HOPE. THORA PRIDEAUX AND HER HUSBAND ARE LIVING IN CALIFORNIA NOW SO NEXT WEEK I'M GOING TO SEND DOWN A GIFT FOR THEIR FIRST XXIX ANNIVERSARY, MY GOSH HOW TIME FLIES. I WAS A BRIDESMAID AT HER WEDDING AT THE CHURCH. GEORGE UDY HAS TWO CHILDREN NOW, I SEE HIM ONCE IN A WHILE AT WORK. ALSO SEE MR. HOLLINGSWORTH EVERY DAY, HE WORKS HERE AT THIS PLANT. SO LONG, RUTHIE.

PRISONER OF WAR MAIL

PORTLAND 3 OCT 6 1130 PM 1943 OREG.

POSTAGE FREE

BUY WAR SAVING BONDS AND STAMPS

463

LT. R.F. AUGUR AMERICAN P.O.W.

RETURNED TO SENDER BY CENSOR

They Were There

Coast Artillery Officers in the Philippines, 7 December 41

The following roster of Coast Artillery Officers on duty in the Philippines on 7 December 41 was compiled from the best possible sources, but is not guaranteed free from error. The code below indicates what is known about the officers listed; the last entry for each officer is his present status as far as known. The officers marked "October Ship" and December Ship" were known to have been on these Japanese ships which were lost in 1944; their final fate is not known in every case.

Casualty Code

Killed in Action	KIA	Alive and Well	ALW
Died of Disease	DOD	Returned to Duty	RET
Declared Dead	DED	Returned to Military Control	RMC
Wounded in Action	WIA	December Ship	D.S.
Missing in Action	MIA	October Ship	O.S.
Prisoner of War	POW		

Serial Number	Name	Rank	Early Information	Latest Information
	FORT SANTIAGO			
0-278283	Hankins, Stanley H.	Capt.	POW	RMC
	NICHOLS FIELD			
0-354801	Mickelsen, Henry E.	1 Lt.	MIA	KIA
0-409560	James, Andy M.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-385896	Markham, Warren H.	2 Lt.	POW	D.S.
	FORT STOTSENBERG			
0-171863	Sage, Charles G.	Col.	POW	RMC
0-232299	Cain, Memory H.	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
0-219022	Luikart, John C.	Lt. Col.	POW	D.S.
0-163234	Peck, Harry M.	Lt. Col.	POW	DEAD
0-253307	McCollum, Virgil O.	Maj.	POW	RMC
0-332453	Witten, Oliver B.	Maj.	POW	DEAD
0-238678	Baca, Eugene B.	Capt.	ALW	
0-309031	Compton, Robert J.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-333330	Dorris, Winnifred O.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-331480	Ely, Clyde E. Jr.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-341331	George, Anthony R.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-360326	Greeman, Gerald B.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-325929	Grimmer, Frank H.	Capt.	MIA	DEAD
0-276050	Hazlewood, James H.	Capt.	MIA	KIA
0-331782	Melendez, Alfonso	Capt.	POW	D.S.
0-232770	Miller, Henry M.	Capt.	POW	KIA
0-277800	Reardon, William B.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-285521	Sadler, James E.	Capt.	POW	D.S.
0-219317	Schurtz, Paul W.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-367966	Sherman, Frederick S.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-376015	Smith, Burney H.	Capt.	DOD	DEAD
0-222502	Stump, Claud W.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-267724	Turner, John W. Jr.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-405941	Ashby, Jack G.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-360327	Bayne, Alvin L.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-405953	Beall, John F.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-405871	Beyers, Melvin A.	1 Lt.	WIA	RMC
0-405201	Bond, Dow G.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-398138	Boyer, Jack K.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-404367	Brown, Charles M.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-410867	Bryant, Otis C.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-404601	Donaldson, James W.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-405928	Field, Albert K.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-316249	Gonzalez, Reynaldo F.	1 Lt.	MIA	KIA
0-385001	Henfling, George W.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-398176	Hutchison, Russell J.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-406387	Jeffus, Hubert P.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-311760	Jordan, Fred H.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-375155	Kemp, Eddie T.	1 Lt.	MIA	KIA
0-385794	Lucas, Marvin H.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-405955	McMinn, James	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-339233	Parker, Ted E.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-385499	Sawyer, Tom J.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-405185	Schroeder, Karl W.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-346756	Schuetz, William C.	1 Lt.	MIA	KIA
0-405165	Shamblin, Otho L.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-405949	Shimp, Neil B.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-400642	Skarda, Cash T.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-406990	Taggart, Thomas R.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-353379	Thwaits, James R.	1 Lt.	MIA	KIA
0-402000	Turner, Frank M,	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-414597	Bailey, Glenn E.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-416657	Craft, Dean H.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-367967	Darling, Gerald L.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-416556	Ellis, Jack L.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-413748	Hunter, James E.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-416655	Irish, Clayton E.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-417823	Jopling, Daniel W.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-417261	Lingo, Edward F.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-413737	McCartney, Dan A.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-414888	McKinzie, William J.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-411617	Meek, Douglas L.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-401443	Millard, Melvin R.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-419983	Montoya, Antonio A.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-413002	Remondini, Robert J.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-419678	Skiles, Leonard W.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-353521	Thorpe, Joseph D.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
	FORT MILLS, CORREGIDOR			
0-001897	Bunker, Paul D.	Col.	DED	DEAD
0-002629	Chase, Theodore M.	Col.	POW	RMC
0-002790	Cottrell, Jos. F.	Col.	POW	RMC
0-003206	De Carre, Octave	Col.	POW	RMC

Number	Name	Rank	Early Information	Latest Information
0777	Amoroso, Arnold D.	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
7898	Ausmus, Delbert	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
7554	Barr, Elvin L.	Lt. Col.	POW	DEAD
6607	Biggs, Lloyd W.	Lt. Col.	DOD	DEAD
6335	Bowler, Louis J.	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
7972	Braly, William C.	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
7357	Crews, Leonard R.	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
6185	Foster, Valentine P.	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
5860	Kohn, Joseph P.	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
9816	McCullough, Samuel	Lt. Col.	DOD	DEAD
9037	Rutherford, Dorsey J.	Lt. Col.	POW	RMC
1391	Abston, A. A.	Maj.	POW	RMC
5314	Breitung, Howard E. C.	Maj.	DOD	DEAD
6442	Conzelman, Clair M.	Maj.	POW	DEAD
5409	Field, Girvelle L.	Maj.	DOD	DEAD
5795	Graves, Reed	Maj.	POW	DEAD
6083	Hopkins, Armand	Maj.	POW	RMC
5709	Kirkpatrick, Lewis S.	Maj.	DOD	DEAD
5670	Miller, Albert D.	Maj.	POW	DEAD
5535	Mitchell, Floyd A.	Maj.	POW	D.S.
3278	Satterwhite, David S.	Maj.	POW	RMC
2196	Sawtelle, Donald W.	Maj.	POW	RMC
5471	Short, William B.	Maj.	KIA	DEAD
5914	Simmonds, Norman B.	Maj.	POW	DEAD
2553	Smith, James W.	Maj.	ALW	RMC
5995	Stennis, Will K.	Maj.	POW	DEAD
5253	Stubbs, Guy H.	Maj.	POW	RMC
0671	Ames, Godfrey R.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0131	Amos, Frederick C.	Capt.	POW	RMC
1171	Baldwin, Lawrence C.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
8984	Ball, William H.	Capt.	KIA	DEAD
2634	Benson, Roger S.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
8039	Bosworth, Lawrence A.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0185	Bull, Harcourt G.	Capt.	POW	RMC
1404	Byrne, Jerome S.	Capt.	POW	RMC
9085	Crawford, George H.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
1109	D'Arezzo, Alfred J.	Capt.	POW	RMC
9836	Darcy, Albert C. Jr.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
6507	Dewey, Leland K.	Capt.	MIA	DEAD
8192	East, Joe C.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
8786	Edison, Dwight D.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
1160	Gerlich, Frederick J.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
8730	Glassburn, Robert D.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
3873	Gray, Harry McR.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
7535	Grow, Neville Leo	Capt.	POW	RMC
0669	Gulick, John McM.	Capt.	POW	RMC
4723	Guyton, Benson	Capt.	POW	RMC
8085	Haggerty, Robert F.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
1355	Hauck, Herman H.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
1195	Holmes, James R.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
5187	Huff, Arthur E.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
6255	Hultquist, John C.	Capt.	MIA	DEAD
5802	Jimerson, Harold A.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
8999	Julian, Harry	Capt.	POW	DEAD
1124	Kappes, George	Capt.	POW	DEAD
5671	King, Ben E.	Capt.	POW	RMC
2897	Langworthy, Alonzo E.	Capt.	POW	RMC
9036	Lawlor, Robert J.	Capt.	POW	RMC
7808	Lewis, Harold S.	Capt.	MIA	DEAD

Serial Number	Name	Rank	Early Information	Latest Information
0-019027	MacNair, Thomas K.	Capt.	POW	D.S.
0-018749	Massello, William Jr.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-250077	McCarthy, Joseph L.	Capt.	POW	D.S.
0-018754	Mellnik, Stephen M.	Capt.		RMC
0-285858	Nirdlinger, Eugene	Capt.	POW	D.S.
0-312499	O'Toole, John H.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-220618	Owen, William H. Jr.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-018151	Peterson, Arthur C.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-241168	Petrie, Malcolm O.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-021159	Rosenstock, Edgar S.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-019033	Schenck, Harry W.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-021234	Shiley, Earle M.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-266302	Shumate, Harold M.	Capt.	DOD	DEAD
0-018734	Somerville, Erven C.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-305163	Starr, Warren A.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-268185	Steiger, George E.	Capt.	POW	RMC
0-299540	Thompson, William G.	Capt.	MIA	KIA
0-318258	Waid, Arthur D.	Capt.	MIA	DEAD
0-248617	Weaber, Ivan J.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-129541	White, Robert J.	Capt.	MIA	DEAD
0-319806	Wilcox, Albert P.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-021387	Wood, John D.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-311860	Wright, Harold B.	Capt.	POW	DEAD
0-225747	Aikman, Robert P.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-334997	Aston, Terence F.	1 Lt.	MIA	MIA
0-301982	Augur, Robert F.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-332146	Backstrom, Bert H.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-298071	Barros, Russell D.	1 Lt.	MIA	RMC
0-277052	Boggs, Kenneth L.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-329357	Bovee, Frank W.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-023078	Britt, Chester K.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-021113	Brown, Burton R.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-328563	Bruns, Stockton D.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-317041	Bryan, Thomas S.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-344787	Bucher, Charles A. Jr.	1 Lt.	KIA	KIA
0-366299	Byars, Stephen M. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-324788	Callaway, Robert W.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-365221	Calvert, Wilbert A.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-205998	Carle, Earl R.	1 Lt.	KIA	DEAD
0-022894	Cooper, Robert G.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-021156	Cornwall, Paul R.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-355672	Cosper, Duane L.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-023162	Cullen, Augustus J.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-022059	Davis, Thomas W. 3d	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-021774	Davis, John H. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-362149	De Lano, William N.	1 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-358605	Dewey, Fred S. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	O.S.
0-375885	Doane, Leslie O.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-375886	Dronberger, Charles S.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-306558	Durie, Albert E. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-337519	Eddington, Harold F.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-370677	Erhardt, Charles W.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-350213	Farley, Philip H.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-022022	Farris, Stephen C.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-341515	Ford, Ralph P.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-340841	Fortney, Thomas Hays	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-335877	Freiman, Edward P.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-327699	Fullmer, Don B.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-297375	Gibbon, Beverly R.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-328571	Greer, Sydney R.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-365174	Hackett, Thomas A.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC

Serial Number	Name	Rank	Early Information	Latest Information
0-349343	Haven, Charles V.	1 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-239299	Hawes, Milton D.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-354465	Hill, Ralph O.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-361864	Holton, William E.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-362485	Humphrey, Bernice F.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-021116	Ivey, Richard G.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-362228	Jonelis, Frank G.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-327394	King, Leslie W.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-344706	Kwiatkowski, Joseph D.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-353221	Layton, Buxton L. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-343741	Le Brun, Cecil G.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-021841	Lehr, Philip H.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-368130	Lloyd, Tony B.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-021952	Madison, Samuel A.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-348833	Massie, Roy W.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-242496	Maxfield, George G.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-337521	Mayhew, Allen E.	1 Lt.	MIA	DEAD
0-342105	McCluskey, John B. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-021126	Miller, Frederick A.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-379576	Minogue, Raymond D.	1 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-352385	Minsker, Harry C.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-350587	Monteith, Charles F.	1 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-354624	Moore, George M.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-376230	Morehouse, Paul D.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-312311	Oyen, Alvin O.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-022914	Pace, Herbert E. Jr.	1 Lt.	KIA	
0-351734	Pearcy, George W.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-362700	Pullen, Richard T. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-363182	Roper, Charles E.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-311487	Rose, Fred Elezier	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-355686	Rouze, Robert E.	1 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-310757	Schnicke, George	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-356082	Scrivener, Willis A.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-323095	Sense, George Andrew	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-022973	Shoss, Morris L.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-364297	Shupp, Clayton C.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-023054	Simpson, Harry T. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-367977	Snell, David M.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-021971	Snoke, Donald R.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-350224	Stecker, William W.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-347705	Swain, Roger W.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-354912	Taylor, Jack W.	1 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-355207	Traw, James C.	1 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-319226	Treacy, George J.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-335974	Verde, Robert J.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-355314	Vetesnik, Irwin A.	1 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-328575	Vick, Roy M. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	O.S.
0-022918	Wheat, Robert I.	1 Lt.	KIA	DEAD
0-021779	White, Charles E.	1 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-346080	Wiser, Darwin E.	1 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-354444	Winstead, Elton D.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-023057	Wright, John McN. Jr.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-023127	Yates, Jules D.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-366997	Zimmerman, Joseph W.	1 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-351611	Arvin, Charles R.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-408462	Barton, Robert D.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-393983	Blackmore, Ernest R.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA

Serial Number	Name	Rank	Early Information	Latest Information
0-385792	Bliss, Raymond W.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-396738	Bode, Carle R.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-392308	Buchman, Arthur H.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-389545	Chamberlain, C. H. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-376296	Charles, Robert G.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-380494	Chevaillier, Lewis B.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-394659	Crandell, John P.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-384477	Crawford, John P.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-375550	Cullison, Shelby J.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-401480	Dawe, Harry J.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-395683	Efird, Walter G. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-395717	Esatow, Theodore R.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-389550	Friedline, Stanley	2 Lt.	KIA	
0-413510	Fulmer, Richard P.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-408833	Gay, Burt C.	2 Lt.	WIA	DEAD
0-386664	Gulden, Royal S. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-404536	Haile, Ernest S.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-389552	Hamilton, William A. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-392110	Harding, Harry J.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-418574	Hardt, Frank T.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-38,674	Herr, Melvin H.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-410304	Hey, Robert W.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-395714	Hinson, Sedgie V.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-395960	Hodgson, Welles G. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-393415	Irish, Howard H. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	KIA
0-418576	Kalbfleish, Edwin Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-410309	Kasler, Charles L.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-366983	Keating, Dean R.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-396747	Kilduff, William C.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-373986	Langeler, Albert B.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-374947	Lawrence, Ray Goodman	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-393420	LeClar, Francis E.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-395693	Leonard, John T.	2 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-379574	Levagood, George E.	2 Lt.	KIA	KIA
0-394519	Lewis, William E. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-419367	Marvick, Thomas Jr.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-395697	Moore, John I. 3rd	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-360860	Muir, Robert W.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-340533	Nixon, John B.	2 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-418579	Obourn, Robert L.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-398810	Pace, Charles A.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-375896	Peterie, Lester L.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-389567	Pipkin, Carl H.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-413657	Preble, Clayton H.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-373560	Ramsey, Kenneth W.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-393426	Rowden, Donald A.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-340119	Saunders, Wilburn R. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	D.S.
0-387039	Schuey, Leonard	2 Lt.	MIA	MIA
0-380507	Schutte, Henry J. Jr.	2 Lt.	MIA	DEAD
0-379582	Scott, Walter E.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-395703	Sharp, Felix C. Jr.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-374774	Shoup, William H.	2 Lt.	WIA	DEAD
0-412202	Smith, Francis G.	2 Lt.	DOD	DEAD
0-398762	Smith, John S.	2 Lt.	POW	DEAD
0-377670	Speck, Jefferson W.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-380280	Taylor, Richard F.	2 Lt.	RET	RMC
0-396758	Ulanowicz, Emil M.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-384890	Wandel, Hugh E.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC
0-384879	Weeks, Carl G.	2 Lt.	POW	RMC

---Official U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo

Old Bilibid Prison the Day of Liberation, Feb. 4, 1945

The inside of Manila's Old Bilibid Prison soon after elements of the Army's 37th Infantry Division broke through the outer walls on February 4, 1945 to liberate some 800 prisoners of war being held by the Japanese. Evidence that this is very early in the liberation process is the two American soldiers in helmets and dark uniforms holding weapons in the middle of the picture. The prison's eleven 200-foot-long wards like this one eminated out from a central building like a spokes of a wheel and were encircled by a high, thick concrete wall. The rapid thrust by elements of the 37th Division ahead of the capture of Manila was spurred by an order intercepted from the Japanese high command that all prisoners of war were to be executed before retreating. The photo shows vivid evidence of serious malnutrition experienced by those being held by the Japanese in the late stages of the war. A report on prisoners of war interned by the Japanese in the Philippines by the Provost General's office in 1945 gave this assessment of the situation:

> *"By August, 1944, the food situation was becoming critical. For the next four months the daily issue of food for each person amounted to only 200 grams: 100 grams of dry rice, 50 grams of soy beans---a variety that was impossible to cook and make palatable---and 50 grams of dried corn . . . Under this starvation diet prisoners became emaciated and ill . . . Average wieght dropped to less than 120 pounds . . . The death rate rose rapidly. (The average number of men buried daily ranged from one to four.) . . . When the American invasion forces arrived on Feb. 4, 1945, the prisoners of war had reached a point of starvation that none could have survived much longer . . . What the arrival of their rescurers meant . . . can scarcely be immagined by one who has never been in a similar situation."*

Robert Augur affirmed this was the ward he survived in for nearly three years although he is not identifable in the photograph. Some of the men in this photo are recognizable in the group photo on the next page that was taken a few days after their liberation.

Shown here after their liberation at Bilibid Prison, Manila, Philippine Islands, are the last of the combat officers who were formerly with Gen. Johanthan Wainwright in Bataan. Left to right, front row: Maj. Joseph L. Chabot, Whitefield, N.H.; Capt. Franklin Anders, Fargo, N.D.; Lt. D.L. Drachenberg, Rosenberg, Texas; Lt. Col. David L. Hardee, Durham, N.C.; one unidentified. Back row: Lt. Harold E. Costigan, Grain Valley, Mo; Lt. Col.. Ross B. Smith, San Antonio, Texas; Maj. C.A. McLaughlin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Capt. Philip Scheiblen, Toledo, Ohio; Lt. John W. Daly, St. Paul, Minn.; Lt. Col. H.C. Fowler, Charlottesville, Va.; Lt. Col John H. Ball, Williamsport, Pa.; Capt. Charles C. Foster, Grand Forks, N.D.; Lt. Jack D. Obbink, Lincoln, Neb.; Lt. Col. M.H. Cain, Deming, N.M.; Lt. Lewis P. Lutich, Bisbee, Ariz.; Capt. John B. Smith, Dallas, Texas, and Capt. Tom Bell, Brookings, S.D. Feb. 1945.

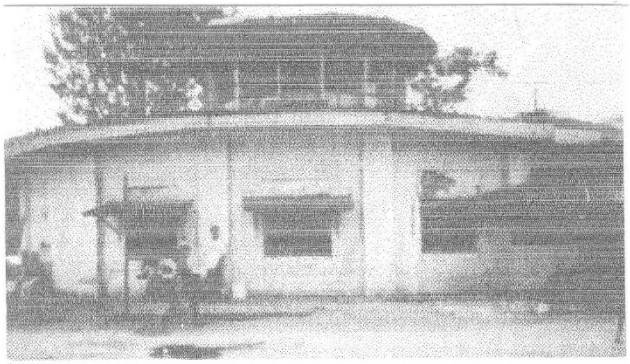
---83295 AC

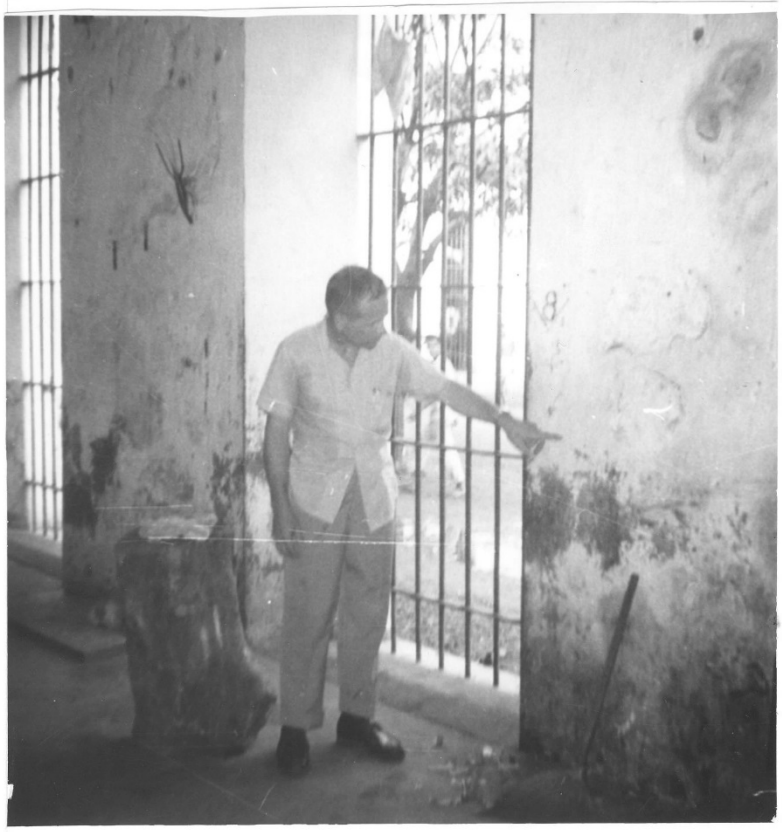
Drayton L. Drachenberg of Rosenberg, Texas, one of Uncle Bob's comrades who suffered with him through three years of depredation at the hands of their Japanese captors in Old Bilibid prison in Manila, poses in a photograph taken during a visit to The Philippines in 1963. Behind him in the photo is the ward where lieutenants Augur, Drachenberg, and nearly 100 other Americans were held as prisoners of war. The building is one of eleven similar structures in the wheel-shaped central Manila prison built during the Spanish-American war. Drachenberg, a B-17 pilot whose plane was destroyed on the ground at Clark Field north of Manila in the first days of the war, joined with American ground forces in the heroic defense, first of the Bataan Peninsula and then Corregidor. He was taken prisoner when the island fell on May 6, 1941.

His pose in this 1963 photograph mimics the one of him in the group picture on the previous page taken in the same Bilibid prison location 18 years earlier. Drachenberg is in the center of the front row wearing a campaign hat.

Drachenberg inscribed the following note on the back of this 1963 photo he sent to Uncle Bob: "Taken Oct. 1963 in about the same spot as in 1945. Bilibid really stinks now. Is full of city inmates. All the buildings are still there."

In an earlier letter, he had chided Uncle Bob for not being in the group photo on the previous page that was taken a few days after the liberation. The officers obviously had been able to clean up and find new clothing. Drachenberg writes to his friend: "Why weren't you in the picture? Probably out grubbing for food. I know you weren't chasing women."

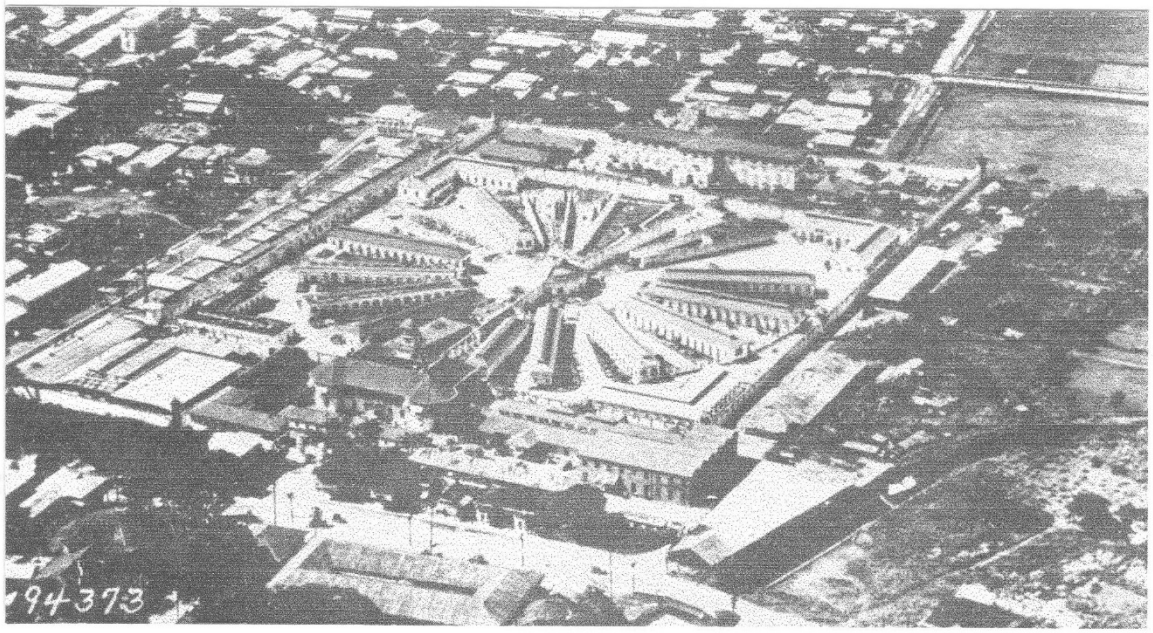




Top: Central guardhouse at Manila's Old Bilbid Prison.

Center: Drayton L. Drachenberg, one of Robert Augur's comrades on Corregidor and as a prisoner in Old Bilibid, points to mark on the wall near his bunk location in one of the prison barracks. Drachenberg returned to the Philippines in 1963 and took this and other photos. Note the thick concrete walls and floor-to-ceiling un-shuttered windows that allowed rain to pour in on the prisoners during tropical storms.

Bottom: Aerial photo of Old Bilibid Prison taken by a Signal Corps photographer in 1946.



ATTACHMENT to claim No. P-83469-P of Robert F. Augur.

14, (a). Bilibid was built and used as a jail house before the war. The roof leaked badly in many places and the latticed blinds used to cover windows were in bad order with the result that rain blew right into the buildings during storms wetting everything. Lights were often not available at all and at best consisted of one small lamp bulb hanging high off the floor in each building. With respect to the bedding: At times we slept on the floor, then on planks set on blocks, and on wood bunks and after about a year of this finally got some beat up steel cot beds. Bed bugs, cockroaches, ants and other crawling insects were our constant companions and we could not get the means to eradicate them. There never was more than a bare minimum space allotted each individuals bunk space.

14, (b). Toilet paper, when available, was issued on the basis of 1 (one) sheet (about 8 inches square and of poor quality) per man per day.

15, (a). Food was of such poor quality and quantity that malnutrition and vitamin deficiency diseases were the normal thing in camp rather than the exception.

15, (b). Although there seemed to be enough water available, toilets and washing facilities never did come up to a reasonable level of availability and those facilities that we did have were often "out of order" as a result of their old age and poor state of repair.

17, When transferred from Corregidor to Bilibid I was not allowed to keep anything but the clothes on my back. Money which I had on my person was taken by a Jap sergeant; no receipt; no refund. My wrist watch and fountain pen went the same way to another Jap.

18. We were constantly insulted by all the Jap guards from the top on down to the lowest ranking 2nd class private in the Jap army, being compelled to bow low to any and all of them who might approach at any time and being slapped, hit or kicked at the slightest provocation.

During the thirty three months that I was a prisoner I was allowed to fill in nine postal cards, the first of which was allowed some six months after capture on Corregidor and the last one some five months before being recaptured by the American troops. Only three of these cards ever got through to their destination.

Food furnished to Bilibid was totally inadequate in both quantity and quality. When I was captured I weighed in the near neighborhood of 165 pounds. When released I was down to a meager 107 pounds.

NOTE: Transcribed copy of an attachment to a reparations claim filed with the Federal Government in 1946.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Manila, P.I.
Feb. 9, 1945

Mrs. Frank M. Augur
1936 SE 41st Ave
Portland, Oregon

Dear Mom:

Hello! Hello! Hello! Your letter of November 27th came in here last night just at supper time and so along with good chow; spuds, veal, peas, bread, butter, tea with sugar, and cherries I had lots of fresh news.

Needless to say, those of us here who have been retaken are just about the happiest people in the world right now.

There are so many things that I have to say that my mind is all a chutter of ideas all trying to get out at once.

First of all though I want to say that I am very happy to hear that all of you, not forgetting Grampy and Anna, are in good health.

I was surprised and pleased to hear Clarence was in the Navy and stationed at the cushy spot. Tell him for me not to get ideas about glory and stuff. It is not worth the price.

Philippine citizens are just as happy as we at being liberated from our little yellow enemies and stand alongside main streets and cheer whenever a convoy of Yanks passes and the old greeting of "Hello Joe" is the thing again. "V" for Victory and a smile for everyone. The city proper as you have probably read in the papers is a shambles but more of that later.

FORM 539A

letter addressed to: Page No. 2
Mrs. F. M. Augur
1936 SE 41st Ave
Portland, Oregon

AMERICAN RED CROSS

This letter probably reads like that of a two year old kid but we are so excited that I just can't settle down to solid writing or that. We ate my fountain pen, so excuse the pencil.

That must be some little sewing circle when you get all your grandchildren around you. I am looking forward to seeing them all.

With reference to your meeting the boat with Ann. It sounds good to me. However, due to censorship, I probably will not be permitted to advise you date of arrival or place of arrival so you will have to get it at your end. So far we have heard nothing at all about our leaving here for home except all kinds of rumors.

As to my injury: I was hit by a jap shell fragment in the left knee and it was so badly torn up that it had to be cut off immediately and the cut was made just above the knee. This leaves a very handy long stump. There was no infection or anything to interfere with prompt healing. You would be surprised to see how well I get along.

For now, an adios! Hang out the old sign for it won't be long till we get together again. Give my love and best wishes to everybody. I will write again just as soon as they will let me.

Robert A. Augur
1st Lieut. U.S.A.

FORM 539A

(Transcript of hand-written letter on opposite page, the first to his mother in 39 months. It was written five days after a daring raid by American forces liberated Lt. Augur and 800 other prisoners of war from Old Bilibid Prison in the heart of Manila)

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Manila, P.I.
Feb. 9, 1945

Dear Mom:

Hello! Hello! Hello! Your letter of November 27 came in here last night just at supper time and so along with good chow, Spuds, veal, peas, bread and butter, tea with sugar, and cherries, I had lots of fresh news.

Needless to say, those of us here who have been retaken are just about the happiest people in the world right now.

There are so many things that I have to say that my mind is all a chitter of ideas all trying to get out at once.

First of all though, I want to say that I am very happy to hear that all of you, not forgetting Gramp and Anna, are in good health.

I was surprised and pleased to hear Clarence was in the Navy and stationed in a cushy spot. Tell him for me not to get ideas about glory and stuff. It is not worth the price.

Philippine citizens are just as happy as we at being liberated from our little yellow enemies and stand alongside main streets and cheer whenever a company of Yanks passes and the old greeting of "Hello Yank" is the thing again. "V" for victory and a smile for everyone. The city proper as you have probably read in the papers is a shambles but more of this later.

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For now an adios! Hang out the old sign for it won't be long till we get together again. Give my best wishes to everybody. I will write again just as soon as they let me.

Robert F. Augur, 1st Lt.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Co "D" PS Detachment, AUS
Provost Marshal Section
AFWESPAC, APO 707
June 8, 1946.

Capt. Robert Augur
Bushnell General Hospital
1977 Service Command Unit
Brigham City, Utah, U.S.A.

S I R :

It is now about four years since the surrender of Corregidor that we did not meet you. First Sgt Valenzuela told me lately that you two already met each other in Leyte, P.I.. Perhaps I will have no more chance of meeting you again because you are now thousands of miles away from us. So the only thing I can do is to write you and say how do you do. I wish you are in good health now, as I was informed by official sources that you are listed as a patient in the Bushnell General Hospital.

Enclosed herewith is my rough sketch of our battery area at Corregidor, showing how we rushed you to the hospital under heavy enemy shelling and bombing.

It was Capt. Stephen Farris who commended us for gallantry in action, and we knew that we were given citation for gallantry in action as it was published in the Corregidor Communique on the 20th of April 1942.

I tried to claim that I was given citation for gallantry in action when I was processed at 4th Replacement Depot, in Leyte. But until now there is no news or information whether it was approved or not. I think it was not approved because I had no witnesses. There is no one to witness for me because Sgt Glicerio Banzuela was killed during the Guerrilla operation against the Japanese in Luzon, and Pfc Agustin Abad

FORM 5-30A

The Story

AMERICAN RED CROSS

On the 12th of April 1942 when your right leg was hit by a Jap cannon shell, three men carried you to our tunnel at Btry Kysor (formerly Btry North). We laid you on a blanket which was spread on the cement floor of our tunnel. As I have seen that plenty of blood came out like flowing water from your broken leg, I did not spare even a minute of delay to do something for it. I, myself applied "First aid" to stop the flow of your blood by placing a small piece of wood on the artery of your right leg, and then tying it with my own belt.

Then Capt. Farris ordered that you must be rushed to the hospital immediatly, so we, myself, Cpl Prado, Sgt Bordeos, Pfc Abad and Sgt Glicerio Banzuela) carried you through the back door of our tunnel where Capt. Farris' car was prepared for the purpose. Although it rained bursting shells and bombs we succeeded in reaching the car where we placed you.
Just a few seconds after I closed the door of the car, one shell(No. 6 in sketch) exploded 2 meters away from us, hitting Cpl Prado in his medulla oblongata (back of head); Sgt Bordeos in the abdomen, exposing his intestine; Pfc Abad in the left part of his neck and face.

We carried Cpl Prado and Sgt Bordeos back to the tunnel, for they were unconscious. Pfc Abad was able to walk until the tunnel.

After a few minutes Cpl Prado died while Sgt Bordeos was still agonizing with pain. We brought Sgt Bordeos and Pfc Abad to the hospital. Sgt Bordeos died that night.

Sgt Glicerio Banzuela, Sgt Bordeos, Cpl Prado, Pfc Abad and myself, were given commendation for gallantry in action for saving your life under heavy enemy artillery fire and bombing, as published in the Corregidor Communique on the 20th of April 1942. Sgt Bordeos and Cpl Prado were posthumously given citation, as they died during that critical

FORM 5-30A

moment of saving your life.

T/4 Pedro L. Matanug

My rank when I was yet in our battery (Btry "C" 92nd C.A. (PS) at Fort Mills, Corregidor was Pfc. I received my promotion as T/4 in Leyte when I was made as the motor sergeant for Co "C" 6th Military Police Bn. Now I'm transferred to Co "D" PS Detachment (AWS), Provost Marshal section, AFWESPAC, APO 707, now at Manila City, P.I.

died of tuberculosis. We were only three who survived after we rescued you at Corregidor as Cpl Prado and Sgt Bordeos died in the act of saving your life. And now of the five enlisted men who rescued you, I am the only one left to retell the story.

Wishing you for more good luck and good health in the near future, I remain

Yours very respectfully

Pedro L. Matanug

PEDRO L. MATANUG

T/4, Co "D" PS DET, AFWESPAC

APO 707

ASN 10300413

Ps

I was assigned in the plotting room as Pratt Range Board operator and, later, as an assistant plotter in our battery (Btry "C" 92nd C.A. (PS) at Corregidor.

Same

Transcripts of front and back of pages opposite are of correspondence to Capt. Robert Augur from Pedro L. Matanug, a Philippine Scout who was a member of the 92nd Coast Artillery's Battery "C." Matanug was present during the Japanese artillery bombardment of the gun enplacement on Corregidor's Infantry Point (Battery Kysor) where then Lt. Augur, the battery's executive officer, was severely wounded while rescuing members of his crew. The letter on the left, written a year after the war ended, is a request for help from Augur for official recognition of the gun crew's valor. The document on the right is a detailed description of the bombardment, Lt. Augur's action, and his ultimate rescue by the Philppine Scouts. The page following is a map of the action drawn by T/4 Matanug. The correspondence was addressed to Augur at Bushnell Army Hospital in Utah and forwarded to him in Washington, D.C.

Co "D" PS Detachment, AUS
Provost Marshal Section
AFWESPAC, APO 707
June 8, 1946.

Capt. Robert Augur
Bushnell General Hospital
1977 Service Command Unit
Brigham City, Utah, U.S.A

S I R :

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Wishing you for more good luck and good health in the near future,
I remain yours very respectfully,

Pedro L. Matanag
PEDRO . MATANUG
T.4 Co "D" PS DET, AFWESPAC
APO 707

P.S. I was assigned in the plotting room as Pratt Range Board operator and later as an assistant plotter in our battery (Btry "C" 92nd C.A (PS) at Corregidor.

The Story

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Then Capt. Farris ordered that you must be rushed to the (Malinta Tunnel) hospital immediately, so we, (myself, Cpl Prado, Sgt Bordeos, Pfc Abad and Sgt. Glicerio Banzuela) carried you the the back door of our tunnel where Capt. Farris' car was prepared for the purpose. Although it rained bursting shells and bombs we succeeded in reaching the car where we placed you. Just a few seconds after I closed the door of the car, one shell (No. 6 in the sketch) exploded 2 meters away from us, hitting Cpl Prado in his medulla oblongata (back of head); Sgt. Bordeos in the abdomen, exposing his intestines; Pfc Abad in the left part of his neck and face.

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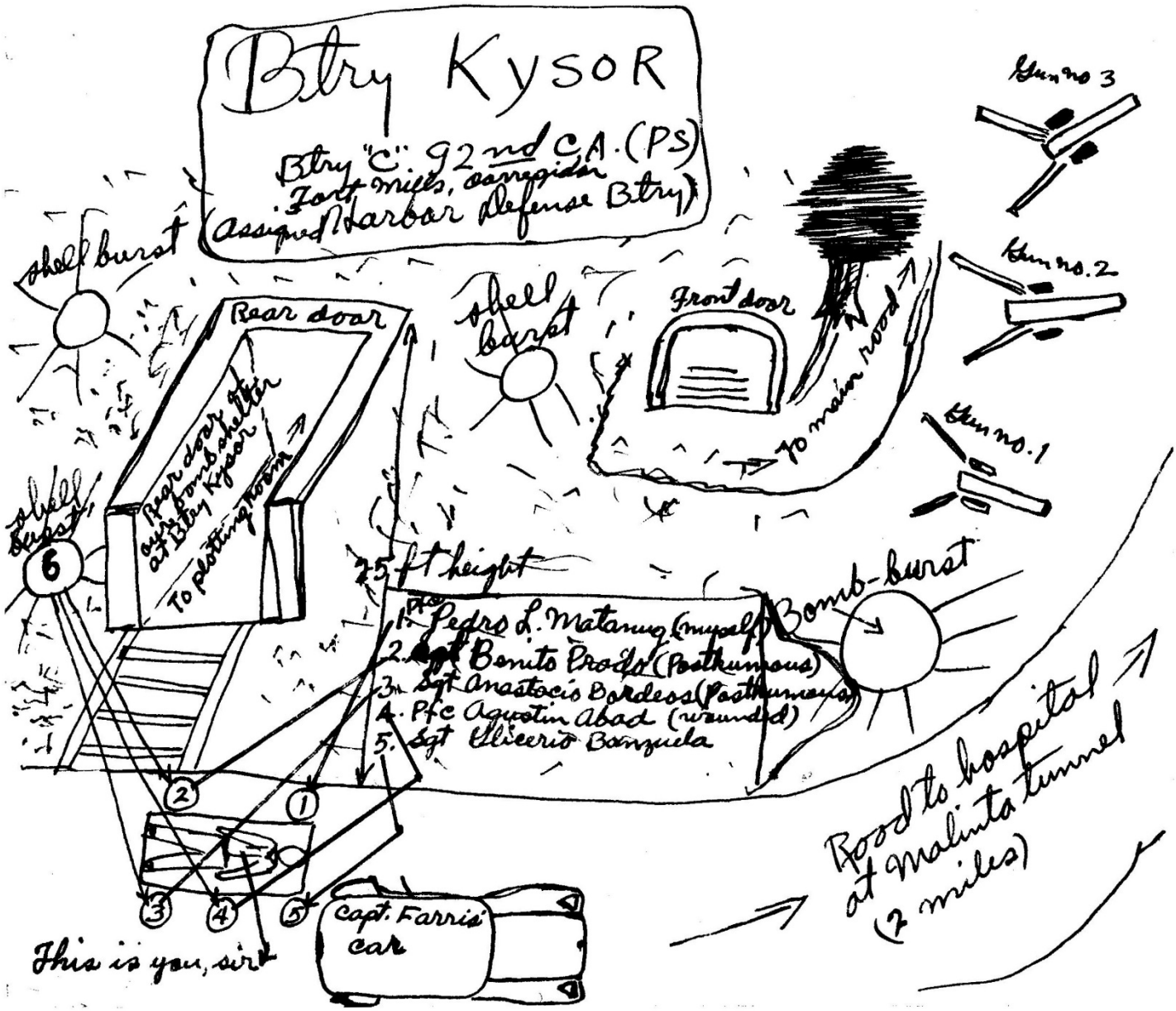
NOTE: Matanug, in *The Story*, notes Lt. Augur's injury was to his right leg. In fact, he was hit in the left leg, which later later had to be amputated just above the knee in the Malinta Tunnel hospital.



Actual drawing done by Pedro L. Mataug, a Filipino Scout who was a member of the Battery Kysor gun crew where Lt. Augur was executive officer. In a letter, written year after hostilities ended in the Pacific (see page opposite), Mataug described the action that took place under heavy artillery and aerial bombardment to move Augur to the Malinta Tunnel Hospital. Shells were raining in from big Japanese guns on the Bataan Peninsula, 1.5 miles across the North Channel entrance to Manila Bay, and from waves of Japanese planes overhead. Augur had been severely wounded (it would require amputation of his left leg two days later) while dashing from cover to rescue members of his gun crew during the bombardment. Two of the five men involved in the subsequent rescue of their officer died in the attempt, another was killed later in guerrilla action against the Japanese on Luzon, and a fourth died from tuberculosis while in captivity. This is a rare, graphic description of the horrors of war. Battery Kysor was armed with 155 mm guns aimed at Bataan. They originally were part of the 92nd Coast Artillery's tractor-drawn weapons batallion at Ft. Mills.

FROM: 1st Lt R. F. Auger, 0-301982
270th Co. 12th Repl. Bn. APO 70
% Postmaster, San Francisco Calif.

U.S. ARMY POSTAL
FEB 20 194
A.P.O.

Free
SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 5

V···— MAIL

TO: Mr. C. S. Symonds
708 West 33rd Street
Vancouver, Washington
U. S. A.

Granville May Dy.

FOLD HERE

FOLD HERE

V-Mail service provides a most rapid means of communication. If addressed to a place where photographing service is not available the original letter will be dispatched by the most expeditious means.

INSTRUCTIONS

(1) Write the entire message plainly on the other side within marginal lines.

(2) Print the name and address in the two spaces provided. Addresses of members of the Armed Forces should show full name, complete military or naval address, including grade or rank, serial number, unit to which assigned or attached and army post office in care of the appropriate postmaster or appropriate fleet post office.

(3) Fold, seal, and deposit in any post office letter drop or street letter box.

(4) Enclosures must not be placed in this envelope.

(5) V-Mail letters may be sent free of postage by members of the Armed Forces. When sent by others postage must be prepaid at domestic rates (3c ordinary mail, 6c if domestic air mail service is desired when mailed in the U. S.)

☆ GPO 16—28143-4

Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Mr. C. S. Symonds
708 West 33rd St.
Vancouver, Wash.
U. S. A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM
1st Lt. R. F. Auger, O-301982
270th Co. 12th Repl. Bn.
APO No 70
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

(Sender's complete address above)

Feb. 15, 1945

Dear Gramp:

First chance to drop you a line about what is going on. As you know we were released from Jap custody a few days ago and there is no happier group of people in the service than we. The big item now is chow and we are really stowing it away. Going thru the line each server puts out a big serving and then says "enough sir?" and if it isn't all you want all you need do is say "No" and more is added at once. We have all been issued new shoes and clothing and it sure is a pleasure to have some good stuff to wear instead of just a bunch of patched up rags. Pay day today! Drew the first Yank money in a long time. Have an urge to spend but there is nothing to buy.

This rest camp, which is what it is for us, is the first step on the way home and it is expected that the first group leaves for home tomorrow so who knows that I may get back stateside before even this letter and so until that time, keep em rolling and will see you soon.

Bob Auger

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY V···—MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

☆ U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1943 16—28143-5

(Transcript of hand-written V-Mail letter (see opposite) to C.S. Symonds (Grandpa) in Vancouver, Wash., written ten days after being liberated from the Japanese prison camp at Old Bilibid, Manila. Robert was still in The Philippines, probably at San Carlos, south of Manila, awaiting the next stop on his island-hopping on a ten-day journey back to the United States.)

FROM: 1st Lt. R.F. Augur, O-301982
270th Co., 12th Replacement Bn.
APO N70
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

TO: Mr. C.S. Symonds
708 West 33rd St.
Vancouver, Wash.
U.S.A.

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Bob Augur

Capt. Augur (second from left) with three of his Corregidor comrades in a portrait taken in a studio in Norristown, Pennsylvania, circa 1946. Major C.A. McLaughlin of Philadelphia, who was on General Wainwright's command staff on Corregidor, is second from right. Lt. Drayton L. Drachenberg of Rosenberg, Texas, an Army Air Force pilot, is on the right. Drachenberg, whose plane was destroyed at Clark Field in the early days of the war, joined the ground troops and was among the valiant defenders of Bataan. He made it to Corregidor and helped lead the last-ditch battle against Japanese infantry and tanks. He spent the rest of war in Old Bilibid as a prisoner with Capt. Augur. The Signal Corps officer on the left is unidentified.

4AA School 625
Ft. Bliss, Texas
7 July 1946

Dear Bob,

It indeed was good to hear from you and that you are getting around even if it is on a g.d. peg leg. It did my heart good to hear last October that you were OK. Do you remember a letter addressed to me while under Jap control and passing through your hands and on which you wrote 'hello Steve' under the Jap sticker. Well, I received that letter in Zentsuji, on the island of Shikoku. It was a letter in itself.

Had I known you were in Washington, I certainly would have dropped in. I had occasion to pass through several times last spring. If chance brings me within hailing distance I'll make it a point to drop in and say hi.

Now a little about myself. I returned to the states on October 15. A little over a month later I married Anne from my hometown. April 26 I finished TOY and ~~[illegible]~~ since then have been taking a five school orientation course for Ex POW Officers course. So far, I have covered three schools, the Armored, Infantry, and Field Artillery. Tomorrow, the AAA school

begins. Incidently Bob Lawlor, Neville Grow, and H. Harding are on this course. All are looking fine as are their wives. Also met Dave Yates at Benning. He transferred into the Infantry and at present is stationed there. Charles Pace was lost as you know, and I've tried to get in touch with his parents but have been unable to do so, even through the A.G.O. Do you happen to remember his home town? If you do, let me know.

Give my regards to the better half and best of luck to both of you.

Sincerely,

Steve

If you write to my home address, it will always reach me. Do drop me a line now and then.

Pace, Chas. A.

902 Carolina Ave

Roanoke, Va.

A gathering around Bob Augur's bed (he's fourth from right) at the Army's Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco appears to be a celebration of recently released prisoners-of-war and Army nurses who likely accompanied them on the roundabout homeward journey by air transport from the South Pacific. The photo is dated on the back March 3, 1945. The plane carrying a group of recently released prisoners of the Japanese in Manila landed at nearby Fairfield Air Force Base in the early morning hours of March 1. So this was the third day home for men who had endured 32 months of captiivity and likely the first opportunity to celebrate.

ARMY SERVICE FORCES
NINTH SERVICE COMMAND
LETTERMAN GENERAL HOSPITAL
San Francisco, California

26 February 1945.

LETTER OF INTEREST TO LIBERATED ARMY PERSONNEL

1. The policy of the War Department is to afford you every opportunity for recuperation and rehabilitation. Upon completion of processing at this Hospital and dependent upon your physical condition, you will be permitted to visit your home, or designated place of your choice, for a period of sixty days, on Temporary Duty. This period may be extended an additional thirty days, if you so desire, by submitting a request to The Adjutant General, US Army, Washington, D.C.

2. At the expiration of the period of your temporary duty, you will be ordered to whichever of the following Redistribution Stations you may choose:

ASF & AGF	AAF
Hot Springs, Ark.____	AAF Redistribution Ctr. #1, Atlantic City, N.J.____
Santa Barbara, Calif.____	AAF Redistribution Ctr. #2, Miami, Fla.,____
Lake Placid, N.Y.____	AAF Redistribution Ctr. #3, Santa Monica, Calif.____
Atlantic City, N.J.____	AAF Redistribution Ctr. #4, Santa Ana, Calif.____
Miami, Fla.____	AAF Redistribution Ctr. #5, Richmond, Va.____
Asheville, N.C.____	

Redistribution Stations afford the finest hotel accomodations. You will stay at the Redistribution Station for a period of not less than two weeks, at the expiration of which time you will be reassigned. You will be given your choice of stations and will be assigned accordingly in so far as practicable.

3. Your stay at the Redistribution Station is at no expense to you, and in addition you will be permitted two Invitational Guests whose expenses, including travel, will also be borne by the War Department.

4. During your stay at Letterman General Hospital you will be given a medical examination and coded. You will be paid in full and will be supplied with new uniforms and other equipment. In addition to the above, provisions will be made for necessary clothing alterations, luggage, insignia, and barber shop facilities. Arrangements have also been made for gratis long distance telephone calls, ~~and for the quartering of relatives who live close by and who may desire to visit you during your stay.~~ However, due to the shortness of your stay here, it is not advisable for relatives to come from any great distance because of the expense involved, traffic conditions, etc. Provisions have also been made for processing claims for loss of personal property.

5. During your stay here, you are encouraged to ask questions of your Ward Surgeon, Red Cross, or officials of this hospital so that every effort can be made to add to your pleasure and convenience while at Letterman General Hospital.

26 February 1945.
Continued.

6. After carefully reading this letter, you will kindly fill out the attached "Questionnaire for Liberated Army Personnel" (Inclosure #1) and turn the completed form over to your Ward Surgeon at the earliest practicable moment after your arrival at Letterman General Hospital.

7. If you wish to have Invitational Guests (not to exceed two) accompany you from the place you elected to spend your 60 days Temporary Duty to the Redistribution Station of your choice, but at the present time you are not prepared to make your decision, it is requested that you fill out the letter "Subject: Invitational Travel Orders" (Inclosure #2), in duplicate, and mail it to The Adjutant General, US Army, Washington, D.C., not later than 15 days after you arrive at the place you elect to spend your 60 days Temporary Duty. If you definitely know, at the present time, the persons you desire as Invitational Guests, please enter their names in par 6 of Questionnaire (Inclosure #1).

The Japanese POW Story

A High School Presentation

by Vicki Creighton, 3939 Libby Road NE, Olympia, WA 98506

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following was submitted by Vicki Creighton, who writes, "I am the daughter of ex-POW John Creighton. My dad was a POW in Japan for 3-1/2 years. Last February (1995) my dad was asked to give a presentation about his experiences and his feelings about the bomb to a high school class studying WWII. He is still very emotional about his experiences, so I offered to do it. I am enclosing a copy of the presentation. I got a lot of the information out of your publication, plus using my dad's experiences. I use a combination of transparencies and video along with this presentation." She has given this presentation to several high school classes, the Olympia Rotary Club, and at the POW/MIA Recognition Day ceremonies at American Lake Medical Center, Tacoma. She keeps track of questions asked in high school classes, and those she can't answer she asks her dad and get back to the class. She had also asked for some feedback from an honors class she spoke to, and says, "Some of the letters bothered me and I wrote a reply."

Before we talk about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, allow me to set the stage for this event by telling you my dad's story. In this way, I will accomplish my main goal of presenting one story of a POW and how my dad not only survived the war, but also the bombs. You will find little on this subject written in your history books. You should know that the men who found themselves in these unfortunate circumstances were once young Americans like yourself. They endured great sufferings, loneliness and trauma in their effort to secure the freedoms that are taken for granted in this country today.

He was 18 years old when he was assigned to Corregidor, P.I., in early 1941. He was on Corregidor when Pearl Harbor was bombed.

Clark Field in the P.I. was bombed on Dec. 8, 1941. As at Pearl Harbor, the Japanese achieved complete tactical surprise. The first flight was followed almost immediately with a second formation which accomplished their mission almost entirely without resistance. Corregidor was bombed the first day, and was either bombed or shelled every day for six months until they were surrendered. On January 28, 1942, during a raid, a bomb landed right behind a shrapnel shelter where 31 men were. Two men standing at the openings at either end survived, but the other 29 died of concussion.

Nichols Field, also in the P.I., was heavily bombed on December 10. This single raid essentially eliminated Nichols Field. On December 12, a large flight of heavy bombers dropped their loads on the field, completely destroying the remaining facilities. Thereafter, on each day through December 24, there were air raids on Nichols Field. On December 24, most of the men were evacuated to Bataan. The defense of Bataan began officially on January 7, 1942.

The real tragedy on Bataan didn't begin with the surrender on April 9, 1942, and it didn't begin with the Death March which got underway on April 10. The real tragedy had its beginning in early January 1942 when it became necessary to drastically cut the food rations. Rations were cut again in February and March. With the loss of weight, the effect on the men was readily apparent. They were sick, lethargic, and unable to function in any kind of efficient military manner. Morale eroded. Medical supplies ran out, so malaria was widespread.

Finally, on April 9, without any medical supplies and suffering from malaria, weakened by hunger and low morale, an exhausted American Army could do no more but surrender to the Japanese forces. The calculated Japanese campaign of brutality against the battle-spent, hungry American and Filipino soldiers on Bataan began as soon as they surrendered. In what was thereafter known among its survivors as "the March of Death", U.S. and Filipino prisoners were marched in groups of 500 to 1,000 men, along the national road off Bataan toward San Fernando. Those marchers who still had personal belongings were stripped of them. The Japanese chopped the fingers off American officers to get at their gold West Point rings. One captain had some Japanese money, and for that they chopped his head off. Another officer was holding his men's money, white money. The Japanese took it and shot him. The Japanese slapped and beat them with sticks, as they marched along without food or water on a scorchingly hot day. A survivor of the Death March gave this description:

A Japanese soldier took my canteen, gave the water to a horse, and threw the canteen away. We passed a Filipino prisoner of war who had been bayoneted. Men recently killed were lying along the roadside, many had been run over and flattened by Japanese trucks. Patients bombed out of a nearby hospital, half dazed and wandering about in pajamas and slippers, were thrown into our marching column of prisoners. What their fate was I do not know. At 10 o'clock that night we were forced to retrace our march for two hours, for no apparent reason.

Before daylight the next morning, the 11th, we were awakened and marched down the road. Japanese trucks speeded by. A Japanese soldier on one of them swung his rifle and knocked an American prisoner unconscious beside the road. Through the dust clouds and blistering heat, we marched that entire day without food. We were allowed to drink dirty water from a roadside stream at noon. Some time later three officers were taken from our marching column, thrown into an automobile and driven off. I never learned what became of them.

Our guards repeatedly promised us food, but never produced it. The night of the 11th, we again were searched and then the march resumed. Totally done in, American and Fili-

Look for April 10th

pino prisoners fell out frequently, and three themselves moaning beside the roadside. The stronger were not permitted to help the weaker. We then would hear shots behind us.

Throughout the 12th, we were introduced to a form of torture which came to be known as the sun treatment. We were made to sit in the boiling sun all day long without cover. We had very little water. Many of us went crazy and several died. The Japanese dragged out the sick and delirious. Three Filipino and three American soldiers were buried while still alive.

On the 13th, each of those who survived was given a mess kit of rice. We were given another full day of sun treatment. At nightfall, we were forced to resume our march. We marched without water until dawn of April 14, and one 2-hour interval when we were permitted to sit beside the roadside.

The very pace of our march itself was a torture. Sometimes we had to go very fast, with the Japanese pacing us on bicycles. At other times, we were forced to shuffle along very slowly. The muscles of my legs began to draw and each step was an agony. I made that march of about 85 miles in six days on one mess kit of rice. Other Americans made the March of Death in twelve days, without any food whatever. Much of the time they were given the sun treatment along the way.

Another description of the Death March:

On their arrival at the southern tip of the Bataan Peninsula in 1942, the Japanese were amazed to find they had taken 76,000 prisoners. Their supply system could barely sustain their own men; the prisoners would have to be moved, most on a 65-mile footslog to the railhead, then to Camp O'Donnell, a former U.S. Army barracks near Clark Field Air Base.

Some of the captors deliberately set out to eliminate their prisoners. On April 11, several hundred Filipino officers and NCOs were tied up and killed by sword and bayonet. Killings continued when columns of Americans and Filipinos set out the same day for the railway. The Japanese guards beat them with rifle butts, and if they failed to get up, bayoneted them. Some groups of prisoners were deliberately run down by trucks. Day after day the columns staggered northwards - men with legs amputated hobbling on makeshift crutches; men crazed with malaria stumbling in erratic zigzags; men with amebic dysentery having blood and feces oozing down their legs. They were given no food, little water, and little rest.

Japanese brutality became more systematic. Guards singled out members of the Philippine Scouts who, if they escaped, might lead local resistance. Many were shot, bayoneted or beheaded. A few were forced to dig their own graves, then buried alive. Yet in other columns the guards treated their charges well throughout.

At the railhead, the prisoners were crammed into open trucks for the journey to Camp O'Donnell. Only about 54,000 reached the camp alive, and thousands more died of disease and malnutrition in the first few months of imprisonment.

Hardly had the Bataan garrison surrendered when Japanese batteries opened fire on Corregidor to begin the final 27-day siege of the island. One day's shelling did more damage than all the intermittent air attacks of the preceding three months. Areas that had been heavily wooded were entirely stripped. In some places not a stick, not a leaf was left. The beach defenses were demolished, the huge seacoast guns silenced, and the anti-aircraft batteries reduced to helplessness during the 27 days.

On April 9, the first Japanese artillery reached Cabcaben. In plain sight of the American on Corregidor, the battery opened fire on the island fortress. The first attack was answered promptly by the 155mm guns of Battery Kysor, located on the north shore of Corregidor. The shelling by troops on Corregidor had to cease because of the fear the American shells would fall on the hospitals, civilian camps, and friendly troops in Southern Bataan. The Japanese were moving in while they were moving out American troops simultaneously. Japanese aircraft, lacking targets on Bataan, turned their attention to Corregidor on April 9th. The silence of Corregidor's guns continued until April 12.

The Japanese soon had all the fixed installations pinpointed and could unleash accurate and devastating concentrations of fire on them at the first sign of activity. Most of their attention, however, was given to batteries Geary (where my dad was) and Way, because their high-angle fire and 670-pound personnel shells represented the greatest threat to the Japanese. Battery Way was soon reduced to two guns, and on the second of May, Japanese 240mm shells penetrated Geary's magazine, which blew up with an explosion that rocked the island and hurled the 10-ton barrels of the 12-inch mortars about like matchsticks. Another was blown through three feet of reinforced concrete into an adjoining powder magazine. Estimates of the casualties varied from eight to 27 men killed, with many more injured. The eight guns were ruined, the shells destroyed, and the entire battery reduced to rubble.

Keep in mind what Corregidor had for weapons. Most of the sea defense batteries were located on Topside. The 12" rifles of Batteries Wheeler and Crockett dated from 1895 while the 12" mortars in Geary and Way were older still - 1892 vintage. The American Springfield rifles dated back to 1903. The English Enfield rifles dated back to 1892. The shells were equally as old.

Perhaps the most alarming consequence of the Japanese bombardment was the damage to the power plant which operated the water pumps and searchlights, raised and lowered the big guns and supplies Malinta Tunnel with fresh air and light. Note: Corregidor was totally dependent on this power plant; fresh water had to be pumped from 21 deep wells on the island or barged across from Bataan. Fresh food could be preserved in the tropical climate of the Philippines only if held in cold storage; the large seacoast batteries, even though equipped with their own auxiliary power plants, relied heavily on the main power plants as the primary source of power; the Malinta tunnels were uninhabitable if they were not ventilated by power-driven blowers. The main tunnel, completed in 1932, was 1,450 feet long and 30 feet wide at its base. The walls arched up to a domed ceiling at a height of 20 feet. The

island's electrical railroad ran down through the center of the main tunnel. The tunnel housed a 300-bed hospital, storage, and connection to the Navy tunnel on the south side.

Although the situation on Corregidor was critical, matters were soon to get worse. On May 5, the troops on Corregidor could see landing barges approaching the island fortress. The Americans and Filipinos on the beach defenses met the enemy with every weapon they could muster. One two-gun 75mm battery near the tail of the island, just east of North Point, had never disclosed its position to the Japanese forces and opened fire, together with some 37mm guns, at a range of about 300 yards, on the incoming landing craft. At point-blank range they struck the surprised and confused Japanese, sank a number of boats and caused many casualties.

The troops on Corregidor never received any additional supplies of food, ammunition, or replacement personnel, although they were told repeatedly help was on the way. The situation of the Americans on Corregidor was critical. After surveying the military situation on the fortress, General Wainwright decided to surrender, in exchange for several thousand lives. He had concluded that nothing was to be gained by further resistance.

That day General Wainwright radioed the following message to President Roosevelt: *With broken heart and head bowed in sadness but not in shame, I report, that today I must arrange terms for the surrender of Manila Bay. Please say to the nation that my troops and I have accomplished all that is humanly possible and that we have upheld the best traditions of the United States and its Army. With profound regret and with continued pride in my gallant troops, I go to meet the Japanese commander.*

Though the Japanese had won an important victory, the American and Filipino troops had not given their lives in vain. For six months they had kept resistance alive in the Philippines, exacting heavy casualties from the enemy and immobilizing his forces. The Imperial Japanese Headquarters, which had originally placed the Philippines into a secondary place in the Japanese conquest plans, had to commit more planes than it had ever intended, to the struggle. Only after this costly commitment was the campaign brought to an end. During the six months required to accomplish this task, the American and Filipino troops had retained their tenacious hold on Manila Bay and denied its use to the enemy. This was their mission, and it had been accomplished. Only in the Philippines had the Japanese been halted, and in this successful, though hopeless, resistance lay the real importance of the Philippine campaign. It demonstrated that the Japanese were not invincible, that they could be stopped by determined men, ably led, even when the odds were heavily in the Japanese's favor. The epic of Bataan and Corregidor was a symbol of hope and beacon of success for the future. It was in this vein that President Roosevelt wrote to General Wainwright on the event of his surrender: *In every camp and on every naval vessel, soldiers, sailors, and marines are inspired by the gallant struggle of their comrades in the Philippines. The workmen in our shipyards and munitions plants redouble their efforts because of your example. You and your devoted followers have become a living symbol of our war aims and the guarantee of victory.*

The 12,000 American and Philippine soldiers were held at the 92nd Garage Area, Bottom Side, Corregidor, for 21 days awaiting the surrender of the entire Philippine Islands. On May 24, 1942, the prisoners of war were loaded into the holds of three vessels that were standing at the dock. They spent the night on board crowded in such a manner that it was impossible to stand or move about. On the morning of May 25, the transports pulled up anchor and sailed across Manila Bay to the shore opposite Pasay. There all the prisoners of war were made to embark the Japanese landing barges, where they moved in toward the beach. When the barges had approached near the shore, the prisoners were forced overboard in about four feet of water and obliged to make their way as best they could to shore, where they were assembled in columns of four.

From this point they were marched to Bilibid Prison, a distance of about five miles, herded and kept in the line of march by mounted Japanese cavalrymen. Only in exceptional cases were any of the groups allowed a rest period during the march. Many Filipino people along the road of march tried to deliver food, candy and cigarettes to the prisoners, but each attempt was met with a slap or a beating at the hands of the Japanese guards. This march through the main streets of Manila was forced upon the prisoners of war from Corregidor in an attempt to show the Filipino people that the Japanese people were a superior race and the white men were inferior to them.

The prisoners arrived in Bilibid during the afternoon of May 25. There were now about 12,000 prisoners in a place designed to accommodate 4,000 at the most. Each day a large group of the prisoners was evacuated to Cabanatuan prison camp in northern Luzon.

My dad was interned at Cabanatuan, Camp 3. The camp was filthy and overcrowded. In one instance, three chickens were issued for 500 men. The Japanese continued to beat working prisoners. My dad's work consisted of retrieving wire from telephone poles. He became sick with dengue, dry and wet beriberi, dysentery, pellagra, and Guam blisters. When he recovered, he was assigned to burial detail.

There are many accounts of brutalities and atrocities. This brutality manifested itself in an almost sadistic refusal to permit the prisoners to lead even a semblance of a decent existence so far as food, clothing, living quarters and almost every other phase of everyday life. But it also showed itself in specific acts of physical cruelty, inflicted sometimes in punishment of minor infractions of rules, but almost more frequently apparently for the sheer pleasure of inflicting a spiteful and cruel vengeance on the Americans.

The guards kicked and beat the prisoners on the slightest excuse. Several prisoners who attempted to escape were executed. Japanese administrators instituted the so-called "shooting squad" order, where they created groups of ten

men. If one escaped, the other nine would be executed. Prisoners who attempted to barter with the Filipinos for food and medicine were also executed, after having first been tied to a fence post inside the camp area for two days. Some of the most common methods of torture visited daily on practically every detail were slapping contests, in which the Americans were forced to slap each other for indeterminate periods of time; "endurance tests" in which they were forced to stand in the hot sun for a half hour or longer holding a 50-pound stone over their heads or to kneel down for the same length of time with a 2x4 board under their knees.

As a teenager, the author of the book *Chow-Dipper* manned an anti-aircraft gun on Corregidor. Here is what happened to three friends who escaped from his prison camp: *Within a matter of days, the men were brought back into camp and staked out in full view of others to undergo their punishment. Three poles were set up, one for each prisoner. Each was forced into a half-standing, half-kneeling position with his hands tied behind the pole and his feet to the base. They could neither sit nor stand. Thus they remained bareheaded under a blazing sun for two days, while Japanese guards taunted, kicked and beat them. Early on the morning of the third day, they were paraded through the camp and then, at sunrise, and standing before their own graves, shot.*

On November 7, 1942, my dad was transported to Japan on the hellship Nagato Maru. The following is a true chronicle of the travel orders from the Philippines to Japan issued by the Commander of the Prisoner Escort Navy of the Great Japanese Empire.

1. The prisoners disobeying the following orders will be punished with immediate death.

a. Those disobeying orders and instructions..

b. Those showing a motion of antagonism and raising a sign of opposition.

c. Those disobeying the regulations by individualism, egoism, thinking only about yourself, rushing for your own goods.

d. Those talking without permission and raising loud voices.

e. Those walking and moving without order.

f. Those carrying unnecessary baggage in embarking.

g. Those resisting mutually.

h. Those touching the boat's materials, wires, electric lights, tools, switches, etc.

i. Those climbing ladder without order.

j. Those showing action or running away from the room or boat.

k. Those trying to take more meal than given to them.

l. Those using more than two blankets.

2. Since the boat is not well equipped and inside being narrow, food being scarce and poor, you'll feel uncomfortable during the short time on the boat. Those losing patience and disordering the regulation will be heavily punished for the reason of not being able to escort.

3. Be sure to finish your 'nature's call'. Evacuate the bowels and urine before embarking.

4. Meal will be given twice a day. One plate only to one prisoner. The prisoners called by the guard will give out the meal quick as possible and honestly. The remaining prisoners will stay in their places quietly and wait for your plate. Those moving from their places reaching for your plate without order will be heavily punished. Same orders will be applied in handling plates after meals.

5. Toilets will be fixed at the four corners of the room. The buckets and cans will be placed. When filled up, a guard will appoint a prisoner. The prisoner called will take the buckets to the center of the room. The buckets will be pulled by the derrick and be thrown away. Toilet paper will be given. Everyone must cooperate to make the room sanitary. Those being careless will be punished.

6. Navy of the Great Japanese Empire will not try to punish you all with death. Those obeying all the rules and regulations, and believing the action and purpose of the Japanese Navy, cooperating with Japan in constructing the "New Order of the Great Asia" which lend to the world's peace will be well treated.

He was in the second group of prisoners, arriving in Japan on Thanksgiving Day. Hellships are described as cargo ships where the American POWs were forced to stay in the hold for the entire trip across the South China Sea on their way to be used as slave laborers in Japan or occupied China. The conditions inside the ships were deplorable. Body waste was kept in a bucket which was raised only once a day and it often spilled over into the faces of the men beneath who were packed so closely that they could not lay down. Food and water were often lowered in the same bucket. Within a few days of the voyage, the men were so dehydrated from lack of water and dysentery that there was no longer any reason to fill the refuse buckets. The ship had 1,700 POWs. Seven men died enroute; 150 men left on the dock when they arrived in Japan were never seen again.

My dad was first interned in Osaka. Many prisoners were put to work by the Japanese as the camp was located in a highly industrialized area. They were forced to work in Imperial shipyards, making parts for transports, cruisers and destroyers for the Japanese government. My dad worked in the smelter. During this time he suffered from amebic dysentery, dysentery, malnutrition causing the loss of 100 pounds, double pneumonia and was unable to walk for six months.

The POWs wore breechcloths, which were simply strips of cloth worn around the loins. In essence, they were nearly naked most of the time. For punishment, the Japanese would make the POWs stand at attention and would beat the POWs on the back with a stick made from a piece of bamboo about three inches wide and four feet long with quarter inch holes drilled in it. When the stick hit the back, it would pop holes in the skin. The POWs had running or oozing sores on their backs. The sores rarely got a chance to heal before another beating took place. Approximately 450 men arrived there. During the first winter, over one half died from pneumonia, malaria, starvation, beatings, and other mistreatment.

My dad was later moved to Oeyama Bunsho, Suzu, Japan, in May 1945. The camp consisted of a number of drafty wood huts, constructed of thin timber framework, with mud and straw plaster on the outside, and roofs of pine bark. The

POWs slept on a raised platform of wood. There was a wood burning stove in each hut, providing barely enough heat during the wet and snowy weather. The camp had a poorly equipped infirmary and very limited medical supplies. Many of the POWs at this camp did not survive the hard physical labor and lack of adequate and nourishing food, which caused severe cases of malnutrition and vitamin deficiency diseases. The inhuman camp commandant, a short stocky man who spoke to POWs only through an interpreter, was charged and found guilty of atrocities at the war crimes trials, and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment. Another hated individual was a Japanese sergeant who was accused of beating POWs who were too sick to work. Oeyama was considered one of the worst POW camps in Japan.

Japan considered either death or victory to be the ultimate honor and being taken a prisoner the greatest shame and degradation. Consequently, prisoners of war incarcerated by the Japanese were harshly treated. They were made to work under extreme conditions and suffered from disease and malnutrition.

In early 1945, Japan was near defeat. Although they had 4.5 million troops in Japan, in the Pacific, and China and in Manchuria, their air power and fleet were drastically reduced and their supply lines had been cut off. By the end of July 1945, over one half of the city of Tokyo had been destroyed and many other cities were leveled by strategic bombing. President Harry S. Truman, in an attempt to save further thousands of lives, both Japanese and American, made the decision to bring the war to a conclusion with the atomic bomb.

Japan had rejected America's ultimatum of unconditional surrender of destruction. America's Pacific casualties were already 170,596 to reach Japan's out perimeter and our B-29 raids over Tokyo had killed 225,000 Japanese. According to Japanese Samurai beliefs, the glories of war are victory or death. They had 5,350 Kamikaze pilots ready and willing to crash their planes into our troops and ships. They had an army of 5-6 million who wanted to stage one great battle on Japanese soil, even though ultimate defeat was certain.

On August 6th, the first bomb fell on Hiroshima, and on August 9th, the second was dropped on the city of Nagasaki. The following was written by a U.S. Marine:

Stay of Execution - the Atom Bomb

The invasion of Japan was not far away,
and death edging closer with each passing day
All POWs were to be destroyed before the invasion attack,
to eliminate any danger so close to their back
The Camp Commander had orders for his deed to be done,
an unspeakable act sanctioned by the Rising Sun.

Then a new type of bomb hurtled down from the sky,
a city destroyed, and thousands would die
A few days passed; a peace treaty was spurned,
another bomb was dropped, and a tragic lesson was learned.
Japan's leaders were shocked, they could no longer depend
on their military forces to fight to the end.
We did not know of this bomb, and could not realize
the effect this weapon would now have on our lives
While true, Japan had ordered the death of these men,
it magnified Pearl Harbor all over again
Now they were faced with the defeat of their nation,
Unconditional surrender, or complete devastation.

The death threat now faded from our innermost fears,
and Freedom reigned again after many long years.
The slave labor was gone that endangered our men,
and we grieved for those we left, and would not see again.
We can think back now, and thank God in His Grace,
that the bomb brought peace,and no executions took place.

(Japanese documents listed the execution date as August 29, 1945)

Our joint chiefs estimated the atomic ending of the war saved over a million lives. Barbara Bush quoted in her book: *Many of our friends were dying. VE Day came and went, and yet the Japanese fought on. The atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Horrid as those bombs were, they saved many, many American and Japanese lives. I always respected Harry Truman for making that courageous decision. I was also very grateful.*

A former POW working twelve-hour day or night shifts in a coal mine at Omini Machi at the time had been told by guards that "all men die" if American forces landed in Japan. He was less than 60 miles from Hiroshima when the atomic bomb was dropped. He said in a February 1987 letter to the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune:* "I give my blessing to anyone opposed to nuclear madness, but let's not confuse the issue."

On August 14, 1945, Japan accepted the Allied terms of surrender. The formal document of surrender was signed on Sept. 2, 1945, on the deck of the battleship USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay. The camp where my dad was interned was liberated in early September 1945.

The brutal treatment of prisoners of war by the Japanese Armed Forces has left mental as well as physical scars on the survivors of its prisoner of war camps. The full story relating to the severe abuse of prisoners of war by the Japanese government has never been revealed. There are very few photos available to document the abuse. The former prisoners of war have never been able to describe this treatment to anyone. This group of survivors, even today, cannot believe that one human being could mistreat another in the manner the Japanese did to their prisoners of war, nor can they believe the highest leadership in the Japanese Empire condoned this mistreatment.

Before the decision to drop the atomic bomb was made, all available intelligence was considered by President Truman's advisors. While some were not in favor of its use, the majority felt it was necessary to stop the war before American military personnel had to invade Japan. The estimation of the casualties to American and allied forces was very high, and there was no doubt that all prisoners of war

would be murdered before they could be rescued. The projected number of casualties was 500,000 to 1 million.

Now, fifty years later and with a great deal more known about actual facts (gathered from both sides of the conflict), there are those who way the casualties for allied troops would not have been as great. Those decisions had to be made in 1945, not in 1995, and they had to be made with the knowledge they had then. It is sad that so many died in the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. However, the Japanese government was given the opportunity to stop the war before those bombs were dropped. When it was evident that the Japanese government was not going to surrender, pamphlets were dropped at the site. The warning went unheeded.

While 1995 was the fiftieth anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bombs and the beginning of the nuclear era, it was also the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the war, both in Europe and in the Pacific, and the fiftieth anniversary of the release of those few surviving prisoners of war who had been so cruelly treated from the spring of 1942 until the summer of 1945.

Letter from WWII POW to a student

Dear Young American:

This is your flag. You know that, of course. You salute it in your classroom. It flies over your school, over your public buildings, your parades, parks and playgrounds. You honor it in your church or synagogue. It flies, too, from your own front porch, in your back yard, on the scout camp pole.

Yes, you recognize the Stars and Stripes. But is it saying something to you? Doing something for you? Are you angered when you see it defiled or ridiculed? Does your heart throb? Do your eyes glisten with tears when you behold it unfurled in the breeze? Or is patriotism perhaps like religion? You don't know if you've "got it" until you need it?

I was once a young American, too, and no more or less patriotic than you. I pledged allegiance to the flag and I san "The Star Spangled Banner" as best I could. Until...Hitler raised a heavy hand and smashed his fist into the heart of Europe...until Japan directed a savage attack on our shores. I was catapulted into a wartime world I could never have imagined.

I became soldier, sailor, airman, marine. My brother, my buddy and I followed our flag as it billowed against the gray of sky and sea and battleship. We saw the colors ground into the sands of North Africa; shredded on the coral of Corregidor; bloodied on Omaha Beach. My brother raised that flag on Iwo Jima! My buddy cried when he sighted the flag flying over his England air base as he, and too few of his comrades, returned from a raid. A brother kept his eye on a tattered flag from battle to battle until his battles were no more. And for a buddy it was the last blanket to cover his body before it was buried in foreign soil or slipped into a watery grave.

And I...I watched our flag until it was no longer there to watch. I parachuted from a flaming B-17 over Germany, was surrendered to an overpowering army on Bataan. I was marched along at bayonet point; I was transported like an animal to a "stalag" or a jungle camp. Guarded, taunted, barricaded — I was a prisoner of war. For days, months, and year after endless year, I existed under a flag that boasted either a rising sun of the Nazi swastika.

What my captors failed to realize is that although they shaved my head, starved my body, deprived my soul and denied me basic human rights, an American flag fluttered on in my heart. Pride in what the "red, white and blue" stands for buoyed my spirit. God watched over me, my compatriots sustained me...and I survived.

Can you understand what a blessed, beautiful sight that flag was to me when I viewed it at last in New York? San Francisco? Why that flag WAVED to me from sea to shining sea, beckoning me back to my farm, my shop, my career, my family. That flag CRIED OUT to me, "LOOK...LOOK... I am flying still...I always will!" I did look. I wept. I thanked the Lord above for returning me home to this good land.

And now, my young American friend, will you do something for me? Take another look... a good hard look... at that flag! Thank you.

Ex-Prisoner of War

My dad is haunted each and every day of his life with his memories of the war and POW camp. My dad, along with countless other men, gave of their youth, and fought at great personal sacrifice so that they and you can enjoy your freedom today. It is my sincere hope that, considering the history I've shared with you today, you will leave with a somewhat different look at and appreciate what Memorial day, Veterans Day, 4th of July and POW/MIA Recognition Day really stand for. It is my hope that each of you, in a small way, take a piece of history with you. When these celebrations are held each year, you can remember and proudly say that you know a real WWII veteran and former POW who truly is an unsung hero. My dad has asked that I close this presentation with the following comments.

On May 12, 1962, General Douglas MacArthur was awarded the Sylvanus Thayer Medal, the highest honor of the United States Military Academy at Westpoint. In his speech, MacArthur made these remarks: "Duty-Honor-Country. Duty-Honor-Country. Those three hallowed words reverently dictate what you ought to be, what you can be, what you will be. They are your rallying points; to build courage when courage seems to fail; to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith; to create hope when hope becomes forlorn."

In 1951, MacArthur closed his military career with an address to Congress. He recited one of the most popular barrack ballads: "'Old soldiers never die. They just fade away....' I now close my military career and just fade away - an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty."

June 14 is Flag Day

THE

PRESIDENT

OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know Ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of Robert Frank Augur, *I do appoint him, temporarily,* Captain, *in*

The Army of the United States

such appointment to date from the second *day of* April, *nineteen hundred and* forty-five. *He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of the office to which he is appointed by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging.*

And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command when he shall be employed on active duty, to be obedient to his orders as an officer of his grade and position. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General or other Superior Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War.

This Commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States, for the time being, and for the duration of the present emergency and for six months thereafter unless sooner terminated.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-fourth *day of* March, *in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and* forty-seven, *and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and* seventy-first.

By the President:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
WAR OFFICE

Edward D. Nelson

Major General,
The Adjutant General.

Capt. Robert F. Augur and Anna Anderson were married April 28, 1945, at Mt. Tabor Presbyterian Church in Portland. The wedding took place eleven weeks after his liberation from a Japanese prison camp in Manila. Bob and Anna celebrated their 50th wedding anniverary on April 28, 1995. Anna passed away eight months later.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

Nov. 23, 1946

Hon. Carroll Reece, Chairman
Republican National Committee
1337 Connecticut Avenue NW
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Reece:

Now that the 1946 Congressional elections are a thing of the past I find my thoughts turning ever more constantly toward thoughts of the snow-capped peaks, the sparkling blue waters and the evergreen hills of the state of Oregon. At the same time I find that it is becoming increasingly necessary that I settle in some form of permanent vocation and start making up some of the time that I feel was lost during my five and a half years in the United States Army.

Please therefore consider this letter as my resignation as Director of Veterans' Activities for the Republican National Committee and National Executive Secretary of the Republican Veterans' League, both to be effective on the 30th of November.

I wish to say that I have thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the opportunity to serve with the Republican National Committee during the past several months and throughout the recent successfully concluded Congressional election campaign. It was an experience that I will not soon forget.

Should you desire to communicate with me at any time after the 15th of December I may be reached at 1936 SE 41st Ave., Portland, Oregon.

Respectfully submitted,

Robert F. Augur

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

1337 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, NORTHWEST • WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

TELEPHONE: ADAMS 9215

CHAIRMAN
CARROLL REECE

November 29, 1946

Mr. Robert F. Augur, Director
Veterans Activities
Republican National Committee
1337 Connecticut Avenue, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Bob:

As Chief of the Veterans Division at National headquarters, you have been a valuable member of the Staff which achieved a great victory for the people on November fifth, and I am deeply appreciative of your service.

We will miss you at headquarters and I regret to know you feel that your personal situation requires you to resign and return to Portland.

Although your letter of resignation is effective on November thirtieth, I feel that your salary should be paid for the month of December and I am so advising Mr. Bacher.

You have done a wonderfully fine job not only in helping to organize the veterans in the campaign, but also in the general campaign work, and I hope that at least in the campaign in 1948 you will be available to work with us again in some appropriate capacity.

I wish for you the highest success in your new association in Oregon and I hope that you continue to enjoy good health.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

Carroll Reece

CR:bb

BOWER

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October 30, 1976

Dear Bob:

Although we haven't officially let you retire as yet, we want to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for your valued services since joining our company in January, 1969.

The year 1969 was our first million-dollar revenue year and in a very real way was the beginning of significant growth in our organization. Your traffic knowledge has proved invaluable to us and your services allowed Mitch to concentrate his efforts in other areas to promote more growth. We have also been most appreciative of your cheerful willingness to assist us in many ways, particularly on a part-time, as needed basis the last couple of years.

With sincere thanks from us all, please accept this plaque which we hope will be a reminder of our appreciation. Also, for you and your wife, Anne, who has tolerated our demands on your retirement time, please accept the enclosed check which we trust will assist you on your trip to Florida next week. We hope the memories of this evening and your trip will remain with you for many years to come.

Our sincere best wishes to both of you, and we hope to see you at many more company functions in the future.

Mitchell Bower, Jr.
President

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ROBERT AUGUR COLLECTION & BIBLIOGRAPHY

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LIEUT. ROBERT F. AUGUR
92nd Coast Artillery
Fort Mills, Corregidor
Philippine Islands

March 9, 1941

Dear Mom:

Well, well, here it is Sunday again, just lacking one day of being a month since we arrived out here and there have been plenty of things happen since then and perhaps I can touch on a few of them and bring things a bit up to date.

[redacted] place, [redacted]. There is enclosed [redacted] has [redacted] Air [redacted] am sending [redacted] to [redacted] and a couple of gas stations, paying them in full. Pacific Finance is getting payments for Feb.Mar.and April installments also via Air and I have already arranged for insurance to cover any damage to the car. State and Federal income taxes are being paid by straight mail as I am including a certificate to cover late receipt in the states of remittances. I am writing Stovall, straight mail to get an offer for cash settlement and am also writing LaSalle straight mail and sending a remittance to them to get that going again and I think that will straighten up everyone but Sportscraft and if you will tell me what the balance is there I think that can be taken care of too eventually.

I have not heard much, other than a note from Sister Anna saying that she had heard from you, about your Catalina excursion and whether or not you fully enjoyed thataand would like to hear more about that sometime.

Most people are usually interested right off in the weather and so I presume that I might as well get that subject off right now. We have not had a bit of rain since we got in here. Things are pretty green however as there is an awful lot of moisture in the air all the time with the relative humidity running up into the percentages around 85 and 90 quite regularly. The temperatures meanwhile have been quite hight too, not having been below 70 degrees since arrival and they usually run the thermometer up to 95 or better most every day. Every morning we put on a clean uniform, all stiffly starched an go out to work. Being out in the sun for a short time, not necessarily doing anything strenuous, before you know it you will find your clothes sticking to your body all over and then soon they are wet thru and needless to say the next morning you have on another clean uniform. We all have at least three of these outfits an it takes the houseboys quite a bit of time (they are slower than molasses anyway) just to keep up with your useage of uniforms.

Speaking of uniforms and clothing, since arrival I have aquired an entirely new wardrobe which includes a white, formal, military mess jacket with white vest, worn with black tux trousers and a stiff front shirt, with gold shoulder knots and stuff all over the thing; a white dress uniform, for casual wear after 5:00 PM, with white short and black four in hand tie; a white sharkskin, double breasted dinner coat, for informal wear with black tux trousers (double breasted so as not to

have to wear the cummerbund, a white sharkskin civilian suit to wear when (and if) you go over to Manila and a civilian mess jacket, worn with white shirt and bow tie and black tux trousers with black belly band to keep things in trim. Then, for sports wear, I have accumulated a collection of white shorts and terry cloth polo shirts and white tennis shoes and a swell terry cloth sports jacket, white with red trim. I have also accumulated (if I may use the word that way) a pair of white buckskin shoes that fit like a glove, having been made to measure by the chinese shoe shop on the post ata cost of $4.75.

Enough of that however. Over in one corner of the room there is a steel can about 15" in diameter, standing four feet tall and in this can, protected by about three pounds of moth flakes and sealed in with a pressure lid fitting against a heavy rubber gasket, is my collection of states woolen clothing, every part of it, uniform and all, which I hope I will be able to use again after a while.

Shortly after arrival out here we were issue a book, of 209 pages, containing the post "Standing Orders", covering a multitude of sins and being orders for the administration of personnel and civilians on the island and quite complete in most particulars. This book is supposed to be read and studied and we are suppose to become familiar with the entire thing within 30 days of arrival, reporting by letter to Headquarters when familiarity point is reached. So far I have been so busy that I have read thru to page 52. The battalion that I am assigned to has also put out one of these sets of standing orders to govern personnel in their control. This set covers 32 pages of legal size, closely typed regulations and I have read about five pages of that. Oh lordy what next? There is one paragraph in the Post book that starts out with "cockroaches can be kept under control". Nice reading.

Every day the post headquarters puts out what we call a "Poop sheet" a copy is attached. This thing shows orders for the day which govern all personnel and a copy is delivered to our quarters each noon for digestion.

The first paragraph always refers to the harbor boat schedule and shows the weeks advance sailing times on the boats between here and Manila. [redacted] and haul passengers and [redacted] details of guards for the post and as you can see this is no small matter. On most posts officers with rank of Major and better are excused, but out here everyone but the General himself, and certain Quartermaster officers who wouldn't know how to handle a gun anyway, are subject to call for guard duty and it is really a chore and a tough one due to the number of checks that have to be made in the course of a nights tour of the posts being guarded.

The other paragraphs of the bulletin change from day to day and are just used for the publication of orders and information as it arises. On most posts, firing of practices by a gun battery, such as that covered by paragraph 5, is an event to be attended by lots of spectators, but out here there is firing going on most every day, except during the rainy season, and people do not pay much attention to it unless they are directly concerned.

Water around this place is always a problem. There are two complete

systems, one with fresh water in it, for washing clothes and taking baths and stuff (but not for drinking) and the other with salt water in it for flushing toilets and other cleaning uses. Both systems are constantly going haywire and today the salt water system here in our quarters is shut off and we flush the toilets by hollering for our house boy and saying "flush! flush! pronto!" He comes running with a bucket of fresh water and pours and bingo. Last week we were out of this salt water system useage for two days and developed the above system for flushing. The fresh water system is much more reliable, not having been haywire in our quarters since we arrived, apparently the water does not rust out the pipes as quickly.

Once a month the Quartermaster computes and publishes the value of the ration for the month and all soldiers battery organizations are governed by this publication and have to govern their eating accordingly as it determines the amount of food they can get thru the quartermaster. This ration value is set back in Washington for the entire Army and is changed within districts only enough to cover certain local price differences on staple items such as fresh fruits and fresh meats and milk and stuff. The Filipino ration always runs about half of that allowed for American soldiers and yet the Filipino in the Army always, even at that, looks much better fed and is better developed than his neighbors on the outside. Of course they are smaller and do not consume as much food as a big American but that does not cover the entire difference, so I guess there is a difference too in the cost of the foods they use in their messes.

I think that you knew that I was originally assigned to a searchlight battery of the 60th Coast Artillery on arrival here. Well, yesterday I moved from this assignment to another. Instead of being the junior Lieutenant in a battery of 90 American soldiers I am now the commanding officer of a battery of 105 Filipino soldiers, E Battery of the 92nd Coast Artillery. This battery is one of two in what is known as the Guard Battalion of the 92nd and our primary job is the guarding of some 900 civil prisoners, the majority of them convicted of murder, who are quartered on the island under an arrangement between the Army and the Philippine government. They do all the dirty work here on the post, garbage, trench digging, cleaning up weeds and leaves and stuff and certain construction work and of course when these working parties go out they are guarded by soldiers from the guard battalion equipped with shot guns loaded and primed with buck shot. We have as secondary assignment the manning of two 155 MM guns set up to shoot over part of the harbor entrance and man these guns in the event of a surprise attack on the island. In the event of outbreak of war we have three 6" disappearing carriage harbor defense guns to man so, from being an anti-aircraft man I am now being transposed into a combination prisoner guard, heavy gun, harbor defense man and about all that I can say for it so far is that it is an experience that can only be had out here at Corregidor. More about this outfit in later letters.

Now about our housekeeping. There are three of us first looeys occupying the upper floor of a two story, two family dwelling and we each have a bedroom to ourselves and split two bathrooms between us and share alike the useage of the dining room and living room (but do not use either of the latter two much due to lack of furniture). Never thought I would begin to worry about lack of furniture without first having acquired a wife. We have a large rund (round) black dining

room table furnished by the Quatrermaster with ten dining room chairs, made of Philippine mahogany and with cane seats, they are brown mahogany ~~colr~~color. We also have a nice large book case, with glass doors and with a 4 ounce bottle of mucilage and a couple of California road maps in it. We have a large black dining room buffet over against the other wall to balance the emtpy, almost, nook case and the buffet is also empty, except for some Quartermaster furnished rat turds and a little termite dust. These thirteen pieces of furniture are strictly for show. Then we each have a set of bureau drawers and a quartermaster bed and some other miscellaneous junk in our rooms and are gradually accumulating pictures of pretty girls for wall decorations. One of us has a radio, another furnishes the shoe polish and I furnish the soap. Out on the back porch we have a quartermaster ice box that we use to keep a small bottle of drinking water in. The QM sends a detail around every day and they put 75 pounds of ice in. At night it is usually gone because the box is not air tight. We have two house boys working for the three or us at 18 pesos, nine dollars a month for each of the boys (one of them is 37 years old and has a family of 5 kids-he had six,but one died). The other is younger and now that he is working steady he is married (he took five days off last week to go home to get it done) and all in all there is plenty to laugh about if you can just see it in time.

We asked the chinese tailor to make up some curtains for us and a week later he came back with some brilliant things with the stripes running the wrong way. We said nix, he tried to argue but we could not see it his way so he finally took his striped curtains and went away muttering under his breath. Then, last week he came back again while none of us were home and hung a complete set of curtains for us, printed designs with large flower pattern and really the masculine type (I hope), but in any event, just what we wanted. That night he came back with a bill. We looked at it, it was for 40 pesos. "Too much" we said. "NO!NO!" he said "JUst right" and then we began haggleing and beating the price down.We got him down to 25 pesos and couldn't seem to budge him so then we said "OK, take your curtains out, too much money" and walked into the next room as tho refusing to buy at any price. We figured he would take his curtains and go because that price was about right and then of course it would be our turn to break and say "OK, leave them" but no, he apparently still had a little extra profit because next we knew he came into the room and said,"Okey Dokey, me loose money, me loose plenty money but you boys been good customers mine, I sell you for 20 pesos 60 centavos". Well of course that was really more than we expected so we grabbed it right now and the curtains are still up. $10.30 for 12 curtains, each about ~~fiers~~ five by six feet in size. These people around here always barg in like that. You can beat them down sometimes to a ridiculuously low figure but they just will not sell anything unless they make a profit so we keep beating down the price as long as we can.

Well, that must be about all for this time, so, till the next,

Adios.

Bob

GUARD BATTALION
BATTERY E, 92d COAST ARTILLERY (PS)
FORT MILLS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

July 20, 1941

Dear Mammy, Pappy, Grampy, Ruthie, Dotty, Barbie, Hazie, Ruthie A, Carolie, Suzie, Orvie, Keithy, Clancy, Davie, Orvie Jr., and anyone else who may happen to be around at the time or interested at all:

This will reply to nothing in particular nohow, I just wanted to see if I could remember all those names and now that I have done it (I have haven't I?) it does look like an awful long list for Christmas time, especially with Manila so far away and hard to get to for shopping or other purposes these days.

To start in I might as well go back thru a couple of your letters that I have here and answer any questions that may have been asked and straighten out there and then start traveling from that point. I was pleased to read that Aunt Elly was doing so well, living in the hotel where she could have plenty of care and not have to be out chasing around for herself and I imagine that makes Gramp feel quite a bit better too, knowing that she is being taken care of all right.

Ruth having had vacation from July 4to 13th, I presume that you are all home again and sitting around chewing the fat as usual, probably sunburned too, but then, I have no sympathy for you there for you should know enough by now to know better than to do that sort of stuff. Vacations are something that I (in common with a number of other people over here) am not thinking about at all right now as we are too deeply up to out necks or something in work and besides all that sort of thing, applications for leave are just returned marked "Disapproved" and that is no fun so why even try to get away till after it is all over over here.

Well, well, got a phone again. Now isn't that just ducky. "Ring! Ring! Is the lady of the house there? Good morning Madam. I represent the Crispy Cr unchy Cracker Crorporation and I wondered if you have heard about our new product, Crispy CrunchyCrazy Cracker, just put on the market? No? Well then let me tell you all about it --------- ------ and so on far into the night". Fine thing. Sorry! wrong number!

Any time Ruthie and Orvie run out of blood chase them over here. We have plenty and to spare. The Quartermaster has a number of mules on the job hauling scavenger wagons around this place and they have reached the place where they are better of dead than alive (certain ones at least) and they are being executed one by one down here in the prison stockade and of course that means that there is plenty of blood going down the drain pipe and out to the sea most every day for with 900 prisoners to feed, one mule a day does not go very far, so!

You speak of thunder, boy, you don't know what real thunder is yet! We had a storm over here the other night that just snuck up and hit us from behind. Along about two o-clock in the morning as we all were peacefully snoring away, BINGO! Came a clap of thunder right out of nowhere and it was so loud

and heavy that when I woke up I was out of the bed and standing in the middle of the floor. I guess we have had too many night alarms lately (we are getting to be like a bunch of firemen, putting our clothes over the back of a chair all ready to grab and jump into and all that sort of thing and packing a pistol just like the cowboys out west used to do darn near allthe time). Anyway, this first clap of thunder, bad as it was was just the beginning for the next was worse and as the storm reached its full fury the thunder itself was enough to rattle the house (and I don't mean maybe) then, naturally enough enough, it poured like Hell and the rain beat down on the roof (a tin roof) so hard that, had it been quiet except for that, it still would have been way too noisy to get bac k to sleep so the three of us just kicked around on our bunks till it stopped storming. What a night that was.

Gardenias are still blooming in profusion and they are all over the place, growing on bushes alongside the walk out in front of our quarters and of course we are still having a dozen or so of them on our table all of the time. The grass goes sky high over here in about a weeks time and it keeps a detail of p prisoners busy all the time just keeping the small amount of it around on our parade ground and officers querters area trimmed. The stuff just seems to shoot up out of the ground when the rains start and once it starts doesn't seem to know when to stop.

This place is getting to be more and more of an armed camp. For the past week now, the Army and Navy both have been busy out in the channels to the North and South of us, laying both contact and controlled mines and now the channel is closed except for a crooked course thru the north channel and all boats going or coming are escorted thru by a destroyer patrol and boy, they better behave too or else! I think that I have mentioned before that there are any number of anti-aircraft and seaward defense batteries on twenty four hour alert and other batteries, including mine, have certain emergency defense duties and are ready to go into action immediately. As a matter of fact, all ships and planes approaching are tracked by observers till their identity and course are thoroughly understood and if I were down there in one of them I would behave myself if I knew what I was about. We here on this little island of ours, although we do not have modern equipment, nor as much of it as we would like to have, do have every piece of it that we do have ready for action. Every battery has an ample supply of ammunition and powder stored right handy to the guns and, as a matter of fact, within this past week, ammunition has been issued to individual men so that there will be no delay at all in going into action either individually or as a team. The impression I get now is that we are like a tough kid, in that we have a chip on our shoulder and only wish that some one would come along and knock the thing off just so that we could see just about what we can do with what we have. At least if something should happen it would relieve the tension a little around here.

Thursday morning all the officers of the post attended a conference at the post theatre at which time the plans for defense against a surprise attack were reviewed in order that all might understand thoroughly just how they were to be worked out. The week before that we had another conference to study the plan to be followed in the event of a declaration of war before we were attacked and next week Thursday the plan to be studied will be the plan for defense against air attack, of course by now everyone knows the plans and all that but it is well at times to get all officers together to go over them and make sure all understand thoroughly. Then too, a couple of weeks ago at one of these conferences we got our second shot of anti-tetanus toxoid

and so now we have just one more shot to take and then have to wait a full year and take the final shot and then we will be all OK and can go around stepping on rusty nails without fear of getting lockjaw and all that sort of boloney.

Friday I had occasion to go into and thru Manila and on the way in as we passed Cavite Navy yard I noticed a large hulk on the water just off the shore, too big to be a cruiser and yet when did Uncle Sam get wise enough to send over a battleship or so to this place? As we got closer to the thing and it kept looking more and more like a warship and a big one I barged up to the captain of the harbor boat and had a look thru his glasses at it and asked about the thing. He told me that it was the British battleship Warspite and that it had snuck into the Bay just the night before, apparently on its way from the battle off Crete to Honolulu for repairs at Pearl Harbor and thru the glasses I could see that it was pretty well battered up and in need of repairs. Just as we were crossing the breakwater into the inner harbor the Warspite started to move and was soon under way, headed out to sea again, apparently having laid too off Cavite only long enough to take aboard fuel and stores for the balance of its trip. Needless to say, the arrival of and departure of this battleship was a surprise except to those few on the inside and the Manila papers made absolutely no mention of the fact that it was around at all so I presume Pearl Harbor will also remain silent.

This trip Friday was for the purpose of escorting some of our little darlings to the main prison at Muntinlupa, about thirty miles or so outside of Manila and I had twenty five of them and suitable guards to handle. That is some trip out there to the prison. The roads are rough and in a bad state of repair and the trucks just bounce along all the way. The prison is quite some place. There are over four thousand civil prisoners out there in the place and it covers several thousand acres (room for expansion) . Needless to say, most of the prisoners out there have turned their hands to farming and there are all kinds of gardens around the place and from what they say they more than pay expenses. I had a chance to go thru the woodworking and rattan weaving shops and some of the work those boys do is really all right and of course they turn it out pretty cheaply.

One of the things I saw out there was an old fashioned chain gang, Georgia style, with all the monkeys on the chain hooked together and rattling like the Toonerville trolley when they walk along. There must have been thirty prisoners on the one gang that I saw and they were sure a tough looking bunch, all dressed in black and white striped clothes, with their heads shaved and then covered by a striped skull cap and with these chains around their legs rattling and clanking and what a mess.

Speaking of desks. Who was? No one! Out here on our own little island we have a carpenter shop of sorts and keep a small number of prisoners busy repairing things and making things too and the officers of the guard battalion can have things made for them by just paying the cost of materials used, getting the labor free. Well, right now they are working on a desk for me. It will be a small desk as desks go, being more of a personal thing than office furniture. It is being made of Red Narra wood. Red Narra is a hard wood with a beautiful grain and a deep red tinge to it and when finished up by experts as these boys are, takes a really fine and deep finish. We have one man over there who is quite expert at hand carving and so, in one panel of the desk, you will see my initials and the handles on the desk drawers, instead of being individual, will look like a single long carved ornamental piece running the height of the desk and the way these boys fit these drawers in is marvelous for to look at

the outside of the desk you would think the front was solid, yet here there are four to six drawers. Incidentally the thing will cost me only$15.00m, that being the price of the wood needed to put it together. More about it later when it is finished.

Probably I shouldn't crab about it, but the General in charge of this island is a crab about the way people have been dishing out salutes and it seems that every other week or so we get a lecture on saluting and instructions to pass it along to the members of our command and it seems now that I have covered this ground a million times and from my own personal observation I am satisfied with the way salutes are being thrown around and as a matter of fact it does seem that they are too plentiful for at times it seems as though I would wear out my arm returning salutes, soldiers being as plentiful around this place as they are, but just last week it was brought up again and so here we go all over the same ground again.

Then too, we have been having trouble with that third prisoner of ours that escaped a couple of weeks ago. People keep on seeing him in the most ungodly places and of course we have to go tearing out and try to run him down at all hours of the day and night almost. Yesterday afternoon I had planned a little serious work there in the office and some lug at the hospital had to call in and say that this Moro had been seen stealing food from the ice box up there and had beat it for the woods when he was seen, so off we went on another goose chase down thru the ravine all the way to the bottom, fanning out as we went but all to no avail. Just between you and I, the officers of the guard battalion are of the opinion that he is no longer on the island, having made an attempt at swimming to the mainland, but then, what else can we do?

Well, it does seem again as though I were getting close to the bottom of this sheet and such being the case, guess that I had better close up shop again for a while.

You have been asking for snaps and things. Well, rather than try to send all sorts of snaps, some of which might not interest you at all along, I am going to send via straight mail some time this next week, three rolls of negatives, the net take so far and you can have prints made to suit yourself from them. OK?

So, till next time, tis adios again.

Joe

GUARD BATTALION
BATTERY E, 92d COAST ARTILLERY (PS)
FORT MILLS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Sept. 1, 1941

Dear Mammy:

Well, here we go again. I have three of your letters now to answer, one steamer letter and two via air and of the latter, Ruthie has chiseled in and I suppose that she feels that she rates a reply too and then there was a letter from Dottie that snuck in here last week too. All is well out here but I have one complaint to register. Remarks have been filtering thru about the scarcity of my letters home. Well, I think that if you will count all the letters I have written you will find that they considerably outnumber those that have been coming this way and before taking me to task for not writing you must remember that you have got the advantage on me to the tune of four or five to one and the way things are piling up out here, frankly, it is a wonder that you get any letters at all. [redacted] (Censored).

Rolls of newspapers have been rolling in here from time to time and it does seem to be the best way to keep up with changes around Portland for there are so many things that I have picked out of the papers that no one has seen fit to mention in letters that I find the papers really a pleasure so thanks for sending them along. They do right well and when I get thru with them I park them on the table and my two house mates, Capt. Shumate and Col. Biggs go thru them and pick stuff out too.

What in the sam hill are Barbara and Keith thinking about going out into the woods. Living in a place such as that which you describe is just like going native here. The little barrios have a common town pump for water (if they don't just take it out of the river) and they never do seem to have any place that looks like an outhouse and I haven't yet figured that one out for they do not have plumbing of any sort and their houses of course are just nipa shacks which don't even slow down the wind when it is blowing. What ever happened to Keith's job at Plylock, was it too good for him or what? Never did hear about that one.

The other night Bob Hope's "caught in the draft" finally arrived here on Corregidor and so we all took time out to go and see it and have a laugh on the army. The best part of it was in one spot where Hope had pulled a boner and the Colonel caught up with him and told him that if he slipped again "I'll have you sent to Hawaii or the Philippine Islands". There are a number of us out here who have wondered why we were shipped out here and the roar that went up at that crack was almost enough to bring the roof down around our heads.

Speaking of Nipa shacks, just a while ago in this letter, one of the sergeants over across on the mainland at Nichols Field, just outside of Manila, decided that he wanted to go back home one morning early and packed his stuff and climbed into a bomber whose motors were warming up on the line, waved goodbye to the other mechanics around the field, closed the doors and started out. Well, he got the thing off the ground all right but then the motors conked out on him, one of them not being fully warmed, apparently and he came down faster than he went up and on the way down he plowed through four of those

wonderful Nipa shacks that people live in out here, killing two people outright and injuring a number of others, breaking the bomber up considerable and doing a little damage to his own frame as well. Well, the newspaper stort told that there were twenty five people living in those four little shacks and that is just what they are too, small, maybe fifteen feet square, with no dividing partitions on the inside and only a little sort of bay window tacked on the back end of the shack for a kitchen and people and things live inside the places like fleas, eating and sleeping and resting and just about everything else too, right on the floor. Furniture is something that they see only in store windows and money must be almost that scarce too. Well, anyway, this sergeant was slapped into the hospital and they now say that he was crazy.

The most important piece of news lately has been the acceptance of the Philippine Army forces into the United States Army and of course when that happened it meant that a number of officers were taken from Corregidor to induct the PA into our armed forces, called "The Army of the United States in the Far East" and the 92nd lost 6 officers on this detail, one of the six being my Lieutenant. These boys left here about the 25th of August for this detail and they were scattered all over the islands, from the northern tip of Luzon to the southern tip of Mindanao and, as I think I mentioned before, I would sure like to have been in on this detailk, but, having command of a battery over here is the thing that got me out of it this time I think for all those who went were not in command. The only thing not too good about the detail is that they were ordered to take full field equipment along and be prepared to go into the field, presumably in defensive positions, with the troops they were taking over at any time and of course some of the camps they are going out to work in are little more than "camps" in the loosest sense of the word and the jobs they will have to do are no cinch, taking these boys and making them into an army. The Filipino officers will of course be in direct command of the troops and the Yankee officers will take care of supervision of the instruction and training as well as the supplying of the troops.

Of course with DeLano gone from the battery it means that I have his work to do as well as that part of the load which I had been carrying before and as they left shortly before the Gunners examinations were completed it meant that the load shifted all of a sudden and not gradually for we had teamed up on the gunners exams and split the thing half and half and were just getting started when he left and it is no cinch to examine 105 of these boys.

But enough of that stuff. The last week or so the 92nd has been out of gasoline and all their vehicles have been standing still down in the garage. It seems that there is a certain allowance for gasoline and when that allowance is used up transportation just stops rolling until more gas is allotted from somewhere and our allotment this month ran out in three weeks. Fine way to run an army say I. Then, speaking of gasoline. The QM has decided that we are not paying enough money for gas and, effective to-day the price goes up four cents a gallon to 21¢ per, apparently with no reason for it at all for the gas is bought on long term contract at guaranteed prices and there is plenty of it around this country. Inasmuch as ninety percent of the gas that is burned in private cars around this country is burned in the pursuit of official business, there is plenty of grumbling among the officers and we have threatened to leave our cars in the garages and use nothing but official cars on business trips and then they will see just how much faster the gasoline allotments run out on them.

Then, the other week, one of our highly touted Army boats gave up the h

ghost and took a dive, never more to come back to the surface. There is an old tub, about a hundred feet long and officially known as a harbor boat and a fine thing for running around Manila Bay but not much good for runs out side in the open sea. This thing was about fifty years old and was powered by a two hundred horsepower steam engine and spent about half its time in the repair shops. Well, since they have been laying mines out here in the entrance to the bay this tub has been substituting for a heavier ship which formerly made the run up north thru the China Sea to Fort Wint. The last time it went out it made the trip up there OK and laid up over night as usual. It is only fifty or so miles but this thing is so slow that it could not make the round trip in a days time and they are not allowed to come in thru the mine field in the dark so it had to come back the following day. Well, the following day it started out bright and early in the morning and then nothing further was heard from it at all. When it did not put into the Bay that night and when no radio report was had from it it was presumed that there had been trouble.

The following morning the Navy sent out a number of boats to try to locate the thing and drag in the pieces. Well, later in the day they finally caught up with the survivors who were signaling from shore about a third of the way between Ports Mills and Wint and so they went ashore in a small boat and took them off and brought them back here. It seems that the tub had a crew of twenty three natives and as passengers, one Captain, two first looeys and a buck private, all the passengers being members of the 92nd CA. The old tub, the San Pedro by name, was bowling along at two or three knots or something when the weather started to get a bit rought and it finally got so rought that the tub took on a bit more water than it should have aboard and just naturally swamped itself, going straight down to the bottom some four thousand feet down. It all happened so fast that the crew never did have time to launch any boats and only had time to cut one of them loose and fortunately it floated. About all the other time they were allowed was time enough to get life preservers on and then the thing just dropped out from under them. On the way down the rigging caught the two looeys, breaking the foot of one of them and spraining the back of the other before they could get loose and almost drowning both of them. The buck private never was seen again and apparently got caught and drug under all the way down. Some boat. Needless to say, now that the San Pedro is gone, the chances of getting to Manila on pass are even worse than they were before it sank and that is plenty bad. We have lately been averaging about two thirds of the battery on pass once in a months time and then only over night and that is not enough for there is nothing to do for recreation here on this place except to see some of the foul movies they manage to get and the two movie houses they have are not even big enough to handle the crowds that even these foul movies are drawing. Then they wonder why the morale is not what it should be and why half of the Yankee soldiers get drunk on payday — what else can they do but slop up the beer with their money on this place??

While I am growling I suppose that I might as well say something about guns too. They are now in the process of putting in some new gun positions and in order to get guns for them they are going around stripping present positions. Like for instance that battery of 155 MM guns that I have. I have one left now, vintage of 1918. I would sure like to see some of those new guns they talk so loud about in the magazines come in over here. This junk we have around here is about worn out just from the handling and rubbing it gets in constant gun drills needed to train the men and to keep the guns from rusting to pieces. Fine thing indeed.

11 Then there are regulations. Just this last week the Philippine Department

has put forth their new brain child, a ninety eight page book of regulations to govern every thing (almost) that happens over here in the islands and that is a little bit different from Army Regulations. Like for instance: Congress passes a bill authorizing sensible attire of short pants and short sleeved, collarless shirts and tropical helmets for wear in the tropics and then Department HQ, probably because one of the Colonels over there has skinny legs of baggy knees puts out a regulation saying that the uniform will be Long trousers and then they compel us to buy those tropical helmets and then they put out a regulation saying they will not be worn till enough are received from the states to furnish all the troops in the islands and then they say also that these helmets will not be worn when units go into the field but we will fall back on the old hot house felt hats and so, if I ever get into a short sleeved, collarless shirt with a tropival helmet while I am over here, well I'll sure be surprised and I expect to be wearing the same stuffy old hot uniforms we are putting up with now for a good long time to come yet.

Then there is the formal reception we had a week or so ago to welcome the newly arrived officers (those who have arrived on the island since the transport following the Itolin last February) and so everyone put on the starched shirt and funny little monkey jacket and gold shoulder knots and stuff and felt very uncomfortable about it and went up with their best smiles and shook a lot of hands of people we had already met and worked with and bla-blahhed and said fooey and went home to bed to sleep it off. I wish I were a civilian.

Then to top it off there is the prickly heat. I have finally given in to an attack of the stuff and my shoulders and neck and back are all broken out with the stuff and there isn't much you can do about it but slobber on a bit of junk and hope the weather will change and it will go away. I wish I was back in the states.

Then tomorrow is pay day and I'll have to go up to the finance office (in my own car because the 92nd is out of gasoline) and draw something like $1,800.00 and pack it down to the battery and divvy it up and hope that I count it out right because if I don't I have to make up the difference from my own pocket and that job takes all day. I'm glad I am not a banker.

Then, some day next week we have to hold target practice with the 45caliber pistol and before we can hold it we have to move a big pile of lumber that some one thoughtfully dropped off of a truck right smack in the middle of the pistol range. I wish I had a stick of dynamite.

Then there is the last court martial trial we had. One of my men was tried for letting a prisoner escape and I felt all thru it that he was being tried and punished for something that was not his fault and yet there was no way that I could stop it for we could not prove anything against the soldier (from another battery) who I feel is actually responsible and consequently my man goes into the jug for xm a month and looses two thirds of his pay for the same period. (two thirds of his measly $18.45 per month- (chicken-feed). I wish I was a lawyer.

Then there is that pay bill that was put thru Congress just a short time ago and which was supposed to grant ten dollars a month to all soldiers with over a years service and when some one asks if it applies to Philippine Scouts too, they say "well we don't know, we'll have to look into the matter and make a decision". How I would like to be a congressman.

Well, enough of this stuff. Must sign off now, with an adios.

written all over the outside, well that is from Santa Claus and I am trying to pull a fast one to get around the customs examiners. Things made in the Philippines are supposed to be covered by export papers, showing the tax paid on them before they left here and of course things made in China or somewhere else are subject to duty on entering the states. Several people have gotten things in without paying the tax by marking them as I intend to and of course anything that is saved that way is to our advantage and as the red tape necessary to get the papers required is really something, taking more time than money and involving a special trip to Manila and all that, well, it isn't worth it and I would rather take a chance with the boys and will do just that. However, if they do open up my packages and you have to pay the tax, well, let me know what it is and I will make it up to you and in the meantime cross your fingers for good luck.

As for suggestions from me as to what I would like. Well, as usual, I have just about all the things that I wish for, except for things like fresh milk to drink and pumpkin pies to eat and watermelons to slurp and a Yankee girl to pitch a little woo with and I don't think that you can do much about those things, consequently offer no suggestions at all. (neither will I say to forget all about it.)

Elections! The Philippines national elections are scheduled for this next Tuesday the 11th, with a new president to be elected and all that sort of thing (of course everyone knows that Quezon will be re-elected) and there is quite a bit of excitement and the radios of course are full of plugs and speeches and propaganda. The presidential opposition is practically nil over here. The man they did have running against Quezon (I don't even know what his name is), took sick a couple of weeks ago and that certainly finished squelching his campaign. They feel over here that if a person has any liquor in his system when election day rolls around he will not be able to think clearly and vote for the right man and consequently have imposed a ban against the selling of beer or hard liquors of any kind on election day or on the day before election day and as the same thing applies on Sundays the poor people over here will have to go without their refreshment from Saturday night clear around till after eight PM on Tuesday evening. Some task. Of course there is a lot of squawking about it but it does not do any good at all.

Then there is the Philippine Army training detail. I think that I told you in my last letter about Col. Biggs havine been shoved off to one of the southern islands on this detail. Well, we had a card from him yesterday and he speaks of living ina house with nine other officers, a small house, the officers sleeping three and four in a room and of course with a scarcity of bath-room equipment and he was bewailing the softness of our berth up here on Corregidor, evtn tho when he was here he used to crab about things around this place. The first boys that went out on this detail did all right, landing in permanent camps with houses and all all ready for occupancy and they have been doing all right ever since then but now people are going out into these temporary camps and the housing facilities are not the best, to say the least and of course it costs them just as much or maybe more to live out in these shacks as it does us here in permanent quarters. Consequently, although I did at one time want very much to get a chance to get out into one of those camps on training detail, I have changed my mind about it now and will be very happy to be able to stick right here on Corregidor although of course no-one knows where any of us may go from here or how long we may stay at it. Let it suffice to say that so far people who have been holding down adjutants jobs have not been molested and of cours I now have fallen into one of those jobs (tis rather a soft spot too after what I had before and gives me a little time to do a bit of studying on the side that I didn't have before).

Then, speaking of living costs. Well, it is costing Shumate and I about the same as it cost before when there were three of us here in the quarters. In other words we are paying out about thirty dollars apiece for living expenses. We have two servants, a top-flight cook at ₱36.00 per month and a low-flight (although he is getting better and may improve to the next rating) combination houseboy-lavandero at ₱16.00 per month. Most of our grub is purchased from the Quartermaster at pretty reasonable prices and so far we have been able to keep up a pretty varied menu and not go stale.

While on the subject of prices, I might just as well quote a few of them, not to make your heart droop but rather as a matter of information and comparison with what you are paying. Beef; the most expensive cut is thep orterhouse steak cut at 35¢ a pound. Round steak is 30, hamburger is 22. Ham, a great favorite of ours as it is invariably good, while you take a chance on beef, is 27cents. Pork, chops at 18, shoulder cuts at 20. Veal is super out here and we get it quite often at 23 cants for shoulder roasts ans 32 for chops. Butter is 33, eggs 32 (sometimes not the best tasting either) . Our favorite in the fish line is halibut but I don't know what we pay for it. The native fish, "Hasa Hasa" is good and is only nine cents a pound. Chickens, we get the native chickens for frying at 32 1/2 cents each and they are pretty good. Turkey for the holiday is quoted at thirty cents but I do not think we will go for one unless we have company for they are coming in pretty big as the most of them of course are used in the enlisted mens mess. Sausage and frankfurts are lousy and we don't have any of them at all any more. As for fresh apples dna oranges and grapefruit, lemons, carrots celery, cabbage and other states fruits and vegetables. They are scarce as hens teeth and the only time we seem to have any of them is for the few days after a transport arrives over here and consequently we have a standing order and will take all we can get at any price. As for native fruits and vegts there are plenty of them so far, with bananas at one and two cents a pound, native string and limas at three cents, camotes at 1, carrots at 11, cocontts at a penny apiece, egg plants at two cents a pound. They advertise a lot of other states vegetables (grown in Baguio) but they never seem able to get them in stock so why even mention them. Bread of course (as every where in the army) is dirt cheap, at 3 cents a pound. Canned goods are rather limited in variety but prices are such as these: apricots, #2 @15, asparagus tips, #1 @19, baked pork and beans, #2 1/2 @8cents, String beans, #2 @10 cents a can. For coffee we buy the regular army issue grade at 12 cents, flour is four cents a pound, jam is 15 cents for a #2 can and you take a chance on the flavor you get. Evaporated milk (the only kind you can get except for powdered milk) is 6 cents a can. Pineapple is dirt cheap at 15 cents for a #2 1/2 can. Potatoes are twocents a pound but you throw about half of them away. Sugar is three cents a pound, tomatoes eight cents for a 2 1/2 size can. Tuna fish they don't have at all. And so it goes and in between all those figures we do manage to get a bit to eat once in a while and everything will be all right as long as we don't have to go on the native diet of fish and rice.

Well, that seems to be about the end of the page, almost. Here I have ramdled around here and there and not said a great deal of anything, it almost seems a shame to waste a peso stamp on this letter but then, when you consider that straight mail these days is rather uncertain at best, well, I guess that it is worth it to have letters go thru in one of two weeks at the most.

So, till next time, tis again an

adios,

Bob