I had just gotten back from the hospital where I had been for a week with influenza that the American forces had surrounded a prison camp. On this march, myself and thousands of others suffered from lack of food, water, and of recent illnesses. Along the way, I threw away everything I could to make my load light. Later on, I had occasion to regret some of these things. Marching through what had formerly been peaceful towns and barrios, we could see only broken-down buildings, twisted tin, and burned stones of what had once been homes, stores, and churches. At last, we arrived at our destination and began in prison life.

Capt. Earl R. Catman
34th PIR. 35th PIR. 35th Arty. U.S. A.