

## FASSOTH'S CAMP

### Foreword

<sup>begin</sup>  
To follow this story I am presenting a brief history of my family. My brother Martin and myself who are twins, were born in a little village called Waimea, on the island of Kawai, Hawaiian Islands, along with four more brothers and one sister. My father was John Fassoth and my mother's maiden name was Anna Decker. My father first worked for a sugar company on Kawai and later on owned a sugar plantation and sugar mill on the islands of Maui known as the Kipahula Sugar Plantation. Father was also on the Hawaiian Legislature. Martin and myself were born October 2nd, 1890. We have been with the sugar industry all our lives, both in Hawaii and in the Philippines. I arrived in the Philippines August 21, 1913, coming here for American capital that invested money in the sugar industry here.

I remained with them for six years and then, at their invitation took a long term lease on 457 hectares (1,119.247) acres of the Dinalupihan Estate and 100 more hectares (247.100) acres of private lands. This Dinalupihan Estate property is owned by the Roman Catholic Church. I planted sugar cane with Pampanza Sugar Mills at Del Carmen. My brother Martin came out to the Philippines in September of 1923 and joined me in my undertaking. We had our sugar cane crop quota ready for milling when the Japanese-American war started December 8, 1941. Our sugar quota set by the American government was close to 17,000 piculs, planters share. Because of the war we lost this entire crop. Our plantation house and barrio was damaged and looted by Japanese and Filipinos.

<sup>barrio</sup>  
I married in 1915 to a Filipina of Sto. Tomas, Lubao, Pampanga. We were blessed with four children, three boys and one girl. The little girl died fourteen days after she was born. My wife's maiden name was Catalina Dimacali Catalina and myself had a rice mill and home in this barrio of Sta. Tomas, Lubao, Pampanga.

Story - Japan's bombing of Pearl Harbor, Oahu, and her bombing of the Philippines and declaring war on the United States of America found Catalina and myself in Manila with our youngest son Johnny, age 15 years whom we had placed in the Doctor's Hospital in Manila, on account of some internal sickness, and under the care of several doctor's. He complained of his sickness in Nov. He died on the 22nd of December, God help him. He never did a wrong throughout his entire boyhood and was always helping the poor boys. William J. Jr. my oldest son was in the U.S. Navy and my second son Vernon had a position with the U.S. Army Transport services as a clerk. The boys' studies were interrupted as school had closed due to the war. My brother Martin was working for the U.S. Navy Yard at Cavite. I obtained a special permit from Col. Quinlan and Maj. Bretel with the U.S. Army Transport to have my son's body taken to Lubao, Pampanga, for burial in our family plot of the Roman Catholic Church Cemetery. This being Catalina's home town, my brother and son accompanied us. We buried our boy on the 24th, the morning of X'mas eve. My brother ~~came~~ returned to duty at Cavite Navy Yard the same afternoon. Vernon remained with us as he had got permission to be absent until the 1st of January. Arriving in

Lubao we noted that Lubao railroad station had been made a depot for Army supplies for Mariveles, Bataan, and that soldiers were stationed in Lubao to look after incoming supplies, ammunition, gasoline, food, clothes, and many other supplies. There were some soldiers staying in a house next to ours, while on duty in Lubao. Next day four more arrived from Clark Field Stotsenburg, for duty of loading ammunition on trucks for Mariveles. He had them living with us while here. My brother got back from Cavite on the 29th of December (to Lubao).

The morning of the 29th of December, I was in the office of our rice mill here in Lubao at eleven o'clock when some American Army Officer<sup>s</sup> who arrived here with a part of their convoy of trucks loaded with Filipino soldiers, stopped at the front of our rice mill and asked permission to park their trucks along both sides of our rice mill while waiting for the other trucks of this convoy to catch up with them. Parking along the side of the rice mill was made in order not to hold up the heavy army traffic that was on the way to and from Mariveles. Noticing that they were intending to have refreshments and being close to lunch hour I invited the officers to have their lunch with me. They accepted after first asking the distance of our home from the rice mill, which was about 300 meters away. We all got into one car and drove to our home. Arriving there and as we got out of the car, we saw planes overhead in formation flying, and as we looked, they broke formation and dropped bombs on the big string of railroad cars loaded with ammunition, gasoline, and many other supplies. Our home was only 50 yards from the station, but the railroad yard line passes within 30 yards of our home. These ammunition cars were closest to our home. We all ran for our dugout which was in the form of an L and, which my son Vernon built with the aid of the Army boys, while off duty a couple of days before. Those who were in the house all dove for the dugout also. We were 13 altogether in the dugout. After the planes dropped their first load of bombs, we got out to see what damage had been done. My family ran across the street much further away to another dugout where there was more safety. The Officers, my brother and myself walked toward the damaged railroad cars and, were told to get away by soldiers who were on duty unloading these cars. ~~as~~ The planes made a circle and let drop many more bombs. Three officers ran to the rice mill and started their trucks moving to Mariveles, the other two officers ran for our dugout with Martin and myself. The dropping of bombs was terrible as they struck very very close to us and we thought this would be the end, especially as these box cars with ammunition were in flames and the shells big and small, were exploding all over the place. The two officers shortly took off in their car which had been parked on the road in front our ~~house~~ houses. Martin and myself and my son Vernon remained in the dugout for about one hour longer, when we noticed that the barrio of Sto. Tomas, Lubao, was on fire. We then got out, and ran across the street to another dugout quite a distance from the street. After a few minutes I left to see what could be done about the fire. Nothing could be done as Japanese planes kept flying overhead and did some strafing, killing quite a few civilians and soldiers. I then went to our rice mill and saw there was no rice mill left. Bombs dropped by these planes had demolished this building and damaged its contents. There were big gasoline tank cars and other cars loaded with gasoline in drums that were hit by bombs on this railroad line which passes only 50

feet back of our rice mill. The main highway passes in front of our mill. All the surrounding buildings had burnt down. Some of our palay in storage had caught on fire. The mill building was constructed of heavy wood frame and covered with corrugated iron, roof and siding, the floor of cement. I tried to separate some sacks of unburnt rice from the burning ones when, I noticed a bomb which had not exploded laying close by, that sent me running away as fast as I could. All the people of this barrio had left, most of them being burnt out. We all moved further away from the main highway toward the interior about 2 kilometers to a small nipa house owned by a friend of mine. That night we managed with bull carts to get all our food supplies transferred. Everything else was left intact in our house in Sto. Tomas, which was burnt a few days later. We again built another dugout that same night and had it finished the next day. That night and the following, we sat out on the rice dikes and watched the artillery battle that was going on between Betis, Guagua, and Calumpit, Pampanga. On January 1st, 1942, in the afternoon, we saw some of our Philippine soldiers crossing the rice fields in retreat from Guagua to Lubao, Pampanga, so we again moved 4 more kilometers further toward the interior away from the highway. We stopped by the Porac River, which is a big river, there was a house of a tenant of a friend of mine. We were a big crowd here, many Filipinos following us, and our food supplies. The women folks occupied the nipa house, we men sleeping around a big hay stack. We again moved the following day after having witnessed a man brought into our midst by volunteer guards with a deep gash in his neck made with a sword by the Japanese who were not far away, and were told that the Japanese had decapitated 2 other Filipino soldiers. So we moved 3 more kilometers toward the interior. We got a house here in Barrio Sto. Domingo, Lubao. My son Vernon with some help dug a big hole under the house to hide out our food supplies, medicines, and some ammunition for rifles and a riot shot gun. He also stored some of our supplies in a big dugout at the side of the house and had this covered with stacking hay on top of this. Martin, Vernon, and myself had to go in hiding during the day, from prowling Japanese who were going through the different barrios pilaging for food, pigs, chickens, etc. Raping women and girls, some very young. Where-ever the Japanese found women and men in dugouts, they sent the men away and raped the women and girls. We also had to be on the alert for fifth columnists or pro-Japanese who would report us to the Japanese. We would hide in near by sugar cane fields, during the day, having our meals sent out to us. Most all the young girls hid out too, during the day, the other women running to hide whenever warned of approaching Japanese soldiers. These warnings were usually made by volunteer guards. These volunteer guards did very good work in protecting the people. At night we would return to the house. After a few days of this method of hiding out, we found that the Filipino people were afraid for their own safety, by our being close to them.

So finally Martin and myself left for the mountains bordering our sugar plantation at Pagalangang, Dinalupihan, Bataan on January 24th, 1942. We left Vernon to take care of his mother and his cousins. It took one whole day to get to the foothills of the Pampanga and Bataan Mts. We had to avoid going through the different barrios on account of Japanese soldiers

pilaging for food and whatever else they could lay their hands on and because, we had to cross a road being used by the Japanese Army. It took us three days to pick a secluded hiding place for our 1st camp, away from anyone and difficult to find. Before starting the Camp and as early as January 1st, Martin and myself with my son Vernon wanted to get to Bataan to be of some help to our forces but, on second thought as we were not military men we would not be wanted. We started building with some Filipino boys whom we could trust not to disclose our first camp site, a really beautiful site, below a small but high waterfall, along the bed of a small stream, and big heavy forest all around us. There was another falls on the main river, a very beautiful triple falls with three pools, one above the other with plenty of water and only a short distance from our first camp site. We bathed in this big river, caught twisted snails, small crabs, and sometimes eels in this river. After a week of building we sent for my family and provisions. Vernon taking care of this and reaching our camp in safety, bringing his mother Consuelo aged 17, and Carmen Tubo, aged 14, two beautiful girls who helped Catalina with doing the work of our camp when also. Peaci, or "peanuts," nicknames, of a little orphan whom we had adopted her mother died in child birth with her twin. Peanuts was only 5 years old. Rose Shelledy and her two young American boys, age 12 and age 9 came with Vernon too, she having no place to stay and was afraid of being taken by the Japanese. They remained with us for two months at which time her brother asked to have her sent to him.

We built an outside kitchen, the stove was built along a hill by the river. We had our meals at a long table with benches under the shade of big beautiful trees. This being the dry season here, we did not have to worry about rain. We acquired some chickens and built a chicken coop. We were visited by a very good friend, Mr. Vicente Bernia, a sugar planter whose father was a Spaniard and mother was a Filipina. He arranged for all our supplies from Manila as he had a truck and his brother had an automobile and he could travel to and from Manila, passing the different Japanese guards along the main highways and by stating that the quantity of supplies were intended for his plantation in Gutad, Pampanga, and that he was laying in a supply for the rainy season. He bought most of the supplies from Japanese Bazaars, so the Japanese guards would not question him too much. One had to show receipts for articles purchased and, from whom they were purchased. He also arranged with packers to carry these supplies to our camp from his plantation.

We had started raising a small herd of beef cattle a year before the war in the foothills back of our sugar plantation. We had 8 Zambales cows one thoroughbred Holstien bull and 8 heads of carabaos. These were fenced in. We did not get to eat any of this meat. The Filipino people who evacuated to the hills at the outbreak of the war killed these cattle and carabaos for meat. Shortly after the outbreak of the war all the municipal markets stopped operating and shopkeepers hid all of their supplies. These supplies were absent for about 2 months after the outbreak of the war and then peddled a little at a time. The main articles being sugar, vinegar, salt, cigarettes, tobacco, soap, kerosene, matches, cigarette paper. Finally canned goods began appearing. Prices began soaring. These supplies could not be purchas-



ed from a shop but was peddled from barrio to barrio, and house to house. Peddlers traveling as far as Guagua, Pampanga, to San Antonio, Zambales, by the trail route through the mountains. Highwaymen began robbing these peddlers, sometimes in bands. The peddlers had to travel in large groups for protection against these highwaymen. Fish from the fish ponds were packed long distances and peddled. These peddlers traveling night and day. There was good money in this, but living was very high.

Sugar and vinegar was being made in the hills by the old crude methods. The people in the foothills going down to the plains after bundles of sugar cane and carrying this cane into the hills from which the juice was pressed out of the stalk, and this juice was boiled in open iron kettles and made into syrup and sugar. Vinegar was made from ripe wild bananas and the third washings of rice and quartered pieces of sugar cane. This, left to ferment would make the vinegar in one to two weeks time.

The first big market that was to supply, Pampanga, Bataan and Zambales provinces was opened in the early part of March at Natividad, a barrio of Guagua, Pampanga, the peddlers obtained much of their supplies from this market. This market was the only one in this whole district to operate up to June, when the Japanese had the people move back to their barrios and townsites and ordered the opening of municipal markets. The Japanese when buying supplies from these markets paid the market vendors what they thought the price ought to be. Many times the vendors had to sell to the Japanese at a loss. The vendors then had to charge the public as much more for these articles to make up their loss to the Japanese. A small market was started in the hills in March from which one could get some meat and fish if he or she got there early enough.

The temporary houses built by the evacuees from the towns and barrios were neat and the camp sites were kept clean. Malaria was prevalent among the evacuees. Many died from malaria. I would venture to say that 70% of the people of Bataan died mostly of malaria. There was not much medicine and what little came to the hills was so high in price only a very few could buy medicines. Most everyone resorted to the old method of treatment for sicknesses, by looking for herbs, roots, and barks of different plants and trees. Rice was hulled by the old method of pounding the palay grain in wooden bowls and cleaned by hand with different baskets or woven bamboo sifters and shakers. Everyone was planting their own tobacco. We all for some time during the early part of the war were smoking home cured leaf tobacco. Even paper to roll cigarettes was scarce, so we resorted to young dried banana leaves gathered early in the morning with the dew still on the leaves and cut these into cigarette paper. It served the purpose very well. The young boys made many different cigarette holders out of bamboo, rattan, vines and reeds in the shape of horn instruments. Many of these were well made and quite attractive, and I will venture to say could be sold to the public even in peace times for a fair price.

One family of Filipinos moved and built within our 1st camp site, to be of some use to us, the women helping Cetalina and the man doing odd jobs

of carpentry around the camp. They had one daughter about 11 years old who looked after "peanuts", and a son about 17 years. He helped around our camp too, and at night would tell bed time stories to the children and girls. We all went to bed early, using very little light, so as not be observed. These stories were told in the dialect. I myself got quite a kick out of some of them. We laid down on mats spread on the floor, and put up mosquito nets, (this is how we slept) we would also listen to night life in the mountain forest spring in to action. Animals, birds and insects. A swarm of honey bees made their appearance on a tree in our camp site and remained. One day, about 6 weeks after bees made their appearance a negrito, whom I knew well, appeared all of a sudden in our camp area. I called him and he agreed to hunt for us. I asked him if he could get us this honey from the trees. He said "sure", he was ready at once by just taking off his undershirt and all he had on was a G string. He got together three dry boho poles (a specie of bamboo growing in the forest) and set fire to these after tying them together, then putting out the flame, to cause smoke. With this he climbed up the tree placing these smoking poles ahead of him. When he reached the top of the tree he gently pulled off the honey comb with some of the bees still on it and brought it to us. I asked him if he was stung by any bees, he said, yes by one. He thereby pulled out the stinger where the bee had stung him and said it pained him no more. The fresh honey was delicious. To the Filipino the young unborn bees that are sealed in some of the cells are a delicatessen. We tried some but could not stomach them. This same negrito managed to bring us quite a little game. One morning early Catalina woke me with a start and asked if I didn't hear the commotion of the chickens outside, some of them roosting in the trees. I lit the small oil light and went out, the bees chased me back into the house and under the mosquito net, this was a few days before we had the homey bee comb taken from the tree. The bees do not like a light at night and will attack anyone with a light. The following morning the chickens again raised a commotion at about 4 o'clock in the morning. Someone went out to see what was disturbing the chickens. He reported that a big snake was the cause of this commotion so, a friend who was visiting us ran out with our riot shot gun using No. 9 shot and blew the head off the snake. This snake was a python measuring ten feet long. It had caught a chicken when this friend shot it, so we had chicken and snake meat for food. We skinned this snake and placed the skin over a two inch diameter bamboo pole 10 ft. long. The meat was cut up and cooked as (snake adobo) that is, braising the cut up meat first and then simmered with mild vinegar and spices and cooked until done, then making a sour sauce with a little sugar added. The meat tasted something similar to that of chicken and fish.

It was right at the fall of Bataan that we conceived the plan of looking after the American boys as I never for a moment up to the last thought we would surrender.

The next day being the 17th of April 1942 the first two American soldier boys came into our camp after the fall of Bataan. They ate some of this snake meat and pronounced it as very good. These two boys were very tired but the healthiest that reached our camp. They were Frank Bernacki S/Sgt .

Det. QMC, NS; and Rufolph Wurshback S/Sgt. 119 traveling AMC. One Filipino army sergeant followed them into our camp the same day. The following day many officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers kept coming, and others were brought into our camp. Most of them starved and with malaria and other sicknesses, lack of food, vitamins, no more energy and, about ready to die. We employed Filipino men carrying notes from us, scouting the mountains for Americans. We kept building additional quarters on our camp site for these men. Many of these boys had to be packed into camp by bull carts, carabaos, and by men.

We were getting in quite a large quantity of sugar at this time and we were able to get plenty of coconuts, so Catalina and Martin made heaping plate-fuls of coconut candy that every one liked so much. Many of the boys came into our camp just as we were going to eat and when they saw heaping platters of hamburger steaks big basins of papaya and banana salad their eyes protruded and they didn't believe it was true, as they had hardly seen food many days. Some of the boys coming over the hills from Mariveles cut down papaya trees and lived on the roots and trunks of these trees.

As these American boys kept coming into our camp it drew the curiosity of the Filipinos. There were traveling musicians that went around serenading, playing patriotic and popular American airs, using as instruments the guitar, mandolin and mouth organ.

A few days before the surrender of Bataan we all were very much frightened by the explosions of so much ammunition. On climbing up a very steep peak we ran on a Negrito who hid on this trail in fear too. But looking thru our field glasses we saw that a Japanese ammunition and gasoline dump next to their flying field in Dinalupihan had caught fire or someone set fire to this. This explosion lasted all afternoon and into that night, burning a big part of San Jose Barrio, Dinalupihan.

Mr. Vicente Bernia happened to be in our camp as these men kept coming in, so he enthusiastically pitched in and helped us make this camp for Americans a success. It was Mr. V. Bernia who spoke up and stated that we should offer the people \$15.00 for each American they directed and brought to our Camp. He kept bringing in supplies from Manila in large quantities and I arranged for all the local supplies we could get in the surrounding country, all the way from Dinalupihan, Bataan to Lubao, Guagua, Sexmoan and Bacolor, Pampanga. I kept one man employed in Lubao, Pampanga, and its surrounding towns, and one man in Pagalangang, Dinalupihan, Bataan, and its surrounding country to get these supplies together which I had arranged for. We had rice fields in Lubao, so we were sure of rice always. I was also able to get at different times Taro, from a homesteader, of which we made poi (a paste) and served in the mornings as a cereal with sugar and milk. I had quite a little medicine on hand and got more from all the drug stores of Lubao, Guagua, and Dinalupihan and some from Lubao municipality. I also got palay (rice before milled) from a number of our friends in Lubao. These supplies were transported to the foothills by bull carts traveling at night over back roads and trails of which I was well acquainted with, having been

in this country for better than 20 years. We had to be very careful in not getting these supplies wet from the rains and sometimes crossing swollen rivers and then packed into the hills to our camp by men from our sugar plantation in Pagalangang, Dinalupihan, Bataan. I arranged for a man to supply our camp with fruit and vegetables, and another for milk and, chicken and duck eggs, these were delivered early in the morning, and another to furnish us pork and carabao on the hoof for beef. We had to feed these packers with 1 meal on making these trips to our camp because it took them all day to make this trip. We had as many as 75 packers at a time. We arranged with an owner of some 200 head of cows and steers of the Indian breed which he had fenced in the hills. These animals were semi-wild. This beef we got by giving a note to the corral man in the hills who was watching the herd of cattle. The trail to this beef herd was quite difficult and only the stronger boys in the camp we sent on these expeditions along with some Negritos who done the shooting. These boys who went along to pack this beef took uncooked rice with them and little salt. They cooked this rice in Boho's (a specie of bamboo), and with this, broiled fresh steaks for their food. On one of the first trips for beef, the Negrito who was to do the shooting was given a Garand automatic rifle which he never had fired before so, when he pulled the trigger and kept his finger on the trigger he had shot 5 cows before he stopped shooting, there being no more shells in the clip. He was some surprised Negrito. All the meat was packed into camp and Catalina preserved it so, it lasted us for some time.

We got sea food from the fish ponds, fish, dried and fresh, dried shrimp and some bagong (small raw shrimps very heavily salted) and used as a sauce.

Corn was grown in the hills by the Negritos and some of which we got in exchange for rice. The boys used to visit these negritos who were always close to our camp and loved roasting ears with them. The negrito always kept a burning log, the corn roasted on the coals of this burning log. The log was kept burning day and night. Matches are scarce in the hills. We saw many of the negritos men, women and children who had deformed legs, arms, fingers and toes being burnt by these hot coals as they always sleep around these coals. The Negritos did some hunting for us getting us wild hogs, deer meat, and wild chickens. They brought us the rattan for binding our building material. We had to pay these Negritos for everything he did for us or brought us.

My brother Martin supervised the building construction which was quite a job considering we had no nails to work with, using rattan for binding and wooden pegs to hold the wooden frame structure together. Our first camp got too crowded and was too near the plains and besides we had received information that the Japanese soldiers who were garrisoned in Florida Blanca, Paspanga, had put a circle on a map they had of this country where our camp was located. We had men posted at the different Japanese garrisons to keep us informed of their movements. I quickly took eleven of the boys with me and picked out a new site 10 kilometers further away and into the most rugged and heavy forested mountains. This district was known as Patul Garland.



We spent one week here and started the ground work of our new camp. We then went back to our first camp to move everyone and all our supplies. As we were going down we encountered the boys in a long strung out line carrying some of the supplies, many too weak to even make the trip, we had to help them along, uphill and downhill. We could see the plains and longed to be back there, in our homes and civilization. It was a wonderful sight to see so many Americans together struggling for existence. Many of the boys really packing more on their shoulders than was good for their physical condition. Everyone was trying to do all he could to lighten the burden of those who were sick, and hardly able to walk. It made tears come to your eyes to see how everyone tried to do all he could to help. But everyone made it. We had to sleep out in the open for a while until our buildings were completed. Our morale was always good. Martin built our biggest camp here. We put up one main barracks for 100 men and built double tier bunks for the men, of slats made from a palm tree growing here in the forest and which was good and springy. The roof was of split boho (a specie of bamboo, used as in tileing). The floor was of palm boards 1 inch thick by 5 inches wide. The walls were of heavy double sawali, made of boho. The barracks was built quite high off the ground on a slight sloping hill. A portion of the lower part of the barracks was enclosed for a store room for our supplies. The kitchen was built onto the barracks with a corrugated iron roof. All these corrugated sheets were packed into the hills under much difficulty. I also had built 1 big mess and recreation building which was as big as the barracks with table and sitting capacity for all the men. These boards and other lumber had to be made from square logs we found in the hills, with a two man rip saw. We had running water piped to one end of this building by a pipe line constructed of boho and tressled to a small falls above the camp. We had to put in a heavy rattan line from the barracks to our out house and latrine to guide us there, as under the trees it got very dark at night. I had also constructed a house just above these two main buildings for Catalina and the girls. We put up another small shack for the two Filipino men helpers who worked in the kitchen.

We had a trained nurse, Miss Hipolita San Jose who attended and looked after the sick. This nurse deserves a big credit for her work among the boys and must always be remembered for her very good work. This trained nurse was brought into our camp by Mr. Vicente Bernia, who had got her from Doctor Layug who had been working with Col. Thorpe at their guerrilla camp at Mt. Pinatubo, Pampanga and, who had disbanded his camp of guerrillas here and moved to Tarlac. This camp was situated back of Fort Stotsenburg. Catalina looked after the sick boys before the arrival of the nurse and also did good work. Not enough can be said for her good work in the kitchen, she being in charge of the kitchen and the good work of her nieces who were a big help to her and the nurse. She was able to make the food tasty. She always had a cereal for breakfast, it would be (lugao) made of (very soft cooked rice) served with sugar and milk or cocoa added which the Filipinos call samporaro. Then we had hot cakes made of rice flour and served with syrup or jelly, and coffee. Everyone had all he could eat. At noon and at night we would have boiled rice with fish and meat course, vegetables, and bread, made of rice flour. Sometimes we had cookies made of darak (rice

bran flour) and coloring added. At noon we had tea and in the evening chocolate. It was hard work for all the girls and many were the hardships they had to put up with. We hired 4 Filipina girls to launder the boys clothes and 2 Filipino men who helped in the kitchen, washing pots and pans and the dishes. We had brought in from Manila all the kitchen supplies, enameled ware, plates and cups and many other dishes, meat grinders, coffee grinders, corn grinders for making flour, big cooking pots, and etc. I arranged with Filipinos to pack in any army range which was left by our troops around Dinalupihan and also managed to get other cooking material from our plantations left there by the Japanese soldiers who had occupied our plantation home and barrio during the battle of Bataan. It was on several of these trips to our plantation barrio that the Japanese patrols came along but I always managed to hide along a big river that flowed by our barrio. On one of these trips I took a boy who had a very bad tooth-ache and I got a Lady dentist come up from Dinalupihan to have his tooth pulled. For this she injected novacaine before pulling the tooth. She wanted \$10.00 but we gave her only \$3.00. On many trips to the lowland I took with me one of the boys, never more. Most of them wanted to go with me but this was dangerous so I changed the boys on these different trips.

We were fortunate to have come into our camp in the first part of May an army doctor, 1st. Lt. Arnold Wurschell who did splendid work as the doctor of the camp. Prior to this we had two visits of a Filipino doctor who had been working with the guerrillas in Bulacan, Dr. Lapus. We considered ourselves lucky we only lost 3 boys, two by sickness and one thru an accident. One a 2nd Lt. (Robert Reeves) from the ordnance dept. a very good and well educated boy. Another, Cpl. Owen Keipper whom I brought into camp on a carabao, having to rest him every 200 meters going into the mountains due to his very weak condition. He only lived about 3 weeks after I brought him in. The third boy was Larsen. We had to send boys to pack him into our camp, and who was recovering from his illness when he got up one night and fell down bumping his head on a boulder receiving concussion of the brain. However, we gave each a decent burial under the circumstances and every one attended the services. We read the burial services from the Bible, many of the boys had kept their bibles and sang sacred songs. Vernon planted some plants on their graves and lined them with stones. We also marked their graves with crosses and made further markings on big nearby trees so these could be relocated after the war.

Little "peace" (peanuts) who was only 5 years old and too young and innocent to know what this was all about, brought happiness to all of us in her innocence. Vernon with 3 other boys started a vegetable garden and we did get some of this product from their garden for our kitchen. We got from Manila, clothing, some I got at Lubao which I bought from a friend of mine who in turn had bought them from one, that got them from Bataan. You should have seen how some of the boys looked in these clothes. We had to laugh; clothes that had been worn by Americans before the war when, everyone had a big waist line. The pants had to be kept up with suspenders. The boys looked like second-hand clothes dealers and the shorter men look like dwarfs. We got books and magazines, games, cards and wire puzzles

from Manila. The boys played poker for cigarettes and cigars. I managed to get for our camp 3 radio sets one of which we operated getting news from San Francisco thru (KGEI). I also got 3 batteries and we managed to keep these charged by packing them to and from the lowlands. It was hard work. We once sent in three batteries to be charged in Manila and they were confiscated by the Japanese. After that we had to have our batteries charged secretly in the lowlands. Eugene Zinckhiem looked after the radio and kept it going most of the time.

We had plenty of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes for all, everyone sharing equally in everything. We had hot cakes nearly every morning. The griddle we had would only make 15 hot cakes at a time, so we drew numbers to see who would get their cakes hot first, it would be 5 men with 3 hot cakes each, then, keep going around the numbers in rotation until, the last person had been served, then over again until everyone get nine to 10 hot cakes with syrup or jelly made from guavas growing in the hills. These guavas were gathered by the boys in these hills, there being 2 big areas in wild guavas. The other fruit jelly was from trees growing in our camp area.

The purpose of the camp was purely a rest camp not a military or guerilla camp and as such we maintained it. As my work took me away from the camp so much, getting supplies and, sometimes I would not be able to get to the camp for 2 or 3 days due to the swollen rivers after a heavy rain especially during the rainy season, so we held meetings and, we elected an officer to act as head of the camp, an officer in charge of supplies and an officer to look after the work detail roster of the men who were able to do a little work, such as, digging and looking after the latrines. The kitchen detail, the getting in of firewood for the kitchen, the cleaning of the camp site and, general guard duty on an outpost a mile from camp to watch for whomever might be approaching our camp. This outpost was where all the trails led into one and could be well guarded. These boys who were on the outposts always had a powerful field glass with them and were always armed. They could look right into Manila Bay with these glasses and even discern the number of the name of the ships in the bay. They were relieved every 2 hours day and night. All of this work did not take up much of the boys time, about 2 hours daily. Martin's force consisted of Filipino men from our plantation and Mr. Vicente Bernia's plantation. When we needed them, some of the American boys helped pack building material into camp from the surrounding forest. We left all the big trees standing and cleaning only the underbrush around our camp buildings, so we could not be observed by Japanese planes. We camouflaged the roofs of the buildings with palm leaves. On one of my trips to the lowlands to our plantation at Pagalangang, Dinalupihan, I received a note from a messenger who was on his way to the mountains to deliver this to me, sent by son Jr., You can imagine my elation and surprise to be able to get a note from Jr. whom we left in Manila with the Navy somewhere. The note stated he was coming to our camp. He was in Lubao. I did not continue my travel to Lubao, but waited here at Pagalangang for Jr. He arrived at afternoon and I took him right away with me to our camp and to his mother. What a great surprise to all to know that Jr. was alive and in person with us. His story as told was that, his ship was sunk at Fort Hughes. The Japanese taking all prisoners from Fort Hughes to Cor-

regior, Bilibid, and then to the big prison camp in Tarlac, Camp O'Donnel. Prisoners were dying like flies 4 to 5 hundred daily and he felt he was getting sick too, so he and two other sailor prisoners made their escape and arranged and got to Lubao and Dinalupihan. Jr.'s story of their escape is as follows: They had to dig and crawl under three fences which were barbed wired. They had arranged that, should the sentries hear a noise, one of the boys would make a call of a young carabao calf calling his mother and another boy was to begin pulling or ripping grass, this to distract their attention. It was lucky that this arrangement had been agreed upon, because Jr.'s khaki shirt got caught on a barb of the wire and ripped just as the sentries had separated and, were walking away from each other. This ripping made the sentries stop in their tracks and listen and, when they heard the call of the carabao calf and, the answering mother and, the ripping of grass they moved on thinking it was carabaos grazing close by. It was a dark night and at 2:30 in the morning, so the boys made their escape to a plain where they ran into an old man pasturing his carabao at 3:30 in the morning. He took them home and, had them change clothes and each was given an old sack and a carabao to pasture the rest of the morning. He then hid them that day. That night the old man and woman put them in a caretela and took them by the main highway to Mabalacat, Pampanga, and then by another caretela to Angeles, Pampanga, where they had breakfast. Jr. was detected as an American by some pro Japanese, but the old woman stoutly maintained he was her son and, not an American, but nevertheless they finished their breakfast in a hurry and took another caretela for Lubao, Pampanga and, from there to our plantation at Pagalangang, Dinalupihan, Bataan and, that is where I met him. Thru some influential Filipino friends, using an assumed name Jr. soon got the necessary papers made out so he could go about wherever he wished. The Japanese never did connect Jr. with the American forces after his escape as he was never recognized by anyone of them. Jr. became a big help to the camp later on.

All the Philippine Army boys and scout soldiers coming over the hills from Mariveles, Bataan and who were in sick condition were directed toward Mr. Vicente Bernia's home on his plantation and was cared for by him. They were given medical treatment and medicine, food, and when able to travel again given a little money and sent on to their homes. We received above a dozen of these boys in our camp also.

Of the American Boys, there must have been about 2 to 3 hundred that passed and stayed with us in camp. The camp never having less than 60 to 90 American Army boys at any time from April 1 1942 to April 1943. The boys were at liberty to hunt or go on hikes through the mountains visiting other American officers and soldiers who had affiliated themselves with the guerrillas under Col. Thorpe, Capt. Barker in Pampanga mountains and, Capt. McQuire in the Zambales mountains. Most of these officers and men who affiliated themselves with the guerrillas were from our camp. We met each other some of the time in Gutad the home of Mr. V. Bernia and at times had highballs made of fuel alcohol, which was made from sugar, taken from the Japanese operated locomotives. Our camp was ordered formed into a military camp which lasted as a military camp for about two weeks. This written order was brought into our camp by Vicente Bernia from someone who was supposed to be in authority somewhere in the north, sometime in the later part of July. It



was during this period that Capt. McGuire of Zambales guerrillas dispatched 2 groups of Filipino guerrillas numbering 70 and 80 men thru our camp again. This military camp broke up due to some misunderstanding, or lack of cooperation from someone on the outside.

Our camp was visited by two seminarians due for ordination. Post like Mike boys of Father Hurley, Dean of the Ateneo de Manila ( a college for boys). They spent a day and night in our camp. We built a big bonfire and gathered around this for a good Sermon by them on the Crucifixion, and after that we all sang popular songs, duets and quartets and crowd singing until midnight. I am sure they came in the interest of Father Hurly who must certainly always be remembered (God Bless Him) for his great help in giving supplies to our camp and, his blessings to our camp and all those in the camp.

On one occasion our doctor celebrated his birthday by giving me ₱20.00 to buy a pig for a lechon (whole roast pig) which Catalina stuffed and had prepared the night of the doctors' birthday. We all sat around while the roast was being prepared and swapped stories and jokes and had the feast at midnight. Many of the boys ate too much of this that their bowels were upset the next day, but everyone I am sure would eat lechon again and plenty of it.

We had 3 Filipino families living within 1 mile of our camp who came to the mountains to get away from the Japanese. They raised some rice and corn and had a few chickens.

There were many Negritos living in these mountains. They live very close to nature. The men wearing only G strings, sometimes some will wear also an undershirt. They love hunting, hate work. The women doing most of the work. The clothing of the women are usually some old dirty pieces of cotton goods or rags wrapped around them. The children running around naked. They hardly raise enough food for their own needs. We exchanged rice for corn with these people. We also had some of these negrito women come over to our camp and pound palay (hulling the grain into rice). One of these negrito women must have taken a fancy to one of the boys.

She was a pretty good looking girl, any way she came to pound palay in an evening gown. These people are nomads, wherever the men go the women follow with the children and their domesticated animals, dogs and pigs. It was thru the capture, on the level plains of one of these Negritos, by the Japanese that our camp was raided by the Japanese soldiers on Sept. 25th, 1942. This Negrito had gone to the plains with some wooden parts for the Filipino wood constructed plow. Such pieces as beans, handles, standards and runners. On rounding a bend on the bank of a river the Negrito walked into a company of Japanese soldiers, who were hunting Filipinos who carried arms and were supposed to be guerrillas. The Japanese quickly took this Negrito prisoner, for questioning concerning Americans hiding in the mountains, especially myself and family whom they had been informed were running a camp for Americans. A reward had been advertised for the capture of myself or any member of my family. A reward was also posted for the capture

of Mr. Vicente Bernia, whom they finally connected with aiding our camp. This Negrito was taken by this company of soldiers to the officer in charge of the garrison in San Fernando, Pampanga. Through threats and torture this Negrito finally consented to lead the Japanese soldiers into the hills to our camp. I happened to be in the lowlands after supplies, when this Negrito was caught and taken to San Fernando, Pampanga. A report of his capture was made to me. I immediately dispatched a runner to the camp warning every one to be on the alert and to break camp, hiding our supplies and to move from the camp site for a number of days to see what action the Japanese troops would take. Everyone moved out from camp in different directions, taking along their belongings. The Japanese did not send a company of soldiers in the next couple of days, so some of the boys thought that they would not raid the camp and went back to live at the camp. They were 16 of them. To make sure there was no one left in the camp I sent another note to the camp of the intended raid the afternoon before this raid. These 16 boys remained in camp still believing that the Japanese would not raid our camp. They failed to place someone at the outpost there being no officer with these boys. They had picked one of them to do guard in the camp site, but he went to sleep on the job. The Japanese soldiers numbering more than 200 were led to our camp by the guidance of this Negrito and a Filipino whom they had at the end of the rope. It was a beautiful full moonlight night. The soldiers arrived at the foothills at 5:30 in the afternoon and started immediately out on the mountain trail, stopping at all the homes of Filipinos in the hills and searching and accusing them of aiding Americans, even abusing some of them. This Negrito led them first to our outpost where the soldiers picked up two Filipinos asleep. These Filipinos were in the hills after parts for making paddles for canoes, and not connected with the camp. They then continued on with these 2 Filipinos to our camp site. They arrived at the camp at 2 o'clock in the morning of the 25th of September. The Filipino helpers who were in their shanty first heard of the approaching Japanese soldiers and ran by the barracks and warned the boys of the Japanese, then ran into the woods. The boys in the barracks tumbled out in every direction, 10 of them getting away, 6 were taken prisoners. The six boys were the sick ones of the group. The Japanese also picked up a one eyed old man with a small boy of 3 years who had slept that night in the Filipino's kitchen helpers' shanty. The Japanese then set fire to all the buildings of the camp after having searched the camp and smashing every thing they saw. They then took the 3 Filipino men and bayoneted them. The little Filipino boy started crying out loud so they decapitated him with a sword. One of these Filipinos whom the soldiers left for dead regained consciousness and crawled away and was brought to the lowlands and treated by a doctor and recovered. I ran across this man later in the lowlands. The Japanese soldiers then took their 6 American prisoners to the lowlands by another trail guided by this Negrito. After reaching the lowlands, they gave this Negrito some money and released him. The Japanese then took these American prisoners to Dinalupihan and then by truck to San Fernando, Pampanga and placed them in the provincial jail there. Some of these six prisoners needed hospitalization and were transferred to the provincial hospital. We understand that these boys were not mistreated. After this raid the majority of us again assembled in the tall grasses of Mr. Vicente Bernia's plantation in Gutad, Pampanga. It was this time that Vernon, Arthur Bernia, Fred Starnper and Eugene Zinchien took off for Mariveles, Signal Hill, with 150 Filipinos

for Arms and Ammunition. They did not return for 15 days. They had to live on 1 dog they shot and green papayas, cooked. Four Americans who were on Signal Hill and had plenty of food refused them food not even salt. Its lucky they were not shot. The Japanese found out about these men going for these guns and ammunition and had every trail guarded and would take them in on the way back. But the boys found out that these trails were guarded. Notwithstanding, they got through and back to safety turning these guns and ammunition over to the guerrillas. Another group of six with my brother went into camp in another part of these rugged mountains known as Isip, in Batang Vicente and myself accounted for all the boys of the camp and started forming camp arrangements. Some of the boys were placed with different Filipino Families to look after in the foothills, promising payment after the war. Vicente Bernia and his younger brother Arthur, myself and my son Vernon, we had 21 boys, sometimes more. We kept changing camp sites every few days for a time while the hunt for Americans continued by the Japanese. We finally went back into camp in the rugged mountains, back of our plantation. Vicente and his brother leaving us for Zambales to be with and aid a group of Americans who were guerrillas in the Zambales Mountains. Poor fellow he didn't live to see the finish. It was his ambition to be able to visit the United States, a country he read so much about and spoke of the big wonderful industries of our country that he wished to be able to see, perhaps making the United States his future home and country. I had my family again with me and who were doing all the work in the camp now. I visited the other boys to see that they were being properly taken care of. They visited us in our camp also. I wish to mention here whenever we established camps, they were always close to small but beautiful rivers, and we certainly enjoyed bathing in the rivers. Water was always good and we did not have to fear of getting sick, drinking from these clean and pure river waters. I made a trip to Isip to see how my brother and the other boys were faring and from there over another route in company with a Negrito to show me new trails and short cuts in these mountains. I took on another trip after the raid with several boys to the big camp the Japanese soldiers raided. We found our big American flag which we received from Father Hurley of the Ateneo de Manila, torn into shreds and drapped over a dead tree stump. One of the boys had managed to take along with him another big American flag which was given to us by Mr. and Mrs. Sizon and some other contributions. This flag we had with us up to the day before our surrenner. We burned this before going to the lowlands to surrenner. Our radios and batteries were all smashed to pieces and we found 2 big pots of hot cake batter that was running all over the place. The kitchen part of the building had not been badly burnt. We saw the remains of the dead which we buried. We could not find much of our supplies, as the Filipinos beat us to this, they made a trip to the camp right after the Japanese left. They had found the hide-out of supplies. Just as we were organizing again after the raid another young Filipino girl, who was attracted to one of the boys in the camp and came from Fort Stotsenburg arrived into our camp and remained with us. She had a nice voice for singing and some of the boys in the camp also had good singing voices. We passed many pleasant evenings listening to the singing. She also was a big help to Catalina and the girls. From this time on we did not keep a very big supply of food on hand as we moved about quite a bit, due to the movements of the Japanese soldiers who were searching the hills for guerrilla bands. We never allowed the guerrillas to be near us. Many of them were armed bandits disguised as guerrillas, plundering and killing innocent people. One day while I was in camp I sent one of the boys, a sergeant, to the foothills to deliver



a certain note to a runner of Col. Thorpe's. He was compelled to stay overnight at this house. That night a band of so called guerillas numbering about 150 held a meeting there and was demanding his gun, but he told them that they would have to take his gun over his dead body. A number of USAFFE guerrillas arrived and prevented this order of these bandits for his gun. Many of these Filipinos who were appointed officers in the new guerrilla forces were formally sub-social labor leaders with communistic inclinations. They took law and order in their own hands. I would have nothing to do with them. They were a menace to our safety. On a trail that passed one of our temporary camps we were fortunate to prevent the killing by these guerrillas of a prominent Filipino citizen of Dinalupihan, Bataan. These armed bandits had demanded entrance into his house and robbed him of money, jewelry, his watch and some other possessions and then took him with them, when we apprehended them. They were going to kill him, that he was a "pro Japanese." We knew to the contrary that he was no pro Japanese as he had helped me with supplies for our camp. On another occasion close to our plantation barrio, Catalina apprehended several of these so called guerrillas with 3 Filipino peddlers from Lubao, Pampanga, and who Catalina knew. These guerrillas told Catalina that these men were pro Japanese, but Catalina insisted they were not and to let them alone. These guerrillas took them to someone in the barrio who evidently was in higher command and he ordered them killed. They took these men to a river crossing and robbed them of considerable money and then killed them. One man made his escape and reported this to the municipal authorities of Lubao. There were other cases of kidnapping women and girls and cases of raping. They traveled in armed bands and demanded food supplies, arms, and money, from the more well to do Filipino and, if not forthcoming they took some to the hills and held them for ransom. Some of them they killed. This caused all the more well-to-do Filipinos to move to Manila or other places for better security and safety. This caused us to move much further away and made it hard on the girls who were then getting much of our food from the market at Dinalupihan, Bataan. We were eating good then. Sleeping most of the time in the open. We had our camp houses, but some of the time we slept away from the camp in the woods in case of surprise by the Japanese soldiers.

Were

The nurse traveling with Catalina and the doctor, visiting the boys who were sick and needed their help and care.

It was shortly after the Japanese raid on the headquarters of the guerrillas in this area that those guerrillas killed a white man, a Britisher, Johnny Williams, who also was working with the guerrillas. These guerrillas were also looking for another American army corporal who was in charge of their band, and were going to kill him too, but this American absented himself from their district. These white men had been told not to return to this district after the Japanese raid, because they had not been present when the Japanese made the raid on their headquarters. Johnny Williams, this British subject, went back to the district of their former headquarters to visit his wife. He was caught by these guerrillas and killed and buried in the hills.

These guerrillas dug deep pits in the ground and kept their prisoners, (Filipinos) in these pits until their trail by them which did not include any



American officer or soldier. Sometimes before trial these prisoners were taken out of the pit to do work around the guerrillas headquarters. Very few prisoners were released, most of them shot after digging their own graves. One evening just before supper we received in our camp an American soldier visitor who was carrying a letter written by an American army officer to Americans hiding in the mountains, to surrender, that no harm would come to them, food was good, plenty of medicines and good dental work performed, otherwise those in hiding when caught would be shot. This man who was sent out with this letter and told to see these Americans in hiding and show them this sealed letter giving him a certain number of days to go through the mountains and having to report back on a certain stipulated date. If this man failed to return the captain who wrote the note would be shot. He was given 7 days to do this and the district he was to operate in. They gave him ₱7.00 cash, cigarettes and arranged bus and carretela fare. I read the letter and we all decided that no one wanted to surrender and told this American visitor so. Shortly after a group of 20 guerrillas whom I recognized came into our camp. I asked them what they wanted in our camp. I did not care to have guerrillas near us. They first claimed they were looking for building material in the forest, and happened on our camp. This did not sound right to me, so I insisted on the real object of their presence. These men knew me well and finally admitted that they had been in Dinalupihan, when this American got off the bus and reported to the Japanese garrison there and then they followed this American to our camp. We always had some one on outposts so never were surprised. It was the intention of these guerrillas to kill this American as a Japanese spy. I explained to these men why this American was ordered hereby the Japanese and, that if they killed him they would be jeopardizing the life of another American, who had written this letter. That seemed to satisfy them and they left. We took care of this American that night and he left us next day. These Americans on getting back again to the Japanese would report that they had or hadn't seen Americans if they had would not reveal their hide-out merely saying they met them on the trail somewhere.

Catalina made several trips to Manila one in June 1942 and got plenty of clothing and shoes. One just before Thanksgiving of 1942 and got back into the hills with all that was needed to make our Thanksgiving day a feast. Another trip at X'mas time and again at New Year's and these days we surely feasted. I took sick with malaria in Jan. 1943 for 3 months and could not do much in getting-in of supplies, but Catalina kept right on with the help of the girls and managed to keep the camp in plenty of food. I broke our main camp in early part of March 1943 after a raid in the mountains by Japanese soldiers who attacked the guerrilla headquarters and burnt it down. We happened to be a couple of kilometers across the ridge. The Japanese used mortars and machine guns against the guerrilla headquarters, but the guerrillas had all fled, so they searched the surrounding country. We went into hiding by a small stream during the day and when we came out and got to our camp site we found that the Japanese had not located our camp. The next night they came into the hills again, we left our camp and made for the highest peak of our mountain range and could see their flash lights searching the hill sides, again they did not locate our camp site. They did burn some Filipino shacks that were built in the hills. It was the next day that we disbanded our 3rd camp there being many small camps in between moves. Some left with us

and my son Vernon for our Isip camp which was about 10 miles away. Those that had been placed with different Filipino families remained with them, other took off for the north. Catalina, the nurse, and the girls took for the town of Dinalupihan, Bataan. I was still very weak from my attack of malaria fever. It took me a whole day to make this trip to Isip, which was only a small camp. There were 6 boys with my brother Martin and 5 came with me, Vernon leaving us after a few days, so we all camp together. Martin had a family of Dinalupihan bringing in supplies to their camp in Isip and when I got there Catalina helped bring in more supplies. Here we remained a month living well and I recuperated rapidly under the direct care of our doctor. While we were in camp here, Faustino Bantay, who was helping support this camp with his wife, shot a big monkey, and when this monkey fell to the ground there was a little baby monkey clinging to her. One of the boys took care and raised this baby monkey on coconut milk, fed with a medicine dropper. It was here too where Martin made us some of the finest pot Roasts we ever tasted of wild hog that a Negrito was getting for us. In this camp area, there were quite a number of musangs around. The musang is very similar to skunks in fur and the color of the fur but they do not leave a bad odor. Most Filipinos will not eat these animals. They kept coming to our camp prowling for food and were very daring. We threw a hatchet at one and he hissed back at us not budging. They must have been hungry to try to fight back. We never killed any of these animals.

Catalina had made a Manila trip in early April for supplies and I was expecting her back Saturday April 4, 1943 and I knew she would have to have my help for packing in the supplies she was bringing back with her so I asked 6 of the boys to meet her at the foothills, Martin going too. They left about 8 o'clock in the morning. Martin taking the lead with our dog "Chocolate". We called him Chocolate because of his hair, being of a chocolate color. They had not covered more than 300 yards on the trail when Chocolate stood still, his hair on his back raising and let out a bark which Martin followed through the bushes and trees, and saw Japanese soldiers at rest on the trail ahead. That was enough, so all ran back toward the camp site to give warning of the approaching Japanese soldiers. We had just time enough to grab our guns and few pieces of clothing and went in hiding nearby. The Japanese soldiers following right on our heels. Lucky for us that they did not see us as we did not have time to look for a good place to hide.

I had our dog Chocolate with me and had to hold his head and mouth shut so he could not see, growl, or bark as we sat on a side of a hill by a big tree and small bushes. The Japanese searching around the camp site for us, passing within 20 feet of us. One of the boys hid or sank out of sight in the tall grasses no more than 4 feet away from the trail the soldiers took after having burnt our camp. He was not detected. They had bayonets on their rifle. Not finding anyone, they burnt our camp down after the Filipinos who were with them looted our canned goods supply and clothing. There were 60 Japanese soldiers and about 20 Filipinos who, helped them with their packing. After the Japanese soldiers left we went to where our camp was and were able to save a little burnt rice and 1 chicken which, was tied to a small bush, leaving other chickens behind which were loose. From there we moved over several hills to a hide-out of one American soldier who had left

our camp thru a difference he had with another boy in our camp. We were looking after this boy also but his provisions were very meager. We ate this 1 chicken and burnt rice for supper, twelve men. When we got up in the morning all we had for breakfast was a little cooked rice and very little brown sugar. When we finished this frugal meal we held council as to what should be done. Some of the boys were for going North toward Baguio and the Mountain Provinces. No one wanted to mention surrender or giving ourselves up to the Japanese garrison in Dinalupihan. I finally spoke up and suggested surrender due to being continually hunted down by the Japanese soldiers, and the guerrillas were becoming our enemies and the danger to the Filipino people who were aiding and working for us, also jeopardizing the lives of my family. Most of the boys thought this idea of surrender good. So right after breakfast 9 of us started on the trail for the foothills of the mountains toward Dinalupihan, Bataan. We left most of our medicines, guns and whatever else we had with the 2 boys who were not going to surrender. We reached the foothills by 12 o'clock at the hide-out of an American civilian friend of mine, Eddie Mart. I made contact with this friend and asked him to dispatch a trusted Filipino, a relative of his wife with a note I had written to Catalina who was in Dinalupihan with all the supplies from Manila. As it turned out Catalina would not leave with these supplies for our camp in Isip because there were 1000 Japanese soldiers in Dinalupihan scouting for Americans in the mountains and on maneuvers in the foothills. Catalina received the note I dispatched stating only, where we were, and that we were very hungry. Catalina arrived in about 2 hours with the supplies she could safely put into a carretela, in baskets, and sawale bags, which she and the girls could hide under voluminous skirts they had put on so as to hide these provisions. The wife of this friend of mine accompanying her. They were a carretela load of beautiful girls who passed the Japanese sentries at one of the roads leading out from Dinalupihan. All the roads leading out of the town were under Japanese sentry, because of a big meeting that was to be held that Sunday afternoon by the Japanese colonel in charge of the San Fernando garrison. He was making a speech to the Filipino people and had issued orders for no one to leave the town especially men folks. But this carretela of beautiful girls who gave these guards nice smiles were permitted to leave. The girls saying their destination was a barrio 3 kilometers away from Dinalupihan, in fact our plantation barrio. But instead of going there they turned off toward where we were in the foothills. They were surely surprised to see us and it was then that I told Catalina of our intentions and asked if my son Jr. was in Dinalupihan. She said he was, so I asked her to explain our situation to Jr. and have him arrange surrender terms with the Japanese Col. Susuki, who was making this speech in Dinalupihan. She then made up our lunch which was a feast. We sat down at 3 in the afternoon to a wonderful feast. The girls leaving back for the town at 5 o'clock, time enough for Catalina to talk to Jr. and give him my note. That night we all slept in the foothills awaiting Jr. the next morning. I could not get a wink of sleep that night thinking and discussing the story we would have to tell the Japanese. We went to sleep without coming to an agreement. I could not sleep and it finally dawned on me to tell the whole truth of the camp, and for the boys to do the same. I would shoulder the whole responsibility. I felt easier right then and we all took a shave, bath and breakfasted, and waited Jr. who arrived about 9 o'clock. We had a little council with Jr. who had made all arrangements with the Japanese Col. for our surrender the evening before. Af-

r which we walked to Dinalupihan to surrender. There was one of the boys who had been in our camp and who had an old man take care of him, who came there from a hide out. One other with us did not wish to surrender due to the fact that he had been with a group of 18 persons in Olongapo, one of whom had killed a Japanese guard there, then all made their escape. So we left these two behind with all the provisions and the other provisions that was still in Dinalupihan which Catalina would send to them for all the boys whom we left behind.

We reached Dinalupihan at 12 o'clock. We saw no Japanese soldiers as they were ordered to remain in Dinalupihan by the Col. so we could enter without being molested by them. Jr. left us at the entrance to the town while he called for the Japanese officer in charge. He arrived immediately with 2 Japanese soldiers. We were 7 who surrendered, 5 military men and my brother Martin and myself. This Japanese officer asked us if we had lunch and we told him no, so he dispatched one of the soldiers ahead of us to have food ready for us when we arrived. They treated us well and after feeding and resting us dispatched us on a truck to San Fernando, allowing my son to bring our dog Chocolate on the truck, knowing that it was this dog that saved us from being captured by the Japanese soldiers on Saturday.

My son Jr. and the dog got off at Sto. Tomas, Lubao, Pampanga, the home town of Catalina. We went to San Fernando, Pampanga and were turned over to Col. Suzuki who was in charge of the San Fernando garrison. His first question was if we had cigarettes. We pointed to the table and said thank you ✓  
at Jr. had purchased two cartoons of cigarettes for us. He then asked who were the 2 civilians. We fell in line, 5 military men and 2 civilians (my brother and myself). He then addressed us thanking us first for our surrender and promising no harm would come to us, that we civilians would be sent to Sto. Tomas Internment camp and the military men would be sent to Cabanatuan prison camp. He then asked us if he could have pictures taken of us. We said yes and, we made a couple of more pictures with him, the Col. and 2 other Japanese officers behind us. We sitting on our haunches, He then said he was apologizing to us for having to turn us over to the provincial jail under the care of the prison warden as they had no other better place to put us, but that he would issue instructions to the warden to give us extra privileges, while in this jail. We were allowed to see my family and other friends who came and were allowed to receive food, money or other gifts from these people. If we wished liquor, we could receive this or buy this or buy any food we wished. The jail food was terrible, a plate of steamed rice, and a very small thin slender dried fish amount  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide by 2 inches long. Luck for us that my family brought us food the whole time we were there which was for a period of 1 month. There were other Americans there before us, 4 of them, a few days later we numbered 23,. We all eat together of food brought by my family and friends. There were also many supposed guerrillas prisoners behind bars and very badly treated. Some convicts who were made trustees by the warden were very cruel to all the prisoners, unless the prisoners could donate to their welfare they maltreated them terribly and horribly. When we arrived no medication were given to the prisoners and our doctor who was with and the little medicine and bandages he had, done everything he could to rove their lot. Reasoning also with the warden in sending several cases



to the provincial hospital for care and treatment. We were all called to the warden's office for questioning by the Japanese. We all told the same story, the true story of the camp. This happened 3 different times and we always told them the true story of the camp. We implicated no one. My family was with me in the hills but they did not maltreat them in any way. The boys did not know the full name of the nurse of any of other Filipino men and girls working for us and helping us, so no one could be jeopardized. After a confinement of 1 month in the provincial jail of San Fernando, Pampanga, we were ordered sent to Cabanatuan prison camp. When this order came to the warden we asked if he would dispatch a prison guard to verify the order of sending my brother and myself with the military men to Cabanatuan. We were told this was orders from Headquarters, Manila. The warden dispatched a guard to Lubao, that same evening for Catalina and my son Jr. They arrived at 10:30 o'clock that night and I asked them to intercede for us early the following morning but that was the last I saw of my family. Arriving here in Cabanatuan prison camp I, May 9, 1943. When we were questioned again here they said the orders were from Manila for our confinement here.

Catalina continued to aid and help the American men who were still in the hills and those who later surrendered and were kept in the provincial jail of San Fernando, Pampanga. She later on had to go back to the hills with her two sons Wm. Jr. and Vernon who were with the guerrilla forces of Bataan. She was active and helping the American Boys in the mountains until the arrival of our New Army in the Philippines.

Signed

/s/ Wm. J. Fassoth Sr.  
/t/ Wm. J. Fassoth Sr.

Partial list of names of American  
Officers, Non Coms, and Enlisted men taken  
from memory. who were in our camp.

Col. Russell W. Volckman	Frank Gyoval
Lt. Col. H. Magnuson QM	Alvin Ingram
" Moses	Raymond N. Scholotlerov
" Noble	James P. Boyd
" B. L. Anderson	Pierce Wade
Major Blackburn	Raymond Herbert
" Edwin Ramsey	H. A. Breier
" John Boone	Clinton V. Wolfe
Capt. Schibley	Nano Lucero
" Lage	Manuel Montoya
" Newman	Leon O. Beck
" Jones	Johnny Story
" Lou Docsh	Wm. Fought
" Joe H. Barker	Duke Jarvis
" Lou Bell	Reeves

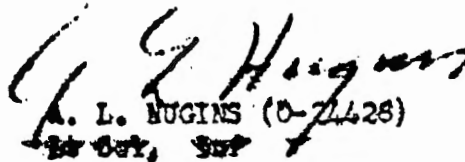
" Roy C. Hunt Jr.  
 Lt. John P. Taylor  
 " Roy E. Thomas  
 " Homer Martin  
 " Jack Spiece  
 " Bob Reeves  
 " Petite  
 " Bob Chappin  
 " Connors  
 " Wm. Gardiner  
 " Arnold Warschell  
 " Kerry  
 " Hugh McCoy  
 S/sgt. Frank Bernacki  
 Tei Miller  
 Doyle V. Decker  
 Jim Ralson  
 W. A. Bresler  
 Bob Campbell  
 Louis F. Barella  
 Daniel Kayhill  
 Mackenzie  
 Jack N. Woods  
 Harold Ervin  
 Michael Shlish  
 Jerry Sourbier  
 Jack Wren  
 Earl Catman  
 Henry Winslow  
 Larsen  
 Owen Kiepper  
 Kelly  
 Elmer Young  
 Edie Hagginbottom  
 Johnny Johns  
 Rudolph Wurshbach  
 T/sgt. Luther N. Mackenzie

George E. Majorsy  
 Andrew Roscoff  
 Smith  
 Chattan  
 Earl F. Walk ✓  
 Jerry Polley  
 Joseph Shubert  
 Mann  
 David Capps  
 Margarito Agridano ✓  
 Bernice R. Fletcher  
 Wm Sudimack  
 Patten  
 Archie  
 Fred Stamper ✓  
 Colman Banks ✓  
 Eugeno Zinghiom  
 Moore  
 Francis Henderson  
 Bart  
 Gerald Wade  
 Cletus W. Johnson  
 Oconner  
 Herring  
 Arther Haggins  
 Oggle  
 Rayburn  
 Nicely  
 Wm. Coward  
 Richard Beek  
 Haylin R. Lawrence  
 Edward C. Kieth  
 Bruce  
 Benjamin Baruch  
 Fred Alvies

Wm J. Fassoth

ALH/amc  
 30 Apr '47

I certify that the above is a true copy.

  
 A. L. EUGINS (O-7428)  
 1st Ser, Sgt

n extraordinary account. As can be seen,  
 al has been marked and folded. There  
 ag ors and the typewriter left much to  
 l. self wrote in many of the "d"s, but  
 it is a facsimile of the original and  
 n my possession.

PLA.