Escape to the hills, by James and Ethel Chapman; with drawings by Drayton S. Haff

Chapman, James Wittenmeyer, 1880-
Lancaster, P., J. Cattell Press [1947]

https://hdl.handle.net/2027/mdp.39015059390669

ESCAPE TO THE HILLS

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BY JAMES AND ETHEL CHAPMAN

With drawings by Drayton S. Haff

THE JAQUES CATTELL PRESS

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

To Catalino and Simplicio and the other friends of Camp Lookout, who by their never-failing help and loyalty made possible the comfort and safety of our life as fugitives from the Japanese.

Contents

Foreword

It is a privilege to be given the opportunity to write this foreword to the narrative which follows. It is done willingly, nay eagerly, for a friend one regards with sincere admiration.

One is naturally curious to learn how a friend and fellow scientist has met problems similar to those he himself has faced under different circumstances—problems created by the presence of a conquering army in one's homeland, which sought to dominate and wrest away one's material possessions and to render the conquered harmless or, if possible, helpful to the cause of the enemy.

Dr. Chapman is a native of Ohio, Mrs. Chapman of Minnesota. As with many Americans, their education and vocation took them to various parts of the United States before they heeded the "call of the East." As a scientist, Dr. Chapman followed the usual path of training from the more generalized fields of the physical and biological sciences, through the more restricted areas of zoology and entomology, and eventually to the highly specialized study of tropical insects and ants, with emphasis on their economic importance.

As pioneers, Dr. and Mrs. Chapman came to the Philippines in 1916 to join the faculty of the rapidly growing mission school, then known as Silliman Institute, located on the Island of Negros, one of the central islands of the archipelago. They remained there, quietly and steadily pursuing their lives as teachers and naturalists. During the ensuing thirty years, Dr. Chapman became interested in the educational problems, not only of his own school, now become Silliman University, but of the other universities of

the Philippines, and has been particularly devoted to the advancement of scientific training among the youth of the country. Through his study of the natural history of the Philippines, especially of its ants, he has made a significant contribution to the knowledge and distribution of insect life throughout the Orient.

The Japanese invasion disrupted the normal course of life on the Islands. Regarded as enemy nationals, the Chapmans sought refuge in the mountains back of Dumaguete with which they were familiar. The first months were spent at Camp Lookout, which it was my pleasure to visit some years ago; then, retreating farther up the mountain, continually hunted by the Japanese, they continued to enjoy that priceless freedom which one never fully appreciates until it has been lost.

These candid and intimate sketches depict the life they led for twenty months in the hinterland of Negros Island, until the Japanese eventually caught up with them and interned them with citizens of other Allied nations in the prison camp at Santo Tomas University, Manila. Their story shows how the triple outlook of scientist, educator, and missionary helped them to survive and determined their reactions to the kind of life they had to lead. That they did survive and even enjoyed and profited by an experience which would have been intolerable to persons reared with a different outlook on life is proof of the soundness of the concept that life is not based on material possessions alone, but that high ideals and concern for the well-being of others are still possible when the comforts and pleasures of civilization have been swept away by a ruthless invader.

BIENVENIDO M. GONZALES
President of the University of the Philippines

Manila, Philippines
February 12, 1946

ESCAPE TO THE HILLS

CHAPTER ONE

WAR COMES TO SILLIMAN UNIVERSITY

IT WAS MORNING in the Philippines when the news of Pearl Harbor flashed around the world. War had come! We left our breakfast to sit by the radio and gaze blankly into each other's faces as one awful detail followed another and our peaceful academic world crashed about us. Too stunned for anything but the usual routine, I even hurried off to a seven o'clock class, leaving Jim still at the radio.

Classes went on pretty much as usual that day at Silliman University, although we all knew that school days must soon

be over. As alarming reports kept coming in, the faculty became increasingly concerned for the safety of the fifteen to sixteen hundred students on the campus. When Manila and Davao had been bombed and invasion was imminent in the north, a general exodus began. Frantic parents wrote or wired or came for their children; autos, buses, trucks, boats—all were filled to overflowing as boys and girls headed for home. By Wednesday we were not attempting regular classes. Many of the older students, however, were still on the campus; the ROTC had been told to stand by for further orders; the Siamese were stranded here; and many of the Filipina girls from Mindanao were afraid to start home because of bombings in the south.

Our assembly hall was crowded for the usual chapel exercises, as the news spread through town that there would be special speakers that morning. The governor of Oriental Negros told us of the plan that had been made to carry on in accordance with the National Emergency Act of early 1941. At the close of his speech he announced that H. Roy Bell, of our physics department, had been placed in charge of civil affairs, and that James W. Chapman, of zoology, would act as food administrator for the province. Several other visitors spoke, but at the end Major Robert H. Vesey, Commander of the 73rd Infantry Regiment, Oriental Negros, gave a quiet statement of the difficult task ahead and of complete confidence in our eventual triumph. He made a deep impression and managed somehow to impart to us his own courage and calm. (Some months later Major Vesey was one of four military prisoners led out of the Davao camp after several Americans had escaped—led out never to return!)

We sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" that morning, "Oh, long may it wave," never thinking that the Rising Sun of Japan was to take its place and fly for long weary years from

the flagpole on the campus. We sang the Philippine National Anthem too, "Ne'er shall invader trample thy sacred shores," not knowing that Silliman University boys were even then giving their lives in a brave attempt to make those words come true.

Freed now from classroom duties, Jim set about getting his office under way while I made lists and packed supplies for a move into the mountains should it become necessary to leave Dumaguete. The possibility of evacuation had been thoroughly discussed at faculty meetings for days and Filipinos as well as Americans had made plans in spite of a general "it can't happen here" optimism. The many ridges in the mountains rising abruptly back of Dumaguete offered excellent places for hide-outs, and several general locations had been suggested for the fifty or sixty faculty families. One of these was Camp Lookout, only eight miles from Dumaguete as the crow flies, but sixteeen hundred feet in elevation. It was to the vacation house which we had built there years ago that Jim and I now planned to go.

However, the president of Silliman, Dr. Arthur L. Carson, having been through Japanese bombing in China, was very anxious that the women and children leave the campus as soon as possible; therefore, we immediately put our house at the disposal of the committee on evacuation. It was their decision that three other women should leave town with me at once. Naturally I did not want to go, as Jim's work kept him in Dumaguete, but I reluctantly agreed, only to discover at the last minute that none of the women who were to accompany me could get ready on such short notice! It seemed best for me to go ahead, however, as there was much to be done at camp before the house would be really comfortable for évacuées.

Metta Silliman was at her house not far away with a

Siamese, Umnui Sinsook. I, too, sent for a Siamese to keep me company, Seela Chayaniyayodhin, as it did not seem wise in the general unrest and confusion for me to stay alone. Partly to keep up morale, but also to conserve fuel, we took turns at preparing and serving meals, alternating a day at a time between the two households. We put ourselves on wartime rations at once to save all imported food for the unknown future, but the girls prepared their favorite Siamese dishes and in many other ways helped to tide us over the first days of uncertainty.

Since these houses and the whole Camp Lookout region figured so largely in the first years of the war, some explanation of the general background is necessary for an appreciation of conditions there.

We had selected the spot in 1917 and had built a small thatched-roof bamboo house on the brink of a ravine through which, three hundred feet below, flowed a cold mountain stream. There was considerable change in temperature from the heat of Dumaguete, and the coolness and freedom of camp life made our vacations there enjoyable as well as beneficial, especially to the children. We called the place simply "camp"; but, because our many visitors from the lowlands took such delight in the view of Dumaguete and the shoreline far to the south, and in looking out over the sparkling blue sea to the distant islands, they fell into the habit of saying "Camp Lookout," and the name became well established all over the province.

Although we and another family long since gone from Dumaguete had been pioneers, other Americans from time to time had built houses in our general locality, our nearest neighbors for some years being Bob and Metta Silliman and their sister, Abby Jacobs, all professors at the university. In the early days we walked up from Luzuriaga, a small

town six or seven miles from Dumaguete, and everything was carried up by manpower. Now, however, we came by auto over a road begun in 1935 but still unfinished, a road winding back and forth, not quite touching our property, as it continued up the hill. As the region thus became more accessible, other families, Spanish and Filipino, built houses, some of them elaborate villas, farther up the mountain, the highest at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet. Perhaps a hundred and fifty Filipinos had homes on our ridge, within a radius of a mile. We knew each of them by name, even the children; many had been our friends for more than twenty-five years, as ready and willing to do things for us as we were to help them. They were accustomed to bring eggs and vegetables and fruit to our camp. In addition to the people of Camp Lookout, other families came from Mampas on the ridge to the south, a famous garden spot, and others from the hills to the north. We were sure that in this crisis we could depend on these friends to bring us food, and we were sure too of their loyalty to all Americans.

All these years we had been gradually transforming our acre and a half from a tangled mass of underbrush and cogon grass to a place of beauty and charm, with tropical flowers and ferns and fruits of all kinds. We could depend on a supply of bananas of many varieties from our own trees and, in season, on avocados and Hawaiian pineapples in abundance; also our coffee trees, *Arabia var,* furnished more coffee than we two needed for ourselves.

The house was well adapted for this emergency. From the first one, hurriedly built at a cost of less than fifty dollars, the present good-sized structure had evolved. It was of sawed-frame structure, but with smooth easily cleaned floors of split bamboo and a roof of nipa shingles made from the folded leaves of the nipa palm tree. The house and the

runway from the kitchen, ten feet back of the house, were enclosed with a lattice of bamboo strips through which air passed freely but which kept out unwelcome visitors. Next the canyon was the bedroom, the breeziest corner of the house, closed off during the day with heavy canvas curtains. We ate in the corner nearest the kitchen or on one of the uncovered porches. Only one room was closed off by a wall of closely woven bamboo matting—sawali. This was used as a dressing room and, in our absence, for storage purposes.

We had two porches—azotea—one facing the canyon and mountains beyond, the other looking out over Dumaguete and the sea. There was nothing unusual about the framework and railing of these porches, but the floors worked on hinges with an ingenious five-block-and-tackle arrangement. During heavy rains we could pull up the floors to give shelter inside. When we went to Dumaguete, they formed a convenient means of securely closing the house, at the same time protecting the bamboo flooring from the frequent rains.

Another advantage of Camp Lookout was an abundant supply of water, flowing by gravity through galvanized iron pipe from a spring three thousand feet up the canyon. We had running water in the kitchen and dressing room, and a shower and a flush toilet in the bathroom—real luxuries for a camp house. What water we could not use went into a large tank back of the kitchen to be distributed to other houses near by and to a second storage tank in the garden. All the people of the hillside used this water, filling cans and bamboo tubes, washing clothes and bathing, and watering their animals. One energetic fellow raised ducks along the stream which ran down the roadside before it disappeared in the porous ground.

All through the years, Jim had roamed the mountain trails for miles around Camp Lookout, acquiring an intimate

knowledge of the whole region while observing and making extensive collections of the plant and animal life abounding in the forests. In evacuating to Camp Lookout, we felt that this knowledge would be a great help if we should ever be forced to move higher into the mountains. Future events proved that our choice had been a wise one.

CHAPTER TWO

WE CARRY ON

OUR FIRST GUESTS arrived in about a week. The Lindholm family with four children including eight-day-old Janet, and their Filipina servant girls, and Alvin and Marilee Scaff, whose baby boy was born the following April, filled the house to overflowing. Seela, the Siamese, wanted to go back to Dumaguete for Christmas, so she left and I turned over the house to the new arrivals and arranged to eat my meals with the Sillimans.

I slept at home, however, and kept at work there. The Filipino neighbors, bewildered and frightened by the evident alarm of the Americans, kept coming ostensibly to bring

food but really in desperate need of reassurance and advice. They stood around, watching or occasionally helping me turn all our available space into a war garden, as I tried by my example to make them realize that they too must plant more food than they had ever planted before. The food control office was keeping prices of corn and rice at fairly low levels still, but we knew the supply would steadily diminish as Negros was increasingly cut off from the rest of the archipelago, and that we must raise for ourselves what we expected to eat in the next few months—we never thought in terms of years!

The hillside was gay with poinsettias now, and almost before we realized it, Christmas was on us. Christmas at Camp Lookout was for our Filipino neighbors the one big event of the year. Life is such a struggle for these hard-working tillers of the soil that the little money they obtain must be spent for the bare necessities of life and not for pleasure. So each year at holiday time, according to the Spanish custom, the children had come for candy, and the parents had come hoping to receive a gift of clothing for each of the family. We usually received Christmas boxes from America, from friends or church groups—clothing, simple toilet articles, and the little things children love the world over; but this year there were none. We knew there was a great deal of mail in Manila and that it was on its way south; but the ill-fated *Corregidor* struck a mine just out of Manila Bay. In the face of that disaster with the loss of many friends and acquaintances, the missing packages did not seem so important. Finally Metta and I decided to pool our meager resources and prepare gifts only for the families permanently on our payroll; we had to send word to everyone else not to expect anything this year.

On Christmas morning Mr. Lindholm conducted a service

in Visayan—an informal outdoor affair. Quite a little group, seated on the hillside, joined in the familiar hymns and entered into the spirit of the day. As usual, there were a number of curious passers-by who squatted, Filipino fashion, for a few minutes, bringing a pet rooster or even a goat or carabao along with them, but soon they went on quietly down the hill without attracting further attention.

One of the Lindholm children was sick with what proved to be chicken pox, but a pretty tree had been set up in the house and there were enough toys and sweets to make the children's first war Christmas a happy one. We ate dinner with the Sillimans, but Abby and the men brought most of the food from Dumaguete already prepared; they had even opened a can or two, and it was quite a festive occasion. The hillside children had their candy as usual, for the men handed it out along the road both coming and going, and the word was passed along from one household to another more quickly than the car could travel along the winding road. In spite of our warning, many of the older folks only vaguely understood that we had nothing to give them this year and came as usual, laden with their gifts of eggs or fruit. A few with tears in their eyes refused the money we offered, insisting that they wanted to share what they had with us and expected nothing in return. The tears filled our eyes too at their desire to befriend us.

In January, after the Japanese entered Manila, the situation became more critical; évacuées poured out of Dumaguete to the hills, and Camp Lookout became a crowded little community. But for many it was only a temporary refuge until plans could be made for another retreat farther away from town. The Americans realized that at a time such as this there was no safety in numbers, and they scattered as much as possible. The Lindholms with the four little folks

set out on a long trip up the coast to mountains far north of us, and the Scaffs moved away also to be nearer the evacuated mission hospital at Pamplona. The single women of the mission station decided not to occupy the house that had been built on our hill for their use, but to join Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bryant at Pamplona Coconut Plantation. The Bells and the Carsons, with the last of the dormitory girls, were nicely settled at Malabo, a high plateau some distance north of us.

The McKinley family were preparing to leave their comfortable home, a hard half-hour climb above ours, and the Winn family, who had been with them, had gone north with the Lindholms. Mr. Winn's farewell remark had been, "See you all in concentration camp!" We thought that an utterly absurd idea, but two years later there he was to welcome us on our arrival at Santo Tomas!

The Lowrys—Bill and Jean and five-year-old Billy—rented a house just above ours, deserting the small island of Siquijor (Sick-i-hor) where Bill had been managing a manganese mine for the Luzon Stevedoring Company; the Sillimans were still neighbors; and Charles and Hettie Glunz had moved in with us for the duration, we thought.

As the days passed and no help came, it became evident that we should prepare hide-outs farther away from Dumaguete. There are very few streams in our mountains, although the rainfall is heavy, as the water soon sinks into the ground and reappears as springs near sea level. Water therefore becomes increasingly a problem as altitude increases, and near the top of the six-thousand-foot twin peaks, known as the Horns of Negros, there is none at all. Since there was no place with a year-round supply of running water, Bob Silliman and Jim, after a trip of exploration, selected a site across the canyon seven or eight hundred feet higher than

Camp Lookout. This place, called Dalasag, had the advantages of being near our present location and, more important, of being much more difficult of access from Luzuriaga. Drinking water would have to be carried some distance, but we hoped to catch enough water for other purposes from thatched roofs, if (we were still optimistic) it should be necessary to live there any length of time. Mr. Silliman agreed to supervise the erection of two houses, one for themselves and one for the Glunz-Chapman combination. A third house was built later for the possible use of the Lowrys, although they planned to move over to Mampas should a change ever be necessary.

As we women watched the men toiling up the mountain on their trips of exploration, we noticed how conspicuous they were in white clothes long after the Filipinos had faded into the landscape. Accordingly on his next trip from Dumaguete, Charles brought us a good supply of dye, and all the light-colored hats and shirts went into the dye pot to emerge dark green or brown, as the case might be. The men's khaki trousers were all right as they were, but my pair of knickerbockers, made over from a discarded Palm Beach golf outfit, became a chestnut brown that made my trips along the trail much less dangerous. From the very beginning, we had no idea of ever surrendering to the Japanese; we thought we could surely evade them for the few months they were to stay in Negros!

The houses were soon ready and on January 7, 1942, we sent off the first loads of cots and bedding, food, and all the little conveniences we had not yet learned to do without —even boxes of Japanese punk to keep the mosquitoes away. As the little caravan wound slowly up the steep trail, I marveled at these men, women, and children who had so cheerfully hoisted the heavy loads on their backs and started off

on the long trip. Surely the few centavos they received did not pay them for the labor involved; nor indeed could it in any way express our appreciation of what they were so willingly doing for us.

Dumaguete had so far escaped bombing, but planes constantly circled overhead and strict blackouts were observed, especially in the mountain. It was not an easy task to darken even a tiny light in the camp houses with their latticed sides, and as a result, we went to bed almost as early as the Filipinos did. They were becoming more and more frightened as time went on, and left their homes only for necessary work or to bring us food. The sound of even distant planes filled them with terror of the unknown. They crouched inside the door of the house, as though that flimsy structure offered any protection, and the conversation was usually like this:

"Ma'm, I am afraid."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Maybe there will be bombs and we will be killed."

"Maybe so, but being afraid won't help you any, and maybe there won't be any bombs after all."

But all the while I realized how much easier it was to preach than to practice!

Fortunately we had a few pleasant diversions and nothing could have been better for our morale than a wedding. Umnui was still with the Sillimans, and now she was to marry a young Filipino teacher, Joaquin Funda, who later played an important part in the guerrilla intelligence service. We almost forgot the war as we put on our dress-up clothes once more and gathered on the Silliman lawn, waiting for the bride and groom to take their places under a canopy of green ferns and the fragrant wild flowers of the tropics. The bride and bridesmaid carried bouquets of lilies and orchids, and the men had gardenias in the lapels of their white suits. The

officiating clergyman, attendants, and several visitors came up from Dumaguete, making quite a group as we assembled after the ceremony for the wedding dinner. This was a really wonderful dinner for wartime, and we women found its preparation a more pleasant occupation than packing evacuation supplies!

A trip or two to Dumaguete provided other diversions. As Hettie and I wandered along familiar streets and into the stores, unfamiliar now with almost empty shelves where once had been plenty, we sometimes found unexpected treasures of food, such as cans of Grape-nuts or mincemeat which had somehow been overlooked in the mad rush of the first weeks. We went through our strangely quiet houses, listened once more to the radio, and took what care we could of our favorite plants. Although the men still slept at home, all attempts at individual housekeeping had been given up soon after Christmas and a central eating place organized at the Carsons' home, with our efficient cook, Rafael Pinero, in charge of the kitchen. Army officers and chance visitors to Dumaguete, such as Hettie and I, often appeared at mealtime, so that fifteen or eighteen might be waiting to sit down to a meal originally planned for five or six.

The university campus was a beehive of activity during these days when news was so disheartening. The Army used our dormitories as barracks and fed the men from the kitchen in Guy Hall. At the shop all sorts of emergency work was going on. Mr. Glunz, the superintendent of the industrial department (his war name was "Sid") had worked out a very clever lantern, using glass plates from old photographic negatives to protect a little coconut-oil lamp inside. These lanterns were so popular among évacuées that the shop turned out hundreds of them, and hundreds were made independently by private individuals in the town. The univer-

sity press, under Bob Silliman's direction, did Army and government work, including the printing of the emergency currency. Under Abby Jacobs' supervision, the press was publishing a daily copy of *The Sillimanian,* for some time the only newssheet in all southern Negros. This paper gave authentic war news to the people and thus helped to reduce the panic caused by wild rumors of what was going on. It featured articles which helped build up morale; it gave practical advice on gardening and balanced diet, as well as simple first-aid directions; and it printed legal prices of commodities —in short, it was just what people needed and wanted. They almost mobbed the newsboys; they drove miles up and down the coast to secure a copy, and they passed it from hand to hand as long as it was legible. Abby stayed at this job after the other American women had left town, and turned it over very reluctantly only a short time before the end came.

The school exchange and the cafeteria functioned under Dr. Carson's direction, as long as it was possible to find anything to sell. He also directed the strenuous efforts everyone made to save as much as possible of the school's equipment. School records, library books, scientific apparatus, musical instruments, typewriters, everything portable was carried off or hidden away in specially constructed concrete vaults.

Mr. Bell, in addition to his work as civil affairs man, was acting fuel administrator and, like Jim, was working under the NEA (National Emergency Administration). This agency had been prepared since early in 1941 to take over and carry on should hostilities actually break out. In the province, committees had been appointed to handle money, food, fuel, transportation, sanitation and health, local de-

fense, and evacuation of citizens. Doctors and nurses worked under the Red Cross, and the provincial and municipal teachers helped in any department to which they were assigned.

The committee of food consisted of the governor, the treasurer, and the engineer of the province, Jim as administrator, and as his assistant, Attorney R. R. Tugade of our law school faculty.

Ceiling prices had been named for practically every commodity, but in order that the supplies might be distributed to the best advantage, the treasurers of different municipalities were asked to send to the central office lists of what they would need during the next few months. Many of these lists did not reach the office until the Philippines had been entirely cut off from the outside world. One of them created a great deal of amusement, as the treasurer of a little town in Siquijor wrote as follows:

I beg leave to submit our needs for the next six months. They are:

15 crates of Sunkist oranges
50 sacks of Irish potatoes
100 cases of milk
30 cases of canned salmon
500 packages of matches
1000 packages of cigarettes.

One of the men in the office remarked, "That fellow must think we are magicians, not food administrators!"

The office ran into quite a problem when it asked various dealers for invoices of their stocks, such as rice, flour, milk, corn, and soap. Invariably the invoices had to be returned with a note saying: "You have not made a complete report" or "You omitted one hundred sacks of flour from your invoice." The merchants could not understand how the office

knew so much about them; the truth was that someone who knew the facts was always willing to pass them on for the sake of the common good.

The office knew from the first that food supplies on hand would soon be exhausted. Much of our corn and rice came from Mindanao, but no steamships were available any more. However, through the co-operation of the USAFFE (the United States Armed Forces in the Far East), several thousand sacks were purchased in northern Mindanao and brought to Dumaguete on small launches or good-sized sailboats. These small craft continued to function independently even after the Japanese began patrolling the waters, and did a good deal to relieve the shortage of cereal supplies.

For the first months, milk continued to come from large storehouses in Cebu, but after the occupation of Cebu City that source of supply was cut off. However, Bais Sugar Central, twenty-five miles up the coast, came to the rescue and turned over one hundred cases of their milk for use in Dumaguete. By rationing this only to sick or very small children, the inevitable day when there would be no more milk in the province was postponed several weeks.

It was something of a surprise to find soap included under the office of food administration. The reason, perhaps, is that soap is almost as essential as food to the average Filipino household; anyone who has lived in the tropics will appreciate this viewpoint. Normally most of the soap came from Cebu, but there were also local sources of supply, the most important being a Chinese merchant of Dumaguete. Bais Sugar Central was now producing soap instead of sugar. This was possible because of the large supply of soda on hand, a by-product of their paper mill, and the plentifulness of coconut oil now that copra could not be exported. Many enterprising individuals began making their own soap from

ashes and oil, and although the quality was inferior, the supply almost equaled the demand.

Most of the dealers co-operated well with the efforts to make supplies available to everyone at a fair price, but there were some who carried on black-market transactions. Soap, for instance, was bringing three times the Dumaguete ceiling price in Mindanao and Occidental Negros, and the office learned of one local dealer who was continually smuggling it out of the province without a permit. On one occasion, information came in that a truck from Occidental Negros was going to leave town that night marked with a conspicuous "Red Cross" but without a permit. The constabulary (provincial police) were notified and after dark stopped the truck just out of town and confiscated two tons of hard soap masquerading as Red Cross supplies. They held the truck until the Red Cross sign had been painted out and the driver had given his promise never to misuse the name again.

At another time about one hundred sacks of flour were discovered in a storehouse up the coast long after the stock of flour in Dumaguete was exhausted and the people were without bread. This flour, probably held for the black market, was finally bought from the reluctant owner and for a few weeks Dumaguetaños had breakfast rolls to eat again.

As the months passed by and one commodity after another disappeared from the market, there was little the office of food administration could do except, like everyone else, wait for the Japanese invasion.

CHAPTER THREE

NEARER AND NEARER

ALL THE WHILE the conquering Japs marched on! Hongkong, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies—only heroic Bataan still stemmed the tide. But while Bataan held, we pinned our hopes on that. Harry Fanton, broadcasting from Cebu, did his best to help. "Keep up your courage, folks," he said. "Wait for the hundredth day of the war. There'll be a surprise for you then." "Ten more days to hold out." "Two days—only two days more." He always ended with the "Keep 'em flying" which Don Bell had used on Manila's KZRM—the phrase which somehow never failed to bring our chins up and stiffen our backbones. We waited, hopeful in

spite of common sense, but the hundredth day came and went with only a dismal, "Sorry, folks; it didn't happen."

Our hearts were heavy, but food was more important than ever, and there was much work to be done in the garden. The mountain people had told us that nothing grew well during the dry season, but we had planted string beans and corn and mungos, the little round beans so full of vitamins, and quite a crop of peanuts, thinking that with all the water we needed results might justify the effort. It really was an effort, for every afternoon I watered each individual plant and the choice flowers, such as Gerbera and Singapore orchids, which I was afraid to trust to anyone else. Small boys, though, carried can after can of water to shrubs and poinsettias along the paths, receiving leftover Christmas candy as a reward. I never lacked for helpers! I found out now why vegetables were so scarce during the dry season, for insect pests thrived much better than the garden did, and I picked bugs and worms and brushed off aphids by the hundreds. Therefore I felt a glow of achievement when the garden yielded a crop larger than we had expected.

Like the work in the garden, housekeeping tasks consumed many more hours under war conditions. For one thing, we were cooking over an open fire, Filipino style, having built a native stove in the new kitchen to meet the emergency. We still used a charcoal fire for toast and for oven cooking, but only rarely did we allow ourselves the luxury of the alcohol stove. Although alcohol, a by-product of the Bais Sugar Central, had been plentiful and cost only fifteen cents a gallon (denatured, of course), now that it was being used in place of gasoline in cars and trucks, we knew the supply would be uncertain. Also, I did not want to use for cooking what Jim might need for the car or for preserving insect specimens of scientific value. A native stove was easily built; a wooden

box, eighteen inches deep and about three by four feet square, was set up on legs at a convenient height and filled with hard-packed dirt. Fires were built on top of the dirt, and pots and pans set over it either on carefully placed stones or on the ring of an iron tripod. This kind of stove works very well if the wood is plentiful and dry, but our supply was largely dead branches of trees that the children picked up in the woods. These branches were often quite green and burned with a great deal of smoke, which was supposed to drift out through the cracks in the bamboo walls, but which always filled my eyes with tears before the fire was well under way.

We felt that we must save our supply of matches for an emergency and limited ourselves to one a day. Charles had devised a tiny kerosene lamp with a very clever chimney made from the top of a brown-glass beer bottle, which burned only a small amount of kerosene a day. I used one match to light the lamp each morning and from it started the fires with old-fashioned paper spills. I learned to strike sparks from a flintlike stone with a small iron hammer and, what was more difficult, to catch the spark in the fuzz from the bark of a *patican* tree—fishtail palm—and then in fine shreds of coconut husk. Occasionally the first attempt was successful. At other times I emerged triumphant but hot and puffing from the constant blowing. But if I was in a hurry, I gave up and reached for a match.

While two women can live quite simply alone, it was another matter when Jim and Charles came for week ends, and eventually we simplified matters by having the Glunz' cook send a meat loaf or a fried chicken with the men when they came up Saturday. He usually sent dessert too, a pie or something else difficult to cook over an open fire.

One Sunday afternoon some time in March, we all started

up the hill for a walk. As we made our first stop to rest and cool off a little, our hearts almost stopped beating, for there in Tañon Strait, just off Dumaguete, were two Japanese destroyers slowly cruising. Someone brought the field glasses, and through them we saw that for the moment the boats were not landing. All afternoon we watched in suspense as they steamed up and down, up and down, sometimes nearer our side of the channel, sometimes nearer Cebu. And all the while planes circled above them as if on guard. The boats were still cruising when darkness came, but only one was in sight the next morning, and it was so far away that the men went back to Dumaguete as usual. The story they picked up was that a Japanese plane had crashed into the sea near Cebu, carrying a high-ranking officer, perhaps a prince, on a tour of inspection in the region. The Japanese searched diligently for several days and even landed a small boat on the Cebu shore, but they hadn't found him. (He had immediately been picked up and sent into the mountain to USAFFE headquarters.)

This experience brought home to us the realization that anything might happen now. We soon started another group of carriers up to Dalasag with more supplies. After that, at each alarm, carriers appeared of their own accord to see what we wanted sent up next. They must have been a little amused at all the equipment we seemed to need when they got along with so little. We knew, however, that in a real emergency the people would run away to hide, leaving us to carry the last supplies ourselves. So we sent for Graciano, our handy man for rattan and bamboo work, and asked him to make carrying baskets such as the Filipinos used, for Hettie and me. He almost wept at the idea of gray-haired American women carrying loads on their backs as the mountain women do, but he made the bukogs for us, beautiful

light ones woven of narrow strips of split bamboo. He carefully fitted the hemp shoulder straps so that the weight rested properly on our backs and left our hands free for other uses. We lined the baskets with heavy black oilcloth, allowing enough length to fold securely over the top of the basket and protect its contents from the rain. Into mine went a complete change of clothing, our passport and other valuable papers, an emergency medicine kit, a sewing kit, my writing case and diary, toilet articles, a little food, and matches wrapped carefully in oiled paper in a small tin box. Jim and Charles packed evacuation bags also and we kept them always at hand, so that at any minute, day or night, we could slip the straps over our shoulders and make our escape.

We were determined that the Japanese should not capture us or any of our necessary equipment and kept larger bukogs packed with kitchen utensils and other essentials ready at any minute to be carried off or just thrown over the edge of the ravine into the bushes. But there was still a good deal of food in the house, and I worried about what we would do with it if Hettie and I had to escape at night. Accordingly, one evening the trusty Simplicio helped me lower a large wooden box into a hole he had dug in the bushes a short distance above the house. Into this went a case of milk, another of canned meat, and various other cans and glass jars. When the cover had been put on the box and banana leaves spread on top to keep out the rain, we raked the original debris back into place, assured that it looked like nothing but a dump heap. It gave me considerable peace of mind to feel the food was safe, and when Jim opened the box three months later, everything was still in good condition, even a package of cheese—the last cheese we were to eat for two years.

Money was a problem too. We were afraid to bury it, as

many were doing, for fear we might leave in too big a hurry to dig it up again. Finally I made a moneybag and wore it day and night, on the theory that it would be safer on a woman than on a man. We were glad to have some money to worry about, as the war had found us with only enough cash to last until the end of the month. Although we were cut off from Manila, money had been forwarded to us from New York through the bank at Cebu, and we now had enough to last for several months. But everyone was saving money for the future, and Philippine currency was fast disappearing from circulation. To relieve this situation, the government authorized the printing of emergency money, guaranteed as usual but printed locally on any available paper, at the last on ordinary wrapping paper. In addition to bills of the usual denominations, script was issued in fifty, twenty, ten, five, and even one centavo values and was for a while a great curiosity. Although we called it puyay—not real—it passed at par value for many months, except of course in Japanese-occupied regions.

Still another problem at this time was what to do about our household equipment at Dumaguete. Most évacuées simply moved what they wanted to save to their new homes, but the house at Camp Lookout had been already furnished, and Dalasag was too far away to move up any but bare essentials. We felt, however, that we should make an effort to save a few of our most necessary belongings, enough to begin housekeeping when the war was over. So I made several trips to Dumaguete with Jim to pack the household linen and silver, aluminum kitchen utensils, and a box of dishes. We allowed ourselves two small trunks for clothing, and of course included all our heavy clothing for the next trip across the ocean! We decided to leave our miscellaneous library on the shelves, selecting only a few choice books to

be packed with reference books, lecture notes, and all the paraphernalia one accumulates through years of teaching. Only one small box was allowed for this, and packing it became a sort of game: "I'll take this," "I'll give that away," "I'll leave that for the Japs."

But somehow as the packing continued, the things which had seemed so important at first began losing their value, and we became content with the immediate necessities of shelter and food and clothing—in fact, the time was to come when we were content with just life itself. No one realizes better than the évacuées that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Little by little the boxes we had packed were taken up to Camp Lookout. Now it became Jim's problem to arrange a safe hiding place for them and for his scientific equipment, books, and large collection of insects, a collection crowded into about a hundred Schmidt insect boxes, representing almost thirty years of collecting in the Philippines. We must have a place as secure and dry as possible, but also one unknown to our hillside friends, lest they be forced to give information to the Japs or be tortured for concealing American property. Therefore, Jim left the office for a few days and with Catalino and Simplicio, the two faithful sons of our caretaker, located a spot on the side of the ravine not too far above the house. They were very careful to go to this place without being seen; they left no trail behind them; they almost never used a hammer, but tied the framework together with rattan, as the Filipinos do. In two days there was a good-sized piyag, with a framework of poles, the sides and floor of woven bamboo, and the roof of abaca shingles which we were forced to use all during the war when we could not get nipa. To this secret hiding place, the boxes and trunks were carried after dark and

placed carefully on the floor two or three feet above the ground, with the hope that no chance wood gatherers or hunters would wander in this direction.

It is true évacuée philosophy to move from one place to another, and like the youth who bore his banner "through snow and ice," "Excelsior!" was our motto here in Negros. First, higher than Dumaguete, then higher than Camp Lookout, and now higher and more inaccessible than Dalasag. But where could we find a place with an adequate water supply? Then Jim remembered that twenty-five years before, our family had camped near a water hole at four thousand feet elevation, and he had afterwards slept there on collecting trips, but always during the rainy season. There had been no rain now at Camp Lookout for over six weeks, so he and Bob Silliman made a trip of inspection and came back to report water in varying amounts in at least three water holes there in the mountain. We therefore decided to build a house as a last resort for the three families at this place, which we called Ta-as Tubig, the Visayan equivalent for high water.

Again Catalino and Simplicio left their work to come to our assistance and build the house according to the plans drawn by Jim and Bob. Very few Filipinos ever ventured that high in the mountain, and the boys were much impressed with the hidden qualities of the house, a little off the main trail on a rise above the water hole, but in a dense tropical forest. Catalino reported one evening that he had put the door on the side next to the forest and away from the path of approach, because it would be "very secret, sir!"

Having made all the preparations we could think of for the unknown future, there was nothing to do but wait and keep hoping. Radio messages, sent via Cebu, cheered us

greatly with the assurance that all was well with our three children, but we lost heart again when President Quezon and his party were brought down the coast from San Carlos and spirited away on destroyers. The boats came in to the Dumaguete pier in the dead of night and then steamed off for Mindanao, and we knew that the president was on his way out of the country. We kept hearing of the desperate situation at Bataan and Corregidor and realized that, no matter how gallant the spirit, there is a limit to what flesh and blood can endure. Deep in our hearts we feared that the end was not far away.

Early one afternoon in April, Jim and Charles came hurrying back from Dumaguete. "What has happened?" we asked.

"Nothing now," they replied, "but many Japanese barges are standing off the southern end of the island, and if that means invasion, we don't want to be caught in Dumaguete."

We went to bed wondering what the next few hours might bring. We wakened suddenly, our eyes almost blinded by great searchlights darting here and there all over the mountain side. Every tree and house stood out as clearly as in daylight, and we involuntarily ducked out of sight when the beams came near the house. Heavy explosions at first seemed to indicate bombing, but flashes of light down near Dumaguete surely meant gunfire. At last it has come, we thought, Dumaguete is being shelled, perhaps bombed too, and that means invasion. The noise was terrific, and we huddled around in bathrobes, unconsciously talking in whispers as we wondered what to do next. Should we dress, pick up our evacuation bags, and start to Dalasag, or should we wait to see what might happen? But the searchlights disappeared, and gradually the gunfire came less frequently and from a

greater distance, until with one deep boom over near Siquijor, the clamor ceased, and all was quiet—all, that is, but the wild thumping of my heart.

Way down the road, near Dumaguete, auto headlights appeared; and we waited for the chugging of the motor to tell us that Bob Silliman and Abby were coming up from Dumaguete. They had fled at the first shot, they said, along with most of the other people in the town, and knew no more than we did of what had happened. There was nothing to do but go back to bed and wait.

All seemed peaceful the next morning; even our field glasses and Charles' small telescope revealed nothing unusual at the pier or in the town. The men, and Abby with them, started off with the usual admonition to "be careful." Hours went by as we waited for news, but about noon a note came, and we whooped with delight as we read the story. PT boats, our own brave PT boats, had attacked Japanese destroyers off the Dumaguete coast; the last boom had been the final explosion which sent one of them to the bottom. At last we had won a victory! We all cheered up.

But not for long. Bob Silliman came up again the following morning with bad news: the Japanese had landed on Cebu and taken Cebu City; they might come to Dumaguete any day. While we were still too stunned to speak, Bob added quietly, "Bataan has fallen." Bataan!

Those were dark days; hope was almost gone, but while Corregidor still held we would "keep 'em flying." Jim came up that night more discouraged than we were. He reported that the whole town was discouraged. Early in the year USAFFE headquarters had been established about one hundred miles north of Dumaguete, but the quartermaster's office and supply depot remained in the provincial high school. That day, immediately after news of the occupation

of Cebu had come, this whole unit had left town in haste and confusion, filling every available truck with supplies. It looked to Dumaguete as though the Army expected the Japanese to land there also. There was one feeble ray of hope: orders had come to the provincial engineer to prepare lights for the landing field and camouflaged stalls for forty bombers. Help must surely be on the way! Men worked frantically to carry out the orders. Day by day we waited for the bombers to appear. The fields were ready, but nothing happened!

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ZERO HOUR

WE KNEW NOW that it was only a question of time until we would have to leave our comfortable home at Camp Lookout and become real évacuées at Dalasag. I decided to see the place for myself, and not having taken any long trips for years, I also wanted to see how I would stand mountain climbing. So one morning Jim and I started down the trail leading from our back yard to the stream below, picking our way carefully at first, as there was only a little foothold on the side of the hill. Long ago this had been a good trail, but one night during an earthquake, part of it had broken loose and crashed noisily into the canyon. The farther down

we went, the easier the trail became. We reached and crossed the little stream, from which the town of Luzuriaga gets its water supply, and then began a long hard climb up the other side of the canyon. The sun blazed fiercely down, dust rose in clouds with every step, but finally we gained the top of the ridge and stopped to rest. Straight across the canyon was our house at Camp Lookout; the real climb was still ahead! Up, up, through abaca groves and cornfields; up, up, clambering over rocks or wending our way through groves of coconut trees, stopping often to cool off in their shade and gaze out over the sea sparkling so peacefully in the sunlight. Finally Jim announced, "Here we are." But where, I wondered, are the houses? I could see only Eugenio's bamboo house by the side of the trail (we called him 'Genio, pronouncing the G like H). On the right was a substantial wooden house built of hand-sawed timber, where Miro and Victoria lived with four children and an unknown number of relatives who came and went in hospitable Filipino fashion.

As we walked along the middle of the ridge, some distance across the plowed fields to the right we caught sight of three houses nestling on the very edge of the ravine. I might better say they squatted, for they were only a foot or so above the ground, much lower than the usual Philippine houses. But they were built to be inconspicuous, placed back under the shelter of trees as a protection against bombing. It seemed very unattractive to me, especially when compared with the beauty and wonderful vistas Camp Lookout afforded. But if we could see nothing from the house here, neither could we be seen, and even a minute's warning would enable us to drop over the edge of the cliff and disappear in the jungle. The upper house had been assigned to us and the Glunzes, one long room about twelve by sixteen feet. Just that and nothing more. As Jim unlocked the door, I peeked in to see

a collection of cots and bedding, cases of food, pots and pans which filled every inch of floor space. Where could four people find places to sleep?

Jim, however, was as full of plans as I was of dismay. He explained that he could build a lean-to kitchen with a dirt floor, leaving the side next the trail open for light and air. I agreed that it would be comfortable, convenient, and safe, but I could not be enthusiastic. I was realizing what it meant to live in real évacuée fashion. Our easy life at Camp Lookout had not prepared me for this!

Nevertheless, I gave a fairly cheerful report to Hettie and Metta, and told them how nicely the gardens near the houses were growing and how very friendly and helpful Genio's and Miro's families seemed to be.

To keep up our own courage and help the morale of our mountain neighbors, Hettie and I decided to carry out plans for the yearly daily vacation school for the Camp Lookout children. Every morning about thirty of them gathered in the little clinic down the road for their Bible stories, busy work, and play periods. We felt better to be doing something useful.

But our good neighbors, the Sillimans, were leaving us. They had decided that the southern end of the island offered a safer refuge; also their going would leave fewer Americans on this ridge so near Dumaguete. All the loads so arduously carried up to Dalasag were now carried down the hill by the same uncomplaining helpers, loaded into the Silliman car, and little by bit taken south. We did not ask where they were going; it was wiser not to know. But we felt very sad and alone, watching them drive off to the unknown destination. And how we missed them!

Corregidor surrendered. General MacArthur's promise, "I shall return," was almost overlooked in the disaster of

General Wainwright's surrender and radioed order to the USAFFE commanders to cease resistance. Knowing that the zero hour was fast approaching, Charles and Hettie packed their last supplies and started off for Dalasag to take over the Silliman house and get housekeeping under way while it was still possible to bring supplies from Dumaguete. Jim came up every evening so I would not be alone in the house, and he never went very far away from his car when he was in Dumaguete.

The mess broke up, and the few Americans who were in town during the day ate lunch at one of the Chinese restaurants. Everyone was hopelessly and helplessly waiting. Alarms were more frequent than ever, and at every rumor the roads were crowded with évacuées. In the middle of May we spent a week end at Dalasag, to see how the Glunzes were getting along and to get our house and new kitchen in working order. At the end of the month we decided to go up again, but this time we asked Rafael to come up from Dumaguete and stay at Camp Lookout while we were away. As we left that morning, I said, "Now, Rafael, if anything should happen while we are gone, send these things up the hill if you can, but never mind anything else." He and Jim both laughed, masculine fashion, at the vagaries of the feminine mind, and we left for the long tiresome trip to Dalasag.

I had not been so far wrong, though, in planning for an emergency, for next day a girl came panting up the hill with a note from Rafael: "Sixteen thousand Japs landed at Bacolod yesterday. They are expected in Dumaguete any minute. The Lowrys have left for Mampàs."

Jim went back to camp immediately, and soon carriers came straggling up the trail with heavy loads he had given them, plus anything else that they thought I might want.

Just at dark, Jim came wearily up the trail to what had suddenly become "home."

All was quiet that night. All was quiet the next morning. The men, ever restless, decided that it would be safe to try one last trip to Dumaguete. They promised as they left that they would be "very, very careful," and we thought that this time they really meant it. They had a busy day, but kept ready to dash to the car at any moment. Jim went over the records and burned most of them before he turned the office over to Mr. Tugade, who was to stand by when the Japanese came. Charles arranged to send more machinery out of the shop and collected tools and supplies he needed at Dalasag. The town, they said, was quiet but tense, very tense.

Before daylight on May 26, Miro, who had been watching all night, came to call, *"Daghan mga vapor sa Dumaguete."* ("Many boats in the bay at Dumaguete.") The invasion! We all scrambled into our clothes, shaking with both cold and excitement, and gathered in a little open space with field glasses and telescope. We looked and looked, and looked again at the boats and barges lined up at the pier and along the shore. The sun broke through the clouds above Siquijor, and the rosy dawn gave promise of a bright new day, but to us the future looked dark and uncertain, and our hearts were full of gloomy forebodings. The end had come. We were fugitives!

CHAPTER FIVE

AWAITING DEVELOPMENTS

FUGITIVES OR NOT, we still had much to do. Our car was in the garage at Camp Lookout. It was an old car, a 1930 Chevrolet, but we were resolved the Japanese should not have it! Reasoning that they would be too busy that first morning to hunt for fugitive Americans, Jim went cautiously down to camp. With the help of the hillside men, women, and children, he drove the car down the road and into the middle of an abaca field, where it was almost completely hidden by large green leaves. The wheels were carried off to another hiding place, and the chassis was propped on rocks and left to its fate. We often wondered how the

abandoned car could ever be got back to the road again!

Jim returned late that afternoon with disturbing news. Four Filipino soldiers, carrying guns, had appeared near the house asking for Americans. Jim had not seen the soldiers, but our loyal native friends, thinking they were Japanese emissaries, had said that the Americans had all gone away. We learned later that these soldiers were our own USAFFE boys, escaping from Mindanao and wanting help to cross the mountains to Occidental Negros; but at the time we were worried because the incident seemed to indicate that the Japs were hurrying to round up Americans. Jim felt that we were not safe even at Dalasag and arranged for two young natives to come up the next morning and help us build another hide-out somewhere; he wasn't sure just where.

By the following morning, however, our plans were made, and our bags packed with food and equipment for a three-day trip. Poor Miro, thinking we were going back to camp, begged us not to go with tears in his eyes. "The Japs are already at Camp Lookout; they slept in your house last night." We did not believe that was true, but the suggestion did not add to our peace of mind. We assured him that we were going to another secret place, but could not tell him where.

The two boys and Jim were heavily loaded with cots and bedding, food and building materials, more than they could manage on the trail. They had to relay it short distances at a time. Nevertheless, they kept up with the slow progress I made with only a light basket on my back. We went down a very difficult new trail leading from Genio's house to the stream below. I expected every minute to fall and break a bone or else roll the rest of the way down. At times I backed down the perpendicular face of the rocks while Jim,

one step below me, guided each foot into its proper toe hold as I clung for dear life to the vines and projecting ledges of rock. I had traveled only well-defined trails before and, not realizing how different this would be, was wearing a dress and the high-heeled shoes of Dumaguete. From this time on, I dressed as a mountaineer.

After an hour and a half of hard travel, we reached a little waterfall that for some time had been luring us with its distant roaring promise of coolness. Going downstream, we crossed and recrossed over slippery rocks and then turned sharply up the hill to the spot Jim had chosen for our new hide-out. The little clearing was completely encircled by tall grass, underbrush, and saplings which would effectively screen the house from view. We at once christened it "Woods Hollow." While the men cut bamboo from clumps near the stream, I made a cookstove, a la Boy Scout, and tried to start a fire. The wet ground and the wetter wood and kindling refused to stop smoking in spite of my blowing and fanning; but we needed hot food after the exertion of the morning, and I persevered. Eventually a pot of camotes and a can of corned beef were ready to eat, but not until my eyes had become red and bleary. I wept copiously between mouthfuls and didn't think very highly of camp cooking just then.

By night the framework of the house was finished—wooden posts with bamboo rafters, fastened together with rattan, for nails were too precious to be used indiscriminately. Pieces of bamboo cut the length of the house were partially split, opened in half, and laid over the poles to make a temporary floor. However, the structure lacked a roof, and the clouds were heavy overhead. The boys went home for the night, leaving us to set up our cots under a much-mended piece of canvas. This improvised tent barely cov-

ered the cots, but it was the only thing we could use. We shoved everything under the cots, crawled beneath the mosquito netting, and hoped for the best! It rained—pitter-patter, pitter-patter—but the canvas did not leak, and we were soon fast asleep. The next morning, I was awakened by the sun shining in my eyes. I reached under the cot for my clothes. They were damp and clammy. To my dismay I saw one corner of the duffel bag sticking out beyond the protecting canvas, just one little corner, but spongelike it had absorbed the falling rain until everything in the bag was soaking wet. When breakfast was over and the men at work again, I spread out the contents of the bag to dry in the sun and stayed close by, ready at the first sound of an airplane to hurry them out of sight of the enemy.

We wanted to keep the location of this house a secret from Catalino, for fear that the Japanese might question him about Americans from Camp Lookout. But he was so anxious to help us that he soon appeared with a big poster released by the Japanese. He had been asked to bring it to us by our Dumaguete friend, Dr. Ruperto, who had a house at Camp Lookout. This poster ordered all Americans north of a certain town to report to Fabrica in Occidental Negros, and those south of the town to go to Dumaguete. But we were to the west; no provision had been made for us! However, the order made us pretty jittery, and we sent back word to the doctor, asking him for his own safety not to try to contact us again.

The roof was put on the house that day, and a clever arrangement made for what might by a stretch of imagination be called the kitchen. The front wall of the house, six by eight feet, attached to the rest of the building by rattan hinges, could be propped up on sticks to shelter the fire and the cook and keep out all except the heaviest rains. In the

case of a heavy storm, we would move into the house and cook with the charcoal stove we intended to use if the Japanese got near enough for smoke to betray our location.

Jim even rigged up a water system to make it unnecessary to carry water from the stream. Three lengths of bamboo caught the water as it sprang from a crevice in the rocks a short distance above the house, and conveyed it to a convenient spot near the kitchen. This gave us all the cool sparkling water we needed, even for showers.

By noon the third day, the house was ready for use in an emergency. We wrapped the bedding in the old canvas that had been our tent and hung it from the rafters out of the way of rats. Clothes and food were packed in tightly sealed five-gallon gasoline cans to guard against rats, ants, and dampness. Soap and matches, salt and sugar were placed in smaller tin cans within the larger ones as an extra precaution. Then the pots and pans from the kitchen were put inside the house, the door was lowered into place, and we were ready to leave.

The trail up to Dalasag did not seem so difficult as the descent had been, and in about an hour we reached the top. Jim went on ahead to see that no Japanese were around before we emerged just below Genio's house. Everyone was glad to see us, and we discovered new neighbors, the Magdamo family, who had moved up from their farm near Luzuriaga to the house the Lowrys were not using. As Guillermo Magdamo was Jim's associate in the biology department and, like Jim, familiar with mountain trails, we welcomed him and his five young people as a valuable addition to our little group. As we ate the supper Hettie had prepared, we exchanged accounts of what we had been doing and conjectures as to what we should do next.

Left alone after our abrupt departure, Charles had set

out to explore the rocky cliff just over the ridge from our houses. We had hidden boxes of canned goods in some of the smaller caves formed by projecting ledges of rocks, but Maria, Genio's wife, had told him of a much larger place where the goats and cattle sometimes took shelter from the rain. The Glunzes had taken possession now and were spending the daylight hours hidden there, not only from the Japanese but from any messenger who might bring us a demand to surrender. They had set up simple housekeeping with chairs and a table, and an alcohol stove ready for use, and were quite comfortable. We joined them in the daily routine: up at daylight, leaving Miro and Genio to watch the trail while we ate breakfast, prepared lunch, packed our sewing or reading for the day, and quietly disappeared. Only Maria was supposed to know where we were.

When the long weary day was over, we stored things away, packed and started home. Jim usually went ahead to make sure all was well, while we waited for the go-ahead signal, the three notes of a common mountain bird, the bukidnon. We rarely saw the bird, but heard the three plaintive notes repeated over and over, particularly at dusk. The mountain children soon learn to imitate this call, much to the distress of the bird, which comes near, eagerly answering, until he discovers that he has been tricked and flies away in righteous anger.

We soon found this furtive mode of existence to be tiresome, especially for the men; moreover, we knew it could not continue after the heavy rains began, as they might at any time. Consequently in a week, Jim arranged for the two boys who had built the Woods Hollow house to go with us to Ta-as Tubig and get that house also ready for immediate use. Camp Lookout, Dalasag, Woods Hollow, Ta-as Tubig —how many houses we had!

The thought of getting far enough up the mountain to forget the Japanese once in a while was secretly very agreeable to me, so we started cheerfully off, bag and baggage, on the longest climb I had yet attempted. The boys, heavily loaded as they were, soon disappeared from sight, but Jim warned me not to hurry but to "take it easy." When I thought we must be almost at the end of the journey, he assured me that we were "almost halfway now; let's stop and rest." We sat for a while in a little hut Maria had built to use while she worked in the cornfields there. These bántay —guard or sentinel—huts, scattered over the mountains, were used as shelters from the rain, for cooking in the daytime, and at night in the harvest season for guarding the crops from wild pigs and monkeys.

The steepest climb was yet ahead: up and up we went, through silent dripping forests, tropical and lush, over bare rocks and along winding mossy paths. Finally we turned off the main trail, made our way through tangled brush and ferns, crossed the creek by the water hole, and suddenly came on the house.

It stood in a clearing of fallen trees, friendly, quiet, sylvan, such a contrast with Dalasag that we both loved it from the first. Huge forest trees, festooned with moss and ferns and orchids, rose all around us. A little stream trickled down a shallow ravine into the water hole. But the house itself stood in an area of devastation. Jim had carelessly told Miro and Genio that he wanted a few trees taken out to let in the sunlight. In their eagerness to be helpful, they had immediately gone up with their bolos and, with a fine disregard of esthetic value, had cut down all but the largest trees. Fortunately the house was still hidden from the main trail, but bare trunks, three or four feet high, were always mute reminders of the beauty that had once been.

The house was really a cradle, not a house. It was tied at each of its four corners to a large tree. The branches, waving peacefully in the gentle breeze, seemed to bid us welcome to their shelter. Later we learned that when the wind blew, the cradle would rock, until we feared that "down would come cradle, Chapmans, and all." To prevent such a disaster, Jim finally sawed off the treetops. The main section of the house was ten by fourteen feet, but a second room, about eight feet wide, had been added on the east to allow space for additional inhabitants. The framework was entirely of poles; the floor, laid about five feet off the ground, was bamboo; the roof of abaca shingles; and the wall a combination of shingles to keep out the rain and poles to let in the light. We entered by a pole ladder at the end facing the deep woods. I found it, as Catalino had said, "very secret."

Our immediate job was to plan and build a kitchen. The men decided to extend the roof on the western or uphill side, to balance the extension on the east, and to make a sort of lean-to which would be open at both ends. After we had eaten lunch, they went to work. Materials were handy in the forest and the work progressed rapidly. We sent the boys home early in the afternoon, with instructions to stay at home for a day's rest before they came back to finish the work.

It was raining a little now, so we laid rocks together under the house and made a fire to cook supper. We needed warmth too as darkness came; but most of all we needed to keep away the mosquitoes which appeared in hordes from the damp foliage. The smoke kept the pests away, but no matter on which side of the fire I sought relief, it was only a matter of seconds before clouds of smoke pouring directly into my eyes made them smart and burn, until I was the most miserable of creatures. It didn't bother Jim so much, but even when

we went up to bed, I found no relief from the smoke for it seeped up through the cracks in the bamboo floor and kept me in tears well into the night. We slept on the floor on thin kapok mattresses, under blankets and a net which kept out the mosquitoes, if not the smoke. But we thought we were pretty comfortable under the circumstances.

Breakfast was a leisurely meal next morning, as we planned just to loaf and look around a bit. While I finished cleaning up, Jim wandered over to the big log at the corner of the kitchen to see what treasures it might yield. A rotten log attracts him as a magnet does a needle. He soon discovered a few workers of the Oriental Army ant, *Aenictus laeviceps Forel,* out foraging or perhaps just looking around as he was. I knew he was pleased, as the genus Aenictus had been a major object of study ever since our first days at Camp Lookout. The children had made up a jingle about his favorite ants, which ran:

Here's to good old blind Aenictus;
From the path the doctor picked us,
And in alcohol he fixed us;
Here's to good old blind Aenictus.

We followed the ants as they scurried along—Aenictus is always in a hurry—and disappeared into the log. Peering inside the broken end, we saw that it had been cleared out for a home. The workers were clustered like honeybees, each holding in its mandibles a newly formed pupa or immature ant. We were afraid to examine the colony too closely, as they usually move the nest when disturbed, so went off hoping to return when the pupae were ready to emerge as adult ants.

By that time, the woods had dried up a bit, and we were ready for a tour of exploration. We headed south through

the trail-less forest looking for the stream Jim remembered having seen years ago on a collecting trip in this area. We wandered around for considerable time, but at last found it, a beautiful little stream almost hidden by ferns and other foliage. The water was clear and refreshingly cold. It tumbled along with a joyous gurgle over the moss-covered rocks, inviting us to follow where it led. But as we did not want to risk slipping off the rocks into the water, we went back to the trail and found another route to the stream about two hundred feet lower down. Here was just what we sought! The water cascaded over the rocks, spreading into tiny streamlets, which came together again to fall from a high ledge into a pool below, an ideal place for a bath!

The day of rest passed all too quickly. The boys came back to finish the kitchen roof and to carry our bags back to Dalasag. All was quiet there, and we were glad to be with our friends once more, but life on the ledge in a state of alert did not seem very attractive, and after a week we headed back up the mountain again. The trip did not seem so long this time, and the little house welcomed us joyfully —I know it did!

Jim first satisfied himself that the Aenictus colony was still in the log with the pupae not yet emerged; then he and the boys went to work on a stove for the new kitchen. A large partly hollow tree trunk, about ten feet high, had already been used as a post for the outer wall of the kitchen. Now it was to serve as the back of the stove. Tree-fern trunks, piled as in a log cabin, formed three sides of a box, three feet high, while the spreading roots of the tree served as the fourth side. The box was filled with dirt and stones packed to form a compact tablelike surface. In this dirt, two flat stones were set firmly about two feet apart, and an old oven grate to hold kettles and pans was laid across the

top. When these were not in use, they hung from nails driven into the trunk, while a little hollow near the top was covered over to make a convenient shelf. It proved a very satisfactory arrangement.

The construction of a simple fireplace came next. This too was a part of the outside wall and built in a temporary fashion of stones and mud. Tree-fern trunks made the supporting posts at the corners, and a beam of very hard wood was put in as an arch. We thought it was far enough removed from the fire to be entirely safe, and of course we would not be here to use it often!

On the afternoon we were preparing to return to Dalasag, there came a loud "Hello, Chapmans!" For a moment we were startled, then with relief recognized the voice as that of Roy Bell and joyfully answered his hail. He and Kenneth, his nineteen-year-old son, had tramped all day trying to find a safe trail across the mountain ridges from their place at Malabo to ours at Dalasag. We had not heard from the Bells nor the Carsons since the Japs entered Dumaguete, and they in turn had been anxious about our safety. We talked a great deal while Roy and Ken rested. Then they started off on a dogtrot to visit the Glunzes and proceed home by a shorter, more exposed route, depending for safety on the approaching darkness. We followed more leisurely. It always took me longer to pick my way down the slippery trail than to climb up.

Life at Dalasag went on as usual for a week, but on the morning of June 18, I was getting some sewing ready for the ledge when two boys dashed up with terror in their faces. "Run!—hide!—quick!" A frightened backward glance. "The Japs have taken Dr. Ruperto and are coming this way." Another glance back down the trail. "They stopped to rest. We ran to tell you. Hurry, hurry!"

I looked the question at Jim: "The mountain or the ledge?" and he pointed up. The boys grabbed our evacuation bags and we scurried off for the protection of the cornfields. Jim took time to get his gun and the field glasses, and caught up with me before I was out of sight of the house. The boys left us, and we sat down until I got my breath and rested for a few minutes.

After hiding the baskets, we found a comfortable spot where we could feel reasonably safe. The Magdamo family went past us up the trail, but there were no signs of Japs. Jim and Leonardo Magdamo, just too young to be in the Army, acted as lookouts all day, sitting where they could watch the trail to Dalasag and give the alarm. All was peaceful as usual. We ate our lunch of fresh pineapple and peanuts. From that time on I kept a basket of food ready for a similar emergency, but it never came. At dusk we drifted back nearer home and met Genio coming to tell us that all was clear. The Japanese had not come up our hill, he said, but led by Dr. Ruperto, had crossed over the ridge much below our level and gone back to the lowlands another way.

That night about nine o'clock Genio came to tell us that he would keep watch all night, but for us to *"Bantay, bantay,"* and be ready to escape at any alarm. When it began to rain, we relaxed and decided no Japanese would be climbing the mountains that dark night and that we might as well go to sleep.

But we were jittery the next day. Even if we were fugitives, we did not like the idea of continually running away. Genio and Miro and the Magdamos all urged us to move up the hill for a week or so and offered to help us pack and get carriers. The Glunzes decided not to try life so high in the mountains, but to hide out on the ledge a while

longer and then build a house in a sunnier place nearer Dalasag. We were sorry to part company even for a short time, as we thought, but it was with a feeling of going home that we headed for the safety and peace of our Ta-as Tubig.

CHAPTER SIX

FIRST ADVENTURES AT TA-AS TUBIG

THE GREAT ADVENTURE had begun! We had spent a few days before this at Ta-as Tubig, it is true, but now at the beginning of the rainy season we were starting an indefinite sojourn there. Even Filipino hunters and rattan gatherers rarely spent the night so high in the mountains, and two tumbledown houses were the only evidence that anyone had ever tried to make a home here. The whole region was so wild and damp that everyone warned us that colds and rheumatism would soon send us back to the lowlands.

Nevertheless, the wildness was one of the attractions the place held for us. We seldom had colds, and the fireplace had been built to combat the dampness and chill. Moreover, Jim had always wanted an opportunity to do extensive collecting and to make a complete survey of the plant and animal life at this four-thousand-foot level. Here was one dream which might come true, even in wartime. And we told ourselves that if we did not stay long enough this time to do what he wanted, we had the house now and could easily come back "when the war was over." Most important of all, the Japanese would be much less of a danger to us so far from Dumaguete, and we resolved, like the banished duke in *As You Like It,* to find in

> . . . this our life exempt from public haunt
> . . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Before the carriers were out of sight on their return trip, Jim was eagerly checking on the colony of Aenictus. He found the ants swarming out of the hollow log in great numbers. The pupae had now emerged as adult ants, and migration was apparently just getting under way. Jim was even more excited than the Aenictus, for it was during such times as these that he had taken many of the strange little creatures which live with the ants and run along with them in their forays. Forgetting everything else, we sat down to watch. Apparently the location of the new home had already been decided on, as blind though they are, each ant seemed to know exactly where to go and the workers hurried along four or five abreast, in close formation. As the camp followers came by, Jim heartlessly kidnapped them with homemade bamboo forceps.

The tiny red mite, *Aenicteques chapmani Jacot,* rode along

jockey-fashion on the thorax of his ant "horse," holding on for dear life with his hind legs grown especially for that purpose. Phorid flies, *Aenictomia chapmani Brues,* most of them wingless, ran swiftly along the trail keeping their places in the procession. Several varieties of cockroach appeared from time to time, at least one of them proving to be a species still undescribed. Little beetles crawled along too, one kind hitchhiking, when it wanted a lift, by hopping on the abdomen of a passing ant. Only one of the several species of these beetles—*staphylinids*—has been officially named: *Aenictoterous chapmani Wheeler.*

Finally a great congestion in the foray warned us that the queen was approaching. She was carried along by perhaps a dozen workers on each side, the center of such a solid mass of ants that it was impossible to see her until Jim scattered the attendants, leaving her helpless on the trail until he took her up for inspection and dropped her into the alcohol bottle along with the other specimens. For a while her disappearance caused great consternation, the ants running wildly in every direction in their attempt to find out what had become of the queen. But in a few minutes the column reformed and moved on as usual, and we left them to complete the migration undisturbed.

After this most propitious beginning of exile life, we gave our attention to getting settled in the house. It was all very primitive, but we were used to camp life and thought it could be made quite comfortable. We set up two cots in the main room and tied the mosquito netting to the rafters overhead. We used kapok mattresses on the cots (some of this sea-island cotton from our own trees at Camp Lookout) both for warmth and comfort. Two or three woolen blankets were necessary to keep out the cold. For shelves, we had bamboo bunks built along the wall.

Our clothes hooks were the ends of the poles used in making the bunks and partitions, but we still lived out of the evacuation bags both in order to have them ready for an alarm and to protect our clothing from the penetrating dampness. A wooden packing box kept extra bedding and towels dry, held a heterogeneous collection of articles not in daily use, and did duty as a chair and a table. An old Navajo rug of the Sillimans, spread under the cots, gave the finishing touch to the bedroom.

The extension on the east side of the house, intended originally for the use of the Sillimans, was set aside as a guest room, ready with a bamboo bed and set of shelves for any visitor who might come.

Downstairs the kitchen with its dirt floor became also our living and dining room, but whenever possible we carried the card table and chairs out under the trees and ate our meals in the beautiful outdoor setting. Folding campstools on each side of the fireplace made convenient seats while we tended the fire or watched the pot boil.

We had enough wood stacked under the house for immediate needs, but the first big problem was to provide a good supply for future use. The whole place was littered with fallen trees, it is true, but much hard work would be necessary before they could be converted into fuel. Our first efforts convinced us that we needed help, and we welcomed Catalino's suggestion that he and some other men from Camp Lookout come up to do the heavy work. The four men worked a day at a time; they were uneasy to be so far away from their families while Japanese activities were still uncertain. They cut the fallen trees into logs about twelve feet long and stacked them in perhaps a dozen huge piles, but the trunks of the fern tree were thrown in a heap by themselves, as their pithy centers make them unfit for fuel. The

smaller branches were immediately cut up and stored under the house to dry. Branches, rotten logs, and tree stumps were heaped together to be burned when sufficiently dry. In one of these piles of brush, the men found the largest centipede we had ever seen, fully eleven inches long and at least three-fourths of an inch across—a very vicious-looking creature indeed! Its legs, of which there seemed to be hundreds, were dark brown tipped with black. The men well knew how poisonous the bite would be but, trained by years of experience, resisted their impulse to kill it at once and brought it, held firmly between two sticks, to Jim to examine and put away in his big alcohol bottle. Fortunately we never saw another one so large.

Making a garden was another of the major problems. Jim had been almost as anxious to experiment with temperate-zone vegetables as to study insect life, but that was impossible now, as we had only the seeds commonly used at Camp Lookout. Our brush heaps furnished us with ashes, an especially good fertilizer for our type of soil, and we spread them over the ground we had chosen for the garden. But every time Maria came up from Dalasag, she urged us to plant gabi instead of vegetables on that gentle slope from the house to the stream. We were not much interested, as it takes six months for the starchy tubers to mature, and we did not expect to be here that long. However when she and her daughter appeared with arms full of young shoots from their own plants, we yielded to persuasion and set them about three feet apart over the entire garden spot. Jim put some of his squash seed in among the gabi plants. They both grew very well and were still furnishing more food than we could eat when we left, a year and a half later.

We planted pechay and onions and flower seeds as well —the cosmos, zinnias, and marigolds that grew so well at

Camp Lookout. We even set out a few rose cuttings, but everything grew slowly, and the plants were stunted from lack of sunshine and the beating of the heavy rains, so they bore very few blossoms. Our morning-glories made up in color what they lacked in size and number. Often two or three bright blossoms opened at once on one tiny vine not more than six inches high, and we took courage from their determination to carry on even under difficulties.

Another pressing problem in those early days was to find a hiding place for our supplies. An évacuée soon learns that several small piyags offer more security than one large one. After explorations in several directions, we chose a place in the thick woods not far from the house. The piyag was simply made; trees were cut for poles, the floor laid some distance from the ground out of reach of wild pigs, the sides tightly closed to keep out the monkeys, and a roof of abaca shingles put on to protect the contents from the rain. This piyag was very secret of course; we felt like pirates hiding their loot whenever we pushed aside the ferns at the entrance to the trail and glanced furtively around before we started on the zigzag approach.

On one of our first trips, we made our way up the little ravine back of the house, then turned sharply to scramble up a steep incline, cross the main trail and follow a wild-pig path into the jungle. Jim's sudden exclamation of delight brought me quickly to his side to see the lovely orchid he had discovered, an orchid none but ourselves had ever looked on. The petals were white, and the inner surfaces shaded from pale to dark lavender. Within a radius of ten feet there were perhaps twenty more of these ground orchids, some in full bloom, others in all stages of development. We reveled in their beauty, but did not cut them or take any home; we preferred to come back again and again to enjoy

them in their natural setting. When the last bloom had faded, we moved a few of the plants to a plot near the house which we set aside for a ground-orchid collection.

Our rambles were not all for pleasure, however. Each day, when the temperature was not below 65 degrees, we went over the trail to our bathing place, even in drizzling rain. Every trip was an adventure. We never knew what bird might be startled at our approach or when a wild pig might slip quietly into the jungle. We looked in vain to discover the source of the large flowers we often found along the trail, flowers with a waxy trumpet-shaped corolla, creamy white or light pink in color. We found them only along this path but were never able really to identify them as azaleas.

On each trip we made some improvement to the swimming hole, our outdoor bath. Jim carried over long lengths of bamboo, split in half to form boughs such as he used at Woods Hollow, and directed the water from falls higher upstream to gush with considerable force over the ledge into the rocky basin below. A hollow in one of the rocks formed a soap dish. The branches of near-by trees or poles stuck in the ground made convenient pegs for our clothes, and we made a rustic bench to sit on. The dense foliage gave a feeling of privacy; ferns, orchids, even Jack-in-the-pulpits grew there; birds called to each other from the treetops; the sun at times came peeping through the leaves. Altogether it was a most beautiful spot.

Then too it was part of our health program to get away from the house as much as possible and combine exercise with a fresh mental outlook. As we roamed over the trails, we became conscious that a large beautiful butterfly, *Euploea sp.,* often in pairs, loitered along the path in front of us. We could come near enough to see the details of their beau-

tiful markings, but then off they would skim down the path ahead of us, to sit opening and closing their wings as if impatient at the slow progress we human beings were making. They were so free from fear and so apparently glad to be with us, that no walk seemed quite complete without their company. We noticed, however, that like many people they preferred the downhill trails to the more difficult ones up the mountain.

About a fifteen-minute walk from the house, we discovered a fine vantage point from which, after a considerable amount of clearing away had been done, we could obtain a view of Dumaguete, from the airfield on the north to a much greater distance south than had been possible at Camp Lookout. We could see Siquijor and Cebu, of course, and in the distance the island of Bohol, as well as mountains in two widely separated parts of northern Mindanao. Moreover, we could see the opposite ridge very clearly and with our field glasses could watch our house at Camp Lookout and our neighbors as they went about their work in the fields or traveled up and down the trails. Thus we kept in touch not only with our former home and neighbors but also with Japanese activities on land and sea. How we longed for the time when the Japanese boats would no longer go about their business unafraid and unmolested!

Sometimes adventures came to us as we sat quietly at home. One evening Jim called for me to come quickly. Trained by long experience, I picked up the field glasses as I hurried to see what he had discovered. Two large pileated woodpeckers, perhaps the Basilan black, were perched on the side of a tree not fifty feet from the house. We took turns gazing at the jet black plumage, the white breasts just tinged with yellow, and the very scarlet crest which made these birds the most strikingly beautiful we had ever seen. There

were several holes high up in the smooth trunk of the tree, and every evening for the rest of our stay at Ta-as Tubig, one at least of these birds returned to spend the night there.

We learned to tell within five or ten minutes when he would arrive. One of us would call out, "It's time for the woodpecker," and we sat with eyes fastened on the tree until he appeared. Sometimes he flew in so swiftly and silently that in the dusk he slipped into the hole before we were aware of his arrival. At other times he darted from branch to branch, posing for us as he looked around to decide which hole would be his shelter for the night. Sometimes there were two birds, very rarely three. We often heard them drumming on the tree trunks in the woods and became familiar with their raucous calls, especially in the early morning and late afternoon. Once we hoped we would have a family of young birds for neighbors, but evidently the lady bird did not like the idea of living so near the house. Some times we were up early enough to see our neighbor dart away for his day's work, but usually we only heard his saucy call to us sleepyheads, and the tree would be deserted until evening came again.

CHAPTER SEVEN

WE HAVE A FIRE AND ACQUIRE NEIGHBORS

WHILE WE HAD been getting settled at Ta-as Tubig, Charles and Hettie Glunz had selected a place for their new house about halfway up from Dalasag, choosing a great amount of sunshine in preference to the security of the forest. They called their home "Fernview" because it faced a hillside covered with hundreds of graceful dark green fern trees. The Lowrys had moved from Mampàs to the greater safety of Dalasag, so we Americans were strung out at three elevations, with the Glunz house, halfway between the

others, making a convenient meeting place for the exchange of experiences and discussions of all kinds. News from Dumaguete was passed along from one family to another, and we were kept well informed about Japanese activities there. We knew of the attempt a small band of guerrillas had made to rescue some of the Americans interned in the jail there. We knew too when our friends at the Pamplona Plantation were hunted out and turned over to the Japanese by Filipino-Spanish collaborators. When news came that the little group of twenty enemy aliens had been taken off on a boat with an unknown destination, we wondered when our time would come.

We kept fairly well in touch with war news also, for Bill Lowry had bought a small gasoline generator and rigged it to a radio in a cave some distance above his house. It had belonged to a beauty operator who traveled through the province giving permanents in places where there was no electricity, but she had been afraid the Japanese would find it in her possession and turned it over to Bill. Much of our first news consisted of production estimates for 1943 and 1944, and we were not much interested in spite of the encouragement William Winter tried to give us in his KGEI broadcasts from Treasure Island. In August, however, hopes soared high as the news came of our first offensive and the landing on Guadalcanal. We were sure that the end was in sight, and when "Dumaguete by Christmas!" became a common slogan among us, many évacuées really meant Christmas of 1942!

The Japanes garrison at Dumaguete was much reduced in numbers after the first weeks of occupation, at times to as few as thirty or forty soldiers. The guerrillas liked to lie in wait at the crossroads to attack patrols venturing into the hills, thus forcing the Japanese to confine their activities to

the lowland, so we in the mountains had little to fear. This seemed an opportune time to make a visit to our Woods Hollow house and with that as a center to inspect our various piyags and especially to check Jim's insect collection. Accordingly, we prepared for an early start one morning late in August.

Long after I should have been asleep, I kept checking over the items I had packed, to be sure nothing essential had been forgotten. The occasional snapping of the fire was at first very companionable. I knew that it usually burned slowly through the night, but realized all at once that never before had there been so much rustling and crackling. My eyes flew open—the whole room was alight! As I jumped out of bed, one glance showed that the fireplace itself was a roaring blaze! With a wild shriek to Jim, I dashed down the ladder and filled a five-gallon tin with water from the tank around the corner, just as the roof, thoroughly dried from weeks of continuous heat, burst into flames. "We can't save it now," I thought; but just then Jim reached for the can and with one mighty heave doused the water on the roof. Only the strength of desperation could have enabled him to throw that water so successfully on the blazing shingles above his head. A few more canfuls poured here and there, and the danger was over. Lantern in hand, we peered and poked in the smoldering mass, raked charred logs apart, extinguished every glowing ember, and then soaked the roof inside and out with the rest of the water in the tank. What a mess it was!

As we washed our bruised and battered feet and changed into dry pajamas, we resolved there must never be another fire. But we couldn't get along without a fireplace. Therefore, we must devise some scheme of building it without wood. While Jim's fertile brain was already at work on this

problem, I too lay awake realizing for the first time how alone we were and how utterly dependent on our own resources. And I longed for neighbors!

The next morning for the first time in many weeks we used a match to start our fire—in fact, in our awkwardness we used several of them. To make an early start, we hurried through breakfast, packed a lunch of cold corn bread, hard-boiled eggs, and bananas, and got the loads ready for the carriers. But the boys did not come. We waited and waited, sure that there must be trouble at Camp Lookout, but when they finally appeared, hot but cheerful, they were unaware that we had been waiting at least four hours for their arrival. After resting for a few minutes, they shouldered their loads, and we started down the familiar trail toward Dalasag.

Then Catalino had a suggestion. He had discovered a new route, much shorter and easier, he said, than the usual one, which could be used if the main trail became too dangerous. Accordingly, we dropped over the edge of the ridge, and began zigzagging our way down the long, almost perpendicular hillside. There was no sign of a trail, but Catalino knew the way, and the men had little trouble pushing through the thick abaca, ten or fifteen feet in height. But for me every step on the sloping uneven ground was a struggle: I stumbled over vines and stones; the heels came off my shoes; mosquitoes buzzed in my ears; the big abaca leaves slapped my face; I was hot and tired and hungry. About halfway down we stopped for lunch, but hundreds of ants and mosquitoes appeared like magic and were more refreshed by their unexpected feast than we were.

When at last we reached the bottom of the canyon, the boys went on ahead, leaving us to plod along more slowly. An old unused trail followed the rushing mountain stream, sometimes on one side of the water, sometimes on the other,

and occasionally right down the middle with slippery rocks for stepping stones. Much too footsore and weary to try to keep my footing on the rocks, I just waded, shoes and all, through the shallow water until we turned up the wild-pig trail to the Woods Hollow house. It looked just as it did when we left it three months before. Jim and the boys went to work opening the house, brushing down cobwebs, connecting the bamboo water system, and getting everything ready for the night. But I just sat. Eventually I got my wet shoes off and my feet into a pan of cold water, but still I sat and wondered if I could ever move again!

Fortunately, for the next few days I had plenty of time to rest, for it rained most of the time and Jim made his tours of inspection alone. On the third morning, I started cheerfully out on the homeward trail, not, however, by Catalino's "easy" one but by the longer rocky route to Dalasag. Everything sparkled in the sunshine, and the air was clean and fresh after the rain. We wandered along enjoying every leaf and blossom, every butterfly and bird, and all the beauty of the distant hills. There was nothing to hurry or alarm us as we climbed over the bare rocks and steep inclines, passed the water hole at Ta-as Tubig, and went up the winding path to the house which, luckily for us, was not the mass of charred and sodden ruin it might so easily have been.

The new fireplace, which more than anything else saved our lives from utter wretchedness, was soon under way. It was vastly different from the first crudely built affair and merits description. Stones of all sizes, gathered from the old stream beds near by and roughly shaped with an old bolo and hammer, were set in thick mud which had to take the place of mortar. More mud filled the chinks between the rocks. The chimney extended to the roof, but two pieces of three-quarter-inch galvanized pipe formed the arch, instead

of the wooden beam which had been used in the earlier fireplace. There were two walls at the back with a foot and a half of mud packed between them, thus making it perfectly safe to lean tree-fern trunks against the outer wall, both for support and to keep the stones from becoming dislodged.

Where the roof and chimney met, Jim fastened a gutter, which he hammered with a most unearthly din from a piece of corrugated iron roofing. Water ran from the gutter through a bamboo tube into a tank at the corner of the kitchen, but raindrops could still fall directly down the chimney into the fire. To obviate this difficulty, Jim put up some abaca shingles on a little framework, which resembled a hat on stilts, in such a way as not to interfere with the draft but still divert the water from the fire to the tree-fern trunks leaning against the chimney. This clever arrangement kept the rough barked trunks so moist that moss, small ferns, and even tiny orchids continued to grow and blossom there during the dry season. And all the while the fire burned in the fireplace. We liked to think that there was not another like it in all the world.

Many hours of comfort were wrested from the chill of the mountains as we sat before the cheerful fire. At night we raked the coals together and covered them so completely with ashes that there was always enough glowing charcoal to start the next morning's fire. We even had a cricket on the hearth, or so I thought when from some cranny between the stones kept coming a shrill cheerful "creek-et, creek-et." Jim insisted, however, that it was only a little frog—hyla—and I had to believe him when one day I caught the deceitful creature still proclaiming to all the world that he was a cricket!

The fireplace was a comfort to all the Filipinos too, as well as a great curiosity, especially to the children, who had never

seen one before. And in a few weeks we had neighbors who enjoyed it almost as much as we did.

Honorato Solis, one of Charles Glunz' former students at the shop, had looked him up some time before and almost wept when he saw the old patched clothes Charles was wearing and the heavy load on his back. Anxious to help, he had been buying for us and sending up from Dumaguete small bits of hardware and other things Charles needed for his many mechanical contrivances.

It was dangerous business, and we were not surprised, although alarmed, when we heard that Honorato had been seized by the Japanese, evidently on the report of some Filipino spy. He had managed to escape with his family, but only after long rough questioning which ended in his being hung up by his feet until he lost consciousness. A friend of his owned land a short distance below the water hole; here the Solis family had built a house and started a garden and like us were living as fugitives from the Japanese.

It was pleasant to have this family near us with their four lively boys, Melquizadec, Ulysses, Daniel, Frederick. We called them Decky, Uly, Dan, and Freddy, and found them always willing to run errands and help about the house. They were always smiling and uncomplaining, but we knew how hard it must be for them to keep warm with only the thin cotton clothing and bedding of the lowlands, and we did all we could to help them. It was possible to have a church service now every Sunday morning, with the four adults taking turns at leading and the children entering wholeheartedly into the singing. It helped to make this day of the week different from the others, and we enjoyed the fellowship of worship.

CHAPTER EIGHT

WATCHFUL WAITING

IN SPITE OF rumors and alarms, life went on rather smoothly for a while. We went down to Fernview at least once a week and on to Dalasag occasionally. We had new friends, there, Lieutenant Viloria, his wife, and three small children, living in the house the Glunzes had given up. Ben and Flora were both on the Silliman faculty. Ben had been in Mindanao with the USAFFE, and they had been burned out by the Japanese, who were busy hunting out all Army men who had escaped surrender. After they came to Dalasag, their house became the center of a small band of guerrillas, a fact which made all of us a little uneasy.

One morning in October, Honorato Solis turned up very much excited. He had just heard that a well-known Filipino collaborator, whom we shall call Juan, had been captured by the guerrillas and was being held a prisoner at the Viloria house in Dalasag. Juan was a member of the provincial board and the Rotary Club and was a prominent Dumaguete politician. He should have been our friend, but had gone over wholeheartedly to the Japanese and become one of the group that searched out and brought the Americans in from Pamplona. Rightly or not, we regarded him as our number one menace. And now he was captured!

Some of the young USAFFE officers had written a letter purporting to come from a friend of Juan's, asking for an evening conference at a house in Luzuriaga. Only slightly suspicious, the collaborator, big and blustering, stepped out of his car at the appointed time, sure that his armed guards could handle any situation which might arise. But the guerillas were too quick for him. Juan was captured and disarmed. Contrary to plan, two of his guards slipped away in the dark, escaping the bullets sent after them by the excited guerrillas. That meant Japanese retribution—everyone knew now what to expect in the "Co-prosperity Sphere."

The guerrillas worked fast. Juan was sent up the hill with a guard. His car was driven up the road and hidden in a cornfield. The people of Luzuriaga were warned by a house-to-house visit to escape while they could. Even as Honorato was telling us about it, a large Japanese patrol was on its way to Luzuriaga to rescue their valuable assistant. Fortunately for us, no one there knew what had become of him, but the enemy patrol took vengeance on the innocent town. They machine-gunned all houses with closed doors and windows, and started fires everywhere, burning alive any

old people who were not able to escape. They shot anyone they saw, even if he was running away.

When we heard the machine guns, we went down to the lookout with the field glasses and watched the flames, as one familiar house after another went up in smoke. We were pretty uneasy about our own safety. What vengeance would the Japanese wreak on us if they found Juan so near by? We breathed a little easier late that afternoon when we heard the Japanese trucks going back to Dumaguete, and still easier the next morning when we heard that Juan had been taken away from Dalasag. A detail had arrived from guerrilla headquarters, now set up at Malabo, and after dark had started back with their captive. People living somewhere along the trail said that they heard a shot in the night. That is all we ever knew!

For several days we lived under great tension, with one eye on the trail and our ears straining for every sound. Search was made for Juan's car, and some children told where it was hidden, with the result that all near-by houses were searched and the inhabitants terrified, but that seemed to end the episode.

The Vilorias were jittery, of course. They hid out in a tent near the Glunz house for several days and then built a little house in a deep ravine across the first ridge north of us, an almost inaccessible spot. The Someras, another Silliman family, escaped from their home in Luzuriaga, built a house at Dalasag near Miro's, and lived there for many months.

The hunt for Americans seemed to die down. In fact, the governor was reported to have said, "Never mind about them. They will all die with malaria or starve to death." There had never been malaria on our mountain, and we had

plenty of food, so we were relieved rather than worried by this new attitude. Our lives soon slipped back into a more normal routine.

About this time we were having trouble with our piyag near Camp Lookout, where Jim's ant collection and unfinished manuscripts were stored. The piyag, so carefully hidden, had been discovered by a man working in the adjoining cornfield. He immediately guessed the owners and saw a chance to make some easy money. He sent word that he was our friend and would gladly watch the place for us if we would pay him to do so. We knew it was a holdup, but Catalino told us the man was a tuba drinker—the fermented sap of coconut trees—and we knew he might do a lot of unguarded talking. We resorted to strategy and sent him five pesos for two months' guarding. But Catalino immediately chose another spot, near his own evacuation house, and with Simplicio and two trusted friends built a strong piyag in the thick jungle far from any trail. By feats of strength and endurance which we can only guess, these men carried all the heavy boxes and trunks, the insect boxes and papers to the new location. They made their way by night through jungles and up and down ridges, always by a different route and never leaving a trail, until everything had been moved. One day several weeks later our caretaker discovered that the piyag he was guarding, and all its contents, were gone! We never heard from him again.

Jim wanted to check on conditions at this new piyag, and I was always ready for a trip to Camp Lookout. Early one November day we shouldered our packs, picked up our sturdy staves, and started down the trail. I had not been back to camp since we had fled to the mountain and was quite excited when we crossed the stream, climbed the last steps of the trail, and saw before us the familiar beauty.

Our visit was meant to be secret, but when Jim and Catalino began to make repairs on the sheet-iron walls of the bathroom, the crowd commenced to gather. Even after dark our friends stopped in to welcome us. *"Gracios sa Dios, senora."* "Is the war over now?" "Are you coming back here to live?" They were so hopeful that it was hard to disappoint them. They were frightened too, and talked in whispers as though the very sound of their voices might betray them. We cautioned them not to tell anyone that we were at the house, lest it be reported to the Japanese. But we were uneasy, and I couldn't sleep. The moonlight sifted through the lacy fern fronds and the latticed wall, and I wondered why in such a beautiful world there must be the horror and awful devastation of war. I listened to every strange noise and every familiar one, and never dared completely to lose consciousness for fear the Japanese should suddenly be on us.

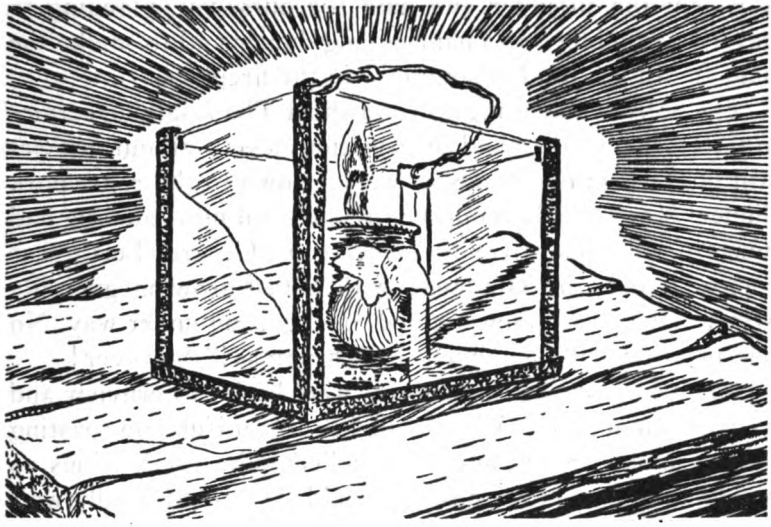
The dawn "comes up like thunder" out of our Visayan sea too, and we were glad to be up early, resolved not to spend another night in constant uneasiness. After our breakfast was finished, we reluctantly left the beauty of flowers and ferns and toiled up the hill to the McKinley house. It was seven hundred feet above the end of the road and therefore a much safer place to make our headquarters. All along the way old friends whispered joyful greetings; the McKinley caretaker gave us the key of the house; the neighbors brought fresh fruits and vegetables; and we moved in!

We worked all day in the piyag, opening suitcases and trunks, drying things in the sun, putting new naphthalene flakes in the ant boxes, and packing things away more compactly. We slept much better that night. However the Filipinos who passed the house on their way to sleep in tiny piyags up the mountain warned us to be careful.

The next day we packed a lunch and went down to work

around the house at Camp Lookout. On the following day we started back to Ta-as Tubig. It was a three-hour trip, but we stopped for lunch as usual with the Glunzes and reached home just in time for refreshing cold baths and a hot supper before dark. As we watched our woodpecker safely to bed, lighted the lantern, and settled down in front of the fire, we thought that after all fugitive life was not too unpleasant.

CHAPTER NINE



THE HOLIDAY SEASON

OUR FIRST WAR THANKSGIVING was almost here. To celebrate properly, we asked Charles and Hettie to spend a few days with us and be our first overnight guests at Ta-as Tubig. Spurning our offer of the bamboo bed, they brought their own cots and bedding, as well as a good deal of food. The weather was ideal, and they were as delighted to see all our favorite haunts as we were to show them. On Wednesday, Jim went down to help Catalino slaughter a pig which he had been raising for us. Half of the pig, of course, belonged to Catalino, but half was ours to divide among those who for months had been sharing their pork with us.

We kept the shoulder and ham for ourselves, planning to have the shoulder for Thanksgiving dinner and to smoke the ham for future use by hanging it in the fireplace.

The Solis family came up for a short Thanksgiving service in the early morning, and the consciousness of all our mercies still lingered in our minds as we sat down to the roast pork dinner. News was becoming more cheerful now, and we had much to talk about over the coffee cups. General Fertig was rumored to be in Mindanao with a fast-growing guerrilla army, and at last things seemed to be getting under way. No one mentioned "Dumaguete by Christmas!" however!

The next morning the Glunzes went back to Fernview and we were alone again. We watched the beautiful ham toasting in the smoke and thought it smelled quite as delicious as any hickory-cured ham possibly could. We could hardly wait to taste it. But alas, we forgot the long hours at night when there was no smoke, and the ham spoiled before it cured. The only thing we could do was to bury it.

We were full of regret at our mistake, not only because we missed the ham, but because we had allowed food to spoil when many about us never had enough to eat. Whenever we bought more food than we could eat ourselves, we passed it on to someone else rather than let it be wasted. We shared with occasional visitors and with the Solis family, or I might buy papayas from one person in exchange for vegetables purchased from someone else. Everyone who came to the house helped us eat extra bananas. If the papayas spoiled, as they did easily in our camp climate, they were gratefully carried off for the pigs. We saved all our pineapple tops for the people to take home to plant and gave away literally hundreds of avocado and citrus fruit seeds. Everything served some good purpose—except that ham!

We were well along in preparation for Christmas when

a bomb burst in our midst—literally. One Sunday morning the stillness was broken by the hum of a distant plane. That did not disturb us, as we often heard planes and were hidden as usual under a dense cloud. But this time a distant thud brought us suddenly to our feet. Could it be a bomb? The plane came nearer and nearer. Was it looking for us? Jim and Honorato ran down to the lookout, and I ran too, but in a different direction, anywhere to get away from the house. The plane was roaring right over my head, it seemed. Then a boom, and again the roar of the motor, and then another boom and another. The sound leaped from ridge to ridge, thundered up the valleys and echoed and re-echoed from every direction at once.

Jim came back in a few minutes to say that the plane had gone off in the direction of Cebu, that it had circled several times directly above Dalasag, but that the bombs seemed to drop on the other side of the ridge, perhaps on Mampàs. That seemed a logical target as a group of guerrillas were stationed there at the time. We wondered what we could do to help. Honorato and Decky started down to find out what had really happened, promising to bring back a report. By midafternoon no word had come, and Jim was preparing to go himself when Jean Lowry came up the path with a cheerful, "Congratulations, folks! Your house still stands, but it's full of shrapnel. Your trees and ferns and bananas are gone, and all your gasoline!" We could hardly believe it, but Bill had been there and knew what had happened. Camp Lookout, and not Mampas, had been bombed.

By that time it was too dark for Jim to do anything, but he was up and off at daylight the next morning. I took my Christmas sewing and went down a little later to spend the day with Hettie and be there in the afternoon when he came back with his report. Three bombs had been dropped in a

straight line, equal distances apart. The first, falling in a group of fern trees on the terrace about forty feet from the house, had sent shrapnel flying in every direction. One of our pine trees, about eight inches in diameter, was cut off four feet above the ground. The tops were blown out of the African tulip trees, and many branches out of a mango tree some distance away. There was a great deal of other damage, but the loss of the fuel was the most serious. As luck would have it, Jim had recently dug up the six cans, two each of gasoline, kerosene, and alcohol, and put them in a temporary shelter in a clump of San Pablo bananas. Every can was riddled with shrapnel holes, not in the top, where they would have done little damage, but near the ground. The gasoline had run out, but a pint of kerosene and a quart or two of alcohol still remained in the cans. We did not need the gasoline, but Jim used a great deal of alcohol for his insect collections, and we would now have to save the kerosene for emergency only. We had allowed ourselves the luxury of a lantern for one hour each evening, but from that time on we fell back on the old stand-by of évacuées everywhere: coconut-oil lamps, a wick inserted in a can of coconut oil.

Unfortunately our visit to camp in November had so improved the morale down there that the folks had moved our furniture back in the house. Now it was riddled with shrapnel holes. One of the women wept as we looked at the holes in our new screened food cupboard, which until a week before she had kept hidden in her house some distance away. By some freak of chance none of the plumbing was injured, although shrapnel had passed several times within an inch of different fixtures. Altogether we felt very fortunate to have anything left.

The second bomb had done no damage. The third landed in the road some distance below, toppling over a near-by

house, but did no real damage, the owner said, except knocking a few feathers off a setting hen. The Japanese were jubilant. They reported in the Dumaguete paper: "Hundreds of people are homeless and more than a hundred were killed and many more injured." They said nothing about the fuel dump they had destroyed! After the mountain people recovered from their fright, they thought the report a great joke, and it helped us to interpret the news the Japanese sent out about their many victories on land and sea.

After the excitement died down, we resumed preparations for Christmas. We wanted to do something for the Camp Lookout friends who had been so kind all year and decided finally that we would make this a salt Christmas. Even the poorest Filipino wants salt with his meals, and Catalino and others had sometimes borrowed from us when they were not able to make a trip to the lowlands to buy it. While wondering where we could find salt enough for everyone, Mr. Cariño appeared at the Glunzes on his weekly visit with food which we could not get in the neighborhood. Mr. Cariño was an evangelist who went from place to place preaching and selling Bibles for the American Bible Society, and had a wide knowledge of food supplies available in the district. He said salt was expensive and not very good, but he was sure he could get all we wanted from friends near the sea. So that problem was solved.

We turned our attention then to our own celebration. It wouldn't be Christmas without candy, but a plan was worked out to provide enough, at least for the children. We Americans each contributed some sugar; Mr. Solis and the boys offered to bring up coconuts; and Mrs. Solis and her niece said that they would make the coconut candy—bucayao—so well liked all over the Philippines. The mothers agreed to be responsible for the program, so Hettie and I were left free

to prepare Christmas gifts for the Bells, Carsons, Sillimans, and each other.

The day before Christmas, Catalino and Simplicio appeared with all the flaming red poinsettias they could carry, as well as roses and other beautiful flowers sent by Camp Lookout gardeners. Ground pine was plentiful and made lovely wreaths, with bright red berries substituting for holly. Our house was really festive. But there were no stockings hanging by the chimney, and nothing to put in them if they had been hanging there.

We had assured the Solis boys that Santa Claus would come, however, even if there were no stockings, and they were up early in the morning to greet us with a "Merry Christmas." They brought a gift too, a generous share of the big hen saved for their Christmas dinner. We were most reluctant to accept it, but they insisted and refused to take it back home. We could only hope that their pleasure in sharing with us compensated a little for the small amount of chicken left for their own meal. They went happily off with some garments I had made for them, some fruit, and a collection of odds and ends that in ordinary times I would have hesitated to offer anyone.

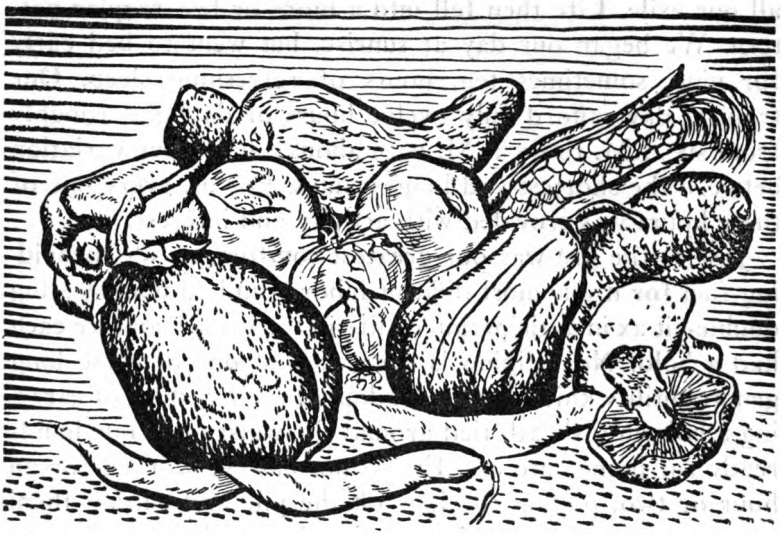
The day proved to be wet and the trail so slippery that we had more than one accident before we were all safely down the hill for the Christmas program. When all had gathered at Fernview, we discovered that there were seven Americans, seven Magdamos, seven Solises, and seven Someras—seven seemed to be a perfect number! Others joined our group too: Miro's and Eugenio's families and neighbors from farther down the trail. It did not seem unfitting that this company of évacuées and fugitives should be singing of peace on earth and good will to men, for our hearts were full of thanks to God for his first Christmas gift. After the

entertaining program of recitations and songs by the children and the reading of the familiar Bible story, the candy and some oranges were distributed. The children seemed quite as happy as on other more elaborate celebrations.

The Lowrys and ourselves stayed for a community dinner with the Glunzes. Hettie had cooked the turkey that Ken Bell had sent us, and we had canned peas—I remember that because we seldom opened a can of vegetables. The dessert was steamed graham pudding made with my last bit of graham flour and raisins and citron left over from the previous year. With coconut sauce for the pudding and some of Charles' famous corn coffee, we were well satisfied and content. We had little in material wealth, but like Bob Cratchit's family were rich in love and good will and real joy in our hearts.

We will not soon forget that Christmas day of 1942, for when the next one came around, Bill Lowry was lying in a lonely grave in Mindanao, and the rest of us were Japanese prisoners in the jail at Bacolod.

CHAPTER TEN



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

WHILE WE WERE BUSY at Ta-as Tubig, we often pitied our friends in concentration camp, living, as we thought, in boredom day after day, with no work to do and little except themselves to occupy their attention. We were entirely mistaken in our conception of prison life, as we found out later, but were right nevertheless in thinking of inactivity as the hardest burden for the human spirit to endure, and in prizing next to our freedom the physical effort our primitive life exacted and the opportunities it afforded to keep us mentally stimulated and alert.

The first six months of 1943 were the least alarming of

all our exile. Life then fell into a more or less regular pattern. We began our day at sunrise, but went to bed early for nine, sometimes ten, hours of refreshing sleep. Our tropical days afford only twelve hours of daylight, roughly from six A.M. to six P.M. with about a half-hour variation between the shortest and longest days. For us, every one of these hours was crowded with activity and interest.

Just as the fire was our greatest comfort, so was providing fuel for it our most difficult labor. Jim had bought a big double-bit ax in anticipation of life in the woods, and we each had a bolo. No Filipino is ever without one of these long general-utility knives, and we adopted their custom of carrying a bolo in a sheath tied around the waist or in our hands ready for immediate use. Every morning we worked for an hour or two, pulling the logs off the pile and cutting them up for fuel, saving the big ends for the fireplace. Sometimes these were so heavy that we could not lift them from the ground but just rolled them into place, where they served as backlogs for two or three days at a time. Jim split the rest of the log into smaller pieces which I helped carry and pile under the house, not because he needed help but because I needed exercise. There were many varieties of wood—hard, soft, those which burned with a clear bright flame, and those which did nothing but smoke. We soon learned to distinguish them, but the Filipinos did not have names for all of them. They knew balao, however, a wood as hard as iron, and never tried to cut it with their bolos. One day, after carefully avoiding it for months, I picked up a small piece by mistake and at the very first stroke chipped a piece out of the blade of my bolo. It had been my self-appointed task to cut all the kindling; but after my bolo was ruined, a larger knife was so awkward to manage that I reluctantly turned the job over to Jim.

Often the task was brought to a sudden end by the appearance of an interesting beetle or an ant nest in the wood we were cutting. One day Jim caught a glimpse of a tiny ant disappearing into a hollow branch. No legs were visible, and the head and thorax seemed to move along entirely of their own volition in an uncanny fashion. To investigate this queer creature more closely, we spread sweetened water around the hole and, as we hoped, one ant after another was attracted by the odor and came out for the feast. They had legs after all, and abdomens too, but both were small and white in color, so that unless one looked closely only the black bodies would be noticed. The effect was most startling. The mandibles, antennae, and the two joints of the petiole which connects the thorax to the abdomen were also white, making the ant, *Pheidole sp.,* so utterly fantastic in appearance that we decided it should be named "fantasia" when it is finally described.

At another time Jim was much pleased to find a nest of the spiny ant, *Echinopla. sp.,* in a vine on one of the logs he was chopping. I had recently picked up one of these ants along the trail to Dalasag, attracted by the stiff black hairs which stick out all over its body and make it look so much like a woolly bear that we have never called it by any other name. Jim had picked up a few of them on various trips to the mountains, but when this nest was opened it yielded not only thirty-five adults, but also many larvae and pupae, the first immature forms he had seen. We later found other nests on fallen trees in the forest and came to the conclusion that this genus must live high in trees and that only the workers come down to forage for food.

Some of the logs were full of beetle larvae of various kinds and some were swarming with termites. Our chickens learned to come at Jim's call and stand by, ready for a de-

licious meal when the log was broken open. Rarely did a single termite escape.

We kept chickens, not from choice but from necessity, as they usually needed about six weeks of good food before they were large enough for the table. We had from three to six all the time and, although all Filipino chickens are tame, ours were badly spoiled pets. We had to harden our hearts before killing them, but we passed the same names from one to another, and when one Buddy or Whitey went into the pot, another took its place in our affections. I had had no previous experience with chickens and was much intrigued by the human characteristics they displayed, particularly at eating time. There was always a greedy one, bent on getting for herself anything another hen had chosen. There was the one with a chip on her shoulder, ready to fight for her rights. And there was also the slow timid creature who would have starved to death if we had not come to her rescue. Usually, too, some supercilious individualist refused to join in the wild scramble for food but, calm and dignified, waited until the first rush was over before she came to see what it was all about.

Only one of our chickens lived long enough to lay eggs, a little hen called Zambo because our cook brought it to us from his home at Zamboanguita. She thought none of the nests we provided under the house were safe, and one day I discovered her first egg in the middle of Jim's bed! I quite sympathized with her desire for peace of mind, so each morning after breakfast hurried upstairs to make a nest out of an old sheet, just where Zambo wanted it to be. If it was not ready when she came upstairs, she stood by and scolded until everything was in order, but if she got upstairs before I did she cackled angrily and hopped impatiently from the bed to the door until I stopped my work to go to her as-

sistance. The faithful little hen laid forty-nine eggs before we sent her down the hill to raise a family in a safer environment.

The chickens were a nuisance in many ways and a good deal of work. They liked to dig holes, and wallow in front of the fireplace when we were away. They never had sense enough to choose safe roosting places at night but had to be caught and individually put to bed in the cage under the house out of the reach of hungry owls and prowling animals. The roosters were especially noisy in the mornings, and as a consequence we did not keep them as long as the pullets. But they repaid us for the trouble they caused, by eating hundreds of bugs and other insects as well as by furnishing us amusement and food.

The slope in front of the house was carpeted now with the soft green of squash vines, while darker green gabi leaves spread out above them like a canopy, so that a garden in the front yard added to the charm of the place rather than detracted from it. Our main garden now, about a fourth of an acre in size, was some distance away in a rather open space which received a maximum amount of sunlight. It had been covered with a second growth of trees and shrubs which were cut down and burned before the ground could be made ready for the garden. As our only tools were a native hoe—bingkong—and a spade, Jim sent for help with this preliminary work and soon had enough ground ready to begin planting. He cleared the rest of the land himself, little by little, until after several months it was all under cultivation. It provided an unlimited amount of exercise and a fair amount of food, but it also served as an experiment station to furnish seeds and inspiration to the Filipino neighbors. I acted largely in an advisory capacity on this project, as the best hours for gardening coincided with my busiest times in

the kitchen, with the result that all the work fell to Jim.

Camotes were started first, as they serve two purposes: the tender green leaves can be used for greens, and the tubers are the native sweet potatoes common all over the Philippines. Our other crops were limited in kind, as seeds could only be procured by a system of exchange from one locality to another. Many of the vegetables which grew well farther down the mountain proved unsatisfactory here because of the continual rain and lack of sunshine. Pechay and other tender-leafed greens were beaten to shreds by heavy raindrops and never grew large enough to eat. Tomato plants grew luxuriously, but the amount and quality of fruit depended entirely on whether or not rain came at the time fruit was setting. Peppers, eggplant, peanuts, corn, lima beans—all grew so slowly that they merely supplemented the steady supply we could buy from the lowlands. Our native white potatoes, about the size of a ping-pong ball, did rather poorly as they prefer loose sandy soil, but we harvested enough of them to keep on planting.

Most of all we enjoyed our beans, the kind I had grown at Camp Lookout. Although some were white and some as red as kidney beans, the green pods were all alike and the flavor exactly the same. For some reason the Filipinos did not have them in their gardens, and our fresh string beans were a treat to all the Americans. We always allowed a few to mature for seed.

Squash and chayote and gabi were our prize crops, however. Our four or five different varieties of squash were all larger and much better in quality than any raised in the lowlands. Visitors often came to see them on the vines, and we gave many away both for food and for seed.

We had a special interest in every squash, as there were no insects to do the pollinating so high in the mountains. Jim

kept a close watch on the female flowers as they opened, dusted pollen from the anthers of a male flower onto the stigma of each, and then pulled the petals together to keep out the rain until the young squash had set. We watched the progress of each one until it was mature and were greatly disappointed when on rare occasions the pollination was unsuccessful.

Jim tried pollinating the chayote blossoms also, but these are very small and fragile, and he could seldom transfer the pollen without destroying the flower, even when he used some of my hair as a brush. Fortunately, small stingless bees about the size of flies appeared and we had no further trouble with pollination. Chayotes grow on a trellis and bear prolifically when the vines are well started. The fruit is heavy, much the size and shape of a fat pear, but has a light green prickly skin and is firmer in texture. They have a pleasant delicate flavor and are considered very nutritious. In prewar days we baked them with cheese; but in the mountains we used them raw in salads or boiled them with beef, or best of all made a thin batter and cooked them slowly like an omelet. For the latter dish they were sliced very thin, and a little green pepper, onion, and tomato were added for extra flavor.

Gardening anywhere is a struggle against pests. We had the usual difficulties and many more besides. In addition to insect pests of many kinds, blights and wilts and mildews were so common that we were grateful when anything survived.

Fortunately, there were few monkeys so high in the mountains, but it was necessary to build a strong fence around the whole area to keep out the wild pigs. Even then, baby pigs sometimes squeezed under the bars at night to dig up camotes and tear things up generally. They also came in such numbers to eat the gabi near the house that Jim rigged up a system

of tin cans with a cord leading to the wall by his bed. He pulled this vigorously whenever he roused in the night, especially when there was moonlight, and doubtless scared away many of the marauders.

Rats were a great nuisance too, both in the garden and in the house. At first we took our springtrap up to the garden, but of course did not materially decrease the number of rats, since we were able to catch only one a night. Finally, following the advice of Filipino farmers, we put out food mixed with hairs scraped from the dried leaves of a very poisonous nettle, *Laportea sp.* This got results, but we did not continue the practice as it seemed too cruel to cause even rats such an agonizing death. The rats were wild varieties: some were gray, some sorrel red, and what was most unusual, some were small and black. At the house we often caught three in one night, getting up to reset the trap each time we heard it snap. On the other hand, there would be periods of several weeks at a time when they would not come to the house at all.

But our life was not all work; we had leisure, especially on rainy days, to sit by the fire and read. We know now what we would choose to take to the famous desert island. First the Bible; second, a good dictionary; and finally, a supply of back numbers of one or two good magazines which we never had time properly to read and enjoy. We read the Bible through twice very thoroughly, one or two chapters every evening, and each time discovered fascinating details which had escaped our attention on previous readings. The Book of Job, for instance, constantly surprised us with its scientific allusions and the many commonly used phrases that have their origin in the discourse of Job and his three friends. We read the Bible at other times too, and found new meaning in

familiar passages and promises which often seemed to fit our particular situation and need.

The dictionary was my special delight. I pored over it for hours, making all sorts of interesting discoveries. I used it constantly in making the elaborate crossword puzzles which helped pass many a lonesome hour.

For magazines, we had Mr. Silliman's copies of the 1940 and 1941 *Life* and *Harper's,* and a miscellaneous collection of other periodicals which we passed from one family to another. The pictures and articles furnished much information and provided endless topics for discussion when our group got together. I remember particularly *Life's* Army and Navy issues and *Harper's* timely articles on Japan's war preparations and military strength, and especially the one on heavy water and the work being done with Uranium 235.

The lack of reading matter was perhaps the greatest hardship for English-speaking Filipino évacuées as well as for ourselves. Papers were passed from hand to hand all over the district, and many evacuated books made the rounds too. We enjoyed Dr. Carson's copy of the Beards' *Rise of American Civilization* and remember *Berlin Diary, The Nazarene,* and various mystery stories, but we read everything we could find, regardless of preference.

Each evening when the lamp was first lighted we played a game of rummy, but only one, because the flickering light was a strain on our eyes and we soon tired. Usually it was no hardship to cover the fire any time after eight o'clock, pick up the tin-can light, and go upstairs to bed.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE STORY OF OUR FOOD

ONE WHO HAS NEVER traveled mountain trails in the tropics can have little conception of the time and effort required for a trip to Ta-as Tubig. Everyone reached our place drenched with perspiration, and often with rain as well. We can never forget the weary miles our Filipino friends trudged with heavy loads on their backs and often at considerable risk in order to bring comfort and cheer to our exile. The beautiful roses and lilies, carefully wrapped in banana leaves and still fresh with morning dew, were truly gifts of love. We were rarely without the choicest blooms from some Camp Lookout friend's garden. Catalino,

with Simplicio and various other members of our caretaker's family, came at least once a week for the seventeen months, carrying our laundry back and forth and bringing far heavier loads of food than they should have borne.

To all three American families on our ridge, food was less of a problem than to évacuées in any other locality of which we have heard; we certainly had it in greater abundance and variety. One reason for this was undoubtedly the fact that Filipinos for years had raised a great deal of food to sell to Camp Lookout families. Now that everyone but ourselves had left the district and the folks were afraid to go down into Japanese territory, all the fruit and vegetables which formerly flowed to the lowlands came up the mountains to us.

We tried at first to keep the Ta-as Tubig home more or less of a secret, and discouraged visitors. But our best friends were not satisfied until they could see for themselves that we were comfortable. Then their friends came out of curiosity, and finally their relatives and friends' relatives came to sell us food and thus get money to buy salt and a little corn to supplement what they raised for themselves. Life was proportionately much harder for these Filipinos than for ourselves, as their sources of income were greatly reduced while the prices they had to pay were much higher. For example, corn meal which cost only twelve centavos at first was now selling for a peso and a half, and the price was continually rising as the supply diminished.

By actual count, in December, 1942, and for several months following, from fifty to sixty different people came up the long trail, sometimes to visit but often with heavy baskets on their backs. It was our policy not to accept the gifts of food many of them brought at first, but we sometimes took a coconut or an egg from a stranger in return for a needle, as needles were almost impossible to secure in any other way.

At times our house looked like a well-stocked market, with its bunches of bananas, rows of papayas, baskets of fruit, eggs, and vegetables. A typical day's menu will show that we were well nourished. We ate dinner at noon and supper at about five-thirty in order to finish the work before dark.

Breakfast

Large slice of papaya with lemoncito juice
Corn meal mush, with one or two sliced bananas
Coconut milk
Native brown sugar
Coffee
(From our own trees, roasted and ground as needed.)
Eggs
(Usually three for Jim but none for me.)

Dinner

Juice from native oranges
Beef pot roast, with peppers, onions, and tomatoes
Squash vine tips about eight or ten inches long
(Boiled with the meat for the last ten minutes, they have a very agreeable flavor.)
Mashed camotes
Avocados
Chocolate pudding made with cocoa, cornstarch, and coconut milk

Supper

Mungo bean soup with tomatoes
Fried eggplant
Rice
"Three-in-one"
(Our favorite combination of papaya, banana, and

pomelo, the native grapefruit, with grated coconut sprinkled over the top.)

There were variations of course. Sometimes we had rice for the breakfast cereal, especially if we had any new rice, which has a nutty flavor. We also used millet, called dawa in our neighborhood, which is a minute seed often used for bird food. For human consumption the husks are removed by a tedious process at which Catalino's sister-in-law was very adept. The flavor of dawa is very pleasant, especially if it is cooked in coconut milk. Charles developed a dextrinized corn cereal by roasting the grains in his homemade rotary coffee roaster before grinding them. This gave a most agreeable flavor like that of popcorn.

We had meat at least once a day, sometimes more often, usually beef but occasionally pork. Maria brought a kilo —2.2 pounds—once a week quite regularly. If she purchased it from a friend, we had a piece of liver or tongue, but most of the time the meat was just hacked off any part of the animal and required long slow cooking before it was tender enough to eat. Sometimes neighbors brought part of their own slaughtered cow or pig, and the Magdamos always sent us some of their especially fine pork. When we had more pork than we could use, we put it down in salt or vinegar. When there was surplus beef, it was ground up, made into meat balls, and after thorough cooking was packed in glass jars and covered with hot lard. We had chicken once a week, and usually a can of corned beef or some other canned meat for the sake of variety.

We ate rice only once daily, for other starchy foods were plentiful: camotes, the small white potatoes which are very good fried or creamed, and tender gabi roots which we liked boiled and then sliced and fried like potatoes. Some-

times we had ubi, a large irregular-shaped tuber much prized by the Filipinos for its delicate flavor and pale purple color. Its texture is rather fine, but we liked it much better if we kept our eyes closed and didn't see the strange lavender hue of what in taste might have passed for snowy white potatoes.

Cassava roots also can be mashed or served in stews and in many other ways, although they contain too large a content of starch for a constant diet. The roots can be boiled and pounded into a thick paste, then rolled out, shaped into twists, and fried in deep fat like doughnuts. In fact, this is a very good doughnut substitute with a cup of coffee. When grated and steamed in bamboo tubes, it can be used in place of bread, while the addition of sugar and coconut milk transforms it into a steamed pudding. After several experiments, we learned to make tapioca from cassava flour and used it in puddings. We depended on cassava more as flour, however, than for any other use. We bought a little flour locally, but our main supply was carried for miles over the mountains from a mill in the lowlands north of Dumaguete. I had a small amount of wheat flour, but to make it last longer, mixed it at least half and half with cassava flour and at times added finely ground corn flour also. For some purposes cassava flour can be used alone, but it does not respond well to leavening, and even a little of it will make a pie crust tough and unpalatable.

Vegetables were abundant in about fifteen common varieties. We ate greens as a matter of duty, but avoided monotony by what we called "a symphony of greens"—a combination of several varieties which provided not only a symphony of color but also a pleasant blend of flavors to the palate.

Beans came in assorted kinds and sizes, but next to the

string beans from our garden we liked the crisp light green ones, best known to us as winged or star beans because each of its four edges has a wavy frill like a wing, while a cross section somewhat resembles a four-pointed star. Lima beans varied from large flat white ones to small plump native beans called kitani, which pass through so many mutations from pinks and blues to deep purple and black that they would form an interesting study of Mendelian inheritance. At times, we would find as many as fifteen different color patterns in one handful of the shelled beans.

Although we had no large onions, there were plenty of small green ones, and we had peppers in abundance, long white radishes, eggplant, summer squash, and in season twice a year we had "roastin' ears." We dried the corn when it was too old to eat from the cob by grinding it in the meat grinder and drying it over a very slow fire until every bit of moisture had evaporated and it was ready to be stored away in tightly sealed jars. After being soaked in water for a few hours, this could be used in different ways, and with the never-failing kitani beans made a good succotash, especially when flavored with a piece of salt pork.

Tomatoes were abundant except for short periods between crops, and even then we had the small native kinds so full of acid and seeds that they are good only for flavoring or, after being carefully strained, for sauce or soup. The better kinds, particularly the Ponderosas, were always eaten raw with salt or salad dressing. Sometimes I used oil to make mayonnaise, but more often we had boiled dressing, for which I used homemade banana or pineapple vinegar.

We had fruit in abundance. The bananas from our Camp Lookout trees were always brought to us, and many others besides, so that most of the time we had more than we could eat. We learned to cook them in many ways, especially the

San Pablo and saba varieties. The latter, boiled with meat, formed a welcome variation in starchy vegetables, or cooked in coconut milk with a little sugar made an appetizing dessert. Dipped in batter and fried in long slices, they were one of our favorite supper dishes. Certain varieties, thinly sliced crosswise while still green and hard, and fried in deep fat we thought even better than potato chips, though not so digestible!

Banana vinegar is made in many different ways, but our recipe was to slice very ripe bananas into a quart jar, perhaps add a little sugar to start fermentation, tie a piece of cheesecloth over the top, and leave nature to do the work. Sometimes we stirred the bananas after two or three days and usually left them out in the sun. In about three weeks we strained out the pulp and had at least a pint of good clear vinegar.

Among the citrus fruits the varieties ranged from the native coarse-grained pomelo to fruit grown from imported American grapefruit seed. There was a similar variation in our oranges too, and we had in addition tangerines and the little green lemoncitos so rich in juice. Camp Lookout provided us with pineapple. We must have picked three hundred that first year, the crop lasting from June through August and into September. We gave away a good many, and still had all we could eat and enough for canning and jam besides.

I often made jam of half-ripe papayas to keep the fruit from spoiling. Papayas came to us green and hard and had to be kept for several days before they were ready to eat. If the skin had even a tiny bruise or scratch, the clustering of small fruit flies, *Drosophila,* warned that mold was starting to grow and that it would be a race between the mold and the natural ripening process, with all my efforts going toward retarding the decay.

From March to September, when avocados were in season, we were swamped. One day when I had on hand almost two hundred fruit in various stages of greenness, our friend Graciano turned up with his harvest of over a hundred more! I paid him for carrying them up the hill and for carrying them down again, but told him to give the fruit to anyone who would take it. Unfortunately, the average Filipino will not eat avocados. When we asked them the reason, the invariable answer was, "Ma'm, we have no sugar!" We explained that we never used sugar, as many Filipinos do, and milk too, and offered a sample with salt and vinegar. Sometimes the children would eat it all, once in a while they really liked it, but adults put theirs aside after a bite or two which they took only out of politeness. Some day we hope they will acquire a taste for this most nutritious food, for it would be a great addition to their limited diet. As a matter of fact, we often ate avocados with catsup or vinegar, and liked them best of all in a cup of mixed citrus fruit of crushed pineapple. Try them that way sometime.

Some of our fruit came only once a year or at rare intervals, such as mangos, guavas, plums, and the roselle from Camp Lookout which was a good substitute for cranberries. Once we received mangosteens from a grateful woman for whom I had obtained a sewing-machine needle cleverly handmade from the rib of an umbrella.

When the war began, we purchased a supply of a shortening made from coconut oil, but most of it remained unused. We always had plenty of lard rendered from fat pork for deep frying, but for other purposes we preferred coconut oil, which in our cool temperature was solid and white. It kept sweet too, for it was made every other week from carefully selected young acid-free nuts, which produced a much better quality oil than the kind used for light.

It would be impossible to enumerate the uses we made of coconuts. Charles had a list of over two hundred, and was continually adding to it. But their greatest service was in providing a substitute for milk. We used coconut milk in all the ways we used canned milk and preferred it for a good many purposes. Preparing the milk was a family task, much more difficult than opening a can. Jim pried off the thick outer shell of the nut, a long tedious process, made a hole in one of the eyes and poured out the water, which we drank if we were thirsty, or threw away as the Filipinos always do. A quick blow of the bolo in just the right spot cracked the shell neatly into halves ready for the grater. This was a sharp-toothed iron disk mounted on a little wooden platform. Ours had four legs which fitted nicely over the log by the kitchen. Jim perched on top to keep it steady while with a rotary motion of his hand he scraped all the meat from the shell, leaving the brown skin and scrapings to be fed to the chickens. Often they came running at the first sound of the grater, and perched on his head or shoulders and fluttered around so that I had to mount guard until the job was finished and their turn came to eat.

Over the grated coconut meat, I poured from half a cup to a cup of water, either hot or cold depending on the amount and quality of the milk needed, and then handful by handful squeezed out the milk and passed it through the strainer to remove all shreds of meat. The milk was then ready for our cereal, pudding, cream sauces, soup, or to use in place of water for cooking vegetables. Coconut milk may be combined with most native food and offers endless variety to the menu.

The husks when dry were used for fuel, and made excellent smudges to drive away mosquitoes or cups in which to carry a light from one house to another. The shells made

all sorts of kitchen utensils, and we often used them to serve bowls of afternoon tea to our visitors. The dry meat from which the milk had been extracted was fed to the chickens or thrown away.

Coconut milk had still another use when combined with sugar. The coco honey of export can be easily made at home, and may be used as a sauce for puddings or ice cream as well as for jam. In the mountains we made it by taking a cup of rich milk to two cups of sugar and boiling this slowly to the proper consistency. In Dumaguete we usually added half a cup of evaporated milk, but that is not necessary.

We made coconut candy by the same process, adding some of the coconut meat and boiling it a little longer, and then beating it like fudge until thick and sugary. We made real fudge too, the favorite recipe being one Bill Lowry got from a Filipino friend. This called for two cups of brown sugar, about a cup of coconut milk, and one unbeaten egg. We added cocoa or native chocolate made from cacao beans, and the result was creamy soft fudge as delicious as any I had ever made.

Candy was considered a great treat as time went on and the sugar supply grew more and more uncertain, even here in Negros, the "sugar bowl of the Philippines." At first we bought it in hundred-pound lots, but when Japanese control tightened and sugar centrals ceased to function as the cane fields were plowed under to be used for cereal crops, we were glad to get it in any amount. Only once were we reduced to what we called "vitamin D sugar"—the D standing for dirt—which had to be made into syrup before it could be used. Most of the time we had good grades of unrefined sugar, which we really preferred to the tasteless white product of civilization. We used it sparingly for jams and jellies at the last, but still made cookies once in a while, cookies

which we baked a few at a time in the aluminum frying pan on the top of the stove, as our oven had long since rusted out. This really required team work: while I kept the stove fire at the right temperature, Jim prepared hot coals in the fireplace, which we laid on a piece of sheet iron over the pan to provide the proper amount of heat for browning the tops. We became quite adept at making these drop cookies, but they were only for special occasions of afternoon tea.

I must add two more items to the list of our foods: the tips of Paco fern which make excellent salad, and large white mushrooms of an unknown species which grew in the decaying piles of debris left in abaca patches after the strippers had taken out the fiber. These were most delicious. The Filipinos shared with us what they found, never allowing us to pay for them.

Certainly we were a long way from starving in the mountain! Indeed we were well prepared for the ordeal ahead and undoubtedly one of the reasons we came safely through it was our well-balanced diet during our months as fugitives.

CHAPTER TWELVE

WE TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER

LIFE IN A TROPICAL FOREST has many drawbacks and some hardships, but our seventeen months of good health and fair degree of happiness proved them not unsurmountable. The gloomy predictions of our friends did not materialize. Neither of us was ever sick, and living outdoors as we did all the time, we seldom had colds. But on two-thirds of the days, either the mountains above or the lowlands below, often both, were shrouded for hours at a time by drifting clouds. We too were enveloped in fog, sometimes warm and not unpleasant, but sometimes so cold and clammy that we were driven to the fireplace for comfort. We felt

quite secure at such times, as we were certain the Japanese could not find us when even the near-by trees were blotted from view.

During the early months, when we thought of ourselves as transients, we took the weather as it came without question, but later we set up a crude rain gauge and made careful observations for over a year. We thus obtained a more or less accurate idea of what weather might be expected at any season. The Glunzes kept records also at their three-thousand-foot elevation, and comparisons showed considerable variance in both rainfall and temperature. The heaviest rains, we discovered, came a week or two after several light showers had ended the dry season. One of these, coming only a month after we moved to Ta-as Tubig, was a veritable cloudburst. We were just finishing dinner when the heavens seemed to open and a gentle shower gave place to a deluge. Rain swept through the house from all directions and poured down the chimney, extinguishing the fire and running in streams over the dirt floor of the kitchen. Jim tried to stem this flood, while I rushed upstairs to protect the beds and close the shutters. I could hardly believe what I saw outside, for there in front of the house, where a tiny trickle usually found its way to the water hole, a twenty-five-foot torrent raged, full of branches and leaves and debris of all kinds. For an hour we watched it rushing by, while in the distance sounded the deep roar of other mountain streams suddenly come to life and racing down every little ravine. We could not measure the rainfall that day, but it was probably not equaled during our months of observation, when seven inches in that many hours remains the record. This of course is not an unusual precipitation compared with Baguio and other mountain localities, but it seemed a good deal to us.

We had two dry seasons each year—a short one of about two weeks in August and a six-week period in April and May which corresponded to the latter part of the dry season in the lowlands. But for the rest of the year, the days fell into three categories: there were nine days of sunshine each month, ten of both sunshine and rain, and the remaining days were without sun but not necessarily with rain.

Occasionally, however, there would be seven or eight days of continuous rain, typhoon weather we called it, when we were kept closely in the house and few visitors ventured up the muddy trail, even with food. We spent one such five-day period the first month without seeing any human being but ourselves, and felt pretty lonesome. Thanks to the fireplace, we could keep dry even at such times but everything else dripped with moisture: clothing, shoes, and books grew long white whiskers of mold; the salt and sugar melted; fruit and vegetables spoiled; flour grew musty; and matches, even in their box on the stones of the fireplace, grew too soggy ever to dry out again. At such a time as this, the smoke from the cooking fire, which we purposely allowed to drift upstairs and across the room before it made its way out of doors, was all that kept our bedding warm and dry. Then we didn't so much mind the golden brown of the mosquito netting, which was ordinarily a great trial to me.

The sunny days, however, were delightful and so crisp that we wore sweaters unless we were out in the sun. On such days, the mattresses and pillows went out to dry, the cans of rice and corn were brought in from the piyag and spread in shallow baskets, and everything movable was put out in the sun to get thoroughly dry before the next stretch of wet weather.

The temperature varied from an all time high of 72 degrees on several different days in May to a low of 55

degrees recorded at about six-thirty on two mornings, one in December and one, strangely enough, on a May morning in the middle of the dry season. Most of the time the temperature stayed fairly constant throughout the day at about 65 degrees, dropping to the neighborhood of 60 degrees in the coldest weather and rising to near 70 degrees in the hot months.

We were surprised at the frequency of thunderstorms, for we had not noticed them so often in Dumaguete. It may be that we were just more conscious here of crashes and rumblings of different kinds, as we were always asking ourselves, "Is it really thunder?" and being relieved to find that it was!

Windstorms were not unusual, particularly during the winter months and in July. Here on the mountain they were not steady blows but sudden squalls, which would topple over trees, break off branches, and blow up the abaca shingles on our roof to expose large areas to the sunlight or rain. The wind seemed to start high up in the mountain, sweeping down with a weird whistle which rose to a shriek as it reached our clearing. The full force of the blast might sweep clear over our heads, or pass on one side or the other, or it might strike our house until it shook and creaked as the trees to which it was tied rocked back and forth in the gale. I often stood in the doorway when the wind was strongest and kept my eyes on the trees above the house, ready to run if any branches should be blown in our direction. At night I lay awake bracing myself at each blast as if by sheer will power I could direct the path of the gale. Jim had more reliance on the strength of the rattan which held our house together than I had or ever could attain.

But the morning after a storm and even the hours after a gentle rain were clear and beautiful. Raindrops sparkled

like diamonds from every twig or glowed softly like tiny pearls on the waxy gabi leaves. The birds sang so joyously that we could not help but share their delight, and our hearts were thrilled with the beauty of the world about us.

There were many birds at Ta-as Tubig, most of them unfamiliar, but in the heavy foliage it was hard to see them clearly and we could only roughly decide the species to which they belonged. The most gorgeous of all was the rightly named magnificent sunbird, *Aethropuga magnifica Sharp,* which I recognized at once from specimens I had once seen in the museum. The most cheerful was the black-naped flycatcher, *Hypothynis occipitalis Vigor,* with its constant and rather monotonous "chée-chee-chee-chée." There were several other species of flycatchers, and many nuthatches, woodpeckers, our old friends the chestnut-headed tailor birds, and many others. We often heard in the distance the "tuk-tuk-tuk" of the clockbird, rose-throated barbet, *Xantholaema roseum Dumont.* None of these was particularly timid, but kept too far away for close inspection, and flitted around so swiftly that we almost never got a good look through the field glasses. Nevertheless, they were pleasant companions, and we loved to watch them and hear their cheerful songs.

The spring dry season brought considerable change in our insect life, and bees and butterflies appeared once more. The swiftly flying butterfly, *Papilio sarpedon,* skimmed gracefully over the bushes on green-striped wings, with no apparent aim in life but to express the sheer joy of living. However, each time it passed a certain plant, it deposited without perceptible pause a tiny yellowish egg, until as many as ten or twelve would be left sticking to the surface of the chosen leaves. Many times we watched the larvae hatch and begin their life struggle, but invariably they died or disappeared before passing more than one or two molts. We thought

spiders and ants were their worst enemies. Several times we tried to raise their larvae in the safety of a wooden chalk box, but only one ever spun a cocoon, and emerged as an adult three weeks later. The mortality rate was so high that we could readily understand why this beautiful butterfly was not common.

Gorgeous flower beetles, *Cetonides,* appeared in large numbers about the same time of the year, with their iridescent wing covers varying from vivid green to dull bronze. We picked them off the air plants and ferns every morning until we had filled a pint jar, which was stored with other specimen bottles in a heavy aluminum pressure cooker and hidden in the base of a large tree some distance from the house. It is very convenient for a collector to have household equipment to fall back on in the absence of suitable supplies of his own!

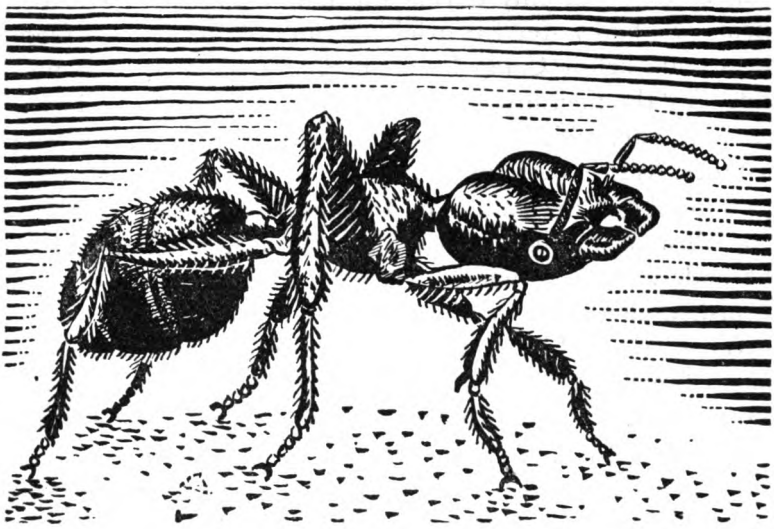
On sunny days, the little crane flies danced so merrily on their toes that even two staid missionaries envied their grace and agility. We often had ringside seats for a life and death battle between a spider and a killer wasp. The spider made constant attempts to hide, but very seldom succeeded in making his escape from the determined aggressor. I always turned my head away when the end came, for my sympathy was with the spider.

When the rains began, these fragile-winged insects disappeared and we were overrun with snails, which loved to crawl around the rafters of the house and occasionally dropped down on the mosquito netting in the most companionable way. One of these, *Helicostyla sp.,* provided us with a good deal of pleasure by laying eggs just outside the door, where we could watch the tiny snails hatch and grow almost to maturity before they went into Jim's collecting jar. We had many millepedes too, but they were annoying because they

loved to get under my feet and crunched with a sickening sound when I accidentally stepped on them. One species had red legs, which they used to glide along so smoothly and with such pleasing color effects that I called them "streamliners."

After an unusually rainy period, the strangest of all our visitors, a giant earthworm, came to us. I saw my first one while sitting with Hettie at Fernview. At first I thought it was a snake, then realized it was too stubby and was about to dismiss it as another of the black "fountain pen" variety of millepedes when I realized that it had a clitellum and must be an earthworm. But what a big one! When Jim came up it had completely disappeared, and he was sure my account was much exaggerated. However, several days later we found one at home which by measurement proved to be twenty-eight inches long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter when it shortened. Jim had never seen one of these earthworms before, nor realized that they existed in the Philippines, so we filled one more of my few jars with alcohol and preserved the specimen to corroborate our report. We found two more later on, but I am sure that the one which got away was the largest of them all!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN



SOME OF OUR DIFFICULTIES

THE WEATHER was partly responsible for many of our difficulties, but wholly so for the periodic water shortages. Although normally we had more water than we wanted or could use, when the dry season came there was not enough. After a few days without rain, the stream which supplied our showers no longer furnished even a trickle, and in the dry season it failed altogether. That was a minor difficulty, however. The real trouble came when the water hole began to dry up and a green scum formed on the top, so that we needed bath salts after every use and were afraid to drink the water even after boiling. When things got this

bad, as they did only during the longer dry season in the spring, we had water for drinking and cooking carried from the stream below Camp Lookout. We used as little as possible, for the men brought five gallons at a time in a heavy bamboo tube, which was a terrific load to carry such a long distance. When we happened to be in the woods, we could get a good drink from hollow sections of a climbing bamboo. One blow of the bolo made a clean cut just below one of the nodes, and the tube between the cut and the next node furnished almost a cup of cool refreshing water.

When we couldn't stand the algae-perfumed water any longer for bathing, we gathered our towels and clean clothes and the always elusive soap and tramped for an hour and a half, over wild-pig trails most of the way, across the ridge and down the steep hillside to the house the Vilorias had abandoned when they moved to Malabo. The water supply never failed there; indeed, it did not seem even to diminish during the dry season. On such a trip we usually took our lunch and came back up the trail very, very slowly in an attempt, always unsuccessful, to reach home without being so hot that we longed for another bath! Although we dreaded the coming of the rain and fog, we were nevertheless glad that we could depend on a plentiful water supply again.

The weather was only partially responsible for our troubles with ants, for we had them with us always. However, they were more of a nuisance after a rain than at other times. Our worst pest was *Pheidolegeton,* commonly called hacot, meaning "to carry," a most appropriate name as they belonged to the group of harvester ants. They swarmed over all the trails, and as we walked along after a rain, they crawled up our ankles and onto our clothing, both from the path and from the bushes alongside. They attack at any or

no provocation, having the unfair advantage of both sting and bite, with sharp mandibles to dig in viciously and hold on until one by one they are forcibly dislodged.

But they were not content to stay in the woods; there was no place in the house free from their explorations. Once a colony determined to make a nest in the warm dirt of my cookstove! We fully realized that it was a comfortable place, and probably would not have molested them if they had let us alone. But they swarmed over the kitchen utensils and climbed into hot kettles before I got the food on the table, besides crawling over us and biting mercilessly every time we went near the stove. I am ashamed of the gallons of boiling water we poured on their marching columns as they came back from foraging trips, and of the red-hot irons we thrust into their doorway between the stones until we could stand the sizzle and odor of their burning bodies no longer. But it was all wasted effort. The hordes came on over their drowned or seared companions without pause. At length we abandoned our futile methods, and Jim took the stove apart and moved them out, a shovelful at a time. During the process he danced almost as lightly as our crane flies, stopping at frequent intervals while I brushed off the moving ants. To my credit be it said that I didn't laugh at his antics even to myself!

These hacot eat practically everything—cereals, fruit, eggs, meat, and oil of any kind. They got in our syrup pitcher if it was left uncovered. They pounced on any fresh meat that was not immediately hung from a hook in the ceiling, and liked it equally as well when it was cooked. Grains of rice or other bits of food which they could not eat on the spot they dragged off to their nest—nothing ever escaped. A grasshopper, for instance, too large to be managed at one time was first cut to pieces; then one group would hurry off

with a leg, another would tug away at the head, a larger soldier ant would give an occasional hand while a still larger soldier acted as road builder and cleared the path of obstacles. We often watched these big fellows at work, and sometimes dropped chunks of dirt or leaves in the way just to see how ingeniously they would be engineered to one side and the roadway cleared for traffic. I am afraid we rather enjoyed their discomfiture when a tachina fly, hanging around their marching columns, grabbed some especially choice morsel of food from the helpless ants and flew away with it. We found that the easiest method of getting these ants off the dirt floor of the kitchen was to scatter the column with a broom as soon as it was discovered. In the resulting confusion, the ants seemed to lose sight of their objective, especially if we put out coconut to lure them in another direction.

The only good deed the hacot did for us was to clean out coconut shells. After most of the meat had been scraped out, the halves of the nuts were placed upside down on the ants' runways and in just a few minutes were literally filled with a black seething mass of workers. In a day or two every bit of meat and oil would be gone and the smooth hard shell ready to be polished and put to use. I should give them credit, I suppose, for being scavengers and picking up small moths and insects about the house, but these were easier to sweep away than the ants, so it was not really a good deed after all.

But the weather was in no way responsible for Jim's trouble with wild pigs. These of course are not domestic pigs gone wild, but a very different animal, tall and lean and, when full-grown, reddish in color. They run with incredible endurance and rapidity, and are extremely ferocious when cornered. They always annoy the mountain farmers but, as

they do not go down to the lowland, cause comparatively slight damage to crops in normal times. But now that so many farmers had moved up the mountain, and with the Japanese seizure of crops in the lowlands, the depredations of wild pigs in the higher regions made the food situation really desperate. Several times Catalino reported that in a single night the pigs had dug up enough camotes and gabi and trampled down enough corn to feed his family for weeks. None of the Filipinos owned guns and few knew how to use them. Catalino never succeeded in killing a pig with our rifle, although he was sure he had made hits on some part of the animal. There was little the farmers could do except to stay on guard all night, and that was not very effective. Although hunters roamed the hills with dogs and spears and set very skillfully made traps, only once did we hear of their having any success.

We lost our crops along with the rest of the farmers, although to a much less extent. Jim was always finding evidence of pigs around the garden and empty nests where the mothers had borne their young, but the animals themselves were elusive. One day, however, as we were returning from our showers, the stillness was shattered by a great commotion not far from the path—a dog barking, a pig's deep grunt, and the high-pitched squealing of baby pigs. Fortunately, Jim had the rifle, and we stopped, a bit breathless as we realized that the pig was charging straight in my direction. Jim got a brief glimpse of what he hoped was the head and pulled the trigger, but the pig only changed direction and dashed into the deeper jungle. The dog was frightened by the gun and ran away, leaving Jim to follow the trail alone. But he could not even find a trail to follow! After an hour or two of fruitless search, he decided that his shot had missed entirely and that the mother pig had taken her family

into the woods to safety. We were disappointed to think of the delicious meat we might have eaten if Jim's rifle had been a shotgun, for wild-pig meat is very tender and has a flavor all its own, not like beef or pork or chicken but a combination of them all.

A few days later, unpleasant odors began to drift into the house, growing stronger as the day wore on. At last we thought of the pig! Jim was sure that he had hit the target after all and went for Miro and the dog. Sure enough, they found a dead mother pig, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, hidden in a depression under a big log. She had apparently died almost immediately after being hit, for even the dogs were not interested now. But there were still little pigs about somewhere, too young to find much food for themselves, so Miro and the dogs kept searching until within the next few days they caught all four of them. They were perhaps six weeks old, very pretty, with long snouts and horizontal red and black stripes. Miro gave us a ham and a liver which we thought the best we had ever eaten.

Some of our difficulties, of course, grew out of the fact that we were cut off from outside sources of supply. When our tin water cans and other utensils became rusty, we could neither replace nor mend them. But Jim and Charles discovered a good-sized Almasaga tree, *Agathis alba,* which produces the copal of commerce. Whenever repair work was needed thereafter, we paid a visit to the tree, made a cut in the bark and inserted a small tin spout cut from an old can, and placed another can to catch the resin as it dripped from the wound. When this was heated, it gave off a pleasant odor similar to that of sealing wax and effectively stopped the holes in our cans. Dissolved in alcohol, it produced a fine colorless varnish which protected our books from dampness and waterproofed our hats. We daubed it on our shoes

to keep out the dampness, used it to secure bolo blades in their handles, and found other uses for it too numerous to mention.

It was really remarkable that as évacuée difficulties arose, some solution invariably presented itself. We even took pleasure in finding substitutes for supplies which began to run low. Thread was one of the urgent problems for all the women. A few energetic individuals pounded long pineapple leaves to remove the fine fibers which make the beautiful pina cloth so much used in embroidering. But most of us kept on hand a skein of long abaca fibers from which we took a thread when it was needed. These fibers are reasonably strong, but rather coarse and very scratchy. I used it a good deal in making over old garments for the Filipino children, but tried to be careful and put the knots on the outside of the cloth.

When toothbrushes wore out, Catalino brought betel nuts from our trees at Camp Lookout, from which we cut segments of the soft fibrous outside covering. We found these not only cleaned our teeth thoroughly but left a refreshing sensation of cleanliness in our mouths.

If we ran out of buttons, there were plenty to be had for the carving, as coconut shells were always available. My last pair of slacks, made from a muslin lunch cloth dyed brown, boasted pretty square buttons which Jim had cut and carefully polished during his hours of sitting by the fire. He carved salt spoons and various other gadgets from coconut shells, but his biggest job was the making of a new handle for his ax. He chose the wood with care, shaped it roughly with the bolo, and then scraped and scraped with pieces of broken glass until it was as smooth and well proportioned as the original handle.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

DISCOVERIES IN THE WOODS ABOUT US

THE EXERCISE and outdoor life of our months as évacuées and fugitives were good for us; we lost the bulges that were in the wrong places and developed muscles in the right places, and derived a great deal of pleasure doing it. There was a fair amount of hard work, but it did not have to be done according to a fixed schedule. When the sun shone and the skies were clear, we were free to take to the woods.

Always we searched for the lovely orchids that had so delighted us during our first months at Ta-as Tubig, but we

did not find them in any other place, even in July and August when the original patch was again in full bloom. We watched them there, from the first unopened bud to the last fading flower, and shared their beauty with interested visitors. The small purple orchid, *Spathoglottis plicata Blume,* which is supposed to occur throughout the Orient, was everywhere along the open trails, but we found new varieties in the most unexpected places. One of these bore a tall spike of yellow flowers and was fairly common, but the most interesting, also yellow, was of the lady's-slipper type and looked like a miniature Dutch wooden shoe. It was fun to blow into the opening of the shoe and see the pistil come darting out, like a naughty child sticking out his tongue. When we left Ta-as Tubig, we had perhaps a dozen varieties of ground orchids growing in their new home, some already bearing flowers.

We started another collection of the orchids we found in trees and on rotten logs. Someday, we told ourselves, we would transplant them down to Camp Lookout for a period of acclimatization and then to our orchid house in Dumaguete. We regretted that we had never learned to call orchids by their scientific names, and we longed for the studies of Philippine orchids by Ames and Quisumbing*, so that we could properly identify our finds. If the notes we made were now available, or if our memories were more reliable, we could give more detailed and accurate descriptions. Some of the orchids bore blossoms so small and inconspicuous that we overlooked them at first, but once we discovered them, Jim's hand lens brought out a perfection of beauty which almost overwhelmed us. There were tiny white varieties which revealed their presence by a rich perfume, others with

* "New or Noteworthy Philippine Orchids," by O. Ames and E. Quisumbing, *Philippine Journal of Science,* 1931 to 1936.

lavender flowers, and a dainty yellow one with a faint elusive fragrance. One orchid escaped our attention for some time, as it grew among ferns on old tree stumps, the flowers themselves a light green with just a touch of gold deep in the throat. They hung in a panicle from the stems and were very lovely and fragile.

All these small orchids were removed from their settings with as much moss and humus as possible and put on what we called our "orchid cone," where we could constantly enjoy them. This structure had been made by leaning different lengths of tree-fern trunks against an old stump to form a cone about six feet high. The rough bark and stems were already covered with moss and made an ideal setting for the orchids, which we stuck between the trunks or among the moss and ferns already growing there. This cone was a delight to us. Although to the chance visitor it was only a pile of worthless tree ferns, a careful observer could always find some queer little blossom to admire and appreciate.

There were many varieties of large orchids too. Sometimes we took them from fallen trees, but more often saw them high up in quite inaccessible places. One day we discovered a large cluster of bright yellow flowers in the woodpecker tree near the house. With the field glasses we saw that each flower was about three inches in diameter, but could make out little detail. Because of the size of the orchid and its unusual color, we were sometimes tempted to cut down the tree. But fortune favored us, and one night in a storm the branch broke off, and the orchids were ours for the taking. The blossoms had been faded for some time, but long seed pods confirmed our estimate of their size. We divided the plant into three sections and fastened them with plenty of humus to pieces of rotting wood before they were hung on a tree with the rest of our collection.

Often we came back from an expedition with arms full

of huge air plants and other epiphytes which grew luxuriantly on the branches of forest trees. At times these branches collected so much moss and humus that a heavy mass, as much as three feet wide and eighteen inches deep, would finally break off and drop to the ground with a dull thud. We learned to recognize the sound and to rush out to see what treasures we might find. Likewise when we heard the crash of a tree in the woods, we set off to examine it, rarely failing to find something of interest. To keep these larger specimens successfully, we made a pen in the woods not far away and filled it with decaying vegetation, rotten roots, and humus of all kinds. Placed in this natural setting, the ferns and epiphytes adapted themselves very quickly to the new environment. Our collections were scattered, but all were kept at some distance from the house, so that they might be safe if the Japanese came to Ta-as Tubig and burned the place.

Several kinds of azaleas grew in the trees, and both a pink and a yellow variety continued to blossom when they were moved to rotten stumps near the ground. There were other vines, however, which we were not able to transplant. One with long narrow leaves and fragrant star-shaped flowers, white with yellow centers, climbed so high that we could reach only the ends of the branches on which it grew and could never get enough for propagation. Then there were two vines with red flowers. One which clung tightly to the tree trunks with flat spread-out leaves had flowers shaped somewhat like a miniature saxophone. Another with trumpet-shaped blossoms hung in festoons from every branch.

We brought in many wild begonias and every new fern and moss that we discovered. Some day we hope to climb the mountains again and identify all our discoveries.Anyone armed with the proper equipment and willing to undergo the hardships which nature exacts from those who would learn

her secrets could spend a year at Ta-as Tubig without exhausting the material at his disposal.

Several times we made a long trip to the big tree *Cinnamomum sp.*, from which we collected bark to make excellent sassafras tea, like that which in my childhood in Minnesota we used as a spring tonic. The Filipinos use a very strong brew for stomach-ache, although I suspect that its virtue lies as much in the hot drink as in the medicinal qualities of the bark.

During the months of August and September, the woods were full of wild-fruit pigeons—the imperial pigeon—and Jim always carried his rifle when we went for a walk. He rarely got a shot, however, as it is almost impossible to see the birds while they are in the trees, and they fly away so swiftly when startled that they are usually out of sight before the gun can be aimed. We heard them flying around the house, especially in the early evenings, and one of them whizzed through the kitchen one day not two inches from my ear. I thought at first that it was a bullet and was very much alarmed. After a few unsuccessful shots, Jim gave up the attempt to kill one of these balud, but we bought several from boys who were successful with snares, and found them fairly good eating.

The boys more rarely caught a larger pigeon, the South Philippine zone-tailed pigeon, which they said was not so good for food. It was altogether too beautiful to be eaten anyway, we thought, with the most gorgeous iridescent plumage we had ever seen on a game bird. We frequently heard its deep booming note, almost like a foghorn, especially in the short period of twilight, but it did not come to feed on the trees near the house as the balud did.

After dark, screech owls and large hoot owls flitted by on silent wings, and occasionally a nightjar's call came up from the woods below us. Small bats were not uncommon

and one night the large fruit bats came in great numbers to feast on certain unidentified trees near the house. They were very noisy and fought and quarreled with so many shrill squeaks and squawks that we were glad the trees bore fruit only once a year.

We did not often see wild chickens, *Gallus gallus Linnaeus,* although I once caught sight of a richly colored rooster before he slipped away into the bushes. We often heard their lusty crowing as we went along the trails. The Filipinos made very clever snares in the paths, but the birds are wary, and I never heard of any being caught.

There were several other animals in the woods besides wild pig and an occasional monkey. Many times during the day we recognized the faint musk odor of a civet cat, and in the night they came to look for our chickens—at least the terrible cackling and fluttering and the unmistakable odor were circumstantial evidence to that effect. The larger civet cat, which Filipinos call singalong or fox, probably came also, as we found tracks near the garbage hole, but this too was only a guess as we never saw either of the intruders.

Very rarely a long slender snake glided off the path in front of us, but we could hardly identify it from a few inches of its tail. We did not have the pythons and pitted vipers which troubled évacuées at lower levels, but one day the Solis boys came up to tell us that they had killed a snake that they thought might be a python. Examination showed that the back was dark with some iridescence and that it was about eight and a half feet long but with none of the spots peculiar to the python. We had no idea what it was, nor did we ever find another like it. We were very fortunate in being able to roam the woods without fear of poisonous reptiles or anything more annoying than a few wood ticks and the ubiquitous hacot.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

VISITORS AND VISITING

THE FIRST SIX MONTHS of 1943 were a heyday for évacuées. The Japanese confined their raids to farms and small communities near the coast, and we traveled the mountain trails with no fear and little danger. Malabo had become a mecca for the whole province, for it was not only the military headquarters but the center of a flourishing civilian government. Although provincial offices in Dumaguete were being run under Japanese control, our section of Free Negros was functioning in most departments and helping évacuées in many of their difficulties. Guerrilla messengers sometimes stopped at Ta-as Tubig for a meal or to

spend the night, and Roy Bell came by every few weeks on a trip to the south. Roy was functioning very efficiently as civil affairs man, and traveled a great deal in his job of co-ordinating the civil government with the guerrilla setup. For that reason, the Japanese considered him their greatest civilian enemy. They also knew that as the Silliman radio man he had turned over our sending and receiving equipment to the guerrillas and had from the very beginning done all he could to help outlaw resistance.

Filipino faculty members from both north and south came to see our fireplace and garden and all the mountain beauty, as they had no fear now of being caught by either Japanese or bad weather. The Americans came too—Mr. Silliman, who was acting as subgovernor for the southern district, and Mr. McKinley. The McKinley family had had a harrowing experience fleeing for several days, with the Japanese in close pursuit, and then crossing the southern mountain, with only the Amios, a primitive mountain tribe, to befriend them. When their strength was almost gone, the guerrillas on our side of the mountain had come to their aid and taken them, sick and destitute, to Silliman faculty friends who had evacuated to the southern end of the island.

Dr. Carson came over from the north, and his son Bob, and Donald Bell spent a week at Dalasag while they completed their high school biology course with the help of Mr. Somera. As the dry season progressed, even women ventured on the trails, and Ken Bell brought his mother and several friends to visit us.

The local news grew better all the time. General Wendell Fertig was well established and was giving his guerrilla troops a very thorough course of training. Major Villamor had set up radio equipment somewhere on the southern tip of the island and under directions from General MacArthur was

already welding the separate units of resistance in Negros into one efficient organization. The arrival of American submarines was supposed to be a secret, but we all heard about the chocolate bars and cigarettes and had even seen the new side arms, and later on were really thrilled when we read a few pages of an April *Esquire*.

One memorable day a messenger came to tell us that, if we would write a letter and send it down the hill at once, it would be taken out on a submarine and sent to our children in the States. We were so excited over the idea of being in contact again with the outside world that at first we could not decide what to say and searched frantically for words which would reveal to the children where we were living and how well we were getting along without betraying our location to the Japanese. That first letter was most unsatisfactory, but from then on we sent one every month, hoping they would bring comfort to our relatives and friends. The "Dumaguete by Christmas!" slogan was replaced by "It won't be long now," and we were all sure this time that the end was almost here.

Jim had been making frequent trips throughout this period. He went several times to Malabo with Bill Lowry, but now Bill had gone to Mindanao leaving Jean and Billy at Dalasag with the Someras and the Magdamos for neighbors. We went down the hill frequently to see Jean, and when Jim was absent on all-day trips I often spent the day at Fernview with Hettie. Often Jean came up with her work for an afternoon visit and the cup of tea Hettie always provided. While we talked, we had mending to do or some old garment or bit of cloth to be made into clothing. Sometimes I took my knitting, for I had unraveled an old woolen shawl and was using the yarn for warm ankle-length socks. At other times I crocheted bags in which to hang up vegetables,

using homemade bamboo needles and coarse strips of abaca fiber for yarn. Once I spent a night at Fernview and at dusk went down to Dalasag with Charles to hear the KGEI news for myself. It was much more interesting to hear it over the radio than to receive written or oral reports.

Sometime in April, Jim and I made a visit of several days to Camp Lookout, making our headquarters at the McKinley house, where we still felt it was safer to sleep. Jim helped old Eusabio, the caretaker, repair the shrapnel holes in the roof and other parts of the house, while I puttered around the garden, getting my first view of the damage the bomb had caused to our cherished flowers and trees.

One day we took a long trip to visit friends at Mampas and the next afternoon went down the road to the Magdamos' farm, a short distance above Luzuriaga. It was here that for the first time in over a year we heard piano music. Mrs. Magdamo had been in charge of the vocal department of the Silliman Conservatory of Music, and one of the grand pianos had been taken to their home for safekeeping. We shall never forget how Mr. and Mrs. Magdamo sang for us that afternoon, with Martha, a college junior, sometimes accompanying them, sometimes joining in with her sweet high soprano. The last selection was what they called their favorite, "Whispering Hope." It seemed an altogether fitting end to the concert.

The following day, as we started back to Ta-as Tubig, we passed our house at Camp Lookout, thinking that in a few months we could safely move back there to live. We never saw that house again! We made several calls on the way home, stopping first to visit the Solis family who had moved down to a warmer place where they could better raise the food they needed for the growing boys. We made another pause at Dalasag to see the Someras and Jean before

we went on for lunch with the Glunzes. The hospitality of their wayside house was a boon to many weary travelers.

It was late in the afternoon when we finished the long climb to the house. Everything was in good condition, and Miro came to tell us that he had faithfully inspected the place each day and brought food to the chickens.

Miro was making a clearing now only a short distance below us and getting ready to plant corn and camotes. He had followed the long-established custom of "kaingan," according to which someone too poor to buy land for a farm goes to a spot in the virgin forest, cuts down all the timber and burns it on the ground. Then using the ashes as fertilizer and without further cultivation, he puts in his crop, which in peacetime is usually abaca. In a year or two, the kaingan is often abandoned and another hillside is cleared and planted. This wasteful process is being discouraged by the government and is not so common as it was during the old Spanish regime in the Philippines.

We were not happy about Miro's clearing, but we ourselves had "squatted" for months before we discovered the owner of the land and bought it for ourselves; so knowing that Miro needed food, we said nothing, but insisted that he make the clearing some distance away and not cut any of the lovely trees from our trail. As we anticipated, when the crops were planted, his next step was to build a house. He chose the very spot which was the lookout, and put up a house which proved to be so conspicuous from miles of Japanese coast line that we felt sure no one would ever connect it with an American hide-out.

There was little water in the water hole now, especially as Miro's folks sometimes took water from it for their cattle, so we decided that the wisest thing we could do would be to go away for a while until the rains started again.

I was curious to see for myself the Malabo everyone was talking about and to visit our friends there. I was even more ambitious than that. I thought I was enough of a climber now to go up to the lake where the Carsons and Bells had built their second evacuation house. For years this deep crater lake about twenty miles back of Dumaguete had been a favorite resort for Boy Scouts, for scientific expeditions, and for all sorts of camping trips. For one reason or another I had never gone with any of these groups and knew only what had been told me of its beauty and charm. Moreover, Jim had never traveled the trail from Malabo, as the usual approach reached the lake on the side opposite the house. We agreed therefore to go to Malabo and on to the lake if possible, and to make the trip just before the close of the dry season. Miro was willing to be caretaker again and almost burst with pride when Jim left him the rifle and a few bullets to use on wild pigs. We gave him many last directions about the chickens and the garden, and one afternoon we started off full of pleasant anticipations of the good time ahead.

We spent the night with the Magdamos down in the lowlands and had another wonderful evening of music. Martha and her younger sister, Priscilla, decided to accompany us to Malabo, and we four started out the next morning before the sun was up. The trail through the foothills was an easy one, and we stopped often to converse in the gay comradeship of évacuées with friends we met along the way. When we came to the steep descent of the Okoy River, we took off shoes and stockings for the third time that morning. This time we rolled up our slacks as high as possible before we waded into the wide rushing stream. Most of the crossing was not difficult but at the end we held tightly to each

other's hands as we struggled in the swift current for footing on the slippery stones in the stream bed.

A guerrilla outpost had been established at Daguitan on the other side of the river, and for some time along the trail we passed soldiers and the faithfull "bolo men" who, having no other weapons, had banded together to fight with bolos if necessary. They carried supplies and did everything else in their power to help resist the Japanese. We paused at this post for identification and then followed the trail up over bare rocks to the home our chemistry professor, Mr. G. A. Imperial, had built there. They gave us a warm welcome and insisted that we stay for dinner. As we ate, we sat directly above some of the Silliman chemical supplies, which Mr. Imperial had buried before he laid the floor in the house. We had music as well as good food, for somehow their fine new piano had been carried across the river and up the rocky trail. In the middle of the afternoon we loaded up again for the rest of the trip and passed the soldiers' barracks just back of the house and the quartermaster's offices halfway to Malabo. The trail went over a high ridge, then dropped suddenly to cross a river and on to a plateau of considerable area at an elevation of about sixteen hundred feet. The Carsons and Mr. Bell were living at the Malabo house, but the rest of the household was at the lake, since both houses were always kept open for visitors as well as for use in emergencies.

Sometime in the night we were suddenly awakened by a terrific crash and rumbling, as though the whole mountain were coming down on us. We heard someone cry, "Let's get out of here," but before we could move, the noise stopped, and a relieved "I guess it's all over" sent us back to sleep. Daylight showed that a large tree had fallen on the hillside

above and had plowed its way down the slope, coming to rest about fifty feet from the house. Something always happens here, I thought, just as it does on our mountain!

We had planned to spend the day at Malabo resting, but there was so much I wanted to see that there was not time to rest. Mrs. Carson showed me the first house they had built, which was now the headquarters for civil affairs. I met many friends in the various offices. Some of them had been students in my night-school classes, and the acting superintendent of schools was a Silliman alumnus. Attorney Tugade was there too, still carrying on the work of the food administration. We went to the Army hospital to see the doctor and nurses from our mission hospital. We also paid a call at guerrilla headquarters, for Major Placido Ausejo and many of his officers were Silliman alumni. (Lieutenant Colonel Ausejo later received a Silver Star "for gallantry in action at Negros, April 26-May 20, 1945 . . . he cleared the beaches to be used . . . in the vicinity of Dumaguete . . . and proved a brilliant fighting soldier who led his troops aggressively in clearing the island.") We called too at many homes in the neighborhood, at the Vilorias and at the Scaffs, where I first met little year-old Larry with whom I was to become much better acquainted later on.

That evening a picnic in our honor was held on the boulder-strewn plaza. Everyone brought some contribution to the supper, which seemed wonderful to me. We even had a real frosted cake! Mr. McKinley and Abby Jacobs from the south were the other "out of town" guests. In all, twelve Americans and about thirty of the Silliman faculty and students gathered there to renew their ties of friendship. We stood in the bright moonlight to close the party in true Silliman manner with the school song:

When we leave the halls of Silliman,
Roam the world o'er near and far,
Still the faith and truth she gave us
Will remain our guiding star.
And in high place or in lowly,
Fortune send us joy or pain,
To our love for dear old Silliman
Loyal will we e'er remain.

We were proud of them as we said good-by that night, and we were prouder still in the months to come as we thought of these brave loyal people and others like them who formed the backbone of Philippine resistance in our part of Negros. This was to be the last big party at Malabo. Exactly one month later, Japanese soldiers were swarming over that very plaza, burning and pillaging and shooting, and both the unarmed guerrillas and civilians were fleeing to the mountains for safety.

The morning after the party, we set out with Ken Bell as guide on the long hike to the lake. It was a four-hour trip at my rate of speed, over bare rocky fields, through patches of tall cogon grass, along narrow sloping paths dug out of the mountain side, up and over the wooded ridge at thirty-six hundred feet, and down the last long winding trail to the lake. I saw it first, nestled in what had once been a crater of an active volcano, with mountains rising majestically on every side, bathed in all the glowing colors of sunset. The house, built on the very edge of the lake, with its thatched roof and walls of hand-sawed lumber, some still covered with bark, fitted into the wild beauty of the landscape. What a wonderful place to live!

It was a perfect location for a hideaway. Only one trail led to it, the one we had traveled. Other trails led to the

opposite side of the lake more than a mile away. It was impossible to skirt the shore line because of the jungle which in many places reached clear to the water's edge. Moreover, the boats were kept near the house and crossed the lake only on signal from friends who were bringing food. A large household had found refuge here when the first Japanese activities had driven them out of Malabo—four Carsons, four Bells, two stranded dormitory girls from Davao, four Norwegian sailors who escaped early in the war from their boat at Cebu, and part of the time a fugitive American officer waiting to make his way to Mindanao. Now, however, since part of the group had returned to Malabo and only one of the sailors was left, there was plenty of room for us four visitors.

It was fun to be with Mrs. Bell and all the young people. We had boat rides on the deep blue water of the lake, inspected their fine gardens, which were much better than we could have at Ta-as Tubig, and sat around and talked as we rested for the return trip. But even here we had excitement. The very first night we were aroused by the always dreaded cry, "Fire! Fire!" We ran to the kitchen where an overheated stove had set fire to the wall behind it. The boys were already at work, and as the fire had luckily been discovered before it made much headway, it was soon extinguished.

The trip back to Malabo was more difficult than the ascent had been. A little rain had made the trail quite slippery and had brought out numerous leeches, which were waiting all along the way, reaching out from every twig and leaf to grab hold as we went by. The ladies had told me wild tales of the hundreds they picked off on every trip. It was easy to believe them now. We were thankful that we

were not bothered this way on the trails we were accustomed to traverse.

We spent another night at Malabo, and got back to the Magdamos just after dark. The next day we arrived at Ta-as Tubig, weary in body but refreshed in spirit, relieved to find plenty of water in the water hole and glad to be home again!

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE JAPANESE TAKE THE OFFENSIVE

WE WERE MUCH ENCOURAGED by what we had seen at Malabo of the reorganization of the Army and by the news which kept coming over the radio of progress in the Pacific. It was certain now that American submarines were operating in Philippine waters, for a boat had been sunk in the channel so near Negros that bits of equipment had been washed up on the beach and a boatload of survivors had been taken off the rocky island of Apo not far south of Dumaguete. But most of us were too optimistic, as usual;

we should have been warned of trouble ahead by the reports of increasing Japanese activity on Cebu, where many of the towns previously unoccupied were now full of Japanese soldiers, with more arriving all the time.

On June 19, rather early in the morning, we heard machine guns in the distance. This was not at all unusual, but on investigation we were alarmed to see smoke rising along the trail from Dumaguete to Malabo. We watched one or two buildings as the first small blaze appeared and spread quickly, too quickly to be normal, until the whole structure was one mass of flames. All that day and the next, the fires continued, with heavy shooting, and then reports began to come in. Malabo had been burned, they said, by a Japanese mobile unit of seven hundred men who came from Bacolod to destroy guerrilla headquarters and break up their resistance, but there were no details nor any news from our friends. We were much disturbed. The Glunzes were nervous too, and we asked them to move up with us while we waited to see what would happen.

At three o'clock on the morning of June 24, Miro came to call out, *"Mga Japon didto sa campo."* The Japanese were at Camp Lookout! Moreover, our house was burning! Jim and I dressed in a hurry and followed him down the dark trail to his house, where we stood until daylight, watching the fires below. We could hear the crackle of the flames and the loud popping of the bamboo as the hollow tubes exploded in the heated air. The Silliman house was burning also, and there were several more fires farther down the road. At dawn, Charles came to join us in our vigil, and I soon went back to the house. Hettie was in great excitement. Maria had come from Dalasag to say that the Japanese were burning the houses there too. That meant we were in danger. We called the men and for a while worked at top speed to

get everything out of the house before the Japanese could get up the hill. But Jim was sure Maria was mistaken, as he had been watching Dalasag from the lookout and had seen no signs of smoke. He was right, for in her excitement Maria had seen fires across the canyon directly in line with her house and thought the latter was burning.

That was a jittery day. Jean and Billy came up, and we brought the food back from its hiding place and got breakfast. The Magdamos had left the farm for their Dalasag house and sent messengers at frequent intervals to tell us what the Japanese were doing. At dusk, word came that the Japanese had returned to Dumaguete for the night but would probably return the next morning. Jean and Billy went home in spite of our protests, but not until we had all agreed to sleep in piyags away from the houses.

Our piyag was a new one, quite a way up the hill from the garden, and the men carried our bedding and supplies with great difficulty, going by a roundabout route and being careful to leave no trail behind them. The piyag was not large, and the floor, which was made of poles laid about four feet above the ground, was crowded with boxes and cans and supplies of all kinds. It could provide a shelter from rain, however, and was far enough from the house to be fairly safe. Hettie and I had cots, set on the ground under the floor; Charles made a bed on the ground beside us; and Jim climbed over our heads and stretched out on a narrow space he had cleared on the floor. We put up the nets by the light of the moon, and finally relaxed and got some much-needed sleep.

Daylight came, but no Japanese. For several days we lived in constant suspense, hearing guns and seeing fires in many directions and not knowing what minute our turn would come. Only when the mobile unit had returned to Bacolod

did we dare feel that the immediate danger was over.

We were still at breakfast one morning early in July when Roy and Ken Bell appeared. We greeted them hurriedly in our eagerness to hear what they had to tell. Some of their news was good. A spy had warned Malabo of the Japanese attack in time for all the women to escape to the lake and for the guerrillas to carry off their equipment, radio sets, and all their records. The buildings had been looted and burned, however, and the Bells had lost the clothing and food which were kept in a piyag behind the Malabo house. The soldiers had so few guns and so little ammunition that any resistance would have been futile and they could only escape to the hills, hoping to avenge themselves at some future time. We were thankful that there had been no casualties.

But Roy brought bad news also. In fact, he had made the dangerous trip primarily to bring word that Bill Lowry had been killed two weeks before somewhere in Mindanao. Roy had sent Jean word to meet him here, and she soon appeared, expecting to hear Roy's report about Malabo. The terrible news was a great shock, of course, but she rallied and took it bravely. By afternoon, she was ready to go down the trail with Roy and tell Billy what had happened to his father.

Several days after this, Charles and Hettie returned to Fernview, but life was never normal again for any of us. The Army was scattered now in the hills to the south of us, but while arms and ammunition were coming by submarine, orders also came that guerrilla activities should be confined to cutting off Japanese supplies and to intelligence service. The boys were tired of running away and so anxious to fight that the new weapons were a great temptation, too great on one occasion. We were awakened before daylight by such a

clear rat-a-tat-tat that it could not possibly come from the old machine guns the Japanese were using. It turned out that a group of guerrillas had determined to capture the Filipino mayor of Luzuriaga, a puppet of the Japanese and very active in their service. It happened that he was not at Luzuriaga that morning, and the attempt failed, but the attack was unfortunate for us because the Japanese at once stationed a garrison in the town and were thus less than two hours from Dalasag.

Alarms were frequent, and rumors kept us always uneasy. Patrols went up into the hills to the north of us and captured several évacuée families including the Imperials, taking them back to Dumaguete and forcing them to live there. Guerrilla messengers had to cross the mountains at a much higher level and passed by our Woods Hollow house on their way back and forth. We decided to go down and see how things were in the house and then follow the new trail over the ridges to inspect the piyag where our Dumaguete supplies were hidden. The Woods Hollow house was in such bad condition that we did not dare spend the night there, but went on until we turned off the trail to make our way through the jungle to the piyag. We had time to clear a narrow space on the floor and put up our net before dark; then ate what was left of our lunch and lay down on the hard boards to sleep.

After a sketchy breakfast, Jim cautiously went up the hill to Catalino's house, both surprising and alarming them by his sudden and unexpected appearance. Catalino agreed to get Simplicio and make the necessary repairs on the Woods Hollow house at once.

We found things in very good condition at the piyag, but went through the usual routine of cleaning out ants and cockroaches and putting fresh naphthalene in the insect boxes.

Fortunately, Jim decided to take a pair of new shoes out of his suitcase. He was still wearing those shoes when we landed at San Francisco a year and a half later!

The radio at Dalasag had been out of commission for some time, and now the generator did not work either. Consequently we were desperate for news. We sent Miro on long trips across the mountains to carry citrus fruit to the Bells and Scaffs, who were living near each other in a very inaccessible place far from the ruins of Malabo and much safer, they thought, than the lake. They sent back transcripts of news, relayed to them from George Fleischer's radio, the only one now functioning in our part of Negros. This exchange was risky, of course, but news was necessary both for our own morale and for that of the many Filipinos who had nothing but Japanese reports.

We still thought, "It won't be long now," and hoped we would be safe at Ta-as Tubig until the Army reached the Philippines. Another long rainy season had begun, and our roof was leaking badly. We needed diversion too, so more abaca shingles were made and carried up, and the new roof was put on between showers. Jim made a good many repairs to the framework of the house at the same time, which proved to be a wise precaution, for in November we experienced a storm which Miro and Genio told us was the worst in twenty years. For one night and one day we thought the roof would go off with every blast. In fact, when we heard the wind coming, we reached up to hold down the kitchen roof, which billowed in and out in a most alarming fashion. Jim tied it down more firmly, but I still held on, glad to have something to keep me busy.

The house came through without damage, but the ground was so littered with tree branches and debris that we were busy—and glad of it—for several days before order was

restored. Catalino came up to tell us the Woods Hollow house had blown down in spite of the recent repairs. It seemed best to abandon it altogether, as it was now on a well-defined trail. For some time we had been planning to build another little house deep in the woods to the south which would be more accessible than Woods Hollow, so all the equipment from the fallen house was brought up the hill and stored away until a place could be made ready to put it.

The situation got worse and worse. We talked it over when we went down to the Glunzes for Thanksgiving Day. The Japanese had put up signs warning all évacuées in the mountains that they must return to Dumaguete before December 8 and establishing zones with a fixed radius around each coastal town, declaring anyone who lived outside that zone an outlaw to be shot at sight. It might be only a bluff, but there was nothing we could do about it one way or the other. As we went back the familiar trail that afternoon, I remarked, "If the Japanese ever come up this awful trail hunting for us, we will know that they are determined to get us." And they were!

On the morning of November 27, Genio woke us by calling out that the Japanese were at Dalasag, "Many, many of them." Before we could do more than murmur a sleepy "Thank you," he was off again without giving any details. We dressed in a hurry, fumbling for our clothes in the dark and wondering if this was the real thing or just another alarm. We cleared out the house as we had done before, but much more quickly, being especially careful to hide the gun and all papers which might incriminate us or anyone else. Then we slipped through the woods to the piyag, camouflaging the trail as we went. We stood around for a while listening and waiting for something to happen. Everything was quiet: the minutes passed, and at last Jim's scientific urge to

investigate got the best of him, and he went back to the house. When I heard a cheerful "Come on back. It's all right," I went back, much relieved, but when he told me that Miro's boys had gone by and laughed at the idea of Japanese being at Dalasag, I was not so ready as he to believe they knew anything about it.

Then we made our mistake, two of them, in fact. If we had gone back to the piyag, as sensible people would have done, we would have been safe; or if we had both gone down to look at Dalasag, we could have hidden near the lookout when the Japanese came, as Miro's family did. But Jim went down alone and I waited at the house for his report. At first I peered anxiously down the trail. Then in the distance the tops of the small trees began to sway and the bushes to shake as no wind would ever cause them to do. There was not a sound to break the stillness, but I knew the Japanese were coming.

I could run away, with the house as a screen, but I could not warn Jim unless I crossed the open space near the house in plain sight of the main trail. There was still a chance, and only one. If I could motion to Jim before he came out of the woods, he could dive into the bushes and I could escape in the other direction. But he came running, watching his steps and not casting a glance at the house where I was standing, and what made it much worse, as he ran he shouted loudly, "Yes, they are there." I knew the Japanese had heard him, but I started off thinking he was just behind me until again I heard, "Come on back. It's all right." What does he mean, I wondered, by "It's all right"? Then I saw him at the corner of the house, firmly held by soldiers.

Even then I could not realize what had happened. These could not be Japanese. It just couldn't be that we were captured! When I started back toward the house, three soldiers

with fixed bayonets appeared in front of me, but I only looked wonderingly from one to another until the commanding officer, a pleasant-looking young fellow, reached out to pat me on the shoulder with a reassuring "No afraid, no hurt"—in English too!

While Japanese soldiers swarmed over our little house, breaking open papayas, eating eggs and bananas, and filling their bags with anything they could find, the young officer explained that a few days before he had captured the Scaffs at their home in the mountain. I knew there was a large reward for Roy's capture, and my heart stood still while I waited for what he might say next. But their names were not mentioned, and I concluded that they must have escaped.

The soldiers disarmed Jim by the simple process of throwing away his bolo, and now the young officer was telling me, "Prepare everything, food, clothes. You go Dumaguete." We had nothing to prepare; we had hidden everything in the bushes! I looked at Jim, and he shook his head, but they still insisted, "Get your clothes." So I hastily picked up a few dishes and kettles which had not been worth hiding and went upstairs to see what I could find. Everything was scattered around in the greatest confusion. The towels were all gone, but I got a blanket apiece and hurried down when I saw that a soldier was tearing up magazines and setting fire to the house. So with only the clothes we were wearing and a very few things in bags on our backs, we took a last look at the friendly little house and started off once more, prisoners of the Japanese.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

DUMAGUETE AGAIN

As we headed for Dumaguete, Jim and the officer led the way, the soldiers strung out along the trail, while I and my special guard brought up the rear. Almost at once the officer began talking to Jim about entomology and said that he was a graduate of the agricultural school in Formosa. They carried on quite a conversation, telling each other the botanical names of plants and trees, discussing distribution and insect pests and finding many subjects of mutual interest. At Jim's suggestion, the officer ordered the soldiers to go more slowly and to pause for rest at frequent intervals. It was very different treatment from what I had expected. As

we went along the familiar trail, I began, partly from relief and partly from habit, to sing softly one of my favorite hymns, not stopping until I had finished the last verse. All at once I felt the prod of a gun in my back and turned around in considerable alarm. But the soldier behind me smiled and repeated, *"Canto, canto,"* until I realized with relief that he was only asking me to sing again!

We marched past the Glunz house, where smoke still spiraled from blackened ruins, but Charles and Hettie were nowhere to be seen. Down the trail we went until the ruins of the Dalasag houses came into sight. Charles and Hettie were not there either, but by the little hut which housed the radio Jean and Billy Lowry stood with arms full of clothing, and off to one side Mr. Magdamo sat dejectedly, looking as though he had been badly beaten up, as indeed he had been when he tried to make the Japanese believe that all the Americans had left this part of the mountain.

Perhaps a hundred soldiers stood around eating their breakfast. We longed for some good papaya and hot coffee, but we had little appetite for the cold rice and dried fish they gave us to eat. However, a long journey was still ahead, and we needed food, so using our fingers for spoons as the soldiers were doing, we pretended that we liked it. There was a little tepid water to drink, but I couldn't swallow it, and the kind officer gave me a few sips of tea from his canteen before we started down the hill.

As we passed along the ridge opposite Camp Lookout, the Japanese became increasingly uneasy. They stopped frequently to look with powerful field glasses in every direction; they sent scouting parties to investigate every hut along the trail; they even told us not to talk. We laughed to ourselves at the idea of an attack, for there were no guerrillas in this

territory now. They evidently expected an attempt to rescue us, and even before we left Ta-as Tubig had asked, "Where are the soldiers who are guarding you?" Nothing happened, of course, and their vigilance relaxed as we got farther down in the lowlands. We stopped at a coconut grove to rest, and at a call from the Japanese the Filipinos came out of their houses and climbed quickly up the trees to throw down a supply of young nuts. After slashing a small opening in each nut for drinking, they passed them around, first to the Japanese and then to us. We were most grateful, for the sun was hot and we were tired and longed for the sweet clear liquid which the immature nuts contain. After that refreshing drink, the officer asked, "No more tired?" I shook my head and we marched on.

Only once that morning did any of the soldiers give me the treatment I had expected from them all. I stopped to dip my hands in running water beside the path and looked up to see a bayonet almost touching my back and to hear the hoarse bark: *"Senora, sigue!"*—"Get going!" With a quick "OK," a term which all Japanese soldiers understood and used, I dropped back into line again.

At Luzuriaga, trucks were waiting, and quite a crowd had assembled to watch the prisoners come in. Many gloomy faces indicated the consternation our capture had caused, but the Filipino mayor, he who had escaped the guerrillas some time before, grinned in triumph so evident that I pretended not to see him. The first truck ride was not long nor too uncomfortable, as I sat on some old tires which softened the jolts over the bumpy road. As we neared Dumaguete, I stood up with the others so that we would be seen and the news of our capture spread among our friends in the town. No one dared to recognize us, and we kept our eyes straight ahead

as we rolled along the streets, through the gates of the Silliman campus, and came to a halt between the main building and the dormitory, Guy Hall.

It was almost noon when we arrived, and we were left hot and weary at the corner of the building to await whatever would happen next. Within a short time, a guard called Jim for questioning, while the rest of us waited and looked curiously around. In one corner of the dormitory the Japanese had placed the main Dumaguete sentry box. People were coming in and going out with permits of various sorts, and it rather amused us to see all the polite bowing that went on. After a while a soldier brought us rice. Jim did not come back, and we began to wonder what had happened to him and what in turn would happen to us.

Later in the afternoon, my turn for questioning came. I followed the guard up to the second floor of Guy Hall and waited on the balcony until I was called into the room. Jim was still answering questions. His voice sounded much as usual, and I noticed that although he talked freely he did not answer questions with a direct yes or no. I took my cue from that. He smiled reassuringly as they led him past, and I entered the room. Six or eight officers sat at a long table, and one of them motioned for me to be seated next to the interpreter. They all smiled in a supposedly friendly fashion and said I need not be afraid so long as I told the truth. Then they put the first question: "Who is your husband's best friend?" I gave the same reply that Jim had made when asked the same question: that he had so many friends I could not pick out any particular one.

The next question came more brusquely: "When did you last see Mr. Bell?" I told them we had not seen him for six weeks but that he had made several visits long ago to see how we were getting along. Taking Jim's cue, I told them in

great detail what they already knew but tried to avoid giving fresh information. They were most polite at this first interview and assured me that we were not prisoners, that we had been brought out of the hills to be protected, and that if we had surrendered at the beginning as others had done, we would all have been home in America by this time!

It was almost dark when Jean Lowry's turn was ended and we were taken upstairs to the apartment in the corner of the main building which Marilee and little Larry Scaff were occupying. We had more rice for supper with a sweet eggplant sauce poured over it. Marilee told us that they had been taken by surprise, and that the Bells had barely escaped being captured also. While the Japs were breaking into the Scaff house, the Bells had run for their lives and had just reached the shelter of the woods when the machine guns went into action. We spread our blankets on the floor, and since I had no mosquito netting, I slept at right angles to Jean and Billy, sticking my head under their netting and wrapping the heavy woolen blanket around my arms and feet. It was hot and sticky, and Billy's toes sometimes got mixed up in my hair, but I was too exhausted to stay awake very long. Afterwards Jim told me how uncomfortable he and Mr. Magdamo were that night, lying on the concrete floor by the sentry's desk in the full glare of the bright light. What a change that first night of prison was from the peace and coolness of Ta-as Tubig!

There were several rooms in the apartment which we three women shared with Larry and Billy, and we had access to a long balcony. This afforded a good view of the sea and of the road along the beach, and also permitted us to look directly into the conservatory building, the official residence of the commanding officers. We amused ourselves by watching them as they came and went, giving nicknames by which

we could identify them. Captain Kataoka, the commander of the mobile unit that had come from Bacolod to hunt Americans, we called Jody because of the jodhpurs he invariably wore. He was a seasoned Gestapo-trained soldier, far different from the nice young fellow who led the patrol to Ta-as Tubig.

From the windows in the back rooms we looked down on Guy Hall and across the tennis courts to the industrial building and the Silliman library. Once in a while we saw the men with ropes around their waists being followed by a guard as they went upstairs to the bathroom. When the Japanese took Mr. Magdamo in for questioning, we knew that he would be severely punished if they discovered what help he had been giving the guerrillas or that his oldest son was now attached to the medical unit. When he was led over to be housed in our building several hours later, he looked very gloomy, but was walking without too much difficulty and we breathed a little more easily. (The entire Magdamo family was eventually ordered to return to Dumaguete to live, but they escaped again during the first American bombing and remained in the hills until the Japanese were driven out of the city.)

Monday morning, Mr. Magdamo whispered to us out of a third-floor window that the Glunzes were giving themselves up, and later we saw a truck leave for Luzuriaga to bring them in. They arrived with a considerable amount of baggage and had thoughtfully brought toilet articles and some clothing to share with Jim and me. Hettie also brought the welcome news that our house had not been badly damaged after all, for Miro had rushed up as soon as we left and extinguished the blaze before it could make much headway against the dampness. She said that Miro, faithful friend that he was, had sent word that he would

gather our belongings and keep them safe until we returned.

Charles joined Alvin Scaff and Jim, who were now in jail quarters in the Guy Hall dining room. They shared the place with the Japanese guards and bureau of constabulary boys (Philippine collaborators) who did guard duty at night. One of the latter took messages for Jim to a friend in town, who came the following day with pajamas, towels, and a few books. But the Japanese would not allow him to have the books, even those of a religious nature.

The men were brought over every other day to use the shower in our apartment, but no conversation was allowed—except by one friendly guard who was lenient and even gave them bright pink toilet soap to use. Marilee, however, was permitted to take Larry downstairs each day, and the sentry often let Alvin come out for a few minutes to see him. Under guise of conversation with Larry, a good deal of information was passed from one to the other. We learned that Jody was in bad humor because Roy Bell, the most sought-after of all the Americans, had escaped, and that he was questioning Alvin closely about the guerrillas. The captain thought that since Alvin had lived next to Mr. Bell, he must know everything that Roy knew about the Army setup.

We watched Japanese activities with a good deal of interest. One morning more than a hundred soldiers were lined up to listen to what appeared to be a pep talk before they started on a patrol. From the elaborate preparations, we suspected that they were going out to hunt the Carsons and Bells at the lake or the McKinleys and Sillimans in the south. For three anxious days we waited for the return of the patrol. When they finally arrived, by boat from the south, they had only a few Filipino prisoners. Tattered and muddy, they made a great contrast to the group which had started out so jauntily a few days before. They walked with great

difficulty too, as though they had tramped through mud and rain over hard mountain trails, and they hobbled around on sore and swollen feet for several days. We rather enjoyed this, I am afraid, and got a great deal of satisfaction from the fact that on this trip at least they had been unsuccessful.

(Serious attempts were made at this time to find the Americans still in the hills, but they all evaded capture and were taken out on submarines and reached the United States in the spring of 1944. Abby Jacobs, however, remained in Australia with our armed forces and entered Manila with them in April, 1945, where she continued to work with the OWI. Kenneth Bell joined the Navy and after training was assigned to a destroyer stationed for a while at Cavite Navy Yard.)

Our balcony furnished a good place for a walk as well as a view. I estimated the number of steps to a mile and paced back and forth as though on the deck of a ship, determined to keep up exercise as long as possible. One morning the women came running out to tell me to come at once and get ready to leave Dumaguete. Two Japanese had entered the room saying, "Pack, pack." But the women had mistaken their meaning, for when I appeared, they had my pack on the chair and were busily inspecting it. I stood helplessly by as my four-year-old diary was confiscated, wondering why on this of all days I had forgotten to hide it in the folds of my blanket. It contained all my addresses and my list of birthdays, in addition to cryptic entries of the past two years which could have no meaning to the Japanese, though quite intelligible to me.

There was a gasp from the inspector as he picked up my writing case and pulled out the crossword puzzles I had made at Ta-as Tubig. And when he found the answer sheet with all the little boxes neatly filled in with letters, he was

sure he had unearthed a secret code, and carried off everything in my writing case, including a pair of scissors and a penknife, destined no doubt for his own use. From the other women he took only pens and pencils, passports, insurance papers, and other legal documents. They had hidden a good many things while the Jap was occupied with my puzzles, so that I who had the least lost the most. Their papers were returned to them before we left Dumaguete, and we all got our pencils back with the naive explanation that they had not wanted us to write any messages to the guerrillas. But my papers, they said, were not yet inspected!

However, we found several things in the apartment which we could carry off with us in exchange for what we had lost. A broken looking glass furnished jagged-edged mirrors, and scraps of paper and some large envelopes were divided among us, mine being used for the next two months in lieu of my diary. What pleased us most was the discovery of a King James version of the New Testament, which we sent over to the men, and a Douay version and a hymnal, which we kept for our own use. On December 8, the second anniversary of Pearl Harbor, Philippine time, the Japanese held a celebration of which we were able to watch a part. It was a bitter experience to see the soldiers standing at attention while the Japanese flag was hoisted on our Silliman flagpole. That ceremony over, they remained in formation for their morning prayers; they faced Japan and bowed to the emperor. There were fencing matches too, exactly as we had seen them in the movies, and several speeches, but we could only imagine what was being said to call forth such loud applause.

Later that morning I was again called for questioning, but this time I stood up while Jody and Naki, the interpreter, sat in comfort at the table. Jody asked me to repeat the

story of our capture while Naki carefully recorded my every word. At the end he told me that we should pack our things and be ready to leave Dumaguete that day. It did not take us long to get ready, and we knew that the same order had been issued to the men. Night found us still waiting. At about one-thirty, Jody himself came to wake us and escort us to the boat so that no one would escape. It was dark and we were sleepy. We sat down on whatever we could find and tried to be comfortable.

When sunlight came, we realized that the barrels we had leaned so trustingly against were full of crude oil and that everything on the boat, including ourselves, was smeared with grease and dirt. The men, looking as begrimed and disheveled as we did, were brought to our part of the deck for breakfast and allowed to eat but not to talk with us. The sea was smooth, but the sun beat down fiercely, and we were hot and uncomfortable all day. The boat made slow progress. We were still a long way from Bacolod and were trying to resign ourselves to spending the night on board, when we headed for the shore and were told that we would not go to Bacolod, but would land at San Carlos, a large town just over the border from Oriental Negros.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

SAN CARLOS

A CROWD of San Carlos Japanese had collected at the pier and were staring curiously at the nine weary sunburned Americans who clambered from the little boat and gazed with even greater curiosity into their strange Japanese faces. We bowed politely and smiled at those we had seen in Dumaguete. And the "smily officer" who had lived down the hall and often given candy to the children smiled back, all his gold teeth gleaming as he told his friends about our capture. Jody strode up, and immediately the atmosphere became charged with hostility. In silence we were herded into trucks and driven off.

We were prisoners, bedraggled and unkempt, but the welcome we received from that amazing group at Japanese headquarters was as warm as if we had arrived among friends. A young Filipino who had once attended Silliman acted as interpreter. He recognized us immediately and explained that we were his former teachers. We repeated the magic phrase, *"Sensei, sensei,* all *sensei,"* ("Teachers, all teachers,") and received bows and smiles all around. The interpreter explained that Jim was one of the seven greatest scientists in the world, a story that originated mysteriously when we first came to the Philippines, but which we thought had long since been forgotten. For this one time Jim did not hasten to correct it, and they all bowed again! Everyone was chattering half in Japanese, half in English, careful, however, never to speak directly to each other or to the interpreter. When Jody drove up, the atmosphere again changed. The men were told to carry the baggage to a building some distance away, guards took them in a different direction, and they disappeared from sight.

We found ourselves in a comfortable house, which from its arrangement had evidently been occupied by the bachelors of the sugar mill. Since Jody was not around, our San Carlos hosts were once more gracious and anxious to please. They showed us the rooms we might occupy in the back of the house, but warned us not to go into the front rooms which were about thirty feet from the street. They tested the lights and sent out for more bulbs. They tried the showers and toilets to be sure they were in working order. Then, most surprising of all, they asked if we needed blankets! With an eye on the wooden bedsteads and boards on which we were to sleep, we assured them that we did. Back came a sergeant with his arms full of sheets and blankets, some, we were sorry to see, marked "U.S. Army." There were a good many

holes in the screens, and we put up mosquito nets as an extra precaution against the dreaded malaria. We spread out our new sheets and blankets and surveyed the result with a good deal of satisfaction.

Two small Filipino boys, friendly but fearful of showing it, brought our breakfast. Our first task was to get the dirt and grease out of our clothes. We had a little soap, but the spots were stubborn and with only cold water to use we did not have much success.

That evening after dark guards brought the men over for showers. As we found often to be the case, there was no water in the house and only a slight trickle at the faucet outside, and the men did not come again. After living in Dumaguete in the midst of activity, this secluded place seemed quite forsaken. We saw no one but the boys who came with food, and sometimes even they did not come. No one paid any attention to us; we had no guards; in fact, we felt a little uneasy to be so alone at night.

Then one day Naki, who was really Mr. Nakamura, a graduate of the college of agriculture at Los Baños, came to ask us to make an inventory of everything we possessed—the number of needles, bobby pins in our hair, our papers, money, everything. We must be very careful, he added, as Captain Kataoka would himself check the list later on. Accordingly, we wrote down each item—safety pins, thread, all the queer assortment of odds and ends still left in our possession. It was surprising how long this list became, and it was amusing to see the difficulty which Naki had in finding Japanese equivalents for some of the items. We had to do a great deal of explaining. The others had to give up all their papers again, but this time I lost only one six-centavo Philippine stamp which Naki solemnly put in an envelope inscribed with my name. We were uneasy about the men and ventured

to ask how they were. He assured us that they were all right and even agreed to take some medicine to Charles and a new toothbrush to Jim.

We also asked that morning if someone could come to help Jean. Her shin had been hurt the day of our capture and had received no treatment in Dumaguete except a little iodine. It was now badly infected. That afternoon a Red Cross doctor appeared, clean and businesslike in his treatment and also very friendly. Perhaps he was too friendly, for he never came again. In his stead a dirty-looking long-fingernailed fellow appeared. We cringed when he touched the wound, but when he thrust a piece of dirty bamboo into it, reached into his pocket for a pair of scissors and said, "Cut, cut," we were horrified. But as we insisted, "Please, no cut," he replaced the bandage and went cheerfully off, still toying with the scissors. Finally, when Jean had to hop around on one foot, another doctor came with medicine and sterile instruments. Under his daily care the infection was well under control when we left San Carlos.

Our questioning began again the day of the inventory, but this time we no longer stood in front of Jody—we sat on the floor at his feet. Jean and Marilee had the hardest time—Marilee because she had lived next to the Bells and the Japanese hoped she could supply the information they had failed to extract from Alvin—Jean because the radio had been in her possession and she was further suspected of having information because Bill had been with the guerrillas in Mindanao. Jody threatened to punish the children if their mothers did not tell him what he wanted to know. He lectured each of them about Japan's altruistic war aims, and told them that when we all reached Manila he would go directly to the States to help in the invasion, and that the war would not be over until the Japanese flag was flying

from the White House. Each time he dismissed the girls, it was with a solemn admonition from Naki to "decorate, decorate." As he pointed to his forehead each time he spoke, we deduced that he meant to "meditate." So they meditated each time on how to decorate their stories to suit his demands!

December 14 began like any other hot sticky day in the Philippines, but it ended as the high spot in our San Carlos experience. Early in the morning Naki came running in with a soldier to say, "All go in the other room, go, go." We hurried across the large living room, but almost before we were safely behind the closed door, soldiers stamped through, making even more noise than usual in their clattering shoes. They seemed to be bringing in heavy furniture and dragging things around; there was much banging and jabbering. We asked each other what they could be doing, when suddenly Jody stuck his head in at the door to motion with a scowl, "No talking—keep still."

There were more sounds of shuffling feet and thumping, then silence. But not for long. From the room in the opposite corner of the building came the low hum of voices. We recognized Alvin's voice! We could only look at each other and pretend not to hear. More talking, then distinctly the sound of blows, of a broken stick, a chair falling over, and a long period of silence. Then voices again. For two hours we waited in utter helplessness; then a guard came bursting into the room, calling loudly, "Mrs. Scaff!" Marilee disappeared and again we waited and wondered. Guards walked around outside talking in low tones to each other, and soon after I had got Larry asleep, we heard the Filipino boys coming with our lunch. But no one dared to move, and we talked only in whispers.

At last a door banged, the soldiers shuffled by, and Mari-

lee slipped in looking like a ghost. Jody strode by briskly. He went down the steps. The tension eased, but Marilee was still afraid to talk. Some kind guard brought our food over to us, and we choked down a little cold soup and rice. After a while the guard made us understand by gestures that we might return to our own quarters, and we filed back across the room. Later in the afternoon soldiers moved Marilee and Larry, beds and all, out of the room they had been using into our side of the building with Jean and Billy. We noticed then that a soldier seemed always to be hanging around, and after a while it dawned on us that we were being guarded. From that time on a new sentry appeared every hour, day and night. What dangerous people we must be! Two gray-haired ladies, another so lame she could not walk even with the aid of her five-year-old boy, and still another mother with a baby not two years old! Surely they did not expect us to escape and leave our husbands to suffer the consequences, but definitely we were in disfavor.

It was rather fun, though, having the guards around. They were not veterans, but all young fellows either directly from Japan or from a year or two in China. They knew a little English or a little Visayan and seemed glad to talk to us. One wanted us to tap-dance for him, another offered us cigarettes. They thought that we were queer American women since we did not smoke and could not tap-dance. One boy had a beautiful voice and sang Hawaiian music, ending with "Aloha," which brought hearty applause. Two or three lonely fellows, having made sure that no officer was near, showed us pictures of their wives and babies, and tears filled their eyes at our admiration.

But when Jody was around, they were stiffly military and strictly impersonal. We were all being questioned again, but Marilee and Jean still had the hardest time, and Marilee of

course was very worried about Alvin. One day, to our great relief, Jody did not come and we never saw him again! We could not understand what had happened but were glad that he had gone. (We have no idea what caused Captain Kataoka's sudden disappearance, but we did learn that the officers' mess not far from our house had moved away, and down in Mindanao at about this time General Fertig was being forced to move from one location to another as the Japanese sought to break up his guerrilla army.)

Some of the San Carlos officers came to see us the following day. "What do you want to do?" the captain asked. "Where do you want to go?"

I answered that in Dumaguete we had been told that we were to go to Bacolod and then to Santo Tomas.

"Well, are you comfortable here? Do you get enough to eat? Do you sleep well?"

"Sleep!" we chorused in unison. Trying to talk one at a time, we told him what had happened the previous night.

At ten o'clock, when the new guard came on duty, the sergeant came with him. They had turned on all the lights, clumped through our rooms in their heavy boots, even peeked under the mosquito nets to make sure we were still there! At ten-thirty, just as we were dropping off to sleep again, back they came. Lights went on, there was more stomping, more inspection. Every half hour all night we had been awakened by the same performance. All this we told briefly to the friendly Japanese officers. They assured us it would not happen again, and it didn't.

The next morning there was a great deal of excitement outside, running around, shouting, shots, trucks and autos driving away, and finally a sentry running to tell us breathlessly, "Eight o'clock, you go Bacolod, truck." We packed in a hurry and had a bite of breakfast, but we were too ex-

cited to eat much. The guards came to lead us out to the road. But the men were not there! Fear clutched at our hearts lest we be leaving them behind. Then they appeared, gaunt, unshaven, unwashed. They could only whisper "Jail" as they passed, but their smiles reassured us somewhat. They were put into one truck with Naki in charge, and we climbed into another, thankful that at least we were not to be separated.

Finally we heard the story. At first they had all been in a small room, guarded of course but not too uncomfortable. At San Carlos Jim was not called for questioning, but Charles and Alvin had both been taken out previous to the day Alvin had been brought over to our building. That day he had been beaten, as we surmised, then forced to stand on a chair while his hands were tied together and fastened to a hook in the ceiling. The chair was kicked from under him, and he hung by his hands until he lost consciousness. The questioning was resumed, and when Marilee entered she found him sitting in a corner, white and still, with angry red welts on his wrists.

At about three o'clock that afternoon, when Alvin had not been brought back to the room, the other men were a little disturbed. But they followed the guard out, prepared to take their showers. There were to be no baths, however, for another guard halted them with an angry, "You come. Come. You tell lies." They were thrust into a cramped absolutely bare room in a two-celled jail built of thick rough boards, and the heavy door was securely fastened. Left to themselves, they discovered that Alvin was occupying the other cell, but they were afraid to talk to him. Food was brought three times a day, but no water even for drinking. No objection was made, however, when the Filipino boy who brought the food got Charles' canteen from the room and

occasionally filled it with water for himself and for Jim.

After five unwashed, sticky, most unpleasant days, they were told one morning by an excited guard to go to their room and get ready to go to Bacolod. They hurried back to do their packing, but there was nothing left except what was already in the bags. Jim's razor, shaving soap, even the toothbrush Naki had taken to him—everything was gone!

On our trip to Bacolod, a memorable ride, there were five trucks in all, loaded with soldiers, all on the alert as though fearing an attack momentarily. Soldiers with guns sat on the side of our truck. Three of them in front rested their machine guns on sandbags, ready for use. We sat on our baggage or leaned against it as we sat on the floor of the springless truck. The road was full of ruts, throwing us from one side to another as we lurched along. The sun beat down on my unprotected head, and the constant swaying and jerking made me so carsick that I sat for some time hunched over with my head in my hands wondering if I could stand it another minute. The soldiers were very kind. Some were more friendly than others, but one drew away from us in disdain. We were so crowded and unmercifully jolted that Jean had difficulty keeping her leg from injury, until one of them allowed her to lean against his knees while he braced himself against the side of the truck.

At Estancia we stopped for lunch. Food was brought to us from the truck on which our men were riding, while they got out with the soldiers to stretch their legs and visit the small stores by the side of the road. We were pleased when the doctor who had been treating Jean's leg came to our truck and changed the dressing, applying more of the sulfa ointment that seemed to be clearing up the infection.

They must have thought the danger of guerrilla attack was over now, for the escorting trucks drove off and our two

went on alone. The afternoon ride seemed endless, but as we neared Bacolod the roads improved until we were at last on concrete. People along the way looked at us in amazement, but we saw no familiar faces until we stopped near the plaza in Silay, a seaside town of some importance.

On the sidewalk, a former Silliman athlete stood talking to a Japanese officer. He recognized us, smiled, took off his hat, and evidently explained to the Japanese that we were his professors. As long as he could see us, he kept smiling at Mrs. Glunz and me, and then at the men. To have acknowledged the frowzy sunburned ladies and bearded gentlemen as his friends would have been remarkable at any time, but to do so in the presence of a spick-and-span enemy officer was an act of real courage. It had a cheering effect on our morale and meant more to us than the many athletic trophies he had won at Silliman.

At five o'clock we reached Bacalod and stopped at the entrance to the high school campus. Naki went on ahead to give his report to the commanding officer while we were ordered to proceed with our baggage to the building and await instructions. The high school was at least five hundred feet away, farther than Jean was able to walk. No one offered to help us, so Charles and Jim formed a chair with their hands and started off. Jean kept her seat by clutching the men tightly around their necks, while Billy ran alongside to help. That left the baggage for Alvin and the rest of us to carry. We looked at the nondescript assortment, wondering how we could manage it, but putting baskets on our backs and gathering the rest in our arms, we started down the road. No wonder Filipinos and Japanese alike stared at the spectacle we presented. Our backs were bowed, but our chins were up. We were still every inch Americans, and proud of it!

CHAPTER NINETEEN

WE GO TO JAIL AND HAVE TEA WITH THE COMMANDANT

THE JAPANESE in Bacolod were frigidly polite. Their reception lacked the attention we had received in San Carlos. Jean was told to sit on a stone bench in the corridor, but the rest of us stood around waiting. After a long interval, Naki walked off without even a glance in our direction. He had evidently turned us over to the Bacolod officials, for we were soon herded on trucks again. The one to which the women were directed was driven by a most supercilious and fastidiously dressed Filipino, who snarled at us when we

could not manage the heavy bags quickly enough to suit him, and snarled again when we waited for the men to help Jean out of the truck.

Entering a building which was the headquarters of the Military Police, we filed along a corridor and were lined up on either side of the room which served as an office. We disliked the interpreter at once for his arrogance and superior attitude and knew we might expect no favors from him. When the captain entered, we bowed and listened while he made a long speech which ended with the statement that the Japanese were not like the Americans, who had just sunk a hospital ship, but being merciful, they would not put us to death. (This was just at the time when fifteen American missionaries were beheaded on the island of Panay across the channel from Bacolod.) He added that because we had defied the Imperial Japanese Army and stayed out in the hills helping the guerrillas, we must be "tied up" for a while, by which he evidently meant imprisoned.

The jail was in one wing of the building, which had formerly been the Bacolod private hospital and was built around three sides of an open court. We were led to the sentry desk to empty our pockets of everything they contained, even handkerchiefs and hairpins. The men's belts were taken away, and strings were given them to use instead. Our shoes were taken off and arranged in a row by the desk, and we were ready to enter the jail.

On each side of the desk, under a narrow barred window on a level with the guard's eyes, was a small door two and a half feet high and two feet wide, fastened with a large padlock. The men entered their room first, crawling on hands and knees because of their height. Then the second door was unlocked, and one by one we ducked and shoved through the narrow opening into a large bare room with two barred

windows on the side opposite the door, and a lavatory in the corner. I picked up a glass standing there, as I had not had a drink since we left San Carlos that morning. But the interpreter, who had crawled in after us, snatched it from my hand, with a violent, "No, no. Where did you get that glass?" He thrust it through the bars to the sentry and explained that we were not allowed to keep anything in the room. If we wanted a drink, we must ask the sentry for the glass and return it immediately; when we had eaten, we must wash the dishes at the lavatory and pass them back to the sentry. He added, as though granting a great concession, "You may ask the guard to let you out any time day or night to go to the toilet."

Presently a Filipino boy brought some cold rice and fish. We sat on the floor to eat it, feeling none too cheerful. The children, tired and sleepy, wanted to go to bed. As if in answer to their plea, the interpreter called me to go out and get one blanket for each of us from our baggage, and at my request consented to the addition of a towel apiece. We spread the blankets on the floor and when the kitchen boy came for the rice tray, I asked him about our mosquito nets. "That lady," pointing to Marilee, "has malaria. You tell the Japanese." This brought results, as the Japanese are rightly afraid of malaria, and once more I crawled through the door and brought in the nets. The sentry on guard came in to help hang them from the nails in the wall, and at last with a sigh of relief I turned out the light and crawled under the net with Hettie.

The men had not fared so well. Three Filipinos were already in their room, one of them an escaped aviator, although the Japanese did not know that, and they all had to observe prison rules very strictly. No blankets, no towels, no conversation. From nine in the evening to six in the morning,

they lay on the floor with the bright light shining in their eyes and only some pieces of old gunny sack to keep mosquitoes off their faces. From six in the morning until nine at night, they sat on the floor and moved around only when necessary. Each morning about ten o'clock there were led out to the courtyard for fresh air and calisthenics, conducted by one of the guards or occasionally by Tony, the aviator.

Jean's leg was badly in need of medical attention again. The interpreter listened to her requests for treatment, but we were sure he did not report them to the captain. It was only after several days of increasing pain for her and real anxiety for the rest of us, that a doctor came and I was called to help her to the office. The week of neglect had allowed the infection to spread until even the doctor was startled at the condition of the wound. He worked quickly and skillfully, but the pain was intense and a sympathetic young Japanese lieutenant and I held her hands to steady her during the operation. The guard standing by was so impressed with her grit that he carried her pickaback to the room and then rushed around carrying out the doctor's orders for aspirin and an ice pack to make her more comfortable.

Jean, of course, could not go for exercise, but the rest of us went out in the sunshine. After the first few days we were seldom called in when the thirty-minute period was up, and often the children stayed out for an hour at a time. We had soap for laundry work and could get out at other times to spread our clothes on the grass, whereas the men had to hang theirs on a line in their room. Little by little, when the interpreter was not around, we women procured needed toilet articles and clothing from our baggage. We were all uncomfortable, but we realized that conditions

might be much worse and resolved to take the prison term as philosophically as possible.

We had no Christmas preparations to make this year, but on Christmas eve we began to sing very softly the familiar carols, hoping to cheer the men in the adjoining room as well as ourselves. The guard did not object, and we sang as many of the words as we could remember and went to bed in good spirits.

On Christmas morning, the sentry on duty answered our "Merry Christmas" by thrusting through the bars a small paper bag, saying, "Eat, eat." When he saw how delighted we were to give the barley sugar to the children, he came back with another bag saying, "All eat, all," and we started the day with this gift from our Japanese jailer. When our breakfast of rice and soup made with fish and seaweed was over, we tried another song; but our "Joy to the World" was evidently too jubilant in tone and the guard stopped us at the end of the first verse. But the men smiled broadly as they filed by for exercise, and the day seemed a little like Christmas after all.

We had corned beef for dinner! Someone in Dumaguete had given it to us, and our "good guard," who was on duty at dinnertime, allowed me to get it from my baggage and took part of it in to the men. One can of cold corned beef, divided into nine parts, but a treat nevertheless!

Alvin had asked permission to hold a Christmas service, and rather to our surprise we were allowed to go out in the courtyard about four o'clock, where he read the Christmas story from the New Testament and we sang a few hymns. Some of the Japanese officers stood around, looking at these queer Americans who sang in jail.

The next morning, we women were moved across the

courtyard to a much smaller room which the Filipino kitchen boys had vacated. This room had a full-length door, which meant no more crawling on hands and knees through a narrow opening, but the concrete floor was colder and harder than the wooden one. As we moved out, the men moved in, glad to be by themselves and out of the crowded room where for the last two nights nine prisoners had hardly room enough to lie down to sleep.

But somehow, perhaps in reaction to our high morale of the previous day, our spirits were at low ebb. The lunch of rice and a pale pink watery soup containing three fish heads did not improve matters much. We were prepared for almost anything when the guard came about three o'clock to say, "You come, go see commandant." He shoved us out just as we were, motioning Jean and Billy to stay behind. "You no walk. Stay!" Wonderingly we followed him to the lobby. The men were at the sentry desk taking off the string belts and putting on leather ones again. This must be something very special, we thought, as two shiny automobiles drew up and our captain and other officers appeared, dressed in clean crisp uniforms. We could not believe that the automobiles were meant for us; we were used to trucks! But we got in, sank back on cushioned seats and rode in state through the streets of Bacolod to the official residence of the commandant of Negros. The building was a palatial modernistic Filipino home. It seemed very strange after our years as évacuées to see polished floors, the handsomely furnished sala, and full-length mirrors in the hall. We turned hastily away from the latter. Such unkempt ill-clad people did not belong in such surroundings!

The guard led us up the winding stairs to a large gaily decorated room on the third floor and seated us at a long table. At one end sat the interpreter, a young Japanese girl

who was a senior in the Bacolod high school. We rose and bowed as the commandant and his staff entered. He greeted us most cordially, took his place at the head of the table, and in a pleasant voice explained that he was not going to investigate us; he merely wanted to have a friendly talk and hoped we would tell him frankly how we felt about present conditions.

The war had been caused, he said, by American race prejudice, as shown in their treatment of Filipinos as well as Japanese. We assured him that the instances he cited were not typical of American attitudes and that we, for instance, had good friends among the Filipinos and Japanese too. Alvin told of a Japanese roommate at college; Mr. and Mrs. Glunz spoke of friendships they had made at Kanazawa years before; and Jim mentioned scientific men with whom he corresponded and for whom he had great respect. The commandant was inclined to be incredulous at first, but convinced finally of our sincerity, he said, "Then you do not look down on the Japanese people? You do not want to see them exterminated? You do not want war?" What queer Americans we seemed to be!

"Don't you think," he asked, "that Japan, a poor nation, is very brave to fight against a rich powerful country like the United States?"

"Yes," someone answered, "but we think it was foolish also. America is very powerful, but she did not want war and so had not prepared for it as you Japanese had been doing for many years."

"Do you realize that this is a fight to the finish? Either your nation perishes from the face of the earth, or the Japanese nation will disappear. Which will it be?"

No one wanted to answer that, but he insisted until I, seated next to the interpreter, said with carefully chosen

words that while I hated to think of my country's being wiped out of existence, I would also be sorry to see the end of Japan, and that I hoped there might be some other way of ending the war. That, he said, would be impossible, for every man, woman, and child would fight to the end, and the last one would commit hara-kiri and die as bravely as the garrison on the Gilbert Islands had done. (This was our first intimation that we had re-occupied the Gilberts, and we tried not to look pleased.) The interpreter added, "I assure you that every Japanese feels that way," while our captain and the other officers nodded their approval.

While this grim conversation was going on, cups of coffee made with a generous amount of condensed milk were passed around. Larry was given a glass of milk, and when in his eagerness for a drink he spilled some on his suit, the commandant pulled out his handkerchief and handed it to Marilee, while he went on calmly explaining that they expected to win the war and exterminate every American!

After discussing the Japanese inferiority complex growing out of the Exclusion Act, the conversation became more personal. The commandant explained that he was sorry for us, but that since this was war and Japan was a very poor country, he could not give us the food to which we were accustomed. He asked if we could suggest anything which would make us more comfortable. Alvin and Marilee said they would like to buy bananas and eggs for the children, and if possible have more vegetables than they had been getting. The commandant instructed the captain to see that this was done, and asked if there was anything else we wanted. I said we would be grateful for toothbrushes, adding mentally "to replace those your soldiers have stolen." Finally, he asked if we would be willing to write out a statement as follows:

1. What we had thought about the war immediately after Pearl Harbor.
2. What we had thought as the war progressed.
3. What we thought at the present time.

The atmosphere of the whole conversation with this affable gentleman was remarkable, far different from the usual conqueror-prisoner interviews to which we were accustomed. It was a new experience for him, too, to meet Americans with no apparent hatred for his people, whatever their opinions of the military regime, and to feel that we were sincere in hoping they would not be completely annihilated.

The spirit of good will followed us back to prison and showed itself at once in a more lenient attitude on the part of our officers and guards. The men were allowed to keep their belts and use blankets and to shave twice a week. We women each received a package of perfumed tooth powder and a Japanese toothbrush, which helped us to understand why the soldiers were always so anxious for our American-made brushes. Best of all, in a day or two Jean was taken to a hospital for treatment, where the wound was so well taken care of that in a week or two she was able to walk again.

CHAPTER TWENTY

LIFE WITH THE MILITARY POLICE

ALTHOUGH THE JAPANESE did not officially celebrate Christmas, they made great preparations for their traditional five-day New Year's feast, with the first and fifth days of special importance. Cobwebs disappeared from walls and ceilings, and gay banners took their place in the hallways. In the courtyard, quantities of glutinous rice were steamed in wooden boxes set one upon another over a charcoal fire. This was turned out on long tables, vigorously pounded and rolled while still hot, then cut in pieces, dried

in the sun, and stored away for the feasting ahead. We women were now allowed to stay out in the corridor in front of our room and could watch what was going on, not only in the courtyard, but also in the kitchen, a temporary open structure across the end of the yard.

This was unfortunate for several reasons. Day after day we saw the choice pieces of fish carried to the officers' mess, the next best to the soldiers, knowing all the while that after the kitchen boys had eaten the scraps we would get only fishheads or a few small shrimp in our soup. It was hard, too, to see the large baskets of greens that came daily to the kitchen remain unused. The Japanese did not eat greens and we could seldom prevail on the kitchen boys to cook them especially for our use. At times, however, they put bunches of pechay or radishes, tops and all and without washing, into wooden tubs which contained a sour soybean brine. These were served after several days pickling, but as they were considered a delicacy, none were ever offered to us.

The men had all the rice they wanted, but at times we women went hungry in order that the children might have all they could eat. We had rice three times a day, and for breakfast a soup which sometimes contained soybean curd, but our supper was often only rice and camote stew with no vegetables. Our meal hours were very inconvenient for the children, for we could not be fed until everyone else had finished. Breakfast came about nine o'clock, although we had to get up at six, and the evening meal sometimes did not come until after nine, when the children were too tired and sleepy to eat. Some of the cooks gave us handouts—such treats as boiled camotes, gabi, extra salt, and some of their holiday rice cakes. The soldiers took two-week turns being head cook, but none of them seemed particularly skillful, and they had no supervisor. Two Filipino boys did most of

the work. They were sympathetic but careless and were afraid to show us favors. They did, however, sing "God Bless America" in their room next to us, knowing that we could hear them through the cracks.

We watched not only the kitchen but the bathroom, where each day, beginning with the captain, every officer and soldier disappeared for the hot bath customary with the Japanese. It seemed rather incongruous to see some chap clad only in a G-string bow politely as he entered or backed out of the bath. About nine o'clock every evening we went out on the balcony to watch the prayer service, and became adept at imitating the inflections if not the words of the ritual which accompanied the bowing. We watched preparations for the frequent raids, when for a day or two at a time our garrison would be so depleted that we could have been easily rescued by a small band of guerrillas, or even have escaped temporarily if we had wanted to do so without the men.

The Japanese soldiers were glad to converse with us, in broken English or in Visayan dialect, and at times young officers from the language school came to try phrases on us, such as "Madame, have you eaten your dinner?" They taught us a few Japanese words and phrases and made us understand that they were longing for the war to end so that they could return to their families. Billy and Larry were a constant reminder of their own children and received a good deal of attention on that account. Both of them were friendly and unafraid, and Larry was still a baby and could be picked up and held in their arms. Sometimes they took him off for a while so that they could pat his fat cheeks or stroke his hair unobserved. Since the Japanese do not kiss their babies, Marilee did not discourage these attentions. They made for more friendly relations and, moreover, Larry often returned with a chocolate bar or peanut candies which

he was too young to eat but which the rest of us were glad to have!

It would be incorrect to give the impression that all Japanese soldiers are kind-hearted and friendly to Americans. We never came in contact with older hardened men, and even among the younger soldiers some were surly and mean, even to the children. But we learned never to ask favors from them, to keep out of their way, and to accept them as a wholesome reminder of the brutal military clique which had brought all this trouble on us.

The men had more troubles than we did. The wooden floor of their room was alive with bedbugs and cooties. We had got rid of them after we moved into the room with the concrete floor, but the men were always scratching themselves uncomfortably.

The days were long and tiresome for us all. Each group had a Testament, but nothing else to read except pages of the *Penal Code of the Philippines* and of a book on General Grant's military tactics which were doled out to us in lieu of toilet tissue. In a larger room by themselves, the men escaped the nervous strain which resulted from four women and two small boys of different ages and temperaments living under prison conditions in one small chamber. Each day seemed longer and harder to endure than the one previous.

I had just marked the twenty-eighth day on my wall tally, when we were told to get out our baggage to be checked against our inventories in San Carlos. That proved an ordeal for our smug interpreter, and we thoroughly enjoyed his linguistic difficulties as he labored to match Naki's Japanese characters with the articles we presented for inspection. He never admitted any difficulty, but his temper was short and when Hettie volunteered an explanation he became quite indignant. "I know what it is. You talk too much. Do you

want me to slap your face?" After that he was not so particular, and the checking was finished without his discovering that each of us except Hettie had carried off a San Carlos sheet as recompense for what the Japanese had taken from us.

The men's lists were more easily checked, but still we were not ready to leave. The papers taken from us in San Carlos, even my postage stamp, were returned, and our money was carefully counted to make sure none was missing. The men's hats, handkerchiefs, and the other articles deposited at the sentry's desk were returned to their owners.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon that we were taken to the pier at Bacolod. We had dreaded this trip to Manila, fully expecting to travel deep in the dirty dark hold of a troopship. But the only boat at the pier was a small one not more than seventy feet long, with open deck and high wheelhouse well to the stern, the type of boat used in the Japanese Inland Sea. It seemed too good to be true that we would make the trip on such a boat; not only would it be safer from our submarines than a large one, but far more comfortable.

Quite a crowd was waiting at the pier to say good-by to the high official who was our new commander. As we pulled away, the guards smiled a farewell. Even "Sourpuss" looked almost human! The girl interpreter smiled and waved, as did several Filipino friends whom we recognized in the crowd. The sea was smooth, the sky was clear, and our spirits rose every minute. The whole deck forward of the wheelhouse was ours, and it was clean. Best of all, we were together, and for the first time since our capture no one cared how much we talked to each other.

There were not more than twenty on board: nine prisoners, two or three guards, a Japanese civilian or two, the

Filipino cook and crew, a Japanese businessman who acted as interpreter, and the chubby pleasant-faced officer in charge of us, who we were told was the head of all the Military Police in the Philippines. After we were well under way, these last two came around, the officer now in civilian clothes and not looking very military. They came up to Jim and me as we stood together.

"Are you Dr. Chapman?"

"Yes," answered Jim, wondering what was coming now. "I am Dr. Chapman."

"You entomologist?" The officer knew only a little English, but spoke now without an interpreter.

"Yes, I am an entomologist, a professor at Silliman University."

The officer broke into a smile as he extended his hand. "I too professor entomology University of Formosa."

After a hearty handshake, these two sat down on the hatch and talked of their mutual interests, insect pests and their control, and allied topics. Several other times on the trip the officer came to ask if we were comfortable and to talk to Jim in a very cordial manner.

That evening we opened our sack of food, cooked rice on the little charcoal stove, which was all the cooking facilities the boat possessed, and opened a small can of corned beef to go with it. We were really jolly as we ate our first meal together, no longer afraid to talk and laugh with each other. There was fresh water to drink and for washing, but no lavatory or toilet facilities of any kind. A canvas shelter was rigged on the deck for us to sleep under, but the sky was studded with stars, and the breeze was fresh and cool, so Jim and I spread our blankets on the hatch, which was much too short for us, rolled up our sweaters as

usual for pillows, and lay down to talk and sleep, and talk and sleep again.

Mr. Glunz had spread his blanket on the deck near us and a Japanese soldier armed with a gun was keeping watch. Sometime in the night, the soldier saw that Charles was sitting up looking at the stars, and he ventured a question, "You like war?"

"No," Charles replied, "I no like war. I like everybody to be friends."

"War no good," said the soldier. "I no like. I like to go home with family. I like to be friends with America, not fight." They went on talking of many things, finally of the stars overhead and the Southern Cross shining near the horizon. The soldier loved the stars too, and for ten or fifteen minutes these kindred souls reached out across the hatred and cruelty of war to talk in friendship about the beauty of the world in which they lived.

The trip was interesting. We had never gone to Manila by this route, and the inland seas are always beautiful, for the dark green of the frequent islands offers restful contrast to the deep blue of the water. The sea itself was still calm, but our faces burned and our heads ached from the sun until late in the afternoon stray clouds in the west gave some relief.

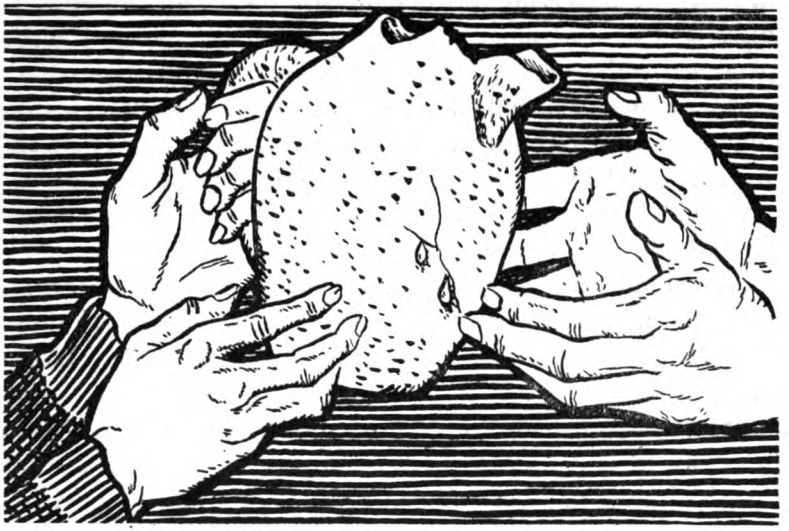
It rained that night, driving us in from the deck to the little shelf just above the chugging engines, vacated for our use by the Japanese soldiers. We thought we could never endure the night in that noisy, stuffy place, but toward morning it seemed quieter, and we slept fitfully. We aroused several times as the engines slowed down or stopped, then in a few minutes started up again. We hoped nothing was wrong and that we were not in the open sea where a sub-

marine would find us, but when we rose and looked out, we saw that we were going through the mine fields outside Manila Bay.

We steamed past Corregidor too far away to see many details, but there were many Japanese ships inside the breakwater. When Billy cried out, "Look, mummy, at the big hole in that boat," our interpreter came hurrying up to tell us all to look in the opposite direction. For a few moments we wished for eyes in the back of our heads so that we might be cheered by the sight of the battle-scarred wrecks of some naval battle.

As we drew near Pier Two, we moved slowly to avoid colliding with small craft of all kinds, and when we disembarked, we had to climb over four other boats to reach the pier. We were left on the covered passageway at the top of the steps to wait for a truck. We stood wherever we could find shade or, too weary to stand any longer, sat on our baggage in the blazing sun. The delay made us uneasy, for we had once been told that we might go to Fort Santiago, and the horrors of that prison were known even in our mountains. For almost four hours we waited, hot and thirsty, until at one o'clock the interpreter came back to apologize for the delay and lead us to the truck. At the last of several stops, the officer-in-charge left us. Jim got out to bid him good-by and to thank him for his kindness. We will never know how much we owe to this real gentleman but when he gave the order, "To Santo Tomas," a great burden was lifted from our hearts.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SANTO TOMAS

IT WAS with varied emotions that we began life as internees of STIC, the Santo Tomas Internment Camp. Jim and I, thinking in terms of past experience, looked forward with considerable misgivings to a life of dull monotony and another probable period of separation. But in contrast to the uncertainties of our previous prison life, this seemed a place of security and safety. As the gates closed behind us and we drove up to the administration building, one of the men remarked that it seemed like heaven to him. Green grass

in place of bare courtyards, comfortable chairs instead of blanket rolls or hard floors, starched clothes and well-groomed hair, very different from our rumpled garments and unwashed, uncombed condition, men and women sitting together, talking together—it overwhelmed us. When we were greeted in the office by American officials instead of the usual Japanese, we felt that here at last we were among friends.

Word of our arrival spread quickly around the camp, bringing quite a crowd to welcome us. Through the window, they caught sight of our sunburned faces, and Nannie Hereford, who had lived with us in Dumaguete in late 1941, rushed off to bring a pitcher of ice-water, which was just what we longed for and all the more refreshing because we had had nothing to eat or drink since early morning. When formalities were over and meal tickets and room assignments had been received, we hurried out to greet our friends and join them for a belated lunch.

The little group who had lived together for the past two months was now broken up. Jean and Marilee were assigned to the annex, a building set aside for mothers and small children. The men were sent to different sections of the gym. Hettie and I were temporarily installed on the first floor of the main building, taking the places of women who were in the camp hospital. Necessary bedding, clothing, and toilet articles appeared like magic. One friend not only provided me with a dress, but gathered my soiled garments and took them off to the wash trough. Both friends and strangers were gracious in initiating us into dormitory life, and we remember them all with deep gratitude.

There were many people to see that first afternoon, many to talk with. Mr. Winn was there, as he had prophesied, and asked what we knew of his family. Others wanted to

hear about friends still in the hills. There was much noise and confusion. I was still dizzy from too much sun on the boat trip, and after our nine o'clock checkup by the room monitor, sank utterly exhausted on the soft bed—a bed with springs and a mattress and a pillow! Lights went out, the murmur of voices gradually gave way to the gentle breathing of my roommates, and I slept.

Almost immediately the wake-up signal aroused me for my first full day at Santo Tomas. I fell into line in the bathroom procession, awaiting my turn for one of the three lavatories or the kitchen sink which served the two hundred women on the first floor. When my toilet was complete, I went out to meet Jim and we joined Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Smith of Cebu in their little shack in the east patio. The camp breakfast that morning consisted of a banana, a bowl of rice mush, and a cup of tea, but Mr. Smith had made a charcoal fire and was already toasting slices of rice bread and frying eggs. It was a delicious meal. After breakfast, the dishes—if enameled plates and cups can be called "dishes"—were carried out to the camp dishwasher, an ingenious arrangement of tanks of hot water in and out of which utensils on trays were lifted as one progressed down the line. During the day we learned more about lines. We stood in line to receive our meals from the central kitchen, to buy bread and eggs in the market, in fact for everything. No wonder the internees told us they were always busy!

In this new environment we had much to learn in other ways too. First we needed money. The Smiths explained that we could get Japanese money on account from the mission treasurer, whose office was still functioning in Manila. But they warned us that many of the things we would need could no longer be purchased at the camp canteen nor in the city outside. Japanese pesos were then worth one Philippine peso,

fifty cents in American money, and it seemed out of all proportion to pay seven and a half pesos for an enameled plate and nine for a quart jar.

When our missionary friends still in their homes in the city learned of our destitute condition, they shared clothing with us and sent in other supplies which could not be obtained elsewhere. The package line which made this possible was an important feature of camp life. Food came in every morning, some of it prepared for dinner, and a constant stream of laundry passed in and out. Our beds and folding chairs and table came by the same route, so that we joined in the general consternation when on the first of February the Japanese military took over the camp management and discontinued the package line.

We had only a few days to observe the camp operating under its most favorable conditions, for under military supervision one after another of the privileges that had kept life endurable were withdrawn, and we began the long downhill road to misery and starvation. But we had arrived in time to receive our share of the Red Cross supplies which had arrived late in 1943 on the *Gripsholm*. The internees had received the comfort kits before Christmas, but there were enough left for us also. The contents of the fifty-pound boxes surprised and delighted us: tropical canned butter, meats of various kinds, powdered milk and coffee, cheese, prunes, chocolate bars. It was a temptation to eat everything at once, but camp authorities warned us not to follow natural impulse but to hold the nonperishable goods at least in reserve for the future. It was well that we heeded their advice. We sold the cigarettes which came with the kits, using the money to purchase other more useful supplies such as sugar, corned beef, and margarine at twenty pesos a pound.

The Red Cross clothing was ready for distribution the week following our arrival, and made a great addition to our limited wardrobe. I received a pair of brown leather oxfords, in width C instead of triple A. Since Jim's shoes were in good condition, he was given extra soles and heels for future repairs. Medical supplies were later released by the Japanese and turned over to the camp hospital, which was badly in need of them.

By this time I was permanently assigned a place in room seven near one of the windows looking out across the garden to the Catholic church and seminary building just beyond the outside wall. Twenty-eight women lived in the room, each allotted the same amount of space, just enough for a single bed and narrow passageway. We in number seven were proud of our room and of the fact that we lived together in good will and friendliness. I learned the daily routine of sweeping and bedmaking; the more thorough weekly cleaning, when the floor was washed and the mattresses put out to air; and the monthly "general cleaning," when cobwebs and spiders were swept from walls and ceilings and the room made as neat as was possible in our crowded circumstances. All the first-floor women were proud of their bathroom, which, in use by hundreds of women daily, was kept clean by heroic effort. Two thorough cleanings a day were not enough, and we all took turns at three- or four-week intervals, at being monitor for an hour. The work was not too strenuous for most of us, and we did not mind mopping floors and cleaning lavatories for the common good.

By three weeks after our arrival we had completed the typhoid-cholera inoculations and were given our work assignments. After that we lost the last of our preconceived ideas about the idle life of internees. My work in the library for grade school children was made pleasant by contacts with

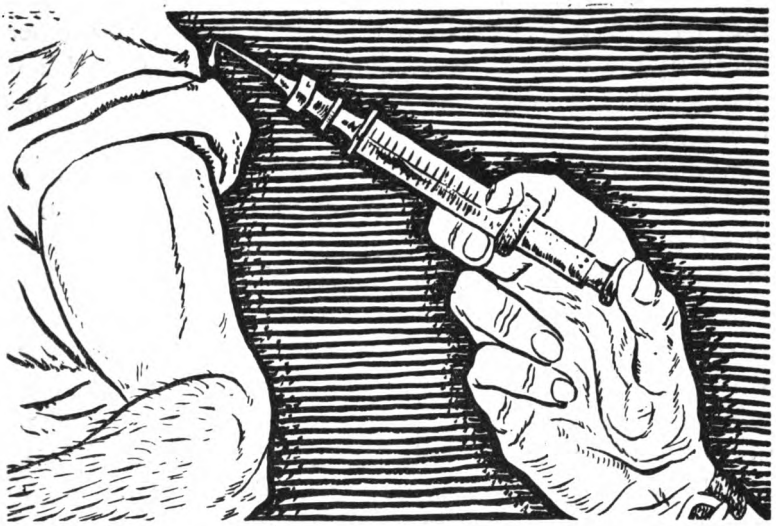
the children and their parents. Jim was appointed camp entomologist under the department of hygiene. The work consisted chiefly of mosquito and fly control and a weekly inspection of the two emergency water reservoirs. He also conducted a nature study class for grade school children. In addition to this, he did volunteer labor as it was needed. At different times he cleaned fish and helped unload rice and other food supplies that came into camp, helped build a high bamboo fence which the Japanese ordered and which cut off the men in the gym from a view of the outside world, and along with others put in many hours of hard labor in the middle of the dry season digging up a section of ground we called the "Southwest Territory" in preparation for a garden.

We were now settled in the routine of camp life. Since we no longer had personal contact with the Japanese, the memories of our prison life dimmed until we began to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of internee life against those of the fugitive. Leaving food entirely out of the question and realizing that freedom tipped the balance overwhelmingly in favor of the mountain life, we considered other factors which made a decision difficult. We had loved the quiet and beauty of Ta-as Tubig, the wide vistas of our lookout, our contacts with the guerrillas, and the feeling that we were helping to stiffen resistance against the enemy. At San Tomas, on the other hand, we had the same starry sky and in addition beautiful sunrises and sunsets which we had not been able to watch through jungle foliage. There was also a star-gazers club, lectures on a wide variety of subjects, music of all kinds, and the opportunity to attend church services and join once more in the fellowship of worship. In the mountains we had had little reading material or opportunity for mental stimulus, while here libraries supplied

books of every variety, from detective stories to reference works on almost any line of research.

In the mountains we had had too much seclusion, here we lived with every detail of our lives exposed to public gaze. There we saw few English-speaking people, here we had pleasant companionship but also a constant nerve-racking medley of high-pitched voices, the shouts and crying of children, and the never-ceasing hum of conversation. But in spite of the noise, there was safety in numbers, and for the first time in more than two years we dared to relax the eternal vigilance which had been the price of liberty.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO



LIFE IS DIFFERENT BUT NOT DULL

As THE HISTORY of Santo Tomas is written, full credit should be given to the men and women who brought internee life out of the chaos of the first months into an orderly dignified existence and made it a symbol of man's resourcefulness and indomitable courage. When we arrived, the camp numbered four thousand Americans, British, Australians, New Zealanders, and Canadians, and two hundred and fifty of thirteen other nationalities. Government officials, and professional and business men and women were among

those interned there, as well as the flotsam and jetsam of the Orient, refugees finally overtaken in Manila by the outbreak of the war. All were doomed to live and work and play together, to share the same privileges and chafe under the same restrictions.

Several features of camp life contributed to the morale and well-being of the whole group. A broadcasting system directed the day's activities from the wake-up music in the morning to the curfew call at night. It summoned us to the two roll calls which were a part of the daily regime, and gave the signal for their dismissal. It called regular and volunteer workers to report to the kitchen or to the vegetable cleaning tables. It announced garden work schedules and athletic contests, as well as programs and camp activities of all kinds. The evening news period, though made up only of routine camp announcements, invariably raised our spirits by some apt phrase or intonation of the announcer—Clarence Beliel to the Japanese, but to us the Don Bell of Manila's KZRM.

The hospital with its volunteer staff of doctors and nurses, the dental clinic, the dispensary and laboratories made life possible for many, and kept it endurable for others. The camp industries, carpenter shop, and plumbing department, all made their contribution. The gardeners added materially to the actual food supply, while the activities committee provided food for thought and kept us from slipping into the morass of mental stagnation. Perhaps because of our educational background, we most appreciated the contribution of the public school system to the well-being of the camp. The schools were in the charge of a committee of experienced Manila educators, and though carried on by permission of the Japanese received absolutely no help or encouragement. The teaching staff was increasingly handicapped by lack of

suitable classrooms, by noise and crowded conditions, by the shortage of textbooks and school supplies, and strangely enough, by the apathy or open hostility of many internees.

In June, at the beginning of the 1944-1945 school year, I joined the teaching staff, with a literature class of twenty-five second-year high school students. Jim was appointed associate to Dr. Luther B. Bewley, dean of the college, and in addition taught the college biology class. Teaching without a laboratory was a novel experience for him, but occasionally he could borrow microscopes from the Santo Tomas University equipment. He raised animalcules, such as amoebae and Paramecia, without difficulty in homemade hay infusions. In his search for classroom materials, he was pleased to come unexpectedly on migrating ants, the small quick-moving brown *Paratrichina longicornis*. They were carrying larvae and pupae out of a hole under a window sill of the museum, and he captured some of their camp followers, which were probably new species of cockroaches or crickets and beetles.

Nothing was ever static at Santo Tomas. Two groups had already been moved to the new internment camp at Los Baños, and in April another five hundred, including the Glunzes and the Scaffs, were transferred. After their departure, a good deal of readjustment and shuffling of living quarters took place, and quite unexpectedly we found ourselves the owners of a vacated shanty. This shanty and ninety-eight others had been condemned by the Japanese when they ordered a sixty-foot space cleared along the outside wall, but later they permitted them to be moved instead of being torn down. In a few weeks we were comfortably established not far from the rear entrance to the main building. Not only did we have a more private place for cooking and eating, but we now had ground for a garden. Every available spot was planted with greens and quick-growing

vegetables, but near the house under the eaves we put in cosmos and marigold seeds. They grew surprisingly well and provided color and beauty as well as an effective means of identifying the shanty. As though for Jim's special benefit, a colony of fiery red ants, *Oecophyla,* made frequent repairs on their nest in a babana tree—the Philippine national tree —just across the path. The neighbors joined him to watch the ants sew up holes. Holding a spinning larva in their mandibles and using it as a shuttle, some of the ants carried the thread back and forth while others held the edges of the leaves firmly in place.

In July, about six hundred religious workers of all denominations, who had been living and carrying on what work they could in the city, were brought into camp and taken to the gym, from which the men had been moved some time before. They stayed all night, but we were not allowed to communicate with them or even see them, and they were hustled out before daylight and taken on to Los Baños. From that time on, new people frequently came into camp, picked up in various parts of the islands or from outside hospitals and sanatoriums which were being shut down by the Japanese.

The Japanese consistently used the wrong psychology to break down our morale. Each time they devised a new plan to make life more uncomfortable and difficult, the amazing resilience of the human spirit rose to meet the challenge, and their purpose was defeated. Each new restriction gave us something different to think over and talk about. All during that dry season, our attention centered on the order forbidding any cooking except in specially designated shelters or on stoves at least ten feet from any building. For six weeks we stood in the blazing sun, fanning fires or running back and forth with our hands full of pots and pans, grumbling

ominously all the time it is true, but still carrying on.

Next, the whole camp was ordered to take a series of typhoid-cholera injections, and another series of inoculations as protection against bubonic plague. Then all the internees must be photographed, and so we were, standing in groups of five, each holding an identification number before him. At another time they called for detailed information about each individual. Camp stenographers took turns making out records of our lives, and again the whole camp was kept in turmoil for several days. The Japanese insisted that everyone must give not only the city but also the street and number of the house in which he was born. That space could not be left blank, so we made up streets and numbers to suit ourselves. The Japanese must have wondered at the queer street names in American cities.

A short while later, they demanded that our money be deposited in the Bank of Taiwan, promising that we might withdraw it at the rate of fifty pesos a month. The reasons for this order were posted on the bulletin board:

1. It would prevent our money from being stolen.
2. The money would earn interest in the bank.
3. It would prevent the lavish waste of money now existing in camp.
4. It would prevent gambling.
5. It would stabilize prices in camp.

The most optimistic decided that one month's allowance would last until our release; others, not pessimistic but merely conservative, reasoned that a six-months supply would be a safer guess. For a few days, money had no value. There was a mad orgy of spending what was not to be given to the Japanese. Prices soared: a can of corned beef sold for

two hundred pesos; a small tin of butter for one hundred and twenty-five pesos, powdered milk, for five hundred, and a package of native cigarettes for thirty. The camp exchange, where we had been accustomed to buy and sell articles of all kinds, was closing out, and huge prices were paid for wearing apparel and other supplies. Many people, however, turned over what they were not depositing to a fund to be used for buying food for the camp.

Practice blackouts had begun in July, cheering us up considerably, but at the same time interfering with lectures and evening meetings and cutting short the musical programs on the plaza. For most of us the evenings were the pleasantest part of the day. Hard work was over, and we could relax and enjoy the coolness of the night. Before dark there were ball games and other events for the athletically minded, but many preferred simply to carry chairs out to the plaza, where they sat and read, talked to friends, listened to music, or got together in small groups to exchange in guarded whispers the bits of news and rumors always floating around camp. The earlier curfew on blackout nights sent us back to the buildings, where we could only sit around in the dark waiting for bedtime. And then the rainy season was upon us, when for days at a time we could not sit on the plaza anyway, when paths were muddy and shanties leaked, when clothes mildewed on the clotheslines before they dried, when physical resistance was low and colds were prevalent.

The food condition was causing a great deal of sickness and concern. At the end of July, the record in my diary reads, "No more eggs, no bananas. The children have milk only every other day. For lunch we had thin camote soup, rice, ginger tea, and for dinner, rice, watery gravy, talinum, and more tea." We used the kit supplies more and more sparingly, as the women exercised all their ingenuity to add

something nourishing and palatable to the diet. At this time muffins were very popular, made by various recipes but largely along the following lines:

1 cup rice mush, saved from breakfast
1 cup rice flour
2 tablespoons cassava flour
1 tablespoon sugar, more or less, usually less
1 tablespoon oil, or less
1½ tablespoons lemoncito juice or vinegar
1 teaspoon soda
A little grated ginger root for flavoring

Mix this together, let it stand for one hour to rise. Bake in small kit-butter tins in a clay oven set on a charcoal stove.

Many of the materials we were accustomed to use in baking could no longer be purchased in camp, but we traded among ourselves until we got what was needed. For instance, when I wanted rice flour to bake bread for a friend in the hospital, I started out with a cup of cassava flour, bought at one hundred pesos a pound, first exchanged it for whole rice, traded part of the rice for baking soda, then gave part of that for a cupful of rice flour, emerging finally with not only the flour I needed but with a half cupful of rice and some soda besides!

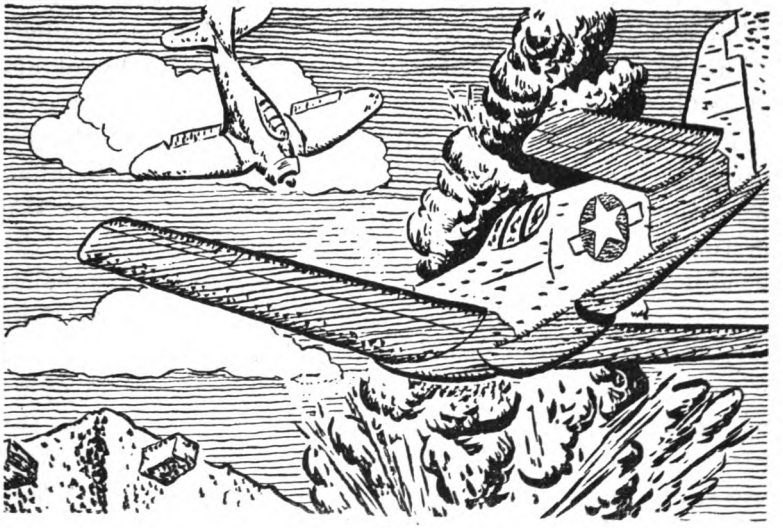
We were all suffering from the physical effects of our starch diet. One who has never experienced it cannot understand the discomfort and inconvenience. Many were losing weight, and in the middle of August the inmate camp authorities made a medical survey for nutritional diseases and loss of weight. The camp kitchens made use of every possible bit of food. Even the browned or burned scrapings of the rice kettles were ground up and mixed with the coconut meat after the milk had been squeezed out, to make "corn

bread." It was surprisingly good, especially toasted, but we could have it only after enough burned rice had accumulated to serve the entire camp, which was about twice a week.

Now when we most needed supplemental food, our market was of no help. We had ration cards to equalize distribution of what the Japanese allowed to come into camp, but on August 19 for six people I could buy only three small avocados, three santol (a small native fruit), six buttons of garlic, and two pieces of ginger root. This was to last not for one day but for three. Under current rates of exchange, our monthly allowance per person of fifty pesos was the equivalent of fifty-eight cents in gold. Market supplies were cut by the Japanese to suit our ability to purchase. Nerves were taut as we heard of frequent reductions in our rice rations, but if we were jittery, so must be the Japanese.

Their planes were flying around all the time now, and antiaircraft guns practiced daily on balloons moored in different locations over the bay. Work was going on at military installations in Marikina Valley. Explosions and fires were commonplace, and many times in the evening great searchlights from every direction centered their rays over the main building as if to furnish us with a beautiful display of fireworks. We were told to keep our bags packed "in case of emergency evacuation," and air-raid shelters were under construction everywhere, by the Japanese voluntarily, by us at their insistence. All signs pointed to the fact that something was about to happen. But what? Where? And when? Rumors flew wildly, the usual preface being, "Do you believe that . . . ?" When the Japanese ordered some of the men from the education building to move back into the gym, everyone was asking, "Have you heard the news?" Of course you had not, so the reply was: "The Americans have retaken the gym, and mopping-up operations are already under way."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE



BOMBS FALL AND CHRISTMAS COMES AGAIN

AIR-RAID SIGNALS were fairly common now. An early morning alert never failed to bring shouts of joy from the children, as it meant no school in the classrooms on the roof. But no alert sounded on the morning of September 21, and after class I stood looking out over Manila Bay and up at the banks of gray clouds, wishing that some day something would happen to give us hope. It was then nine-twenty. In less than five minutes something did happen! For all at once planes began to drop out of those clouds until the sky was

crowded and the air vibrated with the roar of their engines. Almost beside ourselves with joy, we shouted to one another, "They're not Japanese planes. They are ours!" Our planes at last!

Downstairs all was a mad delirium of joy as the bombs dropped. Men, women, and children dashed into the building while outside camp the air-raid siren shrieked its alarm. We in room seven crouched against the wall as far from the windows as possible and shook with excitement as planes roared, bombs whistled and whined as they dove on their targets. The building shuddered with each explosion, and when the antiaircraft guns went into operation, shrapnel whizzed through the air and fell on the roof and into the patios. All morning the bombers kept coming, wave after wave, and again for two hours in the afternoon, but at five-thirty the all-clear signal sounded, and reports came in of what had happened inside the camp. Only one person had been injured and that slightly, but many had had narrow escapes. Shrapnel had struck the building in many places, however, and a heavy glass window in our room had been broken. On the evening news broadcast, we received public commendation, because according to instructions the window had been well taped and a heavy blanket hung across it at the first alarm, so that the glass and debris fell near the window and not farther into the room. All was quiet in camp, but outside explosions and fires continued all night, and we knew that the Japs had suffered heavily.

More bombing the next day and the next convinced even the most pessimistic that this was no sporadic raid but the beginning of a campaign. We expected planes to come every day now—the oftener the better. No one complained that only a trickle of water came into camp, for we knew that the Japanese were using it out in the city on the fires our bombs

had started. No one complained either of the ear-splitting din or of the blackouts. Indeed, we all wore broad grins and scarcely tried to conceal them from our guards. Surely, we thought, the Army will be here soon!

Days went by. There were no more raids. For three weeks we alternated between hope and despair, until more heavy bombing brought smiles back to our faces and sent even the children running joyfully to hide under beds until it was over. This time there were rumors of landings in the Visayas, which were confirmed later when Don Bell closed his announcement about the rice coming into camp with the famous words, "Better Leyte than never."

When this excitement was over and the planes did not come for several days, we remembered that we were hungry and losing from one to three pounds a week. On October 19, we looked forward with great anticipation to a duck dinner, as the Japanese had finally consented to our killing the ducks being raised under their supervision. But when all the ducks had been killed and dressed, this notice appeared on the menu board by the kitchen:

200 ducks—weight 297 pounds
200 ducks—net weight 97.1 pounds
The ducks are starving too.

Ninety-seven pounds divided among 3700 people! Figure it out for yourself.

As supplies for baking became more difficult to secure, the era of muffins gave way to that of babinka, so called because of an original similarity to a Filipino food of that name. The method of preparation varied with the materials available, but the basis was no longer flour; it was rice saved from our breakfast portion, with a starter of sour corn-meal mush. We no longer had fuel for heating an oven, nor grease to

spare for muffin tins, but babinka could be wrapped in banana leaves, put in an ungreased frying pan on top of the stove and baked first on one side and then on the other until it was crisp and brown. It was really good eaten hot, with or without kit butter and jam, but we liked it even better the next day when we split and toasted it over the fire.

There had been no charcoal to buy for a long time, and many internees roamed around picking up twigs and small pieces of wood to continue their cooking. The camp kitchen had been forced to move into outside shelters when the raids first began, as the electricity became too uncertain and the gas pressure too low to depend on. Now the Japanese said that they could no longer furnish wood. To meet this emergency, crews of men first cut off the branches of the camp trees, then one by one cut down the trees and chopped them up for firewood. The cooks had worked under great difficulties before, especially during raids, but now they stood heroically in clouds of acrid smoke from the wet green wood. Even so, we occasionally had no hot food for lunch and often nothing hot to drink for days at a time.

After the raids, the Japanese had begun to use our camp grounds as a storage place for supplies salvaged from damaged vessels. Day and night trucks clattered and rattled onto the plaza with reinforcing steel, lathes, airplane parts, crude rubber, ingots of tin, ammunition, and all sorts of war materials. Drums of gasoline were buried in various places, one near the camp hospital. The vigorous protests made by our camp committee went unheeded, and Judge Clyde de Witt, chairman of the internees' agents, won such disfavor in presenting the legal aspects of the case that the Japanese shipped him from Santo Tomas to the Los Baños camp.

Japanese restrictions were tightening all around. Roll calls became longer and more burdensome. We stood twice a day

for periods of from twenty to forty-five minutes, only those with certificates from a doctor being allowed to sit down, and even they had to stand when the Japanese went by. Compliance to rules was rigidly observed. We stood at attention in straight lines. As the inspector approached, the monitor gave the signal, "Ready, bow!" The dignitaries went by, but no one moved until the "As you were" order came, and once more the ordeal was over. The command was given also to bow to every Japanese we met, officer or soldier. The latter were bored and sometimes embarrassed, but usually acknowledged your bow; the officers strode by as though we were clumps of dirt by the roadside. They really saw us, of course, for if we failed to bow, even when they were on bicycles, they stopped at once to punish us, sometimes by slapping but usually by forcing us to stand at attention and bow and bow until they were satisfied that in the future we would obey the regulation. The most exacting of all was Lieutenant Abico. Everyone disliked him, and he rather than the commander came to represent to the whole camp the tyranny and oppression of the Japanese regime.

During the increasingly frequent bombings, Japanese sentries patrolled the grounds to protect us, they said, from being hit by shrapnel, but always with guns ready to shoot anyone looking from the windows at our planes. They also picked up anyone they found moving around outside the buildings, and several times one of our men was kept standing for hours at the front gate gazing directly into the sun, although he had perhaps just stepped outside the door and not even looked toward the sky. Fortunately, Jim and I did not have to go outside to watch what went on in the direction of Grace Park, one of the Japanese airfields, for the windows above Jim's bed in the shanty provided a view of that whole area. We watched the bombers swoop down in almost

vertical dives and wondered how it was possible for anyone to live through such a hair-raising experience. When our names did not appear on the new list of those to be sent to Los Baños we were relieved, for although conditions might be better there, we were sure that life at Santo Tomas was more exciting.

We knew that the Japanese were trying to starve us, but we resolved to do everything in our power to prevent them from succeeding. No one had to be urged to make a garden now. Every bit of ground was put under cultivation, and talinum and camote tops grew everywhere. When outside neutrals tried to send in food for Thanksgiving, the Japanese guards turned it away with the lie: "They have plenty of food inside." On that very day we had only a green fish soup for lunch which in retrospect made the fish-head soup of Bacolod seem really delicious.

We had all rationed our Red Cross kits as carefully as possible, but after a year there was little left. Rumors, inspired by hunger and wishful thinking, spread persistently over the camp that we would receive more kits sometime before Christmas. In imagination we followed their progress from Kobe to Hongkong, to Singapore, to Manila, and waited hourly for the glad word that they had come into camp. But they did not come.

On December 22, the school closed for the usual holiday recess. The next day was a memorable one for two reasons. About ten o'clock that morning a fleet of silver bombers—the first of that kind we had seen—passed over, glistening in the sun and floating gracefully like huge moths in the sky. Small fighter planes were darting in and out among them, like slender dragonflies on iridescent wings. Tears may have filled our eyes, but joy was in our hearts, and even in the tensest moments of that day we exulted in the wonder and

glory of that sight. The second memorable event of the day was the appearance of the Japanese to hunt for something, no one knew what. Military police from the city were brought in to aid in the search. They examined the shanties; they looked in every corner of the hospital; they inspected all the living quarters. Late that afternoon four men, including Mr. C. C. Grinnell, chairman of the internee committee, were thrown into jail in the main building, and we lived in great suspense as to what might happen to others of our number. (Later the men were removed to Fort Santiago, and after the Americans returned, their bodies were found in a shallow trench and brought back into camp for reburial.)

Christmas came to an anxious camp, but stripped though it was of the usual material trappings, it brought peace and comfort to our hearts. The wake-up music that morning was very appropriate—"Onward Christian Soldiers." For once church services were held without the interruption of air-raid signals and a surprising number of cleverly made gifts and greeting cards were exchanged. By roll-call time everyone knew of the wonderful Christmas greeting which had been dropped on the camp from planes sometime during the night. Fortunately, a few had been picked up by internees before they were discovered and confiscated by the Japanese. The inscription read:

> The Commander in Chief, the officers, and men of the Forces of Liberation in the Pacific wish their gallant allies, the people of the Philippines, all the blessings of Christmas and the realization of their fervent hopes for the New Year.

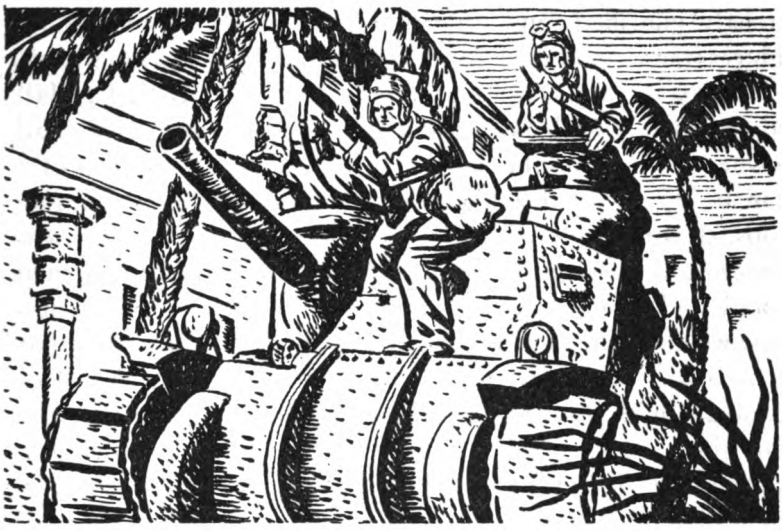
By night everyone in camp could repeat those magic words from memory.

It was a gala day for food too. Cigarettes and cigars were

distributed at roll call, and we had chocolate-flavored coconut milk and two teaspoonfuls of jam on our breakfast mush, good soybean soup for lunch, and an extra large portion of fried rice for dinner. Many people had saved their last can of food for this day, and they got together in groups to make up in fellowship for what the meal lacked in holiday abundance.

In the light of the moon we gathered on the plaza to listen to music and a beautiful Christmas story read by Dr. Don Holter, and our hearts were lifted in happiness and reverence as we went to our rooms, telling each other that after all it had been a real Christmas.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR



THE END

AND THE BEGINNING

THE STORY of the last desperate weeks in Santo Tomas is best told by excerpts from my diary, which give the high points of those eventful days of 1944–1945.

December 27. The Japs were searching rooms again. They found a typewritten copy of the Christmas greeting. We smiled at tonight's naive announcement: "A typewritten copy of a leaflet dropped from a plane was found. Anyone picking up such a leaflet dropped from a plane must turn it in at once to the Japanese office or receive heavy punishment.

Anyone having a typewritten copy of such a leaflet will be strictly punished, and all typewriters will be confiscated." Hereafter we will be careful to make all copies in longhand!

December 29. Our wedding anniversary. Dr. E. L. Hall joined us for lunch, which was a three-course meal. We had soybean soup from the line, my last bit of meat—a third of a can of Spam—and a big dish of greens—talinum, camote tops, chicory, pigweed, and camote peelings fried in one teaspoonful of peanut oil. (Dr. Hall worked in the diet kitchen today and brought over his share of the peelings.) For dessert we had coffee and gingerbread a la Stic. That means that I used whatever ingredients I had—mush to take the place of flour, my last brown sugar melted for molasses, soda, and hot ginger tea for liquid. I baked it on top of the stove in a sardine can. In spite of the missing ingredients, it was nevertheless good. Another internee was given a fifteen-day jail sentence today for taking food unlawfully on the line. People try all sorts of schemes to get served twice.

December 30. We each received one-third of a package of picadurro tobacco. We traded ours for another bottle of multiple vitamins. The ones we got for a can of kit coffee are almost gone.

December 31. Dr. Holter preached a good sermon at church service today. We don't stand up to sing any more because of the many swollen ankles, but we still sing!

January 1. We really mean it when we say "Happy New Year." Jim weighs 135 and I, 116. This is the first time in my life that I have lost weight without being told how foolish it is to diet.

January 4. There is much indignation around camp because some internees are taking food from the Japanese garbage cans. They say that they are hungry, but so are the rest of us. Some people are eating cats, but that is not nearly

so bad as hunting for Jap garbage.

January 7. Everyone is pepped up. Air raids lasted all day. No church, of course. The Japs were up all night burning papers and packing, as though they were preparing to leave. They broke up their kitchen today and gave away what they could not take with them. One lucky boy got a fine soupbone. Traffic is heavy outside camp, as if troops were on the move. Rumors say we have landed somewhere on Luzon.

January 9. An announcement was made to the camp this morning: "In order to avoid bloodshed and possible injury to the people of the camp, the commandant and his staff yesterday prepared to leave the camp. However, the necessity has not yet arisen, so they are remaining. The commandant is much concerned about the food supplies. It is almost impossible to obtain food in Manila. but we will do our best." The Americans must be very near! The Japs seem to be blowing up all Manila, to judge by the explosions.

January 11. At noon a Navy plane flew over camp so low we could see the insignia. Such a shout as went up! Rumors today: (1) fleet coming into Manila Bay; (2) landing at Lingayen; (3) Army now in Tarlac; (4) boys advancing from Cavite. Take your choice. Jim made a good trade today —eight cigars for four razor blades.

January 12. Weigh 113 today. No lunch on the line. The Jap in charge of the storehouse would not release the soya meal. He said the internees had not been bowing properly. But he had been drinking all night and seems none too happy. I traded two packages of cigarettes for two cups of salt. Native salt is P45 (45 pesos) a pound now. Traders are asking P90 for a can of corned beef and P80 for a pound of sugar.

January 13. Rumors were true for once. The Los Baños

camp is now left to itself with all the Japs gone. Ours are still with us.

January 14. No water on second and third floors today. Fifteen hundred women are using our bathrooms. Only three out of six toilets flush properly.

January 15. Washed my hair this morning, then used the water to wash our clothes, and turned it over to Jim to scrub the floor. Soap is scarce, and so is water! Big fires and explosions all the time. No lunch again today. Morale is low. The Japs have plenty of food; they keep meat and fish in our icebox, but we starve and people are dying every day.

January 20. One year ago today we arrived at Santo Tomas. I opened our last can of kit coffee, value now P60. A flight of big bombers went over at noon. The Japs are building pillboxes everywhere on the grounds, using bales of raw rubber from their supplies on the baseball field.

January 21. Another weight census was taken. The women have lost an average of 31 pounds, 20 since last August when the other checkup was made; the men 52 pounds each, 24 since August. School is officially over—no one has strength enough to climb the ninety-six stairs to the roof or the mental energy either to teach or learn. We are turning in grades and books, and that is over.

January 24. I visited at the hospital again today. I can hardly bear to see the poor patient folks with their swollen limbs and bloated faces. How they keep up hope I do not know, but they are usually cheerful. They ask so hopefully, "When are the boys coming?" For months I have been making the same answer, "In a few days now." Someday that will be the truth. We cannot sit on the plaza now after six-thirty, and we spend the long dark hours before sleep in bed, telling each other recipes and bedtime stories about all the food we have eaten and are going to eat. The halls are

full of people copying recipes, and one man and his wife have copied just about everything in the *Boston Cook Book*. It seems to appease their hunger.

January 26. MacArthur's birthday. We heard of the release of the war prisoners at Cabanatuan. There is great rejoicing by their wives and mothers. We live continuously under air-raid conditions, which means no movement around camp except at certain announced times.

January 29. A P10,000 bet was lost when all was still quiet at six o'clock this morning. Five deaths today. The Japs ordered the doctors to stop putting "malnutrition" on the death certificates. Dr. Stevenson refused to make the change and resigned as head of the medical board.

January 30. We cooked canna lily bulbs for lunch, but didn't think they were very good.

January 31. Dr. Stevenson put into jail for a twenty-day sentence for "insubordination."

February 1. We heard artillery fire all night. Some say we are landing on Corregidor, but it is only a rumor. Excitement is high. The latest bulletin for daily supplies:

Rice—27 grams per person
Corn—21 grams per person
Soy beans—40 grams per person
Soy meal—41.9 grams per person
Salt—22.43 grams per person
Total 133.43 grams (about 5 ounces—697.7 calories)

February 2. Jap trucks were loaded yesterday ready to pull out. We hope they go this time. They killed their last pig and our last carabao. Feasting and drinking continued all night and is still going on. There are constant explosions. Tonight's rumor: "The Red Cross will take over the camp,

and relief will be here by Monday." The usual camp routine on Tokyo daylight-saving time:

A.M.

7:00 Get-up music. Fires may be started. Limited traffic till 9:30, including to the near-by gardens.
7:50 Roll-call bugle.
8:00 Roll call—to 8:15 or longer.
8:30 Breakfast—mush.
9:20 Warning of end of traffic.
9:30 Traffic ends.
10:00 Convoy going to hospital clinic with hospital workers and those taking food to friends.
11:30 Camp announcements.
11:45 Noon recess. Limited traffic for lunch—soup.

P.M.

12:45 Traffic ends.
3:00 Hospital convoy of workers and visitors.
3:30 Private gardeners may visit their gardens near the walls.
4:00 Evening recess for dinner—stew.
5:00 Private gardeners must leave gardens.
5:20 Warning bugle.
5:30 Roll call. Traffic stops.
6:20 Warning of curfew.
6:30 Curfew. All in buildings.
6:45 Camp news, if any.
8:00 Everyone in quarters. No lights.

February 3. The Japs are still with us! All the rice has been taken out of our bodega, also our two calves. Smoke and fires everywhere. Strong gasoline fumes again last night. We wonder if they are going to burn us, or if they are just dumping gasoline. At five o'clock came a big thrill—f[illegible]ig bombers circled right over camp, dipping their [illegible] salute. We all rushed out with not a thought [illegible]s

and waved and waved. We tried to shout, but there was too big a lump in my throat to make any sound. Excitement spread as the report flew around that a message had been dropped in the patio: "Roll out the barrels. Christmas is coming. Will be with you tomorrow." Dare we believe it?

About seven-thirty, shooting began—the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns. More shooting. The building was in an uproar. Tanks rumbled in the distance, but the sound was very unlike that of creaking, groaning Jap tanks. The halls were crowded. Flares lighted the sky. More shooting all around camp and down at the front gate too. Then we saw a bright searchlight playing along the road. Everyone tried to rush out on the plaza, but our guards kept us back, fearing that after all the tank might be Japanese. Through a little crack in the closed door we watched it come—nearer, nearer—it was our tank! We saw American soldiers. A great shout went up! Two soldiers fought their way through the screaming mob to the stairway. They stood on the steps. Their lips moved, but we could not hear what they said. Then from outside came a loud cry: "Abico is dead!" The word was passed from one to the other. "Abico—Abico is dead." Then a crash of splintering wood as the door of the jail gave way and Dr. Stevenson was pulled out to become the center of a jubilant throng. We were mad with relief and with delight as the commandant and some of his staff were marched into the jail and a guard placed at the door.

But there was still shooting. The Japs who were quartered in the education building would not surrender. Our boys were machine-gunning the building. Wounded soldiers were carried in from trucks and jeeps, and doctors and nurses worked all night in our emergency operating room. Women in near-by rooms gave their beds to the wounded. No one slept anywhere in camp tonight.

February 4. We each had a double portion of mush, thick mush, for breakfast. We thought it was a great treat, but the GI's who shared our breakfast were not enthusiastic. The body of Abico lies gory and grim in the small room under the stairway, which has been turned into a morgue. We ate beans twice today. They are good but pretty rich, and many people are sick. The uproar is deafening. There are only a few hundred soldiers here yet to hold the camp. They tell us there is danger of a Jap attack tonight.

February 5. At times we are ordered into the buildings until a stray sniper is located. Soldiers and quantities of supplies are pouring into camp. More beans today and bacon, but that is rich food for starving people, and we try to eat sparingly. There is no electricity; the Japs not only cut the main cables, but carried them off. The water situation is desperate. All the camp uses the first-floor bathrooms. Manila is burning. At three o'clock this afternoon the sun looked like an orange in the smoke-filled sky. Registration for repatriation is already beginning, and our flag, our beautiful Stars and Stripes, floats triumphantly over the main building!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

WAR-WEARY WARDS OF THE ARMY

ALL OUR DREAMS were coming true! No longer were we internees, subject to the indignities and evil designs of our conquerors. We were free men and women—still helpless, it is true, but with absolute confidence in the care and protection of the daring group which had liberated us. The children sang joyously:

No more roll call,
No more Japs.

No more bowing,
No more slaps.

By Tuesday morning the Red Cross was ready to distribute mail, letters which our families had written in October or November. As Jim and I glanced over the pages which brought the first direct news from our children in more than three years, our hands trembled with suspense. But God had been good to us; they were all well and carrying on with war work of some sort. We were glad to think that for them too the anxieties of the past long months would soon be over.

We listened that morning to our first broadcast direct from the outside world, knowing that this time it was fact and not rumor. Later Fritz Marquart gave a much appreciated résumé of the outstanding events of the war, beginning with the fall of Corregidor, and we heard once more the familiar "Don Bell speaking" of prewar days. Two or three men who had been in the Baguio internment camp came in to confirm the rumor that the whole camp had been moved down to Manila in late December and was quartered in Bilibid prison only a few blocks away. They reported that the fighting had been heavy on Saturday night when the Americans took over the camp, but that everyone was safe. However, there was bad news as well as good, and our hearts went out in sympathy to the brave women who had expected the released Cabanatuan prisoners to join them in Santo Tomas. We heard that most of the able-bodied men there had been transferred to prison camps in Japan during the last months of 1944, and that on one boat at least all had been lost when the boat was sunk by an American submarine.

That same Tuesday morning, the sixty Japanese who had refused to surrender on Saturday night were led from the education building and outside the camp. To avoid the

machine-gun fire which raked their quarters on the second floor, they had taken refuge in the third-floor rooms of the internees. All remained prisoners there together until an agreement was reached whereby the internees' lives were spared and the Japs were given safe passage, fully armed, to three blocks away from camp, where they were left to fight it out with the guerrillas.

Other Japanese, civilians for the most part, were being rounded up and placed under guard in the children's playhouse. At last it was their turn to obey and ours to look on. Filipino doctors and nurses came into camp that morning also. Smiling and happy, they went right to work taking care of the sick and wounded and helping move them into the education building, now being turned into a field hospital. Tanks, trucks, and jeeps poured into camp all day. We never tired of watching them and talking about the contrast they presented to the shoddy worn-out equipment of the Japanese. We loved to watch the soldiers, too, so efficient and alert as they went about their work. There was much activity everywhere, as guns were being set up inside and outside the camp and equipment was being unpacked for use. Although we knew that the Japanese were fighting desperately in the southern part of the city, we felt very safe and protected.

On February 7, General MacArthur made a short visit to the camp. He was greeted along the way with loud shouts of welcome, for we realized that we owed our freedom and perhaps our lives to his determination and quick action. A thanksgiving mass meeting was to be held on the plaza that afternoon, but all plans were upset and our rosy dreams shattered when soon after lunch Japanese shells struck the southwest corner of the main building and exploded outside in the plaza, killing some and wounding many before we realized what was happening. Being under fire was a new

experience for us, but one acts automatically at such times, and all who were in the building crowded into the halls and corridors farthest away from the explosions. Volunteer helpers carried men, women, and children on stretchers to the emergency operating room, which was hastily moved to the back of the building out of the line of fire. There was no panic. Those who could not help tried to stay out of the way and keep at least outwardly calm when bursting shells showered the air with deadly fragments and jarred the building with their impact.

A brief period of quiet late in the afternoon led us to imagine that the guns had been silenced. Many who lived in the corner rooms returned to take out bedding for the night and were caught there as shells exploded in the rooms and front hall. Again there were dead and injured. Later in the evening, shells hit many parts of the building, and the death toll mounted steadily. Moreover, red-hot shrapnel set fire to bedding in one of the rooms and destroyed everything in it. Fortunately, the fire was prevented by concrete walls from spreading to the rest of the building.

That was a strange and awful night! There were intervals of calm, although our guns never ceased their firing, but shanties and rooms were unsafe for hundreds of us, and we sat on the sidewalks or in the back of the building while shells whizzed overhead, guns boomed, and the lights burned all night in the emergency operating room. No one slept. Dawn came to a tired worn group, saddened and subdued by the sudden transition from overflowing joy to this grim experience of war. Never again could we recapture the elation of those first magic days of freedom.

The weeks which followed taught us the real meaning of mopping-up operations, for we at Santo Tomas lived in the midst of the Battle of Manila. Guns roared on all sides of

us; explosions filled the air with dust and debris; shells whistled overhead; planes zoomed and dived on Japanese positions. Our nerves screamed too for rest, but all was uproar and confusion. Army trucks furnished our only lights. Army trucks brought in our only water. Sanitary conditions were unspeakable for a few days until outside latrines could be got ready. But Filipino workmen, cheerful and willing, while shells were still flying, began to restore the grounds to a semblance of their usual well-kept condition.

The Army did everything to help us through those trying days. Filipinos and Chinese took over the camp manual work and the preparation and serving of meals. We had all we could eat, and coffee was always available during the long sleepless hours of the night. The Red Cross distributed candy, cigarettes, chewing gum, toilet articles, and even magazines only a few months old. We read these from cover to cover, then exchanged them with each other and read some more. We had missed so much in our years of isolation that we thought we would never bring ourselves up to date in our information. A radio was set up back of the kitchen, to give news at stated hours and plenty of jazz and morale-building programs in between.

Reinforcements and supplies arrived daily. A group of nurses, so healthy and wholesome, so evidently just from the States that we could not keep our eyes off them, relieved our weary nursing staff. When the girls who had been through Cavite and Bataan and Corregidor, and who for three years had taken their turns in the camp hospitals, were flown out to Leyte, we felt that they richly deserved to be the first to leave for home.

As the Japanese withdrew from one position to another, burning and killing indiscriminately as they went, our camp filled with refugees of all nationalities, bringing tales of un-

believable horror. Friends appeared too, to tell of days and nights spent under American fire as, fleeing from the murdering Japs, they crawled from one foxhole to another toward the safety of our lines. Others told different stories—of imprisonment at Fort Santiago, of hairbreadth escapes from capture and death because of suspected contacts with the guerrillas, and always of friends or families who had been shot or bayoneted or burned to death.

Although guns still thundered and bombs still dropped on the walled city and Japanese installations in the Marikina Valley, the fighting moved gradually farther and farther away from Santo Tomas, the last Japanese guns were silenced, and some sort of order emerged from the confusion of those first two weeks.

Before long, movies were held on the plaza and were especially well attended by the young people. The camp girls were happy to have new friends among the GI's, and the GI's, fresh from the South Pacific, were grateful for the company of American girls once more. We older people, however, found it difficult to sit through a picture while flares dropped behind the screen and bursting bombs drowned out the voices of the actors. But we thoroughly enjoyed a daylight concert given by the Thirty-second Division band, said to be the best in the Pacific. It was a treat to hear those talented musicians and to feel that our Army took enough pride in keeping up the morale of our fighting forces to provide them with good instruments and a special truck to transport them from place to place. It was very different from anything we had seen in our contacts with the Japanese army of occupation.

After the part of the city near Santo Tomas had been cleared of Japanese, except for a chance sniper, Jim and I, free people once more, walked out the front gate through

which we had last passed as prisoners, and along the shell-pitted streets to the house of some friends. This day marked our return to civilized living, for at luncheon we sat at a dining table spread with clean linen, flower-decked china, silver and sparkling glassware—all the things we had missed every day since leaving Camp Lookout. We went out frequently after that, to the market, where we paid three pesos and a half for a papaya that would have cost eight centavos at Ta-as Tubig, and to a party given to all of us Dumaguetaños by a Chinese friend, now manager of a restaurant across the street from Santo Tomas.

Much later we took a jeep ride through what we had once known as a beautiful city. Broken ends of bridges slanted uselessly into the Pasig River, and we crossed the stream on a Bailey bridge which the Army engineers had constructed in the first days of fighting. There is no way to describe the ruins—heaps of rubble and fragments of walls leaning at impossible angles and tangled masses of steel where once had stood impressive buildings. The Bureau of Science was an especially depressing sight to Jim; the building was only an empty shell, and the fine library and valuable scientific collections a heap of rubbish. The walled city, the oldest and most picturesque part of Manila, was still closed to traffic, but we had no desire for a closer look at the desolation within.

We saw many sights that day, but only one which was at all cheering—wreck-strewn Manila Bay. As far as the eye could see, Japanese smokestacks at crazy angles and half-submerged ship hulls gave eloquent testimony to the marksmanship of our bombing squadrons; while in some places the bows or sterns of ships stuck straight up out of the water, as though they themselves had been the missiles, now lodged amid the wreckage.

At another time we went in an Army bus to visit our

friends at Muntinglupa and hear the story of their miraculous rescue from the Los Baños camp and of the dangerous trip by truck and boat to their present quarters in the prison which had been built as a new Bilibid.

But all the while our minds were full of the thought of repatriation. We had hoped at first that we could return directly to our friends and work in Negros. But that island was still in Japanese hands, and the Army was insisting that civilians leave the Islands as soon as possible to free them for concentration on the task of making Manila the military center of the Far East. Reluctantly, therefore, we applied for repatriation. The first group of civilians left late in February, going by plane to Leyte. Since we never knew when our names might be called, we lived in constant readiness, almost afraid to wash our clothes or leave the grounds lest we should be caught unprepared.

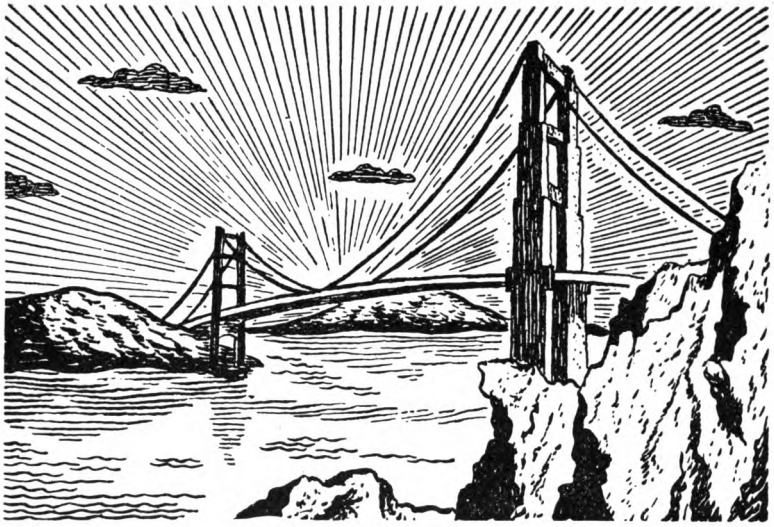
The Red Cross issued much-needed toilet articles, even lipstick and rouge, and we were supplied with warm Army clothing for the trip. We were vaccinated, received injections, and signed all sorts of papers, but still we waited. Meanwhile, the Army was giving us good nourishing food, with bread and butter at every meal and a can of evaporated milk each day. We were gaining weight all the time but, strangely enough, our ankles were swelling more than during the weeks of starvation, and other symptoms of the long protein-deficient diet still persisted.

We kept open house at the shanty. Soldiers often dropped in for a visit, and almost always we found some contact with people or places back home. Swiss friends from the city came often and many former Silliman students with interesting stories of the years of occupation. One evening after dark, two men came to the shanty and asked for the Chapmans. We recognized the voice of Dr. Joseph Hayden, who we

knew had been serving in the Philippine Information Section of the USAFFE, but we were puzzled at his surprised "Dr. Chapman, is that you? Is it really you, Mrs. Chapman?" He had thought we were both dead and had come to the shanty expecting to find one of our sons and give him the information his office had gathered about our last days. They had followed us to San Carlos and Bacolod, but there was no record after that; indeed, evidence had been found on a small boat to indicate that we had been killed on our trip to Manila. All through our conversation Dr. Hayden would pause to say, "I can't believe it, even yet!"

He told us about the work he had been doing, and that he had been instrumental in taking more than three hundred Americans safely out of the Philippines on submarines. He had met our Dumaguete friends in Australia and been able to help many of them. These friends have since expressed their appreciation of his warm personal interest, his constant thoughtful kindness. His sudden death, only a few weeks after our conversation, came as a great shock to us all. He had given himself to his work beyond the limits of physical endurance, and we sorrowed, not only because we had lost a friend but because the Philippine people had lost so wise and understanding a counselor.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX



REPATRIATES AT LAST

PALM SUNDAY CAME, and for the first time since 1941 the church bells of Manila rang out their glad message. Both then and on Easter Sunday the churches in Manila were crowded with worshipers, as the promise of a new life took on deeper meaning than ever before. In camp, civilians and Army personnel had combined their services from the first, meeting in the same children's playhouse which had been used for Japanese prisoners. Palm-leaf decorations, special music, and a most appropriate message made our Easter service one long to be remembered.

On April 8, as the chaplain looked out over the crowded

room, he made an unusual announcement. "It is not often," he said, "that a preacher expresses the hope that there will be vacant chairs at his next Sunday's service. We shall miss you, but for your sakes I hope you will not be here a week from today." That evening the announcement came to us to be ready at 6:45 the following morning.

It was a busy evening. The final packing had to be done, the baggage tied up and deposited in the plaza, and the last arrangements made for turning over the shanty and its contents to friends remaining in Manila. We ate our breakfast by candlelight and were in the truck ready to start before seven o'clock. We shall never forget the hunger and hardships of Santo Tomas, but neither shall we forget the friends and comrades who shared the experiences of those thirteen months. With a last long look, we passed through the gate and along the streets, where Filipinos and soldiers paused in their work to smile and wave good-by. At the water front, an LCT was waiting to take us to the boat anchored out in the bay.

Jim and I had been assigned to a familiar Danish freighter, now the *S.S. Pennant,* flying the American flag. My bunk proved to be one of eighteen in a cabin on the promenade deck, usually occupied by injured soldiers returning to hospitals in the United States. Jim was in troop quarters down in the hold. About two hundred former internees were on the boat, about the same number of returning GI's, a Red Cross girl, several nurses, the crew, the ship's officers, and the regular quota of fighting men.

We got under way the next morning, April 9, passing out through the bay still choked with Japanese wreckage, between the hills of Bataan and rocky Corregidor where our flag floated over what we had last seen as Japanese territory. Destroyers convoyed the ten or twelve ships through the

mine fields, hugged the shore as long as possible, then struck out across the open sea, until five hundred miles south we came to anchor in Leyte Gulf, opposite Tacloban.

The stay here was longer than we had anticipated. One of the children on board was sick with chicken pox, and the quarantine flag was hoisted on our mast. No one could go ashore, no one could board the boat, not even the GI's who were waiting to embark. As we stood around on deck, we heard many stories of the first landings on that historic beach and of particular spots which will be forever famous. Naval craft of all kinds, spread out as far as the eye could see, filled us with pride and a new conception of the complexity of modern warfare.

Word of President Roosevelt's death reached us in Leyte. Everyone joined in the sorrow that he had not lived to see the victory for which he had so valiantly labored. The next day we gathered sadly and quietly on deck to pay him tribute in a simple memorial service.

Through five hot steamy days we waited at Leyte, until we again took our place in a convoy and headed east across the ocean. A gentle breeze cooled the deck and found its way into cabin and holds, where portholes were tightly closed to prevent any ray of light from betraying our position to the enemy. We returned to dusk-to-dawn blackouts and to carrying life jackets ready to don at an instant's notice. We soon learned when we could borrow books from the library and buy candy and peanuts from the PX and became accustomed to ship regime—the mealtimes, religious services, and boat and fire drills.

In a day or two our escort left us and the convoy scattered, though rarely a day passed without our seeing another ship somewhere on the horizon. For several days we followed along in the tail of a typhoon which kept poor sailors like

myself confined in misery to the stuffy cabin, but the weather cleared and I again ventured down to the hot steamy galley. We were often uncomfortable while we ate our meals, but the food was well prepared and generously served, the GI's taking turns at being waiters. We enjoyed cold-storage fruit and meat which had not been available in Manila, and it was no wonder that some passengers gained as much as ten or twelve pounds on the trip.

Everything possible was done to make us comfortable. Entertainments and dances in the early evening helped to break the monotony. Later in the evening, some gathered in the closely curtained salon to play bridge, but most of us sat or stood on deck enjoying the coolness and watching the Southern Cross as it appeared each night nearer and nearer the horizon, to assure us that the tropics were being left behind. At first we were startled when familiar stars suddenly shone out in the wrong directions, but it was not the stars that had changed position, only ourselves as the boat zigzagged its way through the night.

Occasionally birds indicated that land was not far off. Once we saw a dim outline in the distance and were told that we were passing Eniwetoc. On May 3, strains of Hawaiian music brought all to the deck while we steamed nearer and nearer and then passed beautiful Pearl Harbor and majestic Diamond Head. Only a few more days to go, and the trip would be over! In our impatience, we chafed a little under the delay when one of the engines failed and we had to limp along at less than half speed until the necessary repairs could be made.

On May 8, my birthday, came the news which we had been expecting for several days: Germany had surrendered! Never again will I have a birthday so universally and joyously celebrated as was that VE-Day.

No one complained of the heat now. We shivered in the cold winds that swept the deck and got out the woolen clothes, not now nearly so heavy as they had seemed in Manila. They added the final touch to our motley array of garments, but no one cared about that. Soon after lunch on May 9, two blimps appeared to guard us through the last stretch of submarine-infested waters, and we knew the journey was almost over. The first sight of land after any long voyage always brings a thrill of delight, but this time the great surge of joy and relief almost overwhelmed us.

The wind was strong and cold, but we pulled our coats about us and kept our eyes straight ahead for the first glimpse of the Golden Gate. The sun sank below the horizon, but still we stood, until in the dusk the familiar outlines appeared and we passed under the bridge, through the submarine net, into the harbor where the twinkling lights on the hills above welcomed us to San Francisco.

It was too late to dock that night, but next day we were up as early as on that morning thirty-two days before when we had left Santo Tomas. We hurried through breakfast and spent what seemed like endless hours being processed. We filled out papers, answered questions, passed medical examinations, received ration books, and finally at the Red Cross desk a large bundle of mail. A hasty glance told us that our daughter would be waiting at the pier. Quickly we gathered up our bundles and bags, called a hasty good-by to equally hurried friends, and with smiles on our faces and joy and thanksgiving in our hearts made our way down the gangplank—to loved ones, to freedom, to the safety and comfort of home.