

Only a Matter of Days

The World War II Prison Camp Diary of Fay Cook Bailey

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Editor**

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Introduction

IT'S only a matter of days..." These words were spoken with conviction by Americans caught in the Philippines after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. For those living in the Far East the "Day of Infamy" was Monday, December 8, 1941. Within hours of the raid on Pearl Harbor, Japanese planes were attacking Clark Field and other targets in northern Luzon in preparation for a major landing. Our lives changed drastically that day, for within a month we were snatched from a comfortable home and lifestyle assisted by five servants and deposited on a stark University campus along with three thousand other Americans and other "enemy" nationals. We brought with us only what we could carry—food and clothing for three days. As the days grew into weeks, the weeks into months, and the months into years many were still hopeful that in only a matter of days something was going to happen to drive out the Japanese and free us from Santo Tomas Internment Camp.

Those years were meticulously recorded in a "Line-A-Day Five Year Diary" that my father, Fay Cook Bailey, kept at great risk during our thirty-seven months of imprisonment under the Japanese. The recording of events was strictly forbidden by the Japanese Military Authority. After the war we were all eager to put the experience behind us, and the diary remained in a box of memorabilia from Santo Tomas which I inherited upon my father's death in 1983. Believing that it might be of historical interest, at least for our family, I transferred it to a safety deposit box. In 1995, the 50th Anniversary of the Battle of Manila and of our Liberation from Santo Tomas Internment Camp, I returned to the Philippines with a group of fellow "POW Children" and three of our liberators. The

trip revealed just how deeply this wartime experience in our childhood had affected us all, and it motivated me to learn more about how we managed to survive the ordeal. For a start, I turned to the diary. It became apparent to me that my father had an important role in the camp both as Treasurer of the Philippine Red Cross/American National Red Cross and as Chief of the Finance and Supplies Committee, a function of the Internee Executive Committee. Besides the personal entries, his diary contains a great deal of information about the operation of these two entities. A third aspect of interest is his recording of all the rumors that nourished the faith and hopes of the prisoners.

Each page of the diary measures a little over four by six inches with one inch divided into four lines allotted for each year. The writing is necessarily small, abbreviated, and replete with initials and capital letters. Sasha Bessom transcribed the original diary onto a computer disk and printout and saw the project through two drafts. With her valuable assistance, I began the task of editing the diary. Her first step had been to make an enlarged copy of the pages to which I have returned many times to verify the transcript. The original diary would not have withstood so much handling. To decipher the initials and abbreviated references pertaining to Santo Tomas I used three books: *Santo Tomas Internment Camp* by Frederick H. Stevens (1946), *The Santo Tomas Story* by A. V. H. Hartendorp, edited by Frank H. Golay (1964), and *Santo Tomas Internment Camp—STIC In Verse and Reverse—STIC-toons and STIC-tistics* by James E. McCall (1945).

The official camp roster as of July 1, 1944, which my father had in his possession, was particularly useful in identifying people from their initials. Not only does it list the names in full but also sex, nationality, age as of December 31, 1943, marital status, occupation and room number. A 1937 Manila Telephone Book proved very useful for identifying businesses, merchants, hospitals, streets, and non-interned citizens of Manila. In the diary almost all

the geographical references are limited to capitol letters or, at most, abbreviations. Since many of the rumors were so far fetched, matching them with reality was often a matter of guesswork, but many more were surprisingly close to the mark. I used the chronologies of World War II in C. L. Sulzberger's *World War II* (1966) and James F. Dunnigan's and Albert A. Nofi's *Victory at Sea* (1995) to interpret the cryptic notations in the diary, hopefully with a reasonable degree of accuracy. Where I have been uncertain of my interpretation or have added an explanatory statement I have enclosed the words in brackets []. Otherwise the diary is presented in its original form, a historically interesting account of life in Santo Tomas Internment Camp as recorded by my father, Fay C. Bailey.

Shortly after the war, my father wrote an article, primarily for the New York office staff of the National City Bank, which describes in greater detail the events leading up to our internment and also explains transactions he left out of the diary during our incarceration. Therefore, I have included it as a prologue to the diary.

Caroline Bailey Pratt
Davis, California
January 1999

Bits of Manila

December 1941-February 1945

PART I

DECEMBER 8, 1941 started off like any other Monday morning. As usual, I dropped my daughter at school at seven-thirty and continued on to the office. As I was rounding the corner into Juan Luna I got the first of many shocks that were to accompany our movements from that day and for more than three years. It was in the headlines of a *Manila Bulletin* extra which I glimpsed in the hands of a passing Filipino. Pearl Harbor had been attacked by the Japanese.

The news had been in Manila earlier and people who had been close to their radios had no need to wait for newspapers. We had been talking war for months but with a good deal of a “It Can’t Happen Here” attitude and a certain complacency that was fostered by the confident expressions of many service people, particularly Army men. So it was stunning to realize that the Japs had struck.

With the arrival in the [National City Bank of New York] office of the Manager [Alexander D. Calhoun] and the rest of the staff, a veritable council of war was called and an attempt was made to take stock of the situation. There was no time, however, for deliberation, for word came in that the Japs were already attacking Luzon and Baguio had been bombed. Manila would be an immediate objective, it was thought, and while we were still confident that there would be no successful invasion, there would be air raids. Calhoun’s first thought was for the safety of the families of the officers. At one time, it had been proposed that in case of trou-

ble, Baguio would be the logical place of refuge. Now that was out of the question and to get away from Manila, we had to turn in the opposite direction.

It was arranged with Vicente Madrigal, the new owner of the Calamba Sugar Estate, to accept the hospitality of the Canlubang Golf and Recreation Club, maintained by the Estate for its managerial staff and their friends. There was a spacious club house with several bedrooms and a dining room and a number of residences nearby. There was ample accommodation for the wives and children in our bank family, as well as for several other women and children, attached to other banks or businesses.

With Calamba decided upon as a destination, I hurried home to get my family off. I had not been able to reach the house by telephone so I had to give Althea the news and orders to evacuate in the same breath. It was arranged that Fred Satterfield's driver would take my car with my family and the Dyson family. Within a short time we had packed a bag of flat silver and valuables to be stored in the Bank's vault, and I was driven to the Bank with it. The car returned and loaded for Calamba. Mrs. Dyson and her two children rode with my family. All the Bank wives with children left that day and Mrs. Spering and Mrs. Sperry followed a few days later.

That Monday night Camp Nichols was bombed and there were raids throughout the week. The people at Calamba were temporarily safe but they suffered mental torture in their imagining of what was happening in Manila. Telephone connection was maintained between the Estate and the city and every morning the wives would call to receive assurance that their husbands were intact. Great was the despair when the operator would report that Manila could not be reached because of a raid or that the Bank did not answer. In spite of their relative comfort at the time, several of the Bank wives look back upon the sixteen days spent at Calamba as the most trying period of their three years' experience.

In Manila there was the utmost confusion, with normal business totally disrupted. There was scarcely an American or British concern that did not have some member of its staff in the Army or the Navy, and the few who were left in the offices were frantically engaged in “clearing their decks” by getting on a cash basis, liquidating as much stock as possible, collecting whatever accounts they could, and transferring as much merchandise to the Armed Forces as was demanded. In our own office, we were occupied mainly with taking care of depositors who were withdrawing funds in order to have them readily available in cash or others who were eager to deposit either cash or valuables for safety. Still others were bent on remitting as much of their money as possible to the States. Cash transactions were soon limited by the Government but we still were besieged by our depositors.

From the first day on, we were subjected to air attacks but fortunately no serious damage at the Bank resulted. During one raid some window glass was broken on an upper floor of the building and once a sizeable patch of the ornamental plaster fell from our ceiling. No one was hurt, but it showed the advisability of taking cover and thereafter space under desks, counters, and tables was at a premium. I recall that once a raid was staged in the middle of the morning while Sam Hamilton was dictating a memorandum to which he attached some importance. There was a scurrying for the floor and under the tables and desks and I looked across and saw Sam and his stenographer carrying on to complete the memorandum. I can recall no case, however, of a typist taking her machine under cover with her.

With air raids almost the rule and coming usually with regularity in the middle of the morning and again during the noon hour, it became impossible to catch up on the time lost by the cash department to enable the punctual clearing of checks. The only solution was to reduce the Bank’s business hours which were so curtailed from time to time that we finally were open to the public only in

the morning. Another factor influencing this arrangement was the difficulty in obtaining transportation and the danger of traveling late in the afternoon when, with early darkness, blackouts were in force. Our staff traveled long distances and they were in constant fear of air attacks, even in the afternoons.

My own pre-war work in the office being primarily the running of the credit department, I had little to do under these conditions. Lines of credit were placed in abeyance and there was no call for credit reports. I busied myself, therefore, with assisting in meeting clients who had special problems and fears, and in general trying to get our house in order.

Calhoun was much concerned over the welfare of the Bank families at Calamba and felt that, to assist in maintaining their morale, some one of the husbands and fathers should arrange to be at Calamba. The first week-end after Pearl Harbor it was possible for several of the officers to drive to the Sugar Central. It was necessary to obtain special military passes to travel on the South Road, it having been closed to general traffic. The Military was very cooperative, however, and we experienced no difficulties in going to and from Calamba. In addition to week-end visits it was thought advisable, too, for the men to obtain some relief from the strain of the conditions existing in Manila. It was always consoling to know that the women and children had a male member of the Bank family for support, moral, at least, while events were happening in the city to the point of distraction.

My own tour of duty at Calamba was from December 17th to 22nd. When I returned to the office on Monday morning, we received a call from Mr. Woodbury Willoughby, Financial Adviser to the United States High Commissioner, asking for our help in receiving deposits of United States currency and securities. The outcome of negotiations with the High Commissioner's office was that I was appointed a Deputy of that office and was occupied for the balance of the time that we were operating, more with High

Commissioner's office transactions than with the Bank's affairs. From the 22nd to the 24th we were concerned mainly with deposits made by individuals, of currency, U.S. Bonds and Treasury Checks. The matter was urgent and limited. A dead-line was set for receiving these deposits and there were cases of people being turned away because they came too late or because the volume was too great to handle before the time set for delivery to the High Commissioner's office. Once, after having to "close up shop" because an armored truck had arrived at the Bank to take the deposits and me to the High Commissioner's office, I left a few people unattended and mounted the truck in front of the Bank. We drove only around the corner and were stopped by an air raid. These raids usually lasted an hour or so and since the truck was not particularly comfortable and because I remembered that there were several potential "customers" caught in the Bank, I returned to my desk and resumed the process of taking "deposits."

On another occasion an American Consular officer and I took the armored car, with the collection which I had made at the Bank, to the Philippine Treasury where we were to pick up a load of currency. All went well and we arrived at the Commissioner's with our cargo just as the sirens sounded and enemy planes appeared. The military guards herded everyone into shelters and the truck was left to the mercy of the bombs. The Japanese, however, appeared to have other purposes in view for the High Commissioner's office and residence and it was not damaged during any of the December 1941 raids.

Working closely with Mr. Woodbury Willoughby, Financial Adviser to the High Commissioner, in collecting the valuables to be turned over to that office, I had just reported to him on the occasion just mentioned, which was late in the morning of December 24th. When the raid started, I was told to go to the Number One shelter which was merely a cellar under a portion of the residential section of the building. There we found the High Commissioner

and Mrs. Sayre and four or five of their staff. It was evident that a journey was planned, from their costumes and the luggage that was piled in a corner. Also, a few moments after I arrived, Mrs. Sayre's secretary ushered in various members of the domestic staff, each of whom was given a Christmasy-looking envelope and a few words of thanks and farewell by Mrs. Sayre. These ceremonies over, things settled down to await the "all clear." We were all becoming a little impatient because we could not hear any planes when someone began sniffing the air and another remarked that the odor of frying onions was a bit too tantalizing under the circumstances. Mrs. Sayre sat upright and exclaimed—"Onions! You know it might be something else. Mustard gas has that odor, I understand." Immediately everyone was astir and was for rushing upstairs. The raid was still on, however, so Claude Buss said to remain where we were and he would venture forth and learn whether the guards on the main floor had been gassed. Mrs. Sayre did not want him to leave but the onion smell persisted, so up he went. He came back very shortly with a broad grin and congratulated Mrs. Sayre on being able to look forward to a luncheon which consisted of something flavored with sautéed garlic. The Chinese cook believed in carrying on as usual during an air raid.

That same day, the 24th, the Japanese began attacks south of Manila and because Manila was being declared an open city, it was decided to bring the Bank families back to town. It was necessary for me to drive to Calamba, but being at the Commissioner's office when this decision was made, I was delayed in getting started and found that I had to make the trip alone. That did not matter in itself, except that in case of trouble on the road an extra head or hand could be helpful.

My trip to Calamba was marked by two "air raids". The natives along the road had spotted a lone Jap and their air wardens ordered traffic to stop. The first interruption to my journey did not last long. The plane was far away and did not approach the road. The

second was more realistic, though, for a plane flew low over the fields adjoining the road and strafed the farmers who were harvesting the rice. I took cover in a bamboo grove and waited while the Jap circled the area several times, with puffs of smoke giving evidence that his mission was not conciliating.

When I reached Calamba I found most of the other families loaded and ready to start back for Manila. Our own possessions were packed and piled ready and in a very short time we, too, were ready to pull out. Our car was nearly full with our own persons and chattels but when we finally started we had in addition a young mother with her few weeks-old babe, a Chinese amah and her inevitable traveling gear; we also had a female dachshund. We had two air raid scares on the return trip and the process of getting the car emptied of its passengers and taking cover was something of a feat—more particularly as to the reloading.

Despite the fact that Manila was made an open city and the military had left, we were subjected to bombings on Christmas Day and for several days thereafter. After being bombed in Calamba, however, separated from their husbands, the Bank wives took the Manila bombings calmly, knowing that whatever happened, the whole family was taking it together.

At the office, in addition to taking care of the frantic requests of clients as best we could, we were trying to foresee and provide for more critical times ahead. We had acquired stocks of supplies for both the officers and staff and had these stored in the office. To assist the transportation problem, we had accumulated, at various points, quantities of five gallon tins of gasoline. I had some of this at my house under the shrubbery but when it seemed that the arrival of the Japs was imminent I decided to move it. The supplies of the gas stations were at this time being dumped into the Bay but I could not dispose of my tins that way. Besides, I thought there was a chance of some of it becoming useful. So, with the aid of some neighboring Filipinos, we dug a pit in an adjoining lot and after

greasing the tins deposited them with a thin layer of soil over the top. Then a thoughtful Filipina woman proceeded to gather some vines of the camote (sweet potato) which she transplanted in the fresh soil making the plot look like a normal garden. I learned afterwards that it became necessary to dispose of the gasoline due to informers threatening the owners of the “garden”. By that time all motor vehicles had been seized and we ourselves were incarcerated.

On Sunday, December 28th, the representatives of the Manila banks were called to a meeting in the office of Secretary Vargas, the acting head of the government, at Malacañan Palace. They were informed of an order from Washington that all securities, cash and bullion be delivered to the U. S. High Commissioner’s office. Although Commissioner Sayre and many of his staff had left, the office continued to function under Dr. Claude Buss. With this order, no specific information was given as to what was actually developing and since the banks were expected to continue doing business, it was agreed that each institution would be allowed to retain an amount of cash to provide for reasonable demands upon it. December 29th, Monday, was set as the day for making delivery in accordance with the order and since I was already a Deputy of the Commissioner’s office it was decided that the banks in the vicinity of our Bank would report there. The other banks and financial institutions reported to a U. S. Treasury representative from the U. S. Commissioner’s office who established himself at the Philippine National Bank. To assist me, the Commissioner’s office delegated Irv Spering and Bob Strong and one or two others. That Monday was a busy day, first getting our own Bank’s securities and valuables ready for delivery and then receiving from other banks the items they wished to turn over to the Commissioner. Because of the volume of material and lack of time, it was not possible to count the cash that was turned in or check items, and it was agreed that only a general sort of receipt could be issued.

Our work was finished fairly early in the evening and one or two of us from our Bank joined the Treasury men from the Philippine National Bank for a quick dinner while waiting for the transportation and guard necessary for removing the collected items from our vaults. The delay continued, however, and it was finally decided that the transfer might not be made at all that night and we were instructed to return to our homes. It was arranged, however, that a telephone call with a cryptic sort of message would bring us all back at short notice. Such a call came at about one a.m. and with Scotty Marsh, who was living at my house, I picked up Bill Dyson and went to the Bank. Marsh and Dyson opened the vault and after some waiting, the trucks and Constabulary guard appeared and we proceeded to head the cash and securities of the Manila banks toward an “unknown destination.” We were not told where the trucks were to proceed. Once loaded, they were in charge of a representative of the U.S. High Commissioner’s office and as they disappeared around the corner and along the Pasig, we loaded ourselves into our cars and drove wearily and warily home. En route we almost overtook a train of city fire trucks leaving the City Hall, loaded with boxes and headed toward the Piers. These we presumed to be official city records.

The following day, the 30th, was a Bank holiday, but was taken up in making up our schedule of contents of the boxes delivered that morning. Bill Young finally got our list into the hands of the Commissioner’s representative that afternoon. The latter was in a crippled condition, the result of having a bar of gold bullion drop on his foot while they were transferring the valuables aboard the ship to take them to Corregidor.

I cannot recall whether I was at the Bank at all on the 31st, which was also a holiday, but I believe I was, very briefly. I think that it was on that day that we arranged to open the vault to pay P15,000 to the Red Cross to assist them in getting their Hospital

Ship off to Australia. I did not see the Bank again before the Japs arrived.

At my house things were fairly quiet behind the high stone wall that surrounded us. The Marsh family had been with us since they arrived from Calamba but by New Year's Eve they had contacted their servants and returned to their own house, a few blocks distant. Outside our quiet compound, however, it was far from quiet. The "scorched earth" policy was being put into operation and added to the fires started from bombings were those set by demolition squads.

On New Year's day the Hamilton family called to discuss the situation and plan what should be done. By then we knew that it was a matter of hours only before the Japs would be upon us. One course that was open to us was to strike out for the country to the East. That idea was abandoned, however, as being less certain as to possible benefits than adopting a sort of *laissez faire* attitude recommended by the "authorities", and remaining quietly in our homes.

The result was that the Hamilton family and two house guests [Mrs. Loucks and her son Charles] moved in with us, bringing two servants with them. Also, that afternoon the Marsh family returned to the fold. They brought their Chinese amah, so, together with our own staff and their relatives, we had acquired quite a community. At the time the Japanese broke up our home we numbered fourteen Americans and at least that many Orientals.

The Japs entered the City in force on January 2nd, but it was not until the 6th that they put in an appearance at our house. We had spent three days watching for them and making preparations for them. These preparations consisted of packing suitcases with food and supplies in case we were ordered away and in trying to conceal and arrange for the protection of the choicest items, canned food particularly, which we would be forced to leave behind.

The three days between January 2nd and 6th, when we were waiting and wondering, were full of suspense and worry and it was with a certain sense of relief that we spied the Japanese at our gate at about noon on the 6th. At least we would know what they had in store for us and if we had to be corralled in some spot we would be with our own kind and better able to obtain subsistence. Our first visitors were a civilian interpreter and two soldiers. They rounded us up in our living room and ordered us to be ready immediately, with food and clothing for three days, to go to a registration center. Our bags were ready so it was not long before we were on our way, by automobile, to Rizal Stadium. After a few hours there we were moved in open trucks to Santo Tomas University. Althea and Caroline have not seen their home since that day. I was able, on occasion, to pass by and call on Felipe, our cook, who had been permitted to remain on the premises for a few months. The house was occupied by Japanese eventually and a radio station was installed there. All of the furniture was taken with the house, including some pieces from the old Sub-Manager's house which I was using. None of this has been recovered since the re-occupation.

PART II

Santo Tomas Internment Camp was in the throes of early and rapid growth when our truck disgorged its cargo. It was Tuesday and the first contingent of internees had been deposited there on the preceding Sunday. Everything was in a state of bewilderment and disorder with each internee trying to secure the best for himself of what was securable in space and facilities for relative comfort. Of course it was going to be only for a few days or possibly a little longer, but one might as well take what was going while the taking was good.

Our immediate group comprised, besides my own family, Sam Hamilton, his wife Mary and three sons [Sam Jr., David, and Bill], and Scotty Marsh. We were fortunate in finding spaces in adjoin-

ing rooms on the second floor of the main college building. The women and small children were in a large corner room with about sixty others. Our room was smaller but there were about forty men and boys occupying it at first. Later we got down to a population of around thirty-two. The first two or three nights we slept on the cement floor with a blanket for a mattress. Then our people outside were permitted to send mattresses and supplies to us and in the course of time we acquired cots.

The food problem bothered us of course and we were concerned about establishing and maintaining a source of supply. The organization of the camp soon took care of this question as to breakfast and, for those who had no other means of being fed, one other meal. The Japs were very lenient at first about letting supplies into camp for individuals and even in allowing personal contacts between Ins and Outs. We were thus able to plan with our people outside and arrange for cooked meals and canned goods, fruits, and various other articles to be sent to us. During the early days and all through internment, as much as our servants and friends were allowed to express themselves, they sacrificed and labored and underwent hardships and ran risks to show their loyalty and attachment to us. A debt has been established to those people that can never be repaid.

Life in the camp went through various phases based principally on the food situation and the progress of the war. It is impossible to speak generally as to conditions for the three years of internment for the situation, activities and mental attitudes of 1942, 1943, and 1944 were not generally the same and toward the end of our stay there was even a month to month variation in the scheme of life and viewpoint.

For our own part, however, we tried to maintain in our group an optimistic and healthy attitude, to keep busy, and to aid as much as possible in meeting the problems affecting the public welfare. We all had jobs of one sort or another and we amused ourselves

when we were not working or resting by reading, attending classes or lectures, or holding meetings of our own. The Bank group met more-or-less regularly and discussed subjects more-or-less seriously and exchanged views and experiences. We were a closely knit group.

My own work, aside from standing guard at one time or another to keep crowds in order in hallways and public places, was at first in the office of the Red Cross, operating on a limited scale. Later, with the payment by the Japanese of a *per capita per diem*, I was attached to our internal organization for the administration of these funds. When the Finance Committee was first established, Calhoun was Treasurer and I was Disbursing Officer. Later I succeeded Calhoun when he was sent to the Los Baños camp. Still later, when the Japs reorganized our administration, my title was changed to Chief of the Finance Division serving under a Vice Chairman [Earl Carroll] of our Internee Committee.

As may be imagined, my duties consisted of keeping detailed and accurate records of money and supplies and making reports to the Camp Internee Officers and the Japanese Administrators. We had a simple system of bookkeeping and auditing set up by Calhoun and an accountant from Haskins and Sells. We had competent and conscientious workers assisting us, men who had been accountants and auditors in their “pre-incarnation.” Our records were carefully guarded and preserved, with the likelihood in mind that some day in the future there would be some sort of accounting required over a peace or reparations table. At the moment, however, I am unable to say what became of our books and accounts for in the confusion of the Battle of Santo Tomas and with the physical state I was in at the time we left camp, such items lost their importance. Their chief value was in providing occupations for the large staff of the workers who compiled the records and in maintaining, for the information and satisfaction of the internee population, an accounting of their funds and supplies.

As part of my job, I acted as camp buyer of stationery and office supplies. I also visited the Bank to obtain change and transact certain banking operations connected with the camp. Another job was to distribute certain funds to hospitals in various sections of the city where internees were patients. From July 1942 to November 1943 I was able to leave camp on these missions once or twice a month with some degree of regularity. By this means I was able to do errands for our group and convey messages covering their wants to our friends outside. I was able to maintain contact with our Bank people and through them obtain the funds so necessary to provide the supplementary subsistence that meant our very lives. As funds were needed I would take drafts, signed by Calhoun and me in camp, and surreptitiously convey them to Isidore Falek at some appointed place. For a considerable period a favorite spot was the restaurant of Ramon Lee, a Chinese who would never let me pay for a meal. Another meeting place was the home of Basilio King, back of the [Import Meat & Produce Co.] store of his father, King Tao. I shall never forget the lavish hospitality of Basilio and his Filipino assistant, Belmonte.

Falek collected our funds, realized from the drafts, and delivered them to me as needed. He maintained a “reserve” fund at his home in connection with which he ran great risks not only from robbery but from detection as to his “contact with the enemy” activities in his relationships with the internees and negotiation of “enemy” checks. The Japs had a way of associating such activities with the guerilla movement. To reduce the risk to Falek we never referred to him by his own name and among ourselves he was known simply as “Harry”. It was relatively simple for me to get the cash into camp, once I had received it from Falek, as I usually had camp funds in my bag or packages of stationery and I was never inspected by the guards when I returned through the Camp gate. Nevertheless, we all breathed easier once a money collecting trip

was negotiated and the cash was safely in the possession of Sam Hamilton, the Chancellor of our Exchequer.

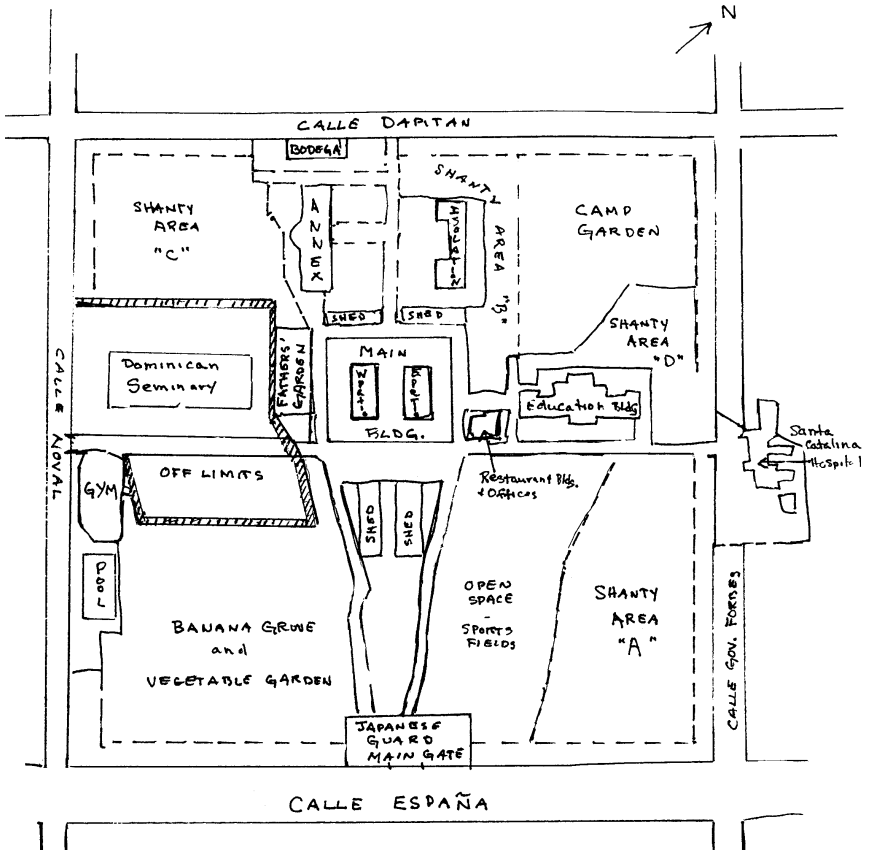
There was little variation in the day to day routine of camp life. Our small community existed very much as any small town would. As long as the Japs permitted us to obtain extra supplies and did not impose themselves upon our consciousness we were quite contented and cheerful knowing that there would be a happy ending. As supplies dwindled and restrictions multiplied our fears and worries and irritations took hold and had their effect on our physical condition. One of the measures that the Japs promulgated was the collection of all individual funds into a general Bank fund from which each internee could make limited monthly withdrawals. It fell to my lot to set up the records and machinery for handling these transactions.

First we collected from each internee family his available cash, over and above a permitted allowance, which we credited to a numbered account in his name. Corresponding to this number we had a ledger card and a combined deposit and withdrawal form, providing spaces for future monthly withdrawals. We had about seventeen hundred accounts. Withdrawals were permitted during the first four or five days of the month and for this purpose we set up a "Bank". Sam Hamilton was in charge of the tellers, among whom were Irv Spering, John Benton and Bill Dyson. Each teller had, assisting him, a typist who entered the transaction on the forms. I served as head teller and general supervisor and was further assisted by [Johan] Nikkels of the Dutch Bank and the accountant of the International Harvester Co. as auditors. With this combination of talent we operated with remarkable dispatch and it was very gratifying to see what could be accomplished by a group of "executives" without the assistance of the tried-and-true Filipino clerk.

As time went on and food became more scarce and almost impossible to obtain from the outside, the physical condition of most

of us in Camp began to deteriorate at an alarming rate. It was not possible to obtain extra funds during the latter half of 1944 and each one of our Bank group did the best he could to negotiate for extra food from those in Camp who had surpluses or were less provident or less concerned about the future. Each one of us, at one time or another, paid fantastic prices for items that are used in every day life at home without a thought for their cost. Checks payable after the war and other forms of IOU's were issued; jewelry was sacrificed together with watches and fountain pens. The transaction that irked the most was the one I completed on February 3rd, the day the Americans came back. Against my check, payable "later," I bought for myself and our group ten pounds of soya beans for US \$875. We were desperate for food even in the face of the knowledge that our forces were daily coming nearer. Those beans were enjoyed, however, and most went to the families of some of our Bank employees who were not having things too easy in their "freedom".

So with the coming of the boys of our U.S. Army our sojourn under the Japs ended, and not too soon for many of us. Now, even after a year of no hostilities, there is much to be done in the Islands. There is confusion and delay, but after seeing how the Filipinos took the occupation, I am confident that they will create order eventually even though it may be *Mañana*.



Sketch Map of the Santo Tomas Internment Camp

1942 - St. Thomas Xmas a big day; up early
 + a white Y mas who's drunk - white high (B.P.C.)
 stayed front for breakfast. At 8:30 eggs to church at 9:15
DECEMBER 25
 but I had to get out of bed at 7:30 - had been present at
 a great excitement and a boucanon time in spite of
 being in prison. I had some children allowed to visit
 in Am. H.Q. Most children until 5 PM. Packages sent
 a night - 5000 pages. Col. Pitt sent us a turkey - frozen +
 we had veg. + salad + coffee from Jap. We had Mrs. D. +
 fruit cake with a hard apple from better from Eng. M.
 4319 got white sugar a while back. In pm party for the
 4319 - singing on the line as a result of Philippine news.
 4319 We had breakfast early as a crowd got to church.
 Finney, punched legs today, but coffee jam. We
 opened our gifts at 6 past 8. made me a Whaki chud,
 C. + made a stocking with my initials. We had dinner
 with the H's. Got head round park, have some bread
 a jam pudding + we had abundant sendings from
 last year but with 5 days from the H's last the bottle
 4419 B's not feeling well -
 4419 A Xmas full of hope is not good cheer, altho
 we had very little. Got a message from
 the Chinese Headqu. - The Commander in Chief
 the Officers and the many of the American forces
 + collaboration in the Pacific, wish their gallant
 allies the people of the Philippines all the happiness
 + joy + glory and the realization of their
 fervent hopes for the New Year. Found
 at Roll Call - We had Palm, M. Beans and
 banana and for lunch + very good live fresh
 rice at night. C. made k. W. for A. me - we
 got her a Disc + Blue denim (made for camp)
 4419 We are changed lists of things we'd like
 to get out give 57 K. Menthol Col. + 100
 sent in for Pens, Cigars, Cigarettes + other
 things. We had sweet choc. C. nut milk on our
 table.

children + a Camp present for each of the 4 mas trees
 also ice cream - T. L. R. com: did very well.
DECEMBER 26
 4419 I'll travel from yesterday, was having a bad cold
 Development from the Camp that it was almost 100
 4419 large cases, mostly food in camp, some eggs
 + oranges, fruit supplies + clothing. The report
 says a small plot's shipment. I was promised
 getting above. Med. Supply, a fair but not too
 heard - It has not been decided yet. Low die
 tribution by Oros will be cancelled - Probable, mail
 will be retained by T.S. Com. for future needs.
 4419 (milk was not returned) - C. + cutting - too
 4419 much things. The boys eat in spirit that
 sent food yesterday which provided last night's supper
 + today's lunch. Pills sent a cake for all. There
 display of loyalty love + generosity exceeded last year's
 about 2000 idios. Yesterday also some
 figures to difference in picture - R. agreed
 + Xmas was quoted in Text 2-1-42 post 2-1-42
 4419 RAID at shortly after 10 - planes over P. 2
 day. Had a fruit cake of bread, half with the rest of
 our Xmas. Palm + half with our Camp Xmas, issue
 a jam - very good. It is wonderful that a list we
 can get from the pamphlet that 7 food. Last day
 ing will justice to her partners + White Chew + P. 2
 get her things, open ALERT Washon after 6 P.M.
 D. had beans in night + I please say the one. Rumor
 that embassy coming in + Military leaving Camp.
 also that Manila can not be defended.

Sample pages from the original diary.

December 1941-December 1942

December 8: Early news of bombing Pearl Harbor, unbelievable in view of latest negotiations of Japanese representatives in Washington. Later in a.m. reports of bombing in Baguio and Clark Field. It was decided to send the [National City] Bank families to Canlubang [Golf Club on the Calamba Sugar Estate about 30 miles south of Manila] after Madrigal gave us the use of the [club etc. Fred's driver took Althea and Caroline Jane [hereafter known as CJ] and the Dyson's in my car. Left car at Canlubang. I took the bag which Althea packed with silver jewelry and keepsakes to the bank. All the bank wives except Chris Sperry and Lois Sperring went to Canlubang. We had phone connection every day and one or more of the men stayed at the club. I was there for several days, December 17-22, and drove my car home with Dr. Strong and Mrs. Irwin as passengers. I was also there for the weekend of the 13th. The situation became more difficult on December 24th and we brought the families home [to Manila].

January 1: The Marsh family came to stay with us. We had turkey for Xmas but the air raids caused the current to be turned off so it wasn't very well roasted. Saturday the treasury was bombed. Hank Sperry was there but escaped. It was not easy trying to work amidst raids and meals were most irregular. Sunday we had another raid on the walled city. Manila had been declared an open city Xmas eve and Gen. Mac Arthur had moved his headquarters outside. S [Sayre] and A [?] also left. Sunday the 28th we met with other banks at Malacañan Palace with Secretary Vargas. Monday was busy, last day of banking year as 30 and 31 were holidays.

Fires from bombings and other reasons converted Manila into an inferno in spots. Our home was peaceful. Went to office both holidays for a time. The Marshes decided to set up their own house again as they had found their servants. We all had New Year's Eve quietly at home. The Hamilton family with Mrs. Loucks and her son Charles [age 10] came in with mattresses. The Marsh family returned also. The Japanese were expected to enter the City [Manila]—looting.

January 2: Our household consisted of us three, [Fay, Althea, and CJ] Felipe our cook, his wife Hilaria and three children, the *lavan-dera*, her husband and little girl, Amando (Felipe's nephew), Miguel, Patring, five Hamiltons, Gregorio and Tim [the Hamilton's servants] , our *amah*, Timotea, Swish Loucks, Charles, and four Marshes and their Chinese *amah*.

January 3: The Japanese entered the city last night. Great *Banzais* at the Nippon Club. Huge fires in the Port Area, Pandacan near Ayala Bridge. A pall of smoke over everything. Callers [Japanese military] expected any moment.

January 4: We stayed close at home. We learn that [Alexander D.] Calhoun, Bill Young and Chet Grant were taken from Bank yesterday to Villamor Hall. Later we heard that Santo Tomas opened today.

January 5: Waiting behind closed shutters. We hear of various ones among our friends who have received visitors. Our family happy though somewhat large. Great burying time. [We buried bottles of liquor and canned food throughout the garden.]

January 6: Anne Lee Marsh's 2nd birthday. THE DAY—Just before noon, during beer hour, callers arrived and we all went to Ri-

zal Stadium and then to Santo Tomas. “Food for three days.” Annette Marsh and children [Anne Lee & Huntley] and Swish and Charles Loucks were allowed to remain at our house.

January 7: Last night on the cement left a few sore spots. Scotty Marsh and I under one mosquito net in room with Colonel Gilhouser, Sam Gaches, Ewald Selph, Charles Franks, “Cooky”, John McCord. We’re to be here more than “3 days.”

January 8: Coffee by the Red Cross in the morning but the rest of our food comes from our stock or is brought by Felipe and Gregorio. Tupas is helpful. We are off the cement.

January 9: Mattresses from home have arrived “over the fence.” The big Kestler matrimonial bed which the Hamiltons had at our house has followed us in and Althea and Mary [Hamilton] and three kids [CJ, David, and Bill] are on it.

January 10: All the bank people are here—Calhoun, Young, and Grant were three days at Villamor Hall under difficult conditions. Louise Harris and two children are at Baker’s. Latter at Meralco office.

January 11-15: The camp is getting organized. The Japanese are allowing internal self government and not imposing many restrictions. Mr. [Ernest] Stanley is interpreter. [Earl] Carroll has been asked to represent the internees and he has gathered a group of advisors together called the Central Committee. After some confusion at first an organization is being worked out dividing the affairs of the camp into classes with committees to look after the various activities. There is much criticism but on the whole things are working out OK. The Health and Sanitation Committee is the most important. Discipline is good. A hospital has been organized in the

School of Mines with Dr. Leach (Rockefeller Foundation) in charge. He has Dr. Whitacre, also Rockefeller, and several Red Cross nurses and local nurses. Dr. Merchant and Dr. Doyle have dental clinics. (Later Dr. Fanton, also).

January 16: Many Red Cross arm bands, but it is not clear just how far they are being permitted to function. [Thomas J.] Wolff, [Charles] Forster, [James] Cullens all in camp so they can do little or nothing.

January 17: Barker Brown appears to be the most active Red Cross man but the job is getting too big for casual handling. [Ellsworth D.] Gundelfinger is bringing in valuable food supplies.

January 18-19: Many people are without funds or outside contacts and must be fed. The breakfast line for coffee now has cracked wheat mush and is well patronized. The evening meal is also being used more and more by people whose outside food supply is failing. We, the Hamiltons and us, are being well provided by the folks at home.

January 20-21: The “fence” arrangement has shown up a wonderful spirit among friends and servants on the outside. We are getting good meals from Felipe and gifts of canned goods, fruit, cakes and all kinds of useful things from [NCB] clerks and clients. The morning and afternoon “fence” are amazing experiences.

January 22: The family continues to grow as more and more people are brought in. Some are allowed to leave too—Gaches, Kneedlers, Cookinghams, Gilhouser, Feldsteins, Bishop.

January 23-24: Our room #26 (220) now has Lind, Lehman, White, Larsen, McCord, John Benton, Fred Satterfield, Ewald

Selph, Sam Hamilton, young Sam, David Hamilton, Bissinger, Knight, Sylvester, Franks, Anderson, Brines, Janda, Evans, Philip, Ale, Heyward, Gunnison, Mydans, Corliss, Heesch, Bailey, Carpenter, Koster, Seitz, Ames, Nield.

January 25-26: Guard duty, standing in line, going to the “fence”, lugging food and dishes and washing up, cleaning rooms, all keep people busy. I have guard duty in main lobby daily from 7 to 9 a.m. This is MacArthur’s birthday. There was anti-aircraft fire close by the camp and sounds of bombing. Later we heard these were Filipino fliers.

January 27-28: Thankful we are all keeping well. We’ve completed our “shots” for typhoid, cholera and dysentery. I had had two before January 6. I had a reaction to the third in camp which kept me uncomfortable for several days. Have lost plenty of weight, particularly around the middle which is good.

January 29: As treasurer of the Red Cross I have had few jobs and so have taken to devoting most of my time to running errands at their office and being as useful as I can.

January 30: It is very difficult for the Red Cross to operate due to shortage of cash. It is also very unsatisfactory having to operate from inside the camp.

January 31: We and the Hamiltons are handling our problems of food etc. from the outside jointly. Laundry goes out so life is not too difficult.

February 1: Charlie Harris and Scotty Marsh have been released because of health. Scotty is running things for us on the outside,

purchasing and sending in supplies. Money is scarce and prices high.

February 2: Santo Tomas is a good place for a camp as long as a camp has to be. The main building dates from 1927 but the University is the oldest under the U.S. flag—1611.

February 3-4: The main building is three stories with a tower and roof rooms. Three floors are used for internees with the exception of some space reserved by the [Dominican] Padres for storage. The toilet facilities are limited but are being improved with additional showers etc. A central kitchen is being provided on the ground floor, and in the women's annex and hospital there are kitchens.

February 5: Internees number between 3000 and 4000. There were more in the beginning but many have gone out. Children and mothers in some cases have gone to Holy Ghost College.

February 6: The normal school at the University houses the women's annex which takes mothers and children. Our family did not have to move there and be broken up. It is a noisy and crowded place but they have three meals a day. CJ eats there and the Hamilton boys and Mary on account of Bill. They have small portions but the food is quite good.

February 8: The gym houses about 600 men and the Red Cross office; the *bodega* [warehouse] is in the Rifle Range nearby. The athletic field alongside is in use almost constantly with softball the most popular game. The Seminary building houses the Padres but the internees are not permitted to enter except into the chapel which is in that building. They are also excluded from the education building, which is the newest on the 57 acre campus and is being used by a few nuns [not internees].