THE
WOODSTOCK
LETTERS

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PHILIPPINE JESUITS UNDER THE JAPANESE

The Jesuits in the Philippine Islands on December 6, 1941 were situated in the following places:

Ateneo de Manila: a university, college, and high school, was conducted by 31 Priests, 17 Scholastics, and 5 Brothers.

San José Seminary: a seminary for native clergy, situated about 3 miles outside Manila, was conducted by 10 Priests, 6 Scholastics, and 3 Brothers.

Sacred Heart Novitiate: located in the village of Novaliches, 15 miles north of Manila. It housed 10 Priests, 26 Philosophers, 13 Juniors, 23 Novices, 9 Brothers.

Ateneo de Naga: in the city of Naga, in the southern part of the island of Luzon, a high school, opened in 1940. It was conducted by 3 Fathers and 6 Scholastics.

Anteneo de Cagayan: a high school and college on the island of Mindanao. Conducted by 6 Priests, 3 Scholastics and 1 Brother.

Ateneo de Zamboanga: a high school on the southern tip of the island of Mindanao. Conducted by 6 Priests, 3 Scholastics.

The following narrative tells of some of the experiences of the Scholastics teaching or studying in the Philippine Mission of the Society of Jesus. It is for this reason that the scattered mission stations of the Fathers are not mentioned above, nor is much detail

given in the narrative to the many and varied activities of the Fathers during the Japanese occupation of the Philippine Islands.*

WAR!

War flamed over the Philippines on December 8, 1941. It came with a rush of wings and the high, heavy throb of many motors in the cloudless sky. The Japanese attack was beautifully timed. Cool December, serene skies, serene seas, and hard crusted roads. To the scattered Jesuits, teaching, preaching, studying, it was multi-tongued lightning forking down into the clerical tranquillity of their lives. Its effects were like lightning too, upheaval, havoc, and destruction.

Ateneo de Manila

At the Ateneo, the air-raid siren wailed for the first time on the night of December 8. Several of the younger boarders were still with us. In the pitch dark of a total blackout, the Scholastics herded them down the stairs to the large dining room. They promptly went back to sleep on the tables.

The next day people seemed to be walking around in their sleep. They were completely stunned. The Manila papers spoke for the first time of hurtling bombs, flying shrapnel, and dismembered bodies. The Scholastics began to read up on first-aid. Under the able direction of Fr. Gisel, a course was started and completed in a week. Doctors and nurses were sent over from the Red Cross and part of the Ateneo became a first-aid Station and Emergency Hospital.

Our graduates of first-aid were instructed by the Red Cross to wait until the all-clear signal had sounded before starting out to the scene of a bombing. Since we always had several Fathers with us and we knew that their work could not wait, we were usually the first there. Of course, the Army was always there

* Editor's Note.—This account has been written by the Scholastics whose experiences it narrates. They are now continuing their theological studies at Woodstock, after their rescue and return. We think the reader will agree that their narrative richly deserves the entire issue of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS which we have devoted to it.

before us because they were the target. The Red Cross disagreed with the Army about the care of the victims. The Red Cross was all for giving first-aid and treating for shock before anyone was moved. The Army piled them into trucks and got them out of the way as soon as possible. There was little choice between these two methods. The delay of the Red Cross brought danger that the next flight of bombers might finish them off before they started for the hospital. The Army way of piling them into trucks brought death from shock before they reached the hospital. The only advantage lay with the Army. A mess was cleaned up and bodies were not left around to be counted and commented upon and rob the populace of what small morale was left.

Our work consisted mostly of gathering up the dead and taking them to the morgue. Our last trip, the day the Santo Domingo church was bombed and burned, was typical. We were using a new Ford station wagon left behind by the Navy. Our greatest hazard was the driver who nearly tipped the car over dodging bomb craters and hanging wires. It was a ghastly job. Wires down, curling and criss-crossing over the roads. Belching flames from the buildings, from the smoking barges on the river. The air filled with thick, hot dust. Burning cars with horns short-circuited and wailing as if they were being tortured by the flames. Dead horses in the streets. Charred human bodies with the heads blown off. Dogs trapped in the fire and howling for help. The white Japanese planes circled and circled for three terrifying hours. By the score, wounded were pulled out and the Red Cross gave first-aid and laid them out on stretchers. The planes came round again. We lifted the stretchers into the station wagon and drove off to the morgue.

Cavite Navy Yard is a long, thin peninsula fingering out into Manila Bay. The Japanese planes, wheeling leisurely beyond the reach of the ack-ack, rained bombs on this defenseless target. In the first two minutes they hit the powerhouse, leaving the yard no electricity, no water, to fight the fires.

"Too many bodies to bury, Father," said an officer. "We burn 'em, layer of bodies, layer of tires, layer of bodies, layer of tires. Tires burn very well."

The refugees from Cavite poured over to Manila and our emergency hospital began to function. A typical refugee family was Mrs. Lippy and her three children, the youngest a two-weeks-old baby girl. Her husband was killed in the first bombing of the Navy Yard. Their little bungalow was demolished. This young mother walked into the Ateneo, sturdy, courageous, her baby in one arm, a small hand-bag in the other, her two little boys trailing disconsolately behind her. In the hand-bag were the baby's dresses. Nothing else was left.

The war had lasted one shattering week when the Corregidor, an inter-island steamer, jampacked with fleeing refugees, slipped from anchorage. Destination: Mindanao. She rammed the last mine in the field in the bay and in three minutes disappeared below the waves. One survivor described it: "First there were the frantic screams of the passengers trapped in their cabins, then horrible silence, save for the gurgling of the water as it closed over the doomed ship."

The next morning the ambulances brought to our hospital a hundred oil-soaked survivors. Fr. Gisel made a solution to wash the oil from their blood-shot eyes. That night one man died, the first in the Ateneo.

No one will ever know who and how many went down with the Corregidor. The Fathers and Scholastics thumbed their class-lists, telephoned, made personal calls trying to locate students. Two boys of Mr. Edgar Martin's class with their two sisters were on that boat. Only the elder boy was saved. An anxious father wired from Mindanao, "Have any of my three sons and two daughters left Manila?" They had all started, but we could not find their names on the list of survivors.

The Ateneo held "Open House" these days. A group of Holy Cross Fathers and three La Salettes headed for India and Burma were caught in Manila and remained with us for the duration. Joseph Bégin, a

Canadian Scholastic attached to the Mohammedan Mission, arrived. He was a seasoned refugee. He fled Lebanon when the Italians pointed their tanks at Syria. He fled Peking as the Japanese arm-lock on China tightened. He fled Manila Bay when his boat was bombed by the Liberators of Asia.

One Saturday noon in late December, the U. S. Army blew up their oil supplies in Manila. It was a thunderous explosion, followed by column after column of black smoke and red flames climbing up the sky. We could hear the roar of the fires. Little boys from the neighborhood looked, pop-eyed, at the flames, ran down to confession, and ran back smiling. "Tapus na," "It is finished," they said. They meant their confessions, but "Tapus na" applied just as well to the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

The next day it rained, not rain, but soot, running a tiny river of black down the full length of a white habit. Manila lay in a dark, drizzling, depressing pall. Fires raged all over the city, like the campfires of an army in the night. MacArthur was abandoning Manila to the Japanese. The Army and Navy stores were thrown open to all. Loot was the last act in the three weeks' tragedy. Everybody looted. The Chinese looted the Army and Navy, the Filipinos looted the Chinese, the Spaniards looted both. Even the Jesuits looted; five barrels of wine from the piers, so that Christ might still come to the chalice at Mass.

Novaliches

From Aparri to Jolo the order was "Total Blackout," with emphasis on the total. A pinpoint of light called forth a warning. There was no second warning, only the crack of a rifle pointed at that light. They took no chances. There had already been too much sabotage, too many "Fifth Columnists." Clark Field flattened. Nichol's Field, heaps of twisted fighters and bombers. Mirrors on the roofs of Manila by day, flashlights on the roofs of Manila by night. Something was rotten in the P. I. Overnight they became "Isles

of Fear." "Put out that light! . . . Get off this road! . . . Your car is commandeered! . . . Stay off the streets in a raid! . . . Don't go out after dark!"

In the Scholastics' recreation room the radio's rich baritone blared on: "Filipinos! Have faith! Already across the vast Pacific the blond giants from the North, from San Francisco, from Denver, from Chicago, from New York, are speeding to your rescue. Mightily armed, they will crush your violator to the dust, Filipinos! Stand fast!"

We stood round the radio, silenced. We came for hope and we got . . . rhetoric. In Manila, fifteen miles south, more fires were pyramiding into the sky. In the west, the guns were steadily increasing their tempo. We didn't need the radio. We had our news.

* * * *

Today is Christmas Eve. Carefully, casually, lay the Mother and Babe in the sweet-smelling straw. Our Rector, Fr. Fasy, spoke quietly, "Our Bethlehem is wonderful, but we cannot stay to enjoy it. Our southern line is withdrawing to join the northern line in Bataan. Novaliches lies in the path of the Japanese. Tomorrow morning pack your mosquito net and clothing and start walking to Manila. Start at 6:00 A. M. You may have to walk all the way. A Merry Christmas to all!"

Three hours to pack before Midnight Mass. What to take? What to leave? Fifteen miles under a tropical sun is no pleasure jaunt. Those invaluable Juniorate notes? Maybe the Japs will stop to translate the Greek and they will never get to Manila. Those pictures of our trip through Japan? They sure look different now. A pair of rubbers? I wonder if the Japs will stand around when the next rainy season comes? And now bags were bulging and the floor was littered with hoardings. Cicero and Demosthenes were among the casualties. Descartes and Kant lay buried under a tourist guide of Kyoto.

Midnight Mass. The dark, crowded chapel. Two candles throw high, bewitching shadows on the statue of the Sacred Heart over the altar. "O Little Town

of Bethlehem, the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight." A holy Christmas to Mom and Dad and all the kids at home. The only word from the States was a cablegram to Mr. Charles Wolf. His brother went down with the "Arizona" at Pearl Harbor. *"Dona nobis pacem."* 12:45 A. M. Pacific War Time.

Next morning, the San José Seminarians, our guests for the past two weeks, left first. Their Rector, Fr. Leo Cullum, blessed them with a warning, "Keep out of sight, avoid all soldiers, take no chances. Keep Christ in your hearts, Our Lady's Rosary in your hand until we're all back together again in San José."

Five hours later all the Jesuits checked in at the Ateneo Grade School. As they fled to Manila they were pushed into the ditches on the roadside by a fleeing army. The tanks, the trucks, the jammed buses, the heavy guns, the generals, captains, and buck privates raced up the Manila North Road to the mouth of Bataan. Manila was left an open city, wide open . . . to the Japanese.

We were now in Intramuros, the Spanish Walled City. Once these cramped, narrow streets listened to the musical clink of Spanish spurs and sabres, the liquid slur of soft Spanish vowels, the flowery eloquence of Spanish romance. There's little romance to this war, though, so we quickly found our air-raid shelter. It was the arched vestibule behind the great panelled doors. Three solid floors above us. The Port Area, target No. 1 of the Japanese Air Force, was only three hundred yards away. We needed an air-raid shelter.

Christmas dinner was served at noon. Buns, beans, coffee. Between the buns and the beans, a rapid-fire burst of a machine gun, then another, and a thundering explosion shook the building. Sixty white-robed Jesuits hit the floor in nothing flat. Chairs and tables went flying. We tried to pull them over our heads, crawling to the wall away from the open windows. Between explosions we wormed our way to the arches. You could hear the bombers roaring down their line of flight, the screaming of bomb after bomb whizzing

towards the boats and piers. If that bomb-sight is off one-thirty-second of an inch . . . Crash! The building shakes, the lights swing violently, the heavy panelled doors rattle like dice! General Absolution to all. Another terrific explosion! Another! For one deafening, hair-raising hour!

We went back to our cold beans and buns and coffee. Suddenly there was a screaming whistling roar not thirty feet away. Sixty not-so-white habits hit the floor again. Tense, crouching, chilling silence. An Army ambulance careening wildly down the street turned another corner and brakes and tires screamed again. Sheepishly, we picked ourselves up. The joke was on us—so was the dirt.

Newspaper headlines read: "Manila An Open City." At last it was official. But did anyone tell those bombardiers? They're whaling away at the docks again, and we're scurrying for the arches. Ours was not to reason why—the sword is mightier than the pen. We were beginning to associate those arches with Christmas. Bells and balls on archways. Garlands and festoons on archways.

Three times more on Christmas Day. A two hour vigil on Christmas night, huddled in pajamas, beblanketed . . . in the archway. On the morning of the twenty-sixth, twice more. Twenty-six rosaries in the archway. Enough's enough. We scrambled out and headed for the Ateneo on Padre Faura. On the way the Japanese planes came again and we hit the dirt . . . but not in the archway.

Naga

On December the 14th the Japanese moved into Naga, unopposed. An unattractive little Jap takes over a Scholastic's room. He is likewise unopposed. Lifting one paper from a stack of uncorrected compositions on the desk, he inspects it, crumbles it into a ball with his free hand, and tosses it into the corner, scornfully. "Hurry up." The Scholastic hurried and joined the rest of the community in the corridor just outside

the door. Japanese soldiers take over to escort us to jail, and take the job very, very seriously. Along the way from the corners of our eyes we can see small boys from first year high peeping from behind barrels and fences to get a last look at the Fathers. We stare straight ahead, but our hearts are behind fences and barrels. They are enlisted, or in the hills with our boys.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," but it is surprising what a strong jail stone walls, and iron bars can make. The old Spaniards had plenty of both, and when they built the Naga jail, they built it to last. The walls are thick, high, windowless, grey, and they enclose a small patio about fifteen yards by thirty from which the beautiful tropical sky took on a new form. It became oblong, and cloudless, and monotonous. It grew more so every day.

Into this little patio opened our cell, and into this dirty, dingy cell, they marched eight white-robed Jesuits and closed the door. There wasn't much light or space, but there had been plenty of air before they shut the door. Now there was but one small window. The air that filtered through its bars was sweet and very precious . . . it was, until rain broke the surface of the stagnant estero (backwash of the Bicol river) below. At such times we would have been glad if we could only have gotten along without it.

That was the set up—our own lovely, but not too happy community with a Jap for a "rector," a new set of customs, and a new policy. We were to learn of these very soon because Kobota, a Jap civilian and long resident of Naga, who was installed, as he boasted, by the "military," suffered no inhibitions whatsoever. He started out by throwing our former rector, Fr. Burns, into solitary confinement. This was Father's first, but not, unfortunately, his last taste of badly bruised solitude. Anyway, that very night we found out that Kobota didn't think that his community should have tables at all, nor chairs either. Knives and forks he abolished, though food, he conceded, was a necessary evil. We came to look upon it the same way, very

necessary and very evil. Especially did we feel thus when a guard finally opened the door a little and passed in a small saucepan of stew and eight spoons. "Light?" we asked. He answered, "No light." "Candles?" "No candles." Ah well, we did have beds, anyway, and we were tired.

In the morning we learned that Kobota had found a radio-victrola in the corner of our recreation room and had reported that he captured our receiving and transmitting set. That was why Fr. Burns ended in solitary confinement the preceding evening. We were spies.

The French Revolution spotlighted many strange characters—so did the Japanese invasion. In the center of that spotlight was Kobota. He raised a mustache, wore about four holsters strapped to various parts of his anatomy, went about uncovering imaginary conspiracies, threw back his head arrogantly, and beat prisoners mercilessly. Kobota bestrode Naga like a colossus. Far beyond the limits of our little jail, he was known, "cussed," and hated enthusiastically. Of all the tyrannical, domineering, sons of the Emperor, he was not the least. He was mean, capricious, and suspicious. With Kobota around, life did not become boring. It was never safe enough for that. We knew that he would shoot us just as soon as not, and that was rather uncomfortable. Hectic were the days that followed, but we were never called to trial, never convicted, never declared innocent. Fortunately, we were never shot either, not even by accident.

We once saw Kobota splinter a heavy narra-wood stool over the head of a taxi-driver who five years before had overcharged a Jap fish merchant. Long standing grudges were settled once and for all. Yet, every time a certain Japanese admiral came from Legaspi, he repeated that this was a war between sovereign nations, not individuals.

At another time a crowd of Japs stood around the prostrate form of a Filipino flattened by a baseball bat and jujitsu combination. It seemed that they had be-

come touched by compassion; at least, it did until the oldest man in the group hobbled over, raised his foot with difficulty, and then began to stamp on the poor fellow's face. Old Mateo, an American Negro, said, "Ah prayed for a legion of avengin' angels."

One Filipino trustee reported a long list of looters. One by one the Japs disposed of them in the customary fashion. Then finally, it was discovered that these were not looters, but personal enemies that had been reported. Well, "so sorry, excuse please, mistake," and one more, not on the list, was beaten and bruised beyond recognition.

Once a looter was stood up in the public square and shot just for an example, and all the while heavy trucks full of Japanese loot rumbled down the road.

One of these trucks loaded with legitimate loot, old rifles, and ammunition captured from the constabulary, caused no little concern because all Jap civilians shared the spoils. They fingered the rifles, played with them, loaded, fired, reloaded them, trained the sights on an innocent bystander, and then fired into the air—some fun. The cook leaned his rifle against the wall. It went off by accident and grazed the guard's head. They finally convinced the old boy that he was not shot, but not easily.

Our jail was used as a refreshing station for soldiers on the way to Manila. They were a motley mob of thugs. Many of them looking as though they swam all the way from Formosa. They ate, they drank, then moved on, but while there, they had no respect whatsoever for our privacy. Sometimes they got playful. One swung a loose bayonet at a Scholastic's knees just to test American nerves. Who said these Japs have no sense of humor?

An apostate priest in Naga had a sign over his general store: "MASSES SOLD HERE MORE CHEAPLY THAN AT THE CATHEDRAL." The Japanese did not like this. They believe in complete separation of business and religion. This priest's trouble, ever since his days in the seminary, was a deep love of argumen-

tation. The Japanese did not let him argue. They knelt him down in the middle of the road, in the dust, and stood over him with a sword, saying: "You be priest or you run store. Choose."

The man knelt in wild confusion, wide-eyed, seeing his whole life at the crossroads, thinking of the biennium in Canon Law which he had had at Rome, thinking of his would-be wife and four children waiting for him at home. The sword lifted, threatening, and he howled his decision. He cried: "I run store!"

On Christmas Day Fr. Burns and Fr. Reilly said Mass for the first time since jailborne. Fr. Bittner commenced his, but it was interrupted by the arrival of another contingent of soldiers. In the evening we were going to sing a few carols very, very softly, but Kobota chased us into the cell and slammed the door. It was a merry Christmas in spite of him.

New Year's brought the announcement of Manila's fall. Suga, one of the less objectionable Japs, gave us each one warm bottle of beer to wash down that funny lump that always gathers in the throat at such a time. We drank it.

Rumors, of course, rose and subsided as regularly as the tide, and like the tide, our spirits were sometimes high, sometimes low. Through that little window mentioned before, we managed to get a few fragments of straight news. With two cookie tins to serve as sounding boards, we could get a sentence or two occasionally from the radio of a Filipino down the street. The Jap radio in the patio was a constant nuisance. Jap news, Jap propaganda skits, Jap music grated on our nerves all day and all night. Ordinary Jap conversation sounded like a fight, but when Kobota's open forum vied with the blaring radio to discuss the fate of a new prisoner, it sounded like a riot. We played rummy to keep sane.

Crises came and crises passed, but we went on forever. One night the city burnt away from us. We saw the flames, smelled the smoke, felt the heat. In the

morning we were surrounded by black ashes, yet the Naga jail was open for business as usual.

Another night we were greatly excited by a general commotion and suppressed remarks about Americans coming. We waited. They arrived. Then there were about twenty more prisoners for Kobota to gloat over.

One evening a Jap with a face like a sphinx appeared at the gate, and he was very drunk. As sparrows on a fence, startled by a stone, scatter, so did we. That is, most of us did. Two scholastics were a bit slow on the take off. The sphinx face headed directly for us and was tugging at the holster by his hip. We didn't want to give the impression that we were running away lest he shoot, so we slowly hurried towards our cell. But no fooling the sphinx face, he steered an unsteady, but hasty course to the doorway and overtook us. He gave a tremendous heave at that holster and this time was successful. He drew—a bottle of whiskey. We heaved a sigh of relief, and accepted the present, genuinely grateful for the fact that at least one Jap grew affectionate when drunk.

It was unfortunate that good American liquor did not affect his companions the same way. For instance, Kobota, Jr.—unaffectionately known as Junior, and called Kobota for no relationship other than a kindred spirit, thought he could conquer the world after a few drinks. It certainly did give him the strength to kick many a poor prisoner around and he was willing to settle for that.

Funny little things like that surprise bottle of whiskey did take place from time to time, but we were not able to appreciate the humorousness of it. Kobota haunted our dreams, and disturbed our waking hours. Of all his acquaintances I know one that can think of him now and smile—a bright-eyed young houseboy of ours named Marko.

This is how it happened. Brother Adriatico had ordered Marko to tell no one where a certain radio was hidden. The scowling Kobota and a sabre-rattling army officer were insisting upon finding out. They

towered over Marko, and hurled threat after threat at his head. The poor boy was terrified, and quaked at the knees when Kobota growled: "Tell me the truth." "I'm sorry, sir, but I, . . . I cannot tell you the truth," Marko confessed in the simplicity of his heart. You can imagine his surprise when Kobota accepted the explanation. Kobota, of course, was never too quick mentally. I should mention that when Batavia fell, he celebrated the fall of Bataan. You see, Nature had fashioned him for a wrestler, but somehow or other he became our governor.

Perhaps the worst torment of that prison was the sense of utter helplessness. Just outside our cell a Jap flew into a frenzy and beat up a very good friend of ours. There were seven of us standing by, seven as white and hot as iron rods in a furnace, seven with clenched fists and gritted teeth, seven on the verge of doing what each was afraid another would do, seven stood there and prayed for the strength not to do what would have been as good as suicide. It would have been foolish to hit a Jap. We knew that. We saw a Filipino raise his arm to ward off a blow and saw the Jap interpret it as an act of aggression. We saw them pile on him. We could do nothing about that either. The quiet of a sleepy siesta hour, the silence of the night would be broken by a blood-curdling scream, by wild shouts, sometimes a shot—then quiet would return, but not slumber. You could not go to sleep again, you didn't want to—there was nothing you could do except lie there, looking up at the ceiling, and pray for the poor fellow.

Time is relative. Our days and nights were closely related to centuries, but they did eventually, after lingering over-long, pass by.

But how we wanted to get out of that place, to get away from Kobota, his civilian musketeers, and his "military." We yearned for battleships, and Fortresses, and paratroopers, but they were not to come for a long, long time. We did not know what lay ahead of us, but we were glad to leave Naga and Kobota behind.

Rejoicing for the present, and confident of the future, we shook the dust of the jail from our feet, and headed for Manila, to which we were being transferred. Of course, we were well escorted.

When we reached Manila we found that death had touched almost every family in the city. The people were grim and quiet. Of the Filipino boys who had fought at Bataan more than thirty-five thousand had died in the Japanese prison camps, of malaria and dysentery. The survivors, released through the generosity of his imperial majesty, were coming back into the city haggard, emaciated, bitter; or puffed and swollen with beri-beri.

MANILA

The City Under the Japanese

"Stay Off the Streets—Remain Quietly at Home", said the big, red-lettered sign on City Hall.

Manila's Chief of Police stopped two Scholastics, "Tell the Fathers at the Ateneo either to pour out their wine or hide it securely. We don't know what the Japanese soldiers will do".

The New Year was announced by a loud banging and yelling at the iron gate of the Ateneo. "Open up! In the name of the Imperial Japanese Army, open up!" We opened up and were inspected for the first time. Two Japanese soldiers barricaded themselves with sandbags and mounted guard on our doorstep.

Americans began to be interned immediately. The Japanese started with the Manila Hotel, worked around the residential sections, cleaned out the apartment houses, and came to the Ateneo with the Magi. It was our first taste of lining up and filling out questionnaires. A Japanese officer said: "Pack a few necessary things, you are to be taken to a safe place". The Ateneo was safe enough for us, we said, but the officer did not

agree. While we were bumbling and fumbling with the forms to be filled out, Fr. Hurley got in touch with higher authorities in the Japanese Religious Section.

Soon the City was swarming with Japanese soldiery. Japanese sentries at all the crossways. Japanese boats in the bay, Japanese sailors on the boulevard, posing besides palm-trees to have their pictures taken. Platoons of soldiers marching through the streets at night, singing. Hobnails clicking on the hard asphalt. Bayonets gleaming in the street-lights.

But still Bataan held out. Each night we would listen to the Voice of Freedom, broadcast from Corregidor. We would listen in the dark, sweltering, windows shut, blinds drawn, lookouts posted. We weren't supposed to have a radio. "The Americans are closer than you think!" said the Voice of Freedom. "They'll be here sooner than you expect!"

But at Bataan our artillery couldn't fire, because the Jap planes kept circling overhead like buzzards. At our first burst they would come screaming down strafing, and the bombs would leave dead heroes and twisted metal where the guns had been. We had no planes. So Bataan fell, and Corregidor, and the Voice of Freedom was still.

We have had less food to eat than in the first days of the Occupation, but we never had worse. Our storeroom was packed with sacks of cracked wheat. The only difficulty was that the bugs got there first. Even at that, it was breakfast for four hundred people for a full year. When the cereal was served, some ate the bugs and cereal, some fastidiously tried to remove the bugs, some could eat neither. The same storeroom contained a quantity of corn. Fr. Gisel ground up the kernels to a powder and from this our baker made muffins. These were the foundation of the evening meal for two and one-half years. They were also the subject of some very deprecatory remarks—as they well deserved.

The Japanese pasted a very imposing sign on our front door. Soldiers going by would stop, read the sign, gaze about the building curiously, and pass on.

We managed to get it translated. It read: "Headquarters of the Imperial Army of Central Luzon". They had intended to give us the boot, and to this day no one, not even the Japanese, knows why we were not taken to Santo Tomas in the January cleanup.

During our two years occupancy of the Ateneo we were subject to frequent and unexpected inspections. For, while the Jesuits were there, it was a focal point of Filipino-American vitality. The oppressed people came there to share in our own optimism. A Filipino was stopped once on the street by a friend and asked: "Where are you going now?" He replied, "Over to the Ateneo to get the news. Want to come along?" The Japanese had spies across the street to observe our comings and goings. Suspects were asked in Fort Santiago why so many Filipinos went to the Ateneo. One boy answered that he went there to consult with the "Father of his soul". That was too much for the dumbfounded grillers. They dismissed him, warning him to avoid the evil influence of the Ateneo Fathers. So when our own inspectors appeared at our front door, we had to be prepared. At the arrival of the Japanese, Mrs. Laband, our telephone operator, a Jewish refugee from Hitler, rang every phone in the house four times. The sick in our hospital (the east wing of the first floor was an extension of the main hospital of the Santo Tomas Internment Camp) scurried back to their wards, jumped into bed and pulled the blankets up to their chins. Fr. Hurley became immediately and gravely ill, too sick to receive any visitors. The Ateneo transformed itself into a model of industrious nonchalance. The visitors were shown the crowded dormitories, the crowded hospital, the crowded chapel and bowed out the front door. Then Mrs. Laband rang the house phones five times for the "all clear". This system was effective for a year and a half until a very imposing group arrived, would not take no for an answer, penetrated to Fr. Hurley and ordered the main building evacuated in three days.

Mindanao was invaded and captured. It began to dawn on even the most optimistic that this was no six-

months war, that we were a long ways from home and that, in particular, something ought to be done about the Scholastics. Theology could be started. It would keep them busy and give them something to think about other than food.

Theological Studies

All the Scholastics, from graduate Philosophers to graduate Regents were exiled to a wing of the Observatory, called St. Robert Bellarmine Collegium Maximum, and began to take everything even hinted at in the *Statuta.* Our reference library included Migne and Mansi and scores of Hebrew dictionaries, with Felder and Grandmaison to keep us up to date. Our circles and sermons were topped off by a colossal disputation in the auditorium, the defenders on the stage, the objectors in the boxes, and the faculty in the orchestra pit all volleying Scholastic barrages at once.

Soon it was our second war-time Christmas. The tide of battle was beginning to turn but Manila lay far within the perimeter of Co-Prosperity. The curfew was lifted for Midnight Mass. The papers spoke of the spirit of Christmas. But side by side with a Christmas poem, they told of another religion that antedated Christianity, the "divine spirit of Bushido". The officials of the puppet government received gifts in the "spirit of Christianity" from high Army officers, but Shinto shrines were set up in Manila and Japanese bonzes were brought over from Japan to initiate the worship of Hirohito, child of divinity.

The Scholastics' choir caroled through the corridors of Philippine General Hospital on Christmas Eve. They sang soft lullabies in the nurseries and the little brown faces peered wistfully at white candles and white surplices. They bellowed the rollicking carols of Spain in the Spanish wards, and sang homely English hymns for the homesick Americans. The entire Hospital was dewy-eyed with gratitude. We floated home on a wave of exultation. The front gate was locked. Any casual passerby would have been open-

mouthed to see the white habits clambering up the high iron fence, over the spikes, and dropping into the front yard just in time for Midnight Mass.

Co-Prosperity

The Japanese were the only ones in the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere who got enough to eat. That Sphere was their invention. All their conquered countries belonged to it. "Co-Prosperity isn't a term in English," said one Filipino student. "It's algebra! As the tangent approaches infinity, the co-tangent approaches zero. As Japan prospers, look what happens to the rest of us!"

When the Filipino guerrillas in the city became good and hungry they started a little reign of terror of their own. They began to asassinate the puppet government, one by one. They passed the list around, so that everybody knew who would be next. And sure enough he would be! They would find him at dawn, hanging on a fence, with thirty-three bullets in him. This was very discouraging to government officials. They tried to resign, but the Japanese wouldn't let them.

José Laurel, the President, was ambushed on the golf course. He came down from the tee onto the fairway and that's all he remembers. The Japanese guards who were flanking him didn't know anything. When the firing started they had their noses in the dirt and they didn't see anybody. For weeks the Tribune carried bulletins on the President's condition, with pictures of Japanese surgeons bending over his bed. His son, Mariano, had been a student in the Ateneo before the war, well-liked by the Scholastics, so we followed the case with interest. The President didn't die, but the killings continued. Gun duels in the streets. Real wild-west scenes.

One morning the Military Police announced that they had rounded up the asassins. They said that four of the conspirators, after a week in Fort Santiago under protective custody, had been smitten with remorse and had made a clean breast of it. About thirty men would

be executed. The Tribune carried a picture of the battered four who had confessed. They looked as if smitten with something more than remorse.

About this time Fr. Anthony Gampp came up from the leper colony at Culion in a fishing boat, and reported to Fr. Hurley. Culion, a small island off the coast of Luzon, is the largest leper colony in the world. There are over 5,000 victims of this scourge on the island. When the American Government set it aside for the sole use of lepers in 1906, the spiritual care of the people was offered to the Society. It has been ours since that date. Usually there are two Fathers stationed there, and their parish duties are a twenty-four hour job.

The children of lepers are born clean. In Culion newborn babes are taken from their parents, raised in a separate home, fed special food and released when it is certain that they do not have the disease. But during the war the nursery had no food. So the children were sent back to their parents. But the parents had no food either, and the authorities could not force them to stay on the island and starve. So lepers began to leave Culion, in open boats. They cropped up in the streets of Manila.

Examinations in First Year Theology came and passed and eight Philosophers moved to our Observatory wing to begin Theology. There wasn't any room for them on our floor, so we put them up in the attic to live with the discarded Weather instruments.

Jaime Neri, a Scholastic, came up from the island of Mindanao by out-rigger canoe. From him we got first-hand information on the invasion of that island and also the details of the death of Fr. Thomas Rocks. Fr. Rocks, with some American soldiers, was fleeing from the Japanese when they were ambushed by a hunting party of wild savages. The soldiers escaped. Fr. Rocks, trustful that a padre would be unmolested, stayed behind. He was shot and killed. Later, his body was found, or rather the parts of it, for it had been cut into twenty-three pieces.

In July of 1943, the Japanese wounded began pouring into Manila from the South. The military cast an avaricious eye upon the main building of the Ateneo. It's wide corridors and spacious dormitories would make a fine hospital. So they took it and it did.

Moving

We began to move out on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1943. The day opened in a burst of glory with a Solemn High Mass, after which we slipped out of white habits and began stevedoring. It was a tremendous task. The Ateneo was a Theologate, a Philosophate, a Juniorate, a Novitiate, a Major and Minor Seminary, an Observatory, an internee hospital, the Curia of the Mission, and a Residence, with a dozen German refugees living somewhere on the grounds. We started on the top floor, hoping to reach street level in the allotted three days. But an hour after starting, things moved much faster than we did. We looked around, curious. With the speed of a rumor, word had flashed through Manila that the Ateneo Fathers were being kicked out. Then they came in droves. Alumni of thirty years, alumni of three years, the sons of alumni, their daughters, wives, sisters, even their mothers. Nuns, priests, seminarians, Spaniards, Tagalogs, Visayans, Igorots. This was their chance to take a crack at the Japs. They think they are going to get a furnished building. Let's clean it out!

The action was unbelievably fast. Desks, tables, chairs, wastebaskets, lamps, came rolling down the stairs. The elevator shot up and down like an automatic drill. Vestments, candlesticks, altar-linens, stations of the Cross, and finally the altar itself would come flying out of a third-floor chapel. Long lines of Igorots, mostly girls, filed down one flight to the door, library books under each arm, another half-dozen on their heads. The blackboards were pried from the classroom walls. Mr. William Nicholson went through the shower rooms, wrench in hand, unscrewing the sprays from the showers. Pictures, frames, and even the nails

were yanked from the walls. Men staggered down the stairs under the heavy electric ceiling fans; the water coolers were unpiped and pipes and all slid down the three flights to the pushcarts. The master clock, high in the patio, was wrenched loose and whisked away. After using the elevator all day, it couldn't very well be carried away, so they smashed it beyond repair. A nun seized the desk on which a Jap soldier was leaning and marched off with it. The stoves and ovens were slipped out the back way. The unconnected water pipes continued to flow freely and flooded the kitchen. A frantic Jap marked with white chalk the furniture to be confiscated. The sister-in-law of a Jesuit marched behind him with a damp cloth wiping off the chalk marks. The Japs moved in some of their own furniture, and split the air with Nipponese profanity two minutes later when they found it on our pushcarts in the front of the building.

The Japanese gave us three days to move out. With characteristic guile, they moved in on the morning of the second day, automatically elbowing us out. All the city smiled slyly however, because with the help of half of Manila, we had left only the walls, floors, and doors.

The Novices had betaken themselves and Rodriguez to the Retreat House, La Ignaciana. In the front yard of San Marcelino Seminary the worldly possessions of the Theologate lay in piles on the lawn. Fr. Hurley and his Curia went home to San Ignacio in the Walled City. The Philosophate lived in the old wooden shacks in the rear of the Ateneo.

Our Spanish Hosts

"Hurry up! Keep moving, keep moving!"

"What's holding up the works? If I ever build a Scholasticate, all the stairs are going to be wide, wide, with no elbows on the turns".

"Take it easy, here comes another pushcart."

"Another one! That makes one thousand, nine hundred and fourty-four of those two-wheeled buggies I've unloaded this afternoon! What's in it?"

"Oh, more desks, more beds, more books!"

"Well, the Fathers can never say that we are not acquainted with this library!"

"Think of me! I not only unload them, I *push* them all the way from the Ateneo!"

And so we moved to San Marcelino.

It was a rectangular, white-stoned building with three spacious floors. The Spanish Vincentians conducted a Major Seminary here in pre-war days, and they gave the empty third floor to us. Their professors, theologians, and philosophers had moved to the outskirts of the city and joined up with their Minor Seminary.

We stood amid our desks, beds, and cabinets and looked around. Beyond the front windows lay St. Teresa's College where Belgian nuns taught Filipino girls to sing high C at two o'clock in the afternoon. At the back, Jai Alai, Manila's ace gambling house, screened our view of the Bay. Nearby, St. Rita's Hall, Knights of Columbus clubhouse, sheltered a bandbox basketball court and bowling alleys. Not bad . . . not bad.

We turned our gaze to the interior, counting the rooms. One, two, three . . . fourteen in all. We counted ourselves. One, two, three . . . twelve Fathers. That left two rooms for one, two, three . . . forty-eight Scholastics. Well, there is always the corridor! We solved it, though, by making day-scholars out of our theological faculty, and we, the boarders, taking the rooms ourselves, one room to four men.

Classes in the Trinity began after a week and we had a new Vice-Rector, Fr. Francis Burns. It is impossible to be grateful enough to him. He deserves the Medal of Honor of the Society for all he did during this year.

Cornbread, after a two-weeks lapse, reassumed its forthright position in our lives. Incidentally, we sent some to the Carmelite nuns once. They couldn't understand how we ate it. They tried to, and it made them sick. Also, in a moment of leisure, one of the brethren figured out that since the beginning of the war, we had

eaten enough corn muffins to extend, if placed end to end, from Manila to Novaliches and back again, about thirty miles. They were the rock foundation of theology.

* * * *

Manila was flooded in late July and we were among the victims. We went to Mass in the Parish Church aboard a plank bridge. The little "estero," meandering beside the building, which lent such subtle fragrance to our cornbread, roared like old Niagara. Our day-hopping faculty was marooned. Only little Fr. Ledesma appeared, with his white habit tucked into hip boots and his notes under his arm. He was, alas, too wet to teach. The rain beat on the tin roof, persistently, musically, like multitudinous hoof beats of the tiny calesa ponies on the streets of Manila. Now we had two of the dread triumvirate, flood and the sword. The only one left was fire, and she was being spawned in the War Office in Tokyo, labeled and pigeon-holed, "in case of American return".

Distress signals flashed across the street in mid-morning. Even on their platforms, the Philippine pigs of the Belgian nuns were up to their lifted snouts in water, and like the horse in the barn, refused to be coaxed out. White habits and wimples can't go wading in deep and rising water. Would the young Jesuits help?

Did you ever try to save from drowning a five-hundred pound boar who doesn't want to be saved? Mr. Joseph Maxcy did. The quarter-ton bomb slithered and sloshed around like a captured whale. Mr. Maxcy, slithered and sloshed, most unwillingly, with it. That meek little *oink,* native to pigs, becomes a titanic roar when a big fellow puts his heart into it. Yet this lad had to be rescued; he was so much convertible ham and bacon. Finally with lengths of rope and main strength, he was hauled to dry land. His mild-mannered retinue of five sows dutifully followed the old man out. We toasted our success with hot coffee and freshly-baked cake and a nip of the Belgian vine. We toasted

Mr. Maxcy for heroism in action, we toasted the nuns, we toasted the pigs . . . and then went home.

The electric power was off, so there were no lights. After the evening provender, we sat around our corridor-recreation room and lustily sang "God bless America" until our Spanish hosts pleaded, "please, a leetle more softly . . . you know . . these Japanese."

The flood passed away and so did quite a few Jap soldiers, officially declared drowned. The guerrillas had good hunting, and the sharks in the Bay wondered where all these Japanese got that big knob on the back of their heads.

* * * *

The Philosophers at this time were living in shacks in the back of the main Ateneo building. They used to walk during recreation along the matted fence which separated them from the newly-converted hospital. One evening a head popped out through a hole in the fence and a wounded Japanese said brightly: "Good evening! How are you?"

"Hello!" said Mr. Charles Wolf, astonished. "I'm fine! How are you?"

"Are you an American?"

"Sure! Man, you know English!"

"Oh, I studied at a university in Tokyo."

"What did you study?"

"Jurisprudence."

"Did you know the Jesuits in Tokyo?"

"What is a Jesuit?"

"Military secret. Where were you wounded?"

"Military secret."

The conversation shuttled this way for a minute, then suddenly the soldier said: "You know, you Americans are our prisoners. Your bodies are not free. You cannot go where you want. But you can *think* what you want! With us Japanese, it is different. Our bodies are free; we can go where we want. But we cannot *think* what we want! Nor say what we think!"

Here a sentry stalked into the middle of the dialogue and contributed a sentence of Japanese grunts. "Very sorry," said the patient, when the sentry had gone.

"It is not allowed for me to speak to you. I did not know. I must go now. Good evening!"

And his head disappeared through the hole in the fence.

* * * *

Today is August the fifteenth. Fr. Arthur McCaffray is fifty years in the Society of Jesus. He is a white-haired priest, erect, alert, energetic. He is also blind. We look on him with love and reverence and a tiny smile. Who will ever forget him, racing down the third corridor on the way to chapel, like a four-master in full sail, clearing an open path with his tapping cane extended like a rapier, leaving in his wake gymnastic scholastics? Walls and doors felt his influence. He felt theirs, too, alas—usually on his nose. His constant companion was his seraphic smile, as though his sightless eyes already pierced the Vision Beatific. Perhaps they did, a little. We were intimate with him, for we read and answered his mail, cut his finger-nails, and took the knots out of his shoelaces. Fr. Joseph Mulry once said that Arthur McCaffray was a novice when Fr. Finn was a Tertian at St. Andrew-on-Hudson. He says that the writer saw his model for Percy Wynn in the devout novice. Fr. McCaffray is still Percy Wynn, a spiritualized, Ignatian Percy Wynn.

Today was his day, all day long. His was the community Mass in the Belgian chapel, with nuns and college in attendance. His was the community feast where two suspicious turkeys turned up golden brown on white platters, and his Filipino friends showered him, and us in his wake, with cakes and cookies. All his old friends came over from the Ateneo to enjoy the feast. His was the concert in the afternoon, arranged by the Belgian nuns. Their sopranos were lyric and coloratura, with freedom unbounded, and everybody cheered. His too, was the Solemn Benediction closing the day in a whirl of Assumption blue. By the rivers of Babylon, we stood and sang the songs of the Society.

* * * *

The days slipped into weeks and the weeks into months in the unsettled tranquility of our lives. One

golden Manila afternoon the Japanese "Gestapo" searched our quarters and took two Filipino Scholastics to Fort Santiago. One of these, Jaime Neri, was the courier of the Mindanao Jesuits. He was suspected, among other things, of carrying messages hidden among the white Mass hosts to the guerrillas. Then the real story broke.

When the war was about a year old, we discovered two boxes of bayonets buried in a back room of the Ateneo. It was not unusual to have these, because ours was a military school with an R.O.T.C. unit. But these had been missed when we got rid of all military equipment in the first days of the war. This was a dilemma. We could either turn them over to the Japanese, be accused of hiding war materials vital to Co-Prosperity and come off with a few broken jaws, or continue to hide them, risking the chance of discovery, and being implicated in a guerrilla plot. The latter also included some broken jaws. Either way somebody was going to get hurt and it wouldn't be the Japanese. Superiors chose to hide the bayonets.

When the Japanese took the Ateneo, we smuggled the bayonets out through the guards to La Ignaciana, the Retreat House, where Fr. Kennally sat on them in the main sala for two hours while the Japanese searched the house.

At about this time a desparate note was dispatched, asking what should be done with the bayonets. The Japanese intercepted this note. Meantime Brothers Bauerlein and Abrams, in the dead of night strewed the bayonets into the Pasig River, one by one.

Next morning the Japanese Military Police stood around Father Keane, saying: "Where are the bayonets?"

"What bayonets?" asked Father Keane, innocently. When the eyewitnesses had courage enough to look again, Father Keane was in a black car with the Japanese, heading for La Ignaciana. They took Fathers Kennally, Doucette, Mulry, and Keane, Brothers Bauerlein and Abrams, scholastics Neri and de la Costa into Fort Santiago . . . and they threw the Juniors into the

river to get the bayonets. The Juniors dove for hours, with ropes around their waists, but the Pasig is deep and fast. They didn't find one.

Santiago!

Everybody in Fort Santiago was in *periculo mortis*. Jaime Neri, locked into a cell with twenty-seven other "criminals", was the only Jesuit in his part of the prison. Once a week, when Father Keane marched in a line of prisoners to take his shower under a spigot at the far end of the courtyard, Jaime would stand at his barred window and nod. Then Father Keane would give him absolution.

"Ours was the best cell in the prison!" said a young guerrilla who was locked up with Jaime. He slipped in to see us one night when Mr. Neri was still among the missing; we had received no word from him in six months. "In the other cells they were like beasts! They fought for the rice when it was brought, clawing each other, cursing. But not in our cell. Father Neri would give the most to the weakest, and he would take the least. Then the rest of us would be ashamed, and eat like gentlemen.

"When he said graces the guard would beat him on the head with the flat of his sword. They thought he was praying against Japan. He was.

"We didn't like to see him get beaten all by himself, so we began to say graces too. Then the guard would beat all of us. I was proud of that! I've been beaten for a lot of things, but that's the first time I was ever beaten for saying my prayers!

"I had been baptized, but never went to church. My father stopped being a Catholic when I was a baby because our parish priest always asked for money and we were poor. But Father Neri said: 'Even suppose the priest was wrong, that doesn't make the Catholic Church wrong, does it?' And by golly, he's right! Very dumb, my father!

"So Father Neri taught me my prayers, the Ten Commandments, the Sacraments, meditation . . . we

meditated every morning in that cell. Mostly on death. It was very easy, because we thought we were never going to get out. I never knew before what a sacrament was! I never knew what I was missing! I never knew marriage was a sacrament! I was almost glad the Japanese had me in Santiago, so I could meet Father Neri!

"I received the sacrament of penance for the first time standing at the window beside him. He nodded and Father Keane absolved both of us. I wanted to confess my sins to Father Neri, but he said nothing doing, he wasn't a priest yet. He said the absolution worked, even without confession.

"Then one morning they took him away and he never came back. It was awful. We all sat around in that cell, nobody saying a word, as if someone had died. At noon we all said graces, even those who didn't say them before, and the guard beat us, and then we felt better. I thought Father Neri had gotten out, but he didn't. They just transferred him to another prison.

"Last week I was released. They're watching me. But the first thing I did was go to confession and receive Communion. Then my wife and I were married, before the priest, and our two children were baptized. My third baby will be born pretty soon. I hope it is a boy. We are going to call him Jaime."

* * * *

At San Marcelino class continued as usual. We took our daily dose of Japanese propaganda in the "Manila Tribune". It once recorded how an intrepid wild eagle of Nippon brought down an American fighter plane by hitting the pilot in the head with a rice cake. Co-Prosperity forges relentlessly ahead!

The peace of a velvet Manila night was broken by a rush of song. A Japanese officer rolled down the streets, decks awash, singing "Santa Lucia" at the top of his voice. Forty-eight Jesuits rolled over in bed.

Relations with our Spanish hosts were amiable. American ways, however, slightly puzzled them. After a three days' silence for Triduum, their Provincial came upstairs to congratulate us on our quiet, inten-

sive, religious life. At his arrival, a Japanese soprano, on the radio, was singing windily through her nose "Songs the Soldiers Love." At the piano a Scholastic was pounding out the Ateneo marching song. A corner quartet was humming a snappy tune. All he can do is murmur: "These *caballeros Americanos! . . . loco* . . but I love them."

For months there is no change. Only study, class, circle, the third corridor . . . study, class, casus, the third corridor . . . mayhem in the basketball brawls over in St. Rita's Hall, release again, serenity, the third corridor . . . disputations, conferences, exhortations, the third corridor . . . two armbands, thirty-five Americans, the third corridor . . . cornbread, rice, beans, beans, rice, cornbread, the third corridor . . .

We scanned the skies all day long. Just send one, only one plane. Not even bombs . . . if they would only drop leaflets, tumbling over and over like snowflakes in the golden sunshine, . . .just let us see that white star. Nothing came. It was December 8, 1943.

Greater Love

We had a visitor one day, Fr. Buttenbruch, of the Society of the Divine Word. He told us of an encounter with the Japanese.

"You must the Americans hate!" they said to him.

Fr. Buttenbruch was a white-haired old German, gentle and joyous. Using his position as a citizen of Germany, an official ally of Japan, he obtained admission to the prison camps and for two full years was the hub of the underground relief to the American soldiers. The Japanese had an inkling of this and it infuriated them. "All prisoners of war are destined to die!" they told him. "You must the Americans hate!"

"No," said the kind old German, wagging his head, bigger than any three of his investigators. "I must the Americans luff! Christians must their enemies luff! But these Americans are mein enemies! Therefore I must the Americans luff!"

So they took him to Fort Santiago, and there he was beaten to death.

When he had spoken to us he had said, laughingly, "Dot is how I vill endt, in Santiago. But dot is as it should be, no?"

* * * *

The stagnant estero stinks to high heaven. It must be cleaned. Get down, chest-deep into the muddy water and swing out armfuls of the clogging pond-lilies. Mr. Joseph Maxcy loves it. An old man watches meditatively from the bridge above. His heart swells with sympathy for those "poor American soldiers forced to work in that stinking hole by the Japanese." "Hey, Bud", he calls, "Have some cigarettes, and take it easy, don't work too hard for those pagans".

An Ateneo student strolls along with his girl. Mr. Maxcy had him in class. "Hi-yah, Father", he shouts. The astonished girl almost falls off the bridge.

Thursday night was haustus night. But it was late, after points, and already the Spanish padres are tucked in, dreaming of rich Spanish omelets swimming in olive oil. Go down the stairs to the dining-hall, past the sleeping fathers, softly, soundlessly; don't whisper, don't cough, don't sneeze! To preserve that perfect hush, take off your shoes and glide down noiselessly in your socks!

And then it was our third war-time Christmas. Things had changed in these two years. Out in the Pacific and the seas of the South, someone else was on the run. The Gilbert and Marshall Islands were under Nimitz's big guns. We could almost feel the vibrations of his battleships and carriers. In fact, some who exulted too loudly over his victory did feel vibrations, personal ones, after the impact of nailed boots.

The choir again caroled in Philippine General Hospital. This time, one of the patients was our own Father Kennally, Master of Novices. He had been investigated at Fort Santiago in connection with the bayonets, and issued from the ordeal much bruised, weighing 104 pounds, and fighting a fever of 102 degrees. His eyes twinkled a "Merry Christmas", as we knelt round his bed for his blessing. He had to use

two hands to give it, the left supporting the injured right.

The nuns across the street were awakened for Midnight Mass by a carol right from the heart of Belgium. They clapped their hands for an encore and their eyes gleamed like Christmas lights. They reciprocated by sending over some of their choice baking and a few be-ribboned bottles from the cellar. They beat us to the punch in Christmas blessings too, asking one for all the carriers and sixteen-inch guns of Task Force 58.

And then it was "exam" time. "Go easy on that sheet, will you, Dean? After all, we're a long way from Woodstock!" The Dean replied: "Now go at this thing with care and caution. We realize the circumstances, and have judged accordingly. Yet we must maintain standards." When the "cease firing" order was given and the smoke had cleared away, we asked one of the examiners for a frank opinion of the sheet. "The sheet?" he said, "Oh, yes, toughest one I ever saw."

Move Again

The axe had fallen, but not on us. The Jap Navy wants St. Teresa's College. We went over and spent the day hauling rice and sugar and Belgian nuns. Came four o'clock and we knocked off to catch our sugary breath. A breathless Scholastic came running up. "Hey, brethren! Guess what? The Japs want the third corridor, and we must be out by nine tomorrow morning." "The Japs want what! Haay, what is this? They can't do this to us!" The axe has fallen, on us.

"Take your bed, brother, your desk, brother, your cabinet, and chair. Better bring along a plate and spoon unless you want to eat out of your hand. And when you get those, come down to the kitchen and help with the stove; and when you get that finished, start carrying down those ten thousand volumes, and when you get that finished, start lugging down the screens, and when you get that finished . . ."

And so we moved to San Agustin.

I think that when this crowd of Jesuit Scholastics get to Heaven, St. Peter is going to assign them to sing tenor on the top floor. Ateneo, top floor; San Marcelino, top floor; San Agustin, top floor! Heaven, top floor!

San Agustin

Do you recall the pictures the history books carry of medieval monasteries? If you do, you have San Agustin. Massive stone buildings, circled by a high, stone wall, wide colonnaded stone corridors where Saint Augustine lived again in paintings from the *"tolle, lege,"* to the *"consummatum est."* There were the cells of the friars, the heavily carved choir with the stalls of the chanters in neat rows, and the prior's cell even had a hole cut into the door for the monastery cat to get out at night and catch monastery rats. This is a monastery with a past too; once four recalcitrants among the friars strangled the Provincial in his bed. Three of the culprits were caught and hanged in the public square. The fourth escaped into the provinces.

From our top-floor dormitory-ascetory-recreation hall we had a full face view of the harbor, docks, and pier 7, the largest in the Orient. There everything was Imperial Japan. We were a small island of white drowned in a sea of yellow. Yellow ships riding at anchor in the bay, yellow convoys slipping stealthily in and out; yellow planes masters of the skies. On the narrow streets below, streams of little yellow men, bent double under heavy packs, marched up the streets to the docks, and ships, and battle, and others marched down the streets to the barracks, and rest. The Filipinos sold bananas and booze, coconuts and candy to all of them at sky-high prices. Here the battle of the Southwest Pacific paused and planned.

One afternoon, just before sunset, when the sailors and the marines were staggering back to their ships after a session in the joints of Manila, we saw an angry officer lead a marine onto the grassy field just below our window. The marine stood at attention with his hands clenched at his side and his chin out, while

the officer punched him in the face with both fists. The blood flowed like wine, but the marine kept his chin out. When it was over, he bowed to the officer. The officer turned and walked away. The marine collapsed on the grass.

Another time a lower officer passed his senior, on a bicycle, without saluting. He was halted, called back, and snapped to attention. The senior officer then proceeded to flatten him in the dust of the road with three ripping uppercuts, mounted again on his bicycle and rode jauntily off. The battered Jap groaned to his knees, then to his feet, and staggered towards the city with all Manila spinning like a roulette wheel. Some private must have taken an awful beating that day.

But this was a Jesuit House of Studies, and however intriguing may be the Japanese, that word "studies" must have some meaning and we were about to take the *"ad auds"*.

We did, and some passed, and some got a rain check, and that proves it was a House of Studies.

Good-bye, Manila

We were one short month in San Agustin and then they came. The interpreter suavely told us that we were to be taken into "protective custody." It was July 8, 1944. Tomorrow morning would be our last move.

Pack your bed, brother. No, not your desk, there will be no study where you are going. Don't bother with your cabinet either, you won't need many clothes there.

Charon was a yellow man and his ferry was an army truck. Our Filipino brethren stood on the shore with long-lost faces and sang "Maris Stella" to the matchless Mother of Wayfarers. Brother Malumbres, our Spanish cook, sat in a corner and wept quietly to himself.

It was a beautiful day in July. Cool morning air, a warm tropical sun just climbing up the sky. But not for us. Charon pulled down the flaps and we rode in the dark, huddled together, tense, grim, and wonder-

ing. As we bumped through the streets of Manila, our beads hung from our fingers.

This journey into protective custody separated us from our Filipino scholastics. During two full years of Japanese occupation they had lived with us, starving, singing, working, studying. The Japanese had slapped them, questioned them, locked them up and tortured them. The Japanese had threatened their families, robbed them, insulted them. But they were loyal to us, to a man.

Their mothers came to Benediction in our chapel bringing rice-bread in their bags. Their brothers were out in the hills, guerrillas. Their fathers gave us money outright, without strings. The Filipino scholastics themselves left often on secret missions, wriggling through the Japanese lines to bring back rice from the provinces, to bring mass wine from the city to a parish in the hills.

They are ours, Jesuits. We accepted their suffering and sacrifice and loyalty as a matter of course. On the night before we left San Agustin they sat up with us, helping us to pack, talking, giving us their clothes. In the early morning, as we rolled away in the Japanese trucks, they stood in the yard of the monastery, dry-eyed, tired, a grand group of men, as fine as we have ever known in the Society.

Being manhandled by the Japanese is a revealing business. Among other things we discovered this: the common people in the streets of Manila love the Jesuits. During the long peaceful years before the war we had known this, but it is a convention among peaceful men to keep their emotions hidden, thoroughly disguised. When the Japanese laid hands on us the people flared up and fought. Boys from our schools died in Fort Santiago, tight-lipped, because they were our friends.

Sitting on the hard floor in the trucks, four inches from a bayonet, many of us thought: "It is worthwhile to be a missionary. It is worthwhile to come over here to live and work and die. There is only one trouble. We do not give these people as much as they deserve."

Before the war Jesuits taught at a secular seminary in Balintawak, just north of Manila. When the building was taken by the Japanese in the first week of the war the Filipino seminarians moved in with the Jesuit scholastics at the Ateneo de Manila. Even their ordinandi lived twelve in a room, till the very eve of ordination.

War Priests

They sat shoulder to shoulder with us in theology class; when we had defenses they objected; when the Japanese kicked us from building to building they shifted with us, hauling the bookcases, loading the trucks, blessing the Japanese. They could have transferred to one of the Spanish seminaries, where Spanish neutrality made life much easier, but they didn't.

In 1944, when all of the seminarians were gaunt, when three had already died of tuberculosis, when they were living in the choir loft of San Ignacio church, studying in a dark room in the basement, getting their exercise by shooting a basketball at a barrel-hoop in the alley, the Japanese tried to bring all the seminaries of the Philippines into line. They issued orders that no seminary could open without their permission; all textbooks were to be censored by Japanese experts; all teachers were to be approved by the government; the Japanese would decide what went in or out of the curriculum.

"To my mind," said Father Leo Cullum, rector of San José, in a meeting with the rectors of two other seminaries, "this is persecution. And we can not yield. If we are to be shot, well, others have been shot before us. If they close our seminaries, then we'll take our classes out on the road. There were hedgemasters in Ireland and we can have them in the Philippines."

The seminarians were delighted at this, but the Japanese never dared to enforce their order. At least San José was never approved. It continued to function in the basement and in the alley.

Our seminarians paid for their loyalty. A third year theologian, conscripted into a labor battalion by the

Japanese, died of exhaustion. Two philosophers, trying to protect the sacred vessels and vestments in a church, were killed and their bodies burned. A fourth year theologian was given the infamous water cure three times. This is an ancient torture; it has been used by the Japanese for at least four hundred years. When it was all over, convinced that the seminarian was innocent, they apologized, sucking in their breath: "Mistake. Mistake. So sorry."

An ordinandus, already ordained a deacon, was ordered to go from Manila to Davao on a Japanese transport. The ship sailed out of Manila Bay, but it never arrived at Davao.

Benjamin Abrogina, a second year philosopher in the seminary, was killed with his Jesuit brother in the Japanese massacre at Lipa. The whole town was gathered into the market place and machine-gunned. The bodies of these two brothers—one a Jesuit, the other a secular seminarian—were found lying side by side, in their cassocks.

LOS BANOS

"Rine up!" said the Japanese at midnight to the women in the balcony, "and when we call your names answer by giving your ages!" This was a cruel command to give to women, especially since some of them were old enough to have shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln.

Five hundred of us had been herded into the Santo Tomas gymnasium, ready for shipment to a new prison camp, Los Baños. The men were huddled together on the gym floor, most of the women in the balcony.

"Miss Teresa Jones!" barked the Japanese guard, and a tired voice answered: "Forty-six." It was an identity test. The guards had our ages on a form and this was their way of making sure that the person who answered was really the person they called. They did not want any Sidney Cartons going down to Los Baños.

That night the Maryknoll Sisters discovered that their bonnets were not made for sleeping on a wooden floor. There are wires in them, which stick them in the head when they lie down.

At two in the morning we rolled in covered trucks through the silent streets of Manila. All shipments of prisoners were made that way, in the dead of night. The drivers chose their route cautiously, carefully, lest the Filipinos see the nuns in the hands of the Japanese and rise like the Russian revolution.

Tropical prison camp

Los Baños was a pen in the foothills of a beautiful mountain range, with a pretty blue lake beside it, two depths of barbed wire around it, three concentric waves of Japanese guarding it, and 2156 miserable prisoners inside it. To be precise, the prison camp was a pig pen, in which large numbers of hogs and sows had been quartered shortly before our arrival. It was close beside the Philippine government's agricultural college, whose white buildings were used by the Japanese. It was just five kilometers from the town and the railroad, on which American bombs fell regularly during the last five months of our stay.

Living in a barracks at Los Baños was not like living in a goldfish bowl. It was more like being a sardine, and living in a can with ninety-three other sardines. Or like being an Indian, and living in a long house. No furniture, no doors. Nor any secrets, nor any privacy. Mr. Edgar Martin used to say: "When this war is over all I want is a little room where I can close the door and be alone. That's all I want!"

Los Baños in Spanish means "The Baths", but nobody knew where the water was. Maybe the Spaniards took sun baths. For the first three weeks we had one thin pipe line for five hundred of us, with a sign over the spigot: "Fill no buckets. One cup to a person." To wash your face was a luxury. This was hard on the nuns, who dress in immaculate white and dread being dirty. Three weeks in the same clothes and no

chance to do any laundry! Each barracks had a washroom attached, but the faucets were as dry as mummies in Egypt. When you turned them on they coughed and cackled and laughed at you, but no water came.

But one midnight a Sister found a faucet dripping! The Japanese garrison used the water all day and at night the pressure rose. This time it had risen so high that the Sisters had the water! The little nun stole into the sleeping barracks and gathered up her laundry. Another woke, and followed. By three in the morning all the Sisters were laughing over the trough, washing clothes. The water sank to a trickle at dawn, stopped. But the nuns wrung out their wash triumphantly and hung it on the line. Then to Mass, to breakfast, and to bed.

We tried to build a wooden tank to store water, so that the Sisters could do their laundry during the day, but it always leaked. For weeks we caulked that box with the shredded husks of coconuts, then one rainy afternoon we stood around and watched our bamboo troughs on the barracks' roof pour water into it. The caulking held! The water level crept slowly to the top. We cheered a great cheer! And the bottom board sprang. And the water all ran out.

"Let's try it again!" said Father Priestner, picking up his hammer. His spirits were unsinkable, like a rubber ball. "Look at Edison! He worked for years!"

But when Edison came home at night he could take a bath. Our showers were semi-public, out of a tin can, when it rained. The result was impetigo and skin diseases. You woke in the morning feeling as though your bed were made of poison ivy, and you had no hope of a real bath for the duration of the war. Sometimes it seemed to us that the greatest glory of civilization was a tiled shower, with hot water and soap. If Edison had itched in as many places as we did, he would never have had the patience to invent a bulb.

The real torture of a prison camp is hunger. In the siege of Jerusalem starving mothers ate their children and after being hungry for three years we began to see how it was possible. With every hungry day you

can feel the angel in you shrinking while the beast grows and grows. Men could think of nothing else but food; like the roads to Rome all conversations led to it; you dreamed of it; children prowled the camp with the hunger in their eyes, turning over logs, looking for slugs.

One day, Mr. Albert Grau caught a snake and gave it to a little girl who murmured something about "making a belt". Next day she said: "We ate it, Father! And oh my! It was good!"

Late in 1944 the diet became very bad; it almost stopped. Beri-beri gripped the camp in October, starvation in November. We were living on seven ounces of rice-mush a day, spread over two meals, the first at ten in the morning, the second at four in the afternoon. In the early days the women used to clean the rice, but by Christmas —the third Christmas under the Japanese—everyone was so very tired that we boiled it as it was.

This left two dismal alternatives. You could either pick the woolly worms out of your mush or close your eyes. Lifting them out took a strong stomach. After a long delicate hunting and fishing expedition you started to eat with a little white pile of them beside your plate. Mr. William Rively always closed his eyes. He claimed he could never tell the difference between mush and a woolly worm.

Father Alfred Koestner, a Benedictine, played pied piper to all the Protestant children. He was a ventriloquist, a sleight of hand artist and an acrobat. He could not only tumble like a circus performer; he could teach little children how to tumble. This exerted a wondrous fascination over the twelve-year-olds. When he had trained a select group for a couple of months, he presented his "Tumbling Troupe" to all the camp at Christmas time. The Protestant mothers were so proud! They had a subterranean fear that fascination for Father Alfred would lead all their offspring into the jaws of the Catholic Church, but it didn't. The tumbling Benedictine merely proved to them that a priest can be a very pleasant person.

Intellectual life in our own Jesuit barracks flickered but never died. Father Forbes Monaghan wrote an exegesis of the Canticle of Canticles and gave it in a series of conferences to the nuns. They said it was heavenly, divine. They listened, enraptured, swept away by the beauty of his concepts. Father Monaghan never quite lived this down.

Father Deppermann, of the Manila Observatory, after building a quadrant for extracting the time from the sun, lectured to the scientists in the camp on typhoons and weather. Father Gisel lectured on Europe, but informally. Father Willmann took to the study of Tagalog. The scholastics read history to blind old Father McCaffray. Since camp work took up the day, the theologians went to night school.

The grandest teacher of them all, Father Joseph Mulry, lectured on literature to scholastics, priests, brothers, laymen and nuns. His were the real optional courses, conducted at night with one hooded candle for the professor. We were never so proud of him as then, when he crouched over the flickering candle, with his square face all shadows, laying down the Catholic philosophy of literature. We sat in silence on the bamboo floor and listened.

* * * *

Brother Romaine, a large French Canadian who was not a Jesuit, brooded. It made him morose, a little unbalanced. He spent his afternoons on a knoll, with his back against a tree, timing the guards. Then one morning we woke to find him gone. In the night he had gotten through both depths of wire, through two waves of guards, out into the mountains. But there the third wave picked him up and brought him back to the guard house.

We dispatched a delegation to the Japanese, pleading insanity for Brother Romaine. They admitted this. "But the fact that he was insane," said the commandant, "does not lessen the gravity of the offense!"

They could not keep the wild Romaine in the guard house. That night there were shots on the road, violent roars in Japanese, a swift padding of moccasined feet

and he came shooting into the barracks! He had come through a locked door, over two ten-foot fences of interlaced barbed wire and right through the middle of the Japanese garrison! Down through the long house he raced like a deer to his place on the floor, throwing off his clothes, apologizing to his congregation for being late. We sat on our mats, pop-eyed, while he said a lightning Hail Mary and dove into bed.

Grunting guards poured into the barracks after him. With a bayonet in his stomach and, what counted more, weighing the damage of violent reprisal which now threatened the whole barracks, Romaine's religious superior decided to give him up. "That is he", he said, pointing to the slumbering form. He was actually asleep!

"Oh, no!" said the Japs, not to be fooled. "That is not the one!" The monitor of the barracks had to intervene to convince them that it was. In cases of escape the monitor himself, it might be remarked, was liable to execution. Eventually they led Romaine away, to another prison. He did not survive the war. Father Repetti reports that he was killed by the Japanese in the Psychopathic Hospital in Manila.

* * * *

In camp we had our own government, headed by a central committee elected every six months. This committee protested to Konichi, the Japanese in charge of supplies, that we were starving to death. Konichi had a pearl-handled revolver, a handle-bar mustache, T.B., and an undying hatred of the white race. He patted his pistol suggestively. "If ever the prisoners become violent", he said, "this committee will be executed."

We had our own court, our own jail, and somebody was always in it. For fighting, for theft, for shirking work, for being out after dark. Most spectacular was the case of the missing cat. The plaintiff accused the defendant of stealing his pet, killing it, cooking it and "committing an act unworthy of a human being"—i.e. eating the cat. The defendant was eloquent that morning, because he was full of kitten. "It is against the law of this camp," he pleaded in defense, "to have

pets . . . So there are no pets in camp. And if there are no pets . . . how can I eat one?" He was acquitted.

In our hospital the principal piece of equipment was the knife of Doctor Nance. He was the chief surgeon, hard-faced, square shouldered, generous, sacrificing. He looked like a man-sized edition of James Cagney. The Navy nurses used to laugh and say that he stood at the head of the stairs with his knife in his hand as each new patient was carried in. On the death certificates he kept writing: "Starvation". The Japanese did not like this at all. "If you want me to stop writing that," said Nance, when called before the Commandant, "why don't you feed them?"

Strange Interlude

When you go to bed at night in a prison camp all you can think of is the mush in the morning. Your dreams are of cinnamon buns and home. If you stir out of the barracks after dark you are fair game for all the guards. But one night we woke to hear an ecstatic scream from the women's barracks! Men were out on the road, milling around, singing. A breathless member of the central committee raced through the long houses like Paul Revere, shouting: "They're gone! Gone! Konichi and the guards are gone! We're free! Stay inside the wire because Japs are still in the area, but we're free!"

The kitchen crew went singing down the hill and lit all the fires. The nuns wept and hugged each other. One little old Sister who had night blindness held up her watch and said: "Please, what time is it?"

It was three-twenty-five in the morning, January 7, 1945.

We had Mass at four and then went down to the center of the camp. It looked like New Year's Eve in Brooklyn. People were laughing and crying, hysterical; girls were hugging boys whose names they didn't know; a dramatic little speech by the head of the central committee: "After more than three long years of imprisonment, at last . . ." It was sunrise, and we raised the

American flag. Mr. Michael J. Cashman held the flag for the ceremonial raising. Where the flag had been hidden all this time—like the British flag which also appeared—is one of the questions which go unanswered.

In the Jap barracks we found boots, little fishes, clothes abandoned in the rush, a broken radio. By nightfall we had the radio repaired and heard a rebroadcast of Roosevelt's speech on the state of the Union. We lay in the grass, under the stars, listening to those beautiful words: "To the people of the Philippines . . . This is the United States of America." We were filled with the incredibly delicious feeling of having survived the war.

But the Americans didn't come that day. We waited. A week. Down out of the mountains came the regular Japanese army, questioned us through interpreters, threw new sentries around us. The Jap colonel could not understand why our guards had left. Then one dark night Leo Stancliff, a civilian internee, stood in the center of our barracks, calling: "Konichi, the commandant and his whole staff have returned! Don't go near the wire! Stay away from the sentry boxes! Check-up in the morning!" He repeated it three times "Did everybody get that? Konichi, the commandant . . ."

"Please!" we groaned in chorus. "Don't say it again!"

The Japanese refused to feed us until we had returned everything that was missing from their barracks. In the excitment somebody gave back the wrong radio. Finally we had everything returned except Konichi's white kimono. "But it is senseless," the committee protested, "to starve two thousand people for a kimono!"

"Sentimental attachment," said Konichi calmly. "My father gave it to me. No kimono, all starve." So we found the kimono.

Old men died rapidly now. They had been living in hope from day to day and this last turn was too much. The names of those who were expected to die were given to the grave diggers and to the construction de-

partment. We tried to bury everyone at a depth of six feet, but it was too much work. We moved the depth up to five feet, to four feet, to three.

We ran out of wood for coffins. During our exultant week of freedom we had burned boards for firewood, because it was easier than felling trees. Johnny Ferrier, head of the construction department, had objected. But big Joe Erdman, boss of the wood crew, had roared: "For God's sake, man, why not? You're not going to build any more, are you?"

Now Johnny knocked tables apart for boards and built his coffins out of as little wood as possible, making them to fit the men on the list. Once a tall Negro died a day too soon. Johnny had only one coffin ready, for a little man who was still alive. There was no time to build another, because in the tropics you must bury a corpse within twelve hours. We put that negro into the coffin sideways, with his head bent and his knees tucked up. His shoulder jutted out of the box, so we sat on the lid to hold it down while Johnny drove in the nails.

But entrances into Los Baños almost kept pace with the exits! In our hospital in early February, 1945, three babies were born in one night! Ten in nine days! And they were healthy! The nurses carried them around the wards, showing them to the toothless old men who were dying of despair and starvation. Sometimes the tired old men would smile at the pink little babies, and wave to them, and die gently.

Cruelest torture was suffered by the men who had to watch their children's faces swell with beri-beri. Some of these tried to get out of camp and bring food back into it. Pat Hell was caught in a ravine just outside the wire. On a height above him, the guard fired four shots in rapid succession. All the bullets went in between Pat's neck and right shoulder, in the space of a silver dollar, passing diagonally through his body.

George Lewis, of Pan-American airways, was shot at dawn, between the two depths of wire. For forty-five minutes he lay there groaning, while the guard stood with his rifle levelled at the doctor and the priest,

daring them to go near him. When our committee protested that it was inhuman to let a man bleed to death that way, the angry commandant burst into a blaze of wrath and said: "It is a military offense to try to escape from this camp and even if he were *not* wounded, I would execute him!"

Japanese officers stood over Lewis for a few seconds in a court martial. Then thy dragged him into a gully and put a pistol to the back of his head. They gave us the body.

About this time women were secretly trading with the guards—their diamonds for a kilo of rice. We had run out of food; we had run out of clothes; we had run out of everything but Japanese.

* * * *

All the sons of the emperor are not beasts who want discourse of reason. When our wood crew trailed out into the hills each morning there was a guard who used to hold the wire for us while we crawled through it. He would put his foot on the bottom strand, hold up the second strand with his hand and say: "Very bad, this wire. I tear my shirt on it. Look!" Then he would turn around and show us the rip in his shirt.

One guard we called "St. Louis Joe" because he was born in St. Louis. He came to visit Japan, the war broke, and there he was in the Japanese army. When the other guards were out of earshot he would give us the war news. One morning in December, 1944, he stood behind two Jesuit scholastics who were working on a big acacia tree with a two-handed saw. His round chin was resting on the muzzle of his rifle. "Americans in Leyte", he said softly, casually. "It won't be long now, Bud. It won't be long now!"

When our planes passed overhead the guards pulled the wood crew into the trees, afraid of strafing. Ready to die for the emperor, they wanted to postpone it as long as possible. At one of these times, with nothing else to do, a guard showed us a picture of his mother and of his sweetheart in Japan. "You'll be glad to get home," we said, "won't you?"

He shook his head sadly. "No get home. Boom, boom. Die here."

"Ah no!" we argued, touched. "Surrender, a couple of months in a prison camp, and you're home!"

He answered in a jumble of Japanese and English. "If it were only myself, I might do it. But it is my family. If I surrendered, my family could not live in Japan. No one would talk to them. And not only my family, but everyone who ever knew me. I will die like a man."

One evening as we packed up our axes and saws a little guard was in a melancholy mood. Gently he touched an American boy on the arm and said: "Pretty soon, you free. Me dead." Then he threw his gun on his shoulder and trudged away, forlornly.

Work

Our lot was not as bad as that assigned to prisoners of the Japanese in the comic strips. This is always a bitter disappointment to little boys, but the shameful truth must be told: we never pulled a plow through the muck of a rice field while the Japanese stalked alongside us, beating us with bull whips. But we *did* run our own camp. We cut wood, carried it, worked the fires, boiled the rice, tilled a garden, fought disease, nursed the sick, buried the dead . . . everybody had a job. Let's take a look at Los Baños at work.

Felling trees out there on the hill, surrounded by Japanese guards . . . that's the wood crew, headed by Mr. Michael Cashman. He's six feet two, lean, gaunt, one of the finest axmen in the camp. Cutting the logs into lengths with an eight-foot saw, with the red ants eating their ankles . . . that's Mr. William Rively and Mr. John Nicholson. Rively thrives on this sort of thing, but Johnny is wishing fervently that he was back in Syracuse. For the first time since high school he is under weight. These stalwarts on the wood crew are the aristocrats of labor, the mighty men of Moab.

But everybody in the camp helps to carry in the logs they cut. Here come the haulers! Under that sixty-

pound log, the hustling little man with his ribs sticking out is Father Russell Sullivan. When he was running the Catholic radio hour he used to rush around Manila, and now he carries his logs on a dog trot, even though his knees are buckling! Stumbling now and then up a rocky incline, favoring a bad ankle . . . that's Father Greer, superior of the Jesuits at Los Baños. But who is this shadow of skin and bones, this ghost of Hamlet's father, trudging along under a heavy red log? Why, that is Father Irwin, our one-man mission band, regent of the Ateneo Law School!

These carry the wood to the kitchen, where the stokers take over. That long, sweat-soaked, sooty rack of bones lying on its stomach and blowing into the firebox . . . that's Mr. Gerald Healy, our ace fireman. Weeping silently beside him, with the smoke pouring into his face, reaching into his own firebox to shift the logs and get the hair burned off his arms . . . that's Father Vincent O'Beirne, of the sparkling sermons. Every once in a while you see his picture in JESUIT MISSIONS, broad-shouldered and handsome, in pure white, feeding sheep in the mountains of Mindanao. When this cut came out for the third time, he said: "My Lord! They must be awfully hard up for pictures!"

But that thin young man trailing back toward the barracks, blackened and grimy and exhausted from the fire, who is he? That's Father Ernest Hartnett, pastor of the lepers at Culion.

Standing in the corner of the kitchen, arguing hotly, are two men: a large white man in his shirt sleeves and a little yellow man in uniform, with a saber. The large white man is roaring like a wounded bull: "How can I feed all these people on that much rice? Who do you . . . (CENSORED) . . . Japanese think I am? Houdini?" That is Father Gene Gisel, head of the kitchen crew. For this job he was trained in Buffalo, Rome, Innsbruck, Munich and points west.

But there are greens bubbling in the pot! Where did they come from? The farm. Let's go out there. That six feet of bone and gristle in the middle of the field,

sweating in the noonday sun, breaking ground with a mattock . . . that's Father Leo Cullum, a man's man. He is Rector of San José Seminary and tonight he'll be in the chapel, answering problems that are put in the Question Box. If you want to hear honest answers to honest problems in vivid words of one syllable that you can understand, come around to the chapel tonight.

Squatting beside him, as peaceful as an Oriental, pulling out weeds and hunting bugs; that's Father Tuite, the Seminary's Minister. That little man with the big hoe, do you know why he digs like a demon? He is suffering from an internal disorder which can not be treated in this camp. If he works hard enough, he drowns the pain of it. It's Father Lochboehler.

But what caused that howl of laughter in the hospital? Who is that old man in there, in the white coat, making gestures and telling that patient a story about "Go home, goats!" Why that's the hospital orderly, Father Alfred Kienle, veteran missionary from the bushlands! It is his proud boast that in his ward, during his hours, no patient dies unless he dies laughing.

But patients do die. That lean, bronzed man, running through the barracks with a pick and shovel, calling his grave diggers . . . that's Father Leo McGovern. Look at the Scholastics assemble! Mr. McMahon closes his book; Mr. Wolf leaves his wash unfinished in the sink; Mr. Horgan wakes up; Mr. Philip Boyle breaks his chain of thought squarely in the middle; and they all follow, docilely. You will find this burial crew working even in the middle of the night. Men are dying two a day now and they can not keep ahead of them.

While we're here in the Jesuit Barracks, who is that boy with the golden beard splitting wood? Why that's Mr. Charles Riley! That big red beard, leaning over the fire, brewing a broth? Why that's Mr. Maxcy! But that fierce black bushy beard, that bristling beard, that bustling beard in the cook shack? That's our own Mr. Edgar Martin! They are the bearded triumvirate who boil the beans for barracks nineteen.

Last, the latrine. Let's not . . . well, you asked for it! This used to be Father Mulry's job. He would say:

"Me? I work in Saint John Lateran!" That's the Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, Father Reardon, scattering ashes in the sink. Ashes make an excellent cleanser. Barefoot, scraping mud from the floor—that's Father Deppermann of the Manila Observatory. That gray-haired priest scrubbing the walls is the spiritual father of the Seminary, Martin Zillig. But who is this doing the meanest job in all Los Baños? Who is this redhead with the bamboo brush, bent double, cleaning out the drains? Why this is Father Hyland, dean of our theologate!

Nuns

The Sisters were jammed into a bamboo barracks, like everybody else. Theirs was the worst of all, in a far corner of the camp, but they liked it because it was furthest away from everyone and closest to the chapel. One morning the hairy internee who had charge of camp sanitation called on the nun's monitor. She could tell it was a state occasion because he had his shirt on. "We've decided to take over sanitation for you, Sister", he said. "It's too tough a job for women. Too ugly. So a squad of men will . . ."

"They will not! Not while I'm monitor! We prefer the privacy!"

"But the job's too mean for you!"

"Oh, it isn't, really. Conditions here are excellent. Did you ever see Korea?"

Eventually he wandered away, taking off his shirt, canceling the orders for the special squad. "Father", he asked a month later. "What the devil *did* these nuns do in Korea?"

The priest didn't know either. It must have been awful.

When the rains came and we had built a box to store the water, one of the Korea veterans turned up on the Sisters' sanitation crew. She had served two hitches in the army, right through the first world war, before she became a nursing nun. One day a scholastic found her trudging away from the tank with a heavy bucket

in each hand. "Let me take those, Sister!" he begged her. "This work is too hard for you!"

"Hard?" She set down the buckets and wiped the sweat from her old Irish face. "Child, this is the easiest job I've had since I got out of the army. I'm dreading the day of the armistice, when I'll have to go back to work."

There was one demure little Sister with a pale, oval face. She looked so delicate! When she dipped her buckets into the rain barrel we groaned. But the way she whipped them out again, brimful of water, gave us pause. "Look at that!" said Mr. McMahon, startled. "Even Londos couldn't do it! She must have been a weight-lifter!"

It was Sister Ancilla Marie, basketball star of New Jersey, coach of all sports at the Sisters' high school in the town of Lucena.

Perhaps it is the long years of getting to bed on time, the hard work in a convent, the days of discipline—but Sisters are strong! When the Dutch nuns tilled their gardens they lifted their mattocks high over their heads and brought them down hard, like a man. Mr. Charles Riley once took a bundle of wood from a Dutch Sister and it nearly broke his back. After that he would stand off and calculate the strength of a nun before he volunteered to help her. If she was Dutch it was always safer to have two men volunteer at the same time.

The finest furniture in the camp was made out of boxwood by Sister Patricia Marie. When we amateur carpenters marveled at the smoothness and speed of her work she said casually, as she trimmed a swivel-joint with a penknife, "It's only a knack. Before I entered Maryknoll I taught manual arts in the public schools of Philadelphia."

Before Los Baños some of us had the vague impression that nuns grew up like sweet lilies in secluded gardens, sheltered from the world, slipping into convents naturally, at the age of fifteen. We were disillusioned. When Mother Godfrey entered the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, a New York paper carried the headline: "BROOKLYN BELLE FLIES TO CON-

VENT!" Sister Vitalis was a terrific success at the Good Shepherd Press in Manila partly because for seven years before she entered the convent she had been private secretary to the president of a printing concern.

Sister Rose Marie, who is small and Irish, grew up with Father O'Callahan, S.J., the hero of the Franklin. She is his little sister. A grand cook! She would take the boiled rice as it came to us—looking like a pot of paste sprinkled with woolly worms—and over an open fire transform it into glorious things! She is as courageous as her brother, but much better looking. He will admit this.

The French-Canadian Sisters were painters, poets and singers. In the evening when they sang the divine office hard-bitten old beachcombers would lie dreamily in the grass outside the chapel, listening to their lyric soprano. She sang the solos sweetly, beautifully, with a little French lilt. The camp entertainment committee came around to the nuns' barracks at noon one day when the Sister in question was reading at table. Her soft voice rose and fell in the background as her superior interviewed the committee just outside the barracks' door.

"No!" said the superior firmly. "Sister may *not* give a concert! . . . No, I do not think that my refusal is unpatriotic! Besides, she is on retreat! . . . Well, yes. She will sing in the chapel on Christmas . . . No! You may *not* advertise it!"

When Sister Rose ran out of shoes a sympathetic lady gave her a pair. They were red, with high heels and no toes. She would come modestly into the chapel after that, her eyes cast down, hands folded, and the red shoes on. Her congregation came to call her: "Sister Rose Immaculate of the Worldly Slippers."

If you had ever seen Sister Miriam Thomas, the head of the nuns' sewing circle, dancing from table to table in her workshop, making polo shirts out of rags, unraveling old socks for thread, you never would have known that she had a Ph.D. With his last pair of shorts almost worn out and cloth unobtainable, Mr.

Reuter was on the verge of being confined to bed for the duration. Sister Miriam Thomas presented him with a new pair: black, light and strong. The cloth? Oh, she had found the cloth.

Days later, working out on the hills in the sun, on one end of a two-man saw, he was clad only in those black shorts. And the man who was sweating away on the other end of the saw told him the awful truth. "Do you know?" he said, panting, as they swept through the tree with long, even strokes, "This . . . is the first time . . . I ever worked with a guy . . . who was dressed . . . in a nun's veil!"

When we were down to seven ounces of rice a day, the Mother Superior of one group of Sisters came to the Bishop with tears in her eyes. "I know that things are hard, Sister," he said weakly, trying to console her. "It is difficult to live on rice . . ."

"Oh, it isn't the rice!" she said. "It's the *soap!* We've run out of *soap!*"

On the night of January 15, 1945, twenty minutes after they laid Father Mulry on the operating table, Sister Isabel turned to Doctor Nance and said through her white mask: "He's dead!"

Nance would not believe it. He put his hand through the incision and worked the heart with his fingers, trying to bring life back again, but Sister Isabel was right. She washed and dressed the body, weeping, and put the purple vestments on him. She combed his hair as he lay in the coffin. In the middle of the night we carried the bare plank box out of the hospital, along the dark road, past the silent sentries, to the chapel. There Sister Isabel took the bandage from around his chin and Father Mulry's face fell into a natural smile.

"Look at that!" she said through her tears, kneeling beside the coffin. "You can't stop him, even when he's dead! Don't you laugh, Father Mulry! Be reverent, at least at your own funeral!"

At night in the blackout, we would lie in our bunks and listen to the Sisters singing in their barracks. They had a good time at Los Baños. They would have had a good time anywhere. Once we saw Sister Frederica

laughing into the business end of a Japanese rifle.

They had a staggering simplicity of approach. In their attack upon sinners they were about as subtle as a sandbag. "I just don't *like* to go to church any more!" said a girl from the women's barracks to a Good Shepherd Sister who had known her of old.

"The trouble with you," said the Sister vigorously, "is that you're not in the state of grace! How long since your last confession?"

A priest would use diplomacy on a renegade for months, without effect. A nun would catch him for five scorching minutes. Next morning he would come blushing up to Communion.

When Sister Marcela took Shanghai Lil under instruction she hesitated when she came to the ten commandments. That was deep matter for her pupil. But she was convinced that Shanghai Lil would get to heaven! "In that girl's bag", she said, "with her five-and-ten jewelry and her lipstick, she carries a broken piece of rosary. It's only a little piece and she doesn't know how to say it, but she carries it! If in her last moment she turns to God with that in her hand and a crooked sign of the cross and one aspiration, He'll be so flattered! He'll let her right in!"

The wonder of the nuns at Los Baños was not their innocence, in the sense of ignorance—in a hospital in Manila they had the scum of the seven seas gathered into one ward; in twenty-four hours a nursing nun sees more of sin and its effects than an ordinary girl sees in a lifetime—it was the beauty of their minds and lives despite the atmosphere they lived in. A nun in a prison camp is like a rose blooming on the window-sill of a tenement, making the kitchen beautiful.

She is also like the kitchen stove, very useful.

And she is easy on the nerves, like music. You can sit beside a nun in a boxcar for four hours without feeling that you must entertain her. You can fall asleep and she will not mind. If the Japanese give out biscuits for lunch she will take yours and save it for you until you wake up. When there are shots outside she will not squeal and grab you by the shirt. If you carry her

baggage for her, she will not gush. But she will remember it. Nuns are perhaps the most appreciative people in the world.

A Sister died at Los Baños, very gently. She should never have been sent to the camp. The military police had come stalking into her hospital room and had asked: "Can you walk?" She thought it was a test of some kind and actually made it from her bed to the door. "All right", they said. "You can come."

She offered her last agony "especially for the scholastics" because it pained her that so many young men destined for the priesthood should be forced to live under the brutal Japanese. The fact that she was dying under them did not seem to bother her at all. Nuns revel in life, embrace pain as if it were a gift, and die like a child going to sleep.

We buried her in the rain, in an unpainted coffin, putting on her grave a wooden cross and wild flowers.

MINDANAO

On the morning of May 11, 1942, in the town of Alanib in Mindanao, three Jesuit scholastics and two priests finished breakfast in a little one-room schoolhouse. We stepped out on the porch, stretched in the glorious sunlight and kept our hands up there. Rifles were blossoming in the cocoa bushes. Little, camouflaged, slant-eyed soldiers crept toward us, crouching, sunlight gleaming on the sharp edges of the long bayonets which they held rigidly before them.

In the days that followed, under constant questioning, watching those pudgy little pagans drink our mass wine, watching them loot our clothes, our food, our furniture—we recalled the words which General Sharp had spoken to us two months before, when we were snugly settled in Sumilao. "Sumilao is dangerous!" he had said. "Better go to Alanib. Alanib is a safe

place." Mr. Gehring brooded on this as the Japanese officer in Alanib belted him in the jaw.

Hunger

During the first three days the Japanese fed us just once—a broth they had made by boiling chickens whole, feathers, feet and all. Later, hidden in our prison-hut, we discovered three cans of sardines! We did not know how long these would have to last, so for breakfast each one of us took a spoonful of the oil, in the evening a piece of sardine.

One Japanese private was very pleasant. He came into our hut, smiling, bowing. "You 'Merricans?" We nodded. "I, live Los Angeles." He threw two packs of cigarettes on the table. "On way to Australia!" With this he drew from his pocket a roll of Australian money, Japanese issue.

"Pearl Harbor next?" we asked wryly.

"No," he said, shaking his head in all sincerity. "No more Pearl Harbor. Pearl Harbor destroy. Los Angeles next. Then Chicago and big parade Washington. Goo'bye!" And he bowed himself out, smiling.

As the weeks rolled by, Japanese vigilance lessened. They almost forgot us. More freedom, but no food at all! Even the sardines were gone. One night a pig squealed in the fields. Armed with a penknife, an ax-handle and a coil of wire three scholastics and a priest hunted that pig in the forest. A half-hour of bush-beating, of exultant yells, of terrified squeals, of tripping and lunging, a fierce wrestle in the dark, and we came home. Bleeding bodies, muddy clothes, but the little pig upside down on a pole.

Butchered with the penknife, the unfortunate little victim was stored away for the morning, provender for many a moon. That night we happy hunters dreamed sweet dreams of ham and bacon. Dawn. No pig! Gone. Stolen! Jesuits prowled through the silent streets of Alanib, grimly looking for the thief. We found him chattering in a tree. It was our pet monkey,

snuggled high amid the palm leaves, licking the sweet bones.

But there were compensations. Behind that huge palm tree Mr. Thomas Brady found a pot of dried apples, soaked in water. Green mold lay thick upon the top. Digging under with his finger he tasted of it and found that the apples were fermented, but good; indeed, potent! They had been lying there since the American soldiers had left them, many days ago. Wrapping a bit in a banana leaf, Mr. Brady carried it to one of our scientists to ask if it were worthwhile. The bearded expert tasted it professionally, smacked his scientific lips, and finished off the sample.

"Where," he asked, when he had gotten his breath, "did you get that?"

"Never mind," said Mr. Brady. "I just asked you if it was good."

"I'll come and help you carry it."

Sparingly rationed, the apples would have lasted for a week. But on the third morning, when Mr. Brady ran expectantly down to the stream in which he kept the pot submerged, he found it gone. We watched the monkey carefully, but he could not have taken it. He was sober.

On June fifth we were moved from Alanib to Impalutau where we were amalgamated with other internees, among whom was our own Jesuit bishop Hayes. Here the guards were nasty. The diet was meager, but consistent. We lived on a bowl of rice in the morning and another at night, a cubic inch of meat every second day, occasionally a spoonful of greens. Some of the internees swore that these greens were seaweed. Others maintained that they were not seaweed. They were a Philippine plant which tastes like seaweed.

From the way this article runs along you might conclude that we thought of little else but food. That's right. Eating is a hard habit to break. Of course each priest said mass every day, measuring the wine with an eye-dropper, and we meditated, and examined our con-

sciences and prayed mightily, but even the bishop was hungry.

One dark night the bishop's secretary slipped into the Japanese pig pen and stole the bare bones which had been thrown there. The poor pigs grunted and squealed in protest, but the secretary escaped with the loot. When the bones had been washed, scraped and brought to a boil in a gasoline can, His Excellency himself put the finishing touches to the brew with pinches of salt and dashes of pepper. Then he feasted all of us, his guests.

* * * *

At Impalutau Jesuits conducted classes in Latin, English, French, Spanish, German, Anthropology, History, Biology, Zoology and Religion. One morning, when a scholastic was lecturing to a hundred internees on the historical background of the present war, pointing to the blackboard on which he had drawn a large map of western Europe, covered with arrows and dates, the Japanese in their hobnail boots came clumping into the classroom! No one stirred; smoothly the lecture ran on; but beneath his white habit the lecturer's knees were clicking like a pair of Spanish castanets. What he said during that ghastly five minutes he does not remember; all he could see was a big black block and a Samurai sword. Eventually the Japanese clumped out again. Perhaps they could not understand English.

At dawn one day a scholastic found one of our Fathers down in the cesspool. He leaned over the edge and called: "What are you doing down there?"

"Looking for my rosary!"

"How did it get down there?"

"I fell in here last night! But this morning I couldn't find my beads, so I guess they're still down here." They were.

When conditions were almost unbearable, the internees decided to hold a dance. But the only music in the place was the Jesuit choir and Mr. Brady's sweet guitar. So with the approval of the bishop the harmonious Jesuits supplied waltzes and fox trots for a full

evening. When it was all over the men were brimming with gratitude. A barrel-chested longshoreman drew a priest aside, blushing, and said: "Padre, I want to apologize for what I been thinkin' about religion for all these years. You're all right!"

On the feast of the Assumption, 1942, we were moved from Impalutau to Davao, by boat. Baggage was abandoned on the dock because after the prisoners had been packed into the hold there was no more room. Only the Japanese captain had a cabin. At that time Mr. Brady was shivering with fever; dysentery had him so weak that he could not walk; even the doctors held little hope of his recovery. The only one who never gave up hope for him was Mr. Brady himself. On the boat he spent the first two nights down in the coal bin on the casing of the propeller shaft, the next three nights on the cold steel deck. The sick man who lay beside him died when we reached Davao. But Mr. Brady recovered.

The Happy Life Blues Cabaret!

The next year and a half we spent on the dance floor of the Happy Life Blues Cabaret. What it was like before we came we do not know. But while we were there it was a respectable place. Nuns ran it. Their energy and passion for cleanliness amazed the sailors, the miners, the ne'er-do-wells. It amazed us. The men were ashamed to lapse into despair, at least publicly, when they saw the Sisters nursing the sick, washing the children, mending clothes.

There were 250 of us in the cabaret—men, women, boys, girls, children, babes in arms. The barbed wire fence was ten yards from the building at every point. Just the dance floor, and on it one big happy family. Since the roof had been riddled with machine gun bullets, running water was introduced in the rainy season. Our more serious cases of illness were carried off to the town of Davao, to the Filipino hospital. There many died.

In Manila a Jesuit received a smuggled note which had been dispatched from the Happy Life Blues Ca-

baret. It read: *"Lodgings awful. Diet worse. But the company is grand! (Signed) Father X."*

Outward Bound

On Christmas Eve, 1943, we were herded into the hold of a Japanese ship for the long, dangerous ride to Manila. That night was a little like the first Christmas. Down there in the dampness and in the dark we could see through the cracks in the deck boards the fresh stars above, and we thought of midnight masses, where choirs were singing *"Gloria in Excelsis"*.

The ship was a freighter converted into a troop ship, returning empty from the South Pacific. Lice. We inherited the lice of a thousand Japanese soldiers. Cockroaches. Each one larger than your thumb, marching over us in waves. Rats running along the rafters, falling on us, squealing. "Don't mind those rats," said one brave Father. "Just be like me. Ignore them." There was silence for a few moments. "Oh!" he gasped suddenly. "They *bit* me!"

On that trip there was never any special consideration for the women, not even for the nuns. The Japanese took us away from Davao the way the slave traders once took negroes from Africa.

We were sailing lanes infested with American submarines. We found chunks of bamboo in the hold and placed them near the women and children in the forlorn hope that if we were hit and if they got out they could cling to these in the water. But there were so many women and children, and the two exits from the hold were so narrow and crude . . . A torpedo would have put all of us, even the able-bodied men, on the obituary list.

One moonlit night, just two days from Manila, fleeing zig-zag through unknown waters away from a pursuing submarine, we struck bottom. The cry went up: "We're hit! We're hit!" Panic in the hold.

An old man died while we were at sea, peacefully, with a priest. The Japanese would not make port for the burial. They showed us how to do it on shipboard.

We wrapped the body around an iron bar and tied a sack of coal to the feet.

On New Year's night, in accordance with an old Japanese custom, an officer climbed down into the hold to give candy to the children. In the dark many a calloused and wrinkled old hand was held out to that candy can. But then the officer sang, in Japanese, his national anthem. We sang against him, over him, drowning him out. We sang "God Bless America". That song was all heart. It was a cry from the depths of suffering, a cry of confidence. For a few moments in that dark, dripping hold we really felt that we were Americans, united by a real bond, fighting a pagan race; and we felt that we would win.

Next evening we passed Corregidor, broken and still. We passed heroic Bataan. We tied up at the dead city of Manila. In open trucks we rolled into Santo Tomas. That camp has received a great deal of truthful publicity, but compared to Davao it was heavenly!

Santo Tomas

Santo Tomas was a Dominican University, converted into a prison by the Japanese. In it there were roughly five thousand prisoners, among whom were fourteen Jesuits—nine priests, two brothers and three scholastics—never living together as a community but scattered all over the camp. Father Hurley, Superior of the Mission, was an orderly in the hospital, living in a nipa shack with the rest of the orderlies. The scholastics lived in the education building, with the Japanese. Spanish Dominicans, neutrals, lived quietly inside their own cloister. They would look down on us sedately, shake their heads and smile. They tried very hard to have us moved in with them, but the Japanese would not stand for it.

The Fathers said mass each morning in the University's museum on a show case filled with stuffed animals and snakes. Moral theology class was held on the grass, under a tree, with Father Thibault presiding. Even if little children were playing all around us, and even if their paper planes did land in our open books,

we can still say this: we studied in a Dominican University.

Out of sheer necessity we dressed like the rest of the internees, in shorts and wooden shoes. Mr. Joseph Behr became chief steward. Mr. Brady was a cook. Father Kennally swept the roads and Brother Abrams ran a boys' club. But the most dignified position was held by Mr. Gehring, perhaps because of his vast experience as the dean of the Ateneo de Zamboanga. He was a camp policeman, stalking the road at midnight, making his meditation.

RESCUE!

On the night of February 3, 1945, the Americans broke down the gates of Santo Tomas and flooded into the camp. There were only 125 of them, in three tanks, two trucks and ten jeeps. What stood out in that dramatic entrance was not the machine gun fire or the hand grenades—it was the spotlights on the tanks. The three tanks roared up to the education building and parked in front of it, flooding the walls with light.

The rest of the camp was freed in half an hour, but in that building the remnant of the Japanese garrison, fifty guards, had barricaded themselves. Locked in there with them were 260 internees, among whom were five Jesuits—Father Kennally, Brother Abrams, scholastics Gehring, Behr and Brady. At first the Americans tried to talk the Japanese into surrendering. They said that they did not want to surrender. They had received no orders to that effect. Meanwhile Mr. Gehring was leaning out the second-story window, talking to an American soldier. The soldier said: "Better get into the center of the building, Billy, and make yourself small. We're going to shoot them out."

So while the rest of the camp was holding Mardi gras the 260 of us lay huddled in the education build-

ing, each one hoping that the bullets would not come up through that section of the floor which he was covering. The Japanese had sandbagged the stairways and armed guards were posted there, holding us where we were.

At first we thought that if we lay close to the stone wall of the building we would be safe. This was an illusion. When those fifty caliber machine gun bullets began to chatter against the stone they chiseled through it like an electric drill, leaving a gaping hole in the wall. One internee took a burst of bullets in the leg and the blood ran all over Mr. Behr.

After two days the battle ended in a draw and a compromise. The Americans guaranteed the trapped guards safe conduct out of the city; the Japanese guaranteed to deliver the 260 of us unharmed, at least no more harmed than we were. And so it happened that on the fifth of February, the feast of the Japanese martyrs, three Jesuit scholastics, one red-headed brother and a very thin old priest joined the Mardi gras.

But the battle of Manila was not over. Japanese artillery kept throwing shells into the camp. On February tenth Father David Daly and Mr. Joseph Behr were both in the camp hospital, sick. In their cots on the second floor they were lying side by side, talking to each other. The shelling became so intense that both stood up, determined to go down to the ground floor where it was relatively safe. At that moment Mr. Behr heard the whistling of a shell. It came through the roof and exploded in the room. Mr. Behr was found lying across the threshold with shrapnel wounds in his back and arms. He recovered and was awarded the purple heart.

Father David Daly was mangled beyond recognition. We buried him on the grounds of Santo Tomas, in Dominican soil, beside the soldiers and internees who had died in the camp.

Los Banos

The Japanese do not feed criminals who are condemned to death, because it is a waste of food. On the twentieth of February, 1945, they stopped feeding us. In Manila our military intelligence picked up word that the inmates of Los Baños were scheduled for execution on Friday, the twenty-third.

Thursday night we had a walloping good air raid, all around the camp, as close as they could come without hitting us. Music was never so sweet as the chatter of those American machine guns and the roaring of our bombs. The Japanese guards lay still beneath the trees. We hugged the ground, thrilling every time it shook. "At least," we thought, "they know where we are!" We were forty-five miles inside the Japanese lines.

They Jumped On Us!

Friday morning at seven we started out to the road for check-up. At sunset and dawn the Japanese counted noses. But not this dawn. Nine planes swept low over the camp and the paratroopers stepped out. They dropped very fast, filling the sky, 135 of them.

As the first parachute opened, hidden guerrillas threw hand grenades into the sentry boxes. Creeping down out of the hills at sunset the night before, since midnight they had been lying twenty feet from our wire. Their bullets whistled through the barracks. Sister Frederica had a cup shot cleanly out of her hand. "Oh, dear!" she said. "The best piece of crockery in the camp!" Then she lay flat on the floor.

Betty Silen, a nineteen-year-old who lived with the nuns, stood up and was shot through the stomach. In any other barracks it would have been fatal. With the bullets buzzing over them the Sisters cut away the clothes, stopped the flow of blood, ripped up their habits for bandages and dressed the wound.

The Japs fell back into our barracks and lay there among us, firing fast. They had always been afraid of us, even though we were unarmed and in shorts. Now

they kept watching us as they fought, frightened. One by one they slipped out, running, trying to unite in the center of the camp. And the guerrillas came charging in after them, barefoot, wild, black hair flying, waving model 1918 rifles! They leaped in through the windows, howling: "Where in . . . (CENSORED) . . . are the . . . (CENSORED) . . . Japanese?

The . . . (CENSORED) . . . Japanese were making a last stand in mid-camp and now *their* bullets were singing through our walls! Father Willmann came creeping along the barracks' floor, saying: "Gentlemen, this looks to me like a battlefield. Does anybody want absolution?" Then he took a metal potlid for a shield and dashed across the open field to the nuns. His sister, Mother Godfrey, was living over there.

A guerrilla shot a Jap just off the corner of our barracks. He fell into the ditch, quivering. The guerrilla stepped over him and pumped five more bullets into his body. Turning, he saw Father Dowd in the doorway. "Shall I shoot him again, Father?" Father Dowd shook his head gravely. "No," he said, "it would be murder."

The guerrillas are terribly poor, so they strip the corpses. This one came to Father Dowd with his arms full of the Jap's helmet, gun, shoes, everything except the trousers. "Father," he said ruefully, "I need the pants. But I won't take them. There are Sisters in the camp."

On a dead run through the high grass came big men in mottled green, in coal-scuttle helmets and high leather boots. They ran in a low crouch, falling flat to fire grease-guns. "Never saw *that* uniform before!" said a young scholastic, with his cheek on the ground. "Looks like the German army to me! I'm not gonna budge!"

There was a lull in the firing. A scuttle helmet loomed in the doorway. "You-all bettah git out in de road!" said a meek, sweet voice from the heart of Alabama, " 'cause we-all mean to 'vacuate you folks in a lil' while!"

As a soldier slid cautiously by the ladies' barracks a woman put her head out the window and asked: "Are you a marine?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh!" she sighed in deep disappointment, "I wanted to be rescued by a marine!"

When the first paratrooper climbed through the window of the Sisters' barracks an excited little nun threw her arms around his neck and kissed him! Blushing, fresh out of high school, the boy took off his helmet and held it in his hands. "Gee!" he stammered, "this is the nicest battle I ever been in!"

Then the monstrous amtracks came clanking over the hills, lumbering in and out of ditches, growling, snorting, too big to be real, the only thing in the rescue which seemed like a dream. "This is for the nuns!" roared a large yellow sergeant, sitting on top of the first tank. The color of the Japanese is brown, but our soldiers in the Pacific are a deep yellow, from taking atabrine. "Only for the nuns!"

Some of the Sisters came dashing out of the chapel, where they had helped to consume the Blessed Sacrament. Sister Rose Immaculate of the Worldly Slippers ran out last, red shoes flying. She climbed into the tank and sat in a corner on her duffle bag, making her thanksgiving.

Then the rest of us, forty-five to an amtrack. The soldiers had set fire to our barracks with flame throwers, to keep the Japanese from using them. This was just a lightning raid to get us. No one was going to stay. We rolled out through the blazing barracks, the flames almost meeting over our heads, looking at the bodies of the guards. 240 Japanese had been killed in eleven minutes. There were no survivors. We saw the bodies of Saint Louis Joe, of the guard who had shown us the pictures, of the little man who had said: "Pretty soon, you free. Me dead." We were free and he was dead. They went down fighting, asking for no quarter, receiving none.

Guerrilla bodies lay huddled here and there, but American casualties were: one ankle sprained on the

jump! As we broke out over our own barbed wire, free for the first time in three years and two months, our paratroopers stood by the roadside, waving, throwing us their K rations. We had never felt so proud of our country! Those sweating, gum-chewing, grinning schoolboys had gone through a lot of trouble to get us. That was America, reaching out her hand to take back her own.

Of course the army didn't do it all alone. We had 114 nuns in that camp, 134 priests (this number included two bishops and a monsignor), 30 brothers, 29 young Jesuit scholastics. All the priests said Mass each day; we had rosary and benediction every afternoon; the nuns were making a perpetual novena to the Blessed Virgin. During our three years under the Japanese, we must have kept her a very busy Mother.

But now we were out of the camp, rolling along the golden sand of a road, palm trees on each side, the blue sky overhead, white clouds, our guns pointing at the hills, the Japanese in the hills, and Los Baños a memory.

When we reached the lake a paratrooper was standing on the shore, waving and shouting: "Out into the middle! They're firing on us from the hills!" That big tank rolled down over the beach, into the water and out into the lake while we hung over the side and cried: "It floats!"

The Japanese artillery spoke. The water began to gush up beside us, before us, all around us. Mr. Leary was amazed. "Oh my!" he said, sitting on top of his tank. "Look at the fish!" Then close beside him four men were hit by the flying shrapnel. We lay huddled on the floor of the tank until our P-38's had wiped out the Japanese artillery. We were on our way home.

RECUPERATION

When you receive your first letter in three years you do not merely tear it open and read it. You are too much afraid of what it will say. Under the Japanese Mr. William Rively had received a note from his Aunt,

a light little letter telling him that all was well. Out of dozens which she had written, only this had gotten through. As he was reading it for the fifth time, hugging himself for the joy of it, Mr. Charles Wolf came by. He lives in Altoona too. "Sorry to hear the bad news," he said.

"What bad news?"

"You didn't hear? You didn't, really?" Reluctantly then, feeling like a butcher, Wolf produced a letter of his own. In it there was a casual mention that his family had just returned from the funeral of Rively's mother.

Mr. McCann's first letter told him that his mother was dead. It staggered him, but he realized that three long years can not slip by without some sorrow in it. Two days later, when his second letter came, he read it in the chapel. It told him that his father was dead too.

So the rest of us would run through our letters hungrily, fearfully, looking for a mention of each member of the family. If it only said that your little sister was taking music lessons, that was enough. At least that meant she was alive!

* * * *

In the recuperation camp, a prison south of Manila, the army watched our diet carefully, graduating us from thin soup to thick soup to scrambled eggs. Our stomachs were shrunken and the army was afraid that if ever we had enough of anything we would eat ourselves to death. They were right.

Once at high noon the mess officer stood with his back pressed against the locked gates of the kitchen while the wild internees surged round him—bearded, scrawny, ragged, looking like the French Revolution. "No more!" he shouted, terrified, like an umpire in Brooklyn. "No more!"

Japanese between us and Manila kept ambushing the trucks which brought up our supplies, so the army took to air delivery. Freight planes with their side doors open would roar close over the tin roof of the prison, a soldier would kick out three packages, and

they would come floating down on brightly colored parachutes, red and green and blue.

The first time this happened the internees came howling out of their cells and down through the prison streets like the mob in Paris chasing the phantom of the Opera. But a jeep got there just before we did and soldiers climbed out with tommy guns. So we edged around the packages and the soldiers, innocently, as if all we wanted to do was look at them.

With us in the camp was an evacuation hospital for the wounded. Fleets of ambulances kept rolling in from the front. The hospital was understaffed. Here our own Mr. Edgar Martin rose suddenly to heights of glory. Due to long years of intense training in the New York Martin Diners, he could open one hundred and fifty cans in four and a half minutes, like a streak of light. So he was given a job in the hospital's kitchen. When he served the walking patients on the line he was a soldier's dream.

"Only give 'em two apiece!" the mess sergeant would growl, as Mr. Martin manned the roaster full of pancakes. Edgar's patter would then run on for hours, through a thousand men. He would shout what he wanted the sergeant to hear, speak softly to the soldiers:

"ONLY TWO APIECE! THAT'S THE ARMY REGULATION! But I'm not in the army! How many can you eat?" . . . "Sometimes," as he served the same man with both hands, "my right hand doesn't know what my left hand is doing!" . . . "NO! YOU CAN'T HAVE THREE! That's to keep the sergeant's morale up. He's sweating over the griddle back there, cooking these things." . . . "I CAN'T GIVE YOU FOUR! Unless I made a mistake. Oh. That was a mistake." . . . "This line is slowing down. Pretty soon it'll be backing up! HEY! WHAT IS THIS? A STANDING ARMY?"

Mr. Martin is from Brooklyn. Gradually he learned where many of the soldiers came from. This was not difficult because frequently it was written across the seat of their pants. "Hello, Flatbush!" he would cry, happily. Then he would call down the line to rest of

the servers: "This man is from Flatbush! He's not from Brooklyn, but from where he lives he can *see* Brooklyn! Give him all he wants!"

When a wounded boy from Kansas came around for the third time, timidly asking for more, Edgar advised paternally: "Kansas, don't say 'more'! Just say: 'Gimme my pancakes!' Who owns this stuff? America! Who is America? You!"

"Gimme my pancakes!" said the boy.

He almost met his Waterloo when the sergeant left the griddle unexpectedly one morning and discovered what he was doing. "From the way you're givin' them things out," he hissed, low and dangerous, "you'd think you was woikin' on a commission!"

"Sure!" said Edgar, swiftly, cheerfully. "I *always* work on a commission! What do you think I am, a non-commissioned officer?" It took the sergeant about three days to figure this out. Meanwhile Edgar rejoiced in diplomatic immunity.

"Dawgone!" said a large negro ambulance driver, in open admiration. "Look at that man lay it on! Boy, don't I wish I could take him back with me! We could sure use him in my company!"

When the road was clear some of us rode down on cabbages in the back of a vegetable truck to see the ruins of Manila. Acres of rubble, with sentries posted on ragged mounds where beautiful homes once stood. Of the Ateneo, nothing was left but the elevator shaft, standing straight up for four storeys, foolish and alone. In the soccer field were the unmarked graves of the Filipino scholastics who had died there. In the patio, beside the charred skeleton of a tree, stood the bronze statue of Saint Joseph, wounded in the left arm, with four Jap corpses huddled at its base.

We were warned not to touch the bodies, for fear of booby traps. The Japanese knew that we had to bury the dead to prevent a plague, so they wired the corpses. A curious soldier would roll a body over . . . and the whole house would go up.

No lights in the city at night. No sound. Just blackness, thick and still, filled with the strong scent of

death from the bodies buried in the ruins. In the morning bulldozers butting through the rubble. Crooked rice lines weaving around shellholes in the streets. Children walking for miles in the hot sun, with gasoline cans, looking for water. Stark poverty. A little girl led a scholastic to the corridor of the convent in which her family was living as refugees. Six mats on the floor in the open hall, for a family which once had entertained in a mansion.

"You are going home, aren't you, Father?" said the child wistfully.

Leaving the Philippines that way, broken and poor, was painful.

On the troop ship a girl died suddenly and we buried her at sea. The EBERLE lost headway; the sailors lifted the slide; her father ran to the rail; we picked up speed again.

Home

At San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, we walked down the gangplank to American soil. Red Cross workers spoke to us sweetly, soothingly, as if we had been shell-shocked. The mail clerk gave us our letters as if she had written them herself. Volunteer society women poured our coffee as if the pouring were a privilege. Feeling like the barbarians in Rome, we retreated into odd corners of the pier, armed with doughnuts and coffee, looking at all the peace and culture around us, trying desperately to remember how we had acted many moons ago, when we were gentlemen.

Red Cross guides towed our duffle bags to a customs man who was standing placidly in the center of the dock, immovable, as if he had been built in with the pier. "What is in it?" he asked each one casually, as if we were honest.

"Japanese helmets," said one scholastic nervously, "Jap sandals, two Jap battle flags . . ."

"Oho!" the inspector chortled, happily. "You got everything in there but the Emperor!" And he chalked the bag without ever opening it. In a daze the scholastic shouldered the loot but the guide wouldn't have it.

She called a baggage smasher who pounced upon the bag as if it owed him money and vanished through the door with it, calling: "You'll find it at the reception center!"

On the bus we sat buried in the cushions, looking out the window at golden California, where the sun shines so brilliantly that red and green lights can not be used for traffic. The lights can not be seen! They use signal arms by day, lights only in the night. We passed a colorful fruit stand piled high with oranges, grapefruit, red apples . . . and we all stood up and cheered!

At the reception center white-haired ladies in uniform guided us over soft carpets through the maze of registration, telegrams and railroad routes. The kindness of these Red Cross workers touched us so deeply that we could not talk. The City of Los Angeles is well named.

Coming across the country in the train the British women were delighted that they had been allowed to buy their clothes at Los Angeles. "In Europe," they said, "expensive clothes are too exotic to wear and inexpensive clothes are miserable. In England the only decent things a woman can buy are tweeds. This is the only country where you can get beautiful clothes cheaply. American women have the finest taste in the world."

In Chicago two large M. P.'s flanked a khaki-clad scholastic as he stood peacefully in the station. "What outfit do you belong to, buddy?" He didn't belong to any outfit. "Where's your identification papers?" He had no papers. "Oho! You haven't! Where's your tie?" No tie either. "You better come with us." So they paraded across the Union Depot, the scholastic in the middle, a spectacle to angels and to men.

"I'm an internee!" he told the sergeant at headquarters. But the sergeant was not impressed. He thought that an internee was someone who worked in a hospital. So they gave the Jesuit scholastic the third degree, trying to extort from him the name of the outfit he had run away from. "I'm not a soldier!" he wailed under torture. "I'm a civilian!"

This really caused a flutter in the guardhouse. Eyebrows raised; clubs were gripped; all the M. P.'s edged in close to him. The sergeant's chin was about two inches from the scholastic's nose. "Then where," he said softly, tapping him on the chest, "didja get them clothes?"

They did not believe him till he had found his railroad ticket, which proved that he was being shipped from coast to coast by the government. By reason of this ticket they let him go. As he escaped into the night the sergeant's head was buried in the railroad records and he was saying to his henchmen: "Internees, it says here. What's an internee? They look like soldiers, but they aren't. This . . . (censored) . . . job is getting complicated!"

Meeting your family after an absence of years is a dangerous business. As the train pulled into the station we thought of Fr. Walter Hogan's last words, when he left Manila in 1941. "I'm all gooseflesh!" he said. "I won't know anybody! I'll jump off the train and a woman will be there and I'll think it's my mother and I'll throw my arms around her and she will faint and when she wakes up she will say: "He had a Roman collar on, too!"

Mr. Reuter didn't have a Roman collar on, so his story ran in reverse. His father didn't know him. The scholastic walked right by in khaki while his father stood waiting for a clerical vest. When Mr. Ruane climbed out of the car in front of his house a young lady rushed up to him crying: "John!" He had never, he thought, seen her before, but he shook hands with her, thinking that it must be the girl next door. She seemed terribly disappointed, hurt; slowly she took his bag from the car and followed him into the house. It was his sister.

Worst sufferers were the boys with large families who could never remember which was which even after being introduced. Mr. Richard McSorley, whose family still goes visiting in three cars, was perpetually whispering to somebody in the house: "Who is that?"

"Why that's your little sister Anne!"

"Well, if that's my little sister Anne . . . who are you?"

We kept meeting mothers who asked: "Did you ever see my son in Manila? He was taken at Bataan. This is his picture."

We would look at her picture—a curly headed boy in a new uniform, laughing, filled with the romance of being a soldier. And we would think of the skeletons we had seen working on the Japanese trucks in Manila —black with the sun, hollow-eyed, in rags, running at orders barked in Japanese. Of the eighteen thousand Americans taken at Bataan in 1942 only five hundred were found in the prison camps three years later when our troops came back.

In Manila after we were rescued Mr. Edward Sullivan had met a laughing redhead who had come overseas with the wedding bells still ringing in his ears. "Tell my wife," he said, "that you *saw* me! She keeps worrying about me, afraid that I'm writing cheery letters to her from my deathbed. Now you're an eyewitness! Tell her I'm all right."

Reaching Pittsburgh one month later, Mr. Sullivan called the redhead's number. "Thank you," said his mother, gently, "but Tom was killed two weeks ago." Mr. Sullivan never saw the boy's wife, who was already in Iowa with the army, but she wrote to him:

"Red was all I lived for and it doesn't seem fair that I should be forced to go on living without him. . . . He has me spoiled for all time. . . . Perhaps that is why I love him so much—the little things he always did for me without my even asking him. . . . I joined the medical corps of the Wacs. I thought I might be able to take his place, but I'm afraid I'll never make as good a medic as Tom."

That struck us on coming home: during a war pain seems to be the principal piece of furniture in the normal soul, like the crucifix in a church.

But home was glorious. Strange, isn't it? You have to travel thirteen thousand miles to fall in love with your own town. You have to live under the Japanese to appreciate Americans. You have to starve

before you realize the wonder of an apple pie. When once you have faced eternity, you really come to relish the piercing beauty of being alive.

SINGING IN CAPTIVITY

When the war broke over the Philippines the scholastics of the Ateneo de Manila were over in the choir loft, helping the college boys to hit the very high and very low notes in the Kyrie. Mr. Kavanagh was caroling sweetly with the first tenors and Mr. Quinn was booming with the basses when up the stairs, pell-mell, willy-nilly, into the middle of the choir came Mr. Edgar Martin, wide-eyed, whispering: "Baguio has been bombed!" But the choirmaster fixed him with his steely eye, raised his hands, and we sang the Gloria.

That Christmas Eve the "Red Cross Mystery Singers" sang softly through the hospitals of Manila. "Silent night, holy night" . . . and the big bombs boomed. "All is calm, all is bright" . . . and the floors heaved, the windows rattled. The walls cracked, but the tenors didn't. They crooned in the nurseries, hummed in the halls, whipped through wild Spanish carols in the Spanish wards, sang triumphantly in the open air at midnight.

Jesuit scholastics were the Mystery Singers, principally because the Red Cross could not get anybody else. Everyone else in the city was running from the Japanese. Even deep-chested baritones were out on the highways, employing their resonance and timbre for such wild cries as: "Margie! Grab the mattress! It's slipping off the cart!" We stayed, heroically, singing in the face of the invader. We met the enemy and we were theirs.

Manila had been four hundred years under the Spaniards, a period popularly mislabeled "tyranny". Then came the Americans with democracy. The Japanese finally freed the Filipinos from the yoke of western oppression and gave them Co-Prosperity! Shortly after their arrival we sang a new song, very softly, written to the melody of "The Day You Came Along".

"The Yanks came over to set this nation free,
But that was clover, that Spanish tyranny,
If you compare it with Co-Prosperity—
The thing they brought along!
Rice wasn't rationed before they came along,
But now it's rationed, because they came along,
And now the rice lines are half a mile long,
Because they came along!
Now the Japanese came sailing across the China Sea
To free us from democracy!
We have looked
Through all the books
To solve the mystery
Of the inextraordinary Co-Prosperity!
Turkey and stuffin's before they came along;
Not even muffins because they came along;
Oh how we'd love it if they would run along
Just as they came along!
The bombs descended the day they came along;
Our teaching ended the day they came along;
One glance convinced us something was very wrong
The day they came along . . .
'Cause Roosevelt promised convoys, yes and swarms
of P-40's,
Fortresses flown o'er the sea!
We have scanned the skies
And strained our eyes
But we can see
Only measley bombers of the Japanese!
As mere civilians, of course we may be wrong,
But we are certain they won't stay very long,
And next December we'll sing a marching song,
As Douglas comes along!

As the months came, and Douglas didn't, we kept changing that last line to: "In *January* we'll sing a marching song . . ." And in September . . ." "And in October . . ." "And in November . . ." Three years later in the prison camp we were singing: "In February . . ." and they actually came that month! An old internee who had heard the song only in its last performance went around after the rescue slapping the Jesuit Glee Club on the back, saying: "By golly, boys! You prophesied it!"

No decent vegetable would so debase itself as to grow in our captivity garden. Nothing grew there except

carrots and pechay. Carrots, having a trace of pride in them, grew reluctantly, in small numbers, hanging their tops in shame. Pechay blossomed everywhere. Pechay is a Philippine weed which is edible if you don't mind the taste and if you breathe through your mouth while it is on the table. On this diet we settled down to theology with one copy of Sabetti-Barrett to every four men. This worked very well because four men lived in one room anyway. When we all studied at once it looked like a scene in the subway.

One morning the Japanese summoned us to the Ateneo Grade School for an "important announcement". From assemblies like this they had been shipping prisoners to Japan without warning, without luggage. So as we marched through the city streets, taking our last long look at Manila, with our best pajamas on under our clothes and our tooth brushes in our pockets, we sang a new little lyric to the tune of "Shuffle Off to Buffalo".

"Bring the pechay and the carrots
We will take Sabetti-Barretts
And away we'll go!
Oh, oh, oh, off we're gonna shuffle,
Shuffle off to Tokyo!
In an hour and a quarter
We'll be out upon the water
Where the typhoons blow!
Oh, oh, oh, off we're gonna shuffle,
Shuffle off to Tokyo!
Each morn the Japs will pay a visit
And beat us 'round the head and ears;
When you arrive they'll say: "What is it?"
But we'll discuss that later, dears!
To Formosa in a freighter,
On to Nagasaki later,
Where the torture's slow!
(GROANING) Oh, oh, oh!
Off we're gonna shuffle,
Shuffle off to Tokyo!"

But we didn't. We shuffled right back to our quarters for more theology. Our theologate had everything except a battle song, so we asked Mr. Vicente Marasigan,

the boy with the perpetual smile, the finest musician in the house, to write one. He was a strange mixture of talents, a thin young Filipino, sick for seven years in the Society. At Novaliches he had constructed a full set of stage lights out of tin cans and wire. The switchboard he built of boxwood. In one death scene he dimmed those lights with his left hand while he played background music with the other.

He went over to the auditorium, sat at the piano and composed our "Prayer to Robert Bellarmine". He was hungry; his head was aching; the Japanese were searching the auditorium behind him. The first three bars sound like a declaration of war. That is the boy's courage, which had carried him through seven years of sickness, standing up against the whole Japanese army. The melody is filled with minor chords, with hopes and fears, with youth and with longing for the priesthood.

"In life's bright morning,
E're priesthood's dawning,
Do we pray . . .
For deep, full light to see
God's truth as it was seen by thee;
We beg for grace to be
Fit soldiers of the Company!
And if 'neath eastern skies
We fall under a cross today,
We beg for strength to rise
As Christ did upon Calvary's way!
With dark clouds forming
O'er the Land of the Morning,
Let us keep his trumpets calling clear
Over the land, over the sea!
And when 'neath Mary's flag
We march out of the jaws of war,
Help us to build again
More strongly than we built before!
Last, for His love we pray, today!"

At Los Baños we would sing occasionally for the nuns who lived in the barracks beside us. Teaching Sisters, hospital Sisters, Sisters from orphan asylums and nurseries—they were all jammed together, six

little nuns to one bamboo compartment. Like us, they lived on rice and weeds and woolly worms. They laughed when we sang to them:

"There were three little Sisters, three little Sisters,
Missionaries in the Philippines;
One taught in college, one taught in high school,
And one fed the infants Ovaltine!
Now the three little Sisters, they were protected
While they worked in the Philippines
By an army of soldiers, a fleetful of sailors,
And by a mob of big marines!
But when the boys marched away . . .
The schools broke down
And the Sisters found
That the war was here to stay!
So the three little Sisters, the poor little Sisters,
They're living now on rice and greens,
Waiting for the soldiers, waiting for the sailors,
And waiting . . . for the marines!"

Water was a real problem, so some of the nuns had brown earthen jugs which they filled at the one spigot in the center of the camp. When they went down to work in the morning, they would carry their jugs with them. They would fill them when their job was over. It was too good a chance to miss, because the harmony on "Little Brown Jug" is beautiful!

"Six little nuns live all alone
In a bamboo room they call their own,
And if you were a little bug
You'd find in every room . . . a jug!
CHORUS: Ha, ha, ha! You and me!
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
When they go toiling in the kitchen
Little brown jug, it goes right with 'em
They line 'em up there two by two,
And fill them when the work is through!
They till their farms when day is done
You'll find them there at set of sun;
Just look at all the ground they've dug!
You know what makes them strong? . . . The Jug!"

In our own Jesuit barracks, when things became particularly bad, we would yodel. The only yodeling

song we knew was the one the dwarfs sang in Snow White, so we added verses to that to cover the crises as they arose: hunger, falling hair, the rice, our mounting insanity.

"When I go sailing to the States,
Which is what I've been wishin'
I'll hang my hat on the pantry door—
And live there in the kitchen!
CHORUS: Ho, hum, the tune is dumb,
The words don't mean a thing!
Isn't this a silly song
For anyone to sing?
When I climb off the railroad train
My mother will be there,
And she will cry: "That's not my boy!
"Why, my boy had some hair!"
And when we're playing paddy-cake
In nineteen fifty-four,
The guards will say: "What, dem? Oh, yeah!
We got 'em in the war!"

But this last verse we sang for the Sisters:

"When Los Banos is a memory
Just that and nothing more,
It will always be a happy one . . .
Because you lived next door!"

While we were still in Manila a brother of one of Ours had come into the city with a song he had heard on a radio in the hills: "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas." The composer of this really knew what he was writing. In the tropics Christmas Eve is the loneliest night in the year. Whenever we sang that song in camp the women wept. Even the men wept.

But in a prison camp hunger is even worse than homesickness. At Los Baños Mr. Edgar Martin was famous, because his father owns a Diner in New York. Everybody was going there as soon as we got out. Mr. Grau was equally famous, because his father owns a drug store in Baltimore. Mr. Grau used to lie in his bunk at night, in the blackout, and say dreamily: "I was *raised* on ice cream. Every time I wanted a sundae my father would say: 'Sure Al! Make me one, too!' "

So while everyone was still weeping over the original White Christmas the Jesuit Glee Club would sing two more verses, even more plaintively:

"I'm dreaming of a ham sandwich . . .
Just like the ones I used to know!
In the Martin Diner
The hams are finer
Than any other hams that grow!
I'm dreaming of a ham sandwich . . .
With every grain of rice I bite,
And when I'm not sleeping at night
I pretend I'm choosing rye or white!
I'm dreaming of a fudge sundae . . .
That's in a store in Baltimore!
Where the fountain glistens
And Daddy listens
When children say: "I'll have some more!"
I'm dreaming of a fudge sundae . . .
Just like the ones I knew so well,
And at night, when I'm in my cell . . .
Ah, my grief no mortal tongue can tell!"

The mush was served to us in metal cans, one can to a barracks. When we sang of this we used the melody of a rollicking, rousing drinking song: "One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us!"

"We had mush last night, and mush the night before . . .
We've had it every night since the starting of the war!
But with our mush we're as happy as can be!
We make believe it's broiled steak and brown gravy!
It's uproarious! Uproarious!
On one can of mush—ninety-four of us!
Thanks be to God there's no more of us,
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone!
Oh, we starved last week, and starved the week before,
But when MacArthur comes, Boy! We won't starve anymore!
We'll have roast duck and a mammoth pumpkin pie . . .
We'll have 'em every hour till a month rolls by!
It will be glorious; glorious!
A bag of jelly doughnuts just for four of us!
And if we finish them there will be more for us,
With chocolate cake for supper every day!
Oh, we dreamt last night, and dreamt the night before,

We're dreamin' every night of the bloody, bloomin' war;
But in our dreams we're as happy as can be . . .
We dream of home and mother and a Christmas tree!
Oh, it's glorious, glorious!
A cabin on a ship for the four of us!
We dream of all the lovely things in store for us,
And so we wake up smiling every morn!"

Rumors seeped through of a landing on Leyte, of a great hospital there, of MacArthur's plans to bring us all down to it if any of us were still alive when he reached Luzon. This vision of Leyte grew. We dreamt of that hospital, and sang of it. You know the melody: it is "Always".

"A hospital is there . . . in Leyte,
Nurses everywhere . . . in Leyte;
A private room for you,
Pink and white and blue,
Private showers too,
In Leyte, Leyte!
Flowers blooming there . . . in Leyte
A fragrance in the air . . . of Leyte!
Swans out on the lake,
Mushrooms on your steak,
A chocolate layer cake
In Leyte!"

In the last days of our imprisonment, when food was low, when ninety percent of the camp was sick with beri-beri, when Lewis and Hell had been shot, when new wooden crosses kept cropping up out of the fresh earth in our graveyard, three at a time . . . the Jesuit Glee Club was asked to sing for the camp.

When we had unearthed a couple of cheerful tunes from the picture "Pinochio" it dawned on our lyric writers that Los Baños was really pretty. The only things bad about it were the Japanese. The internees gathered one evening after the sun went down, in the open field, sitting on home-made chairs or in the grass, their children in the trees. They were a hard-bitten crowd but a splendid audience. It was a joy to sing to them.

"For three years we've been living under lock and key and guard,
And those three years of living have been very, very hard;
But if they'd let me choose most any home in the Islands,
This is what I'd do: I'd stay right here in the highlands!
Oh, hi diddle dee dee!
I like the scenery!
I'm out of bed at the crack of dawn,
A shower's great in the early morn,
Hi diddle dee dum!
Here comes the morning sun!
I hang my laundry out to dry,
I'm singing a song and I don't know why,
I'm off to work 'neath the open sky . . .
I am an internee!
Oh, hi diddle dee dee!
I am an internee!
I till my garden every day,
I need the workout anyway!
Hi diddle dee doo!
I'm glad when work is through!
My cheeks are brown and my teeth are white,
I have a marvelous appetite . . .
It goes to bed with me every night . . .
I am an internee!
Oh, hi diddle dee dee!
This month we will be free!
The day will dawn so bright and fair,
We'll look for the guards and they won't be there!
Hi diddle dee doo!
Somebody's day is through!
We'll peek in the gym and we'll find marines . . .
With barrels of pork and a ton of beans . . .
A-cookin' for all of the Philippines . . .
And then we'll all be free!
Oh, hi diddle dee dee!
They'll come for you and me!
We'll pack our bags and we'll take the train,
We'll smell the salt of the sea again!
Hi diddle dee doo!
We'll sail the ocean blue!
Three weeks or more on the sparkling foam,
You'll walk through the door of your little home . . .
And that's a joy of the men who roam
That waits for you and me!
I am an internee!"

About this time a slight tinge of exciting hope was creeping into our somber lives. In the silence of the nights we could hear artillery fire! And every day American planes would rocket by, waggling their wings, pure white against the blue sky. The Japanese forbade us to cheer when our planes passed; they forbade us to gather in groups; they forbade us even to *look* at them! This was a law which even the nuns could not obey. A roaring everhead, a banking plane . . . and white wimples would pop out of the windows, white veils would blossom round the barracks door. The nuns would gather in little bevies, blinking up into the sun, watching . . .

"What is the hope that the white planes bring?
What puts the zing in the songs we sing?
What's the reason for
The crowd round the barracks' door?
Why do you thrill at the boom of guns?
Why do you dream of cinnamon buns?
It is the certainty
That someday we will be free!
Ah, you've had things to get you down,
To make you fret and to make you frown;
You're locked up, but you'll be free,
You darned old internee!
High oh, the merry oh,
You'll be happy as can be!
You'll want the world to know
That you were an internee!
The skies were gray, but they'll be blue,
The doggone war is nearly through!
They're coming here, just wait and see,
You darned old internee!
High oh, the merry oh,
You'll be happy as can be!
Too bad for Tokyo!
It was such a nice city!
You'll sail the sea and drink the foam,
The band will play when you come home,
And you'll be glad you used to be . . .
A darned old internee!
Ah . . . you darned old internee!"

In that last performance we even sang a farewell song. It was a dress rehearsal, we said, for our coming

departure. We would all sing it to the melody of "Goodnight, Sweetheart" as we left Los Baños.

" 'Bye Los Baños, I am going home;
'Bye Los Baños, you stay here alone!
I like your sunset and beautiful dawn,
But in the morn
I want more than corn!
So I say . . .
'Bye Los Baños, with your blue lake beside you,
'Bye Los Baños, 'mid hills that almost hide you;
I can't abide you!
I've been too long inside you!
'Bye Los Baños, goodbye!"

Then the rescue. When we were out on the lake playing target to the Japanese artillery, it was borne in upon us how greatly the vocabulary of America had increased during our three years of imprisonment. Our guns jammed. The schoolboys manning them gave us a magnificent demonstration of wartime adjectives and how they are used.

In the recuperation camp we wrote our last lyric, for a little girl. To the tune of "There Once Was a Gay Caballero" she sang it for the men of the Eleventh Airborne who had jumped on us.

"There once was an airborne division
That jumped with machine-like precision!
They jumped out at dawn,
Right down on our lawn,
And we ate up all their provisions!
These soldiers who jump out of planes
Are handsome and very well trained!
They spread every Jap
All over the map
And their losses were . . . one ankle sprained!
A great tank rolled out of the water,
It's driver took part in the slaughter!
He let down the back
Of his mammoth amtrack,
But he'd only take ladies aboard 'er!
That big tank rolled back in the water
With forty-five women aboard 'er!
The gunner was grand
Until his gun jammed . . .

Then he said things that he hadn't oughter!
But now all our dreams have come true
Because you jumped out of the blue!
The men have full plates,
The ladies have dates . . .
And we're all so grateful to you!"

On the boat coming home, when the ship was rolling in a wild storm and we were confined below decks, with the hatches battened, the Jesuit Glee Club reviewed its repertoire. Lying in our bunks, rocking and swaying on the breast of the heaving ocean, we sang harmony for four hours and fifteen minutes without repeating a word! We have a whole hatful of parodies which are not printed here. When did we get time to write them all? At meals! There was nothing else to do!

THE NIGHT OF THE COMING

(This account comes from a Scholastic who, as a native Filipino, was not interned.)

Manila is an irregular polygon, cut in two by a river. Four bridges span the river in the downtown section; they were all mined, and traffic was allowed only through one lane of Jones Bridge. Half a bridge for the eight hundred thousand of us.

Directly you rubbed sleep out of your eyes in the morning, it was customary to ask if the bridges still stood. They still stood in the early evening of February third, when we rounded the City Hall block to make a dash for the bridge and home.

But there was something in the air. Felt it in the bones. The massive bridge sprawled quietly in the soft twilight. But people were running away from it. Tracer bullets arched over the buildings downtown; raced across far, dim corners. Tat-tat-tat-tat, boom . . . ping! That did not sound like late birds nesting

for the night in the wide-spreading, leafy acacias of the Avenue. (For here, in the evenings, thousands of birds are all a-twitter; it's beautiful here—but that seems long ago . . .)

A begrimed laborer hurrying the other way told me: They are here! I knew whom he meant.

We raced across the deserted bridge, right against the ledge, heads down. In Escolta bullets were singing down the canyon of tall buildings. We walked away from it, through China-town, worming our way in the darkness. Japs, in their lairs, were watching us. We could feel it.

So, this was it! — here, here, here! Thoughts kept a steady beat with our feet as we hied from one corner to another, keeping to leeward of the distant shooting. Only a few of us were in the streets then. People sensed forthcoming events, and lay on bottom floors and behind concrete walls. We finally reached Plaza Leon Trece, where the Tondo Church stands. A Citadel. Massive stone fashioned into a beloved Temple. Around it lived thousands, sons of toil and poverty. But there were also many office buildings and beautiful homes. The whole district is bounded by the sea, a commercial section, and the railway terminal.

The Plaza was dark that fateful Night of the Coming. Residents were barricaded inside their houses for the long vigil. Stars were out, and the sky was like something dipped in blue. The three days of war and fire in Tondo were about to begin.

In our refuge—a shack in a side street—we could hear Jap soldiers around midnight dragging their boots to I don't know where. They were fleeing. Then a roar suddenly blasted the silence. Our hearts stood still. It was dynamite, smiting down concrete walls; propelling slabs of stone in all directions; hurtling steel and iron on the heads of poor neighbors. Concrete through grass-thatched roofs; blasts against thin bamboo walls; shells crazily spinning against houses huddled together just across the munition dumps. Of course, they hadn't been told.

Machine guns spat fire from pill-boxes around the plaza, and the bark seemed to race down the dark streets, toward the north. So, they must be there. Creeping in on us from the other side of a creek. This very evening they will be here. Not strangers. Friends. Tomorrow, we shall be free.

But it was not to be so—not yet. The dawn of Sunday was a fierce red. People still walked about. Japs stood at street corners, taking food away from people who had wisely done an early marketing. Every crack of rifle fire sent people scurrying to a wall or a tree. Before you could take a few deep breaths, they would all be on their way again.

At midday the blasting was resumed—building after building went down. Long, long tongues of flame shot upwards, and smoke went up like huge pretzels. At nightfall fierce fires blotted out our horizon. Not just fire—fire crackling and smoldering—but fire within fire, explosions in and around the fire, under the earth and over. A stream of the homeless kept flowing by the Church—wounded, sick, old and young, with small bundles, their all; and the dead, on push-carts. Soot laid a fine mantle over everything. Through the smoke haze the sunlight was a sickly red, the sun a ball of fire. Looked like the Nippon Sun—the seal of approval.

Monday morning no one showed up at the Church. The soldiers kept shooting at something down the streets. The firing was becoming more intense. Jap soldiers broke into the Church, guarded all approaches, kept us with them for a couple of hours. It looked as if the advance patrols were just around the corner. No, it wasn't so pleasant to be held there by the Japs! Yes, we prepared for the worst.

We were released after two hours. A small field piece in the corner of the Church court started shelling American troops coming from the north, a mile away. We were a score of meters away from that piece. The answer was forthcoming, naturally. A Cub plane sat on top of us, to adjust the range. The first rounds were long. The next three hit the roof and walls of

the Church. We didn't wait for any further corrections, and crouched behind concrete walls of the Parish Residence. Shells kept coming, smack against the Citadel. That took the fight out of the Jap crew. Took a lot of breath out of us, too.

But way out near the beach, where shacks cling together in poverty, the Japanese started new fires. With a freshening afternoon breeze, flames cut a fiery path inland. Efforts to stop the fires were discouraged. Japs shot people dead; others were bayonetted. Smoke rose from all points of the compass. By nightfall, Church and Plaza were surrounded by columns of black, swirling, blinding smoke.

It was a fiery siege. Thousands of the homeless gathered around the plaza. Monsignor Jovellanos, the beloved of his people of Tondo, opened wide the doors of the Church to give shelter to all. There, with God in the Blessed Sacrament, we all waited in simple faith.

Gusty winds picked up flame and embers and threw them down on us. But behind the thick Church walls, it was still cool. Flight alone was the solution. Japanese, however, guarded the outlets from that inferno. Everytime the multitude would start trekking down one of them, shots would be fired, and hand grenades flung at us. Helplessly, the people sat around, bewildered. A clamor of prayer arose from the multitudes to God, for deliverance. The solution was neat and irresistible. Fire ate into the lairs of the Japanese, and consumed their earthworks and pill-boxes. They left.

By then the black smoke was burning into the lungs, and blinding the eyes. The church roof caught fire. The Citadel was lost. Former Jap billets started exploding. We asked Monsignor Jovellanos to leave, and he would not. My parish, and my people. Here with them. Friends took his arm and led him out. Out, through corridors of fire; out of a mad inferno; the Blessed Sacrament and an Image of the Infant Jesus leading the way. Hundreds followed him, shepherd of his people.

It was good to breathe sea air again, clean and cool. There was a wall of fire behind us; but ahead of us, the

sky was a clear blue. It was three in the morning. The stars were out. It was good.

But there were those who were left behind. Those who slept near the munition dumps; those who tried to save their homes; and many others. These are dead. Let us pray for them, and for peace.

THE ATENEO DESTROYED AND SET FREE

Towards the end of January 1945 the Americans after landing at Lingayen, were fast fighting their way to Manila; the Japanese in the city were feverishly throwing up pill-boxes at every street corner; and the Jesuit community at the Ateneo was taking an intensive course in First Aid in preparation for the clash. On the morning of February the third the course ended; that very afternoon we heard heavy machine-gun fire on the north side of the Pasig River.

The next day a friend from across the river telephoned the news that he had seen three American tanks creeping towards Malacañan, the president's palace. After this bit of news the telephone, our last link with the outside world, went dead. But the people of Ermita, the district of Manila which immediately surrounds our school, hearing the shots, flocked to the Ateneo with their foodstuffs, their clothes, their pots and pans. For our walls were thick and impregnable to mere street fighting, our grounds were broad against fire, and our church and our religious habits seemed to be the best protection for them against the fury of the vengeful Japs. So there was a rush of pushcarts through our side gate, and all the classrooms and laboratories, the refectory, the library, were filled with families, in all about a thousand persons.

That night there was a huge fire across the river. The Pasig waterfront for a mile along its length seemed to be burning all at once. Although we were almost two miles away we could hear the heavy crackling of the flames. Now and then a sheet of flame would shoot up far above the clouds, and five seconds

later the sound of the explosion would shake the house and at times even blow closed doors from their hinges. The Japanese were blowing up the downtown district with mines.

Two nights later it was the turn of Intramuros, the Walled City, to be razed to the ground. And so the burning went on, night after night and block after block. The Japanese said they disliked the Filipinos because they were "double-faced traitors" and, though dressed as civilians, spied upon or shot down Japanese soldiers at every opportunity. And so, for the three years of Filipino hostility and resistance to the Co-Prosperity Sphere, the Japanese were taking revenge.

Shells now began to whistle overhead and to fall a few blocks away. On Wednesday, February 7, there arrived at Assumption College, behind the Ateneo, the Belgian nuns from Saint Theresa's College. Together with them were the nuns of Saint Paul de Chartres. All were in a high state of nervous excitement. Their colleges the night before had been the target of American guns. They had all received *Viaticum,* and this morning by a very special pass from the Japanese military authorities they had been allowed to walk through the streets to a place of safety.

Poor Sisters, they had merely jumped from the frying pan into the fire. The Jesuit scholastics brought them beds and tables, but after that for two whole weeks the nuns were swallowed up in a mysterious silence. Although they were our neighbors and the wall separating us had been torn down by the Japanese, we never heard from them again until the Americans came.

Thursday morning American planes dropped copies of the "Free Philippines" announcing the capture by the First Cavalry of the internment camp at Santo Tomás and of Malacañan Palace. What a scramble there was for those single-sheets! A man bought a copy from one of our altar boys for fifty pesos.

That noon a troop of Japanese marines with fixed bayonets and two machine-guns went noisily through the house, pulled the people out of their rooms and

herded them all into the West Parade grounds. They came to the auditorium, where the Jesuits lived, and forced all the priests, brothers and scholastics with their hands in the air to line up with the rest. Then they searched each man, woman and child, one by one, for concealed weapons or incriminating documents. The reason alleged for the search was that someone from the third floor of our main building had shot at a Japanese sentry on the street. Of course all that the Japs got from the search were some jewels, which they pocketed, and some Commonwealth banknotes (American, hence illegal currency), which they burned.

The search lasted for two hours under the noonday sun. One thousand men, women and children stood with their hands up, picketed all around by rifles and machine-guns. Massacres of civilians were going on all over the city. There was a time when two P-38's started to frolic overhead, wondering perhaps at the immense crowd below. When some eyes were raised to watch them, terrific growls from the guards bent all heads towards the ground.

At length after two hours the senior officer, with a majestic downward sweep of his arm, yelled at the crowd: "Stand!" By this he meant, of course, that we should now sit down. We did. The people finally lowered their tired arms, and stretched out on the grass. Then the officer pointed to his watch and pounded out the words: "Six, all go! Japanese Imperial Army own house!"

It was explained that, as a punishment for the attempted murder of the Japanese sentry and for other military reasons, by the authority of His Majesty, our Emperor, the Army was ordering everybody except the Jesuits to leave the house before six that afternoon. After a long consultation with Father Trinidad, our Rector, the soldiers left.

Thereupon pushcart wheels, which had been removed to prevent theft, were quickly refitted to pushcart axles, and there began the second procession through our side gate, much faster and much sadder than the first.

The second chapter of our story began on Friday, February 9. The main building had been entirely vacated the previous day. The auditorium, which we always called "the church" when speaking with the Japs, was still occupied by the Jesuits. The Blessed Sacrament was reserved there, on the stage. Mass was said there, too.

A little after dinner on this eventful Friday shells for the first time began to fall within the Ateneo grounds. The first shell struck a tamarind tree, sliced off a branch as thick as a man's leg and blew in the wall of the nearby gymnasium. Other shells came thick and fast, apparently aimed at the chemistry buildings of the University of the Philippines across the street. These buildings finally blew up and burned all afternoon. The smoke was thick and black, pouring over us, filling the sky.

Then we were warned that if anyone stepped out into the streets, he would be shot. A man who had come to draw water at the Ateneo pump tried to return to his house; on leaving the Ateneo he was shot. It was a strategic move on the part of the Japs. Not only was all guerrilla activity behind Japanese lines bound hand and foot, not only was the mutual warning of civilians of various districts and all cooperation between them stifled, but the Japs gained the weapon of mystery. Their numbers seemed to quadruple and they seemed to be everywhere at once.

Shortly before supper a series of blasts shook the house. The Union Church across the corner had been set on fire. After supper Father Trinidad, while going around the buildings, saw the Japs carrying straw under the observatory dome. As he approached they took up their rifles and drove him off. He went to the grotto of the Blessed Virgin and said a *Memorare* for the preservation of our house that night.

It is said that the Japanese threw gasoline into the grocery store near the Union Church which they had blasted. The fact is that the fire grew enormously. Then word came that our observatory dome was on fire.

People began to run into the Ateneo from all directions, panic-stricken. But what a strange panic it was! There was no shouting, just men, women and children running and not daring to raise their voices; for they knew well who had started this fire, and they were afraid. Once more through the side gate into the Ateneo grounds rolled the lumbering pushcarts.

Priests, scholastics and lay-brothers went around to the neighboring houses to help the people bring in their possessions. Two scholastics were sent up to the third floor of the main building to watch against the fire. And what a sight they saw! Two immense fires, one to the left and the other in front, were roaring through the homes of once peaceful, beautiful Ermita.

The watchers pointed out the homes of relatives and friends as the fire approached, seized and towered triumphantly over them. There were of course no fire-fighters. Even had there been any they would have had no water, no equipment with which to work. The pity of it was that all this destruction was wanton and useless, for neither Americans nor Japanese would profit from it. Perhaps it satisfied the Japanese thirst for revenge. Certainly it left extreme poverty, tears and bitterness.

Besides these fires to the left and in front, to the right the observatory dome was burning. It was a relic of the old Spanish Jesuits who for half a century had watched the planets, measured the earthquakes, forecast the typhoons, and kept the records of all these under that dome.

At about ten o'clock a second group of refugees ran in through our front gate. These were in a worse plight than the first group, for besides having had to travel much farther and to encounter more Japs, they had been shelled by American guns since noon. They brought in their wounded on beds, the pillows and sheets of which were soaked with blood. The bearers were so unnerved that they could only wait for the approach of one of the Jesuits and with tears beg for help.

What stories they had to tell! A Chinaman who owned a restaurant was caught in his house by the fire. As he was dashing out into the street a soldier blocked his way with a bayonet and drove him back into the flames. "Japanese wanted to make me roasted pig!" he said. With an axe he broke down his back fence and with some hurdling and clambering made his way to the Ateneo.

As two of our altar boys were hiding in an air raid shelter, an American incendiary shell almost asphyxiated them. They fled to the street and joined a band of refugees that was trying to reach the Ateneo. When they came to a barricade, the Japanese sentry would not let them pass and threatened to shoot. Those in the back of the mob shouted: *"Bahala na!* Let them shoot! Go on!" But those in front shouted back: *"You* go first!" The crowd would rush to the barricade and when a few feet away from it, in the face of the sentry's rifle, would run back. Finally they made a wide circle, through back streets, and reached us.

Into the auditorium they all came, until it was packed full, like a circus or a madhouse. There were Chinese chattering softly; there were four or five women giving birth before their time. There were pushcarts in the cloister, a horse on the corridor, and cooped up in the toilets there were chickens. And in the shadows outside stood soldiers, silent and ominous, with fixed bayonets and steel helmets, camouflaged with nets to look like grass.

The road behind the auditorium was turned into a hospital. There the doctors by the light of burning Ermita probed into wounds and operated without anesthetics, and Father Trinidad administered the last sacraments.

At about two-thirty in the morning the wind veered, and the fire approached the west side of the Ateneo. A nipa shack standing on that point of our grounds supplied the only possible path of entry for the fire. The scholastics and some volunteers tore this shack down and then watched beside it with fire extinguishers. The fire ate up Saint Joseph's Dormitory across

the street and then passed on. The danger from fire was over for a time.

Just as the Angelus bell was sounding that morning, the scholastics and Father Trinidad crept in under a table to sleep. Their rooms had been commandeered for the Sisters, who had come to us when Saint Joseph's Dormitory was destroyed, for some wounded, and for a woman in labor.

On Saturday morning, February 10, the priests celebrated Mass before that cosmopolitan crowd. The hospital was moved into the auditorium just below the altar, and then we had time to take stock of our situation.

About two thousand people had taken refuge at the Ateneo the previous night, and stragglers who still managed to evade the soldiers kept filtering in. Although the city mains had been blown up our water supply, two pumps and two wells, was adequate. Food was rather short, for a great number had come to us with nothing. For these we had to provide a breadline, or rather a riceline, in which we distributed well-watered rice mixed with cassava, twice a day. Tea for breakfast. In the Jesuit community the saying spread: "Have you drunk breakfast?"

The toilets became a problem, for the people would not take the trouble of drawing water from the well to flush them. The problem was finally solved by means of big posters: "Admission ticket: one bucket of water." For the benefit of the Chinese we translated the posters into cartoons showing a man drawing water from the well, then emptying the bucket into the toilet bowl. The posters and their translations were fastened on the toilet doors, and to make sure that the admission was paid we stationed guards.

These and similar precautions were rewarded by freedom from the much feared epidemics. There were only four or five reported cases of dysentery, and only one death from disease.

The men were often drafted by us for labor, such as drawing water for common purposes, cleaning up, burying the dead. One of them while brandishing a

broom laughed and said: "The Japs were never able to get me to do forced labor, but see what the Jesuits have done!"

But the Jesuit taskmasters themselves were busy at all sorts of jobs from morning till night, sometimes up and doing twenty hours a day. The wounded could not be brought to a regular hospital, for the Japanese were shooting people on the streets. Nor could they be carried over our wall to the Philippine General Hospital, which was only a hundred yards away, because snipers were hiding in the trees. So the hospital had to remain in the auditorium, where scholastics acted as nurses and stretcher-bearers.

This little hospital was handicapped by the lack of even the simplest things, like alcohol. This lack was accentuated by the threat of more casualties, brought home to us by the first incendiary shell that landed alongside the auditorium, right where a family was cooking dinner. The burning phosphoric substance was shot into one man's abdomen. The people scattered, and the man was left wailing and beating the ground with hands and feet until Fr. Trinidad rushed in and stifled the fire with his habit.

This incident emphasized the need of getting more medicines. First we instituted a campaign to gather in all the extra drugs, as well as the extra food, which some refugees had brought with them. Then a German came forward and offered a supply of medicine which he had under his burned house, if we were willing to dig for it. A scholastic, Mr. Lopez, volunteered to go and try. Taking a Red Cross flag he went out boldly into the streets. He came back with such a large supply of medicines, cotton, gauze, etc. that we never needed any more until the Americans came.

I might here say a word of praise for Mr. Lopez, who must be in heaven now. His work was among the patients in the hospital. His also was the task of burying the dead. It is such a small thing ordinarily, this burying of the dead, though even in peacetime it is considered a corporal work of mercy. But in wartime, bursting shells throw pall-bearers flat on the ground,

make grave diggers jump for shelter into the grave they have just dug, and the vast number of the dead makes the work very heavy and saddening. I have started to speak of Mr. Lopez (he was only in his second year philosophy), and I shall have more to say of him later. He had a mother's tenderness towards the wounded, whose faces would literally light up at his approach, and he had a soldier's heart under fire.

Meanwhile the Japanese around us seemed to grow more and more scarce. However, on Sunday afternoon, February 11, just before benediction a platoon of Japanese soldiers came in. When they saw the huge crowd assembled in the auditorium, out flew their forty-fives. Once again every one had to file past them to be searched. These Japanese were endlessly suspicious. Yet there was something humorous about their actions, as for instance, it was funny to see a little boy of eight or nine, so scared his eyes were popping out of his head, raising his little hands as high as they would go, and a stolid Jap searching the little boy lest perhaps he would be packing a forty-five in his hip pocket!

But this time the Japs were in a great hurry, as though someone were chasing them from the south. Even before they had finished the search, they were summoned away by a passing troop. So the people breathed a sigh of relief and of thanksgiving to our Lady, the Patroness of the Ateneo, and relaxed once more for a night's sleep under the auditorium chairs.

Monday, February 12, brought us more shelling from the Americans, who perhaps thought that there were Japanese at the Ateneo. At this time we got a pass from a Japanese medical officer to reoccupy our main building—but only the first floor, lest the incident of the shooting of the Japanese sentry be repeated. A burst of shells on the laboratory buildings sent the survivors scampering to the comparative safety of the main building.

That night there came two hundred more refugees, a hundred and ninety-nine women and one man. The Japanese had taken their men-folk away, they knew not where. The one male survivor was left behind

because his old mother needed someone to carry her. The women had been locked up in Bay View Hotel and were completely at the mercy of the shameless pagans for three days. From their stories those three days must have been hell.

But that night we had our own hell in the main building. The people were sleeping along the corridors, in the classrooms, and in the law library, confident in the protection of the three floors above them when crash! a shell hit the glass windows of the old law library, and scattered shrapnel and glass along the library's entire length. For half an hour after that massacre we were carrying the wounded into the auditorium to be sewn up by the doctors. The dead we merely covered up with old clothes.

We woke up Father Riera, an old Spanish veteran of the missions. He had his own way of throwing on the habit quick as a fireman. He came to the wounded and gave them absolution and extreme unction.

Half an hour later into the auditorium came another batch of broken skulls and sliced thighs. Another shell had burst upon the refugees. On went the habit of Father Riera, and he was at work even before the doctors could start. There was no sleep that night for the doctors and nurses.

There was not much variety in the shelling after this. A friend came to the Ateneo begging help for some refugees two blocks away. A scholastic went out with a Red Cross flag to rescue them, and brought them back to the Ateneo. But after experiencing a night's shelling at the Ateneo, they decided they could not stand our little madhouse; they left the Ateneo to live like rats in the ruins.

A strange incident of this rescue expedition was that as they passed through the Assumption College behind the Ateneo, they called out to the Sisters, but there was no answer. The Sisters and everyone else in the house had disappeared. We only found out later that all the occupants had been forced into the basement of a little house, the Japs threatening to throw in a hand grenade if a baby cried.

By now the shells were smashing into the side of the auditorium. In order to lessen the risk, on the night of Tuesday, Feb. 13, the scholastics slept in the main building in the small recess over the old college store. All through the night shells were blowing off the roof of the house, splintering the third story. Sometimes bits of sharpnel would sizzle down through four floors and hit the ground with a thump. But the nine of us in the little ten-by-six attic were sufficiently cozy with a pile of furniture on the floor above us, concrete walls all around, and a telescope pier ten feet thick behind us.

But elsewhere we were not always so secure. "Close shaves" became common. A 105 mm. shell once crashed through the ceiling of the auditorium and fell a foot away from two of us, but it failed to explode. Another scholastic was machine-gunned; but the bullets merely picked up the folds of his habit and twisted a case for eyeglasses which he carried in his pocket. Our former rooms were made sieves, but of course we were away during the process. It was after some such experiences, when the uncomfortable neighborliness of death could no longer be denied, that the scholastics started singing to each other that Negro spiritual learned in previous years from American scholastics:

"If you get to heaven before I do,
Just bore a hole and pull me through . . ."

On the morning after our night's stay in the small attic, another scholastic and I were caught by shelling beside the altar on the auditorium stage. We jumped back to a side wall and flattened ourselves against it. The first shells exploded right under the roof and blew it off. When the roof was gone, the shells sailed through the opening and exploded among the altar curtains. Down crashed the curtains, the cables, the lights, the whole cyclorama. The tabernacle was never hit, though we could see the bronze altar vases flying about like bowling pins. The base of a shell struck the floor at our feet. It seemed like the last hour for us. We took out a rosary, kissed the crucifix for the indulgence at the hour of death, said "Jesus, Mary,

Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul" and waited for the "sharp nail" that was to bore through us. But when we opened our eyes again, we were still alive.

Every escape from death added a new zest to life, and filled it with new meaning; Almighty God was still in perfect control of all things, and His care for us could be counted on to "proceed according to plan."

On February 14, Ash Wednesday, the Ateneo main building was burned to ashes. That morning the barrage of shells had been extraordinarily heavy. People were struck while running from one building to another, and the path leading from the main building to the auditorium was lined with dead. Besides our own wounded, more were brought in from the Elena Apartments; so many were they that the Jesuits were using their cinctures for bandages. It became impossible to cook in the kitchen. There was no breakfast and hardly any dinner, save for the few canned goods that had been carefully kept for three years for just such an emergency.

In the midst of this horrible shelling, at about one-thirty, there was a cry of fire. Smoke was seen coming from the west tower of the main building. A scholastic ran up to the shell-shattered third floor where he had to pick his way cautiously to the tower. But it was a false alarm. The smoke was from a burning house across the street and was merely being blown towards the tower by the wind.

About three o'clock there came another cry of fire. This time smoke was pouring from the central tower, accompanied by the crackling of fire. The same scholastic ran up with a fire extinguisher to the third floor. Sure enough, the ceiling was on fire. Almost before he could invert the extinguisher, the flames had run like three or four colossal lizards all over the dormitory ceiling. Down he fled, leaving the extinguisher to shoot its contents out in vain.

What followed then is a tribute to the discipline St. Ignatius imposes on his sons. While the mob charged for the two rear doors, Father Rector and the Jesuits present hurried to the rooms where the wounded were

lying. The front door was locked; it was immediately decided there was no time to break it open. The back doors were open, but by now were choked by the panic-stricken crowd. So through the former chapel, through the sacristy, and out through the little side-door to safety the Jesuits carried the patients, then back again for more. They worked steadily until the cinders started to drop on them from the burning floor above. Ultimately only one of the wounded, a Chinese woman, could not be brought out in time and had to be abandoned to the flames.

Meanwhile the back doors were choked with a crowd, shouting, pushing, but hardly moving forward. For some of the people, thinking first of their baggage, had tried to bring out their pushcarts which now jammed the doors. Men, women and children were thrown flat on those pushcarts, and more and more were thrown over these until the pile of bodies had reached one half the height of the door. One scholastic was caught in the middle of that pile, and he had fifteen breathless minutes, with arms and legs above him, and arms and legs and corpses below him, while a solicitious mother trying to pull out her son by the leg heard a strange voice from the pile saying "That's my leg, ma'am."

But when the people were out of the building, and the bodies, living and dead, had been pulled out of the pile, there arose the other problem of where to house the refugees. The auditorium was a wreck, the grounds were being pock-marked with shells: there seemed to be only one place of refuge, the Philippine General Hospital. So it was decided to brave the snipers, to break down the wall separating the Ateneo from the Hospital, and to transfer the refugees there. Three of Ours were to go with the refugees, the rest would stay for a while in the auditorium.

With the aid of a pickaxe the wall was breached. The people ran across to the maternity ward. The snipers got a few, but the great majority reached the hospital in safety. One man was hit in the abdomen by a Jap bullet. I saw him being wheeled down the ward shouting that he would have his revenge. As

for the rest who after those nerve-racking sixty minutes found themselves poorer perhaps but alive, they were almost mad with relief and joy. They kissed the hands of the Jesuits they met, they pulled out their beads and said rosary after rosary in thanksgiving for their deliverance.

However the hospital itself was not too secure: two wards had been burned, shells had fallen in others. There was only one pump for artesian water, and whoever worked that pump did so at the risk of his life, because Jap snipers watched it like hunters at a waterhole and now and then took potshots at those who dared to draw. Some of the refugees preferred to stay at the Ateneo, either in the auditorium with us or in the air-raid shelters on the grounds.

That Wednesday night Assumption College also was set on fire. The flying cinders, carried by the wind, kept coming in through the holes in the auditorium roof and falling on the ruined altar.

Up to now the Jesuits had escaped all serious injury. But around midnight, while one of the lay-brothers, Brother Rumbaoa, was going downstairs, shell fragments hit him in the face and cut an artery in his thigh.

The same barrage, it seems, also killed the scholastic, Mr. Pimentel, though we did not discover this fact till late next morning. The discovery came about this way. At dawn we told Mr. Lopez, our scholastic chief-undertaker, "There is a Chinaman killed in the foyer. Don't miss him."

About ten o'clock a scholastic came in, all pale, and shouted "Mr. Pimentel is dead!" He was the "Chinaman" in the foyer whose brains had been dashed out. His habit being pulled up and bloody, he could not be easily recognized as a Jesuit. He had died while asleep, from a wound in the head.

Even while we were discussing his death, conjecturing on the hour it happened, commenting on how he had received general absolution with us on the previous day and on how similar a Jesuit was in death to anyone else, the laboratory buildings were set on fire, apparently by some Japanese soldiers whom we could see

roaming about the grounds. We let them burn.

As the auditorium began to seem too dangerous, Father Trinidad decided to split the community and to keep as few as possible at the Ateneo, just enough to take care of the wounded who could not be moved, and to distribute food to the two hundred or so refugees who still stayed on at the Ateneo grounds. So at about noon there were left to hold the fortress three priests, three scholastics and five lay-brothers. The rest, carrying with them some of the wounded (the Philippine General Hospital would not take in more than fifteen), crossed through the breach into the Hospital. This was on Thursday, February 15.

We who were left behind settled down to the shelling that now came in sporadic bursts. When we could hear the whistle before the explosion, we would relax, for that meant that the shell was for some other unfortunate beyond our block. But those short-whistling or whistle-less explosions! They were meant for us. So savage were these sporadic outbursts and so seemingly malicious in their intent to harass that we thought it could not be the Americans but the Japs who were shelling us. This terrifying thought seemed to be corroborated by the fact that although thousands of Filipinos had been killed in Ermita we never saw a single Japanese killed by shelling; they were too well hidden in their own concrete buildings to be reached by ordinary shells.

On Thursday night into the auditorium came a band of Japanese soldiers, carrying a box loaded with what looked like dynamite. As they came in, we prepared to go out, for besides our fear that they would burn the auditorium over our heads, we were anxious for the women. That very morning some women had run back to the Ateneo from the Hospital to seek protection from their pagan lusts.

So when they came in, we started quietly to carry our food supplies to a place of safety; the women were waiting for us to conduct them to the dug-outs outside. However at the last minute Father Trinidad was able to come to an understanding with the officer in com-

mand, who promised that the women would not be touched, and asked for nothing more than a night's lodging. So we returned to the auditorium, to sleep that night with one eye open.

Four o'clock Friday morning we saw a red glow lighting up the tiny projection room windows in the rear ceiling of the auditorium. Were the Japanese soldiers after all trying to burn us? Mr. Lopez and I ran upstairs with a fire extinguisher. A shell had landed in the movie projection room, had blown out the doors and the ceiling, and set the papers and trunks stored there on fire.

We emptied the extinguisher into the fire, but it was insufficient to put it out. We went downstairs and dragged up another fire extinguisher, but again it was not enough. In our despair we hammered the fire with our empty extinguishers, but the violence was wasted and the fire burned on as merrily as ever.

Then we went down to get help. The Chinese at our excited urging took up their pails and went to the well to draw water. They kept on drawing water from the well and sand from the tennis courts, lugging the pails up three stories to us, who then attacked the fire from two sides, outflanked it, surrounded it, and put it out.

As we were finishing, someone noticed that the rafters had caught fire. Just as a young man climbed up to the roof to pour water on them from above, a shell crashed down, missing his head by a couple of feet, and missing our toes by about the same distance. It went through the third floor and on the second it exploded sending bits of shrapnel up at us again through the third floor. Fortunately none of us upstairs was seriously hurt; downstairs however a lay-brother, Brother Duffy, was wounded in the back.

A little while later, almost before we had time to run downstairs, there came a terrific barrage that blew our makeshift kitchen into bits. Mr. Andaya, who was helping near the kitchen caught some shell pieces in his side and in his lip, two teeth being knocked out. His wounds must have hurt terribly, but this

little stoic (he had studied medicine before he entered the Society and was at the time our infirmarian) spat out what remained of the two teeth, gave instructions on how to tie up his wounds, then asked for a cigarette.

After bandaging the wounded we made preparations for that Friday morning's Mass. We set up a little altar in the washroom, which seemed to be the safest spot at the time. In one corner sat the wounded scholastic, still bleeding slowly. In the other corner were the nuns from St. Joseph's Dormitory. The place was so small that the server during Mass hardly moved from where he stood. All received *Viaticum*, which brought to tired hearts new strength and new optimism.

One of our priests then took the Blessed Sacrament from the main altar to the Philippine General Hospital for safety. Another left with a lay-brother for the Elena Apartments.

That afternoon Mr. Lopez and I, taking a Red Cross flag, also went to the Elena Apartments to see if we could transfer some of our wounded thither. On the way we met a squad of Japanese soldiers slinking through a hole in the wall; they had the air of children playing hide-and-seek. They did not mind us at all. We reached the Elena Apartments in safety but were disappointed to find their Red Cross station still unorganized and lacking in that centralization of authority which was the mark of our little "theocratic" state and was the source of whatever efficiency we had. So we returned to our "fortress," bringing back with us a surgeon and a nurse to examine our wounded, especially Mr. Andaya, whose wound was intermittently bleeding.

As the lull in the shelling continued, we took advantage of it to bury Mr. Pimentel and the other corpses, some of which had been dead for three days. It was done in a hurry; three or four corpses were dragged into a dugout, and a pretense was made of covering them with sand. After covering up the seventh corpse this way with about twenty more waiting, a nearby shell explosion made us leap into a dugout and then

run for our lives to our fortress, leaving the twenty to wait for better times.

That Friday night a fire started up again in the movie-projection room, and the tiresome process of drawing water and hauling it up three stories had to be gone through again. It was worse this time as our helpers were hesitant about drawing water amidst the whistling shrapnel unless we were there with them to lend moral support. One poor boy broke down and sobbed that he was afraid to go on. Mr. Lopez told him kindly to take a rest; after a while he became so ashamed of himself that he came back and worked twice as hard as the rest. We finally soaked the room so thoroughly that the fire had not a chance of starting again.

Breakfast on Saturday morning, the first breakfast in many days, was the previous night's left-over rice with some bits of dried fish. No king ever ate so costly a breakfast, for calculating on the last quoted prices of twenty-seven thousand pesos per cavan of rice, each mouthful must have cost some thirty or forty pesos. The diet of fish was priceless.

On this Saturday occurred the "empty hospital mystery," a strange happening which kept us guessing for a couple of days. Since there was with us a wounded man who, the doctor said, would die unless immediately brought to the Philippine General Hospital, a lay-brother with some volunteers carried him there on a bed, across the wall. This took place at about eleven o'clock in the morning.

That afternoon there was another patient who had to be carried across. He was a Swiss, a heavy man. With the intention of also visiting our brothers in the hospital, Mr. Lopez and I, preceeded by a volunteer carrying a huge Red Cross flag, carried him through the breach in the wall. But we found no one at the hospital; the wards were all silent and empty — no doctors, no patients, no refugees, not even the lay-brother and those who had gone there that morning. Where could they have gone? Mr. Lopez said he saw a Japanese soldier in one of the wards. So without

further ado we took up our patient and carried him back to the Ateneo.

The disappearance of the refugees, including the Jesuits, from the hospital was a great mystery to us. Had they been killed off? Had they been transferred elsewhere by the Japs? Had they fled? It certainly was strange that about seven thousand people could disappear without a trace. Only after the Americans came did we learn what had happened.

Meanwhile the parish priest of Ermita with his coadjutor and some parishioners passed by the Ateneo on their way from the air-raid shelter at the church to the hospital. The grass is always greener on the other side of the road, and the house next door is always shelled less than one's own. They said that they had not seen a single Jap on the streets. This also was very strange. Hearing the account of what we had seen in the hospital they decided to stay with us for the night.

That night Father Trinidad and we two scholastics said the beads sitting in the darkness of his room. Then we went to confession to him, and after confession Mr. Lopez said: "Now we are ready for anything!" He was only giving expression to the tense atmosphere of "something-about-to-happen" that night. He did not realize that the next day he would be shot and killed.

The barrage of shells was at its worst. Shells exploded outside, ten feet away from the building, and the shrapnel crashed through the closed door, missing by inches us who crouched on either side.

Once after a furious burst, we heard shouting outside: "Padre, Padre!" It was the Swiss patient, whom we had tried to bring that afternoon to the hospital. He had been unable to stand the stench of the auditorium, and preferred to stay under a shelter outside. We went to the window and called "What is it?" The answer came "Badly hit, Padre, badly hit!"

For ten minutes we waited, crouching, for the barrage to end. Then we rushed outside. On our path lay a woman with a bleeding abdomen; we carried her in. Then we went back to the Swiss. We called and

there was no answer: he was dead, and the family that took care of him had also been wiped out by the shells. We left them, thinking we could do nothing; next day, however, from that wreckage the Sisters were to pick up a six-months-old baby, unscratched and even cooing.

Meanwhile the number of wounded was mounting, and the nuns and ourselves were kept busy running from one case to another, lining them all up along the auditorium wall. A pessimist standing by told a nun: "Sister, do not use up so much bandage. Save some, you will get many more wounded tonight." But the Sister kept right on being generous. She would not advertise, of course, that she had been tearing up her white habits into strips for bandages.

The shelling grew worse as Saturday night wore on. At length at about two-thirty o'clock in the morning Father Trinidad said "Let's get out of here." So we called the nuns and brought them over to the ruins of the main building. There the old Laundry Room, though burned and piled with debris, still retained a solid concrete roof.

Just then we saw fire leaping up from one side of the auditorium stage. Faster we worked to save our foodstuffs, our altar goods, and our patients. These last were a pitiful lot. One, with a bullet in his chest, kept repeating in the dialect, "Father, do not leave me. You are my only hope." Another in her terror crawled out to the auditorium runway, and could go no further. We picked them all up and deposited them in the ruined Laundry.

When we could do nothing more, we sat down and watched the auditorium burn. It was our last fortress. It had been our dormitory, our dining room, our study hall, our parlor and church for the last five months through most strenuous days. We watched it burn and waited for Sunday's dawn.

Just then there passed by us a platoon of Japanese soldiers, all silent, they looking at us, we looking at them. Our people held their breath while the soldiers marched by; when they were out of hearing, they let

out a flow of all the bad names in the English, Spanish, and Tagalog dictionaries.

Then came Mass. It was memorable, this Mass at dawn, with refugees, haggard and weeping, kneeling amidst the ruins and hanging on to every action of the celebrant, while the flames in the auditorium sizzled quietly away.

After Mass we said, "Let us have a little celebration before we die." The evening before, an incendiary shell had burst near our cow. Her udder and side were badly burned. To save her we invested two cans of margarine and rubbed her burned parts. If she lived until the next day, well and good, if she died, we would have fresh beef for dinner.

The good cow did not die. But she had a calf, and in God's Providence, the calf was hit by a shell the next morning and her head was torn from her body. The poor mother cow was licking the calf when we found them. We took the little calf and had a big combination dinner-breakfast of rice and fresh veal.

While we were enjoying this dinner and trying to cheer each other up, a man came into the laundry and said: "Father, I swear I saw five Americans. And they said to me: 'Hello, Joe, where are the Japs?' And I said to them 'In the Union Church' and pointed to them the way. Father, I swear it is true!"

An hour later a Russian lady came in saying she too had spoken with the Americans.

Then about three o'clock in the afternoon, news came that two American tanks were in Assumption College grounds, their crews resting. On hearing this, Father Trinidad went over to Assumption. He came back a changed man, beaming and laughing. "I shook their hands," he said. "I asked them to come and take the Ateneo, but they said they had no orders to do so. They promised that we would not be shelled any more."

Many people then went over to Assumption to see the tanks or to stay there for greater security. Mr. Lopez also went with two lay-brothers. We waited for them to come back. Supper came, and they were not yet in; at bedtime there was still no Mr. Lopez. We

did not know that he was at that moment lying in an emergency hospital, mortally wounded. He had been shot by a Japanese sniper at Assumption.

Next day, Monday, February 19, the guerrillas and the American main lines arrived at the Ateneo. The civilians were advised to go behind the American lines. Our refugees left immediately, but we could not move, for those among the wounded who had no friends were still on our hands. A little later our difficulty was solved. Out of the Assumption grounds came two scholastics with Red Cross bands on their arms, and an empty stretcher on their shoulders. What joy it was to see our brothers again. They brought news. The people in Philippine General Hospital had been freed by American tanks on the noon of the previous Saturday, and everyone had been taken away on trucks. There was the solution of our "empty hospital mystery." La Ignaciana, our Novitiate, was still standing, and there beds were prepared and showers(!) were waiting for us. Mr. Lopez had been shot through the spinal cord, his legs were paralyzed, and he was dying in the Mandaluyong Hospital.

They took away the remaining wounded on their stretcher, making five trips through sniper-ridden territory, once carrying as many as three persons on the stretcher in one trip. At noon everyone had left the ruins except Brother Duffy and myself and a boy. We were to await the truck that would come to take away the things we had salvaged. But the truck did not come and we were obliged to hold on for another night—almost to our undoing.

That night there was a battle at the Ateneo. I was awakened by a piece of shrapnel grazing my knee without cutting it. Machine guns were firing all over the grounds. Brother Duffy and I crept to opposite corners and waited. Then we heard the sounds of a man stumbling over the ruins. Then, "plop-plop, plop-plop"; he was firing his pistol. In the terrific reply came the crash of American machine-guns. The man stepped into the laundry where we were hidden in the darkness; he waited a little while, then he stepped out and

fired again. The machine-guns roared again. There was a fall, groans, then silence. Next morning there were fifteen or sixteen dead Japs all over the grounds, and a dead Jap officer on the Laundry steps. The Americans took his Luger, his wrist-watch, and two more watches which the Jap had wrapped up in his pocket. Brother Duffy took his belt, which he weareth even unto this day.

Later that morning we received orders from Father Trinidad to quit the Ateneo. So we left our ruined fortress and came to the Novitiate at La Ignaciana, where it stands on the banks of the softly flowing Pasig. But of course, as we were leaving the ruins, we said to each other: "We shall return!" For God willing, no one shall keep the Ateneo down, and the fortress from its ashes shall one day rise again.

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