

**Veteran:** WARREN, Clifford  
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*Mr. Warren was the guest speaker in Dr. William J. McNeill's class on the above date. The following is a transcript of his remarks during that presentation.*

*Dr. McNeill:*

Students, faculty, and staff, this is Mr. Clifford Warren and Mrs. Warren sitting in the rear of the class. They presently live in the Lake Livingston area, and had read in one of the local newspapers about the oral history project that Dr. Edwards and I have gotten underway, carrying on much as Ms. Brenda Cooper, who retired last year, did with the World War II oral history program. I received this letter from Mr. Warren about two months ago, I guess, in which he said that he was on Corregidor, which he'll explain where that is in the Philippines, and that he was among a number of United States soldiers who had to surrender to the Japanese. He spent some forty-two months in a POW camp, but a lot of this story precedes that as to the military activity leading up to the United States surrender there. We're very pleased to have him with us today, and as I told him a minute ago, this is his show. Let me also say this. Some of this is not the most comfortable information and material, but I have told him to tell the story as it occurred to the extent that he is able to comfortably do that himself, so during the course of this, if you find some of this objectionable, you are free to pick up and leave, but come back—that sort of thing will pass. This is not an easy story, by any stretch of the imagination. So, I think we're in for a very instructive time with Mr. Warren.

*Mr. Warren:*

I'm 76 years old, and I was 16 years old when I volunteered to go into the military. I took my basic training overseas. I never had a day of training in the United States. The first thing I'd like to ask, does anyone in here intend to or has already signed up to go into the military? (Pause) No one? Usually in the high schools where I go once in awhile, about three or four intend to go

into the military, but some of you might have to go in. You can never tell when an emergency is going to come up. We're in a peaceful time, but that doesn't mean it's going to stay peaceful.

I am Clifford Warren. Myrtle and I have been married almost four years. I've had a good life since I got out of the POW camp. I had a bad five or six years immediately after coming out—I had a problem getting along with people, and therefore I couldn't hold jobs. Finally, I did get a good job with Ford Motor Company in Houston on Clinton Drive. They wanted some people in the organization that spoke Japanese with a college education that they could send to Japan. So I signed up and started to go to the University of Houston at night, and the second year I had to drop out because I lost my ability to retain. I don't have Alzheimer's, just Old-timers. But at the Veterans Administration quite some time ago they explained to me that it was caused probably by lack of food—malnutrition.

Why did we get into wars? It's because of the breakdown in diplomacy. What is the military then? The military is the muscle used by the United States to enforce its policy whenever diplomacy fails, and that is exactly what happened when World War II broke out. Now, other wars have happened in other ways, but that's the way we get into wars is the breakdown of diplomacy.

I don't know if you've read in history just how all of this took place, but there's a good book, and you can probably find it in used bookstores, by Gordon Frank, and the name of it is *At Dawn We Slept*. It'll give you a real good idea of exactly how that thing came about in the Pacific.

Now, what is an American POW? An American POW is someone that's been captured during a time of battle or wartime and incarcerated by the enemy and held against his will. In this century we've been in five major wars. There were 4,120 in World War I. In World War II, there 130,201 POWs. In Korea there were 7,140 captured; in Vietnam 772 and the Gulf War, 23. The United States government classified anyone as a POW if they were captured and held more than ninety days. So, all of us were held a lot longer than that. In Vietnam, the Vietnamese did not believe in taking prisoners—they didn't have the facilities to house them and feed them and clothe them, so usually when a person gave up they shot him—just that simple. We had good training, and that's why we lasted six months in battle. No one in our history that I've come across has had six months on the front line without relief. Our food was running out. We were

down to one type of some kind of food split between two men a day. We were down to a quart of water to drink a day. No one bathed in six months except in salt water. Had lots of salt water. This is Bataan and this is Corregidor [showing a map]. Over here, the battle for the Philippines really took place on Bataan. Bataan was about seventeen miles wide and quite lengthy. When it fell, they were totally out of food—no medication for at least three months. They had five months of battles. For three months they didn't have any medication at all. The Japanese had destroyed the field hospital in a huge bombing raid that last about four hours. When it did surrender, the men collected all up and down here. The Japanese pulled them out of the interior, out on the roads. There's a little fishing village right here named Marvados, and I'll get back to Marvados later. That's where the Death March took place. There were about nineteen or twenty thousand Americans captured there—about 40,000 Filipino troops. The Death March came from here, then over and up into the interior to a town called San Fernando. At San Fernando, we were put into a camp called Camp O'Donnell, mixed in with the Filipinos. The camp was too small for the amount of people. On the march and later they killed out Camp O'Donnell and mixed them in with us after we surrendered. The death rate was so great at Camp O'Donnell that they couldn't handle the dead, so whenever they put us farther over in three other camps at Cabanatuan, they mixed the men from that camp with us. They turned the Filipinos loose to go home. There was no way they could handle the Filipinos, because they weren't near as healthy as we were. He contracted disease quicker and so forth. They just weren't as healthy a person back in those days. The Death March itself, about 6,000 men lost their lives. About 2,000 of them were Americans—being shot, bayoneted, beheaded with a long knife, clubbed, beat with a gun butt. Many of the men on Bataan were already sick with dysentery. It was one of the biggest killers that we had in the camp after we got there. The most people that were killed on that were Filipinos, because Filipino civilians lined that road and were throwing food into the people (I wasn't on that march). They loved the American people. If they caught them, they tried to kill the Filipino and the person that caught the food, too, and they usually caught them. It was terrible, and I wish that more had been brought out on it here in the United States, but there wasn't much that got out of there at that particular time.

Whenever Bataan surrendered, they turned their guns onto this area and all across here, and as days went on more guns were added—larger caliber, higher projectory, etc. After we were in camp, we began to inquire amongst the officers, the ones that were in intelligence, etc., and they came up with the fact that they had twelve hundred guns on that little old island, and the island

was just three and a half miles long and a mile and a half wide. A great deal of it didn't have any guns on it. The big guns were on the big end of the islands, and anti-aircraft scattered all over, and where you see little x's, that's where my gun position was. The three inch and aircraft, and we fought the bombers that come to bomb the island. Whenever they pulled all those guns in on us, until then the bombings, for about five months, had killed approximately 125 men. That seems odd, doesn't it? But we were well protected. The big guns on the other end of the island had concrete areas they could go down and under. Over in the channel was another fort. It was a concrete fort called Fort Drum. It had fourteen inch Navy rifles that could reach out 18 miles. We had big guns on the island there to fight the Navy with if the Navy ever came in, but they never did come in, that would reach 33 miles—twelve inch rifles. They never had the opportunity to use them, because the Japanese chose not to come in and battle our artillery on the island. They could starve us more easily and less costly than they could come in and try to fight us out. The big prize was Manila, one of the greatest seaports in the Far East, and still is. Then we had a Navy yard over there called Damiti (sic) and they wanted that. We were in the mouth of the bay keeping them out. We were doing two things—we were holding them back, letting America get prepared and giving America more time to go to war (we were not really ready for war when it happened). It's a long story, and I don't know all of it. The other thing was the Japanese had gotten a great deal of our fleet at Pearl Harbor, and at Pearl Harbor they knew they hadn't gotten our aircraft carriers, and that's what they were afraid of. The Americans always had the reputation of taking care of their own. There was over 33,000 of us out there. The Japanese could see us loading up ships, planes, etc. coming to relieve and resupply us, so they had fixed their navy in such a position that if we tried that they would envelope our total Navy and destroy all of it, and then America would have been left totally without defense on the West Coast. They could have come in and done anything they wanted to.

So much for that. See the picture where they were beating on the three men? That is the first execution after we were put into camps. That's Cabanatuan Camp 3. That's the next day after they counted all of us into Cabanatuan 1. These three men, I think, had tried to escape and decided they couldn't make it, and they came in the next day with their hands up down the road. The Japanese looked up the road and saw them, run out and got them, tied them up, and started beating on them. The third morning, the men asked to be executed. They couldn't stand it any longer. You can stand just so much pain, and it's best to go ahead and get rid of it by being executed. That isn't the only execution that they had. I have some white scars all across my

hands where I was tied up with barbed wire one day. They didn't have anything else to tie me, and I was tied to a part of a fence. They just wrapped it around me while they executed a man in front of me. I'm just saying that to tell you that brutality was there. I won't go too much into that. I want to tell you mostly what they done with us.

About a few weeks after we were in there, dysentery hit us. Men began to die. We had a cemetery right behind the prison camp that we were burying anywhere from six to twenty-five or thirty men a day, and I wanted out of that camp because of it. I had thought about escaping—naturally everyone had thought about it—but then your mind would go back to the executions there. They executed those men in front of about ten or twelve thousand of us, and that got the message over. Anyway, they were breaking us up into small groups and carrying us out on work details. Luckily, I wound up on an airfield detail down in the Batangas province, about sixty miles south of Manila, building an airfield for them. It started out a good detail, and about that time down south—we didn't know about it, because the Japanese were real good at keeping secrets away from us—the Americans hit in the South Pacific, and they began to change our troops out that were over us to get new troops in. Each time we got new troops in, usually they came off of the training fields in Japan—the younger ones—and they had been pumped up with a lot of propaganda—BAD propaganda. And each time they changed, which would be every sixty to ninety days, they got worse. The food got worse, and the brutality began to be more prevalent. In fact the closest that I ever came to getting killed was on that project, as far as brutality was concerned. To let you know a little bit of how it happened, the airfield had progressed to the point where we had one runway a mile and a half long and another one across the top of it—it made almost a “T”—a mile and a quarter, and we were building the access ways to it so they could put a plane down there just a wing above the ground. I was pushing a wheelbarrow that was full of rock, and I was putting them over close to these planes. They had about 200 planes parked that were already flying training missions off of this field, but the men were all down in a school. I saw what looked like about twelve or fifteen or eighteen Japanese soldiers over there tinkering around with some airplanes paying no attention to us. Just as I dumped my load, and I was VERY close to them, and turned to go back. Well, about sixteen of these fighter bombers blew up and started burning. Some of them had explosives or gasoline on them. Well, I was the closest to the action, and I laid down behind my wheelbarrow for protection because metal was falling every place, and they ran up and started beating on me. They beat and kicked and done everything except bayonet me. Just lucky for me, there was an officer that run up and stopped it.

It was three weeks that I was in a coma. They were intent into it—they'd have killed me if it hadn't been for that officer. What I'm trying to get over to you is that they were brutal. They didn't have any sense of humanity about them. They didn't care about it. If they killed you, they'd just mark you off of the book—it was just that simple. It was a bad thing, because when we got mixed up with them it was two worlds clashing—two different ideologies. The American way of life and Japanese way of life—you couldn't mix them. Couldn't back in them days, and you can't today.

The other thing about the prison camp was the food. They didn't try to feed us very much. Eight hundred calories, and most of it came from starch—rice, potatoes. On the airfield detail, I was on it about fourteen or fifteen months, and I got meat three or four times. The rest of it was potatoes. They had a very starchy potato over there called a pomoty (sic), and they bought all that food off of the Filipinos to feed us. They had no medicine for us—not even aspirin—on these details. Up in Manila, they had a hospital in the old Filipino prison. Spaniards had previously built it, and they used it to hold the amputees and the mentally retarded people. A lot of men came out of them battles with head injuries, and they were mental patients, so they kept them in there. They did have a little medication in there, and lucky for me they sent me up there one night and I was operated on with a razor blade and no anesthetic. They didn't have much to go with.

Now, the other side of all of this is the death rate. At Camp #1, the death rate got so bad that they almost had to do something with the camp. Dysentery, men's whole bodies were breaking down because of the lack of minerals, vitamins, lack of proper food, and they starved us for even water in there. A canteen a day in the tropics was about all you got. The death rate was bad, but what killed most of the men that didn't come back was the ships going to Japan. Japan had opted for a quick war. They thought it was going to be over in six, seven, eight, nine months—something like that, then they'd sit down and negotiate, and it'd be over. They'd get what they want. It didn't happen that way. So, as the Americans progressed across the Pacific coming back toward the Philippines, they could see that eventually they were going to have to fight a long war and probably have to fight on their own homeland. So they began to put more of their civilian labor force into the military. They pulled them out of factories and jobs, etc., and they were looking for people to fill those, and they looked first to the prisoners. They put us on ships.

The one ship that left out, and I think it was the first one, had fifteen hundred men on it, and six arrived in Japan. American submarines—not because of starvation or anything on the ship—but the submarines torpedoed it and it went down with all hands except for six that got away, and a Japanese destroyer picked them up. There were many more ships. I left out of there August 1<sup>st</sup>, but on July 4<sup>th</sup>, we were loading ships down at the port area. I had been transferred down there. They had run out of tankers, and they were using freighters with 55 gallon drums to haul gasoline to the homeland or other places. It's very dangerous to haul gasoline in 55 gallon drums down in the hold of a tanker. We run onto some dynamite and lit a fuse and dropped it down in the hold and closed it up and went into our barracks, and they had us housed in the old Custom Building right across and up a few blocks from the dock. Well, the fuse burned for about an hour and a half, and they had already moved the ship out in the bay, and it went off. They thought it was an air raid—they didn't know what had happened. The ship backed into another, and it backed into another one, and they had several hundred ships out in the bay. Because of it, though, they didn't know if we'd done it or what. They quarantined us and cut our food to practically nothing, and then the first day of August they put us on a ship and sent us to Japan. Luckily for me again, we were on a ship that didn't get hit. We were in a convoy of about fifty ships. All day and all night you could hear depth charges going off because there were submarines all around us. Torpedoes were going off, also. One night we were sitting in the hold—now the hold of a ship isn't all that large—they had fifteen hundred men in one hold of one ship, and the forward part of the ship they had about that many more. At about two o'clock that night, we heard a torpedo being fired. You could hear them scream in the water—the old ones. Back in them days they didn't have silent torpedoes. Then we heard another fired and coming right toward us, and we all just gritted our teeth because we knew we were going to catch it. So help me, it went beneath the ship and went over about a mile and hit a huge tanker, and that's what they were firing at in the first place. The tanker sat real deep in the water, and we were quite light. We had nothing on there but prisoners. There was no sanitation on the ship. There was no nothing. The food, what little we got, was lowered down in buckets or pails with ropes. For want of a better word, the toilet was outside hanging over the side of a ship made out of wood. About six men would go out at a time. We got to Japan, and they put us all in a little burb just below Hiroshima named Moji. Our odor was so bad that the civilians would run from us—their people would run from us. I was lucky again. They asked for a hundred men, and I said I wanted out of this mess, so we got put on a ferry, and they shipped me to the north part of Japan, and I worked for Mitsubishi. Any of you people drive Mitsubishi automobile? Well, we worked in a lead mine for Mitsubishi. They own

many things and still do—lead mines, coal mines, ship building. Nowadays they own many more things. Up there, they put us about 9,000 feet above sea level. We got up there in August, which was a good time to get there, because in October it snowed the first time. December, we were 40 and 50 below zero. Lucky again for us, Mitsubishi furnished us with some fairly heavy clothes because of inclement weather. We went down in the mines about three hundred to four hundred feet inside of this mountain. In the wintertime, it was warm—about 74 degrees. We'd run to get in there, and in the summertime it was cool down there. It stayed about the same temperature year round, and that's where I was when World War II ended. I was in that camp up there. We had a group of men that froze to death up there, and pneumonia killed quite a few. We were in a camp with some natives that came out of Java and Sumatra—Dutch subjects. They were all colors. Don't get me wrong, they were natives to the Pacific, but they were still Dutch subjects. Holland had that area over there for about four hundred years, you know, and because of it, a lot of Dutch blood was mixed with the natives. They made all of the natives Dutch citizens. So since Japan was looking for labor any way they could get it, they had a bunch of Dutch subjects in there with us. Their bodies could not quite take the inclement weather like the Americans could, so they died a lot quicker than we did.

Getting back to other ships that carried the men over, we didn't lose anyone on our ship, but about six men died from heat exhaustion, etc. Up in the daytime, it was about 120 degrees, and they wouldn't open the entire thing to give you air. They'd just open a few boards. They were afraid of us. They were afraid we'd get out and take the ship over. But now the *Okamaru* (sic) was a ship that, until it was sent to Japan, and all the American officers were respected by the Japanese a little bit more than they did the ordinary soldier and they didn't work them on details. They went with us on details, but they were officers. They didn't have to work. The Japanese didn't make them work. But then all at once they still needed labor in Japan, and they loaded all of them on the ship—the *Okamaru*—and it was torpedoed just after it left out of the bay. By the time it had gotten half way up Bataan, it had been torpedoed, and they drifted into a place called Olongapo, just below where eventually we made a big navy base called Subic—you might have heard about Subic Bay. Then they offloaded what was left—they must have had 3,000 men on there—and put them in a big school yard up there. They got another ship up there and put them on it and sent them up, and they got torpedoed on the way to Formosa. It did make it in to Formosa, though with a terrible loss of life, because the Navy didn't only torpedo it, they were machine gunned, and put bombs into it. Out of the 3,000, I think there was about 800 men that



got to Japan. They offloaded them on Formosa—what we call Taiwan now—and got on another ship that I believe was called the *Anamerica* (sic), and sent them on to Japan. After they left Formosa, it was not attacked again—thank goodness.

So much for the POW thing at that point. Before we came back, the two big bombs stopped everything. The one at Hiroshima was the first one. Naturally, we didn't know the bomb went off up there. At the time the second one went off, we knew something bad had happened down south, and we thought they had had an invasion. In July, they sent an officer up there, and believe it or not they came up there in a 1936 Ford, and he came up and they pulled all of the men out of their bunks and beds and got us all outside. It was awfully crowded up there, because the barracks were just stacked on the side of this hill, you know. They had dug a flat place on the side of this hill for the barracks. They pulled us all out, and we were just standing out all over the place. This was about the time that they lost Okinawa, which was one of their states, and they were expecting an invasion at any time. We didn't know they had lost Okinawa. He spoke fairly good English and told us that "anytime we are invaded, we cannot possibly let you exist behind our lines." I got one meaning from that. After we were dismissed and were going back to our barracks, some of the men were patting each other on the back and said, "Did you hear that? Hey, they're going to send us home if they're invaded and put us on a boat," but I told them, "Boy if they do, you're going back in a jar. They'll cremate you and put you in a jar." They said, "What do you mean?" And I said, "Don't you know what that means?" Then a few days later, one of our Mitsubishi overseers told us that they were going to execute all foreigners on August 25<sup>th</sup>, so that's how close we came to the bomb saving us. Between August 6<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> to August 25<sup>th</sup>. The British had about 40,000 in Singapore and other places, the Dutch subjects were scattered all over. All together, we had about 60,000 or 70,000 American, British, Australian, Canadian, etc. Let's call it 70,000 or 75,000. Here's the kicker—there must have been close to a million Chinese laborers in Japan at that time. They were already in China since 1936. They'd surround the town and take all the healthy men and put them on a boat and send them to Japan. People said, "Well, that was just an old Chinaman." Well, his life was just as valuable to him as mine was to me. So, all foreigners were going to be killed, and man, I believed that Jap when he told us that. They were brutal people. They were raised brutal. They were brutal to each other. A sergeant could slap a corporal around. A corporal could slap a private around, and right on down. Their army was as mean as that Attila the Hun's people. I'm serious—they were ornery. But, the bomb changed all of that. They captured 33,000 and 17,400

came back, so something had to be wrong. Not only on the ships, but death from starvation, etc., and being worked to death.

In the first five years after we got back to the United States, approximately one-fourth of the men died from {END OF SIDE A)

{BEGINNING OF SIDE B—TAPE STARTED AFTER VETERAN BEGINS SPEAKING}

... different climate, different food—everything was different. Most of your POWs that were taken by the Germans didn't have to work. They had some work details, but not many. I have just about run out of things to talk about, and the next few minutes, I'll answer any questions I possibly can. I do have one thing here. This is photographs like ya'll have been viewing. This is work details of the Japanese. There are a few Americans scattered in there. Here's one miracle here, and I'll tell you a little bit about him. I'll not tell you his name. A major was over the 26<sup>th</sup> Cavalry. He had lost his command to an ambush one day on Bataan—about twelve hundred men—lost them in fifteen minutes...the whole works. He had money in the bank in Manila, and so did a bunch of other officers. Manila was a beautiful city with a Spanish accent to it. Even the new buildings being built since the Americans took over had a Spanish accent to them. A beautiful city that had a lot of banking. They were a vigorous country—the economy was growing, and a beautiful people. The Filipinos were a beautiful people. I don't know if any of you have met many Filipinos around this country, but they're good people. But he had money in the bank, and so did a bunch of other officers. The Japanese actually took that money out and told them, "We've got your money, and it's yours, but you're going to have to do something with it." They said, "Well, what do we do with it?" And they told them, "Buy Japanese bonds," and that rascal there bought \$3,000 worth of Japanese bonds. I'd have spit in his face—I would have! But he bought bonds. As they were arming this airfield putting machine guns and other anti-aircraft guns on it, they were pulling all of the different things that they captured together and using it. They were using some of our own machine guns. This rascal came to the two of us one day and wanted us to teach them Japanese how to shoot them machine guns. Well, to make a long story short, he was on a ship coming back to the states with us when we loaded in Manila, and about the third day out, they started looking for him and couldn't find him. If he's a good swimmer, he's probably coming up on the beaches of Hawaii about now, because I think that's what happened to him. He got a lot of people beat up on this project—his OWN people. He just should have been a Japanese, let's put it that way.

I won't pass this on around, because ya'll have seen them other pictures. This is just about the same thing. So, do any of ya'll have questions? Yes, sir...

Q: Would you go back to Corregidor before the surrender and kind of give us some since of what a daily routine would be during the attack on the island?

A: You mean peacetime?

Q: No, after the Japanese attack.

A: Well, first off Corregidor was a very beautiful island. In fact, I went back over there right after my other wife passed away. I wanted to build a home on Corregidor and live there the rest of my life. Extremely beautiful. There were very lush mimosa trees everywhere. It was a soldier's paradise, really. Before we got there, the soldiers were working or training half a day and was off the rest of the day. They were off every weekend. Each weekend they got Friday, Saturday, and Sunday off. But then as we got there, they started training for war and arming the island more and more with more modern guns. The training that we took was very taxing. They trained us hard before the war started. The daily routine after the war started was the bombers. They would come in waves of 9, 18, 24, and like that, and one attack would last about four hours. They carried five hundred pound bombs. Now, if you've ever seen one stick of dynamite go off, that's just a quarter of a pound, so you put five hundred pounds with it, and you've got something that could really tear the place up. We had knocked down 129 bombers—that was all we knocked down. Like I was saying, they didn't kill many of us until the artillery was pulled in on Bataan. Bataan surrendered, and the artillery started in on us, and then the death rate kicked up real high on Corregidor. As we were invaded, we lost 3,000 men that night and the next morning on Corregidor to the Japanese. Now, when the Americans took the island back, they took it in three days, and they killed 6,000 Japanese. They didn't take one prisoner, because they remembered what they had done to us on Corregidor and Bataan. Frankly, the Japanese had been told not to give up, also. They were not a 'give up' type of people. I think, and I don't think I'm going to be very far off with this, if we hadn't used the A-bomb and had had to invade Japan, it would have cost us a million men. That's a lot of personnel. It cost the Japanese about five to eight million men and civilians. Civilians catch it more than the military in battles. You

think a million men is a lot to lose, but you know Russia lost twenty-five million to the Germans—men, women, and children.

Q: Mr. Warren, you touched on this a little bit, but I was wondering while you were a prisoner of war, how much of a sense did you have of the progress of the war? I'm sure the Japanese weren't telling you anything, but did you know that the American forces were coming closer?

A: No, like I said before the Japanese were real good at keeping secrets. We picked up rumors, especially when I was working on the dock. Filipinos worked close to us and they were all the time trying to pass us information, but if they got caught at it, we're talking about brutal people [the Japanese]. I don't know how the Japanese are now. I was over there recently—1991. They seemed to be a different people, but back then they were taught brutality. So if one of those Filipinos got caught trying to pass us information, we didn't see them any more. We didn't know what happened to them, but we had a pretty good idea. Whenever I bring this thing [presentation] to people, I bring it a little bit different, but there's no way I can tell you about three and a half years as a prisoner of war in one hour. I just can't do it. It does not bother me to talk about it. I haven't lost a day's or night's sleep over it since I got back. I know people get to talking about it nowadays and they go up the wall. Right after my wife and I got married three years ago, there was a preacher (Brother Snyder) in North Carolina, where we were having a reunion, and he was at a Baptist church. He ended his sermon and then got off into being a prisoner, and he turned around at a wall about like this and run into the wall, and he bumped his head and kicked it with his knees and his foot and banged it with his hands and screamed and hollered. It just tore a bunch of us up, so be careful with Brother Snyder, OK? There's a whole mess of them like him. I don't sit around with my friends and talk "POW." I talked more right here about being a POW than I have talked in the last five years.

Q: Mr. Warren, given what you folks experienced as a POW, and it's certainly understandable, what do you think really kind of sustained you? Thoughts of family, your fellow soldiers there, your religion. And a heckuva lot of good luck, I guess, right?

A: Yes. You know, I wasn't a Christian when I went over there, and this is something that when I go to the high schools and middle schools that I've been warned about not bringing up this thing about religion, but I tell them that I'm not controlled by Madelyn O'Hair. I speak as a I please. But, really religion—or God—was my stay. Whenever things are really rough or

tough, there's only one place you can go, and that's go to God. I prayed a lot. I prayed a whole lot more than I ate. I really did, but I was not a Christian when I went over. I was a Christian only starting about three days before the Japanese invaded the islands. That's another story, really.

Q: Did you ever get shot?

A: Yes, I've been wounded. I thought I was one of the best night fighters the Army had. We were in artillery, but we were trained in infantry to defend the island against the invasion. When they invaded, they came right below our gun banks, and us and the Marines were the first to throw it in on them. Before that, I had been sent to Bataan along with about 2,000 other men to patch a line that had been broken. I thought I was a good bayonet fighter, and we had long bayonets there. Right at daylight, they struck us. No shots had been fired—they just run into us with knives, and we had about a twenty minute knife fight. I happened to run into a guy that really knew how to knife fight. He tripped me and down I went. He bayoneted me, and if it hadn't been for Sergeant Cherry, he shot him with a .45. A .45 was a mean weapon—it was worse than a 9mm. About ten years ago, they decided to give us a medal. Can you imagine that? Well, there's a long story behind that. The V.A. wasn't doing much for POWs until President Reagan went into office, and he told them they had to do something with these men. We were sending letters to congressmen and all trying to get help, because our situation—healthwise—was a lot different than the ordinary G.I. that's coming back nowadays that has never been into battle. Our situation coming out of the Pacific was a lot different than men coming out of German POW camps. The griping got so strong, that some wiseguy said he knew how to cool than down, and that's just to give them a medal. So they made a medal, and let us know they had it stamped. Two years later, it hadn't been issued, so over in Arlington, Virginia, one day, a man was at a gun and knife show and they were selling the blooming things for five dollars a piece. So, he bought one and sent it to his congressman, and then they let us have them. Can you imagine that, though? OK, any more questions? We've got about five more minutes.

Q: What was going on in your mind after you were captured? Did you think you were going to get killed?

A: After capture, we thought we were going to be massacred. We were almost certain that we would be massacred. They captured close to 9,000 men on the island and killed 3,000 that

night. But we were already whipped, because we couldn't move for twenty-nine days because of the artillery. We knew their track record, like at Nanking, so we figured we were going to be massacred. We had different feelings—one was that our government had let us down. I loved old President Roosevelt—I really loved him—but I had the feeling that he could have resupplied us. After all, we were six months into the war and the only men that were battle tested, and they let us go into prison camps, and I couldn't understand that. I still really don't understand all of it. We knew we weren't going to be exchanged, that we were going to have to stay with them. Some thought after ninety days they'd come storming in after us. I was just a young person, but I knew they wouldn't come in after us that quick—it was going to take awhile.

Q: What was the reaction when they removed MacArthur from the Philippines?

A: That is when it really dawned on me that we were lost. He was in Australia and we thought he was still on the island.

Q: So they did announce that initially that he was gone?

A: Right, because the Japanese would have loved to have gotten their hands on him. They had a radio station on the island, and they had made some recordings. They didn't have the recording equipment we have nowadays. They had to put it on a old wire tape, but they had him on tape. Each night we were listening to it, and we thought he was right down there in there in that tunnel—his headquarters. This tunnel was a mass of layers above each other. Incidentally, whenever he left, he left these recordings and they were playing them each night to us. Radio stations would go out forty or fifty miles—no more. It was a real surprise to us when they announced over KGEI in San Francisco, which we could pick up, that he was in Australia, but then it dawned on us. Another reason they wouldn't let us go on the island and do as we pleased on Corregidor today is there's a lot of American money on the islands now. It's hid—buried. Whenever we gave up, nine billion dollars of American money was in them tunnels. The American government backed the Filipino peso—two pesos for one dollar. A dollar could not be back here in the United States. It had to be there, so in case the peso failed the dollar went into circulation the next day, and it was stored on Corregidor. Previous to the surrender, a bunch of officers had got into that money and put it in some kind of containers and buried it all over the islands. Because so few of us came back, a lot of that

money is still buried out there, and the Filipino knows that and he doesn't want us out there digging around for it.

Q: Thank you, Mr. Warren for coming. If you would like to come up and ask Mr. Warren any particular questions or take a look at his photographs, feel free to. Have a good day.

{TAPE STOPPED. END OF PRESENTATION}