

Twenty Four Years of U. S. Army Service
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Every narrative must have a beginning. The title indicates that this is to be about service in the Army but to start with my enlistment would be to start with no explanation as to circumstances which led to the decision to enlist.

I graduated from Charles L. Coon High in 1930, on time in spite of the fact that I just tolerated school. I enrolled at Atlantic Christian College and performed poorly for one year and dropped out. The two most popular Majors at the time were teaching and ministerial. I did not want to be a teacher and there was no "calling" to become a minister. When I told my father that I thought my continuing at Atlantic Christian would be wasting my time and his money, his attitude was that if I really felt that way, perhaps I should get a job.

I worked for Southern Dairies, Wright's Ice Cream Company, and operated a Snack Shop in the Banner Tobacco Warehouse on the corner of Kenan and Tarboro Streets. In January 1934 I found myself without a job and really unsure of just what I wanted to do. Sometime in January I saw an acquaintance in Wilson who was a Sergeant in the Medical Detachment at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. I asked questions about the Army. He liked being in the Army. He talked freely, positively; answered my questions and I still remember one statement that he made and that was after thirty years service one could retire as a Master Sergeant at about \$125.00 per month. I'm surprised that as a Twenty year old I would have had any interest in a retirement I decided that I would try the Army.

Since I was less than twenty one a signed consent was required from my parents. Mother was not happy with my decision to join the Army. One of her brothers had joined the Army years before and died three months later from pneumonia. Daddy's comment was that "If that is what you want, that is up to you, but a year from now do not ask me for \$120.00 to buy out of the Army." I thought that he knew nothing about the Army, and still wonder just how he knew about a "purchase discharge."

I went to Fort Bragg with the intent to enlist. I was dressed in a relatively new gray suit and looked "sharp." I found the Recruiting Office and the Recruiting

Sergeant was not busy. He was very pleasant and talkative. By today's standards Fort Bragg was a small Installation; lots of real estate, but few troops. Stationed at Fort Bragg at that time were parts of four regiments and support personnel. In fact, the strength of the Army was about 125,000 with about 10,000 Officers. The Recruiting Sergeant gave me no encouragement. There were no vacancies and he had turned down Ph.Ds for enlistment. His telephone rang. He talked and I listened to his side of the conversation. I got the impression that some "clerk" (term for typist) was being discharged and not re-enlisting. The caller was telling the Recruiter to be on the lookout for a replacement. After his call, I said that it sounds as if you are looking for a typist. He perked up and asked, "You type?" I said yes. He handed me a sheet of paper, opened a book of Army Regulations to an arbitrary page and said "copy that." He was watching, and as soon as I started typing by touch and not "hunt and peck," he said that is fine; took the paper from the typewriter, balled it up, and discarded it. He said, "I'll send you a letter in about ten days." The letter arrived on schedule and I went to Fort Bragg and enlisted for three years on February 6, 1934 with assignment to 13th Field Artillery Brigade Headquarters Battery. And that is how I joined the army when there were no vacancies. Headquarters Battery personnel worked in Post Headquarters. Recruit training was simple; mostly learning how to march in formation. Hq. Btry. was housed in a wooden World War I barracks. In the middle of February very shortly after I enlisted, I got up in time to go for breakfast and noticed a dusting of snow on my bed. During the night the snow had blown through the cracks in the weather boarding of the building. That was a new experience for me. Once a week I had to go to the hospital to get a three series shot, typhoid, I think. I was on time for the first one, skipped the second week; had to start over. Next week the same scenario and start over. I remembered the third time and completed the shots. After completing recruit drill I was assigned to work in the Post Headquarters Message Center. Some time during the month of February, I caught a heavy cold, or flu, and spent my first payday in the Post Hospital.

The Brigade Headquarters Battery was an excellent unit - some college graduates and most members of the unit had some college credits. I adapted to my new life. Work in the Message Center was simple and followed a routine. One of my duties was to collect information to be included in the Daily Bulletin. The Bulletin is an official document and covers information such as Officer of the Day, Guard Duty, Sunrise and Sunset hours and ends with "By Command of Brigadier General McCloskey." I thought that very strange that the Commanding General would

order the Sun to rise and set at a specific time. In addition, the Bulletin served other information such as Thrift Shop sales.

The Bulletin was the General's pride and joy and had to be exact. I typed the draft, submitted it to the General's Aide for approval and then ran off 200 mimeograph copies for distribution. The General's Aide had a "thing" about "singular or collective nouns and the verb choice." One time I used a noun and what I thought would be the correct verb in keeping with the intent of the sentence and he changed it. OK, if that is what he wants; now I know. Next day or so the same situation arose and I paired the subject and verbs as he had indicated previously that he wanted. He changed it as I had it originally written. Nuts - he apparently does not know what he wants. I changed it back and ran off 200 copies and distributed them. My changes did not go unnoticed. He called me into his office and said: "Winstead, you are a good clerk, but sometimes you make me so damn mad" "Yes Sir. Is that all, Sir?" "Yes. Get out of here."

Brigade Headquarters Battery occupied old, World War I barracks which were just across the street from the Civilian Conservation Corp (CCC) area. Hq. Btry. enjoyed a joint or consolidated mess which was about one or two blocks away run by the Ordnance Detachment. I do not know the administrative details, but Hq. Btry. supplied at least one cook and no K.Ps. The cook which was supplied from Hq. Btry. was one of the best soldiers I ever knew. I could be prejudiced. I used to go with him sometimes when he went down to the kitchen to "bank the coal fire" and he would grill a couple steaks.

One day I noticed a new recruit in Hq. Btry. The Unit was small and the turn-over infrequent so a new arrival stood out. I was also still labeled a recruit. In talking to him I learned that he grew up in Rocky Mount, North Carolina and lived with his grandmother prior to joining the CCCs. He was not happy in the CCCs and had just been discharged to join the Army. I wondered just why he would trade the CCC job which paid \$30.00 each month for one which paid him just \$17.85 (\$21.00 minus a 15% cut which we in the Army claimed was done in order for the CCCs to be paid \$30.00). We had a little difficulty with the federal logic. He then told me why he had gotten out of the CCCs and joined the Army. One morning in the latrine, shower room, or whatever you wish to call the room, he placed his toilet articles on the long shelf just below the mirrors and proceeded to wash his face and hands. When he reached for his toothbrush it was gone. He looked around and the individual next to him was brushing his teeth with the toothbrush. When asked "What are you doing using my toothbrush?" The startling answer

was: "Oh, is this yours; where is the one that belongs here?" We became very good, and long time friends. Our paths crossed again years later in San Francisco. In fact, I introduced him to a girl in San Francisco and they eventually married. It must have worked OK. Last time that I heard from them (at Christmas), they were still married and would still talk to me.

General McCloskey had the reputation of sitting on the edge of the back seat of the Sedan looking from side to side to look for soldiers walking and being sure that the soldiers saluted. One day in the message center, I was sitting at my typewriter (sprawled comfortably is more descriptive) filing my nails. The other soldier on duty with me tapped me on the shoulder and pointed toward the Executive Officer's office doorway. The General was standing there, beckoning for me. I untangled myself from the position and went to see why the General was calling me. I followed him as he stepped into the Execs office and he proceeded to give me a lecture along the line that when people enlist in the Army, some tend to forget or ignore how they were raised. He added that "The manicuring of one's nails should be done in the privacy of one's boudoir." I laughed out loud. I knew what he was doing. He was giving me a "tongue in cheek" lecture. And I commented that "The General knows that I have no boudoir and very little privacy." He dismissed me by saying "go back to work."

I enjoyed the Army and my time at Fort Bragg. The Brigade Headquarters Battery was an excellent unit and the work was not difficult. Not so much in my unit, but many other soldiers on the post had tattoos. I suppose that I had seen tattoos but not that many. I wondered why people did that. Just listening to some talk about how their tattoos came about, many were pretty well under the influence of alcohol; more succinctly, plastered. I had no interest at that time nor since to have tattooing done. But I was curious enough about how the procedure was defined in the dictionary. In an old Webster's Dictionary the definition was pretty straight forward until the last line. I still remember the last line which read: "Usually found on the bodies of sailors, soldiers, and other low class people." The same definition does not appear in current dictionaries. Probably not "politically correct" to use that definition today. An amusing side line on my early service.

As I became more and more acclimated to life in the Army there was a definite element of wanderlust lurking in the background. One weekend during the summer of 1934 when I was visiting home in Wilson, one of Daddy's first cousins and her friend (male) were visiting also. He had been in the Army at some time

stupor stepped out in front of an automobile and was killed. He said that he would let me off at Post Headquarters and when I checked in, tell them to put me into Headquarters Battery. I figured that I was not about to start volunteering for anything or directing people about how to handle my assignment. I checked in; was told that I was assigned to "E" Battery and was given directions. I walked down to "E" Battery and they were expecting me. As I was still standing there the telephone rang and the First Sergeant said "Yes, he is right here." He put the phone down and said: "You have just been transferred to Headquarters Battery." I asked for directions; walked back and reported to Headquarters Battery. They knew nothing about me or why I was there. I said "while you are checking with Post Headquarters how about pointing me to the mess hall. I have not had any lunch."

After lunch I was given transportation to go to the Bus Station and get my checked baggage which I had left at the station. Later that afternoon I was assigned my bunk and wall locker. The Supply Sergeant issued the basic equipment which was still on the Supply room floor. It had been the equipment of the Staff Sergeant's deceased clerk. After the Christmas holidays and the normal duty hours were resumed, I was assigned as a typist enrolling applicants for the Civilian Conservationist Corp. The routine was for the applicants to fill out a form with such information as name of mother, father, address, next of kin, and to whom the allotment was to be sent. That form was presented to one of the typists who typed the same information onto a form for record. It was routine and I would verify the answers given on the pencil copy. It amazed me that many of them did not know they were "kin" to their mother. After giving their mother's name, father's name, and their address, many applicants would list the next of kin as Uncle Joe or Aunt Mary or someone other than the next of kin. After doing that job for about a week or ten days, I got up from the desk and said I'm going to take a break. I walked across the parade ground to Headquarters Battery and really thought about asking for some other assignment. I walked in and the First Sergeant saw me and said that "I was just about to send for you. You have been assigned as "Stock Record Clerk" with Staff Sergeant Nielsen at the Artillery Engineer Warehouse." I reported to Sergeant Nielsen, and was not surprised to see that Sergeant Nielsen was the same individual who gave me a ride to Fort Scott and who had asked if I wanted to work for him. He was a Dane; spoke beautiful English with a heavy accent. He was also very critical of foreigners who did not learn English and spoke with an accent. The two desks in the office were facing each other with pigeon hole shelving on my desk with a file of Memo Receipt Records on the

shelves. My orientation was "this is my desk on this side; yours is on that side; I am not going to do your work and I don't expect you to do mine." I had some basic questions which went unasked and of course unanswered such as "What is a Stock Record; just what do I do with them, and in fact, just what is my job." I rummaged in the desk drawers, looked at files, to see what had been going on. My job was to keep records, receipts for property coming in, and getting receipts for property going out on "loan." Almost immediately I was promoted to Private First Class. The job was allotted that grade. Staff Sergeant Nielsen turned out to be an excellent supervisor, mentor, and long time friend.

It did not take long for Sergeant Nielsen to tell me that I should go to the Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, Virginia. I learned that the Four Enlisted Programs at the Coast Artillery School covered Electrical, Radio, Clerical (Sgt. Major), and Master Gunner (Somewhat like Civil Engineering). Admission was by an exam covering English, spelling, and math. After passing the entrance test one was ordered to attend the Program on War Department Orders. Completion of the program would place one on the Chief of Coast Artillery promotion list to the grade of Staff Sergeant. That sounded like a good deal. I began to "brush up" on English and Algebra. At the appropriate time I applied to take the Entrance Exam. Fortunately I passed and was ordered to the Coast Artillery School. My job as Stock Record Clerk carried a rank of private first Class with it. Part of the reason for that was to enable the Artillery Engineer to be a little more selective in who was working for him. Periodically a list of property had to be made. I typed up the list. The Lieutenant reviewed and checked the list and said "Thank you, Winstead. After going over the list of the 2000 items in the warehouse, I fail to find an error." Two weeks later when he learned that I would be leaving, he wanted me to resign the private first class grade. I refused. Regulations required that when an individual was accepted to attend an Army school he must have at least two years left on his enlistment at the conclusion of the school program. If there would not be two years left at the conclusion of the school program the individual would be discharged for the Convenience of the Government (C.O.G.) and re-enlisted for a three year enlistment. I was discharged on July 28, 1935 as a private first class and re-enlisted the next day as a private. Strange contradiction that on the application for taking the Coast Artillery School exam was the recommendation for going to school and for the grade of Staff Sergeant but not considered proficient enough to merit re-enlistment in the grade of private first class. Prior to my leaving Fort Scott Sergeant and Mrs. Nielsen invited me to their quarters for dinner. The dinner was delicious and the company very gracious.

During the evening Mrs. Nielsen said: "Mr. Winstead, after one graduates from the Coast Artillery School the usual scenario is to get married, or buy an automobile, do you have any plans yet?" I facetiously quipped that maybe I could find a girl with a car. I left San Francisco on U.S. Army Transport in August 1935 on the way to Fort Monroe, Virginia by way of the Panama Canal and New York. Those of us going to Fort Monroe went by coastal Steamer from New York to Fort Monroe.

The Enlisted programs at the Coast Artillery School could be "labeled" as rigorous. We were in class each morning from 8 to 12 and each afternoon from 1 to 4. Compulsory study hall from 7 to 9 five days per week. The math was limited to Algebra but the AC and DC Electrical course used the same text books which were being used at MIT. Ironic that in High School I just tolerated school and dropped out of Atlantic Christian after the freshman year and now found myself in a school environment which required a serious concentration and perpetual study. Fortunately I passed the program and was placed on the Chief of Coast Artillery promotion list for the grade of Staff Sergeant, with a designation as Electrician.

I requested 60 days furlough and spent the vacation in Wilson. Sometime in late August or early September I reported in at the Brooklyn Army Base for shipment by Army Transport to San Francisco which meant another trip through the Panama Canal. The orders were not coordinated with Ship schedules and just ordered me to Brooklyn for transportation to San Francisco. Upon arrival I learned that the next sailing was not scheduled until about the middle of September. The passenger list was pretty well completed when I arrived and the Lieutenant in charge was not quite sure just how he could get me on the manifest to prevent my having to wait a considerable length of time for a subsequent ship. He finally came up with a solution. He said, "You are a clerk." I said, "Yes Sir, I was a clerk a year or so ago." He said, "You misunderstood me. You are a clerk, and I am getting you on board by assigning you to the Troop command as a clerk. You will go on board the day before sailing and report to the Sergeant Major." The paper work was "fill in the blanks" procedures for KP, Guard Duty, Work Details, and any other duties for the troops. Troops were not involved in the operation of the ship. We sailed on or about the 15th of September. On the 18th of September one of the most severe hurricanes of record hit Hatteras, North Carolina. We were in that storm for three days. When the ship went into the trough of the waves, the

wall of water on each side was higher than the ship and the ship bounced around like a cork with waves breaking over the Wheel House of the ship.

Upon arrival in San Francisco I debarked at Fort Mason (a major port of embarkation/debarkation) and caught a Street Car to Presidio and the bus to Fort Scott. I reported in (after having been gone for a little over a year) and learned that I was about to be dropped as AWOL. Somewhere along the line they had missed orders sending me to Brooklyn for shipment by U.S. Army Transport. Many changes had come about in the year that I was gone. A friend of mine had been promoted to Sergeant and worked in the Reserve Officers Office. I went by to see him and while there visiting, his supervisor, a Major, came in. Ft. Scott was a small post and the officers knew most of the soldiers by sight, if not by name. He wanted to know who I was. When he learned that I had just returned from the Coast Artillery School, he asked if I had graduated. "Yes Sir." He told the Sergeant to sign him up for a Reserve commission. "But Sir, I'm not interested in a Reserve Commission." "I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to the Sergeant." "Yes Sir." Then he talked to me. "When you get the correspondence lessons, finish them as soon as possible and no later than the last of May. The ROTC class will be graduating in June. If you complete the lessons before that time I can assign you to the 6th Coast Artillery, with station at Fort Scott." And that is how I became a Reserve Officer in 1937.

Back on duty at Fort Scott was different. Many friends were no longer there, and Staff Sergeant Nielsen to whom I owe much had been discharged, did not re-enlist, and went to Mexico to work for some oil company. I was assigned as a helper for a Fire Control Electrician and we worked at Fort Mason (not the same Fort Mason mentioned earlier) and Fort Funston; satellite posts of Fort Scott. He was easy to work with. He would pick me up at the barracks, after breakfast, and go out to Mason or Funston; back for lunch and same scenario in the afternoon. He must have been very "budget" conscious because we spent a lot of time salvaging wood screws, bolts, and other material for future use, just in case we had a use for them. My behavior was usually within acceptable limits. One day I got a call to report to the Battery Commander. The same Captain was Battery Commander of Headquarters Battery, Commander of the 6th Coast Artillery Band, and Post Adjutant. I reported as directed to the Adjutant's office. He stated that the First Sergeant had reported me absent from Reveille on a given date. He stated that I could insist on a court martial or he could give the lesser 107. Of course I did not want a Court. He said the punishment would be restriction to quarters for

one week. I asked if I could begin the punishment next day because I had a date that night. He said he would not bargain with me. Well, Sir, in that case the plea is "Not Guilty." That caught him a little by surprise, and he said, "You can prove that?" "Yes Sir." I do not remember just what it was, but something happened at reveille on that particular day that stood out. I said "call Sergeant Peyton and he will verify that I was at the formation." He called and Sergeant Peyton verified my presence at the formation. Of course there was no punishment since I was not guilty as charged. The First Sergeant blew it. Had he picked any other day with the charge, he could very well have been correct. I continued as the Helper to a Fire Control Electrician and really was marking time until my appointment to the Grade of Staff Sergeant. I enjoyed my work, friends, and San Francisco. At that time San Francisco was a fabulous city. Sometime in 1937, spring or summer, a memo came from the Chief of Coast Artillery office stating that those individuals on the promotion list could return to the Coast Artillery School and attend the B course which was designed for Electricians assigned to Anti-Aircraft Units. I applied and was ordered back to Fort Monroe for the course.

My friend who requested discharge from the C.C.C.s and enlisted in the army at Fort Bragg must have transferred to the Philippines in 1935, soon after I transferred to San Francisco. He returned to the States in the spring of 1937. When he arrived in San Francisco he came to Fort Scott to visit with me. He requested reassignment to Fort Scott and he was assigned to Headquarters Battery, 6th C. A. I took him to visit friends and that is when I introduced him to his future wife. They are still married.

During the time of my assignments to Fort Scott the Golden Gate Bridge was under construction. I watched (from a distance) the construction of the towers and then the weaving of the cables which support the bridge. When it was completed and officially opened for traffic, I joined about two hundred thousand pedestrians who walked across the bridge on May 27, 1937

When it was time for me leave Fort Scott and go to Fort Monroe for the second course at the Coast Artillery School, I had to go through the same C.O.G. discharge and re-enlistment procedure again. I was discharged on July 26, 1937 and re-enlisted the next day. I answered an advertisement in the San Francisco Newspaper in which an individual was looking for someone to share gasoline expenses and share the driving back to Pittsburgh. When we arrived in Pittsburgh

and visited with his family, his brother offered me a job. I think I took the train to Virginia.

The school program started in September and ran until sometime in June and covered motor convoy planning and management, transportation, auto mechanics, machine shop practice, welding, and anti-aircraft search lights. While I was in school and on "detached service" from Headquarters Battery, 6th Coast Artillery, Fort Scott, California the Army began expanding a little. Additional units were activated. One of those was the 65th Coast Artillery, Anti-Aircraft regiment which was activated and assigned to Fort Scott. Cadres were transferred from existing units and I was transferred to A Battery, 65th Anti-Aircraft. My being transferred was a paper transfer because I was on detached service to the Coast Artillery School.

Sometime during the Christmas holidays (I think), Daddy and I stopped by a house on the corner of Vance and Maplewood Ave. where an auction sale was in progress. The family was liquidating everything and moving to New York. We listened until a 1931 Ford Sedan was put up for auction. I bid and bought the car for \$31.00. Daddy and I drove it down to the Ford Dealer. One of Daddy's first cousins was a salesman. I asked what will you allow me on the '31 sedan and what is there of interest on the lot? He said that about \$125.00 was as high as he could go on a trade in, but there was really nothing on the lot which would be of interest. BUT, he said that he was within \$25.00 on a trade for a 1934 Chevrolet with 20,000 miles. Nothing wrong with the car; the owner just wanted a Ford. The owner was holding out for \$400.00 trade in and the Salesman's maximum allowable trade in offer was \$375.00. If I wanted the Chevrolet for \$400.00 he could trade and we could trade. We took a ride to Sharpsburg, talked to the Chevrolet owner, took a test drive; went back to Wilson and completed the trade.

When school finished I took the usual lengthy leave time and went to Wilson. I proposed to Josephine (Jo) Minshew on the 4th of June (her birthday) and she accepted. At that time no date was set for the wedding. I decided that I would look for a temporary job while on leave. I told Daddy that I would go down to Hackney's Body Company which made School Bus Bodies and apply for a job. Daddy was a little skeptical about there being any vacancies at Hackneys. I applied and the foreman said he would call me. The next morning he was at our house about 7 AM and said "Are you ready to go to work?" My job was to connect the School Bus Body electric lights. I was unfamiliar with the "Stall

Tactic." The job was simple and I ran out of Bus Bodies on which to work. I was ready to leave for the day and come back the next day when more school bus bodies would be ready for electrical work. The foreman said that he needed me in the Paint Shop. I reported to the paint shop where the school bus bodies were being sprayed with a red lead primer or base coat. When I left that afternoon I had red lead paint in my nose, hair, and on my clothes and probably in my lungs. I decided that once was enough. I started back with the electrical hook-ups the next day. Sometime later I ran out of School Bodies for wiring. Again, the foreman said that he need me in the Paint Shop. I told him that he possibly needed some help there but not me. He became a little more adamant. He was not accustomed to having the employees under his jurisdiction questioning his directives. I could see that he was going to fire me; so I quit. I turned in the few tools issued to the stock room. I knew the Stockroom Clerk from High School. He asked just what are you doing? I told him that I had just quit. He said: "What? Nobody ever quits at Hackneys." The conversation then went something like this. "What are you going to do now?" "I'm going to get married." Short silence. "Oh, your wife is going to work." "No, she just quit too." I did not volunteer any information, just left him guessing.

The Army required permission to get married for any soldier below the grade of Staff Sergeant. I went to the National Guard Armory and checked the appropriate regulation, borrowed the use of a typewriter and wrote the letter to my Battery Commander requesting permission to get married with the second paragraph of the letter stating that I was number two (2) on the promotion list to the grade of Staff Sergeant. It came back approved. It really would have made no difference in our plans. We had already planned the wedding for September 2nd. We were married in the First Christian Church with the Rev. John Barclay officiating. Drove to San Francisco, rented an apartment, and a couple days later reported in for duty with my new unit.

The First Sergeant was very pleasant and welcomed me to the unit and that my reporting was anticipated. I acknowledged his welcome and stated that I had a couple requests. I was requesting permission to live out of barracks, separate rations, Exchange credit and Commissary credit. He said you better talk to the "Old Man." We went in to see the Battery Commander. The First Sergeant told the Captain who I was and from where. The Captain welcomed me also. Then the First Sergeant told the Captain of my request for permission to live out of barracks, separate rations, Exchange credit, and Commissary credit. The

following dialog ensued "Are you married?" "Yes Sir." "Who gave you permission?" "You did, Sir." "I did?" "Yes Sir." "Sergeant, get me his file." He flipped through the file until he came to my letter and his approval. "I really did! How long have you been married?" "Ten days, Sir." "You better stay out of barracks. OK, Sergeant. Assign Winstead to duty at the Search Light section as Assistant to Tech Sergeant Horshay; no guard or fatigue duty; permission to live out of barracks, separate rations, Exchange credit and Commissary credit." The First Sergeant asked, "How much credit at the Exchange and Commissary, Sir?" The Captain startled me when he answered, "Staff Sergeant credit." I thanked the Captain and beat a hasty retreat. When I came out of the Captain's office, the Battery Clerk, a Sergeant, appeared to be a little disgruntled at the apparent special treatment which he thought I was being given, said: "I'll need to see the marriage certificate tomorrow so I can list it on your record." I said: "Forget it. If the Old Man is convinced that I'm married, I don't have to convince you."

Tech Sergeant Horshay was easy to work with. He was about 40 years old and had graduated from the Coast Artillery School years before and was more of the Sea Coast communication electrician than the more recent Anti Aircraft electrician. I was familiar with the portable Anti-Aircraft Search Light since I had studied it recently. The lights were remote controlled. One of the lights turned left when the remote control apparatus tried to make it turn right. Sergeant Horshay asked me to check it out. I asked for the Operation Manual and learned that they were in the Battery Office in the safe. I asked the First Sergeant for the manual and got the ridiculous answer that they are classified. That is fine, but I need to see the wiring diagram so I can correct a problem with the Search Light. He gave me the manual to use, but I think reluctantly. I checked the diagram and compared that with the connections in the cable and the light and sure enough, there were two lines reversed. Simple solution. Reconnect them correctly. It worked.

About a week after I reported in, I was working at the Search Light Shed when I got a telephone call to report to the Regimental Commander immediately. One does not argue with, question, nor delay when so ordered. I was about two blocks away. I walked into the Commander's office, reported, and noticed that the room was pretty full, to include my Battery Commander. The Regimental Commander did not "draw out the suspense," but immediately got to the point with "Congratulations, Sgt. Winstead. We just received a radiogram from Washington which stated that you are Promoted to the grade of Staff Sergeant." The congratulations continued from the others in the office, to include Captain White,

my Battery Commander. The Regimental Commander asked; "And what are your plans now, Sgt. Winstead?. My answer was; "Sir, first I'm going by the tailor shop and have the chevrons sewn on, and then I'm going home and show them to my lovely wife." "Sounds like a good plan to me," he said.

Jo knew basically nothing about the Army and really did not comprehend the importance of the promotion. Actually the grade of Staff Sergeant was the lowest grade which the Army considered financially able to support a family. She understood that we would get additional money and that we could live quite comfortably in Sausalito, which is a few miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge. The job went very well. I had to adapt to the differences in age. My contemporaries, were about 15 years my senior. The upper three grades, Staff, Tech, and Master periodically had to state their choice for overseas duty. Choices were, Philippines, Hawaii, and Panama. I selected Philippines as my first choice. Another example of being careful what you ask for - you might get it. I was ordered to the Philippines in the early spring of 1939 with a sailing date of early May. I sold the car to a Sergeant in the unit, conditionally that I keep the car until we sailed, and with approval for my driving it on a trip to North Carolina. He paid half at that time and agreed to pay \$20.00 each month after we were in the Philippines. The title to the car was transferred to him after we returned to Fort Scott from North Carolina. He got a good deal. The car was worth more than the selling price. One normally tried to clear up any indebtedness before leaving a Post. I figured that the car had served its purpose and even if I never collected any of the promised monthly payments there was no great loss. My faith in "human nature" remained intact. He fulfilled his promise and the money orders arrived on schedule each month with one exception. One letter had no money order and the explanation was that he had to buy a battery and he would continue the payments the next month. The payments resumed and were completed as promised. Strange just how differently people prepared for a permanent change of station assignment, to include going overseas. Some sell furniture and others buy furniture. In our case we had very little to ship and nothing to sell, but we did buy a sewing machine for two dollars from someone who was going overseas also. The sewing machine did not work because the needle was put in incorrectly. I corrected that problem and it operated like a "sewing machine."

We sailed from San Francisco on May 2, 1939 for Manila, P.I. on the USAT U.S. Grant with stops in Hawaii and Guam. We were met in Honolulu by a friend whom I was with in the Coast Artillery School and we were invited to stay with

him and his wife over night in their quarters. Next day we were given the usual "cooks tour" of Oahu. The tradition on arrival and departure by ship is to present the passengers with a lei which is draped about the neck. A custom is to toss the lei overboard as the ship leaves the harbor. The belief is that if the lei floats to shore you will return soon. Mine must have gone straight to the bottom. I was scheduled for a two year tour and it took me six years to return to the states and on the return trip we skipped Hawaii and it was another twelve years until I revisited Hawaii.

Jo and I liked to travel by ship and had no problems on board. Our table mates were not so fortunate. As we left San Francisco at noon time, we were on deck until we sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge, and then went to the dinning room for Lunch. The wife of our table mate was seasick from the San Francisco to Hawaii; with the same scenario from Hawaii to Guam and from Guam to Manila. She had a miserable trip. As we entered the harbor in Guam, the ship's Captain went on the wrong side of a buoy marking the channel and hit a reef at about half speed. The damage to the ship was minimal in spite of the ship being up on the reef until there was about three feet of water under the bow and seventy-eight feet under the stern. The forward holds of the ship were unloaded to shift the weight which aided other ships in the effort of pulling the ship off the reef. It took four days and a Cruiser, a Dollar Line Ship, and a couple of Tugboats to get the ship back into deeper water. The passengers were given box lunches and put ashore each day. At that time Guam appeared to be an unmolested tropical island. The natives were very hospitable. Divers were sent down to inspect the damage to the ship. No major damage which would be dangerous or further delay the trip was found and we departed for Manila. In the Philippines the ship was put into Dry Dock for a thorough inspection and to repair any damage caused by the reef.

The Army had a system for taking care of newcomers overseas. A volunteer host agreed to be host for a particular new comer upon arrival and give necessary help and orientation. Our host hitched a ride on the Harbor Boat which the Pilot used to meet the Ship. Jo and I were watching from an upper deck and noticed the individual "pointing" toward us. I learned later that he was a little concerned upon seeing us, because he had agreed to be host for a couple and nothing had been said about a "teenage" daughter. From the distance he had misjudged Jo to be my teenage daughter, since she was only four feet, eleven inches tall.

We arrived in Manila, P.I. on May 28, 1939, debarked, and immediately boarded the Harbor Boat to Corregidor (which is Fort Mills, P.I.) where I was assigned to Headquarters Battery, 59th C.A. and further assigned for duty with the Artillery Engineer. We had traveled from San Francisco to Wilson and returned to San Francisco, and then traveled from San Francisco to Manila, Philippine Islands. We arrived in Manila with \$15.00. Fortunately payday was not very far off. Our host and hostess did a fantastic job in taking care of us; getting us established in our quarters, commissary shopping with us, and in general, giving an excellent orientation. We were told that the little black ants and scorpions could be a problem. To thwart the ants from access to our bed, it was necessary to put the bed legs in small saucers of kerosene or water. No matter which was used it was necessary to keep the dust film from forming on top of the liquid. Otherwise the ants would walk across on the dust. We also learned to turn our shoes over and shake them to determine that there were no scorpions in the shoes. Geckos which we recognize today as a personable cartoon insurance icon actually exists. In the wild the gecko is a six to eight inch long lizard, excluding the tail, with a large head and has suction cups on its feet. One day a gecko was on the ceiling of the bathroom when Jo started taking a shower. The warm vapor from the shower must have bothered the gecko or it rendered the suction cups incapable of supporting the gecko and it fell to the shower floor. There was not enough room for Jo and the gecko in the same shower room. She came out noisily, - hurriedly, - and dripping.

The duty was not strenuous and the living was pleasant. We only worked in the mornings. A group of us who came at the same time and were about the same ages spent much time walking, exploring the trails, and socializing. We soon learned that there were two tribes of monkeys on the island. We thought that we were walking and exploring the trails to find the monkeys. We were in error. The monkeys were swinging along the tree branches near the trail watching us. We had a lot to learn about our new surroundings.

At the entrance of Manila Bay were four fortified islands: Corregidor, Caballo, El Fraile, and Carabao. Corregidor and Caballo ("Ft. Mills and Ft. Hughes") covered the two mile north channel between Corregidor and the Bataan peninsula, and El Fraile and Carabao ("Ft. Drum and Ft. Frank") covered the south channel. Both channels were further protected by seacoast contact and remote controlled mines planted in the channels. The largest guns on Corregidor were 12" Disappearing Carriage which could not traverse enough to fire on Bataan. Caballo ("Ft.

Hughes”) had 14” guns as did El Fraile (“Ft. Drum”) and Carabao (“Ft. Frank”). Ft. Drum’s 14” guns could reach parts of Bataan but Bataan was out of range of Ft. Frank’s guns. The larger caliber weapons of the Harbor Defense of Manila Bay were never designed to defend the Bataan peninsula, nor from any attack from Manila Bay.

We continued learning about Corregidor and the Philippines and continued in our ignorance about our vulnerability and international diplomacy. There were four regiments on the islands of the harbor defense; two continental and two Philippine Scouts. With the two Caucasian regiments and their families, and in spite of there being two Philippine Scout regiments, four barrios(villages), Chinese and Hindu merchants, Corregidor had an American culture and flavor. Jo and I spent a weekend in Manila some months after arriving in the Philippines. It came as a jolt; we were foreigners. That truth was reinforced when we realized the length of time it took to get mail from the States. We were there for about a year before the Clipper (airmail) was put into service. We were assigned better quarters. I’m not sure whether the kitten came with the new quarters or we acquired him from friends. The kitten would follow Jo anywhere. She is the one who fed him. He would follow her through the swinging door between the kitchen and the dining room. One day he was a little slow and got caught between the door and the door frame. Just how do you extricate a squalling animal whose head is on one side of the door and his body on the other without breaking his neck? Very carefully. I’m not sure just how, but it was done without breaking his neck or taking the door off the hinges.

When my turn for outpost duty came, I was sent to Ft. Frank. The outpost tour was normally a six months stretch. At the same time another Staff Sergeant was assigned to Ft. Drum. Our wives decided to share the same quarters while we were gone. One weekend Jo came to Ft. Frank to visit me; she also brought the kitten. The kitten apparently did not like the covered picnic basket in which she put him for the trip. When she arrived at Ft. Frank and partially opened the basket, the kitten jumped out and ran off. I chased him and caught him. Otherwise the snakes (probably a python) would have gotten him. We spent a pleasant weekend. Jo could see what I did and how I was living. She also learned that I had an abundance of bed bugs which I did not know about. They chewed on Jo pretty good but did not bother me. The bugs had made a home in the bed springs. I got a blowtorch and eliminated the bugs. Sometime after Jo had

returned to Corregidor there was an earthquake. It jolted pretty good and I wondered if my quarters were going into the bay. No real damage from the quake.

Sometime during my assignment to Ft. Frank another Staff Sergeant and I decided that we would go deer hunting on Zimbales mountain range across from Ft. Wint and Subic Bay. A Philippine Scout Sergeant from Ft. Wint was our guide. He lived at his home which was a nice nipa hut across the bay from Fort Wint. A typhoon canceled our hunting. After the storm, the Philippine Scout sergeant gave his Negrito servant a shot gun and one shell and told him to go get a chicken. He was talking about a wild chicken. About thirty minutes later the servant came back with a chicken. I liked the outrigger sail canoe which the Sergeant had. He said that one would cost about thirty pesos (\$15.00). I asked him to buy one for me and have the harbor boat tow it back to Corregidor. When it came it was moored at Corregidor north dock.

On Sunday afternoon, after Jo and I had attended a Filipino christening, we decided to take a ride on our new sail boat and take it around to south dock. At the same time I reasoned that if we could sail around the tail end tip of Corregidor and moor the boat at south dock, it would lessen the length of the trip for me on Monday morning when I sailed to Ft. Frank. We enjoyed the ride and got along beautifully until we tried to tack around the tail end of Corregidor toward the south dock. At that point I realized that we had no keel, which we badly needed. I tried to paddle and quickly learned that propelling a twenty-five-foot log by "paddle power" isn't easy. We kept slipping further away from Corregidor, but fortunately we were still in the bay and not out into the China Sea. It was getting late and would be dark soon. I decided that Bataan was much closer and we headed in that direction. I anticipated reaching the little village of Cabcaben then take a bus to Manila and the harbor boat back to Corregidor. I could telephone Corregidor and let them know where we were. For awhile the lights of Cabcaben guided us but then the people turned out the lights and went to bed. As we neared the Bataan shore the surf grew louder and louder. About that time one of the outriggers rode up on a rock. I backed off in a hurry. That was "shark country." We headed back across the bay toward Cavite. It was very dark; no lights and we had to cross two active channels. I knew that the officials on Corregidor knew we were out on the sail boat. Since dark the searchlights on Corregidor had been sweeping, looking for us. We were too low in the water to be picked up by the lights. Some distance from Bataan and the north channel I saw a fishing boat with its nets cast. I headed toward the fishing boat. As we came along side I threw one

of the crew a line and by the time he took the line I was on board. He of course wanted to know why we were out in the bay at that time of night. After listening to our story, he fed us fresh fish, bread and water. It was delicious. I told him that we wanted him to take us to Corregidor, but the crew member said the captain would be up in a little while to take in the nets and I would have to talk to him. When the captain awakened he was a little surprised to learn that he had two passengers and an outrigger in tow. I finally prevailed upon him to take us to Corregidor with assurances that his boat would not be confiscated nor would he be in any trouble. As we headed toward Corregidor, the searchlights picked us up in the beam. At the same time signal lights were asking for identification and what was his mission. The skipper did not want anyone to think that he was trying to sneak up on Corregidor and he continually blew his whistle. I did not volunteer the information that in addition to the searchlights there was an alert crew manning a 155 mm gun which was tracking us. We arrived at north dock and I had never seen so many military police at one time. I told the Lieutenant that the skipper was really worried about his safety. The name of the fishing boat was taken and it was released to go. The skipper wasted no time in his departure. The next morning, Monday, I towed the outrigger behind the harbor boat to Fort Frank. I sold it in a couple of days.

One day I received a telephone call from the Artillery Engineer and he asked a very ridiculous question: "How would you like to return to Corregidor for duty?" Answer: "Yes sir, I'll catch the next boat back." "Not so fast. There is a little chore that I need for you to do first. There is a radio on Ft. Frank and we can get no signal from it at Corregidor. Fix it and you can come back to Corregidor." "But Sir, I'm an Electrician, not a Radio Technician." "You want to come back to Corregidor?" "Yes Sir." "Fix it." "Yes Sir."

I knew where the radio room was but had paid no attention to it since it was not my responsibility. Now, I had a very real and personal interest in that radio. I turned the power on and a number of dials registered the functions. Everything appeared normal. I called the radio section on Corregidor and talked to a Radio Technician who was my host and friend and told him my problem. He told me to turn the power on and read the dials. I told him that I was doing that and gave the readings on each dial. His answer; "You are on the air." "That's fine, can you hear me?" "No." "What do you recommend?" "Could be the antenna. Where is the antenna and how high off the ground is it?" "I don't know, but it has to be up on top of the emplacement. How high off the ground should the antenna be?" He

said that the antenna should be 25 to 30 feet above the ground. I found the antenna up on ground level and it was very close to the ground. I spoke to the Unit Commander, told him the problem and asked that he send a detail up the Cavite Province coast, not far from the Post to get some sturdy, big, and tall bamboo. The bamboo was delivered. I took a couple tall bamboo poles; fastened the antenna to each pole with sufficient lead in wire and braced the bamboo with guy wires. Then I hurriedly and with eager anticipation went below to test the radio. I turned the power on and telephoned my friend on Corregidor. I said: "I raised the antenna to about thirty feet off the ground, and I am in the radio room with the radio on and the dials look OK. Can you read me?" "Yes, you are coming in loud and clear." "That is fine. Get off the phone. I have another call to make. I'm coming home." I called the Old Man (Artillery Engineer) and told him that the radio was operational and I was catching the Harbor Boat back to Corregidor the next morning.

We continued to enjoy the tropics. Corregidor was without mosquitoes and the weather was comfortable most of the time. December, January, and February were usually dry and cooler. March, April, and May were usually dry and somewhat warmer, and the Rainy season usually lasted from June through November, sometimes with rain being about forty plus inches per month. The Philippines are made up of 7100 islands with a population of about fifty million inhabitants who have about seventy different languages or dialects. Most inhabitants live on one of the eleven inhabited islands with Luzon and Mindanao being the largest. The land area of the Philippines is slightly larger than the State of Nevada. The Philippines (Manila) are located approximately 5000 miles west of Hawaii, 1800 miles south of Tokyo, Japan and about 2000 miles north of Darwin, Australia. So much for the geography lesson.

A soldier, a corporal, I think, was returning to the States and had an Oldsmobile Roadster for sale for thirty pesos (\$15.00) It was more of a mixture. It had no top, running boards from a Cadillac, Ford radiator, and a muffler made from a brass artillery round casing. Jo commented that she wondered just what kind of noise it would make falling over the cliff into Cheney dump?" I bought it. It ran pretty well. We enjoyed it and decided to postpone pushing it over the cliff. We had a group of friends over and sometime during the evening one of them asked "What are you going to do with your car?" "What prompted that question?" I asked. He said: "The General is not going to allow his officers to ride around in that car." I said: "That has nothing to do with me." He said: "It does because you are going

on active duty in a few days." I thought he was joking. He said: "OK. If you are called to active duty soon, then sell me the car for what you paid for it." Not believing any of it, I said OK. About a week or ten days later I had to sell him the car as I had promised.

My three year enlistment was up and I was discharged on July 26, 1940 and re-enlisted for three more years the next day. The discharge was the third discharge from the army in 6 years, 5 months and 21 days of service. That was the first discharge which covered a three year term. On the morning of August 7th I came home from work and Jo told me to call the Post Headquarters Sergeant Major. He had been calling several times that morning trying to reach me. He knew that I was at work and not at home during the morning. I returned his call and he said: "Report to the Post Adjutant immediately." I asked: "What uniform?" and he said: "Whatever you have on." I ignored that ridiculous remark; changed into fresh khaki; walked to Post headquarters and reported to the adjutant. He was very gracious. He asked: "How would you like to be called to active duty?" My answer surprised him a little. "I have several questions. Under what circumstances, with an assignment where, and for how long?" He said that the assignment would be to one of the Philippine Scout regiments on Corregidor for at least one year and I would move into officer's quarters at middle side. I said that you realize that I am married. His answer irritated me when he said that yes it was known that I was married and that had been checked very carefully. I asked: "How much time do I have to decide?" "Lots of time," he answered: "by 8 o'clock tomorrow morning." My answers became a little flippant. I hesitated briefly, and said: "I'll take it. I always wondered how the other half lived." "May I use your phone?" "Yes, of course." I called Jo and said: "Get ready to move. I just made a lady out of you." The next day I was discharged again C.O.G.. That made four discharges in 6 years, 6 months and 2 days of service. The last discharge covered only 12 days. I was sworn in as a 2nd Lieutenant on August 8, 1940. I was assigned to Battery E, 91st C.A.(PS) with Captain Joe East as my Battery Commander. We moved into officer's quarters at middle side and I had to sell our car as promised.

Admittedly the status was different, but the transition was no problem. We were accepted by officers and their wives with no hint of discrimination. Captain East was an effective, efficient Battery Commander as well as a friend and mentor. In fact he had known of me when he was Battery Commander of Headquarters Battery, 6th C.A. and I was on detached duty at the Coast Artillery School. He

was also Commander of Fort Frank for part of the time I was on duty at Fort Frank as a Staff Sergeant. Initially I was assigned to another Battery of the 91st C.A.(PS), the Battery Commander of which was the Commanding Officer of Fort Frank when I was originally assigned to outpost duty. We had a couple differences of opinion when he ordered me to do something which I thought overstepped his authority. I called his hand on it and "won" at least temporarily. I asked Captain East to "do something." And he did. He quietly had me transferred to his Battery as his Executive Officer. With fairness to the officer with whom I had the minor "run in" I never saw or knew of any discrimination toward us, either officially or socially. At a cocktail party some months after going on active duty Mrs. East said that "I have been watching you and Jo and she has not changed a bit." My reply of course was: "thank you very much." I appreciated the compliment. As I became more adjusted to my new responsibilities, I learned that I could probably be promoted to 1st Lieutenant in about six or seven months. I also learned that by taking a test I could reduce the time. The difference in pay made the possibility more interesting. There was possibly a correspondence course involved; if so, I have forgotten that minor detail, but I know that there was a practical test. I passed the test and was promoted to the grade of 1st Lieutenant on December 6, 1940. Sometime during the time that I was a Lieutenant, the time came for examination for permanent promotion for Tech Sergeant, Electrician. I took the examination and fortunately passed it. Later, War Department policy was published that stated that those who were commissioned could re-enlist in the grade of master sergeant when relieved from active duty. Much later I took an examination for appointment to the permanent grade of Warrant Officer. I passed and was appointed to the grade of Warrant Officer subject to joining that grade when I was relieved from active duty, if I wished.

One day on the small arms firing range the Battalion Commander said that he had to ask a personal question. He wanted to know if Jo was pregnant. I laughed. That is no secret. He said the reason for the question was that an officer had to be sent to Fort Wint on Subic bay, which was considered outpost duty, and the policy was not to send pregnant women to an outpost. Had to do with medical facilities.

There was a shuffle and I was transferred to Battery E, 92nd C.A.(PS) which was also known as the guard Battalion. There were about 600 civilian Filipino prisoners used as a labor force on Corregidor. The prisoners were sent out to work where requested in groups of six (6) to one guard who was armed with a repeating Shotgun. The prisoners were long term prisoners. Some had sentences of 300

years. The Battalion was still an artillery unit with 155mm guns. We drilled on the guns and fired target practice when scheduled. While I was there acting as range officer, we won the trophy for best target practice. The work as the guard unit for civilian prisoners was interesting and different. At the end of the day the prisoners were returned from work detail to the stockade. The Americans are generous by nature and would give many things to prisoners. The prisoners had to leave those things outside at the gate. The Officer of the Day would look at the gifts. If there was contraband, things not allowed, it would be confiscated and the other gifts were returned to the prisoner. When I was the Officer of the Day and I found contraband items, I wanted to see the guard to determine how it happened that the prisoner had acquired the items. There were some Muslim prisoners primarily from the southern islands. Their food had to be different. Among other things, they could not be served pork. During the Christmas holidays double feature movies would be scheduled. Happy and satisfied? No indeed. They wanted triple feature movies. The Officer of the Day had to make one inspection of the stockade between midnight and reveille. There were no restrictions on the movement of the OD on the post as long as he was available by one telephone call. If we were up late at the club or a party I would wait until a little past midnight and then make the required inspection. At times the uniform was quite formal.

Our first child was born on Corregidor on February 3, 1941. Soon after that; I think Jo was still a patient at the hospital, I was on duty one day as Safety Officer on a boat which was towing the target for machine gun practice from shore. I received a radiogram from the regimental adjutant asking if I wished for my dependents to be returned to the States on the ship which would sail within a week. My reply was "No, repeat No." Department of the Army was returning all military dependents to the states. Sometime later either in March or April we were notified that two transports would sail for the states in May. Those who wished to go to New York would be sailing on May 6th and those who were going to San Francisco would sail about a week later. Jo and the baby (Dee) sailed from Manila on May 6th and were en route to New York for 36 days by way of Hawaii and Panama. The transport was under naval escort from Manila to Hawaii. And that was almost seven months prior to the Pearl Harbor attack. Jo stood on the deck of the transport in the Honolulu harbor and watched a blackout drill for Honolulu as the lights of the city went out block by block. She knew that Corregidor was already on an alert status. She never did understand just how Hawaii got caught by surprise. Jo and I spent two years on a very beautiful tropical island. The duty was pleasant and interesting and the living gracious. But all of that came to a

screeching halt when Jo left. I'm very glad that Jo and the baby got out. I resented then, and still do, having international politics played with my family being the pawns in that game.

After being on duty with the guard Battalion for about three months, the Battalion Commander called me to his office; which was in the same building as my office, and just across the hall, and handed me an official looking document and asked if I knew anything about that. I scanned the document rapidly. It was orders transferring me to duty with the Harbor Defense Ordnance effective immediately. I told him that it was news to me. I had not been asked nor told of any change. Happily neither the Battalion Commander nor my Battery Commander wanted me to transfer. Apparently none of us had a choice. I reported to the Harbor Defense Ordnance Officer the next morning. I was welcomed very graciously by the Ordnance Officer. My assignment was as his Executive Officer, Harbor Defense Ordnance Supply Officer, and Ordnance Detachment Commander. My normal duty station was in the same office with Ordnance Officer. Our desks were butted together facing each other. After I had been on the job for about two weeks, he asked how things were going. I said: "OK as far as I know." He answered that you sound a little skeptical and less than enthusiastic. I answered that I was a little concerned because this was the third major transfer in six months. Career wise that is not good. The first two changes I recognized and accepted the reason for them, but this one came rather out of the blue and unexpectedly. He smiled and said that is very easy to answer. I asked for you. That bit of information caused me to smile. "I can live with that. Thank you very much. I appreciate the confidence and that is information that I needed." The tables of organization for the Harbor Defense Ordnance Department authorized an artillery officer to be assigned to the Ordnance Department. The 59th C.A. Regimental Commander kept pestering my Ordnance Colonel about sending that artillery officer back to the artillery. In retrospect, my assignment to the Ordnance Department probably saved my life.

As Ordnance Detachment Commander I was on the Post Exchange Board. At that time the Post Exchanges were local Posts' operations and had not been centralized. Each unit had Stock or Shares in the Exchange operation which paid dividends each month. That was the source of income for the Unit fund. The number of shares each unit owned was based on its strength. The Chairman of the Board was the 59th C.A. Regimental Commander. An excellent officer who gave the stereotype impression of a British Colonel in India. Many people were a little

afraid of him. I was not intimidated. I was not under his command. We got along fine. In fact, a Sergeant assigned to the 59th C.A. wanted to transfer to the Ordnance Detachment but could not get an approval from the 59th. I went to see the colonel and he approved the transfer. At one of the Post Exchange Board meetings, the Exchange Officer requested approval for a purchase which he had made without Board approval. His reasoning was that it required immediate attention, was not a very large purchase, and in his opinion did not justify requesting a Board meeting. The Chairman really read the riot act to the Exchange Officer; a little tongue in cheek I think, and threatened him with having to pay for the purchase with his own money. The Board approved the Exchange Officer's action and request. At the very next meeting, a similar request came about, this one involving the Chairman. He was also responsible for the Library in some capacity. The Library was his pride and joy. He had also made a purchase without Board approval and was requesting after-the-fact approval. I think the item had to do with Photo Album Paper. I moved that the request be denied and that the Chairman pay for the paper out of his pay. (also tongue in cheek). I think that there was no second to the motion. The Board approved the request. The Chairman recognized the irony and humor in the motion.

When General MacArthur assumed command of the U.S. Army Forces in the Far East there was no program for any large scale reinforcement of any garrison in the Philippines. Apparently the thinking was still governed by the limitations of the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922, which limited the modernization or major construction after 1922. I dislike treaties. The requirements and limitations often come back to haunt us. The attitude changed rapidly and General Marshall approved many of General MacArthur's requests. In fact on December 7th a sizable convoy had already left Hawaii and was en-route to Manila with considerable material, supplies, and additional units and equipment. The convoy was diverted to Suva, Fiji Islands to await further directions. A few days later the convoy was ordered to Brisbane, Australia with instructions to get the equipment, to include the planes, to the Philippines as soon as possible.

From late summer of 1941 there was additional activity on Corregidor. A few additional troops arrived. I think the last Army Transport arrived in November. There was also additional training and an alert status. The news by short wave radio from San Francisco about the on-going diplomacy between Japan and the United States led to some speculation, concern, and rumors. Japanese aircraft, probably from Formosa, were over northern Luzon two weeks before Pearl

Harbor. At 5:00 AM on December 8th 1941, (December 7th in Pearl Harbor), the Ordnance Officer called me on the telephone and said, as a matter of fact statement: "The Japanese have just bombed Pearl Harbor." I just asked, "Where are you?" and he said that he was in the office. "Yes Sir, I'll be there right away." There was no element of surprise that hostilities had begun. We had been on alert for sometime, and at gun positions for two weeks.

As far as the war was concerned, we on Corregidor seemed to be immune for about three weeks. Many of the laterals in Malinta Tunnel were used as storage for ammunition. I had to empty as many of the laterals as possible and store the ammunition someplace else. The laterals were needed for other purposes. Fortunately the streetcar line was still in operation. I had the ammunition loaded from the laterals onto freight cars and stored ammunition "all over the island," beside trails, or in available buildings. We knew that there was a war. We got reports of the action and where. The news generated disbelief, wonder, and rumors. We could not believe that the aircraft at Clark Field and other Air Fields had been destroyed on the ground. In fact, the Philippines lost its air power and naval power in the first few days. It was unbelievable when we heard that General MacArthur had refused the Air Force General permission for an air strike on Formosa on the morning of December 8th. The reported reason that General MacArthur gave for not granting permission was to wait until the enemy made the initial strike. I don't know what Pearl Harbor was but a first strike and in addition we were in a state of war so declared by congress. The records are not clear. No records of conversations and different memories. I have a healthy respect for General MacArthur. His strategy was usually excellent to brilliant but the logic of that move, or absence of action escapes me. General MacArthur, USAFFE Staff, and Headquarters Company moved to Corregidor sometime in late December 1941. We were still living in quarters. Three of us were having lunch. Some arrogant captain came in the back screen door and unceremoniously came in and announced: "I am captain -----, USAFFE headquarters and I'm moving in here." I got up from the table and said, "I really don't care who you are or what your assignment is, but these quarters are assigned to me, and until I'm told otherwise by the Harbor Defense Commander, I'm not going anywhere and you are not moving in." He left and I never heard any more about anyone moving into our quarters. But the Japanese made our moving a moot point. The first Japanese Air raid on Corregidor was on December 29th and lasted without interruption for about two and a half to three hours.

I remember that I was promoted to the grade of Captain on December 19th but I remember absolutely nothing about Christmas day in 1941. On Christmas Eve President Manuel Quezon and family, High Commissioner Francis B. Sayre and family, with limited staff; General and Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, small son Arthur and Chinese nurse began the move to Corregidor. USAFE Headquarters was operational in its new location on Christmas day. I was not involved in the move so there is nothing for me to remember about the move. Maybe Christmas day is the day that the obnoxious and arrogant USAFFE captain appeared at our door and unceremoniously stating that he was moving in. For a few days after Christmas food supplies from Manila continued to arrive on Corregidor and Bataan. In Manila the rear echelon of USAFFE Headquarters coordinated the shipment of supplies from Manila to Bataan and Corregidor and also directed and/or supervised the destruction of equipment and oil storage before the city was declared an "open city" and prior to the Japanese Armed Forces arrival. It could have been during that time that the Ordnance on Corregidor received a large number of confiscated pistols. Various types, silver handles, and very fancy. The Manila Police had sent them to Corregidor to prevent them being taken by the Japanese. The weapons were later discarded into Manila bay.

Beginning on December 8th and periodically thereafter air-raid alarms sounded on Corregidor but all were "false alarms" until December 29th. Whether or not the first Japanese air-raid of the war over Corregidor had anything to do with General MacArthur moving his Headquarters to Corregidor I don't know. The Japanese were quite unhappy with him. His moves and the battle lines he had chosen were disrupting their timetable. About mid morning of December 29th I went down to a middleside motor pool to turn in a motorcycle which had been issued about three weeks earlier. We did not need it and the Ordnance Colonel did not want me to use it. I finished the "turn-in" and started back to the Ordnance Office at top side. I must have heard the air-alarm because I remember two very distinct items. First, the driver who had come to pick me up was nervous to such a degree that I did not want to ride with him, and second, I noticed the tennis court which was on top of a fresh water tank and thought that is a potential target and I think I'll start back to topside using the service road behind officer's quarters which offers some limited protection just in case this air-raid alarm turns out to be an actual raid. It did not take long to determine that this was real. About that time I arrived at Battery Way, a 12 inch motor battery which was being used by the Anti-Aircraft as its Command Post.

I quickly ducked into the radio shack and sat down on the floor. The radio was getting messages from a Bataan observation station. There were four or five soldiers in the shack and we received a blow by blow report on the bombing as it happened. We received such detailed information as to the formation, how many planes, when the formations divided and when the bombs were released. The raid started about noon time and lasted without interruption for two and a half hours. The Japanese had total air supremacy and bombed with near immunity. The very limited number of American Fighter Aircraft which were still intact did not challenge the Japanese. However, the 60th C.A. Antiaircraft Regiment performed effectively and downed several planes. Several of the dive bombers on strafing runs were downed by 50 caliber machine guns. There was heavy damage to wooden buildings with over half of them destroyed but only minor damage to just two gun emplacements. Casualties were relatively light. USAFFE Headquarters promptly moved into a lateral in Malinta Tunnel the next day. So did other units to include the Ordnance Office and Detachment.

I do not remember particular or special situations during the next couple days, but during the first week of January there were several days of heavy air raids. Living on Corregidor during that time was like living on a target bull's eye. There was continual structural damage and two of the water storage tanks were destroyed. During the first week of January an unfinished bomb shelter with about thirty or more soldiers inside collapsed and most of them were killed.

When the bombing stopped word was received that Japanese artillery was moving into Cavite Province which borders the south side of the bay. In the beginning, the targets were Fort Drum and Fort Frank. Later the caliber of the artillery batteries increased and all four of the fortified islands were within range of the artillery. Much of the Japanese artillery fire which was aimed toward Corregidor was harassment with very minimal damage. Fort Drum and Fort Frank being nearer to Cavite took the major hits from the Japanese artillery with Fort Frank suffering the most damage. A 240mm Japanese artillery shell penetrated the re-enforced roof of a tunnel when there was a concentration of personnel and a considerable number were killed. For a short time the artillery barrage hitting Fort Drum and Fort Frank was so intense that a Japanese landing was anticipated. Beach defense was re-enforced but no attempted landing by the Japanese materialized.

Some major command changes occurred in March. General MacArthur, after considerable radio traffic between General MacArthur, General George C. Marshall, and President Roosevelt was ordered to Australia, and he reluctantly complied. General Wainwright assumed command in the Philippines. General MacArthur, his family, and selected staff departed Corregidor about the middle of March, went to Mindanao by PT boats (four of them) and from there by plane to Australia. There was a hitch in the arrival of the requested planes and additional planes had to be dispatched from Australia. The departure of General MacArthur from Corregidor was very secret. I always knew when transportation, mostly submarines, was leaving Corregidor, since I was responsible for unloading ammunition from the submarines as quickly as possible. Each time I knew of departing transportation I wrote a letter to Jo and asked someone departing to mail the letter when and from where convenient. When others saw me writing a letter, they knew some transportation would be leaving the island and wrote letters of their own. They gave the letters to me to be given to departing personnel. The departure of General MacArthur is the only outgoing transportation on which I did not send mail. I could not very well give my letter to Mrs. MacArthur and ask her to mail it from Australia. Furthermore, I did not wish to be asked by anyone just how I came about the information about General MacArthur's departure.

The air raids began again toward the last week of March on Bataan and Corregidor. About the 1st of April the air raids stopped on Corregidor but continued on Bataan. The Japanese increased intensity of the land war in Bataan and the American forces in Bataan surrendered on April 9th. The American and Filipino soldiers were marched to San Fernando without food and rarely allowed water. Many were sick with malaria, dysentery, and malnutrition. Most of the time if an individual stumbled, fell, or broke "formation" to get water, he was shot or bayoneted. Some reports estimate that there were about ten American soldiers and about one hundred Filipino soldiers murdered per mile of the march. As the marchers passed through Philippine villages many Philippine soldiers escaped. From San Fernando the captives were put into narrow gauge rail cars which are commonly called the 40 and 8 which means room for 40 men or 8 horses. The cars were packed with 100 to 120 captives. At the end of the twenty-five-mile ride some in the cars had died. At the end of the train ride the captives had to walk about five miles to Camp O'Donnell. Facilities there were very little better than the march. The prisoners died at the rate of about 100 each day. I was not on that march. I was still on Corregidor. The above information came from survivors with whom I later talked at the Cabanatuan Camp #1. Any comments which you

have heard about the atrocities suffered by the surrendered troops of Bataan and committed by the Japanese soldiers are true.

After the fall of Bataan the Japanese moved Artillery Batteries into optimum positions for firing on Corregidor. While American prisoners were still in the area the Japanese moved them into proximity of the gun positions, in full view of the Corregidor observers to prevent counter battery firing from Corregidor. With their observation balloon and the elevated observers on the hills of Mariveles, they had every gun position on Corregidor spotted. We continued to live on a "bulls eye" surrounded on five sides. Sometimes we wondered about the 6th side. About ten days after the fall of Bataan a Japanese 240mm artillery round penetrated the powder room of Battery Geary. The explosion threw chunks of re-enforced concrete weighing tons and one of the 12 inch mortar barrels to the golf course. Air raids and Artillery Fire continued almost around the clock, with the intensity escalating around the last of April and the 1st of May. On the 3rd of May bombing and artillery concentrated on James Ravine and Kindley Field areas and by the 5th of May it looked as if that was a prelude to an assault. The Japanese landing force started ashore between 11 PM and midnight. Some of the Kindley Field North Point 75mm artillery battery was still functional and gave an excellent account of itself. In addition the anti-aircraft guns on Fort Hughes fired about horizontally on the incoming Japanese landing barges. The Japanese losses were heavier than expected. Sometime after midnight, or very early on the morning of the 6th I made a trip to an ordnance magazine to bring back a truck load of 30 caliber rifle ammunition. I picked up the truck and driver on the east end of Malinta tunnel and took with me a warrant officer and two soldiers. The warrant officer volunteered because I was going. We had to go toward Kindley Field and follow the road back around Malinta Hill. Actually we went between the American and Japanese lines. No major problem going, but coming across bottom side through the heavy shelling from Bataan made getting through without getting hit a little doubtful. The landing of Japanese tanks in the early morning tipped the scales and General Wainwright decided that further resistance was futile, would accomplish nothing, and just result in additional slaughter. I think that General Wainwright's character, culture, and training led him to believe that he would be dealing with professional and honorable soldiers to whom he was forced to surrender. That was not the case. He surrendered to sadistic barbarians. The Japanese attitude of contempt at the surrender should have warned the American captives of coming atrocities. The Japanese think of surrender as a disgrace to one's family and service. It was ingrained that the only way out was suicide. Of course, the

Americans do not subscribe to the same philosophy. In the beginning we were captives, which means that there is no accounting to anyone and allowed to live at the whim of the captors. The Americans were reported as "missing in action" to the next of kin by the U. S. Government, since it was known who was on duty in the Philippines. Jo received notice that I was "missing in action," and it was a full year before she heard that I was a Prisoner of War.

As of 12 noon on the 6th of May 1942 the Americans status changed from soldiers to captives. Surrender came as no surprise but the reaction was just numbness. The future was insecure and precarious. Malinta tunnel was cleared with the exception of the hospital and the General Staff. The American captives were assembled east of Malinta tunnel in the 92nd garage area which had been a seaplane base sometime in the past. There was a hanger building and the cemented parking area. Japanese guards were rather lax which allowed some freedom of movement into and out of the area. We were supplied absolutely nothing at the time. Subsistence consisted of scrounged and salvaged food, bedding, and clothing. Labor details were picked from the captives as needed by the Japanese. Those early details included burial details for both Japanese and Americans killed during the landing. The dead were cremated. A small group of my friends came to me to solicit joining them in an escape attempt to Cavite province. I thanked them, but declined. The escape was not attempted. My reasoning was that under the circumstances there was nothing which I could do to help Jo and the baby except to live as long as possible. The belief in the U. S. Army and Federal Government was such that the date of my death would be established in Jo's favor so that she would be paid my accrued pay. The reasoning was probably faulty but it kept me from attempting a very risky venture. An escape was risky because one could not live on the land without depending on the Filipinos and they were not that dependable for many reasons. If they were caught they would be shot and their village destroyed. In addition there were about 2000 miles of Japanese held territory between us and Australia. It was done successfully by a small group further south and with different circumstances which permitted some preparation. As it turned out, the others might as well have gambled on the risk. I'm the only survivor of the group. I had remained with the Ordnance Colonel. After a few days he advised me to leave that particular staff group and quit looking after him; join the other troops and put my efforts on looking out for me. I listened and the advice contributed to my survival. Had I remained with his group, I probably would have gone with them to Camp O'Donnell which was a "death trap" instead of Cabanatuan from which I was

detailed for return to Manila and Corregidor. (In fact, he died in the middle of June from diphtheria, since the Japanese supplied no medical assistance.) Rainy season was just beginning. About as "despondent" as I remember being during my time as "guest of the Japanese" was trying to sleep one night in a pool of water. Sometime toward the last of May we were marched to the docks and taken out to freighters. We had no idea what direction or where we were going. The ships headed toward Manila. They did not go to the docks, but went toward the shore off Dewey Boulevard and off loaded us in about waist deep water. We walked to shore and formed a column of fours to "march" down Dewey Boulevard for about five miles to Bilibid prison. It was designed as a victory march for the Japanese and humiliation for the Americans. It backfired somewhat. The route of march was lined with sympathetic Filipinos.

When we arrived at Bilibid the place seemed to be more than full. An Ordnance officer and I placed our blankets on the ground and just awaited further developments. We listened and a "rumor" was that a 1500 man group next to us was moving out the next morning. We thought that most any move would be an improvement so we moved to that group. The rumor was correct. We walked to the train station and boarded steel narrow gage box cars known during World War I as "40 and 8." Apparently the Japanese did not know nor care that the capacity was 40 men. They loaded a hundred to a hundred and twenty in each car. We rode with the doors closed. No circulation and by that time there were many with dysentery. The crowding was such that one could not fall down. After traveling north of Manila about sixty miles for most of the day, which seemed a lot longer to me under the circumstances, we detrained in Cabanatuan and remained overnight in a school yard. Next morning we walked (marched would be a misnomer) about ten miles to Camp #3. Guards were more reasonable and there were trucks to pick up stragglers. When we reached Camp #3 we were assigned to Nipa and bamboo barracks. The camp had been a Philippine Army camp. The barracks had a dirt middle aisle the length of the building, with entrance and/or exit at both ends. On each side of the middle aisle were two tiered 8 by 8 foot bays with bamboo slats as flooring. Four to six men were assigned to each bay. The barracks to which I was assigned was close to the road and close to an open shed with a roof supported by 4X4s. A day or two after our arrival, the Japanese had three or four American soldiers each standing in front of a 4X4 with his arms behind him and wrist bound together and his feet in the same position with feet bound at the ankles. They remained that way all day in the tropical sun. We learned that the soldiers had escaped (actually walked off) and were walking down

the road. We thought that the length of time standing in that position was pretty stiff punishment but apparently the Japanese had additional plans. They untied the soldiers; took them to another area of the camp and shot them.

It soon became evident that I had not packed judiciously for the trip. I had no mosquito net, limited bedding and clothing. After about a week at the camp someone told me that my name was on the bulletin board to go with a detail to Manila. I checked, and sure enough, there it was with scheduled departure the next morning. About seventy captives rode on two trucks to Manila. We were treated very well and fed much better than we were fed at Camp #3. Had freshly baked bread for the first time in about six months. All of us had been wondering the purpose for our trip. The answer was not long in coming. We were interrogated by the Japanese Intelligence personnel. On the bulletin board my job designation was listed as "Keeper of the Warehouse of Bullets." I suppose that was their designation for Ordnance Officer. The intelligence personnel were quite thorough. They stated that: "On a particular stated date a particular named ship came into Manila and a specific number of seacoast artillery rounds of powder was unloaded, put on a barge, and taken to Corregidor, and YOU unloaded it." All of the facts were true. My answer was: "That is correct, but so what, that was my job." There was a visible brightness in their immediate demeanor. Their comment was: "Ah, you had X number of rounds and the new shipment plus what you had adds up to a specific number." The following dialog followed: "Not quite correct. On a given date, I destroyed a certain number of rounds, and what we had on hand, minus what I destroyed, plus the new shipment adds to this number." "What do you mean, destroyed." "Burnt it." "Where." "Kindley Field." The purpose of the interrogation was clear. They were trying to obtain evidence that the United States had violated the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922 which limited moderation or the increase of equipment. The interrogation went on for two weeks. At the end of that time we were moved to Corregidor. Another group of interrogators began the same line of questions. We thought that it was an effort to see if we gave the same answers. Later we decided that there was no coordination between the two sets of questioners. The interrogation ceased and we were added to the salvage detail for work on Corregidor. The work detail salvaged iron for shipment to Japan. Everything metal to include the streetcar line rails, spent shells and 75mm projectiles which were destroyed when the storage building had burned. I was on salvage work details on all of the fortified islands. At the surrender the Commanding Officer of Fort Drum had opened powder containers and sprayed salt water into them. The powder and water had begun to

bubble. I took a detail from Corregidor to Fort Drum and emptied the cans of powder into the bay.

I was in charge of a salvage detail to Fort Frank. There was a small Japanese garrison on the Island in addition to the three guards with us. The senior guard with us was a Tech Sergeant. We liked him and worked reasonably well for him. The food was not the best, but we were able to supplement it with what we found on the island. I convinced the senior guard to take me on the small Japanese supply boat down to Nasugbu, a small town about two hours down the coast to buy food in the market. It was an interesting trip. The Japanese Sergeant had an American 45 caliber automatic. On the trip down the coast he amused himself by shooting at flying fish. I asked to look at his gun. He handed it to me and I looked at it a little closely and the barrel was pretty rusty. I field stripped the weapon (about nine different pieces) and handed it back to him and told him to clean it. He followed me around the boat asking that I put it back together. At the market the guard told me to stay in the market and I would be OK and he would be back a little later. In the market, I stopped at one stall and ordered 30 cartons of cigarettes, 10 dozen eggs, 100 coconuts, limes, comotes, calabasas, egg plants, other vegetables and two live pigs. The young lady operating the market stall said: "But Sir, I do not have all of that." I asked: "Is it in the market?" "Yes, Sir." "Then get it and put it in a pile here." She felt a little embarrassed when she asked if I had money. I opened a shoulder bag which I was carrying and showed her about 400 silver pesos. She was a little "bug eyed" at the sight of real money. This is probably a good place to explain the source of the Silver Pesos. The Philippine treasury transferred gold, silver, stocks, bonds, records, and silver pesos to Corregidor. In early May the U.S. Submarine Trout came in with a load of supplies and took the gold bullion out as ballast. There were another fifty tons of gold bullion and over a hundred tons of silver to be disposed of to prevent its falling into the hands of the Japanese. The silver pesos were dumped into the deepest waters of San Jose Bay between Corregidor and Fort Hughes. I do not know whether the gold bullion was dumped also. Soon after the surrender, the Japanese were aware of the dumping. They tried salvage operations initially with Filipino divers without success. The water was too deep. Then they collected a crew of American divers with limited success. The Americans bargained for better equipment and good, separate living facilities on the barge. Some records show that the Japanese retrieved about two million pesos. The American divers were loyal to their friends. They were successful in skimming a considerable number of pesos over a period of time. They lent, gave away, and cashed checks

for some American prisoners. When the silver pesos began showing up in the Philippine economy the Kempeitai (Japanese Military Police) began investigating. They knew that the source had to be the divers. The divers's living quarters on the barge were searched a couple times with no success. The searches produced no evidence.

While the market stall operator assembled my order I went into a restaurant and ordered a complete chicken dinner. I ate it and enjoyed it and the fact that about half the town were watching through a wire fence from the sidewalk did not bother nor intimidate me at all. The Sergeant came back before I had finished, sat down and I ordered a beer for him. My market food order was ready by the time I finished lunch. I had to be very careful when I paid for the order with the contraband silver pesos to prevent the Sergeant from seeing them. Took two carameta carts to get the stuff back to the dock. When we got back to the dock and unloaded the carts, the two crew members were already busy drinking synthetic "Scotch Whisky" and eating something which I thought was shrimp. They were eager to share and it was obvious that they wanted to see me drunk. I was more interested in the shrimp. It gave out and one of the crew reached back, picked up a fair sized fish, filleted it, sliced it, and dumped it into the plate. Too late now; pass the shrimp. That was my first experience with eating raw fish.

We did not complete the salvage detail at Fort Frank and returned to Corregidor. After other jobs on Corregidor we were ordered back to Fort Frank but with a different set of guards. I told the previous senior guard that we would not work for the newly assigned senior guard. But there was nothing he could do about the assigned guards. The new senior guard was called "Donald Duck." When we worked we would do exactly what he told us and nothing more. We were living in the casemate of a 14 inch Seacoast Gun. I moved my bunk to topside near the gun. The light and air were better. The room was on the same level as the gun and about 8 feet across from the of the circular stair way. The room was an alcove or three sided room about 16 feet square. I was amused when Donald Duck asked me if he could move his bunk into the same room with me. I had no objections. He had a radio and we could listen to Tokyo and San Francisco. When the Americans moved into New Guinea orders were published that Americans could not listen to any radio. My radio entertainment was reduced to one string Japanese music. Each day when the detail went to work, the Sergeant would store his radio in the bottom part of a dining room sideboard. The lock was a clothesline type wire looped through the sideboard doors and padlocked. But enough room was

left to open the doors a couple inches. I got an extension cord prepared. When the detail went to work down on the dock area and all three guards were with the detail I used the extension cord to put 120 volts through a 6 volt circuit. It popped, sizzled, and smoked. I destroyed the evidence and wandered down to the dock area. At noon time the Sergeant got his radio out of the cabinet, and strange to say, it did not work. He asked if there was a radio technician in the detail who could check his radio. Yes, I could have someone look at it. I asked a technician to look at it and told him that he could not fix it. He replied that he probably could. I told him that he misunderstood. You can't fix it. Yes, Sir. And he looked at it and told the Sergeant that it was really broke. The next day, or maybe it was the second day, the Corregidor Japanese Commander came to Fort Frank with an interpreter. I do not know the purpose of the trip, but among other things, he paid me 170.00 Japanese pesos. I was being paid the same pay as a Japanese Captain. Strange how they treated prisoners and used the Geneva Convention on treatment of prisoners for their own propaganda. I did not know then and have not researched the Convention statement on prisoner's pay. I heard the question coming through the interpreter so I was not caught totally off guard. He asked me "Why did YOU break the radio?" I hedged and answered that no American had access to the radio, which was locked up, and we were not even allowed to listen to it. The Japanese Lieutenant accepted the answer or decided that it was not worth his time.

One day the Sergeant asked if I could arrange for him to get a hot bath. Yes, I can do that. I told a couple soldiers to find a 55 gallon steel drum and put it on cinder blocks in one corner of the gun emplacement. There was a ledge almost the height of the steel drum. Fill it with water and get a 50 pound bag of gun powder and use it for heating the water. Test it very carefully because I was sure that the Duck would test the temperature. He did exactly as expected. He bathed first and then the other guards bathed in the same water. That went on for a few days and as expected the Duck did not test the water temperature. Another day or so he continued to be careless. I told the soldier "Boil him." He did and with amazing results. The Duck jumped into his bath and reacted like a rocket at Canaveral - straight up; a pink parboiled Japanese Sergeant. Strange, but there were no repercussions. Many times during my prison status I was amazed by the stupidity of my captors. But then I had to entertain a second thought; if they are so stupid, just what am I doing here!

One of the jobs which the Duck told us to do was to "take the searchlight apart and take it to the dock area," I assume for future shipment to Japan. We did exactly as directed and took it apart. We separated any two pieces fastened together, with bolts or cotterkeys; even relays put the pieces into bushel baskets and took the baskets to the dock. But we did not break anything. I think that the manufacturer would have found it impossible to reassemble the searchlight. We were behind schedule when the total detail was ordered back to Corregidor. The Duck was ordered to New Guinea.

Back on Corregidor I was told (ordered) to count the American ammunition on the island. It would have been a simple thing to sit down and list the ammunition. It was a daily report until the surrender. But if "they" wanted me to count, then I would visit the magazines and count it. I was given a 3 x 5 card with Japanese "hieroglyphical" characters. Probably the Japanese hiragana which seems to be the more popular of the types of character writing. Made no difference. I could not read any of them. There was an American Nisei on Corregidor at Middleside whom I had met before the war. He was undercover in Manila. After the surrender he was roughed up pretty well by the Japanese and then inducted into the Japanese army. I stopped by and asked if he could read the card. He stated that it said that I was working for the Japanese and had access to anyplace on Corregidor without a guard. I was still skeptical and asked "Are you sure?" His answer was for me to go to Topside by a different route and there was a guard at the beginning of the route. The guard stopped me as predicted and expected. I handed the card to him. He looked at it; handed it back to me; clicked his heels, saluted very smartly and bowed. Surprise - it worked.

During rainy season a group of Japanese Officers came to Corregidor to inspect the large caliber weapons powder charges. I carried large manila envelopes into which they put samples from different magazines. Between magazines it was a very simple operation to allow the powder to get damp, and of course it tested worthless. The order came soon to destroy the powder which they had tested. We used a flatbed truck to haul the powder to the parade ground, lay the bags of powder in a line, rip the bags with a knife, and light it. I started with good, stacked charges which had not been tested. Almost got caught when I was directed to take the load on the truck to bottom side and burn the powder on the beach. I hurriedly unloaded the powder on the beach and rapidly ripped the bags and set the fire. A Japanese Officer who was living at Bottom side called me up to his house. He just wanted to talk. We started with two interpreters; from Japanese

to Tagalog and Tagalog to English. Totally unsatisfactory. No similarity between what started and the finished meaning. We skipped the interpreters and with "pigeon" English, "pigeon" Japanese, and chalk, we communicated quite well. He wanted to know if I had heard about the big naval battle. I could not fall into that possible trap. We were not supposed to have access to radio news. I knew that he was talking about Midway. He said that the Japanese had won the battle with 13 ships lost and the Americans lost 87. San Francisco's KGEI used the same figures but reversed. The Japanese Officer said that when Japan lost a ship it was gone. When the Americans lost a ship, they replaced it. He also said that Japan would lose the war but in the meantime they would give us a bad time. His estimate was five years until the end of the war. My estimate was two and a half to three years. I used the card when necessary and counted ammunition as directed. I also spotted weapons, ammunition, sometimes canned food. An American Officer asked if I could get a 45 automatic for him. He did not want a holster or belt, just the weapon and 3 clips of ammunition. I got it for him and put it under his pillow on his bed. I did not ask the reason for wanting the gun. Maybe he was collecting equipment for a future escape. I felt a little awkward with a loaded automatic inside my shirt and belt walking through the compound. There were no heroics. We did what was required at the time and took risk when we thought that we could get away with it. The whole operation was continual psychological warfare. One had to recognize just how far to push and then back off. The last job which I was asked to do was to take the explosive charges out of the 155 mm shells and explosive D out of the larger projectiles. Not a difficult job. The TNT could be melted by steam and the explosive D could be drilled out. The larger projectiles had to have the fuse removed behind a barricade. The empty shells were to be shipped to Japan. They wanted the metal. I could select my own detail and work with no Japanese supervision. I continued to refuse. I expected to be shipped to some other camp. Since I expected to leave Corregidor I began collecting equipment which I thought I would need. I got a mosquito net, additional blanket, and new clothes. I also found a thin cot pad (couple inches thick) I figured that a complete mattress or pad would be confiscated so I cut it in half and re-stitched the open ends. So it was not a mattress, but two larger pillows. That was about all I thought I could carry. It must have been about Christmas time 1942. We thought that Red Cross Packages were delivered someplace because we saw the guards smoking Luck Strike Cigarettes from new packages with a different logo. As expected a few of us were shipped back to Cabanatuan but this time to Camp #3. Camp #1 had been closed.

Friends at Camp # 3 marveled at our physical condition. By comparison with the prisoners at Camp # 3 and other prisoners arriving from other work details we looked healthy. Further evidence that Corregidor had been a choice work detail. The American side of the camp was organized or divided into three groups. Each barracks was assigned two officers. The senior American at Camp # 3 was a Marine Lieutenant Colonel. The Japanese dealt with him and he passed on the Japanese directives and work detail requirements. About a week after I arrived I was offered a barracks assignment with the request that I take a specific Lieutenant as my assistant. The commissary for prisoners operated by Americans did a thriving business. In fact, business was so good that the officer in charge had to have two sets of books; one for Japanese audit, and an accurate set. We were spending more at the commissary than we were being paid. We would put in the order for our barracks to include Filipino cigarettes, and food stuffs and sometime, but rarely, carabao meat (water buffalo). A detail would go into the town of Cabanatuan with a carabao two wheeled cart to purchase the items ordered. Availability and price determined how well the orders were filled. Inflation galloped more and more rampant. We did not purchase rice, but as an example of inflation, a 100 pound bag of rice eventually went to about 18,000 pesos. My pay was continued at Camp # 3 but with some major administrative differences. 170 pesos was considered too much money for me to have so there were deductions. I was given 20 pesos in cash and charged for my room and board. The remainder went into Japanese saving bonds. I had a "chop" which had my name burnt into the end of it and was used to record my deposit. The enlisted personnel had to do most of the hard labor on the farm and were paid practically nothing.

I spent 1943 and until about November 1944 at Cabanatuan. The work as barracks officer was not a problem. Once in a while I would go to work on the farm detail. My going out to work on the farm depended on the number of men demanded by the Japanese and the physical condition of the men in the barracks. Periodically we were given printed, fill in the blank, cards to send home. I also sent one while on Corregidor. There were about three lines at the bottom for a 25 word or less message. The key for me was to write something that would tell Jo that the card was actually from me. I also got a letter or two from Jo delivered to Cabanatuan. On one letter Jo told me that the baby wanted to write something. He scribbled something on the bottom and the Japanese censured it (cut it out). While at Camp # 3, I was issued ½ of a Red Cross box. I later learned that a Red Cross package had been issued at Corregidor just after I left. At the Japanese

surrender in the Philippines Red Cross packages were found in Japanese warehouses. Some prisoners had managed to put together a radio so accurate news on the progress of the war was available. When an English language newspaper from Manila came into the Camp we could determine the progress of the war by the geography.

In September 1944 a large formation of unidentified aircraft came from the east and flying in excess of 25,000 feet (estimate). They were flying a little south of the camp. We could not identify them but hoped they were "friendly" and headed toward Manila. We speculated that if they were American they would go to Manila, bomb ships in the Bay and Air Fields and return in about an hour. They returned just as we had hoped but we were not sure and further speculated that if they were "ours" another formation would follow from the east. Later, the same day I think, a Japanese transport plane was flying by at tree top level between the camp and the mountains. An American Fighter dived and shot it down. Another American Fighter came around the camp but not over it, almost at fence level. We did not recognize the new markings but we knew he was on our side. The planes were carrier based. The Japanese had been moving prisoners to Japan to work as slave labor on the docks, mines, and steel mills. As the American campaign moved nearer to the Philippines, the question of what disposition would be made of the American prisoners. The official policy from Tokyo was to allow no prisoners to be retaken or liberated. In addition the policy was to use prisoners as slave labor, to starve them and eventually to annihilate them. The policy was left to local camp commanders as to methods of control and compliance. In the summer of 1944 the camp commander on Palawan implemented the policy by running about 150 prisoners into a make shift bomb shelter; pouring gasoline into the shelter, setting it on fire and machine gunning the prisoners as they attempted to escape from the fire. The Japanese continued to try to move prisoners to Japan to work in Japan. Unmarked ships left from the southern islands as well as from Manila. Some few arrived in Japan while others were attacked by American aircraft as well as by submarines. About mid November the last group left Camp # 3 for Bilibid. There were just over 500 prisoners considered unfit for travel left in camp # 3. The Lieutenant who was my assistant in the barracks and I decided that now was the time to gamble on a break. We figured that there would be a Japanese truck driver, and the chief guard in the front with four guards riding in the back of the truck with about 40 prisoners. At some point between Cabanatuan and Subic we would take out the four guards in the back and then take care of the driver and chief guard. Then we planned to take to the hills of Zambales mountain

range which were not too far from the road. American forces had moved into Leyte and the next stop was Luzon. We were crossed up by the loading arrangements. We were separated and loaded by rank. The truck on which the Lieutenant was to ride had mechanical trouble and was the last to leave and in the dark. He tried to get others on his truck to take out the guards as we had planned and could get no "takers."

Bilibid is not very far from the docks and the Bay. The Japanese continued bringing ships into the bay and the American aircraft continued to destroy them. We thought that we were "safe" from a ship ride to Japan. Most of the time I had been in "fair" condition. On or about the 10th of December I felt a little different and out of sorts and feeling a little dizzy. A couple of my friends took me to the clinic. The American doctor looked at me, asked a few questions, tested a little, and admitted me to the hospital. In addition, he started treating me with sulfur drugs which were in very short supply. I remember thinking that I must be more sick than I thought. By midnight I knew that the Doctor was right. I could not stand or get out of bed. I think that it was the next day that the Doctor told me that a Japanese Doctor was due to make an inspection and "best that you look sick." As scheduled the Japanese Doctor came through the ward and as he stopped before each patient he asked the American Doctor the diagnosis. When he came to me and asked, the American Doctor said "Dysentery" and the Japanese Doctor said "Isolation." Later the American Doctor told me that "I know that I told you to look sick but you did not have to over do it." My answer was that "I appreciate the warning but I was not acting; I was really sick." On the morning of December 13th 1619 Americans, mostly officers, marched out the front gate and down to the docks to board an unmarked freighter, the S. S. Oryoku Maru. It sailed about sunrise the next morning. Later in the day the Oryoku Maru which was the last of the Hell Ships to leave Manila was bombed by American planes. That is the ship which I missed because I was admitted to the isolation ward of the hospital. Later those still alive after the Oryoku Maru was bombed were loaded onto other ships. In Formosa harbor the ships were hit again. It took about a month for some of the prisoners to reach Japan. Of the 1619 who left Manila on 13th - 14th of December less than 300 survived the trip. American forces landed on Luzon January 9, 1945. The knowledge of the Palawan massacre and the Japanese policy regarding possible annihilation of prisoners probably contributed to MacArthur's decision to send the Rangers in to rescue the 500 plus Americans still in Camp # 3 and to send units of the 6th Army down the highway to Manila to liberate the prisoners in Bilibid and internees in Santo Tomas. In Bilibid we could hear the battle as it

approached and came around Bilibid. The American troops liberated us on February 4th. While I was celebrating my liberation my son was celebrating his 4th birthday in Wilson, North Carolina. We were moved a little north to Ang Tibay Shoe Factory where we spent the night. Next morning we headed back to Bilibid. The Japanese army had closed in on the road north and had to be cleared out before we could be trucked to Lingayen. Whatever we had left behind at Bilibid had been looted. A day or two later we were trucked to Lingayen. The food service personnel were directed to continue putting food into our mess kits as long as we held it out for food. As expected some became sick from over eating but continued to eat and gain weight. I was down to 95 pounds at the liberation. I continued to gain weight until I reached 135 and leveled off at that point. For the past few years I have held the weight steady at 150 to 155 pounds which was my weight at the beginning of the war.

Soon after reaching Lingayen I went to 6th Army Headquarters to visit the Ordnance section. The Ordnance General was very gracious and interested in the Ordnance Detachment on Corregidor and some of my activities during captivity. He issued to me a watch, a 45 Automatic, and directed a Jeep Driver to report to me each morning as long as I was at Lingayen. The driver was directed to take me anywhere I wished to go and if he got me "shot up" he was in big trouble. One time we found ourselves between a Japanese and American artillery dual. Seemed little foolish so we decided to get out of there - and fast. The Americans had captured a Japanese large caliber mortar position. The installation was uniquely camouflaged under a Nipa Hut roof which was on rails. From the air it would look like any other Nipa Hut. When we turned off the main road to visit the site, the driver stopped the jeep; put a round in the carbine chamber. I followed suite and asked, why? He said that the last time he came to the site he ran into a little trouble getting out. The installation was interesting. The driver took me back to Camp #3. The camp was deserted and too far from American activity. A strange and eerie visit.

I do not remember the exact date that we flew out of Lingayen for Leyte. It was about the middle of February 1945 at about the same time the Parachute Infantry Troops dropped onto Corregidor. While on Leyte, I was promoted on February 23, 1945 to Major. After a week or so in Leyte we boarded the Mariposa (A Dollar Line Ship, I think) for San Francisco by way of Hollandia. At Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea an American Officer came on board the ship and it was obvious that he had been wounded. He was at the site of the Japanese mortar

position on Luzon when the Japanese counter attacked. The same site which I had visited earlier. During the stop in Hollandia, we met soldiers, WACs, an organization which we knew nothing, and Red Cross employees. They had the Ice and we had the beer. Nice combination. I asked one Red Cross lady just how it happened that she was stationed in New Guinea. She said that she and her boy friend had volunteered for the Red Cross service; thinking that they would be stationed together. He was sent to Europe and she went to the South Pacific. I told her that I was headed for the States and there must be something she wanted which I could send to her. She answered, "matter of fact there is. I would like to have a pair of sheer black panties." I said: "OK, I'll send them from the States." We sailed from Hollandia. The Captain of the Mariposa, so it was reported, stated that he did not want to be encumbered by an escort; he could outrun the Japanese submarines. We went south of Hawaii and directly to San Francisco. We were greeted in San Francisco and we were paraded down Market street. We were admitted to Letterman General Hospital for tests with no apparent urgency to send us anywhere else. I asked a friend in San Francisco to bring me a box of Sees Candy. When I received the box of Sees Chocolates I took the candy box out in the open and went to the travel office. The lady at the desk asked if she could be of help. I told her that I had been there long enough and wanted to get to Washington, D. C. The box of candy dangled and swinging between my fingers. There was a TWA Airline Representative in the office at the time. She asked what he could do about getting me on a flight to D. C. He said that could be arranged; how about 7 PM that night. The Transportation Lady told me to stop by a little later and she would have the travel voucher, reservations and re-assignment orders ready for me. I put the box of candy on her desk and thanked her. The candy was never mentioned. I called Jo and told her to meet me in Washington, D. C. the next day. She took the train from Wilson, N. C. The day after I arrived in Washington I told Jo that we had to go shopping at some good Department Store. I told her what I wanted to buy. When I told the clerk what I wanted she, of course, asked what size. I said: "Beats me," and used my hands to indicate some "approximate" size. The black panties were sheer. Sheer enough so that they could go into the card envelope which we sent. I was very careful to include "Mrs." in the return address. They arrived OK and acknowledged. In fact she said in the answering note that she received them; and that "beneath this drab OD exterior beat a heart of femininity and I am slinking around like a contented puss." Jo and I knew that a public reception was planned in Wilson for me so we had Mother, Daddy, and Dee our 4-year-old son meet us in Rocky Mount so we could at least have a little time to visit. The "Home Guard" sent a Personnel Carrier to

Rocky Mount to escort us to Wilson. We stopped at Jo's Mothers home before the parade. One of Daddy's brothers, my Uncle George who was a Deputy Sheriff was at the house to meet me. It was a little warm and I took my uniform cap off. He said: "That is all I want to know." He just wanted to know if I had turned gray. The date of arrival in Wilson was Good Friday in March 1945. The Parade ended at the Court House. There was an honor guard and a large crowd on Nash Street in front of the Court House. It was quite a festive occasion and homecoming with radio broadcast. Dignitaries included the Lieut. Governor, Representative from Seymour Johnson Air Base, a Fly Over by Seymour Johnson Aircraft, and the Mayor presented to me the key to the "Heart of Wilson." I was home !!

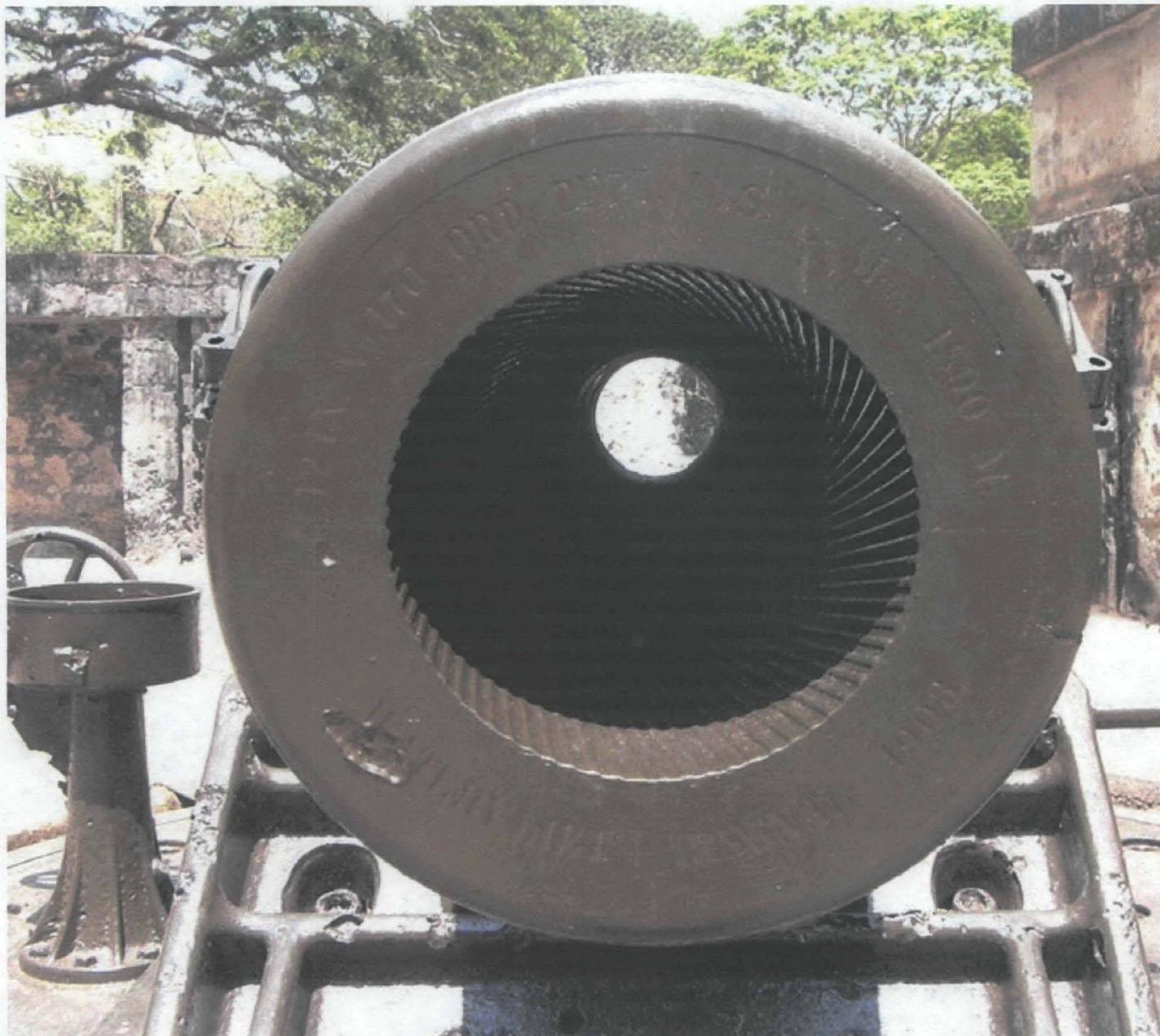
I was on leave and had orders to report to Moore General Hospital, Swannanoa, NC. After more tests I was sent through Fort Bragg and assigned to AGSF Redistribution Station, Albion Hotel, Miami Beach FL for processing and reassignment. Jo and our 4-year-old son accompanied me, on Army Orders. Normally children were not included, but our son being included was due to the Army policy of "special treatment" for ExPOWs. We spent two weeks in Miami and then I was assigned to the Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, VA. Many major events had taken place since my liberation. President Roosevelt had died; and his successor, President Truman had authorized the use of atomic bombs which effectively ended the war. The Japanese signed the surrender document on September 2, 1945. All of those major events came about prior to my being assigned to a normal duty station.

I had a lot of help which contributed to my survival. I was the recipient of many "breaks" or good fortune such as good military assignments prior to the war as well as being fortunate in being assigned to the camp on Corregidor for about 6 or 7 months by the Japanese. The question is often asked: "Just how did you manage to survive for that long?" Believe me, 1100 plus days is indeed a long time. But one just survives one day at a time. A sense of humor and a degree of optimism help. But I had more than that going for me. I did survive and with integrity and honor. Two very important reasons; (1) One of those was having a very lovely and loving wife waiting and at that time, one child. (2) And the second contributing factor was my absolute faith in my government and a belief that my government would do whatever it took to liberate me. I knew that the American troops would return to the Islands but there was some doubt about my being alive to see it. My love of family is intact, but my faith in my government has suffered some serious setbacks. I feel that if I were a POW today, my government would

abandon me if it were politically expedient to do so. At heart I am still an optimist, but the actions of my government since 1950 convince me that this country which I love - and would gladly serve again if called upon; either in or out of uniform, - will not guarantee to me the protection which I think is due to any American citizen overseas.

I continued to serve in the Army with assignments to Fort Scott, California, Fort Totten, New York and a promotion on December 28, 1950 to Lieutenant Colonel, Fort Amador, and Fort Davis, Canal Zone, Fort McPherson, Georgia, Korea, and Retired at Fort Bragg, North Carolina on December 31, 1957. It was a wonderful profession and life.

Even today, it is easy for me to get involved in "Japan Bashing." I trust none of them. General MacArthur was excellent in his assignment as commander and administrator in "revamping" the social and economic structure of Japan, but I doubt that it is possible to change the basic character and culture of a nation in one or two generations. I still condemn the Japanese for their behavior after the American surrender in the Philippines. It was so unnecessary, self defeating and poor public relations. The situation brought out their pent-up hatred of occidentals and their basic character as inhuman, vengeful, brutal, and sadistic. The Bataan Death march, the less brutal Corregidor March down Dewey Boulevard to Bilibid, and the Hell Ships stand as stark evidence of the above charges and opinion. But let me close on a happy note. It is wonderful to be home and I still treasure the key to the Heart of Wilson.



CO of Battery Way was Maj. Masello. He and 70% of his unit were wounded.

Battery Way. Mortar #2 (count counter-clockwise starting with right foreground mortar) was the last artillery piece on Corregidor to fire against the Japanese. It last fired an hour before surrender (says the information board by the Coastal Artillery Defense Group), the breech block freezing because it was warped by the heat resulting from constant firing:

Local hero to be feted again

Fifty years ago today, Maj. E.D. Winstead arrived in San Francisco on his way home from captivity in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in the Philippines. He arrived in Wilson March 31 and was greeted by about 3,000 people who came to welcome home Wilson's first returning POW.



Winstead

Commemorating Winstead's return home and honoring his service and that of all World War II soldiers, the Wilson Committee on Patriotism will sponsor a rally March 31 at Fike High School auditorium. Mayor Bruce Rose will read a proclamation commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II and declaring March 31 E.D. Winstead Day.

The celebration begins at 7:30 p.m., and ad-

mission is free.

The mayor is expected to present Winstead his second key to the city — one to match the one he received 50 years ago on the courthouse steps, and Winstead is scheduled to speak.

Also participating in the program will be the Hunt Vocal Ensemble, which has been selected to represent North Carolina at the World Liberation Music Celebration in Europe this summer, the Fike High School color guard and Eddie Price, chairman of the Patriotism Committee.

Then-Capt. Winstead was captured by Japanese forces May 6, 1942, at Corregidor and spent the next 33 months in POW camps. When American forces recapturing the Philippines liberated his prison camp Feb. 4, 1945, Winstead weighed just 110 pounds, 35 less than in 1943. He gained 25 pounds in the two weeks after being freed.

Like all prisoners of the Japanese, Winstead endured harsh treatment. "It was inhumane, brutal, sadistic," Winstead told an interviewer in 1992. "It is difficult to live on a half-pound of rice a day. It's even harder to work on a half-pound of rice a day. ..."

"I figured the only thing I could do was live day by day. You survived one day at a time."

On his return home to his wife, son and parents, Winstead was given a parade and rally attended by the state's lieutenant governor. During his captivity, the city had considered naming its new airport (now Wilson Industrial Air Center) after him.

Winstead continued his Army career after the war, eventually serving 23 years and retiring with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He later became a math professor at Atlantic Christian College and retired from that job in 1977.

Wayland Parker

From: TowersFW@aol.com
Sent: Tuesday, September 13, 2005 10:27 AM
To: wparker@USfalcon.com
Subject: Re: M Co, 120th Infantry

Dear Mr. Parker: You have a world of information right there in Wilson! One of the "M" Co. members lives there. Ed. Winstead; 2842 Springflower Dr.; Wilson Phone: 252-291-2613

Ed has arranged to have meetings of Co. M at Wilson each year, and he should be well versed in the history of the Company.

I served and trained with the Company here in the States and in England, but after reaching Normandy, I was transferred to the 3rd Bn. Hq. as a Bn-Reg't. Liaison Officer, so was not with the Company during combat after the first week on the continent. Later became the Reg't - Division Liaison Officer.

If you will send me your mailing address, I can send you a listing of all of the known survivors of 120-M, whom you can contact for further views and details. Only 2 other Officers are left now.

A good source of general information can be found in the 120th Regimental History. This can be obtained from the Camp Blanding Museum: see website: www.30thininfantry.org and go to Gift Shop. The 120th History is listed in the Books & Video section, and an order form is available.

If I can be of further assistance to you, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Frank

Frank W. Towers
30th Inf. Div.

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120th HISTORY

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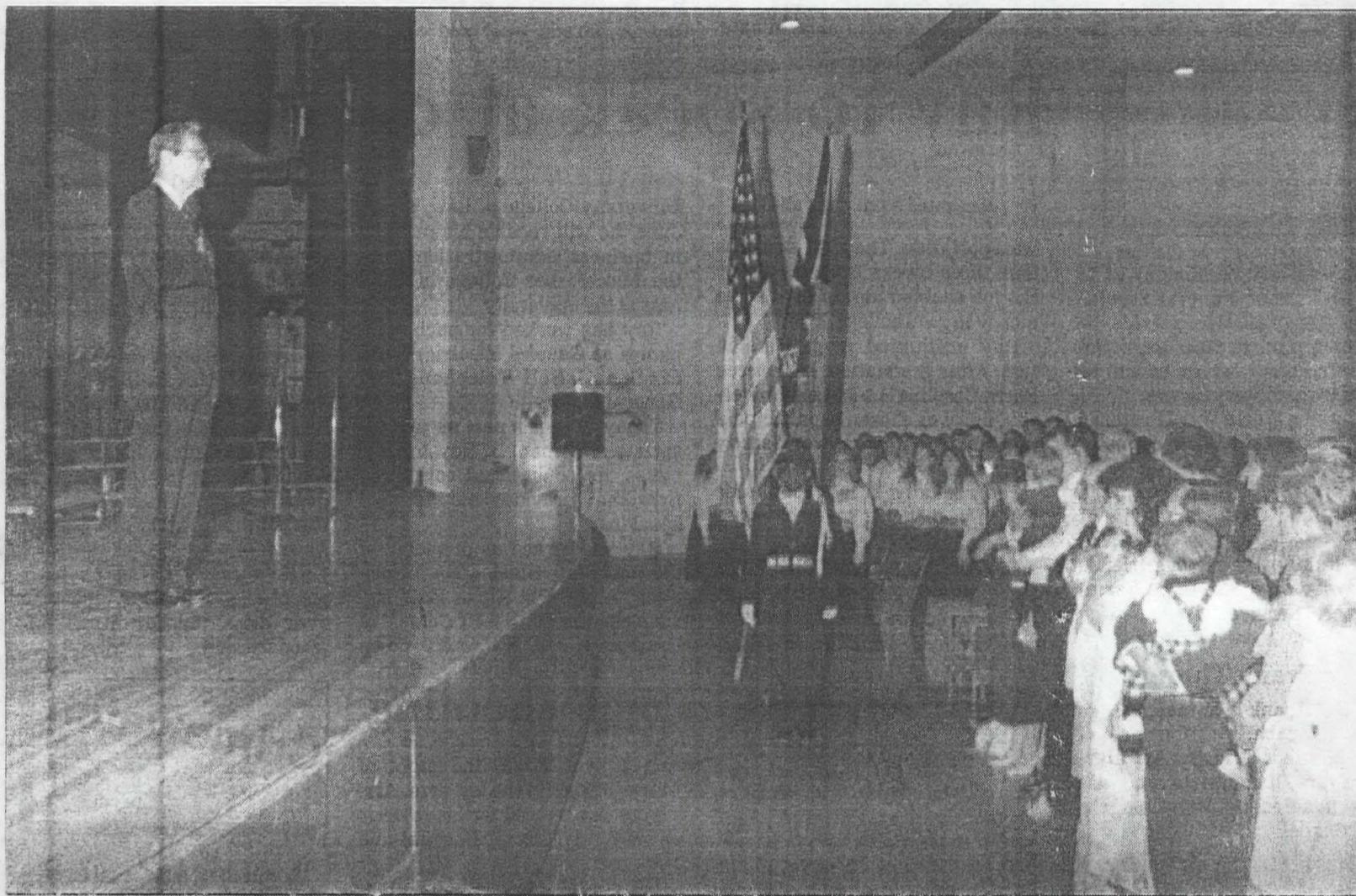
30th 10 POC:

DICK JEPSEN

DICKTEPSEN@YAHOO.COM

WEDNESDAY:

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E.D. Winstead stands at attention on stage as the colors are presented by the Fike High School Junior ROTC.

(Photo by Keith Barne

Half century later, local community again celebrates POW's homecoming

By Eddie Fitzgerald

Daily Times Staff Writer

One of Wilson's true living legends got the opportunity to relive one of his proudest moments Friday night: a day that occurred 50 years ago.

Elton "E.D." Winstead, a World War II prisoner of war held in the Philippines, was honored by city, county and congressional officials at Fike High School for his contribution during the war. Winstead and all veterans and prisoners of war were honored during the ceremony commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II.

A number of veterans were present at the celebration as well as Mayor Bruce Rose, Master of ceremonies. U.S. Rep. David Funderburk and N.C. Rep. Gene Arnold were also there to honor Winstead and all veterans and POWs, and Rose read a letter from U.S. Rep. Eva Clayton praising Winstead and the Veterans and POWs.

Winstead, 82, held an audience of more than 300 people spellbound as he told of the gruesome and sometimes humorous tales dur-

ing a three-year ordeal he survived in Japanese prison camps in the Philippines, where survival was only through "the whim of the guards," he said.

Before being captured, Winstead was an Army artillery officer on the Philippines island of Corregidor, at the mouth of Manila Bay. But on May 6, 1942, he was taken prisoner, a month after the Bataan Death March in which 10,000 U.S. and Filipino soldiers were killed at the hands of the Japanese or from exhaustion.

About three weeks after being captured, Winstead was taken back to Corregidor where he worked on a salvage detail, counting inventory.

"You do what you must under the circumstances and took your chances," Winstead said of the brutal life he was thrown into where psychological warfare was played out every day and where torture was sometimes a prelude to execution.

But there were moments where he got the upper hand on the psychological front, like the time he talked his guard into taking him to town while he was on a work detail at Fort Frank, an

outpost on Corregidor. Once they got into the guard told Winstead he could stay in market while he went away for a while. Winstead took the opportunity to stock up precious food supplies that he loaded up a cart and took back to the prison camp. When he got there, he served two eggs to each of crew. It was the first time they had eaten in eight to 10 months. They also barbecued pigs.

Another small psychological battle Winstead won in the camps was when he was confronted with another guard who wasn't as lenient as one at Fort Frank. At one point the guard asked Winstead and other prisoners to disassemble a search light. The men did such a thorough job that the guard was totally frustrated when he tried to reassemble it.

Winstead also managed to blow up a guard's six-volt radio by oversupplying it with 110 volts of electricity. That sabotage tactic was done to protest the fact that none of the POWs were allowed to listen to the radio,

See Community, page 2A

Wilson to honor E.D. Winstead, World War II vets



E.D. Winstead poses with his wife, Jo. (Photo by Brad Deen)

By Brad Deen
Daily Times Staff Writer

It was the best Good Friday of his life.

This Friday should be good to.

Fifty years ago this week, Wilson turned out to honor returning prisoner of war Maj. E.D. Winstead. To commemorate that Good Friday 1945 celebration, Winstead and other local veterans of World War II will be given a patriotic salute at the Fike High School auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Friday.

Winstead, then a young Army artillery officer, was the first Wilson-area serviceman captured in World War II. He was the first freed Japanese POW to return to Wilson.

The occasion will also be a family affair for Winstead, now 82. Joining his wife, Jo, at the ceremony will be the couple's four children — daughter, Sue, and sons, Dee, Gene and Ray. The far-flung Winstead children will travel to Wilson from as far away as California to see their father honored.

When he came home 50 years ago, there to greet him were Mrs. Winstead and 4-year-old Dee.

"I hadn't seen them either one in four years," he recalled this week. Japan's aggression forced his wife and child to flee the Philippines, where

Of Japanese atrocities toward prisoners, "The horror stories are true," he said. Most notorious is the Bataan Death March, in which up to 10,000 U.S. and Filipino soldiers were killed, many shot or bayoneted after dropping from exhaustion.

Winstead, captured a month after Bataan fell, said he didn't witness anything that brutal. But he believes Japan's policy toward its POWs was "eventual annihilation" through slave labor.

His hope to see his wife and young son again got him through the 33 months of harsh imprisonment. Having a sense of humor also helped.

Winstead's weight dropped to 95 pounds in the POW camp. He laughs when recalling he was so thin that he had no natural padding where he sat. "It was right on the bones," he said.

So he improvised a cushion from a piece of mattress, carrying it everywhere around the camp. When he wanted to sit, "First the cushion would go down, then I would," he said.

Just as he remembers his Wilson homecoming was on a Good Friday, Winstead associates his freedom with another important day. On the day the prison camp was liberated, Feb. 3, 1945, his son Dee turned 4 years old.



Fifty years ago this week, Maj. E.D. Winstead returned to Wilson after being held prisoner by the Japanese. With him are his wife, Jo, son Dee and his parents, Frank and Nettie Winstead.

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