Memoirs of Ruth Hooper

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For ENGL 618: Research Methods in English

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Introduction to the Series

This transcription and its attendant annotations, explanatory material, and bibliography were prepared by students in ENGL 618: Research Methods in English, the required gateway class for the MA in English at Western Carolina University. The learning outcomes for this class include the following:

1. Conduct appropriate, effective, and ethical scholarship
    a. Effectively find and use advanced research tools (handbooks, databases, guides, bibliographies, etc.) appropriate to a subject.
        - Students will be able to use a wide variety of such tools and evaluate those tools.
    b. Find appropriate advanced research (print and electronic scholarship) and apply that research to specific disciplinary questions or issues.
        - Students will be able to find a variety of scholarship, evaluate both the appropriateness and rigor of that scholarship, and incorporate that scholarship correctly and effectively.
    c. Develop accurate bibliographies and reference citations.
        - Students will be able to annotate, abstract, and cite materials following standard MLA format.
2. Understand the process by which the texts we use are made available.
        - Students will be able to conduct basic editorial work and evaluate the editorial work of others.

All work is presented as submitted by the students. While these students take great care with their transcriptions and annotations, errors are always possible. As these students learn throughout this class, good scholarship requires checking of sources and corroboration by authoritative sources.

It is hoped that the transcription and annotation of WCU Special Collections materials will be useful to the institution, students, scholars, and other patrons and users of WCU's Special Collections materials.

Introduction

Andrew Robinette

This edition was created from the manuscript of the *Memoirs of Ruth Hooper*, as well as images from the accompanying materials contained on Western Carolina University's Digital Collections website. As a whole manuscript, Ruth Hooper's memoirs detail events related to her life, as well as her marriage to W. Carr Hooper. The manuscript begins by telling details of her life with W. Carr Hooper in the Philippines of the 1930s. The document also covers events related to the beginning of World War II, the couple's time spent as prisoners in the Japanese-run Santo Tomas Internment Camp, and of the camp's liberation in 1945 by the United States military. A vast majority of Ruth Hooper's memoirs (including the entirety of my assigned section) relates to the details surrounding the Santo Tomas camp: through both depictions of daily life and general goings-on in the camp. Hooper's manuscript has a unique tone of voice, which says many things about the experiences of Santo Tomas internees. Living there under Japanese control was not easy, and the amount of malnutrition in the camp was exceedingly tragic. Yet despite all of this, the Hoopers (as well as many others in the camp) were determined to make it through until their liberation day.

When Ruth and Carr Hooper met in the early 1930s, Carr had graduated from Western Carolina University with a Bachelor of Science in Education degree, while Ruth worked at an insurance company in Nashville, Tennessee. Ruth and Carr fell in love, and married each other in 1932. However, that same year, Carr took a job with the Bureau of Education and was assigned to teach at a school in Laog, Philippines. Ruth moved to the Philippines with Carr once he had settled in to life in the Philippines. Like many American living in the Philippines in the early 1940s, the Hoopers were rounded up by invading Japanese forces in 1942 and sent to live in the Santo Tomas Internment Camp. After the Camp was liberated by U.S. forces in 1945, the Hoopers returned home to the United States, where they lived the rest of their married life in eastern Tennessee (this information is found within the pages of Ruth Hooper's memoirs).

The *Memoirs of Ruth Hooper* are dedicated by Ruth to her husband W. Carr Hooper. However, it is not known exactly what year in which she penned this work (definitely well after the war was over). At this time, our group for this project was also unable to trace back exactly how this document made its way over the years from its creation to being included in Western Carolina University's Special Collections. Either way, the *Memoirs of Ruth Hooper* are a very important set of documents, which detail both the horror of World War II Internment Camps and the inner resiliency of Appalachian residents.

Editorial Practice

The text presented here was transcribed to recreate the authentic details of the original document. In order to maintain consistent page numbering, the pages in this edition do not represent any overlapping over original-document pages. Some of the page numbers in this edition do run over into the next page because of the length of the footnotes provided. However, at the spot where a page stops in Ruth Hooper's original document, we also stop in the edition and continued her next page on a separate page in this document. That is why some pages in this edition have extra white-space, and why the numbering of pages in this edition read in the order of '13, 13, 14, 14, 15', etc. Also, the pages in this edition related to the Introduction, Editorial Practice, and Images were not given page numbers, because they do not correspond to actual pages of Ruth Hooper's document. Page numbers were left-aligned in the header in an attempt to match the format of Hooper's page numbering.

In accordance with the formatting style of Ruth Hooper's original document, this transcription does not feature line breaks between paragraphs, but mirror Hooper's style of using tabs to indicate the beginning of a new paragraph.

For areas of the original document where Ruth Hooper made grammatical errors in her writing, efforts were made here to keep those errors intact, with the intent to accurately represent Hooper's work as it was originally written. Such instances have accompanying footnotes to indicate that the words are not my own typos, but are an exact copy of what Ruth Hooper wrote in her original edition.

The only major changes made to Ruth Hooper's original document is in regards to Ruth's usage of dashes between words cut off by line breaks. In many areas of this edition, words that originally needed dashes were no longer broken by line breaks. In an effort to preserve readability and accessibility, dashes were left out of words which no longer needed them in this edition. Normally, the desire to have an authentic and identical transcription would be preferred over making changes. In the case of the line break situation, however, it was more important to foster a tone of accessibility.

The opening 'Page 13' in this document begins abruptly, because the original document beginning at Page 13 starts in the middle of a sentence. Page 18 also ends in the middle of a sentence.

TRANSCRIPTION

THIS IS A TRUE STORY OF SOME MEMORIES – SOME VERY HAPPY AND SOME SO VERY SAD.

Ruth Williams Hooper

To Carr[1] who, without this love, this would never have been written. Ruth

It has been such a long time since what I will try to write about may be a bit confusing. I am getting old and forgetful, but will try to write something to give you an idea of what "internment" means.

[1] Weston Carr Hooper, Ruth Williams Hooper's husband.

I[1]

Carr graduated from Western Carolina University (then it was Western Carolina Teachers College) receiving the Bachelor of Science in Education degree in 1931. I met Carr when he was doing some summer work at George Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee. I was working at the time for an Insurance Company. We fell in love and decided to get married which we did, but had to keep it a secret as the company I worked for did not employ married women. Some of you who read this perhaps remember that we had a depression in 1932-1933. We felt it necessary that I should work until he was able to make other arrangements. I shall never forget the depression. Carr was offered a position with the Bureau of Education and left for the Philippine Islands in May, 1932. He was assigned to a school in Laog[2], a small village in a province on the very northern tip of Luzon Island. Luzon is the largest in the Philippine group and that is where Manila (the capital) is located. I was, of course, left behind to follow – if and when I could. I continued working through the depression years, seeing the long soup lines and having men stop me on the street to beg a nickel or a dime for a coffee and a doughnut. I felt lucky to have a job and be able to earn a salary even though the pay was small. Carr was assigned to several different schools in the Islands and finally became Headmaster of the Moro Educational Foundation School for Boys[3], located on the small island of Jolo. If you have a good map of the Philippines

[1] This page was not numbered but began with section I. Subsequent pages are numbered.
[2] A mis-spelling of Laoag. It was converted into a city by a vote in 1965 (Historical).
[3] Willard Straight Agricultural and Industrial School which later became the Bishop Brent Moro School, was located in the Jolo municipality of Indanan (Marr).

You will find it to be a tiny Island, far down in the Sulu Sea near Borneo[1]. Jolo Island was the most beautiful place I think I have ever seen. I had joined Carr there after he was settled in. the compound in which the school was located consisted of the school building, dormitory, dining hall, shops for different projects and our home which was a modern American style home, furnished beautifully. We had beautiful lawns, flower gardens, vegetable gardens, etc. The flowers were not only the exotic ones of the tropics – the bougainvielia, gardenias, hibiscus, flame trees and the fragapina (used in many expensive perfumes) a small coffee plantation near the house and the blossoms filled the air with heavy and sweet perfume, but we also had many of the flowers we have here such as roses, nasturtiums, verbenias, pansies, sweet peas, marigolds and many others. There were also delicious fruits; mango, mangostine, avocados, papayas, fifty-two varieties of bananas and the durian, called the food of the Gods and was reserved for and eaten only by the nobility. It was delicious but did not have a very nice aroma.

The island was inhabited by Moros[2], the Mohammedan Tribe of the Filipinos. In other words, they were Malays[3]. They wore colorful costumes[4]. For the women it was a tight fitting blouse with long very tight sleeves buttoned half-way to the elbow with some ten or twelve small shiny buttons. With this they wore pajama like pants with very wide legs and slung over shoulder and down one side (very gracefully) they wore always a piece of material sewed together at both ends and reaching to the ankles. This was called a sarong and served many purposes such as carrying articles. The blouse had also at the next and partly down the front, the same shiny buttons as on the sleeves. The

[1] A large island in Asia that contains Malaysia, Brunei, and Indonesia. Also called Kalimantan in Indonesian. The island is the third largest island in the world (Awesome).

[2] A term that refers to the Muslim population in the Philippines. So named because it was believed they resembled the moors in Spain (Harber).

[3] An ethnic group of Austronesian people who are predominantly found in Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore (Deng).

[4] The Oxford English Dictionary defines this as "The style of clothing, hairdressing, and personal adornment typical of a particular place, period, group, etc.; an example of this. Also: such styles of clothing, etc., as a subject of study" (Costume).

men also wore the button-trimmed top but with skin tight pants. The children (especially the boys) wore what they arrived in the world with, but the little girls wore dresses of a sort. They seemed a happy people and on moonlight nights, when everything was bathed in a soft glow, you would hear them going up and down the road playing a crude xylophone made from bamboo strips[1] and chanting their songs. History and the present will tell you that the Moros and the Christian Filipinos are always at outs over something. The climate was ideal. No rainy season and the island was out of the typhoon belt[2]. Every evening it became a habit for Carr and me to go out in the yard and sit under a special palm tree and watch the sunsets. You can't imagine the purple shadows creeping up the mountains with the sky being daubed with colors (all over) by God's paint brush. I use the word daub because there was no pattern, just beautiful bright colors splashed on a special canvas called the sky. Then suddenly it became dark and night closed in.

While there we attended many of their festivities; marriage ceremonies, swa-swa dances[3] and religious rituals. The Moros have no chairs in their homes but sit on colorful cushions placed around the walls. However, when Carr and I attended any of these special occasions, two chairs were brought in and placed right in the middle of things. Where they came from I never knew. I had to be careful about how I was dressed as I certainly was given the "once over". If I went into a store in Jolo and bought a piece of material I was followed in and watched and the storekeeper had no difficulty in selling out his stock of that particular item. The weddings were arranged by families and these celebrations lasted for as long as the food and money held out. The richer the families the longer the celebrations, and the family jewelry which was worn only

[1] This instrument is called either a gabbang, gambang, or a agung gabbang depending on the area it is found. It is a set of bamboo keys of different sizes on top of a trapezoid shaped box (Dioquino).

[2] Also known as the Ring of Fire, it is an area in the Pacific where there is a large concentration of volcanos and earthquakes (Wingard and Brändlin).

[3] Also known as Pagapir, it is a dance traditionally performed by women of the royal court for an important event (Muslim).

at this time, was more valuable. Some of it was fantastic, heavy gold with many precious stones. We had a Pit Bull dog named Pudge who attended all wedding feasts. The food was out in the open and he helped himself to any that suited his taste. HE was an AMERICAN dog and quite honored. We had many very smart dogs there, some native and Little Lulu, a handful of fun, which we brought from Manila. One of the Carr's friends had given her to us. We also had a very large Manx Cat (short tail with a ball of fur at the end) named Tomas. They gave me lots of company when Carr was busy. There were no woman on the island except Moros. There were two elderly American men who had mustered out of the Spanish-American war and had married Moro women. I liked both families, one of the wives was born a princess. We visited some but it was difficult for me language-wise.

When we were not involved with school duties we drove all over the island, went deer and bird hunting. There were lots of birds including white and green parrots, large colorful orioles and many others, including of course, as everywhere in the world our old friends and the crows. There were also monkeys which we would see in the forests. Their work animals were the Carabao (water buffalo) which afforded them work, transportation and food. The little town of Jolo had a few Chinese stores and, of course, the market place where the people came to sell their produce, squat around, chew betel nut[1] and talk.

The Moros raised coconuts, hemp, vegetables, cassava and some corn. Casava is their main food. It is a tuber from which (after peeling, pounding and squeezing out any and all moisture as this was considered poisonous) became a sort of coarse meal. This was made into bread, cakes, cookies and other dishes. When cassava is refined it is called tapioca.

[1] Also known as the areca nut, it is native to the Pacific and South Asia (Garg, Chaturvedi, and Gupta).

The cassava, or tapioca, tubers do not have to be harvested each year, they use them as they need them and they keep growing. Some of them grow so large it is difficult for one man to load a single tuber on a cart. We were happy there, we had everything we needed including servants which all Americans must have. We had a car and when the big boats called at Jolo they always brought mail from home and tourists who came out to see us since actually where we were was the show place of the island. We had quite a few "celebrities" as guests.

I had quite an exciting life, such as shooting at iguana (lizard about eight feet long) that I found in the chicken house trying to get some of the price little chickens. Another time when Carr had to go to Manila on business (a twelve day boat trip) and I was left alone in the school compound except for the guard who patrolled the grounds and others who were directly connected with the school. One night while he was away someone came in the compound and the watch dog we had let me know that there was someone there who shouldn't be. I took my big shot gun and with both barrels shot in the direction of a noise I heard down behind some bamboo I then heard some very rapid footsteps retreating and the next morning through the vegetable garden were his tracks. Within five minutes after I shot there were fifty or more Moros (from the Constabulary[1] outside the gates) all around the house to see if I needed help. They were armed with guns, spears and big knives. They told me to go back to bed that they would keep me safe and they stayed there the rest of the night.

There comes to us all a time for change and it was decided that we did not want to stay too long isolated from our kind. We decided to

[1] The Oxford English Dictionary defines this as "Of or pertaining to petty constables or to police officers; belonging to the official organization for the preservation of public peace and order" (Constabulary).

move to Manila. Carr had a job with the Singer Company[1] and we left for the bright lights and city living. It is hard to leave a place so beautiful and where we were so happy and had had so many wonderful and peaceful days…….memories to hold forever in our hearts. We never learned what happened to our many loyal Moro friends as Jolo was invaded by the Japanese in the early days of the war. Before I leave this island paradise, there are one or two other things that just might be interesting so I will add them. We were invited to take a ten day cruise on the United States Coast Guard Cutter[2] (The Ararat). We sailed the Sulu Sea through many small islands where the waves had pounded around them until they looked like huge toadstools, through ever-changing colors of the sea. Sometimes a brilliant blue, bright green, deep purple and in lagoons where we looked down on brilliantly colored flower gardens of coral. We visited a light house and climbed to the top to see the big lights that guided ships through safely. We visited Pearl Banks, a place where at one time natives dived for pearls (the rare black and pink ones). I saw one perfect pearl that was the size of a small marble. Pearl diving has now become almost a passing thing since the cultured pearl came into existence. Now on Television Commercials they speak of pearls made from Denture Material[3]. Perhaps the persons responsible for this advertisement have never seen a perfect pearl which God gave only the oyster the ability to produce – one of our most precious gems. Then there was the time when we were driving around Jolo Island we had a flat tire. When we inspected the spare we found that the Moro mechanic who looked after and serviced the vehicle, had failed to put air in it so there was nothing else for us to do but pump it up – by hand.

[1] The Singer Company, now called Singer Corporation, is a sewing machine manufacturing company that opened in 1851.
[2] A term the United States Coast Guard uses for its commissioned vehicles (Cutter).
[3] Dentures are made from acrylic resin or polymer (Sandilands).

The Moros are a curious people and to see a white man get down to the nitty-gritty of having to replace a tire as well as pump it up, was really a sight and certainly well worth watching. The peaceful road we were on shortly became a show that must be watched. Out they came from the surrounding coconut and hemp plantations to squat around (they were always squatting when not working or sleeping) to watch Carr fix the tire. They said nothing, just watched. Carr was getting hotter by the minute. Finally, one of them who knew English and of which he was very proud having learned in the school there and if and when any did speak English they used only pure text book words. He watched and watched, probably taxing his brain trying to say something. Finally he came out with – "Sir, I think I know what the trouble is. The contents of the tube has escaped".

And then there was the time when I was stung by a huge centipede, about eight inches long. I suffered the most excruciating pain, with the thumb which was stung swelling to about four times its normal size. We applied all the things which we had available in quite a large and adequate medicine cabinet, but it just became worse and worse. Finally, when I was exhausted from pain an old Moro woman came in and said to me "Mom, I will fix". She bathed my thumb from contents from a small green bottle, made from herbs of course, chanting a song or a prayer all the time. Within fifteen minutes the pain was completely gone and the thumb had returned to its normal size. I shall never forget her face for even though it was lined by the ravages of time – it was beautiful. She was dressed in her usual costume but with a turban of bright-colored cloth on her head.

Our first home in Manila[1] was an apartment, very nice but a little too far from Carr's work. We had left the car in Jolo and had to depend on taxicabs. After looking around we moved to a suite in the Luneta Hotel[2], owned and operated by an American from Lebanon, Tennessee. His name was Lee Hobbs. He became our friend and anything he could provide for our comfort he did so.

Carr went to work leaving me with time on my hands to play bridge, mahjong, go shopping or what have you. I soon became bored with this so went to the Chamber of Commerce and told them I wanted a job. They sent me to see about one that day and I went to work the next for Benguet-Balatoc Gold Mining Company[3]. The Office was one of those plush affairs, beautiful expensive oil paintings on the walls and thick Oriental rugs on the floor. I'll have to admit that a country girl from Tennessee was a bit awed by all this. You were served coffee or tea at ten o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon by a white coated young man. I was Secretary to the Vice President[4] and my work there consisted of keeping up with his dates (he was a millionaire play boy) and ordering flowers for this or that new girl friend and being chauffeured around in a big black block-long limousine to and from such errands as took me out of the office. My boss was one of the nicest men I ever met and the richest, expect perhaps his father who was President of the Company[5]. He was a German from Ohio. He and his son alternated, each spending six months in the States and six months in the Philippines. At that time was raging in Europe and we knew something was brewing, but there was no way we could get out of the islands and come home. All the ships were being used on the other side of the world and were stuck. Carr and I played golf

[1] Capital city of the Philippines, located on the island of Luzon. (academic.eb.com)
[2] Historical hotel built in 1910. The hotel is now considered a national historical structure in Manila. (http://philhistomarkers.nhcp.gov.ph/)
[3] Known officially as Benguet Consolidated. Established in August, 1903 as the first gold mining company in the Philippines. Now known as Benguet Corp. (http://www.fundinguniverse.com/company-histories/)
[4] Son of John W. Hausermann, name is not given in official documents. ((http://denver.miningopp.govtools.us/)
[5] John W. Hausermann. (http://denver.miningopp.govtools.us/)

around the beautiful old "Walled City[1]", following a foursome of Japanese taking pictures of everything in sight. We never felt really insecure I guess, many times we proudly stood at attention while taps were sounded and Old Glory lowered. Too, the Philippines belonged to and were a part of our homeland. But, as I mentioned before, there's always change which seems to be the only permanent thing in our world now. We went about our daily lives as usual until December, 1941, When Pearl Harbor was bombed. On December 7 they also bombed Clark Field[2] and destroyed fifty-four of the sixty heavy U.S. Bombers stationed there in Manila but were unable to strike back at the Japanese fleet then off-shore because they were ordered not to do so. (These bombers were loaded with bombs). On the same day they also bombed Baguio[3]. Baguio was a sort of resort where people went for vacations or a delightful trip and wonderful food. I just must add something about Baguio. One of the hotels there advertised what they called a very exotic tea, delicious and good for some of your ailments. Carr and I found out that it was nothing more than sassafras tea, which I must admit is quite good and possibly might make you feel better. I do know it is used for certain ailments here in the States.

When the bombings began the office I worked in immediately became more or less a military organization and from a private secretary I began working for the Army.

The Japanese would drop their bombs on Manila about 11:30 every day from 45 minutes to an hour. We would try to get away from the Office and back to our living quarters before the air-raid alarm would start. When it did start we would immediately try to get to an air raid shelter. There we would lie on the floor, sometimes covering the tiny babies with our bodies to protect them if possible. It was there I learned who was

[1] Intramuros – the oldest district in the city of Manila whose name comes from the Spanish word for "within walls." (academic.eb.com)
[2] An American air base north of Manila. Japanese air raids began here on December 8, 1941, and it served as an important Japanese base during the war. (academic.eb.com)
[3] A city in central Luzon, Philippines. It served as the summer capital of the Philippines from 1898 until 1976. (academic.eb.com)

who for one family (German Jews) would always know exactly the time the bombs would drop and where. This particular family was never interned but were permitted to live in Manila. Even then one had to be careful and keep mouth shut and thoughts tucked away. The days were about the same except the day when our office force failed to get away from the building, or the Japanese came to drop their bombs early. Our building was in the Port Area and the Japanese were trying to sink the ships that were tied up at the piers unloading cargo. We had two direct hits and had to flee from the burning building. There was a Filipina girl who did all my typing that had to be done in Spanish and who went into hysterics with fear. I grabbed her by the hand and started running. The doorways were filled with people who had been working in the area and had tried to find safety. We had to walk over them, many were dead and others very badly mangled. We ran and ran, not knowing where to go as the Japanese planes were still overhead and dropping bombs. We finally reached a trench dub by and full of American soldiers. They led us into the trench, one of them taking off his cartridge belt for me to sit on and by that time I certainly needed to sit. We stayed there until the all-clear siren was sounded and then they took us home. Carr was in the downtown area and had seen our building in flames. He tried to get a taxi to come see about me. Of course, there was none to be had so he walked. When he got there he walked in and around the smoking ruins, blistering his feet, but no one he found in the vicinity could tell him anything. He said the odor from the bombs was something else. When he was unable to find out anything he walked back to our quarters. That was some day!

I can’t remember the dates, it has been so long ago, but Christmas came and Manila was still being bombed daily. I picked a time of day when

I thought no bombs would fall and took a taxi went downtown to get a Christmas present for Carr. He had bought a small Oregon Fir tree which we had put up and I shall never forget the fragrance from that brave little tree. We had heavy black-out curtains that held in the aroma. Anyway, I didn't make it without having to get out of the taxi and crawl into a ditch but I made it back home. We had our little Christmas but not much of a Christmas dinner as the hotel was then beginning to run out of food. A day or two later we were confined to our quarters and could not leave the hotel for anything. We were confined there until Jan. 4, 1942 when there came a knock on the door and when we opened it there stood two Japanese soldiers. They told us to pack a small bag each with food and clothing to last three days. I tried to pack that bag, it small and had to contain canned food and clothing. Carr watched me. I had (like most women would have done) put in a few frivolous things. He knelt down beside me and began taking some things our and replacing them with more practical things such as a pair of heavy canvas shoes with thick crepe soles that I had used to play golf in. Those shoes lasted me thirty-seven months; also some heavy slacks which covered me for the duration of the war, and mosquito nets which one must have in the Philippines. Shortly afterwards a knock again came on the door and this time the two soldiers told us to assemble in the plaza in front of the hotel. At the door I turned and looked back at our apartment, knowing I would never see it again but I kept the tears back as the Japanese would not tolerate any show of emotion. So sad, so very sad as we had a small Boston Bull dog name Miss Flippie. We had to walk out the door, leaving her sitting the middle of the floor with her big sad eyes begging that we take her too. We left behind all the lovely things we had accumulated over the years, beautiful linens from Shanghai, some

rare pieces of Chinese pottery, all the beautiful gifts from Carr's friends when I joined him in the Philippines, all our clothes and other possessions – we could take nothing.

As soon as we vacated the hotel the Japanese Imperial Navy moved in and made it their headquarters since it was American-owned. I left a note for the Filipino boy who took care of our apartment and Miss Flippie (with no hope that he would get it) asking him to please get her out if possible and take her home with him. He lived out in the country. I never knew anything about her until after we had been freed, but still in camp, when I got a note from the boy telling us that he still had Miss Flippie – that she was well and happy. He had secretly climbed up the fire escape and got her out.

After we left our rooms and assembled in front of the hotel they made us walk to Rizal Stadium[1] where we assembled on the Soccer Field. There were several hundred already there. Then we were lined up and our passports examined. This was when the family of German Jews were told they could go home. We stood and stood, that line moving very slowly and then finally after they had looked over all papers, they said "men over here, women and children over there". I looked at Carr and he looked at me, we did not know then what was to happen, that this perhaps was the last time we would see each other. But, they loaded the women and children on trucks and told the men to take up their bags and walk. The trucks took us to the University of Santo Tomas[2] where we were told to find a place to sleep as it was then very late in the evening. Then a happy moment when the men came. They were just forced to walk but came to the same place and Carr was with me. Santo Tomas University was not in operation at that time but had been used by Filipino Soldiers

[1] Located in Rizal Park – a sixty-hectare park located in central Manila. The park is across the street from the Luneta Hotel. (www.oxfordreference.com)

[2] Officially the Pontifical and Royal University of Santo Tomas, The Catholic University of the Philippines. A private university in Manila, the Philippines established in 1611. (en.wikipedia.org)

who[1] were forced to leave. They left behind some of their equipment, mattresses of a sort, steel double-decker beds[2] and a few other things. I found a place in the corner of one of the rooms[3] and just down the hall on the same floor Carr[4] found a place also. We women and children huddled together, frightened and confused, but I could at least see and speak to Carr occasionally[5]. We tried to make do with what we had brought[6] and shared our small amount of food with those who were not able to bring any with them, until a kitchen of a sort was set up. The Japanese helped us in no way except at the beginning when they were on the winning side.[7] We were provided with plenty of food if you could eat rotten vegetables, wormy rice and cornmeal, spoiled fish. Nothing else was provided. People became ill from this sort of diet. I saw

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[1] A continuation from page 12. The 'who' here are the Filipino soldiers who left soon after the Japanese took the capital city of Manila on January 2, 1942.
"On 26 December, MacArthur declared that he would not contest Manila, to spare it from fighting. After the Japanese occupation of Manila on 2 January, the Americans and Filipinos on Bataan . . . held out until 9 April. By that time, MacArthur had been ordered by President Roosevelt to leave Corregidor. . . Corregidor, the Philippines' last holdout, surrendered on 6 May 1942." (Wilkinson, Rupert. *Surviving a Japanese Internment Camp: Life and Liberation at Santo Tomas, Manila, in World War II*. Pp. 17.)

[2] The bedding left behind by Filipino soldiers surely was a welcome sight, as Santo Tomas University did not normally have bedding. "Such a thing as a bed was not to be found at Santo Tomas, a university for day students only." (Van Sickle, Emily. *The Iron Gates of Santo Tomas*… Pp. 16.)

[3] One of the rooms of Santo Tomas, a university in Manila, Philippines. Thousands of Allied civilians were held there during World War II. This internment was initially for the purpose of Allied civilian safety, until the Japanese took Manila in early 1942 and turned the site into an Internment Camp. "In January of 1941, a group of businessmen in Manila formed the American Coordinating Committee with the express purpose of preparing for war with Japan by selecting safe places for civilians to assemble . . . When the war abruptly started on December 8, 1941, the committee wrote a letter to . . . the American governor of the Philippines, recommending that civilians considered enemy aliens by the Japanese be gathered at a central place for their safety. The Japanese entered Manila on the evening of January 2, 1942, and by January 4, all civilians rounded up were placed in "protective custody" at Santo Tomas." ("Santo Tomas Internment Camp", http://bacepow.net/santotomas.htm.)

[4] W. Carr Hooper, wife of this document's author, Ruth Hooper.

[5] Carr and Ruth Hooper probably did not have constant 24/7 contact with each other at Santo Tomas. "In Santo Tomas in the Philippines, the men and women had separate dormitories but they lived communally during the day." (Archer, Bernice. *The Internment of Western Civilians Under the Japanese: 1941-1945*. Pp. 117.)
This rule was made because the Japanese did not want internees to breed with each other: "A specific motive for controlling sex was preventing pregnancies, along with all the problems that meant for the camp and the Japanese authorities." (Wilkinson, *Surviving a Japanese Internment Camp*… Pp. 60.)

[6] The internees at Santo Tomas had been allowed to take a small number of items with them to the camp. "On the morning of January 5th, the Japanese informed us that we were to be taken away for "registration" with what luggage we could carry." (Van Sickle, Emily. *The Iron Gates of Santo Tomas*… Pp. 11-12.)

[7] The Japanese 'took control' of the food situation, allowing only the meager amount of food they would provide, which led to seriously fatal malnutrition among internees.
"The Japanese made no provision for feeding their prisoners. Initially, they were able to buy food from Filipinos through the iron bars along Calle España, and a package line was established to allow people in the Manila community to pass food and sundries to their friends. The Executive Committee soon established a committee to purchase food for everyone in the camp from the outside community, and a central kitchen was set up to feed everyone. Initially, the Philippine Red Cross provided the funds, but the Japanese confiscated their money. The Japanese then agreed to pay a stipend that was considerably less than what had previously been provided by the Red Cross . . . This plan continued until early 1944, when the Japanese forbid the food purchasing committee from leaving the camp, and started allocating food to the prisoners. They reduced food supplies to 700 calories per person by the end of 1944, and death by starvation and related diseases increased rapidly." ("Santo Tomas Internment Camp".)

many, many of them faint waiting in line (lines it seemed were all we had) to get a needed bath, the toilet, a ration of food.

To be thrown into a community of more than 5,000 people, all confused and scared is in itself an experience never to be forgotten. The rich, the poor, the different nationalities. I saw women whom I had considered members of the "upper crust" fight over toilet paper. This commodity gave out very shortly and then we were on our own. There were prostitutes from Shanghai and beach combers from all across the world who became some of our best and most helpful citizens.[1]

As soon as possible some rules and regulations were set up for us. This was done by the internees themselves which included jobs for all who could help. With that many people there were things that had to be done – a sanitation crew, cooks, people to sit for hours picking worms from the rice and cornmeal, others to try to salvage something edible from the decayed vegetables.[2] We gathered and cooked what you would call pig weed

[1] In regards to the social status of internees, Santo Tomas was an 'equalizer', forcing people of different social strata to work together. "Rich mining men and landowners now stood in line with seamen and shoemakers; executives from large American firms took their chances with waiters, beachcombers and "oldtimers" from Spanish-American War days; society women, missionaries (of the female sex) and prostitutes slept side by side." (Van Sickle, Emily. *The Iron Gates of Santo Tomas*… Pp. 22.)

[2] It is interesting to note here that the Japanese did not force the internees to form committees and do jobs, but rather, the internees acted on a natural instinct to take care of the tasks that would otherwise go undone; an instinct rooted in the Capitalistic idea that if you're not working, you're not benefitting your community.

but we called it spinach. You see Santo Tomas was enclosed in a five acre compound and had been used by the University to grow some vegetables[1], etc., to help with the upkeep. Camote[2] (sweet potato) tops were cooked as greens and they produced a few worm infested tubers that could be eaten. Carr had all the jobs he could do[3], on the sanitation detail, help cook, scrub, and knowing Carr you know his hands were never idle if there was a job to do. I worked in the little building we called a hospital where the very sick had to be kept.[4] My work was mainly on the food detail, trying to fix something edible for them from what we could get. Those of us who peeled the wormy little sweet potatoes could have for themselves the peelings. I ate some of these and as a result had a severe case of acute indigestion. After a period of touch and go, I got over it.[5]

As the days passed food became shorter and shorter, no fish, no coffee or tea (you could have a cup of hot water for breakfast). We had nothing but the spoonful of thin rice or

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[1] There was a vegetable garden on campus at Santo Tomas, and this was used as a food source since the Japanese did not initially feed the prisoners. However, as Hooper mentions, it wasn't the best of gardens in terms of food quality.

[2] The sweet potato is called a 'camote' in many Spanish-speaking nations, such as "in Mexico, Peru, Chile, Central America, and the Philippines". However, it is actually "alternatively spelled 'kamote' in the Philippines". ("Sweet Potato", https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sweet_potato.)

[3] At first, internees were allowed a slight bit of freedom (however false) in work, leisure, and leadership, though this ceased in 1944. "When the first prisoners were brought into Santo Tomas on January 4, 1942, the Japanese appointed a civilian leader who was responsible for setting up an organization to oversee the operation within the camp." ("Santo Tomas Internment Camp".)

The internees asked the Japanese soldiers for the right to elect a 'camp leader', and an election was held on July 27, 1942. After the votes were counted, the Japanese announced that Carroll C. Grinnell, who had placed sixth in the election, would be appointed as the leader, and not the top vote-getter. (Hartendorp, A.V.H. *The Japanese Occupation of the Philippines*. pp. 162.). Perhaps the Japanese handpicked the 6th-place electee because he was the candidate who most suited their aims.

With a crude form of communal government in place, community jobs and committees were set up by the internees to help complete necessary tasks. However, this form of self-governance did not last for long.

"In January of 1944, the Japanese Military Police took control of the camp, and life became miserable for the prisoners." ("Santo Tomas Internment Camp".)

[4] More than likely, this 'hospital' was probably the University's Infirmary building, which truly would have been a small and ill-equipped place to have a full hospital running with several sick and dying patients. However, there were several skilled nurses interned at Santo Tomas, whose efforts greatly helped prevent the spread of disease in the camp. In fact, the 11 Navy nurses at Santo Tomas were members of an all-female military nursing group nicknamed 'The Angels of Bataan'. "In the late winter of 1942, the eleven navy nurses captured in Manila when the army retreated to Bataan were sent to Santo Tomas and assigned to the camp hospital working under Laura Cobb, who was later named hospital superintendent." (Norman, Elizabeth. *We Band of Angels: The Untold Story of the American Women Trapped on Bataan*. Pp. 151.)

A study released in April 2002 by the Department of Veterans Affairs found that 'The Angels of Bataan' experienced a level of service-connected disability "virtually the same as the male ex-POW's of the Pacific Theater". (Skelton, W. "American Ex-Prisoners of War". Pp. 28.)

Upon returning home from the war, the nurses were awarded with Bronze Stars for valor and a Presidential Unit Citation for extraordinary heroism. (Norman, Elizabeth. *We Band of Angels*… Pp. 313.)

[5] She is surely lucky, as malnutrition and food-related illness were the two biggest killers in the Camp.

cornmeal gruel twice a day.[1] We did have good water to drink and we could wash our clothes and take a bath (no soap). To keep down hunger pains when night came we drank all the water we could get down, actually hearing and feeling it slosh around as you turned and tossed.[2]

The living quarters in the buildings became more and more crowded as they kept bringing in more and more people so the Japanese allowed some of the men to build shacks on the grounds to house them, using anything they could find.[3] They also let a few Filipinos bring into camp some bamboo strips and nipa palm[4] which was used to thatch the roof. Carr was one of those who moved out into a little shack he had built with his own two hands and a pocket knife. I began having such severe migrane[5] headaches

[1] As mentioned earlier, this was strategic rationing on the part of the Japanese, to give the people just barely enough calories to operate on a daily basis. Of course, everyone has different daily caloric needs, which is why some people survived the starvation while many others died.

[2] I do not believe it is merely a coincidence that the Japanese gave the internees very little food but lots of water. Many people in the health community believe that drinking lots of water on an empty stomach can assist with weight loss, which is not an ideal thing for victims of starvation. ("Benefits of Drinking a Glass of Water on an Empty Stomach".)

[3] Actually, only males with money could build these 'shacks', as the materials for making them had to be purchased. This gave the outdoor-shack owners a higher perceived status than other detainees. "The daytime life of the shanty owners was so much more retired and comfortable than the life of other people that they came to constitute a kind of camp aristocracy." (Hartendorp, A.V.H. *The Japanese Occupation of the Philippines*. Pp. 50.)
Also, the Japanese soldiers only permitted shack usage in the day. All internees had to sleep in their assigned rooms at night. As mentioned earlier, this was an attempt on the part of the Japanese to ban breeding among internees. However, this became a lot harder to control when people began making their own outdoor shacks. "In spite of the Japanese efforts, babies were born and conceived throughout the camp's life. In early September 1944, an unofficial survey reported 137 pregnancies." (Wilkinson, Rupert. *Surviving a Japanese Internment Camp*… Pp. 61.)

[4] A species of palm native to the coastlines of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. It grows in mud and water, and can be used as roof material for thatched houses. ("Nypa Fruticans", https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nypa_fruticans.)

[5] Ruth Hooper's misspelling.

and as it was impossible to get any rest in the crowded rooms where, when you sat or lay on your small bed was all the room you had, a doctor who was also one of the internees, through manuevering[1] with the Japanese Commandant[2], got a permit for me to move out of the crowded room and stay with Carr in the shack. I still worked in the hospital when I could, holding friends in my arms who were dying of starvation – some begging even for beans. These little things I was able to do, of course helped to sustain me.

Our food was so short Carr and I counted grains of rice. We shared and shared alike and each tiny mouthful was measured and treasured.

Santo Tomas was surrounded by barbed wire and at the entrance gate was a Japanese Garrison. We dared not get near the fence for in doing so you would be punished as well as everyone in camp.[3] The Japanese Commandant daily had a roll call to be assured no one had escaped. We assembled in lines while he took his time as to when this would be done. We stood in the sun for hours, many of the elderly with ankles, legs and knees swollen to almost the bursting point.[4]

There were three men, one a very dear friend of ours, who tried so hard to negotiate with the Japanese for the Red Cross and other Organizations to let us have more food and medicine. This done no good as these men who had tried so hard to help us were taken out and shot.[5] We never knew why. There were loyal Filipinos who tried to help us, some were hanged by their thumbs until they died.[6] We still dared not say anything but had to keep our thoughts and feelings held close inside.

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[1] Ruth Hooper's misspelling.

[2] The Commandant mentioned here is most likely "Col. Juichiro Hayashi, Chief of the prisoner of war camp in Santo Tomas…" (Ogawa, Tetsuro. *Terraced Hell: A Japanese Memoir of Defeat & Death in Northern Luzon, Philippines*. Pp. 102.)
Though Hayashi and the Japanese garrison were to blame for the astonishing levels of malnutrition in the camp as well as the execution of internees, the liberating American forces in 1945 permitted Hayashi to live. "Hayashi . . . negotiated with the commander of the American Army that arrived in February, and after delivering the American POW's safely, returned to the Japanese lines, having been given safe escort through the enemy positions." (Ogawa, Tetsuro. *Terraced Hell: A Japanese Memoir of Defeat & Death in Northern Luzon, Phiippines.* Pp. 102.)

[3] In the early days of the camp, Filipino citizens often gave food to internees through the bars of the gate. The Japanese garrison ended this by placing barbed wire around the compound. Three internees did succeed in escaping the camp: "W.A. Fletcher, age 29, Englishman, Blakey Borthwick Laycock, 43, Australian, and Henry Edward Weeks, 28, Englishman…" (Hartendorp, A.V.H. *The Japanese Occupation of the Philippines*. Pp. 89). However, the three men were later recaptured and executed in the presence of Earl Carroll (the man that the internees had voted as their camp committee leader) and missionary/interpreter Ernest Stanley. After word of the executions got back to the other internees, no future escape attempts were made. (Ibid., Pp. 88-93.)

[4] Such actions are usually typical on the part of POW camp leaders. Forcing prisoners to stand for long periods of time keeps them weak and limits the chances for rebellion or escape.

[5] See Footnote 7 from Page 1 of this document. In the early days of the camp, Red Cross support was allowed and arrived fairly often. However, beginning in 1944, the Japanese stopped allowing Red Cross support packages to get to internees. As to the specifics of these three men who negotiated for the Japanese to hand over the confiscated Red Cross support packages, I have not yet found undisputable proof of identity. Based on Hooper's wording, it may have been possible that the reason for the three mens' executions was unrelated to their negotiation efforts.

[6] The action of hanging people by the thumbs was one of many unusual and horrific torture methods frequently used by the Japanese during World War II. The concept of 'hanging' in particular was used widely and in many various

The walls, the trees, even the ground seemed to have ears. You heard no laughter, you saw no children play. You did see see[1] some of the little ones searching the garbage cans outside the Japanese quarters for food. A few

forms by Japanese torturers. One method in particular, called the 'bamboo torture', involved hanging a person above the top of a growing bamboo plant and leaving them there to hang for days. The bamboo plant is very sturdy and sharp, as well as fast-growing. After a few days' time, the bamboo plant would extend high enough to puncture the hanging person's flesh and continue the plant's growth within the human body. ("Japanese Torture Techniques". http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/ww2peopleswar/stories/37/a4865637.shtml.)

[1] Ruth Hooper's repeated word typo.

stray cats and dogs wandered into camp but these quickly disappeared. The Japanese delighted in bringing in pigs, chickens, etc. which were slaughtered before our eyes – never a mouthful given to the children who watched. They liked to make us assemble for hours to hear them tell of their victories. The bombing of San Francisco, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.[1] They told us soon we would be eating the bark from the trees and grass from the ground. I never saw anyone eat bark from the trees, but I certainly saw them eat plenty of grass. When every fiber of your body is crying out for food, you will eat anything.

The days, the weeks, the months rolled by slowly and to us seemed hopelessly. We kept looking and hoping for our planes but always the ones we saw had the insignia of "The Rising Sun".[2]

One thing I will tell you here which possibly I have not been clear about. There were several hundred Japanese in Santo Tomas at all times so you found yourself bowing about every minute because they were all around you.[3] I failed to bow to the Commandant one morning on my way to the hospital. He was on a bicycle and it was raining. I didn't know whether I should under the circumstances or should not.[4] Anyway, I found out in nothing flat. He stopped quickly, got off the bicycle and came up to me jabbering and waving his big long sword under my nose.[5] I knew what I had done wrong so I backed up a few paces and gave him one of my very best bows. He saluted me, got back on his bicycle and pedaled away. And another incident. One night after curfew when we were all supposed to stay put, I found that I just must visit the outside toilet which was provided for the internees who lived in shacks on the grounds.[6] I skittered across in the dark but came face to face with a soldier. I had to cross a

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[1] Obviously, these events never happened, and were told in an attempt to crush the hopes of internees ever being liberated.

[2] The national symbol of Japan. The 'Rising Sun' is depicted on the Japanese flag, and was also displayed prominently on their military aircraft.

[3] Bowing is extremely important in Japanese culture, as it is a sign of respect and honor, and can also be used to indicate that the bower is of a lower class or importance than the person being bowed to. "Bowing in Japan started sometime during the Asuka and Nara periods (538-794 AD) with the introduction of Chinese Buddhism…bowing was a direct reflection of status . . . to prove that you didn't harbor any ill will toward them." (Suzuki, Mami. "Bowing In Japan".) Bowing especially would have been expected in the POW camp, as the Japanese military would expect bows from the internees as a sign of their surrender to the nation of Japan.

[4] While it is strongly against Japanese custom to bow while walking (Ibid.), it may sometimes be customary for a stationary person to bow to a moving person if that person is of a higher rank (like the Commandant). Still, it sounds like this was just an example of an easily-angered Commandant looking to making an example of someone.

[5] In Japan, samurai clans (known for their use of swords) were responsible for the national defense of Japan until the country's first conscripted military was developed in 1872. The new military retained the use of swords called *Gunto* ("military sword"), and also later adopted other gun-based weaponry. A new edition of the *Gunto* was created in the 1930s to respect military ranks by use of a color-coded system of hilt-tassels. (Farwell, Byron. *The Encyclopedia of Nineteenth-Century Land Warfare: An Illustrated World View*. Pp. 437-38.)

[6] The indoor toilets at Santo Tomas looked very similar to our modern concept of a toilet, and had adequate plumbing and water access, thanks to camp committee leader Earl Carroll: "Earl Carroll promptly procured for the sanitation committee the necessary plumbing to install four showers in each upstairs bathroom…" (Van Sickle, Emily. *Iron Gates of Santo Tomas…*Pp. 17.). Before Carroll's negotiations, the water in the camp had only came out

road that was patrolled day and night by the Japanese. He started shouting at me and this time also waved a sword in my face. I knew only one

of spigots. I have not yet found details regarding the outdoor bathroom setup, though I would imagine that it was a much more primitive setup.

ward[1] of Japanese and that was "Obenjo" which means "Honorable Toilet".[2] I got this word out someway and then he said to me – "Obenjo Maam, thank you", and he turned and walked away. I continued on with my errand but when I got back to the shack it took a while to simmer down – I was really scared.

The Japanese Commandant and his staff occupied a small building right in the center of the camp. This was their private office. One day a rooster was brought in and tied to a stake with a long string just outside these quarters. He walked proudly up and down, crowing in the dawn of each new day. And then, over the much feared loud speakers[3] which were used to call us to stand in line for this or that message, came the announcement. "The Commandant's rooster has disappeared and must be returned immediately". We were all scared to death because if the rooster was not returned everyone in camp would be punished. This message came every few hours telling us that the rooster had not been returned. I will leave the rooster story now and go on with other events, but will tell you the ending later.

We had the rainy seasons and went through those, a few earthquakes (one was a pretty bad one) and several severe typhoons.[4] We waded water above our waists but those things didn't really matter I guess. Our clothes were falling off, we looked like skeletons. Our friends were then dying by the hundreds. When we saw them rolled out on a crude hand pushed cart, with a cruder pine box on it, we never asked who – we knew that within a few days……..[5] Finally, late one afternoon, a lone plane

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[1] Ruth Hooper's misspelling.

[2] Though I have not found online confirmation of this, it seems that the Japanese used an honorific term for the bathroom as a way to take focus away from what happens in a bathroom. An English equivalent would be like using the term 'washroom' instead of the word 'toilet'. The encounter which Ruth Hooper describes here most likely occurred because the soldiers would naturally be suspicious of anyone roaming outside at night.

[3] As Hooper mentions here, the loudspeaker system at Santo Tomas was frequently used by the Japanese to give orders and call for the daily lineup. I did find a website devoted to survivors of Santo Tomas which makes a mention in passing of American music used as a daily wake-up call: "For those in camp you may remember the musical selection you might have heard as your wake-up call: Horace Heidt and His Musical Knights" ("Victims of Circumstance: Santo Tomas Internment Camp", http://cnac.org/emilscott/santotomas01.htm.) The specific song is not mentioned, though Horace Heidt's biggest hit was a cover of the Ink Spots' 1941 tune "I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire". ("Song Artist 421-Horace Heidt", http://tsort.info/music/y31hb3.htm.) If that is the correct song, then I find that highly ironic, as its themes represent the antithesis of the war going on around them. The song is most commonly known in this generation for its use in commercials promoting *Fallout 3*, a 2008 video game depicting the effects of nuclear fallout after a time of war. ("The Ink Spots", https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Ink_Spots.) However, I don't think that the Japanese military would have played American music on the loudspeaker. Rather, the music was probably a daily ritual that was played by an internee who may have brought a record player into the camp.

[4] The Philippines were a hotspot for earthquake activity in the 1940s, with quakes registering at least a 7.0 magnitude on April 8th and October 20th of 1942, as well as May 3rd and May 25th (a shocking 7.8!) of 1943. ("List of Earthquakes in 1942", https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_earthquakes_in_1942. "List of Earthquakes in 1943", https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_earthquakes_in_1943.) A total of five typhoons also struck the Philippines between 1942 and 1944, including a Typhoon Cobra off the coast of the Philippines in December 1944, which sank three U.S. destroyer ships and killed at least 790 people. ("1940-49 Pacific Typhoon Seasons", https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1940%E2%80%9349_Pacific_typhoon_seasons.)

[5] Ruth Hooper does not finish this sentence in her memoirs. It was probably too painful to think about.

bearing the wonderful Stars of the United States flew very low over camp (I did not see the plane although it was flying very low it had to come and go fast).

The pilot dropped a note into the camp (fastening it to his goggles to give it weight). I did not see the note as, of course, it had to be kept as quiet as possible. I do know, however, that it said that soon help would come to us.[1]

I had dreamed so many times of our planes coming and always the sky was full of them – and then one morning about 10:30 there they were, a sky full. Our own precious Navy Dive bombers. They bombed and strafed Japanese held Manila.[2] I was on my way to the hospital but ran back to the shack. We were told by the Japanese that if we looked up at them we would be punished, but Carr cut a hole in the roof and we watched. It was not all happiness, we saw many of our planes shot down. This went on for a few days and then we noticed that the Japanese in camp were getting very jittery, they became more and more cruel to the internees, again cutting our food to practically none at all. Everyone in camp was tense, you could feel it all around you. Then late one afternoon came the much feared voice over the loud speaker telling any and all who were outside on the grounds to go immediately into the main building of the University. Many went, but many didn't budge including Carr and I. We knew there were tons and tons of hay on the roof and cases and cases of dynamite stored in the elevator shaft. The Japanese intended to kill us all.[3] We stayed put and then we heard terrific gun fire and the rumble of moving vehicles. Finally, they came close enough for us to realise[4] who they were with their trucks, men, tanks, guns and jeeps. They came around the camp and instead of coming through then the main front entrance where mines were placed, they crashed through the barbed wire fence, the Japanese machine guns that had been placed at many strategic places in camp didn't bother them. They walked, they rode – the brave FIRST CALVARY DIVISION – 840 strong,[5]

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[1] This event occurred on February 3, 1945. Following American military victories on the island of Leyte (October 20th, 1944; fulfilling Gen. MacArthur's famous "I shall return" promise) and in Manila during the winter of 1944-45, American planes begin flying over the Santo Tomas camp. The message which was attached to a pair of goggles and dropped to the people below read as follows: "Roll out the barrel, your Christmas will be here today or tomorrow." (Preyss, Jennifer Lee. "Woman of War: Camp Life Become Torturous".)

[2] After the liberation of the Santo Tomas camp, the Battle of Manila raged on for a whole month, from February 3rd to March 3rd of 1945. In the end, America was victorious; but at the cost of over 100,000 civilian deaths and an utterly destroyed city. (Tharoor, Ishaan. "Manila was Known as the 'Pearl of the Orient'. Then World War II Happened", *The Washington Post*, 19 Feb. 2015.)

[3] The Hoopers and the rest of the internees at Santo Tomas were lucky to have been liberated by American troops before the Japanese could kill them. Realizing that they were fighting a losing battle in a land that was not their own, many Japanese soldiers not immediately involved in the fighting around Manila resorted to brutally killing and raping thousands of innocent Manila residents. (Legarda Jr., Dr. Benito J. "Manila Holocaust: Massacre and Rape".)

[4] Ruth Hooper's misspelling.

[5] Ruth Hooper's grammar goes a little wild here, but it is understandable since she is talking about the moment of her liberation. It is also interesting to note that instead of using the proper word 'cavalry', Hooper instead writes 'Calvary', a word related to the commonly-believed site of Jesus Christ's crucifixion. In her excitement and grammatical abandon, Hooper conjures up an unintended double-image of the American liberation representing death for the Japanese but life for the internees.

the most beautiful people in the world.

The Japanese in camp had loaded some trucks which were parked in front of one of the buildings with their gear etc. They tried to get them out but our boys came in too quickly for them to do so. They ran back into the building where they held some 200 or more internees as hostages. I don't know how many of the Japanese there were, possibly 250 or 300. At first our boys tried to take the building and fired many shots into it, but they realized they were endangering the lives of the internee hostages so stopped.

When Carr and I saw our boys coming in, we joined hands and ran from our shack and just as we got almost to where they had stopped we discovered that right in front of us were five Japanese Officers going also up to meet the boys – they intended to surrender with ceremony and honor. I guess they changed their minds when the two officers in front were pushed up against a wall and their swords and handguns taken from them. Then the next two got the same treatment, but the fifth and last officer was Obiko[1], the Commandant who had been so cruel to us. When they reached for him he reached for a hand grenade and when he did that he was immediately mowed down…He fell dead at my feet – the only Japanese I actually saw killed. We were then ordered by our own folks to disband and get out of the line of fire so they could do what had to be done. Those brave 840 boys set about digging foxholes and setting up their big guns. Those 840 First Cavalry Men had come 90 miles straight through the Japanese Army without stopping to fight, carrying their own dead and wounded. It was a full 24 hours before elements of the Fifth Army were able to reach Manila as they had been under counter attacks from the Japanese forces in the north. In the

[1] Most likely Abiko, Captain of the Guards. There is a very similar situation described in Emily Van Sickle's *Iron Gates of Santo Tomas: A Firsthand Account of an American Couple Interned by the Japanese in Manila, 1942-1945.* "Abiko had rushed out to the plaza, arms held high as if to surrender. Then he had grabbed for his belt, and one of our soldiers shot him. The doctor found a hand grenade concealed beneath his belt." Van Sickle's narrative suggests that Abiko was not instantly killed by the shot but died later that night after also being attacked by a group of internees.

meantime, 30,000 Japanese Imperial Marines had retreated across the bridges and blown them up behind them. It begin to rain a little and as I looked for shelter I walked among their foxholes and talked with some of them. One asked me where I was from and I said "North Carolina". When I said that up poked a muddy face from a foxhole, and never stopping his digging, said with his own soft drawl – "North Carolina, come over here honey". In the days following we met and talked with many boys from our home states – one Tom King[1] from Cherokee that I shall always remember with grateful thanks for his help to us.

When passing the loaded Japanese trucks that were still parked in front of the building that held the many Japanese and internee hostages, Carr just knew there must be some sort of food on them – he was hungry! He climbed up on one of them and found some rice and some field rations which were small compressed cakes about the size of a domino. We set down to try them out and as hungry as we were, they tasted pretty good. I ate some and Carr ate a lot of them. We learned later that you were supposed to pour boiling water over them, one small cake making a good-sized bowl of oatmeal-like cereal. Anyway, needless to say with that many in his tummy and them beginning to swell, he had a few uncomfortable moments. But, for the first time in oh so long, he really had a stomach full of food.

Our soldiers kept the building that held the Japanese and hostages surrounded all night. Occasionally we would hear sniper fire. When morning came an agreement was reached with the Japanese that if they were allowed to walk out of camp the hostages would be freed. This was done. They were escorted to the front entrance and let go, but outside were Filipinos who quickly took care of them.

[1] Unknown.

Our 840 First Calvary Division had no extra food with then[1], only their C Rations but they shared these with the internees – they did have coffee. By afternoon they had set up five big field guns (cannons to me) almost in front of our little shack. I sat behind those guns, drinking good coffee and watching them throw shells toward the Japanese. One thing I want to make clear here. When the Americans moved into Santo Tomas Camp it became a military objective and the Japanese began to counter-attack with heavy artillery from their positions in the Walled City. I saw my friends killed, had shells come so close to my face I felt their heat. We lay in ditches, behind buildings, under great rolls of wire. Great holes were blown in the buildings and many were killed or hurt and, of course, always the sniper fire which made it unsafe for anyone to move around. That was when we had the Battle of Manila[2]. I saw flame throwers and guns of all kinds in action. I saw our wounded and dead. We had Air raids from the Japanese. When the Division of the Fifth Army came into Manila 24 hours after the First Calvary Division, things began to change in camp. They set up a kitchen and we had good food. Can you imagine hearing a child say "Mommy, what is bread and butter"?

One time I was talking to some of our soldiers when an Officer came up, said a few words and those men began to pick up their weapons, climb into jeeps and trucks. I asked one of them "what now". He said, very nonchalantly, "oh just a few Japanese to take care of". I watched them go but I also watched them return – about half the number had been killed. There was still fighting in and around Manila but after awhile they would let some of the internees go out of camp to see the ruin and destruction of Manila – with a Military Escort. Carr went and came back to tell me of the thousands and thousands of bodies floating in

[1] "them," misspelling.
[2] The Battle of Manila lasted for about a month, from February – March 1945, during which the liberation of the internment camps began (Cogan).

the Pasig River[1], the awful smell, the beautiful buildings completely destroyed and the beautiful Old Walled City a pile of rubble. I did not go but I did see the wreckage of the Walled City when I was on my way to the ship that would bring us safely home. It was the John D. Lykes[2] and had been converted into a troop transport ship.

I will finish the story now about the rooster. As I mentioned before, we had many so-called beach combers in camp and one we learned to know quite well. He was a tall red-haired man from Australia. He worked hard in camp and I loved to hear him talk with the Australian drawl or whatever you call it. One afternoon we were in our little shack and looked up to see him standing in front of the door. He said he had a secret to tell us, but could not tell us before. He said that his secret was that he ate the Commandant's rooster. How he managed this he did not explain, nor did we ask him.

We stayed in Santo Tomas for some time as they took the very old, the sick, the crippled, mothers with small children first and too, the ships could not get into Manila Bay and to the piers because of sunken vessels. The first to leave had to be flown out to other ports in the islands to board a ship for home. Finally, it was our time to leave. The trip home was a long hard one, crowded with several thousand troops and about 900 internees. We first went to Hollandia[3], New Guinea, where we had to zigzag and circle all night for security reasons. We could not enter the harbor after dark. That was the hottest place I ever saw except perhaps Panama. You could see steam rising from the water and feel it too. Carr had a nephew stationed in Hollandia at the time but we did not get to see him which, of course, would have been wonderful. We had an escort of seven ships for several days and then we were on our own. We stopped in Hawaii but no one left the ship – in fact, the harbor was so crowded with ships of all kinds that I doubt if we could have gotten near a pier. We left there on our last lap for Los Angeles but about two days before we got there a Japanese submarine came up to look us over. When this happened it just seemed another thing to face and there was no panic. The big guns on our ship were turned to face the enemy and every man, woman and child were shortly standing by the particular life boat that had been assigned to them, mine being on one side of the ship, Carr's on the other. The women were quartered in the very bottom of the ship with many straight-up narrow steel stairs to get up and fast. I got my Mae West (life jacket)[4] fastened (we had to keep one arm in our life jacket at all times) and my canteen of water buckled on. This was done while running up those steep stairs. However, the submarine for some reason submerged and did not attack us – possibly looking for more than one ship or did not want to give

[1] A major river running through Manila.
[2] Most likely the John Lykes, a ship that "operated as a C1B type freighter before being converted to a troopship" (Charles, 197). It would have been in the area of Hollandia at the time Hooper describes it.
[3] Jayapura City, a capital city in Indonesia.
[4] A flotation device slipped over the head. It was allegedly nicknamed after the American performer Mae West (1893-1980) because once inflated, the vest resembled West's full-bodied figure.

their position away. The all-clear sounded and we went back to our quarters. I made it to my bunk and then passed out with a heart attack. They called the ship's doctor and Carr. The doctor would not let me move for four hours. He came to see me periodically and told me not to worry, they would take me off the ship on a stretcher and put me in a hospital. I told him "please no, that I had come this far on my own and wanted to walk off the ship" which I did.

III

We kissed the ground when we walked off the ship in Los Angeles. We little expected to have anyone there to meet us but there were Carr's wonderful aunts and uncles and although the Red Cross had arranged for rooms in a hotel for us, they took us home with them and believe you me, we were treated royally. I'll never forget the first night when I

walked into the bathroom and closed the door and had the most wonderful bath. I had had no privacy in so long that that within itself was a luxury[1]. We met lots of their friends and all so willing to help us but you get set back on your heels when you are called a "freak". Of course, this was not said by friends but people who, through curiosity . . . came to have a look-see. This is no hearsay, I heard the remarks with my own ears. While I knew I was skinny, my hair in strings, my clothes in rags, I was sick and I was tired - oh so very tired.

Then the Red Cross Representatives took us to one of the largest department stores in Los Angeles[2] and there we left our rags and walked out on the street dressed in new clothes from the skin out. When we met people they no longer turned to stare and I heard no one call us "freaks". One sweet little girl who had had nothing to cover her but rags for so long, said as she looked upon the well-dressed people around her "they look different don't they?"

We stayed a few days in Los Angeles until the Red Cross could provide a train to take us home. We left for Nashville, Tennessee, on a train carrying troops and from St. Louis, Missouri. I was the only female on board. We were met in Nashville by my sister and husband who took us to Fayetteville, Tennessee, to that wonderful house in the country that I called home. Here I came face to face with something I can only leave to your imagination. You see I had lost both my parents while I was overseas and when there was no papa there, with his wonderful wit to say something to make me laugh, and no mama in whose lap I could lay my head and cry, was about the breaking point for me. I tried to hold this hurt close within my heart, but even today when I let my thoughts go back, the tears come.

We stayed in Tennessee a few days with my sister and brother

[1] The Japanese separated internees by sex and housed them in classrooms at the University. Thirty to Fifty men or women to each room with minimum space for sleeping arrangements. Bathrooms were hard to acquire: twelve hundred men shared thirteen toilets and twelve showers (Hartendorp 50).

[2] At the time, these department stores would have been located in Downtown Los Angeles.

nieces and nephews. They bought clothes for us and did so many, many things to make us feel that we have come home, but even there, as everywhere, sometimes I felt that I was a strange stranger, and then to North Carolina and to Carr's most precious family. He has a big family, not small like mine, and in my confusion- it was hard to learn who was who and who belonged to who. I just knew they were wonderful.

After a few days I returned to Tennessee and to Nashville to go through the medical tests the Ship's Doctor had laid out for me.[1] I was put on a strict do this, don't do that routine which I found difficult to follow as one can't climb into bed and rest when others around you are so busy at their daily work. They had no complaints but there were times when I felt that I had reached the end of a long, long road.

We found everywhere people who had worked all through the war, had done without things, had helped in any way they could. We also found (to quote one of David Brinkley's much used expression) the "fat cats" who had, through dishonesty, black market, hoarding, etc. as has been done in all wars, had become fabulously rich and in some cases I talked with those who didn't even know there had been a war - it had not changed their lives in anyway.

Since we were asked so many times if we had any news as to what was going on, I will try to clear this up. We had rumors, rumors, rumors - some good, some bad. We could never know whether any were true or propaganda as it was mostly in Japanese. They, as I said before, gave news of their victories. We heard of the lancing in Leyte[2], but we didn't know whether or not it was true so could not feel very elated. Our news came over a small radio that had been

[1] The average loss of weight among male internees had been 53 pounds during three years while at Santo Tomas, 32.5 percent of the average body weight (Cogan 193). It is conceivable this would have been why she was seen.
[2] an amphibious assault in the Gulf of Leyte in the Philippines (circa October-December 1944) led by Gen. McArthur against Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita for control of the Philippine archipelago

made by some of the internees from pieces of this or that (mostly tin cans and pieces of wire)[1]. It was hidden on top of the elevator. Santo Tomas had four floors but the internees were never allowed on the fourth floor. That was off-limits and I have no idea of what was stored on it. The Japanese knew that somehow we were getting news in some way and periodically searched everyone's quarters for a radio, and I mean search. They looked and poked through everything, but they never found the radio. One internee had been assigned by the Japanese to service and keep running the elevator which they used at all times. We internees, of course, were not allowed near it. The man, in going about his business of running the elevator, listened in on this small radio and, therefore, got some news for us. It sure was kept hush-hush as had the radio been found he would have been shot and the rest of us punished.

Another question we were asked and that is did we get any letters from home - No messages from home. We did get one very small package from my sister. This contained things that we needed so badly, needles and thread, a thimble, razor blades for Carr and a few other useful articles, and during the first year of internment we received a six pound package of food from the Union of South Africa. We received one package of food from the Red Cross. This contained cans of corned beef, dried milk, canned cheese, vitamins, etc. This package from the Red Cross, no doubt saved many lives. This food was quickly gone even though we tried to stretch it as far as we could. No medicines were received. We waited and waited for these packages but the Japanese kept holding them.[2] They poked through every package, actually running their swords through the cans of dried milk. In the package were some Old Gold Cigarettes which had a picture of the American Flag on them. These packages were removed and we got only some loose cigarettes.

[1] These makeshift radios would have been made with simple wires and parts from other sound equipment accessible around the University. The Japanese only allowed any news to be propagated with their control as to keep the internees in the dark as to American victories.

[2] After July 1944, the Japanese worsened food rations and only allowed each internee 1,500 calories of food per day (Cogan 206).

We finally settled down to the routine of daily living, starting from scratch and the rest our lives and our endeavors are already known. Carr has worked very hard and I have done the best I could so I shall not add any more to this except to say I am very grateful, very humble and oh so thankful for the wonderful families and friends that we have found along the way - the many precious days God has given to us.

I will end this with a poem which to me is very special.

Home Thoughts from Europe - by Van Dyke[1]

So it's home again, and home again, America for me
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be
To the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair
And it's sweet to dream in Venice
And it's great to study Rome
But when it comes to living there is no place like home

I like the German Fir-woods, in green Battalions drilled
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly Western woodland where nature has her way

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back
But the glory of the present is to make the future free
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea
To the Blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars

[1] Henry Van Dyke, American author (1852-1933)

Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Out of these experiences, I have come to know that people who have faith, and keep the faith, can overcome war, natural catastrophes, sickness, disappointments and personal grief if it is not of their own making. Those people who face real tragedy and loss are those who create their own misfortunes.

May God bless.

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This document provides details on the amount and intensity of Philippine typhoons in the 1940's, to verify Ruth Hooper's claim on Page 17 that there were several severe typhoons in the area while she was at Santo Tomas.

"An Awesome Island." *PBS*, www.pbs.org/edens/borneo/awesome.html This PBS website was created in conjunction with their documentary on the island of Borneo. The historical information created context and understanding for Mrs. Hooper's statement on Borneo.

Archer, Bernice. *The Internment of Western Civilians Under the Japanese 1941-1945: A Patchwork of Internment*. Routledge, 2014.

Archer's book describes the details of Western civilian life in Japanese internment camps in the 1940s. It does not focus on Santo Tomas alone, but all Japanese camps.

This novel contained details about the sleeping arrangements at Santo Tomas, in particular the rule (at the camp's beginning in 1942) of men and women having to sleep separately.

"Baguio." *Britannica Academic*, Encyclopædia Britannica, 15 May. 2013. academic.eb.com/levels/collegiate/article/11762. Accessed 12 Dec. 2016.

"Benguet." *Funding Universe*. - http://www.fundinguniverse.com/company-histories/benguet-corporation-history/. Accessed 12 Dec. 2016.

"Benguet Corps Summary." *Govtools.us*. http://denver.miningopp.govtools.us/DOCUMENTS/BenguetCorp_Summary.pdf. Accessed 12 Dec. 2016.

"Benefits of Drinking a Glass of Water on an Empty Stomach." *Step To Health*, https://steptohealth.com/benefits-of-drinking-a-glass-of-water-on-an-empty-stomach/. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

This document offers modern scientific proof that the excessive water drinking described on Page 14 would have been harmful to the health of internees, and would actually have aided in malnutrition. I use this information to show a possible reason why the Japanese limited amounts of food in the camp, but not water.

Charles, Roland W. *Troopships of World War II.* The Army Transportation Association, 1947.

"Clark Air Base." *Britannica Academic*, Encyclopædia Britannica, 17 Apr. 2013. academic.eb.com/levels/collegiate/article/24216. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

Cogan, Frances B. *Captured : The Japanese Internment of American Civilians in the Philippines, 1941-1945.* U of Georgia P, 2000. ProQuest ebrary. Web. 12 December 2016.

"Commonwealth Act No. 465." *Chan Robles,* www.chanrobles.com/commonwealthacts/commonwealthactno465.html#.WE2p9vkrLb1.This website discusses the specifics of the Philippines tax code. It was used to gather information about the residence certificates.

"Community tax certificate (sedula.)." *Official Gazette,* www.gov.ph/services/sedula/ This website discusses the specifics of the Philippines tax code. It was used to gather information about the residence certificates.

"Constabulary." *Oxford English Dictionary,* www.oed.com/view/Entry/39803?rskey=JH6Mvt&result=2&isAdvanced=false#eid The Oxford English Dictionary was used to find a correct definition for a word Mrs. Hooper uses that could lead to confusion.

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Deng L. et al. "Dissecting the genetic structure and admixture of four geographical Malay populations." *Scientific Reports*, Vol. 5, No. 14375, 2015. In this article, the history of the Malay people is discussed. The information here was used to discuss the background of the term Malay.

Dioquino, Corazon. "Philippine Bamboo Instruments." *Humanities Diliman,* vol. 5, no. 1&2, 2009.
This article describes the history and usage of all the bamboo instruments found in the Philippines. It provided the correct name for the instrument Mrs. Hooper mentions in her memoir,

Farolan, Ramon. "Mariveles Massacre." *Philippine Daily Inquirer*, http://opinion.inquirer.net/4403/mariveles-massacre. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.
This article includes specific dates and details surrounding the Fall of Bataan, which led to Japanese control of the Philippines around the area of Santo Tomas.

Farwell, Byron. *The Encyclopedia of Nineteenth-Century Land Warfare: An Illustrated World View*. W.W. Norton & Co., 2001.
Farwell's encyclopedia provides information behind the continued use of the sword by the

Japanese military even after the era of the samurai. This information was used to explain why the Japanese leaders of the camp had swords.

Garg, Apurva, Pankaj Chaturvedi, and Prakash C. Gupta. "A Review of the Systemic Adverse Effects of Areca Nut or Betel Nut." *Indian Journal of Medical and Paediatric Oncology: Official Journal of Indian Society of Medical & Paediatric Oncology*, vol. 35, no.1, 2014, pp. 3–9. *PMC.*
An article which discusses the debilitating effects of the areca nut, otherwise known as the betel nut (as Mrs. Hooper calls it).

Harber, John. *Conflict and Compromise in the Southern Philippines: The Case of Moro Identity.* MA Thesis, Naval Postgraduate School, 1998. This dissertation discusses the Moro people and their struggle in the Philippines. It provided useful information regarding the background of the term Moro.

Hartendorp, A.V.H. *The Japanese Occupation of the Philippines*. Bookmark, 1967.
Hartendorp's novel is an excellent source for all sorts of information related to the Santo Tomas camp. I used this source for information regarding the internees' selection of a camp leader, the building of shacks outside of the Santo Tomas University building, and the Japanese execution of three internees who tried to escape the camp.

"Historical Background." *City Government of Laoag*, laoagcity.gov.ph/index.php/about-the-city/background/history/ The government website for Laoag city provides important historical information on the city. The information found provided the correct spelling and history for Laoag.

"The Ink Spots." *Wikipedia*, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Ink_Spots. Accessed 5 Dec. 2016.
This resource was referenced on Page 17 to explain the origins of what may have been a daily camp wake-up song for internees.

"Intramuros." *Britannica Academic*, Encyclopædia Britannica, 19 Sep. 2016. academic.eb.com/levels/collegiate/article/42642. Accessed 2 Dec. 2016.

"Japanese Torture Techniques." *BBC*, 8 August 2005, http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/ww2peopleswar/stories/37/a4865637.shtml. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.
This BBC article details various methods of torture that the Japanese used on prisoners during WWII. I used this source to explain why Hooper discusses the Japanese hanging people by the thumbs.

Legarda Jr., Dr. Benito J. "Manila Holocaust: Massacre and Rape." *Malacanan Palace Presidential Museum & Library of the Philippines*, 26 Feb. 2005, http://malacanang.gov.ph/75102-manila-holocaust-massacre-and-rape/. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.
Legarda Jr.'s 2005 article describes the wake of physical destruction that the Japanese left behind

before surrendering control of the Philippines at the end of the war. I used this source to explain why Ruth Hooper and the other internees were probably justified in feeling scared for their lives before the moment of liberation on Page 18.

"List of Earthquakes in 1942." *Wikipedia*, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_earthquakes_in_1942. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

A list of earthquakes in the world in 1942. I used this resource to verify Hooper's Page 17 claim of extraordinary weather events in the Philippines.

"List of Earthquakes in 1943." *Wikipedia*, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_earthquakes_in_1943. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

See previous entry.

"Luneta Hotel." NHCP.GOV.PH. http://philhistomarkers.nhcp.gov.ph/?structures=luneta-hotel. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

"Mae West Crashes Oxford Dictionary." *St. Petersburg Times*, 6 August 1943. 15. https://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=888&dat=19430806&id=37pSAAAAIBAJ&sjid=EH0DAAAAIBAJ&pg=4881,1303181&hl=en

"Manila." *Britannica Academic*, Encyclopædia Britannica, 14 May. 2013. academic.eb.com/levels/collegiate/article/108482. Accessed 3 Dec. 2016.

Marr, Timothy. ""Our Mohammedan Wards": Bishop Brent and the Mission of the Moro Educational Foundation in Sulu." American Studies Association Annual Meeting, 2011, Hilton Baltimore, Baltimore, MD, edited by Zita Nunes, et al. , American Studies Association, 2011. *All Academic Research*, citation.allacademic.com/meta/p524021_index.html

This paper delves into Bishop Charles Brent's time in the Philippines. It was useful in finding the name and history of Mr. Hooper's place of employment.

"Muslim Mindanao." *Center for Southeast Asian Studies*, Northern Illinois Universty, www.seasite.niu.edu/tagalog/cynthia/dances/muslim_mindanao_dances.htm This website discussed the many Muslim dances found in the Philippines. This provided background information to the dance Mrs. Hooper calls the swa-swa.

Norman, Elizabeth M. *We Band of Angels: The Untold Story of the American Women Trapped on Bataan*. Random House, 1999.

Norman's book discusses the American military nurses that worked at the Santo Tomas camp, and how they were rewarded after the war for the great lengths and risks they took in helping to keep internees alive. I referenced this source because Ruth Hooper worked in the camp hospital.

"Nypa Fruticans." *Wikipedia*, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nypa_fruticans. Accessed 3 Dec. 2016.

A source which explains in greater detail what Hooper means by 'Nipa palm' on Page 14.

Ogawa, Tetsuro. *Terraced Hell: A Japanese Memoir of Defeat & Death in Northern Luzon, Philippines*. C.E. Tuttle Co., 1972.

Ogawa's book specifically states that the Commandant of Santo Tomas was Col. Junichiro Hayashi. This was a very important resource in identifying the Commandant that Hooper frequently mentions.

"Papers of Ruth Williams Hooper, 1937-1941 (inclusive)." *WorldCat*, beta.worldcat.org/archivegrid/record.php?id=542825405 The WorldCat listing for Ruth Hooper's papers also included a brief biographical statement which was helpful in discussing her and her husband's past.

Preyss, Jennifer Lee. "Women of War: Camp Life Becomes Torturous." *Victoria Advocate*, 7 Dec. 2014, https://www.victoriaadvocate.com/news/2014/dec/07/part-2-familys-life-in-pow-camp-turns-from-chaotic/. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

Preyss' article states exactly what was written on the note dropped by the American pilots, which Hooper mentions on Page 18.

Sandilands, Tracey. "What Are Dentures Made Of?" *Colgate*, www.colgate.com/en/us/oc/oral-health/cosmetic-dentistry/dentures/article/what-are-dentures-made-of-0415. The article explains the materials used in creating dentures. This provided context for Mrs. Hooper's statement on denture material.

Rodell, Paul A. "Manila." *Oxford Encyclopedia of the Modern World*. : Oxford University Press, 2008. *Oxford Reference*. 2008. <http://www.oxfordreference.com/view/10.1093/acref/9780195176322.001.0001/acref-9780195176322-e-964>. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

"Santo Tomas Internment Camp." *BACEPOW (Bay Area Civilian Ex-Prisoners of War)*, http://bacepow.net/santotomas.htm. Accessed 19 Nov. 2016.

BACEPOW's website is made by former P.O.W.'s, For P.O.W.'s. The site was helpful in explaining what Santo Tomas was, what happened there, and what the food and work situations were like at the camp.

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Skelton's article is an official Department of Veterans Affairs document, which I used to make a point that the treatment of women at Santo Tomas was every bit as bad as the treatment of men.

"Song Artist 421- Horace Heidt." *TSort*, http://tsort.info/music/y31hb3.htm. Accessed 5 Dec. 2016.

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Suzuki, Mami. “Bowing In Japan.” *Tofugu*, 23 Oct. 2015, https://www.tofugu.com/japan/bowing-in-japan/. Accessed 3 Dec. 2016.

Suzuki’s article explains the proper Japanese customs for bowing, and why they are so important. I reference this article in relation to Hooper’s story on Page 16 about what happened to her once when she forgot to bow to the Commandant.

“Sweet Potato”, Wikipedia, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sweet_potato. Accessed 29 Nov. 2016..

This article was used to verify Hooper’s description on Page 14 of what word the Filipinos used to describe sweet potatoes.

“Tagalog English Language”, *Bansa*, http://www.bansa.org/dictionaries/tgl/?type=search&data=paglusob. Accessed 8 Dec. 2016.

This Tagalog-language website was used to verify the correct meaning of ‘Ang Paglusob’ as it is referenced in Image #6.

“Tagalog Language”, *Wikipedia*, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tagalog_language. Accessed 8 Dec. 2016.

I quickly referenced this source to explain how the Tagalog language came to be the official language of the Philippines just before World War II.

Tharoor, Ishaan. “Manila was Known as the ‘Pearl of the Orient.’ Then World War II Happened.” *The Washington Post*, 19 Feb. 2015, https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/worldviews/wp/2015/02/19/manila-was-known-as-the-pearl-of-the-orient-then-world-war-ii-happened/?utm_term=.31f16f08c336. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

Tharoor’s article explains that while it was a very good thing for the internees at Santo Tomas to be liberated by U.S. forces in 1945, the Americans also accidentally killed many innocent Filipino civilians in their attempt to take back the Philippines from the Japanese.

“University of Santo Tomas.” Wikipedia.org. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/University_of_Santo_Tomas. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

Van Sickle, Emily. *The Iron Gates of Santo Tomas: A Firsthand Account of an American Couple Interned by the Japanese in Manila, 1942-1945*. Chicago Review Press, 2007.

Van Sickle’s book was a greatly-helpful resource about life in Santo Tomas, as the whole book is told from details provided by actual Santo Tomas camp internees. I used this resource to provide more detail about the sleeping and showering arrangements in the camp, as well as the general camaraderie found among fellow internees.

“What is a Cutter?” United States Coast Guard, www.uscg.mil/history/FAQS/Designations.asp The United States Coast Guard website provides a comprehensive history of the Coast Guard. It was used to provide clarity and context to a passage from Mrs. Hooper.

"Victims of Circumstance: Santo Tomas Internment Camp", http://cnac.org/emilscott/santotomas01.htm. Accessed 4 Dec. 2016.

This informative site about the Santo Tomas Internment Camp provided a lead related to a possible wake-up song that may have been a tradition among internees. (See Footnote 3 on Page 17).

Wilkinson, Rupert. *Surviving a Japanese Internment Camp: Life and Liberation at Santo Tomas, Manila in World War II*. McFarland, 2013.

Wilkinson's book was very helpful to my research because Wilkinson himself was an internee at Santo Tomas as a child. I used this resource to go more in-depth about male/female interactions in the camp, which evolved from 'being separated by the Japanese's rule of women and men sleeping separately' in 1942 to 'married couples being allowed to live in outside shacks' in the later years of the camp.

Wingard, Jessie, Anne-Sophie Brändlin. "Philippines: A country prone to natural disasters." *Deutsche Welle*, www.dw.com/en/philippines-a-country-prone-to-natural-disasters/a-17217404

An article discussing the turbulent environment of the Philippines, it explains what the typhoon belt is. This explanation was useful when explaining Mrs. Hooper's mention of the belt.