

*Shone & Spelled
his name wrong -
shone have Ben
BULK ELEY*

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1611 9th Ave. East,
R.R. 4,
Oskaloosa, Iowa 52577
November 28, 1971.

Rear Admiral John D. Buckley, U.S.N.
Quarters D, Washington Navy Yard,
Washington D.C. 20390.

Dear Sir:

I had planned on writing you while you were stationed at the Naval Air Station, Cuba, but writing and reading is limited because of my eyes; therefore, no desire to read the books and war stories of World War II.

You probably always wondered what happened to one of your men who was in the Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Three on Bataan, "The Coxswain of that little Chris-Craft runabout who was a Yeoman". Here it is - brief - not in full detail - an outline.

My Navy career began in 1938. After training to the Asiatic Fleet - mostly China area. I served on the U.S.S. BLACK HAWK, U.S.S. NAPA, U.S.S. BITTERN, U.S.S. AUGUSTA, and at the American Consul, Chefoo, China, and during Pearl Harbor was attached to the Commander-in-Chief's office Asiatic Fleet at the Marsman Building in Manila. Surrounding air fields bombed. Navy Yard Cavite bombed. The office located on the third floor just ahead of Pier 7 was an excellent position to view the Navy Yard Cavite bombing. I had Admiral Hart's glasses and giving the duty radiomen a blow by blow description of the bombing, answering all the questions I could, when I received a tap on the shoulder. Glanced back and passed the glasses over my shoulder to Admiral Hart, who was the one standing behind me asking the questions. Little incidents like this a person doesn't forget.

24th December 1941, Pier 7, our area, was bombed. Admiral Hart and the personnel on duty, including myself, were showered with flying glass while we sat in the stairway used as a temporary air-raid shelter.

25th December 1941, the U.S.S. TANAGER evacuated most of the personnel, radios, and files and took them to Corregidor except for a small few. The next day Manila was declared an open city and we were making preparations to leave for Corregidor. The Army was blowing bridges and putting out of commission all transportation and cars. I was issued a tommy gun in which I still had until the surrender. I and a Coxswain named Bullard, ?, ?, who was the motorcycle messenger for the office, proceeded up the bund, past the Manila Hotel, up Dewey Boulevard to our apartment where we lived - one block off the Boulevard near the Yacht Club landing - to get a few of our possessions, clothes, and a bed roll. Leaving behind some of my prize, oriental, accumulated possessions, I left the smoking - exploding city the 26th of December.

27th of December, arrived on Corregidor docks. The tunnel where the office and files were set up was not appealing, so back to the docks to the little Chris Craft runabout which was the Manila newspapers press boat - a boat like I always wanted - a place to sleep and protect my remaining gear. Promoted gas from a Filipino civilian who worked at the Army boat house and from the Army Motor Pool, and slept at night in the little Chris-Craft under the docks.

15th January 1942, A Motor Torpedo Boat came along side the docks. You stopped by and asked for my name. That afternoon you stepped aboard and told me I was transferred to you, the Commanding Officer of the Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Three, and we left for Sisiman Bay in Bataan. You used me and the little Chris-craft during the day to cross the channel to Corregidor for your conferences. Do you recall one day we went up the Bataan coast line towards Manila to investigate a ship inside of the range of the Jap field artillery? You were very surprised how a damn bearded Yeoman could be a Coxswain of a motor boat. I think I explained to you at the time how it all came about.

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As a Seaman, being assigned to the Destroyer Squadron Commander's gig we were out in some pretty rough weather. One interesting recollection was when we dropped the Commandant off at a British Cruiser gangway for a official call while that British Officer of the Day was trying to call us off from coming alongside because of the swells. This is where I picked up my experience of small boats in rough weather. Crossing the channel was not always glass slick. As you may recall, we made some rather choppy trips.

Now to the final day you left Bataan, Sisiman Cove, for Corregidor the last time. You assigned a Machinist Mate to the boat to keep the Chris-craft running and gave me a part of drum of 100 octane gas. Well, many many times, while I was Prisoner of War, for them three (3) years and four (4) months, I sure wished I could remember or interpret just what you told me before you left the cove for the last time. I don't think I realized at the time what was going on. I still think you meant for me to load up and take off down the coast line - hiding during the day time. It has crossed my mind numerous times what would have happened. By the way that Machinist Mate made one round choppy trip with me and left me. I never seen him since and don't even remember his name.

At this time during this period the Chris-craft was put in use to deliver mail at night to the subs that came into Corregidor area. I had to be at that last channel bouy and met them in the open sea. The little boat got the side and stern damaged while at the Corregidor docks during a bombing in which I just about got caught short. It was patched up at the boat house and leaked a little more. If you left it for any length of time you had to beach it. That dock was not a healthy place so afterwards when the air raid signal sounded went out in the bay. Heavy bombings started so back to the cove to sleep during the day time. At this time I was mixing that 100 octane gas with cans of gas from the motor pool, and as I can still remember had a lot of trouble with the engine carburetor. (The engine not running steady - always fooling with the carburetor jets - just knocking out when it was most needed.)

One night I met a sub as before and while alongside exchanging mail sacks, the waves were extra large and having trouble making the exchange, the engine running, taking on excess water, keeping the bulges pumped, soaked, the Submarine Commander wanted me to dump her (the little chris-craft) and come aboard. I still would like to know the name of that sub and who the captain was. I think if I would have to do it over again, I would have crawled aboard. That's water over the dam. I had a hell of a lot of trouble getting back to the docks. The motor pool mechanic cleaned the carburetor and gave me an extra battery and different gas.

The next day or two brought a different story. I was beaching the little boat during the daytime around the cove from where the Motor Torpedo boats usually tied up to take on water away from the big dock when the cove was dive-bombed and strafed. It was rendered unrepairable. I salvaged a few pictures and some Chinese money that did not completely burn. From here I went over the hill from the base to that tunnel in Bataan where some of the Navy personnel were staying. Now from this period on being another one of those unbelievable impossible experiences, I'll just give you a brief outline from my diary notebook.

I ended up in Bilibid Prison, Manila as a Prisoner of War with shrapnel cuts in the left arm and debris bruises where I was patched up a little (given some medical attention) and ended up in a Cabanatuan Prison Camp.

July 24 1942 Left Cabanatuan

25th and 26th July Back at Bilibid Prison. Ulcer sores and infections treated.

27 July Aboard Ship

1 Aug, 1942 Anchored Puerto Princessa, Palawan.

One thing that still keeps running through my thoughts from time to time, there was not a day passed that I did not observe the tide and the bancas for the current in that Puerto Princessa Bay, always keeping a coconut with the hull on for buoyancy at my sack, my quinine tablets in a can, my piece of parachute material, and a magnifying reading glass, my sole possessions,

Cabanatuan Prison Camp.

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While at this camp contact was made with a Mrs. Mendoza, whose husband was a doctor and attached to the Northern Palawan guerrilla activity, who furnished the camp with the only and few medical supplies that we received until 1944 a little Red Cross supplies were received. On the exchange I gave her a package to mail to me after the war in which she did. It contained the Chinese money and pictures I had left and Poems and short stories collected and written in the various camps. I have one album that was mailed from China in 1940. The poems titles are for example: Tunnelitis - Help is on the way - Scuttle Butts - Motors in the West - Forgotten men - Corregidor Mac - and many many others, but the percent are not appropriate for publication (the general public) because of the strong phrased attitude involving the situation the writers ended up in; so I have never parted with them. As an example, one verse from the "Corregidor Mac" poem -

"So get My Chris-craft ready I'm a bit unsteady
For I've had a lousy day on the line.
I want to get back to my underground shack
Brother Quezon is anxious to dine."

It was not until I read this poem that I realized half of the personnel on the Rock could and was observing the movements of the little Chris-craft in the bay not really knowing the whys and wherefores.

22 August 1944. Taken aboard ship and stayed anchored in the Puerto Princessa Bay.

7 September 1944 Underway

17 September 1944 arrived at Manila and worked on pier 4 or 5 loading and unloading ships.

21 September 1944 Yanks dived bombed the piers and the anti-aircraft on dewey. At this time we were in a compound ahead of the docks.

3 October 1944 Taken aboard ship called Horro Mura, a freighter. Many died of heat exhaustion and dysentery. At sea the convoy was under attack many times by I presume subs, so I promoted myself to undertaker, tossing the ones who died over the side, and gave myself an advantage of being nearer the hatch opening of the forward hole.

11 October 1944 Anchored Hongkong.

13 October 1944 Ship strafed by (? Dutch ?) planes.

The deceased were being sent ashore for burial and I was on topside one (1) time with a body. One glance of the harbor told me it was Hongkong because I had been here in 1939 and 1940. I had roamed the streets while on liberty and had been through some of the underground tunnel network below the main street levels from building to building aided by the You-Want-She girls to avoid the arrest of our Navy Patrol for being in the restricted areas. My thoughts turned towards making it ashore, because maybe the girls would take of me or my second choice to the old gun emplacements on top of the hill, but I never got the chance again to get to topside. Just a few died out of the forward hole during this period. This is where I really prayed for this ship to hit the bottom. With my Christian Religion intermixed with Palmistry, Mental Telepathy, Spiritualism, and Psychology (I guess every old China Sailors typical attitude) are the best reason my prayers were just not answered.

21 October 1944 Underway

24 October 1944 Arrived Formosa a Southern port in Taiwan.

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21 October 1944 Underway

24 October 1944 Arrived Formosa a Southern port in Taiwan.

8 November 1944 Disembarked.

9 November 1944 In school building in Toroku, Taiwan.

This was the best camp I was ever in. The Commanding Officer in charge of the camp was an english speaking Korean Captain who told us that it was impossible to escape in this area because in the hills there was nothing to live on. He posted guards only at the main gate. I ask him for toilet paper because of our many dysentery cases. A near by area was being bombed and he ran to me and said in a laughing manner, "They are not dropping Xmas toilet paper. If it were not for this rest, not required to work, and quality of food, this would have been where it would have all ended for the remaining personnel including myself. I forgot to write down the Captains name in my book. I suppose I thought it would always be remembered.

Jan 1, 2,3,4,9,14,15,16 Air raids The area bombed.

January 19, 1945 Left school house North by land in trucks.

20 January 1945 Aboard ship alongside of docks.

21 and 22 January 1945 Dock area bombed.

24 January 1945 Underway

2 February 1945 Anchored in Southern Japanese port. Note book says (Orushuma ??) but have never been able to locate the name or place on the map.

6, 7, and 8th February Underway during daytime and anchored every night.

9 February Underway.

10 February 1945 Anchored at a place called (Mojie ??)

11 February 1945 In a compound all day At night on a ferry. on a train and also all day the 12th.

13 February 1945 eight (8) men including myself taken off train and ended up at a factory named Susuki Aji-a-moto located in the dice area either in Tokyo oredge of Kawasaki. The 2 sailors, 1 marine, and 5 soldiers job was loading and pushing coal cars into a boiler room. One (1) Army died at this factory. This area showed signs of having been lightly bombed.

4 April 1945 One section of the factory was hit and burned.

15 April 1945 During the night raid demolition bombs ventilated our building used as sleeping quarters. Fire bombs lit in another area near by. Fire and demolition bombs were frequent at this time - on the continuous bases. Our required work was at a stand still. Everytime the air raid signal sounded the civilians and guards would go to their own air raid shelters and not be back till the all clear. We shifted for ourselves using an old smoke stack base which had previously been blown down - when needed. We enjoyed the bombings. They increased our spirits, gave us the opportunity to hi-jack more food and accumulate supplies, and gave us the opportunity to talk and trade with the Korean workers. We being Americans, some were afraid of us. At this period in the game we were a rather desperado hardened type person. We had lived on phrases, like "Know thyself" "Where there is a will, there is a way" "you are what you make yourself believe you are" "Nothing is impossible if you have the will power" And many more too numerous to mention, to ever toss in the hat. One thing that was more depressing than anything was to witness the B-29's go down smoking.

During some of the raids, fighters seemed to play tag around the standing smoke stacks. It was on one of these occasions we were caught out in an open street. The guards were marching us to our working area when a lone fighter suprised us from behind. One touch of the triggers and that would have been all she wrote. A person would not have had to reach too high to touch the wing. This deal was discussed lengthy - respecting the fighter because no warning of their presence over the bomber. Photo Joe, the loud speakers in every block, anti-aircraft, and the array of silver bombs keep us informed of the where and when. The fighter now in the phase slowed us down considerable on our progress through the various storage buildings. Not every man assisted - some said they were to

of the where and when. The fighter now in the phase slowed us down considerable on our progress through the various storage buildings. Not every man assisted - some said they were to sick. While setting here at the typewriter it is realized that we were bound to have got caught sooner or later and it turned out the way it did. We, being mighty unhappy, were moved from this factory; because we were looking for arms and ammunition - even trying to deal our Korean pusher or peddler for them. We had food, clothing, and cigarettes stashed in various locations - even distant from the factory area.

1 July 1945 We were taken to Kawasaki #1, 23D camp, a all British camp, where all that was standing in the area was a few barracks and houses (shacks) nearby; otherwise flat as far as you could see. We knew, with this camp standing out like a sore thumb, our intelligence had it marked as a P.O.W. camp or it would have already been leveled. We never had or went to air raid shelters before (concussion experiences) and we were not just about going to start crawling in a trench type - dirt covered hole. The dirty British could have all of them they wanted. Do to our refusal, the Jap Commander told us he could not take cover because of "loosing face". He stayed with us during every air raid signal. He was amazed of how well we understood and could speak the Japanese language, and our abundant supply of Japanese cigarettes. Cigarettes was the medium of exchange throughout the entire war - even on Bataan.

16 August 1945 One (1) lone low flying B-29 over.

Bombing ceased, but still Photo Joe over everyday as usual.

25 August 1945 at 12:30 our fighters went over building and dropped cartons of cigarettes and notes attached.

"Sorry so little and so late."

"See you in the States in a month."

"Good luck boys it won't be long now."

Signed "VF 83 fighting
Squadron
U.S.S. ESSEX"

26 August 1945 Dropped more cigarettes and ships papers and magazines until it started to rain.

27 August 1945 No planes over barracks.

28 August 1945 VF 83 squadron again.

at 13:30 B-29 dropped parachute with barrel of K rations.

29 August 1945 During the morning hours the guards had left. We wasted no time in heading for the docks. It was not the way we had agreed to handle the situation in an emergency or the invasion. It blew the carefully worked out plans. Our presence on the docks must have caused a little confusion because we sent semaphore to "send boat" to the ever continuous increasing number of fighter squadrons over head. Soon a large motor launch came in view and kept circling. It did not look americanized. The helmets - dress - and even the boat type was different than ever before witnessed. I suppose our expectation was to see Our Navy dressed in white or blue as if going ashore on liberty. She came alongside and we were taken to the U.S.S. LANSDOWN. Immediately underway to the U.S.S. Hospital Ship BENEVALENCE. Up the gangway it has been said meeting us with hand shakes was Admiral Nimitz or Halsey or both. The Braid was thick. I know that one of them had big tears rolling down his cheeks as he shook my hand. Nurses all over the place - rushed below decks - given a bath - medical attention - shoes and clothing. Next aboard the U.S.S. OZARKS - A APO U.S.S. BARR - ashore to a waiting C-54 taking off at 0900 6 September 1945. Arriving at Oakland Naval Hospital 10th September 1945.

I've never bothered to relate any experiences before because I have always thought people would not believe me anyway. I may have went in too much detail as I typed the dates. I had not intended on adding them little naratives, because they don't mean nothing to you, only about the little Chris-craft and ended up in a long letter. You can always deep six it.

I got a silly idea in back of my mind for to revisit North China with my wife. I think it is because of losing all my China friends - maybe (Palawan and Bataan)

I got a silly idea in back of my mind for to revisit North China with my wife. I think it is because of losing all my China souvenirs. No desire to go to Japan - maybe (Palawan and Bataan) the Philippines.

This years health problem consists of recuperation from two (2) operations.

May 6, 1971 Removal of cerebellar pontine angler tumor - Acoustic neuroma Results: Right facial nerve paralysis and a few other cranial nerves effected, which time will somewhat correct except for hearing.

May 25, 1971 Lateral Tarsorrhaphy of right eye.

November 5, 1971 Left kidney operation.

One of the doctors that performed the repairing of the nerves was apologizing for the bad luck he had on the facial nerve when I told him I had been in worse positions and predicaments than that and came out of it. The nerve has just recently started to grow.

We, my wife and I, have set up a tentative schedule: To attend the American Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor Inc. convention May 4 to 7th 1972.

May 2 to 8th 1972 Newport, R.I. convention

May 9 to 11, 1972 New York, city.

May 12 to 17th 1972 Washington D.C. Area.

at: Mr. Harvey B. Wilson Retired Chief Yeoman
4818 delware Street,
College Park, Maryland. 20740

During this period I have had hopes of a little chat and answering any questions you may have.

14 February 1948 I was discharged as Chief Yeoman termination of my temporary appointment of Lieutenant Junior Grade.

Respectfully,

Hubert Dwight Hough.

Enclosed:

One (1) Japanese one Centavo.
(Philippine occupational money)