

21 October 1976
Hubert Dwight Hough
R.R. 4 - 1611 9th Ave. East,
Oskaloosa, Iowa 52577
Japanese Ex-Prisoner of War
Palawan, Bilibid, Hongkong, Taiwan,
and Tokyo.

To: Major Juan D. Vallejias, PA,
Assistant Adjutant General
Republic of the Philippines
Department of National Defense,
General Headquarters, Armed Forces of
the Philippines,
Camp General Emilio Aguinaldo,
Quezon City, Philippines

Reference: Your ltr dtd 10 June 1976
AGWB with enclosed set of the
Philippine Defense Medals.

In accordance with your request to the reference letter; it is with great pleasure I acknowledge receipt for the Philippine Defense Medal Set from the Republic of the Philippines, awarded for services in the and for the defense of the Philippines from December 7, 1941 to June 15, 1942.

I served in the Philippines in the thirties in the Navy and at the American Consulate in Chefoo, China and ordered back to Manila September 1940 to Admiral Hart's staff located in the Marsman Building, Port Area until Manila was declared an open city. Myself, Comdr McDill, two (2) Navy radiomen and the office motor-cycle messenger were the last to evacuate waiting for the PBY's to arrive and move our radio equipment to Borneo and one of the planes was shot down coming in to Manila Bay. That left two of us (Myself and the Messenger) With the Japs already in and had occupied the Manila Hotel we worked our way on the water front down Dewey Blvd. to my Apartment which was two (2) blocks off Dewey near the Yacht Club landing. I picked up a mosquito Bar and bed roll and a few personal belongings and left the rest. We left the burning city of Manila taking a small cabin cruiser (pleasure boat from the Yacht Club and a Chris Craft Motor Speed boat in tow. It was later learned that it was the Manila Newspapers press boat. I reported into Milinta tunnel on Corregidor and was sent to Bataan, Sisinan Bay to the Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron. I used the speed boat to go back and forth from Bataan to Corregidor for orders about the MTB squadron until Gen. MacArthur and President Quezon and family took the Motor Torpedo Boats and went South.

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 buoy 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. Many Many times I have ask the name of the Filipino, a civilian employee, who was in charge of the Boat House on Corregidor. He helped me out always. I've often thought of him because we used to joke each other about Medal of Honors in which he used to say I should get. I told him the only medal of honor we would get is our name would be written on the side of one of the bombs. So every time I saw him I'd say "Your name is not on one of them bombs yet - They probably can't spell it." I just can not remember his name.

That dock was not a healthy place so afterwards when the air raid signal sounded went out in the bay. Heavier bombings started so back to Sisiman Cove to sleep during the day time. The Torpedo Boat Commander left me some 100 octane gas which had a wax film on it or in it. At this time I was mixing that gas and the gas from the motor pool and was having 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 and swells were extra large and having trouble making the exchange, keeping 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 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. Again the man that was in charge of the Boat House and a motor pool mechanic came to the rescue and 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 fresh water when the cove was dive-bombed and strafed again. This time it was hit and rendered unrepairable. I salvaged a few pictures and some Chinese money that were keepsakes that did not completely burn. This ordeal left me on Bataan. Then we were surrendered. With unbelievable impossible experiences ended up in a Palawan Prison of War Camp with malnutrition, tropical ulcers, (sores and infections that just would not heal) Shrapnel cuts and debris bruises. Was kept in Puerto Princesa until 17 September 1944 when the camp was divided in half. Back to Manila and on Sept 21st loading stores on a Japanese freighter witnessed and was in the dive bomber attack on the anti-aircraft on Dewey and the port area. We were taken aboard ship for 30 some days and ended up in Hongkong and then on to Taiwan (Joroku, Formosa Camp) 24 October 1944 to 24 January 1945 when again we were getting bombed. Aboard a freighter again to Southern Japan and eight (8) of us were taken to Tokyo to work in a factory until it was bombed out. On 1 July 1945 the remaining six (6) were moved to a all British Camp of P.O.W. in Kawasaki area and from behind the barbed wire fence the area had already been bombed and was flat as far as you could see. I was brought back to the U.S. on a C-54 and arrived at Oakland Naval Hospital 10 September 1945. I was required to leave the Naval service February 1948 as a Lieutenant (jg) as a result of health problems.

The State of Iowa has 45 known survivors yet living that served on Corregidor and Bataan all of who were Japanese Prisoners of War. (Three were on Bataan) We are loosing two (2) to three (3) each year now. The general health of the survivors is not very good because as we grow older the effects of Malnutrition is catching up with again. I had Malnutrition the first day I was surrendered to the Japanese because of the food shortage on Bataan.

The above is more or less a outline of my service in the Philippines and not going into detail of the wonderful help that I received by the civilian Filipino while in the Prisoner of War Camps; therefore I have a real feeling and deep understanding for the Philippine Islands and its people.

It is with great pleasure and pride to have received the Defense Medal set from the Republic of the Philippines.

Sincerely,

Hubert D. Hough.