



From the Commander

The true record of what happened to civilian prisoners of the Japanese seems to be continually under assault from a new breed of fiction writers. The latest is the book by A.L. Finch called *Child P.O.W.—A Memoir of Survival*, being made into a movie, in which she claims to have gone to the Philippines with her mother as an 8-year old shortly before Pearl Harbor. Just a few of her adventures that she describes include being in the Bayview Hotel in early 1942 when the Japanese massacred half of the women and children; being imprisoned in sub-camps of O'Donnell and Cabanatuan where she had to stand in the front row as the Japanese decapitated prisoners; spent five months in a Japanese officers' brothel in Baguio; was sent to China to work in a tin mine; was shipped to Japan on a Hell Ship; and slaved at the Kobe docks hauling coal to the ships while surviving on only 50 to 100 grains of rice a day.

The details she gives cannot be substantiated, as described in the review by J. M. Houlahan on our web site www.bacepow.net/article1.htm. However, she claims that the military created a fictional life in the U.S. for her mother as an aircraft worker, and a school record for her, during the war. This probably is her true wartime experience and the rest is fiction.

Anything you can do to stop this piece of nonsense from being made into a movie would be helpful, including writing reviews of the book at Amazon, Borders, and Google Books. *Furthermore, can you confirm or deny that you or your family were required to sign legal documents denying your right to describe Japanese atrocities?* Please send your comments to Mike Houlahan at jaymhoulahan@gmail.com.

Angus Lorenzen

Going Home

Soon after the euphoria of liberation, the internees' thoughts turned to going home. Repatriation started almost immediately, with the sickest of the military POWs from Bilibid going first. Then on February 12, 1945, while the battle of Manila still raged, the Army nurses in Santo Tomas departed, followed by a large group of civilians on February 23. Those early repatriations occurred from a temporary airfield in North Manila and the people were flown to Leyte to board ships. Finally the Port of Manila was declared safe, and the first repatriation ship from there was the SS John Lykes, departing on April 2, 1945 with passengers from Santo Tomas. This is the story of that voyage as told by Angus Lorenzen.

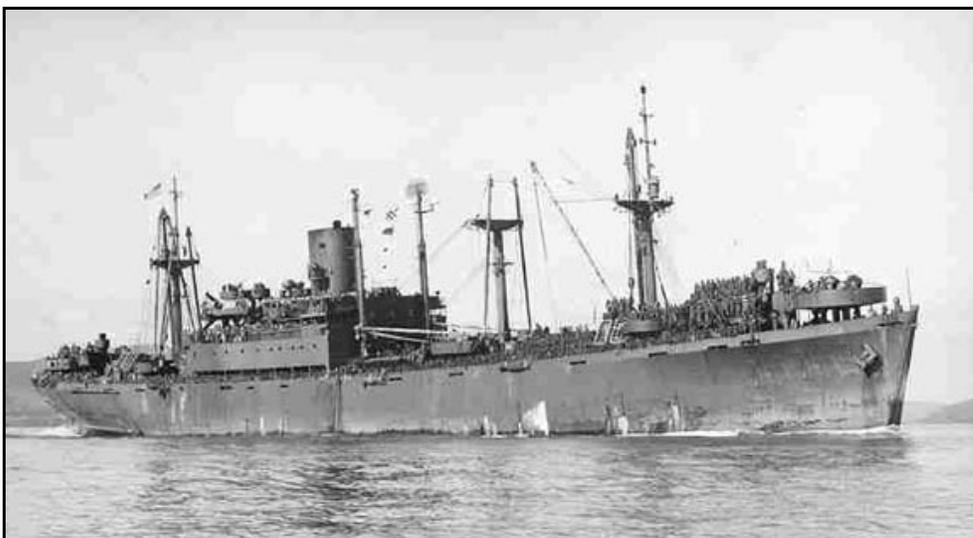
We finally received notice that we were on the next repatriation ship, and assembled with our battered suitcases in the plaza early on the morning of April 2. As our bus drove through the main gate, I looked back to see Santo Tomas for the last time for more than 50 years.

We turned towards the Pasig River, seeing the fruits of the Battle of Manila. The buildings were shell pocked and burned-out shells, and bridges were wreckage of twisted steel. We crossed on a pontoon bridge and passed what was left of the Intramuros, the once massive walls reduced to rubble and the inside a sea of devastation with only the shell of a cathedral showing above the rubble.

Turning away from the destruction, we drove onto a pier and saw a large gray ship. The S.S. John Lykes was leased to the Army as a troop transport. By today's standards, she was relatively small - 418-feet long and 5,028 gross tons, configured to carry 1,288 troops. She was similar to a Victory ship, except with a higher top speed, and armed with two 3-inch guns forward, a 4-inch gun aft, and several 20-millimeter guns.

I was assigned to one of the two forward holds with GIs and civilian men, while my mother and sister were in the aft hold with all of the women. On board were about 500 ex-prisoners from Santo Tomas and an equivalent number of GIs, not a full load; but still crowded.

We sailed in the late afternoon, twisting and turning along a narrow passage blasted between the hulks of sunken ships in Manila Bay. That evening, we passed Corregidor and joined a convoy being assembled for the voyage to America.



Continued from Page 1

Our convoy had about 50 ships neatly aligned in parallel columns, with a screen of destroyer escorts patrolling around the edges. The speed was abysmally slow, no more than 6 knots. Strangely, we were sailing south, rather than northeast, where America lay. Even though the Japanese fleet had largely been destroyed in the Battle of Leyte Gulf, many surface warships survived and submarines still harried Allied shipping in the western Pacific. Our course would take us through the Philippine Islands, across the equator to New Guinea, then across the Pacific to Hawaii and the West Coast.

On our first morning at sea, there was an abandon-ship drill. If the ship was damaged or sinking, we were to report to our assigned emergency stations wearing our kapok life jackets, and remain there until ordered to abandon ship. When that order came, we were to jump overboard, and life rafts stowed in various places on the ship would be released into the water, which we should board. The explanation seemed so straightforward and easy that there was no reason to worry. Nothing was said about floating or burning oil and the difficulties we might encounter if the ship was still under attack.

We soon developed a daily routine for the month at sea. Everyone staked out territory on deck, where we slept, braving the tropical showers to avoid the 5-high bunks and the stifling heat in the holds. We had three square meals a day served mess-hall style, the GIs sharing mess duty while we civilians freeloaded. But the most important event of the day was at noon when a news report was read over the ship's public address system. In Europe, Germany's defenses were collapsing under the Allied advances on Berlin.

We crossed the equator without the traditional ceremony, but did receive a certificate attesting to the fact that we'd met King Neptune's requirements and were now qualified members of the court. We received a similar certificate later when we crossed the International Date Line.

The ship docked and resupplied at New Hollandia, then started the long voyage across the trackless Pacific while the destroyer escorts tightened up the formation. All ships were directed to hold a live fire practice, and for an hour, every ship was firing all of its armament, and our Navy gun crews enthusiastically participate. The sound reverberating off the steel plates of the ship was deafening, far worse than artillery during the battle of Manila.

Half way to Hawaii our ship required more rations, and a supply ship came alongside about 100 feet from us. Lines were passed across the open water, and crates were swung across and quickly stored below. Unfortunately, one crate was mishandled and broke apart, spewing Hershey chocolate bars across the deck, which quickly and miraculously disappeared, leaving only grinning faces with smears of brown.

On April 14 we all gathered on our favorite perches for the noon report. Expecting to hear more good news about the advance on Berlin, the first bulletin was a complete shock. President Roosevelt had died the previous day in Warm Springs, Georgia. The newsreader paused, and there was a total silence, then someone sobbed, and all around me were these tough GIs with tears streaming down their faces. The people loved this jaunty president who had led the country out of the Great Depression and directed the armed forces as they smashed the German and Japanese war machinery.

A few days later, another tragedy struck. A small child

died, weakened by the poor nutrition in Santo Tomas. With no place to keep the remains, the child was given a burial at sea according to maritime tradition.

Our convoy broke up when we reached Hawaii, and we were on our own for the last leg. The days were now getting cooler and it was no longer comfortable to sleep out on the deck, while the temperature in the hold was more pleasant.

Sleeping soundly one night, I was jolted awake by the raucous sound of the alarm klaxon warning everyone to go to the abandon ship stations. The GIs in the bunks around me complained that it was just a nuisance drill, and decided that they'd skip it and go back to sleep. I figured they knew what they were doing, and skipped the drill also. The sound of running and shouts coming from above, followed by slamming and toggling of watertight doors, kept me awake until I finally got to sleep in the eerie quiet that followed.

Unconcerned that I'd skipped the drill, I sauntered onto the deck in the morning, only to discover that it was not a drill! During the night, the ship's watch had seen a submarine on the surface that did not respond to the recognition signal. The gun crews tracked the submarine, waiting either for the proper coded reply or for the order to fire and sink it. It was on a course that was the reverse of ours, and we were approaching bow-on. And then it quietly passed our port side and slowly slipped into the dark astern. The submarine was never explained, and we'll never know whether it was friend or foe.

In the predawn hours of May 2 everyone aboard ship assembled on the deck. In the dim light, we could see low hills in the distance. America at last! The ship slowed to a frustratingly imperceptible speed. After 31 days on the John Lykes, we were all impatient to get past the last 3 or 4 miles to our dock.

A band was on the dock playing patriotic favorites as we moored, and a crowd of people stood nearby waving and shouting. The GIs departed first, and then we boarded buses to take us to a reception center at the Elk's Club in Los Angeles.

When we entered the hall, friends and relatives rushed to meet loved ones, and hugs, kisses, and crying followed. But we didn't expect anyone, and only wanted to know what we were to do next. A tall soldier started walking over to us saying, "Elsie? Elsie is that you?" And then he rushed to my mother and hugged her, finally turning to hug my sister, then me. It was my brother, who I hadn't seen since he left for college in Shanghai before the war started. It was a testament to how much we had changed, especially my mother, that he had made that first tentative question when he first saw us. He too had changed, seeming taller, more mature, and very handsome in his Army uniform.

In the days that followed there was a rush to exchange stories, but it was several days before we learned of John's adventures with the Chinese guerillas and the Flying Tigers. He was now stationed in Washington D.C., and also told us that after being repatriated in 1943, my father was back in China serving with the OSS.

Right now, though, the first order of business was lunch. We drove to a nearby restaurant, where for the first time since entering Santo Tomas, we were able to choose from a menu. It was overwhelming, until I saw the word, "hamburger", and my choice was made as I remembered the loving detail with which the GIs described this delicacy. It was pure heaven, and we knew we were back in the heart of civilization.

Post War Idiosyncrasies

When the internees were repatriated, they were told to forget about what had happened to them and get on with their lives. But could they really forget? There would always be the residual memory of those times folded into their brains and occasionally something would trigger the synapses, resulting in what others considered bizarre behavior. Sascha Jansen has collected the stories of quirks that fellow prisoners will admit, and they are recorded here. If you also have flashbacks that cause others to look at you in an odd way, let Sascha know for future publications.

Sascha Jansen During and right after the war we were amazed to see so many GIs, soldiers, sailors and airmen, hoisting their duffle bags on their shoulders and hitch hiking. They were everywhere. We couldn't resist. We had to stop and give them a lift. It made us feel great. It made us feel that we could finally pay these boys back in some small way. We had a blue Buick convertible where we could get 5 guys in the back seat with my sister and brother on their laps, and me on my mother's lap in the front seat. We would rapid-fire questions to them of, "Where are you heading? Where did you see action? What theater were you fighting? Philippines? Really? Ardenes? Wow!" The banter and camaraderie was great and uplifting. Sometimes we would take them 20 or 40 miles out of our way .

Karen Kerns Lewis My parents and their Manila buddies of pre-war and camps would meet a few times a week and party like mad. They couldn't get enough! After three years of confinement, it was kick-up-your-heels time. Everyone seemed to be catching up with life. They got together with all their friends 'till the day they died. Talking about it to each other and laughing at the crazy and funny things was a healthy way to deal with all those memories. Bottling up those experiences was not their way of handling their post-war lives. Party On!

Orion von Stetten Every February 3rd I open a can of Spam, make some rice, cook spinach (as close to Talinum as I can find) and sit down and have a feast. I can eat all I want. The other thing I do goes back to when I always was allowed to lick my plate after eating. Since then, I always leave a small bit of something on my plate. Why? Because I can! Drives my wife crazy!

Mary Jane Bellis Laznibat After the war I was 6 yrs old. We lived in San Francisco and I remember my family going down to Market Street to watch General MacArthur and a lot of soldiers march in a parade. We saw lots of soldiers, which scared me so much I must have had flashbacks (they called it shellshock, I guess) because I got hysterical and started screaming. My family couldn't stop me. They wanted to wait for MacArthur to appear but because of my unstoppable behavior we all got back on the streetcar and went home – with me still screaming. If you are listening - Mary Jane is still screaming!

Catherine Hoskins Mother would order lots of food from the market and store it all – no bare cupboards. They had to be filled all the time. We also picked up GI hitchhikers. We were not concerned with acquiring material things after the war – because we had lost everything.

Ted Cadwallader I love Spam. At the start of the Korean War, my mother loaded up on lots of canned goods – it was hoarding. She remembers bringing into camp many

canned goods, which really lasted us a long time. After the war my dad started saving things like old screws and rusty nails, pieces of metal and cardboard. They were in bottles and in other containers all over the place. He wouldn't get rid of them. I still love Spam!

Cecily Mattocks Marshall My mother, Dorothy Mattocks, (Santo Tomas and Davao Camps) swore that she would never be caught short again. When we cleaned out the attic after her death we counted out one hundred and fifty five-pounds bags of sugar, hard as cement from the years in storage. If there had been a war these would have had to be used as weapons!

Frank Stagner When I would be weeding my yards, there was one weed species I never bothered - I let it grow. My neighbors and family couldn't understand why I always saved and protected this weed. I never explained to them that this obnoxious weed almost, but poorly, helped sate my hunger pangs during my starving years in camp. This weed is what some of we STIC POWS had referred to as PIG WEED.

Connie (Lelo) Ford I always have an abundant supply of toilet paper. (Never had any in camp when I needed it.) My cupboards are still well stocked, including Spam, Corned Beef, Vienna Sausage, etc. Can't pass up food. I love ice cream. I can't throw out anything. Blame everything on the Japs!

Notes Other things people did was to have big bins of rice which they kept filled to the brim. One woman had two bins – one she used on a daily basis, the other to save. More than one person loved hanging over their kitchen sink and slowly opening a can of corned beef. They would lick the fat around the can then proceed to eat the contents, all alone – the messier the better. When people attended a wedding reception, cocktail parties or buffets, they would collect about 6 pieces of hors d'ouvres or canapés, wrap them in a napkin and save them, "just in case they ran out" or "for an emergency".

We Knew You When

Catherine Cotterman Hoskins – 1921-2010 A great lady who was fiercely devoted to her family and her beloved Philippines, Catherine loved story telling of her amazing life, and was always interested in others. Her two flights on the Pan American Airways Clipper was one of the highlights of her journey into the unknown. This wonderful and gracious lady, a long time member of BACEPOW and the 49er Chapter of AXPOW, will be sadly missed.

Jack Kreutz – 1926-2010 Born in Yangzhou, China in 1926 to Missionary parents, Jack was only 2 yrs old when his family was forced to leave China from it's civil war. Hidden in a basket and transported to the Philippines in a U.S. warship, Jack did most of his growing up in his new adopted country. His war years were in Santo Tomas until his freedom in 1945. Jack was a long time proud member of BACEPOW.

Robert A. "Bob" Young – 1916-2010 A long time loyal member of the 49er Chapter of AXPOW organization, Bob passed away at age 94 on April 19th. Born in Manila, Bob was interned during WWII in Santo Tomas and Los Baños camps in the Philippines. Bob comes from the Sacramento area.

Lisbeth McRea Kephart King – 1926-2010 "Sister – Prisoner – Bon Vivant – Wife – Mother - Passionate Enthusiast – Beautiful Friend." Her family sent this passage.

Please send us names of those friends who have passed. We depend on your eyes and ears. Thanks so much for sharing.

THE BAGUIO TO BILIBID REUNION

April 16-18 2010

This year's Baguio/Bilibid reunion was planned by Renee, John and Amy Ream. We gathered at the Marriott Hotel in Fremont, California. Our internment camp had 500 in a more intimate atmosphere who have remained in contact throughout the 65 years since our liberation. Only the younger internees remain and we are in the mid 60s to the 80s.

The Friday program started with a forum moderated by Brad Bauer, Associate Archivist, of the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. Internees and a few who were in hiding sat grouped at tables in the front and the audience sat in the rear tables. Mr. Bauer directed the discussion towards specific areas of remembrances. The discussion was lively and everyone had a chance to relate their version. While this forum was in progress, an associate of Mr. Bauer, Jenny Fichman, conducted two oral interviews, of persons who had never been interviewed, for inclusion in the Institution's archives. A few comments were allowed from the spectator group. One of those was from Mika Marumoto Tong, daughter-in-law of internee Curtis Tong. Mika had recently talked to the son of one of the Camp Holmes Commandants, Tomibe. She related that Tomibe and his family had always harbored a deep gratitude that members of the camp had testified in his behalf during the War Crimes Trials, possibly saving his life.

At the conclusion of the forum a reception was held—the food and drinks easing memories of the three years of incarceration.

The only formal event on Saturday was the banquet luncheon. No speeches were given, but Lynne and Bill Moule were excellent as they read different persons' impression of our liberation. The impressions covered the period from the entrance

of the 1st Cavalry and 37th Infantry Divisions into Manila to the first soldier seen in our camp. The lights were dimmed for the reading; everyone was riveted on the Moules. There were some moist eyes in the crowd.

The Singing Blue Stars followed the Moules and a few knew every word of every song.

Following the Blue Stars a raffle was held. Prizes included: maps of the three camps drawn by Dick Patterson in 1945, some out-of-print books, and some new books donated by their authors.

There was ample free time for clusters of long time friends to talk about old times. Feedback indicates that the reunion was a great success.



A Letter to Deanna Durbin

This is a heart-warming exchange of letters initiated by Margaret Sams, with a reply from Deanna Durbin.

December 2, 1997

Mrs. Deanna Durbin David

B.P. 3315,75123

Paris Cedex, France

Dear Mrs. David:

I am an old lady (a great grandmother) and for a long time I have wanted to tell you a story that involves you. This is a WW II story. In 1936 I was twenty years old, and I longed to see the world. I had an opportunity to move to the Philippine Islands and I took it. As you know, Pearl Harbor was bombed December 7, 1941 and perhaps you also know that Cavite, a Naval Base in the Philippines, was bombed December 10, 1941. In less than a month, my young son and I were inside a fenced area in Manila, which the Japanese euphemistically called an Internment Camp. (It was actually Santa Tomas University and its campus.) There were no facilities to take care of the hundreds of men, women and children. NOTHING to take care of us, from food to bathrooms! My husband had gone to join the armed forces and I never saw him again. The Japanese tried in every way they could think of to intimidate, to demoralize and demean us although they did allow us to have a memorial ser-

vice for you.

You can find the following quote in my book *Forbidden Family* on page 123. "There are many ways of intimidating a people. Some are more subtle than others. One ingenious way of intimidating a conquered people is to make them think that their homeland is no longer what it once was... an outstanding example of this everyone who was there will remember. One morning, during the first hectic weeks of internment, we all read with great sorrow that Deanna Durbin had died a horrible death when she was giving birth to a child. When the war started I believe Miss Durbin was at the height of her career, and everyone loved her singing. We all felt as if someone near and dear to us had died and the whole camp mourned her death. We felt so keenly about it, in fact, that we had a memorial service for her in the Father's Garden. We all felt as if we'd had a body blow."

Almost everything that one can think of was forbidden. Knives, scissors, money, radios were all taken away from us. Men and women were forbidden to hold hands and new babies were strictly forbidden. Cameras and flashlights and weapons of any kind were a "NO, NO!"

In May of 1943 eight hundred "able bodied men" were taken to, Los Baños to build a new camp, because Santo Tomas was becoming too crowded. September 1942 I had met one of the able bodied men - named Jerry Sams. He was 31 years old

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and he was beautiful" -- there are no other words for it.

To make a long story short, we had decided to marry each other - IF we ever got out of our jail. One of his outstanding characteristics was that he dared to do anything and everything that our captors forbade us to do. I loved him for it! Almost a year later (in April 1944), a few hundred people from Santo Tomas were sent to Los Baños. My two children and I were with them. I am sure that Jerry was the most daring man in that camp. Not only did he take pictures until his film ran out, he "made from scratch" a radio that could receive news from KGEI in San Francisco - with one tube.

Christmas Eve 1944, Jerry (NOW my dear husband for 52 years) was just starting to listen to the news, when all at once he jerked his headphones off and hissed at me, "Come here!" He put his ear phones on me and the following is what I heard (from the Forbidden Family, page 240): "I was absolutely electrified to hear a woman's voice saying, 'Good evening ladies and gentlemen, this is Deanna Durbin speaking to you. I am dedicating this evening's music to the women of the Philippine Islands.' And then she (you) began to sing, I still cry when I think of that night and what that music did to me. It isn't that I've ever seen her in my life. I don't know her ... but we had thought her dead for almost three years. Suddenly, to hear her talking to the 'women of the Philippines' - to ME. - I could hardly keep from shouting it from the rooftops, and I dared not tell a soul. At that particular moment I don't believe I'd have cared a fig if the whole Japanese army had walked in and caught us listening." We have loved your singing forever, it seems, and we still listen to your tapes and remember and remember...

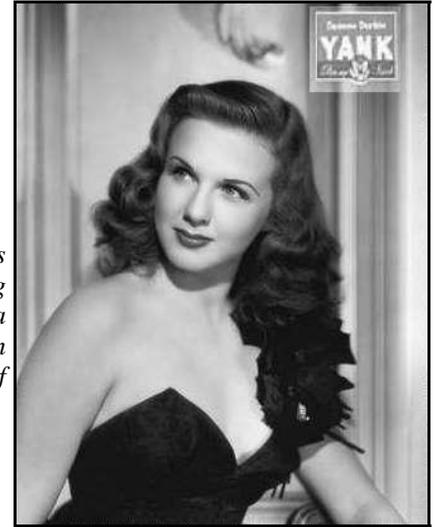
We were liberated by the 11th Airborne February 23, 1945 - without doubt the greatest day of our lives. We still celebrate every February 23rd - nowadays with the 11th Airborne in Los Baños, California. A couple of nights ago we were visiting our daughter (Gerry Ann, born in Santo Tomas) and her son-in-law was playing with her computer, looking at the WEB SITE. All at once he said, "Hey, Gramma, here's your book." And, sure enough, there was a picture of the new paperback Forbidden Family - and I have not seen the book myself! And then he said, "Tell me what you'd like me to look up." And almost instantly, there you were, WITH AN ADDRESS!

For years I have wondered how I might tell you these stories, for you should have them. Now I have finally told you,

and last year we finally went to Easter Island (which I have wanted to see for 30 years) so my MUST SEE AND DO list is almost finished.

I hope you will enjoy reading this as much as I have wanted to write to you. One more thing. My dear Jerry came in, saw what I was doing and he is now playing one of your tapes as I write. (Internment brought me only two things - my second husband who is the light of my life, and our first daughter - who has always been our pride and joy.)

I am, Most Sincerely,
Margaret Sams



In return, Mrs. Sams received the following letter from Mrs. Deanna Durbin David, shown here on a 1945 cover of Yank magazine.

Mr. & Mrs. G.R. Sams
P.O. Box 156
Chicago Park, CA 95712

December 21, 1997

Dear Margaret,

Your letter told me so beautifully of your feelings ... now, I shall try and tell you mine. To start with, there were tears. Then a sort of overwhelmed happiness that you managed to contact me and that after all these many years I am able to keep and cherish your letter with it's fabulous happy ending! Could you, would you send me a copy of *Forbidden Family*? It was written by someone whom I consider a very dear friend.

Always,
Deanna

Mark Your Calendar for these Great BACEPOW Conferences

Contact: Sasha Jansen—mabuhayma@aol.com, (530) 795-0411 or see <http://bacepow.net/events.htm>

October Fest Luncheon

When: Saturday – October 9, 2010 - Sign In and Social Hour 11:30 – 12:30 – Buffet Lunch 12:30 – Program to Follow.

Where: Alameda Elks Lodge – 2255 Santa Clara Avenue – Alameda, CA 94501 (510) 522-1015

Lunch: Buffet lunch with complimentary Draft Beer.

Speaker: Matthias Mendezona, author of *How Sweet the Mango, No?* will provide an historical perspective of living in Zamboanga del Norte, Mindanao, from pre-war to the '90s.

Price: BACEPOW members \$26, Visitors \$28

Annual Meeting & Liberation Celebration

When: Saturday, February 26, 2011

Where: Embassy Suites Sacramento – Old Sacramento - 100 Capitol Mall. Sacramento, CA 95814

Sit down lunch: Filipino Cuisine

Program: The program will start with get-togethers of affinity groups before lunch, after lunch speaker to be announced. Followed by a visit to a local war museum. People who have written books are encouraged to bring them for discussion and sale. Watch for details in the January newsletter.

Word of Mouth

The author of the book reviewed for this issue was our Guest Speaker at the May luncheon. Nancy Guittard summarizes the speech and the book.

Encounters: A Lifetime Spent Crossing Cultural Frontiers

Nancy Keeney Forster
Wind Shadow Press, 2009

The guest speaker for the May luncheon was Nancy Keeney Forster, internationalist and author. Nancy spoke about her new book released in December, 2009, *Encounters: A Lifetime Spent Crossing Cultural Frontiers*. In 2007, a year after her husband's death, Nancy began sorting through papers that her husband had kept in a Japanese tea chest. Thus began her journey of writing *Encounters*.

Her book is the compelling story of her husband Cliff Forster who was a U.S. Foreign Service officer in Asia and the Middle East and their life together crossing and re-crossing frontiers, determined to use dialogue, not conflict, to solve differences between people and nations. Born in Manila in 1924 Cliff was the son of expatriate parents. His father Charles was the manager of the American Red Cross in the Philippines. At age 17 Cliff became a prisoner of the Japanese and was interned at Santo Tomas and later Los Baños. She reflected that Cliff often thought if he ever got out he would try to do something to solve differences between people and nations. Cliff was repatriated in September 1943 along with his family on the Swedish ship the Gripsholm.

Nancy talked about Cliff's unique experience at the Bayview Hotel prior to going to Santo Tomas. He was 16 years old and was assigned elevator duty in the hotel, where many American civilians had been advised to go in December 1941. When a Japanese major and his soldiers arrived at the hotel for their official visit and to meet the American representatives, they carried fixed bayonets and Cliff heard the major say that after Japan's victory, they (the civilians,) would be free again. The soldiers got into the elevator with Cliff so he could take them to the 5th floor. Cliff fumbled nervously with the elevator controls and almost made it to the 5th floor when the elevator

abruptly stopped about 1 foot from the elevator opening. The soldiers swore and climbed up the extra foot to get out, while Cliff breathed a sigh of relief.

On January 5th the civilians were transported to Santo Tomas. In Cliff's writings he had noted that as they went through the gates of Santo Tomas he reflected on the Manila he had known in his childhood... which was now gone.

Nancy and Cliff met at Stanford University in California. His first foreign service post was back in the Philippines on Mindanao. After their post ended, Cliff and Nancy requested to be posted somewhere in the Mediterranean region and instead were assigned to Matsuyama, Japan, an old castle town across the sea from Hiroshima. Living in Matsuyama was at first a challenge as post-war accommodations were scarce.

After Japan, there were other posts, one was in Israel where Cliff headed up public affairs and media relations in Tel Aviv. Nancy told a lively story about their pet dog which they had brought with them from Washington D.C. and how the dog's mischievous incidents helped build relations with officials in their neighborhood. In Cliff's later career they were posted to Washington D.C. where Cliff held the position of Director of Far East Asia.

Cliff's unique blend of being an expatriate child in the Philippines, internment by the Japanese, and a career in foreign policy – helped him to make a long term investment in international human relations. His 15 years all-together spent in Japan helped foster better relations with Japanese counterparts who later held senior positions. His childhood background and experiences in the Philippines led him to a life for foreign service, determined to always use dialogue, not conflict to solve differences between people and nations.

COME BACK TO THE PHILIPPINES

Dates: January 29, 2011 to February 10. Bring your family and visit with old friends – Manila City Tour - Corregidor - Tagaytay - Santo Tomas - Los Baños and Baguio (if there is interest) - Camp O'Donnell - Dinner at Intramurus - Drinks at the Manila Hotel - Shop and Shop - and much more.

Contact: Sascha Jansen –Tour Director - Mabuhayma@aol.com - (530) 795-0411

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