



## From the Commander

Over the past several months, we've been transitioning to our new name, Civilian ex-Prisoners of War, CPOW, a more geographically inclusive name for our organization and membership. We will be using this name for everything going forward, including this newsletter and our new website.

Speaking of CPOW's website, big thanks go to Cliff Mills and Anna Brooks (Curtis and Dorothy Brooks' granddaughter) for our new site; the link to visit it is [CPOW.org](http://CPOW.org). Anna created and designed the site, with support and hosting by Cliff. Please let us know if you have any suggestions, it is still in development and we welcome your ideas. Our newsletters are on our site and can also still be found on Cliff's Philippine Internment website ([PhilippineInternment.com](http://PhilippineInternment.com)). We will maintain a connection between the two sites, with ours focused on CPOW itself and Cliff's maintaining its depth of research, sources and history of civilians interned by Japan in the Philippines during WWII.

Another important update is that we've welcomed two new members to CPOW's Board. Ted Cadwallader joined our Board in February. Ted was in Santo Tomas (1942-45) as a young boy with his family. Among many of his accomplishments, Ted is on the National Board of Directors of American Ex-Prisoners of War (AXPOW) and serves as a liaison between CPOW and AXPOW. Ted was instrumental in facilitating the update to our Charter from AXPOW.

Cindie Leonard, who is well known to our group as an ever-upbeat organizer of reunions and administrator of our Facebook page, joined the Board in May. Cindie will be assuming the role of membership chair, which has been ably handled by Ric Laurence for many years. For those who don't know, Cindie's mother, Lucy, her uncle Angus (yes, our Angus!) and her grandmother, Elsie Lorenzen, were all in Santo Tomas (1942-45).

Finally, I'd like to thank everyone who responded to our Facebook post and sent birthday cards to help Sergeant First Class (Ret.), U.S. Army George M. Fisher celebrate his 100<sup>th</sup> birthday on June 21. George was one of the liberators; he came into Santo Tomas in the second tank, the Georgia Peach, on February 3, 1945. George was very happy to receive approximately 300 cards at his assisted living (photo, right). Sadly, George passed away on July 11, and his obituary is included in this newsletter. For more about liberation and George, see the article by Lindsay Nielson, "The Georgia Peach", in the January 2018 edition of Beyond the Wire: <http://cpow.org/bacepow/beyondthewire/Beyond-the-Wire-V11-01-2018-January.pdf>.

Wishing you all health and good cheer in these extraordinary times.

Sally Meadows

## George Fisher

George is well-remembered and loved by those who were rescued from Santo Tomas Internment Camp on February 3, 1945 when his tank, Georgia Peach of the 44<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion, a part of the 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry Flying Column, entered the prison camp gate and took up position opposing the Japanese guards holding hostages in the Education Building. When his unit was relieved from duty at the camp, it continued in action fighting a fanatical Japanese force during the Battle of Manila. Seventy-five years later, he reached the age of 100 and was celebrated with cards and remembrances from all over the nation and especially from the ex-prisoners who he was instrumental in rescuing. We mourn George who died on July 11, 2020.

George enlisted in the Army on May 1, 1941 and served 21 years. He received numerous awards, decorations, and citations including the Purple Heart. After retiring from the Army, he worked 15 years in civil service at Fort Detrick and Flair Armory, Frederick MD.

He and his family moved to Walkersville MD in 1967, where he was a productive member of the community as a member of the Walkersville Volunteer Fire and Rescue, Walkersville United Methodist Church, Woodsboro American Legion, Lions Club, and past president of the 44<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion Association. He kept contact with those he helped rescue during WWII and was an honored member of the Bay Area Civilian Ex-POWs. It is with great regret that we have lost such a faithful friend and loyal American.



# Former Commander

By Angus Lorenzen

This winter, I resigned as Commander of BACEPOW, now called CPOW, after 14 years because of two reasons – first, I perceived that there was an excellent candidate on the Board of Directors, Sally Meadows, to replace me, and second because of my experience in corporate life that changing leadership regularly usually leads to a more dynamic organization. I was already seeing the need for new leadership as people were making recommendations that would lead to beneficial changes to our organization and procedures. In just the few months of Sally's leadership, it is already apparent that the trajectory of our organization is positive, and we will be doing new things and better serving our membership.

I came to BACEPOW by accident. At Christmas of 2004 we received a card from my brother-in-law, who had served in the 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry, and he included a clipping from *The Saber*, the newsletter of the cavalry. It was a notice of a tour to the Philippines to celebrate the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of liberation, requesting people to sign up before the end of August. Well August was long past, but after Christmas, I called the contact, Sascha Jansen, expecting a turndown just 5 weeks before tour departure. Sascha asked if I had been in Santo Tomas, and when I confirmed that I had, she enthusiastically welcomed me assuring that there would be a place for me. The tour was fantastic, and my wife and I thoroughly enjoyed it and made many new friends.

Most of the people on the tour had been children in the internment camps, and we heard many new stories. Returning home, I determined to write a book about the internment experience from a child's perspective, which is quite different from an adult's, and so was born *A Lovely Little War*, which was quickly accepted by a publisher. I was feeling remarkably high about that acceptance when Sascha telephoned and asked me to become Commander of BACEPOW, catching me at the right moment to accept. In truth, Sascha should have been the Commander, but she preferred her role as Senior Deputy Commander where she could use her talents in dealing with people while leaving the administrative stuff to me. I often felt that Sascha was a puppet master, and I only had to respond to the way she pulled the strings.

Sascha and I were a good team and BACEPOW prospered and grew. Our reunions became more frequent and more varied, drawing in many additional people. We went to the MacArthur Memorial for a reunion and were generously hosted by Jim Zobel. Then we went to the National WWII Museum in New Orleans and spent a day wandering through the two pavilions and many other displays gawking at what we had missed in our isolation in the Japanese camps.

We came back for several reunions at the Embassy Suites in Sacramento with the most recent our Diamond Jubilee of liberation this February, which to my way of thinking was the best reunion ever – and for good reason in celebrating freedom! And when we launched our newsletter *Beyond the Wire* 14 years ago, we never dreamed how popular it would become and the spinoff book became *We Were There Too Uncle*, launched 2 years ago and still available for purchase from Philippine Expressions Bookshop, [info@philippinebookshop.com](mailto:info@philippinebookshop.com).

There were so many people who have contributed to the success of our organizations that I can't mention them all – the people who labored to make our reunions a success and those who submitted articles for our newsletter. I'll name a few just to demonstrate the wealth of talent we have, and those who are not mentioned know who you are and deserve kudos also.

Sascha Jansen of course leads the parade, and I call her the lifeblood of our organization for her ideas and her knowledge of people and events. Her memories of Santo Tomas are prodigious. We really miss her.

Ted Cadwallader always stepped to the fore in helping to organize reunions and keep us connected with our parent organization, American Ex-Prisoners of War.

John Montessa and his wife Joan served on our Board of Directors, but John's greatest contribution was to keep the tales of Los Baños true and challenging, just as Sascha did for Santo Tomas and John Ream did for Baguio.

Jim Zobel, archivist at the MacArthur Memorial, and now director of that institution, participated in most of our reunions as a dynamic and interesting speaker, and many asked if he was attending before signing up.

John Ream was our connection to the Baguio camps and brought to us many interesting and different stories about those uniquely different experiences.

Sally asked that I tell a funny story. Hmm, well how about the time when I was presiding over a reunion meeting and offered the audience a sample of lugao. No one took me up on that, and it was a joke that fell flat. After thinking about it for a long time, I realized why. The lugao I offered was simply glutinous rice and water, and I'd failed to include the prime ingredients – weevils, cockroaches, and other vermin.

The 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of liberation reunion this year was a good time to turn over the leadership to Sally. I have learned a great deal from the many people who have contributed to our organization and feel that I am the true beneficiary of my association. Your stories have made us richer and your descendants have brought new vigor to our organization. I thank you all for allowing me to serve for so many rich years, and at Sally's suggestion will continue as editor, and hope to hear from many more of you.

## Call for Stories

Do you have a story, photo, or other content that you would like us to consider including in *Beyond the Wire*? Keep in mind that this is part of a living history and of interest to our members and historians who archive these issues.

At reunions when people get to reminiscing we hear many interesting stories that don't get into the public light. Some of them are sad, others humorous, but they all contribute to our better understanding of what happened before, during, and after internment. Some of the funniest stories we have heard are from descendants who tell about their parents weird behavior after returning home, like how many pounds of rice they have stored in the basement, or how they lick the inside of the lid of a can of Spam after opening it.

Send your stories to our editor at [bacepow@earthlink.net](mailto:bacepow@earthlink.net). Articles can be up to 4,000 words, or much shorter. But be aware that we may need to edit material for clarity and length.

# 75 Years Since VJ-Day

## A Journey of Nostalgia

By Angus Lorenzen

I vividly remember May 8, 1945, the day that Germany surrendered during WWII. We had been repatriated from Manila, after more than 3 years as Japanese prisoners, to Los Angeles and were making our way by train to New York to embark on a ship to England where my mother's parents lived. My father was still in China serving with the OSS, and our family would not be together again until 1947.

On our transcontinental train trip, we had to change trains in Chicago. When we left the train, everyone was wildly celebrating VE Day – the end of the war in Europe. Since we had several hours to wait for our train to New York, we went to downtown Chicago, which was packed with excited and celebrating crowds. My brother was in his Army uniform after returning from 3 years in China, and he was so embarrassed because all of the girls were grabbing him and kissing him. It was a celebration that was hard to forget.

We settled into my grandparent's home and became used to England's continued wartime austerity as the war in the Pacific was expected to last at least another 2 years before Japan could be vanquished. Unlike America, rationing was extreme and included meat, sugar, clothing, bread, electricity and many other commodities. But that summer, we knew what freedom meant – visiting friends, bicycling, and taking the bus to many places of interest.

As summer peaked and the chilly rains warmed in the north of England, I began to hear of something called an atomic bomb that had devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan. Speculation was rampant – would Japan now surrender and save the need to invade the home islands at the cost of enormous Allied casualties? Then late on August 14 (August 15 in Japan), an excited news reporter announced that Japan had surrendered. Though my grandparents' home was in a tiny village, that night the local pub was the scene of a massive celebration with songs and cheering that lasted all night.

Today, many people consider that the use of the Atomic bomb is a blackmark on American history. But they can't under-

stand the contemporaneous joy that it brought to a world weary of war, the suffering of millions of casualties, and anticipating prolongation to defeat Japan. Briefly, the World was free of war and could now start to consider the enormous cost and sacrifice it would take to recover from the wreckage of six continuous years of brutal warfare. We were so optimistic that peace would heal all wounds.

Our optimism only lasted a short time when we began to realize that the war had only masked a simmering discontent throughout the World which the Soviet Union was prepared to exploit to spread Communism. When the U.S. dropped the atomic bombs, the Soviet Union promptly declared war against Japan two days later to share in the spoils of victory.

Less than a week after Japan's surrender, the Soviets moved into Manchuria, confiscating the weapons from the surrendering Japanese Army and giving them to the Chinese Communist revolutionaries, tipping the balance against the Nationalist government. They then helped to instigate Communist insurgencies throughout East Asia including in Korea, French Indo China, Malaya, and elsewhere. The Soviets already occupied Eastern Europe and now made it clear that they intended to stay to exploit these countries resources. Looking at the new World order, Britain's wartime Prime Minister Winston Churchill commented, *"We slaughtered the wrong pig"*.

But the long war was ended, the troops were coming home, and the U.S. government was providing benefits to assist them with jobs, housing, and education. With the Communist revolution now advancing in China, my father departed from his lifelong home and the family settled in California, giving me a new and happy home. It seemed to me a period of peace and tranquility though struggles continued throughout the World, the Communism scare festered in America, and we learned to duck and cover in A-bomb drills. And then in June of 1950, North Korea invaded the south and America was at war again. How short was our brief period of euphoria!



**THE WAR'S END TODAY - THE GUNS ARE SILENT. A GREAT TRAGEDY HAS ENDED. A GREAT VICTORY HAS BEEN WON. THE SKIES NO LONGER RAIN DEATH – THE SEAS BEAR ONLY COMMERCE – MEN EVERYWHERE WALK UP-RIGHT IN THE SUNLIGHT. THE ENTIRE WORLD IS QUIETLY AT PEACE.**

General Douglas MacArthur

Book Review  
By Angus Lorenzen

## The Bamboo Bracelet

By Marilyn Brason

Published by Matador, 2020 [www.troubador.co.uk/matador](http://www.troubador.co.uk/matador)

Having spent 37 months registered as British in Santo Tomas Internment Camp as a Japanese prisoner, I was interested to see how a fellow Brit evaluated the experience. Upon her sister's death, the author discovered a treasure trove of her mother's handwritten notes recalling her experiences as a prisoner of the Japanese during WWII. Her mother, Ronny Rynd, had meticulously recorded her wartime experience and these became the basis for this book, along with further research and clarification from a network of ex-internees.

There is a danger for an author to take the notes of another person and then to expand and interpret them as fact. I tried a similar feat in writing about the amazing life of my father – born in China, surviving the Boxer Rebellion, being a POW in both World Wars, serving in the U.S. Army and fighting in France then receiving a battlefield commission and becoming a U.S. citizen, serving as financial advisor to the President of China, repatriated to America in a prisoner exchange, joining the OSS and returning to China. And like Marilyn Brason, I wrote as if the thoughts and conversations I conveyed were his. But looking back on my work, I realized that projecting into another person's mind can only produce fiction even when the events are accurately recorded.

And so it is with *The Bamboo Bracelet*. It reads like a novel, which makes it an informative and enjoyable reading experience. But people who were in the camps will blanch at some of the unavoidable minor inaccuracies that have crept in. But for a person who was not there, I highly recommend this book because of its easy flow and its depiction of the horrors of being a Japanese prisoner, about which most people are unaware, and which forever colors the lives of those who did experience them. And I will attest to the accuracy of some of the characters she portrays, and particularly Dr. Beulah Allen who had a clinic at the north end of the Annex building at Santo Tomas and patched me up when I broke both of my wrists.

The story starts in Baguio, a mountainous holiday retreat where Ronny went to escape the uncomfortable heat and humidity of Manila in December of 1941 while carrying her first child. The timing is unfortunate because the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and shortly afterwards landed at Lingayen Gulf. Baguio became the first major western city that they capture. There followed the round-up of enemy aliens and placing them in uncomfortable internment camps, first Camp John Hay and later Camp Holmes, where she suffers without the presence of her husband, Pat, who had remained in Manila. She gives birth to her daughter under rather primitive circumstances, but then the whole camp is transferred to Camp Holmes, which has slightly better living conditions.

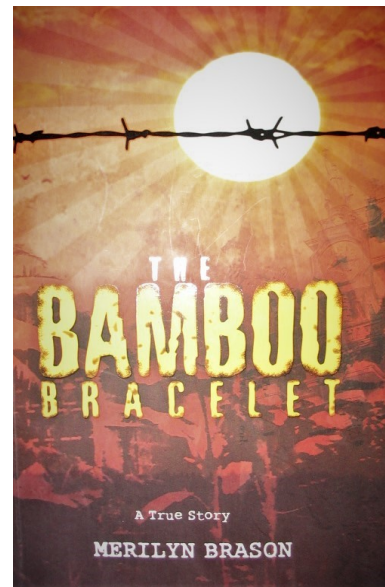
After a year and a quarter in the Baguio internment camps without her husband, Ronny wangles an opportunity to accompany the Brent School boarding students in their transport to Santo Tomas and their families, where she can join her husband, Pat. As 1943 winds to an end and 1944 starts, the Japanese Army takes over the administration of Santo Tomas and conditions get immeasurably worse, with starvation causing increasing deaths as 1944 ends. Despite the terrible conditions, Ronny inadvertently becomes pregnant. After what seems an interminable time, the American Army liberates Santo Tomas. In a little over two months, Ronny and Pat are repatriated to San Francisco, then across America by train, and then by plane back to England, arriving a few weeks before the birth of her second daughter, au-

thor Marilyn Brason.

And now for a few words from a fellow Brit internee. For whatever reason, the author has imbued the story with a slight anti-American bias. Her explanation for the bombing of Pearl Harbor is that it was simply a feud between Japan and America over China that doesn't involve Britain. The truth of the matter is that Japan entered the World stage at the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century soundly defeating China and then Russia in brief wars. It looked at the European colonial empires, particularly Britain, a small group of islands like Japan that had become incredibly wealthy from her colonial empire. Japan could do the same and started placing itself in a position to build an empire in Asia and take many of Britain's colonies away, as well as those of the Dutch. Japan bombed the American capital ships at Pearl Harbor, then attacked the Philippines, to deter the U.S. from countering Japan's ambitions in Asia. Hours after the attack on America, Japan occupied more than 100 British concessions in China, invaded Hong Kong and the British colonies of Malaya, Borneo, and Burma, and started preparations to invade Australia. If anything, the U.S. was protecting Britain's interests, not drawing it into an unwanted war.

Ronny complains while at Baguio that the Americans get food and luxuries from their servants that are unavailable to her. She continues with that complaint when she moves to Santo Tomas and comments that the Americans have the biggest shanties and are fat. And she comments that the internees are being held in retaliation for the bad treatment of the Japanese-Americans in the U.S. During the 1943 repatriation, she comments that the people selected are inappropriate and the sick and old should get priority. She does not recognize that the selection of many people for repatriation was made by the Allied intelligence services for their special knowledge of the countries which would be invaluable.

But setting aside these minor flaws, which perhaps this reviewer is overly sensitive about, this is a good book. It should give those unfamiliar with the internment of Allied civilians in the Philippines insights into the Japanese cruelty and counters the lurid (and untrue) stories about the evils that Americans imposed on Japanese internees.



**William A. Karges Fine Art  
Carmel, California**

We are seeking early paintings of the Philippines by the following artists for private collectors in the Philippines. We pay very high prices and offer free appraisals as well.

Fernando Amorsolo  
Fernando Zobel

Fabian de la Rosa  
Jose Joya

Ang Kiukok  
Cesar Legaspi

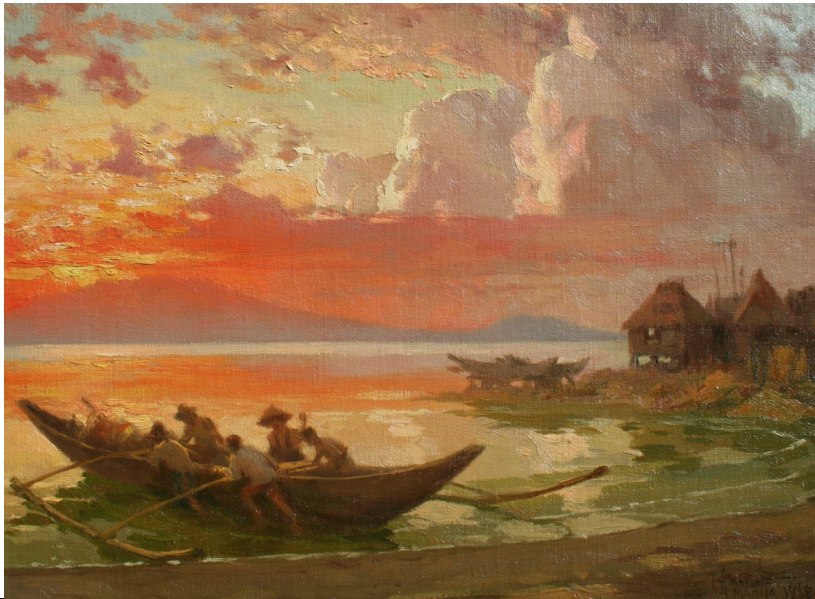
Anita Magsaysay-Ho  
Vicente Manansala

Alfonso Ossorio  
Romeo Tabuena

Please contact Patrick Kraft at Karges Fine Art (831) 625-4226 or (831) 601-2071

[pkraft@kargesfineart.com](mailto:pkraft@kargesfineart.com)

<https://www.kargesfineart.com>



Painting,  
"Manila Bay", by  
Fernando Amorsolo.

## An Unprecedented Rescue

By Angus Lorenzen

In a dramatic and unprecedented rescue during WWII, the 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry raced 100 miles through enemy territory after landing on the island of Luzon in the Philippines to enter the city of Manila and rescue almost 3,800 Allied civilians held prisoner by the Japanese in the infamous Santo Tomas Internment Camp on February 3, 1945. Surviving prisoners vividly remember the day tanks crashed through the gates and engaged the guards in a fierce firefight.

In early 1944 the Japanese Military Police took control of the internment camp, imposing stricter security, reducing quality and quantity of food, and increasing harsh treatment. The internees adapted as they grew thinner and healthier, frustrating the Japanese by staying upbeat and failing to break down.

In September of 1944, internee morale got a huge boost when U.S. Navy dive bombers started attacking Manila. Another boost came in October when they learned of the American landings on Leyte. Then in December the large Army Air Corps B-24 bombers started raiding the city, and in January 1945 Army P-51 fighters started harassing the Japanese with bombing and strafing runs in the City as the Americans were getting close.

By the end of January 1945, starvation was rampant with 2 or 3 people dying every day, and the Japanese executed four of the camp leaders. Conditions were grim, but news of American landings gave hope that rescue would come before death.

General MacArthur's 6<sup>th</sup> Army landed on January 9, 1945 at Lingayen Gulf and started the 130-mile advance to Manila. Japanese commanding general Yamashita had assembled 250,000 troops to resist, but his strategy was to delay American

troops, dragging the battle out to provide the Japanese Home Islands more time to prepare for the inevitable Allied invasion.

The Army moved rapidly south led by the 37<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, advancing almost half way to Manila, where it was delayed after encountering a concentration of Japanese troops. General MacArthur was anxious to reach the POW and civilian internment camps further south because an intercepted message from Tokyo ordered local commanders to kill all prisoners before they could be liberated. He first assigned the 6<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion to join with guerillas to liberate the POW camp at Cabanatuan not far from the front line.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry had just arrived in Luzon on January 27 after 72 days of fighting on Leyte, and was due for R&R; but on January 30 MacArthur ordered its commander, General Mudge, "*Go to Manila, go around the Nips, bounce off the Nips, but go to Manila. Rescue the prisoners at Santo Tomas and liberate the Malacañang Palace*".

Mudge organized an 800-man Flying Column to move as rapidly as possible to Manila, with the rest of the division following. The Flying Column's three serials would leapfrog each other. As the leading serial captured a strategic point, the other two serials would pass through, then it would break off to follow. Each serial was spearheaded by a platoon of Sherman tanks from the 44<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion.

At one minute after midnight on February 1, the Flying Column launched, passing through the returning Rangers and the rescued POWs from the highly successful raid at Cabanatuan.

That first day was spent in heavy fighting south of Cabanatuan. The column broke through the Japanese resistance and on the second day moved rapidly. It did not stop to fight an entrenched enemy position but went around it and kept moving. During daytime, at least 9 Marine Corps dive-bombers were overhead to provide aerial support. The column moved so rapidly that it ran out of fuel, and by evening had to bivouac, draining fuel from other vehicles for the tanks in the perimeter guard.

Early on the third day, the fuel convoy caught up, and the column moved out again, reaching Novaliches in the afternoon. Here they had to cross a river gorge, but the Japanese mined the bridge. Under intense sniper fire, a Navy demolition expert raced onto the bridge, cut the fuses, and threw the charges into the river. The way was open to Manila!

It was Saturday, February 3, and for the internees in Santo Tomas, another miserable day; but the routine was broken late in the morning when a single low-flying Marine dive-bomber approached the camp from the north and flew directly over the Main Building. It wasn't long before the camp was agog with the news that a note had been dropped into the courtyard that said, "*Roll out the barrel, Santa Claus is coming Sunday or Monday*". Now there was hope that they'd be freed soon.

The earlier excitement was mitigated at the end of the day when evening rollcall was routine with no appearance of concern on the part of the Japanese. In the last hour of daylight, internees gathered outside the buildings in the balmy rosy glow of sunset. But it was by no means routine as the thunder of demolition had been heard all day and smoke was rising from points around the city. There was a feeling of tension acerbated by an unusual low-pitched rumble. As it became dark, flares lit the sky as the excited internees returned to their dormitories at curfew.

The first serial of the Flying Column entered Manila at 6:35 PM and headed straight for the Malacañang Palace, the seat of the peacetime Philippine government. Encountering only sniper fire, they secured it with the help of Filipino guerillas. The second serial entered Manila later and was met by a band of guerillas who led it through back streets to the main gate of Santo Tomas, arriving about 8:30. A brief firefight with guards resulted in the Colonel commanding the serial being wounded and the guerilla leader being mortally wounded. The tank Battlin' Basic crashed through the iron gate of the camp followed by other tanks and vehicles and accompanied by the troopers on foot.

The first internees to notice the intrusion were in the upper floors of the Main Building. When they saw the bright search lights on the tanks and the troopers accompanying them,

they started screaming, racing down the stairways and out into the plaza. But it was not secure as about 70 Japanese guards had retreated to the Education Building with 228 internee hostages. When they started firing at the celebrating mob, the troopers quickly herded the people back into the Main Building. A fire-fight broke out between the Japanese and troopers, but soon tapered off as the Japanese dispersed among the hostages.

The third serial arrived at Santo Tomas after midnight, bolstering the defenses within the 65-acre walled compound, and the situation became more secure as additional units of 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry started to arrive the next day. Soon the campus became a huge military encampment. The euphoria continued as troopers shared candy bars and K-rations with the starving internees.

The morning after liberation, negotiations were initiated to allow the Japanese holding hostages to leave, and on the morning of February 5, they marched out of the camp to their desired release point. A guerilla band operating in that sector soon engaged them, killing all except a small handful. Almost 3,800 prisoners were now finally free, but not yet out of danger.

General Yamashita had ordered his 10,000 army troops in the city to destroy strategic installations when the Americans arrived, then to exit the city. Admiral Iwabushi, with 16,000 naval troops, was under Yamashita's command; but ignoring his orders, commandeered the army troops, and prepared to defend Manila to the death, resulting in the horrific Battle of Manila, the biggest urban battle of the war, with the destruction of Manila.

General MacArthur visited Santo Tomas on February 7. Shortly after he left, the Japanese started an artillery attack on the camp, and in 3 days, killed 23 civilians and wounded 100 more. The cavalry departed, removing Santo Tomas as a legitimate military target, and moved to attack the Japanese defenses in Manila from the east, while the 37<sup>th</sup> Infantry crossed the Pasig River and attacked from the west, and the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division attacked from the south. From February 3 to March 3 the Battle of Manila raged, taking the lives of 100,000 civilians, most of whom were deliberately murdered by the Japanese.

Peace finally came to Santo Tomas and the internees started to be repatriated to America, but they will never forget those troopers who not only saved their lives but sat with them and related what was happening at "home" while plying them with treats. It was the start of reintroduction into a more normal life. Ex-internees now meet frequently in reunions where they remember and talk about those heady days when the tanks rolled into camp and these giants dismounted and shared hugs, kisses and remembrances with the long-deprived men, women, and children.