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T: When did you first come to the University of Puget Sound?

B: In the fall of 1921.

T: Where had your home been?

B: Seattle.

T: What high school did you graduate from?

B: I graduated from old Broadway High School, Seattle.

T: Broadway—that's where they have one of the junior colleges located now, isn't it?

B: Yes.

T: What did your folks do?

B: My father was an electrical engineer and he was in charge of building the three power plants at Ft. Casey, Ft. Flagler and Ft. Worden. In 1913, when I was eight, we moved to Seattle and he was in charge of installing all the electrical machinery for the present government locks, so that is kind of a historical thing in itself. My mother also contributed to the pioneer history. She accompanied Mrs. Rita Denny (of the Denny pioneer family) to Seattle by train. She was one of the first registered nurses to the Northwest and assisted at many of the births in the pioneer families.

T: That is interesting. When did Ralph come to CPS?

B: He came in 1922.
T: Where had his home been?

B: He came from Vancouver, Washington.

T: What did his father do?

B: His father and his grandfather were both Methodist ministers so he was a third generation; in fact, his grandfather was a circuit rider.

T: Was that in Oregon?

B: In Oregon, and then he did kind of double duty; it's hard to understand but he drove cattle north as he did his ministry and also brought the mail. When the cattle would fatten in the north, they would work back down south again.

T: In the rich Oregon valleys, I suppose. Ralph came in 1922 and you in 1921. When did he graduate?

B: Well, I went two years and graduated from the Normal school at CPS in 1923 and went off to teach. Ralph had one more year there and it made his two years in 1924 and he was president-elect of the student body, but due to my pressure he came to the University of Washington and we both got our degree there.

T: Then he went into the ministry?

B: Yes, in 1925 and at that time he was preaching at the deaconess settlement in the Rainier Valley and in Lakeside Church. Then the night we were married (we were still in the University and had rented a little house, got it all furnished and put three coats of paint on the inside and worked like everything to get it ready), Dr. Byron Wilson, the District Superintendent, offered us Redmond. So we broke our lease and went as bride and groom to Redmond
and had a wonderful, wonderful year there. In fact, it was just a little old-fashioned white church. We had a big dinner one rainy, terrible night and Dr. Wilson said he wouldn't give two hoots that we could raise any money at all but we got $10,000 that night to move the church to a quieter location, which is where the present Redmond Methodist Church is with the brick finish. It is quite a nice little church. Then we decided to go back to Drew and they gave us a purse of $100 and in our little Ford coupe we toured back to the East Coast.

T: Where did you live on the Drew campus in Madison?

B: At first we lived in the married dormitory and was I ever homesick!

T: Was that Embury Hall or Hoyt-Bowne Hall, do you remember?

B: Probably it was Embury.

T: It is the old carriage place that had been made over into a dormitory.

B: Yes, that was it - Embury Hall. That was where they had the married couples.

T: We lived there, too.

B: Oh, did you? I had forgotten that you were at Drew. Then we kept going to each district superintendent hoping to get a charge and no one wanted to do much about it because we were students; but Dr. Baugh had received a letter from Bishop Leonard saying that when these "Kiddos" arrived to take care of them. (Laughter) So we got a very good charge at Scotch Plains, New Jersey. We were there for four years. Warren and Peggy were both born there.
T: You stayed in the parsonage while he went to class.

B: He went to class and I ran the church. (Laughter)

T: That was the way it was. We did that, too, and it was a great experience really but it was very hard on the wife.

B: They had had 49 preachers in 52 years in that church and the chairman of the board said, when we left, "You came here a breeze out of the West with much intestinal fortitude, and you stayed four years." (Laughter)

T: Then did you come back here?

B: Then we came back to Highland Park, Seattle, in the depression. Then he served as minister at Asbury-Seattle, and Gooding, Idaho.

T: When did Ralph start his military career?

B: In 1937. We had gone to Gooding, Idaho, and while he was pastor of the church I taught in Gooding College.

T: What did you teach?

B: They said they needed a foreign language teacher. I think my French teacher, Miss Crapser from UPS, would have had a terrible time thinking of me teaching French (Laughter) but I taught beginning and advanced French, comparative religions and Indian literature.

It was a wonderful experience in that faculty. None of us received any pay, hardly. The couples that were dependent on the college were in real hard straits but we all had a good fellowship together.

T: Was Ralph full time to begin with or was he in the Chaplain Reserve?
B: He had been in the Reserves and I used to say to him, "What if a war came and you had to go?" He said, "Do you think I would stay home with everyone else going?" He was quite adamant about the chaplaincy and there was quite a backlash by the men of the church at that time putting the "bars of Mars" on the ministry. We had had a very close friend who was chief of chaplains when we lived in New Jersey and we had seen the wonderful work he had done (in fact he had baptised me as a baby), so we went into the chaplaincy with that idea. We went to Laredo, Texas for three years. They had very bad conditions among the men there—the highest venereal rate in the Army—and they hadn't had a chaplain in 18 years so he was sent there to clean up the mess. I taught school while we were there at Laredo Institute which was a Methodist school for the Mexicans.

T: Did you speak Spanish?

B: No.

T: How many children do you have?

B: Three. Two were born in Scotch Plains, New Jersey, while Ralph was at Drew. Then Dick, Ralph, Jr., was born here in Seattle during the depression, while we were serving at Highland Park Methodist Church.

T: You say you have ten grandchildren?

B: Yes. Of Warren's children, the oldest one is a boy 26, two girls 24 and 21. Then my daughter, who lives in Florida, has three children, one 20, one 18 and one 17 (two boys and a girl). My other son lives in Vancouver, Wash-
ington, and he has four daughters ranging in age from 21 to 15.

T: What a beautiful family. Do you remember some of the professors at the College of Puget Sound?

B: Of course. Everybody there always loved Senator Davis. He was just one of us. He went to all of our house parties over at Indian Point when we did anything in the Amphictyion Society or the mixed groups. Senator Davis was always our chaperone, much to the shock of my mother--to have a man for a chaperone!

T: You were an Amphi?

B: Yes.

T: There were the Philomatheans, and the Thetas and the Sigma Zetes.

B: Yes. The Thetas and the Sigma Zetes have all gone into national fraternities now.

T: I ran into another one the other day - Uthora or something like that. Did you ever remember that one? I guess it was one for just a little while.

B: I guess so.

T: What leadership did Ralph assume. You said he was student body president.

B: Elect--and I talked him out of it to go to the University.

T: He must have been a natural leader on the campus then.

B: Yes, he was a great debator and he was on the debate team and of course he was in the Sigma, what is Sigma Chi now, and I was in Lambda Chi, which is now Alpha Phi.

T: Do you remember who was his debate teacher?
B: Mrs. Hovious - Lynette Hovious.

T: She planned a lot of extra programs and pageants.

B: Oh, yes, we was a very prominent teacher; and, of course, everybody knows Dr. Slater.

T: Yes, he has been a wonderful person. Do you remember a pageant Mrs. Hovious put on that had Ezra Meeker and the soldiers for Indians, etc.?

B: No, I don't remember that.

T: Were you there when they moved from the old campus to the new campus?

B: No, I was only on the old campus, but we used to go up to the new campus for get-togethers and then, of course, we crowned two May Queens there.

T: Who were the May Queens, do you remember?

B: Esther Graham and, I think, Helen Pangborn.

T: Oh, yes. Helen just died.

B: And so has Esther—both this year.

T: Helen was a very precious person.

B: She was one of my bridesmaids.

T: Oh, is that right. Through the years, she was so loyal and so dedicated. Who else of the professors do you remember? Did you ever go to Olympia with Senator Davis to visit the Legislature?

B: Yes we did that; then there was Miss Crapser, of course.

T: What did she teach?

B: French. I loved Miss Crapser. Of course, she is gone now, too.

One of the funny things about Dr. Slater, whenever you would give a correct
answer he would always say, "Cracker," and we would all get such a kick out of him calling us, "Cracker".

T: Did you ever have Miss Reneau?

B: Yes, Georgia Reneau. I think she taught English and a type of sociology. It was quite new at that time. Then Professor Harvey. I never had him but Ralph did and he taught physics or chemistry—some terrible thing. (Laughter).

T: Tell me more about Ralph. He was a third generation Methodist minister; you had these churches that you talked about in New Jersey and then you went to Texas and then he was full time in the military from then on.

B: Yes, Regular army.

T: Where did you go from Laredo?

B: We went to the Philippines.

T: Were you in Manila?

B: No, we were 70 miles north of Manila at Fort Stotsenburg and Clark Field.

T: You were there, too?

B: Yes, the whole family. I just got back from a visit there in May 1978. But Clark Field when I lived there was 150 enlisted men and seven officers and they could get one plane launched at a time off the ground. By the time we left troops were pouring in. We came home May of 1941 and they were building like mad. When I went back in 1969 to visit, I couldn't find my old home because of all these new buildings that were not familiar to me, so I asked the driver to take me to the officers club because I thought I could find it from there and I did. I took Ralph's sister back this year (1978). He was decorated with
the Distinguished Service Cross for taking the wounded off the field at Clark
Field the first day of the battle.

T: That was his first decoration, wasn't it?

B: Yes.

T: Then he also received several others.

B: The Legion of Merit, of course; the Purple Heart which no one wants to get.

T: Where was he wounded - in Manila?

B: No. I'm not just sure about that. He was on those prison ships, you know, and they were bombed out of the first one and they landed in Taipei (which was Formosa at that time) and then they went on to Japan and he walked off under his own power there but the men that were with him said he weighed about 70 pounds. It was just a matter of starvation. When they all left Manila they were in top condition.

T: He was on the Bataan march, wasn't he?

B: Yes, they had a death march. They went up to Cabanatuan which was an old haunt of ours and then the soldiers, particularly the Philippine solders, died like flies from lack of food and bad water, etc. He buried them and collected bottles wherever he could find them and put information inside about who they were and their serial numbers, etc. Many of those men could never have been identified, when found, otherwise. Then they were sent over to Cabanatuan and there he raised a little garden of flowers so he could have flowers on the altar. They had to pay $5 for a little can of sardines
in order to get some Vitamin B. They were imprisoned there three and half years.

Then he went down to Manila and he was held in Bilibid prison, to go on a
ship, and a very close chaplain friend of his, a Methodist from the East Coast,
was there very ill with TB. Later, he attended Ralph's funeral in Arlington
with me--that same chaplain.

T: Ralph is buried in Arlington?
B: Yes.

T: He died in prison camp?
B: He died right after he got off those ships in Japan--in Kyushu. A Buddhist
priest took those men and cremated them, labeled the ashes and then when the
war was over I was notified that the government had them. The priest had
turned them over to them. Ralph had always said he would like to be buried
in Arlington, so that is why he is back there.

T: How old was he when he died?
B: Let's see, he was 42. It was in 1945.

T: The children were still small, weren't they?
B: They were 8, 11, and 13 years when we came from the Philippines
and I had never had any responsibility for the car or anything, so when we
talked to him by shortwave radio, I'd get advice on what to do with the car
and the children, etc.

T: He received the Distinguished Service Cross...
B: Legion of Merit, Purple Heart.
T: He had five Bronze Star medals, you say.

B: Yes, and the Distinguished Service Cross was the second highest honor the U.S. bestows.

T: I see eight different decorations. You told me he was the most decorated chaplain.

B: Well, when we were thinking of going into the chaplaincy, we went to visit a very interesting Catholic chaplain at Fort Lewis who had been the highest decorated chaplain in World War I, and I think it was Ralph's ambition that he take his place in World War II, which he did.

T: You suggest that these decorations and awards be put in a specially-built case and become a part of the ROTC exhibit.

B: Yes, I'm thinking that would probably be a proper place for them. I'll have to talk it over with the boys.

T: Why don't you talk it over with them and I will talk it over with the Commanding Officer.

B: Isn't this a beautiful thing?

T: Yes, beautiful. Which one is that?

B: This is the Legion of Merit and I have the citation. I wanted to tell you an interesting story about when Ralph was small, I imagine about five years old.

Dr. Todd used to go around to each church, as you have done many times, and tell people about the college. When he stayed over night in their home to preach the next morning, he would have Ralph sit on his knee and have him shout "Our University". So one time the folks were going down to Portland on the train and it was probably in Tacoma that the trains passed and pulled
opposite each other in the depot and all of a sudden his folks heard him yell "Our University" and there was Dr. Todd sitting on the other train.

(Laughter)

T: Wasn't that wonderful. Dr. Todd was a great man. Do you remember any instances about him when you went to school?

B: Not anything in particular. I loved Mrs. Todd. She was just a cuddly, grandmotherly type of woman, and Florence Todd was, of course, a contemporary of ours and I was very fond of "Toddy" as we called her.

T: Did you know Junia?

B: No, I didn't know her.

T: Florence was very artistic, wasn't she?

B: Yes.

T: How did she express this? Was it in painting, prose or . . .

B: In painting and well done. She always dressed very "arty", too.

Is Rita Todd a cousin?

T: I really don't know.

B: She did a lot of vocal work there at UPS.

T: Tell me about Mrs. Todd. Not many people have talked about her.

B: She was a very small woman, pudgy, sparkley, black eyes and snow-white hair and just giggly and bubbly and always so friendly, you just wanted to hug her.

T: She certainly was a great teammate for Dr. Todd. She had a personality all her own.

When you came home from Manila, was that the last time you saw Ralph?
B: Yes, in the harbor in Manila. We were on the Washington. They had made it over into a troop ship and the crew wasn't very happy to have their beautiful ship slung with hammocks. We got on board with 1,000 women and children they were bringing home. There were 100 bottle babies and the first night they couldn't find any milk supply and they tried giving them dry corn flakes and the mothers were crying harder than the children, so it was quite a tragic homecoming.

T: Did they find the milk?

B: The next day we got kind of oriented and we finally roped off one single deck where the children could race and play and the rest of us got on another deck and it was peaceful. We said goodbye to Ralph there in the stateroom in Manila and he and a flier followed us out as long as they could as the ship went around the other side of the island and they dropped letters to us with rocks in them--so they would drop on the top deck and we would pick them up and read our little love notes. (Chuckle)

T: We named the ROTC Unit 900 for Ralph. Did the Commanding Officers come to you and ask if that would be all right?

B: They probably did but I don't remember.

T: I remember we discussed it at length and knowing of Ralph's outstanding career and how dedicated he was to the Service, I suggested that it be named for him. It has been a great unit. While I was President, it was decorated as the outstanding unit in America.

B: You can be very proud of it.
T: Yes, and the men are very proud of it. Of course, each year at orientation the men are told of the service Ralph rendered.

B: He wanted a D.D. from UPS so badly and one of the very few messages I got from him was, "Received the Distinguished Service Cross today. Contact Todd for DD."

T: Well, you have been to some of the ROTC reviews, haven't you, and you have made certain presentations to some of the key young people, haven't you?

B: Yes. Ralph received scrolls from both Presidents Truman and Johnson in recognition of his service.

T: As you look back on your years at CPS and Ralph's years, how do you evaluate them?

B: Well, I don't know about Ralph, but for me, it was the making of me because I had been very, very protected at home and my mother wanted me to go to the University of Washington but I didn't want to go there. I wanted to go to CPS. When fall came, she thought I'd weaken and enroll at the University but I didn't--I went to business college, and after CPS had been going over a month she finally relented and let me start a month late. I was determined that I was going there my first year and experience some real college life. We had lots of activity and my roommate was Marjorie Anderson and we were known as Nip and Tuck. Everybody on campus knew Nip and Tuck because we were into everything. I can still remember the Bag Rush--do they still have the Bag Rush?

T: Not anymore, but we did for a number of years.
B: She was kidnapped one time and taken away, out near Spanaway somewhere, and she finally found some rusty scissors and pried open a window and slid down a drain pipe and got on the streetcar and got back to CPS in time for the Bag Rush. Another night we went out and I don't know what we were doing but we were on a streetcar (I think of how Tacoma must've put up with CPS students) and as we came through the college area we didn't want to be seen because we were afraid we would be kidnapped, so with people on the streetcar we ran around and pulled all the shades down and rode happily through the crowds and came home!

T: Do you remember the Ernsts?

B: Oh yes, Henry Ernst, Ralph, Harold Wade, Eldon Chuinard and, I think, Preston Wright were called the Happy Five and they lived in a boarding house where the lady put the phonograph on while you ate your soup.

T: The Happy Five... (Laughter)

B: That was when we knew Henry first.

T: It is really wonderful how successful most of those people have been. Eldon, you know, is one of the outstanding surgeons for children in the Shrine hospitals and Henry has been outstanding. Then you knew Ellena Gouldner who wrote the Alma Mater.

B: Ellena played the piano for my wedding and Ralph was best man at their wedding so we were very close.

T: When I talked to Mrs. Goudner not too long ago, I asked her how she happened to write the Alma Mater and she said she did not remember too much
about it but evidently, she may have written it for one of the literary socities
to be sung by a group.

B: Yes, Ellena and I did one song together. She wrote the music and I wrote
the words.

T: Do you remember if we had an Alma Mater song when you were here,
before hers became accepted?

B: I think mainly we did "We are the best school in the West, in the West."
(Singing) Do you know that one?

T: Yes. What were some of the Amphictyon programs and what were
they like?

B: Well, at the first meeting in the fall after we came back from the summer
we had to give a program on our summer activities. I had worked as a
secretary for the Washelli Cemetery Company so my topic was "Coughing
and Coffin". (Laughter). We came in with this fake coffin and candles
burning and coughing, for that program!

Many of them were very literary and I don't know if you ever heard
of Eleanor Kenrick or not. She was an excellent pianist and I can remember
her piano numbers were very fine.

T: Well, the Amphictyons and the Philomatheans required that the members
contribute to the programs and it helped in their development.

B: They were literary socities. Paul Schneider was president and Clyde
Kinch. . . .

T: Do you remember any of the financial campaigns of the school?
B: Not really. I don't think it worried me.

T: I was thinking of Dr. Todd and some of the challenges for endowment, etc.

Now, on the old campus there was an administration building, a classroom building, a gymnasium and a dormitory. The dormitory was off campus.

Did you live in the dormitory?

B: Yes. The second year my mother was housemother at the dormitory and that did not make me very happy because I had to keep in line. (Laughter)

T: You were under constant surveillance.

B: Yes. Then there was the music building down there right next to the dormitory.

T: Wasn't that the one that's next to the Baptist church?

B: Yes.

T: That was where Senator Davis lived after we moved to the new campus.

B: Oh, he did?

T: I was there a number of times and he had a little path among the piles of books and papers and he knew just how to maneuver through. He was a wonderful person. Did any of your children go to the University of Puget Sound?

B: Yes, my oldest son, Warren, graduated from the University in 1947--no, it must have been later than that--it must've been about 1950 or '51. He was so active at Sigma Chi I began to wonder if he was going to make his grades he was so busy doing for the house.

T: Well, that was part of the maturing and part of his development.
B: I also had a granddaughter that went one year. Warren's oldest daughter, Karen Brown, went one year—must've been in the 60's or maybe later than that, probably in the '70's. She has a degree in biology now and has been living a life that has been very exciting to me. She is quite a mature girl and has done work back in Minneapolis and a year ago this summer she was at Grand Canyon working on the program there for the tourists, explaining the flora and fauna and then from there she got a job at Monterey schools as an outdoor instructor.

The End

R. Franklin Thompson
August 11, 1978
Major Ralph W.D. Brown, Chaplain in the United States Army, died in a Japanese prisoner of war camp on Honshu Island, Japan, January 31, 1945, as reported by the Secretary of War.

Chaplain Brown, a graduate of the College of Puget Sound and Drew Theological Seminary, was admitted to the Pacific Northwest Conference in 1925. He held pastorates at City Missions, Seattle; Redmond; Highland Park and Asbury, Seattle; as well as at Gooding, Idaho. He entered the regular United States Army Chaplains' Corps in 1937.

For courageous service on December 8th, 1941 at Clark Field, Philippine Islands, he was given the Distinguished Service Cross. Taken prisoner at the fall of Bataan, he survived the three day "march of death" to infamous Camp O'Donnell where he served as senior Chaplain, as well later at Camp Cabanatuan. He survived two sinkings of prison ships, one a torpedoing and the other a bombing. In the later he was seriously injured and later died in prison in Japan.

Chaplain Brown was unusually successful as he served his men with great devotion. When suffering from a severe case of malaria he arose from his sick bed to assist the evacuation of the sick from a front line hospital to the rear. Holding many services of worship when he should have been in the hospital he gave of his strength in serving the men at the front line and on the beaches, and later in the prisons where he was held.
A true servant of God and a good minister of Jesus Christ he felt through all his trial of the last days of Bataan that he had been divinely cared for to well to have any fear." He further wrote: "I just go ahead as events take me and God leads me and I say 'His will be done'."

He died unafraid and confident that his Lord was the author and Redeemer of his life; a faithful minister of the Methodist Church in whose service he surrendered his life; and a valiant soldier of his country, faithful unto death, in his duty as a chaplain.

Surviving, are his wife, Margaret; two sons, Warren Frankland and Ralph Richard; a daughter, Margaret Annette; and his father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. Arthur W. Brown. His father is a retired and honored member of the Pacific Northwest Conference.
Ex-Tacoman Died In Jap Prison Camp

The many friends of Maj. Ralph W. D. Brown, College of Puget Sound alumnus and army chaplain, were grieved Friday to learn that he died last Jan. 31 in a Jap prison camp.

Rev. Brown is well known in Tacoma, having attended CPS four years, graduating in 1926, following which he served a number of important churches in the east and northwest. He joined the army chaplain corps in 1937.

He was the brother of Capt. George M. V. Brown, former Pierce county welfare administrator, now serving with the aided commission in Italy.

Said to the Philippines, Maj. Brown was stationed in Manila when the Japs struck Clark Field Dec. 8, 1941. For heroic services he was personally decorated by Gen. MacArthur with the distinguished service cross, the first army chaplain to receive the medal in World War II.

It was learned that in two attempts to take him to Japan, following survival of the infamous death march to Camp O'Donnell, his ship was torpedoed the first time and bombed the second.

His wife, Margaret, also a CPS alumnus, and his three children will remain at their Seattle home, 4063 Wallingford ave. She is a teacher at Lake City grade school.

The official message from the war department came to Chaplain Brown's parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Brown, of Oregon City, Ore., which was relayed to his wife in Seattle. It stated that he had died on Honshu Island.
Oct. 3, 1945

Ernest P. Goulder, Lieut, Ch.C.USNR
Hdq. 13th Naval District
Seattle 14, Wash.

Dear Ernest:

Thanks very much for the obituary of Ralph Brown. I have sent it on to Harry L. Allen, who compiles this material for me.

We had our student reception last night - 150 present, about a third of the group being men students. It certainly helps to have men on the campus again. Of course our group is never as large as you had at Pullman, for we have only about half the number of students-about 1400 this semester, as against 2800 pre-war average. Our Sunday evening Wesley Foundation group is starting off unusually well, and we expect to have a great year.

Thanks again for the obituary.

Yours,

Willard
24 September 1945

Rev. Willard E. Stanton
302 East 3rd Street
Moscow, Idaho.

Dear Willard:

Several days ago Rev. Arthur W. Brown, Ralph’s father, came to me and said the family had requested that I write an article for the Christian Advocate relative to Ralph’s death and also if I would write the obituary notice for the Conference Minutes.

Inclosed is the obituary. Will you please see that it is included in next year’s minutes.

Margaret is taking Ralph’s death in a perfectly wonderful and Christian manner. Her courage through it all has been an inspiration to those of us close to the family.

I am on duty here in Seattle and expect to remain here as Assistant District Chaplain until the time of my release. Unless the Conference has something for me prior to next Conference I shall remain in the service until next May.

Best wishes to you and yours,

Sincerely your friend,

Ernest P. Coudler
Lieut. Ch3, USNR
Dear Margaret and Children:

Again I will write you and send the letter to Dr. E.B. Tuck to hold till mails are open again. I probably will get word to you before this, but—everything can happen as this thing comes to a close, as we hope it will soon. So just in case it should go rough and the Japs decide not to surrender any prisoners I want to get this letter off and away.

First a little review. I was assigned Chief Chaplain for Eastern Air Force. Thru Bataan I covered 20th A.C. outfits in Bataan. I drove two thousand miles the month of Jan. day and night—bombs or no bombs. In February, Gen. George (Air Corps) moved my Hqtrs. to Bataan Field to be closer to the boys flying. I sent each plane off in the Algea Battle and stood by Gen. George and watched the big fight the day our boys went out and knocked down six in an all out battle.

Generally I left camp Monday and got back Saturday night. Slept and ate with whatever outfit I was with at the time. Every day was Sunday when I got to a camp. I tried to hold services once a week at all of them. When action was coming up, I went up to that position. Every couple of weeks I would go to the front line and visit our A.C. Boys and check up with my three chaplains on duty there. We had more action on the beaches and fields in my sectors than on the front lines, up until the final week. Of course you know of the lack of food in Bataan. We were down to just a little rice twice a day the last month and a half. I really learned how to go hungry. I had two doses of dysentery in Bataan and came down with Malaria the 4th of April, just before our surrender. I lost weight but kept going after short breaks. While down in bed I kept your pictures always in sight at my camp. The 7th of April my camp was bombed out. By tent and cot riddled. I was in my fox hole just outside the tent. A bomb fragment put a hole thru the picture just above your head. I still have the picture, its here in the room smiling at me now. It's been my great consolation all the way thru these prison camp days. I thought I was sick the day of the big break thru; hadn't had my clothes on in three days. I got up, helped care for the wounded. When we abandoned our camp, I took two wounded flyers back to the hospital. In the jam over a back trail, my car gave out, so I got my men on a 31st truck and so to the hospital. Then I hunted up an Air Corps outfit and so back to Mariveles. I never had my clothes off till I reached O'Donnell. The Japs took us the night of April ninth. The tenth we started the terrible march on foot to San Fernando. We went three days without food. The story of this march and Camp O'Donnell is one of the blackest pages in history. Enough here to say, somehow I got thru. Only fighting honors and men who had the will to live of the Bataan men are alive today. By God's help and thru the strength and power of your love I was pulled thru. More than half of the air corps men I served in Bataan are now dead—few of them died before the surrender. (Bruce Shorts died here Oct. 29, 1942) For three weeks after I got to O'Donnell my heart beat didn't get above 45. I served the combined air corps and 31st Inf. there.

June 4th, what was left of us were moved to Cabanatuan Camp No. 2. June 8th I was ordered to Camp 111 eight miles east. It was a good camp. Men from Corregidor, who were not beaten and starved as we were. They had life and go, something I had forgotten existed. I was Senior Chaplain of this camp until it was abandoned. We had six thousand men. There I got me health and weight back. And November 1st when I came back to camp I weighed 200 lbs. I have been here ever since. Olliver is here and 20 other Chaplains. I have been Senior of group number two. We have carried on a strong program, Sunday services, Week day Bible classes and lots of interest. Men are interested in religion here.
From January 1943 to May I continued to lose weight although feeling quite well. I had the Doctor check me and found that I had Amebic Dysentery. I had thought so for some time. Harry Packard also was discovered with the bug. Art Irons had been marked for some months, so we were all put together in the same room in the Dysentery Barracks. It's nice to be together again, we had quite a bit in common. I wrote Dr. Tuck who is free in Manila and he sent me some money and some Dysentery medicine. I have now taken the first course and next week will take the second. I now weigh 185 and am feeling good and caring on my work, preaching and teaching bible class and visiting my men in the barracks and hospital. I am sent out to work on the farm 3 or 4 days a week the last 2 two weeks while taking this treatment I have been let off.

As I opened by saying, we believe that our time as prisoners is getting short. We are not allowed any news but rumors get in, most of them false but a little knowledge of the situation does get through. God has brought me this far and I believe our prayers will be answered and we will be in each other's arms before too many months pass. Mippy darling, and Warren, Peggy, and Dicky, I really have discovered just how much we love each other. Life is so empty without you and my greatest ambition is to be back at your side and make up some of the lost time of companionship with my two boys and my young lady. I know you have been mother and father to them Mippy and thank God for you every night. Your load is with your worry of uncertainty have been much harder than mine. I could fight death and for life in a realistic battle. Yours has been harder in just nothing but uncertainty.

Dr. Tuck has sent me a hundred pesos and some medicine that I agreed to cover when out. Some of this money I sent to friends but this has been the margin that has cared me through. I am now able to get bananas, duck eggs, beans and peanuts. We are now being paid 25 pesos a month by the Japs. The food issue is far better than it was earlier and as a result our death rate has dropped from 40 to 50 a day to 1 or 2 a month. Some difference. I got a radio message from you, the only word received, the early part of August 1943. It was a breath from heaven. The Red Cross has not been allowed to come in or help us. We got two Red Cross Christmas packages last Christmas and it was that food that stopped our terrible death rate. They have given us very little medicine. Well darling, I'm feeling fine honest, and looking forward confidently to the next few months. I know our prayers meet daily at the throne of Grace. May God continue to uphold and keep us both and reunite us in the near future. What ever happens you will always know our eternal love and the joy it has brought to us. Love the children for me.

Love,

Ralph
Dear Mipple and Children:

Again I take my pen and try to get through. We don't know what is ahead so I will try to get this to E.E.T. in Manila who is free and can some day get it back to you. I am well and doing all right. I weighted October 30th at 196 so you see I haven't wasted away. I still worship at the shrine of my families' picture each day and pray God's watch, care and protection over all of you and that you will be given divine assurance of my welfare. I want to give you my story this far as much as I can because I may not be able to later. We had a paper (Jap propaganda sheet) telling of the sinking of a Japanese transport carrying war prisoners. So any such trip wont be any too safe. I don't mean it's scared. I've been divinely care for too well to have fear. I just go ahead as events take me and God leads me and I say His will be done. But should trouble be ahead I'd like to get this much of the story to you while there is a chance.

We were bombed incessantly at Clark Field from the 8th till the 24th of December, five or six raids a day. I was all over the place visiting and encouraging our men. I refused to get down or hide till the planes were actually over me. Some of the Doctors got mad at me because I wouldn't hide with them every time the siren blew. I made two trips to Manila sending radios for the men (and) myself. Sent off more than $4000 worth. I sent you a money radio December 24th. I never received word from you after your air mail that I got Nov. 29th till I got your word from you after your air mail that I got Nov. 29th till I got your two through Cebu while in Bataan. I went back each night for a week and was there last on Dec. 31st. I had to abandon foot locker and all my things except my field uniform. I was post Chaplain the last two weeks at Stots. Jan 1 I was assigned as Senior Chaplain of Far Eastern Air Forces with HQ's at 169 (Little Bagio) in Bataan. A few weeks later General George moved me to Bataan field Km 156 where I lived until the night of the surrender, April 7th. I covered all of Bataan serving the beaches and fields and checking with my three Chaplains on the front lines frequently. I covered 2000 miles on Bataan roads in January. I would leave my tent Monday, get back Saturday. Held an average of 2 services a day and six on Sunday. I ate and slept with whatever outfit I was with when the time came. I haven't been in a bed since December 23rd, 1941. Most of the time I've slept on the ground or on boards since the capture. I have one woolen blanket. We're very thankful for a warm climate. Holy Week I held 18 services and hundreds of men took part. We didn't realize how close we were to the end. Our men were in bad shape, our medicine had given out and our air men were trying to fly in quinine in an old 11 yr old 100 miles an our plane without a gun on it, Blanca Monoplane. I got a bad case of dysentery on Bataan but sulphathiazol saved me. Our meals were cut to two a day Jan 1st. Supplies started running low by the end of January. The middle of February bread ran out. Meat of any kind was soon gone. Sugar and salt were gone. We ate rice. By the middle of March we were getting very small servings of that. Occasionaly we got a piece of cara-boa and horse or mule. A small piece for each camp. Of course the quarter-master and HQ's groups ate but the men doing the fighting starved. I know what it is to go to bed night after night with that gnawing ache in my middle because I had almost nothing to eat that day. Corregidor ate well right up till their surrender a month after we were gone and then the Japs got ship loads of food out of the tunnels.
filthy crowded stockade in the middle of the town. Got rice at 6 P.M. 4 A.M. we were on our way again. Put in box cars and we went to Capas, thent marched to O'Donnell P.I. Army Camp. The Americans on one side of the road the Philippinos on the other. It was as near hell as a man can concoct on earth. We buried 1650 men at O'Donnell in 7 weeks, dysentry, and malaria. I had dysentry twice but had gotten enough and kept it to save me. Darling, God was good to me and seemed to want to save for something yet. Put in box cars and we went to so I'm here yet. The first month was the worst. Then the terrible conditions shocked even the Japs and food and conditions picked up a little, but the damage was done for many of our men. On June 4 I was taken by truck to camp 1 about 10 kms east of Cabanatuan. Another P.I. valley shack camp. June 6th I was order­ed to camp III, each 12 kms, more. There I lived till Oct. 31, P.I. Army Camp. Good drainage and men from Corregidor, Navy and Marines. They were well, strong, had seen no starvation or hardship. I bought extra food with the money I got and started to build back my weight and strength. That camp was heaven on earth to me. We buried 68 men there while our O'Don­nell men at camp 1 were burying 2200 more.

Nov. 9 - I kept quite busy there, was senior chaplain, had Navy Chaplain Quinn (Epis) and 3 Catholic priests. The camp was in 5 groups, about 2000 to a group to start with. I handled groups 1 and II, Quinn Group III (Navy and Marines) & little hospital. I held Bible classes 3 nights a week and had 200 to 300 present nightly. It sure surprised me. Our Sunday services had 400 to 500 per Sunday. I had to write my sermons each week and submit them for Japanese approval. Occasionally parts were red penciled. My cemetery at Camp III was the best in the Island. Located on a little knoll, with good drainage. I got the Japanese cooperation and a glass bottle with full data on each body permanent identification buried with the head of each grave. No other cemeteries here have any permanent i­dentification buried with their bodies.

I am now at Camp I. It is not so good but we'll be all right. Am glad to be back with Harry P. He is running a kitchen and I get extras that help, through him. Shorts died here Oct. 30. Et Griffith (now Major) died 2 months back. He never saw his baby born Dec. '41. Jullie went to Mindanao on Jan. '42. Havn't heard since. Hope he's O.K.

Our rainy season this year was late but has continued through Oct. The last we days it seems to be cooling up. Raining today. It has been disagreeable at times but we've gotten through pretty well. We eat rice 3 times a day with greens coup made from potato (comodi tops) We got Carabao once or twice a week about a 1 inch cube each. The last month the meat ration has been tripped. I bought all the canned meat and fish I could get. That is why I have kept up so well. Men that didn't get it are now going blind, getting paralysis, sores, etc. Americans can't live on rice. The vitamin deficiency is continuing to kill our men off. We have hopes we may get paid by the Japanese. We have been promised pay several times since the 31st of August. But none yet. We sure would like to know what's doing in the outside world and how long this thing will continue. In a few more days you will have another birthday and then another Christmas. The children will be a year older. Warren is a young man, Peggy a young lady & Dick wishing his Dad was home to take him hiking. Patience is sure a virtue hard to attain. But it will all pass.
Saturday night, Easter eve I came down with 106 temperature and fever, a bad case of malaria. The doctor doused me so that I broke out in a sweat about 3 A.M. and I really soaked everything. I had seven Easter services scheduled and insisted I must go. They kept me doped so I didn't wake up till 7. Missed my first two services, hurried to 5th Interceptor Command for 8 A.M. service, got through it somehow. Then Bill Kennard and Col. Churchill (who replaced Gen. George in Command) came and gave me a "Direct Order to proceed to my camp and go to bed and hold no more Easter services. I didn't argue. I was licked and sick. I didn't leave my bed till Wed. Went out to the toilet, was chased off by bombers and the toilet I was on a minute before it was blown to bits. Went back, got my cloths on. They came back, I got in my fox hole, a 500 pounder hit 25 yards behind me, another detonated in a tree just over it. My tent was riddled and my bed torn to pieces. Your picture got a hole through it just above your head. I helped care for the wounded. The Doctor came and ordered me back to bed "before I had to be carried back." That was 4:30 P.M. at 7:30 we got orders to evacuate our camp, that the lines had disintegrated and the Japs were coming. I took two wounded officers and left for the hospital #11. My car had a hole in the gas tank. It was all shot away (the third car I'd gone through in Bataan, Ponty, Chevrolet, and Ford V 8). My car finally quit and I pushed it into the ditch and went on on the a 31st Inf. Truck, got my men to the hospital and went on to report to our Hqts which were then at 169. Just before I got there at 11:30 P.M. they blew our magazines through which I was to go to get to our Hqts. They blew 4 A.M. No one knew anything, confusion was wild. We heard that surrender would be effective at 6 A.M. but we were bombed and machine gunned mercilessly all that day. In the afternoon we got word to go to Km. W160 where A.C. would surrender. We marched the three kms under a white flag. I got my first good meal for three months, a canned ration. Our men broke in and took them. That night the Japs came in while we slept. 8 A.M. we went back to Mariveles field where we lined up and started marching. We were continually plundered by Jap soldiers and a bayonet through you was the penalty of objection. Your ring was yanked off your finger before I had gone the first Kms. We marched all day and into the night, no food, very little water. I was beat with a canteen once, casual, the amusement of the Jap Pvt. Otherwise I was lucky. My wallet was taken. That night the Japs came crowded paddy field into a rough plowed rice paddy. We drank foul, stagnant water and I was wonderful to get it. Didn't have room enough to stretch out. Early we started marching again. Marched all day, no food again. We were promised food at Balanga, but instead we were lined up and started marching again. We marched on to 0 ani, got in between W and 0 A.M. We're crowded into a filthy pend with thousands of Philippines and again there wasn't room to lie down. May of our men fell out exhausted. That got them a beating, later shot. The next day we sat in the sun all day, no shade, April 12 terribly hot. More men went down. I worked all day trying to help the sick. Worked my arm band and got out of the stockade and at 3 P.M. they gave us half a cup of cooked rice. It got to two-thirds of our men. I begged and pleaded for the rest. Came near getting it (beating) but finally they came through and served the rest. I buried a Capt. and an A.C. boy there. Had to run to catch my column as they marched at 6:00 P.M. We marched double time for the first two hours. Guards rode bigyoles. Then we walked a snails pace the rest of the night which was harder than the double. Allowed us no water that night. Morning found us in Lubao. A 10 minute stop and we were on the road again, no food. That was my worst day. We got to San Fernando about 3:30 P.M. completely done in. Put in another
in time and be just a bad dream. We have some wonderful years ahead yet, dear. So let's look forward to them and in their light pass through this period. Harry Julian who came over on our boat has teamed up with me. He is now a temporary Major too. We have pooled our food. Do our cooking together, etc. His wife Anna Bell is at 289-B St Joseph Ave Long Beach, California. If this beats me home you might write her. He is well and O.K.

Harry P and A. Irons are both well and doing alright. Col. Fields is better than I've seen him since the war started.

My Majority was on the order publicised April 7 and I accepted April 8th. Well darling I sure hope I beat this letter home but if not I sure hope it gets and will fill up to some extent a lot of voids. In many ways your suffering has been much harder than mine. The uncertainty of the situation must have almost driven you crazy at times. I do love you, darling, and believe we have more wonderful years ahead of us to grow older together in. I've tried hard to do my duty to God and my country and build a record my wife and children could be proud of. I was told since coming to this camp that General King will recommend me for the Distinguished Service cross when it's over. The Air Corps units I served have been sighted three times. So in medals, etc., starting with "I served my D.S.C. I'll be well decorated. Love me on through, dear, because love will win.

Love
Ralph