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AMERICAN HISTORICAL COLLECTION

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*Lt. George Moore in spring 1941.*



*Lt. George ("Shorty") Moore, together with Lt. Robert Lapham, leads "I" Company, 45th Infantry, Philippine Division, along a barrio street in autumn 1941. Lapham went on to become a noted guerrilla leader ("Lapham's Raiders") during World War II.*

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## I. Good Old Days and Army Buddies

February 18, 1940–December 7, 1941

Just after noon, on Saturday, the 9th of October, 1940, an Army troop ship, the *USAT President Grant*, slipped its moorings from the pier at Fort Mason, the Army's Pacific Transport Depot at San Francisco, and slowly sailed through the Golden Gate, headed for the open sea. On its deck stood a young man from Chicago named George Bernard Moore. It would be 1,719 days before he would again see that bridge. Just under five years, as time flies, but in that time, he would have grown old far beyond his years.

At 26, George Moore had already done a lot of living. Born and raised in Chicago, the only son of a lather and labor union executive, George attended Lane Technical High School, where he studied drafting and became interested in the Reserve Officer Training Corps program. Despite his small size and slight build, he found that he enjoyed the order and discipline during his summer camps at Fort Sheridan, north of the city on the bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan. He excelled, and in his senior year was selected to serve as the Colonel of the City Staff. Graduating at the height of the Great Depression, George Moore could find no work as a draftsman, so he enlisted in President Roosevelt's new Civilian Conservation Corps and was sent to Oregon where he spent three years working as a lumberjack. He returned to Chicago and underwent an apprenticeship as a lather, working on several of the high-rise buildings then going up in the city. Throughout this time, George had kept up his ROTC studies by correspondence, and in 1939, he earned his commission as a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserves.

Called to active duty on February 1th, 1940, for a period of two years, 2nd Lieutenant George Moore was assigned to Camp Jackson, South Carolina, to serve as a platoon leader with the 20th Infantry Regiment of the 6th Infantry Division. He spent the next seven months traveling and training with the unit as it participated in the Louisiana Maneuvers of 1940, the National Guard maneuvers in Wisconsin, and the National Rifle Competition at Camp Perry, Ohio. It was while he

was at Camp Perry that George Moore volunteered to be one of the first Reserve officers to be sent to an overseas assignment. Acceptance would mean two years away from home, but this was his chance to see something of the world, and he would be home by the Christmas of 1942. He was excited when his orders to the Philippines arrived and after a short leave with his family in Chicago, he packed his car to begin the long drive to San Francisco. On the morning of Saturday, September 28, 1940, George Moore's parents and his grandmother saw him off. When he hugged his grandmother, she said sadly, "I'll never see my Georgie again." He misunderstood and answered, "I'll be back, Grandma." They were both right.

George described his trip across the country in a letter he mailed from San Francisco on the 7th of October. Written on Plaza Hotel stationery, it read in part:

Sunday Oct. 6, 1940

Dear Mother and Dad,

Comes Sunday and a chance to write to you. When you get this I will be way out in the Pacific bound for Honolulu. The ship (*U.S. Grant*) sails at noon Tuesday and we must be on board by 10 o'clock.

The trip was uneventful, which was swell. First night made Ames, Iowa and slept in the car. 2nd night made Cheyenne, as you know. Stayed at the Plains Hotel. Third night made Salt Lake City, Utah. The morning I left Salt Lake it was beautiful. Passed through Reno, a wild town, and stopped at a cabin in Carson City, Nev. Arrived in Frisco on Wed. afternoon. Stayed at the St. Francis that night and later in the evening went to the Mural Room and danced to Freddie Martins Orch. (Don't ask who with). Thursday night, Pierce Fleming and wife, and I went to Fishermans Wharf and I had abalone steak. Friday "Boots" Engel, Bruce Davis, and I went out there again and I had broiled lobster. Was it good. Friday night I had a date with Madeleine Bell... Took her out with the bunch of us and we went to The Forbidden City, a Chinese night club.

Saturday we went down to the docks and watched the *President Coolidge* sail for Shanghai. Beautiful ship. Bought myself a pair of shoes. Needed them. Saw the *U.S. Grant*. It is a big white ship with a big American Flag painted on her side. Of course she is not as big as an ocean



liner. They were loading her. The dock is filled with Army trucks and tractors. Six submarines pulled into port yesterday and anchored next to a Japanese ship. They are all painted black, their war color, and their officer said they were loaded with torpedoes with warheads and they could go to war in a minute. Just a little hint to the Japs. We were paid \$260 when we got here and we are [MS. unclear] rich. Will have to spend a good deal for uniform in Manila, tho.

Tomorrow will be a busy day for us as we have to be examined, check our trunks, cars, etc. It is rather exciting. Especially in view of the times. I do not think we would have it any other way. If they are asking for it, all we ask is the chance to get the first crack at 'em.

Say hello and goodbye to everyone for me. The new watch runs and looks swell. Dont worry about me. I'll be at the convention in 1942.

Au revoir,

Your loving son,

George

From San Francisco, the USAT *Grant* sailed west to the Hawaiian Islands, where the ship made port at Honolulu. The passengers were allowed to disembark and tour the island of Oahu. George Moore remembered stopping on the hills overlooking Pearl Harbor and discussing with a naval officer the fact that the fighting ships of the entire American Pacific Fleet were moored side by side in the harbor and that there was only one narrow channel out. The naval officer agreed that if the fleet were surprised there by an enemy, the harbor would be a natural trap.

Sailing on the 17th from Honolulu, the *Grant* continued westward, passing Wake Island on the 23rd and making another port of call at Guam on the 27th. Somewhere along the way, perhaps because strangers aboard ship have a difficult time identifying each other, George had acquired the nickname "Shorty," and it stuck. On the 30th, the *Grant* entered the San Bernardino Straits and Lt. "Shorty" Moore saw for the first time the beautiful green palm forests of the Philippine Islands. Towering majestically above the palms was Mount Mayon, an active volcano, from whose perfectly shaped cone a long column of gray smoke was spread across the clear blue sky.

On the 1st of November, everyone lined the rails as the ship passed Fortress Corregidor and sailed across the sparkling blue waters of the bay to the port of Manila, the "Pearl of the Orient," where it put into a berth at Pier #7, the "million-dollar pier." Lt. Moore and the other new arrivals were met at the dock and, while their baggage and his car were unloaded from the ship, were escorted over to the nearby Army-Navy Club, where they had lunch on the veranda overlooking the bay. After that, his baggage loaded in his car, he made his way, driving on the left side of the road (a custom left over from the days of the Spanish occupation) out to Fort McKinley, an American military post that lay just southeast of the city and that was the home of the Philippine Division. Reporting in at the post, George Moore was told that he was to be assigned to the 45th Infantry Regiment (Philippine Scouts) and he was shown to his room in Quarters #28, a large, two-story BOQ building that he was to share with ten other bachelor lieutenants.

In 1940, military life in the Philippine Islands had become so peaceful that Army and Navy families actually considered an assignment there to be a plum. Quarters were luxurious by stateside standards and servants could be afforded even on a junior officer's pay. Fort McKinley was considered to be quite a large post, in those days before the advent of mechanized forces required the acquisition of huge tracts of training land. The fort was located on relatively high ground bordered on the north by the Pasig River and otherwise surrounded by farm fields that sloped down to the shores of Laguna de Bay, a large lake several miles to the southeast. The post itself was beautifully laid out, with tree-lined roads and large tropical-style houses covered with vines and surrounded by manicured lawns. At its center, arranged along a bisecting road, Fort McKinley had the usual collection of installation facilities: a post exchange (PX), a small theater run by the YMCA, tailor shops, a branch bank of the Philippine Trust Company of Manila, and the post fire department. Off of this road were loops along which were located the large troop barracks, each with its particular regimental crest painted on the side of the building. The golf course surrounded the post proper, and around this were two large, winding, tree-shaded roads along which were located the officers'



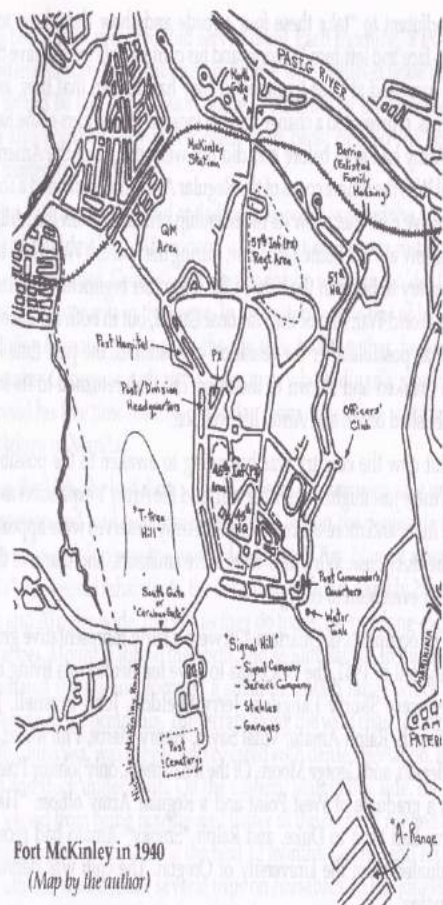
quarters, the Division Headquarters, and the lovely officers' club with its pool and tennis courts.

The organization to which 2nd Lt. Moore was assigned, the Philippine Division, was a very unusual unit, in that the vast majority of its 7,500 soldiers were Filipinos in the American Regular Army. The Division was comprised of the 45th and 57th Infantry Regiments (Philippine Scouts), the 24th Field Artillery and one battalion of the 23rd Field Artillery (PS), the 14th Engineers (PS), the 12th Medical Regiment, and the 12th Quartermaster Battalion. All of these units were quartered at Ft. McKinley. There was one other infantry regiment assigned to the Philippine Division, the 31st Infantry, which was made up entirely of Americans and was quartered at Fort Santiago in downtown Manila.

The two Philippine Scout infantry regiments, the 45th and the 57th, had been on the Army list for many years and were famous throughout the Army for their esprit and superior skill as soldiers. The standards for entry into the Scout regiments from the Philippine Army were high. The Scouts were intensely proud of their regiments and extremely loyal to the United States. Soldiers of the Philippine Division all wore on their shoulders the same unit patch: a bright yellow carabao head on a red shield. Their new commander was Major General Jonathan M. Wainwright, who had just arrived on the *U.S. Grant* with George Moore.

Lieutenant Moore was further assigned down to the 45th Infantry's 3rd Battalion, then commanded by a Lieutenant Colonel Lathrop. At the time, the battalion had approximately 20 officers and 520 enlisted men, divided into a battalion headquarters, three line companies (K, I, and L), and a weapons company (M). George was appointed as a platoon leader in "I" Company, which was commanded by a Captain Gregory.

Shortly after signing in, Lieutenant Moore, along with four other newly arrived lieutenants, reported to the Regimental Headquarters to pay the customary call on their commanding officer, Colonel Clifford Bluemel, West Point Class of '09. The colonel had a reputation as a perfectionist and was the bane of every lieutenant's existence. Because



Fort McKinley in 1940  
(Map by the author)

of a facial tick, which frequently made his eye twitch involuntarily, most of his subordinates referred to him by the nickname "Blinky," though never within earshot of him.

The new arrivals' reception was less than warm. When he learned that the four new lieutenants before him were Army Reserve officers and not Regulars, Colonel Bluemel terminated the office call and told



his adjutant to "take these four outside and show them how to do right-face and left-face." George and his compatriots would have been less surprised at their treatment if they had known that they, as reservists, represented a change that the long-service officers of the Regular Army had seen before and did not welcome. Since the American Civil War, the officer corps of the Regular Army had remained a small, exclusive club that drew its membership primarily from the Military Academy at West Point. Of course, during the Spanish War it had been necessary to bring in the help of the Volunteer regiments, and in the First World War, that of the National Guard, but in both instances, as soon as possible after the cessation of hostilities, the part-time help was thanked and shown to the door. The club returned to its long-established order, and Army life went on.

But now the country was beginning to awaken to the possibility that there just might be another war, and the Army's expansion meant that more and more officers from the Army Reserves were appearing in the clubhouse. Why, they were mere amateurs, and many of them hadn't even been to college!

The occupants of Quarters #28 were a fairly representative group. By the fall of 1941, the BOQ was to have ten lieutenants living in it. They were Shorty Langdon, Jerry Sheldon, John Presnell, Jack Neuwirth, Ralph Amato, Vinal Sayre, Henry Pierce, Phil Meier, Bill Anderson, and George Moore. Of the ten of them, only Johnny Presnell was a graduate of West Point and a Regular Army officer. "Hank" Pierce had been to Duke, and Ralph "Smoky" Amato had recently graduated from the University of Oregon. The club was definitely changing.

Mixed bag though they were, the ten lieutenants in Quarters #28 developed a close camaraderie and settled into the pleasant life-style of the American Philippines before the war. In those days, a second lieutenant was paid the princely sum of \$125 per month, and a ration allowance of an additional \$18. By pooling their resources, George and his Q-mates were able to employ a cook, a *lavandera* (washwoman), and three houseboys. Besides shopping in the local markets for fresh tropical fruits and fish, the cook had access to the Army commissary to purchase food items in the names of his employers, and three meals

were beautifully prepared and served daily. Each morning, a freshly laundered and starched uniform, complete with polished brass insignia, would be laid out for each of the lieutenants by the houseboys, who also polished their shoes, made their beds, cleaned the house and tended the yard.

The duty day started and ended early in order to avoid the intense tropical, midday heat. Afternoons were spent reading or resting on the wide verandas. George's 26 years made him somewhat older than the other lieutenants in the house. In later years, while one of his few surviving Q-mates spoke of all the fun they had together, he would remember George as a pleasant, calm man who ordinarily preferred to spend his free time reading in the day room rather than visiting the nightclubs in Manila.

On the 18th, the battalion's newly-arrived officers were sent on an orientation and trail reconnaissance patrol out on the peninsula that juts southward, forming the west side of Manila Bay. Named after the "Bata", its original inhabitants, the Bataan Peninsula is roughly 25 miles long and 20 miles wide. In 1940, as they do today, the two long-extinct volcanoes, Mount Natib, in the north, and Mount Bataan, in the south, dominated the skyline, forming a small mountain range which ran the length of the peninsula. The terrain along the west coast, along the South China Sea, was rugged and covered with dense vegetation, lofty trees and thick underbrush. On the eastern, Manila Bay side, the terrain varied from being marshy and flatter in the north to rugged and forested in the south. During the next 12 months, George and his fellow officers would make several trips on horseback to the jungles of Bataan, familiarizing themselves with the many trails that the American engineers were putting in out there, and halting the illegal timber-cutting operations of Filipino lumber companies who planned to deforest the entire area. For some years, the American Army had had plans of its own for those huge trees on Bataan.

War Plan Orange, Number 3, or simply "WPO-3" was the American Army's 20-year-old plan to defend the Philippines if an enemy force, probably the Japanese, were able to successfully land on the main island of Luzon. Summarized briefly, it called for the Philippine Division and the much larger, but poorly trained and equipped, Phil-



ippine Army to attempt to defeat the invading force. If this were to prove impossible, the enemy was to be delayed while the Philippine defenders withdrew onto the Bataan Peninsula, thus denying the enemy the use of Manila Harbor. The plan envisioned a defensive stand of no more than six months, by which time reinforcements would arrive from the United States. As the year 1940 drew to a close, staff officers at the headquarters of the Philippine Department began dusting off the plans. To defend Bataan, an army would need to conceal defensive positions, ammunition dumps, and hospitals from the Japanese Air Force. Therefore, the forests had to be protected from the lumber companies.

And so, in November, and again on December 9th, Lt. Moore found himself on the back of a mule, riding the jungle trails and marking likely locations for defensive positions. The days of hacking through the jungle brush and bamboo thickets with bolos while fighting off the hordes of mosquitos were at best unpleasant, but they served him well as a rapid orientation on operations in his new environment. Crossing the swiftly moving jungle streams was always interesting. When these were encountered, the usual procedure was to send Scouts both up and downstream to go wading in search of a fording place. A favorite story of George Moore's described one such occasion when the members of the patrol were gathered on the bank of a stream while one Scout felt his way across. When he was only a few yards from the far bank and success seemed to be in his grasp, the excited Scout turned and called out triumphantly, "Theese eez thee way!" Then he turned, took one more step, and with a splash, disappeared underwater. He was dragged out looking like a drowned rat, and the quest went on.

On another patrol, George came face to face with the Stone Age. While moving along a shaded jungle trail during one such patrol, George and his Scouts encountered a group of Negrito tribesmen coming the other way. The Negritos (from "Negrillos", the name the Spanish gave them) were small, dark nomads who were probably the descendants of the original inhabitants of Luzon and who eked out their existence from the jungle by hunting and foraging. They had kinky hair, wore no clothing, and carried blowguns, from which they fired long, sharp darts that were rumored to be dipped in poison.

Both groups stopped, and the Scouts began looking around warily. Smiling seemed to ease the tension, and after a minute of curiously studying each other, they began to mingle. There was no way to breach the language barrier, but by gesturing with their hands and arms, they devised a crude form of communication. The Negritos seemed interested in the equipment of the Scouts, especially their canteens. At one point, George indicated that he would like to see them demonstrate their skill with their blowguns. He pressed a dime coin into the bark of a nearby tree about fifty feet away and then gestured to the Negritos that he would like for one of them to attempt to hit it. One of the little men slid a long needlelike dart into the end of his blowgun, and raised it to his mouth, and took careful aim. There was no noise whatsoever, but George saw the man's chest jerk slightly, and when he looked at the target, the dart had struck the dime dead center, pinning it to the tree. He made a mental note never to make the Negritos angry. With smiles and waves, the two groups parted and went their separate ways.

As the only 2nd lieutenant in "I" Company, George soon found that his company administration duties were going to require far more of his attention than that of leading his platoon. Like countless lieutenants before and after him, George spent his days inspecting the company barracks, conducting inventories in the supply room, and running rifle ranges. In fact, his reminiscences of his time in "I" Company before the war included an incident which occurred one day on the "A" Range at Fort McKinley. While participating in marksmanship training, a Scout private failed to load his rifle properly so that it jammed when he tried to fire it. He then yelled, "Misfire!" By doing so, he was saying that his weapon had malfunctioned. The Scout knew that any rounds not fired because his rifle had misfired would not count against his score. Those not fired because the Scout had loaded his rifle improperly would be counted against him. George Moore suspected that the latter was the case. To determine whether the Scout's rifle had truly malfunctioned, he personally took the weapon, reloaded the same bullet, raised it quickly to his shoulder, and immediately fired it downrange. He did this without even aiming because his intent was merely to demonstrate the fact that the Scout, and not the weapon, had malfunctioned. Unfortunately, First Sergeant Aguda mis-



understood the lieutenant's purpose and yelled, "Pull number six!" This directed the target detail men downrange in the pit below the target line to pull down the Scout's target and to report whether the bullet had hit or missed. Shocked, George Moore said, "No!" trying to stop the crew downrange, but it was too late. They were already pulling it down, so he waited a few long seconds until it came back up, and the target crew sergeant yelled, "Number six, bulls-eye!" George Moore knew that his perfect shot had been a minor miracle, and heaved a sigh of relief. His Scouts, however, were *very* impressed with their new lieutenant, who, from the standing position, without even having to hesitate to aim, could shoot so accurately.

As did all of the lieutenants, George Moore did his level best to stay out of Colonel Bluemel's way, but Fort McKinley was a small post, and "Blinky" (but never within earshot) Bluemel was everywhere. The Army's standard headgear for the field, in those days, was the campaign hat (which resembled that worn today by some state police). It had a flat round brim, which, when the hat was properly worn, was supposed to be level with the ground. George Moore hated his campaign hat because whenever he and Colonel Bluemel would pass, the following ceremony would usually take place. George would render his usual salute. Then "Blinky" would do his usual double-take and say, "Just a second, Lieutenant." Next the colonel would step in front of George, bend down so that they were face to face, and proceed to adjust the tilt of George's campaign hat. George would always say, "Thank you, sir," and the colonel would say, "You're welcome, Lieutenant." Sometimes it seemed that Colonel Bluemel's primary task each day, right after breakfast, was to go down to the 45th Infantry, find Lt. Moore, and straighten his hat.

But a lieutenant's life in the prewar Philippines was not all field duty. In fact, it is probably safe to say that, more than any other period of his life, George Moore enjoyed the short time he spent in the Philippines before the war began. It was his first taste of travel overseas, and he was enthralled by the richness and variety of the Philippine culture as well as by the sheer tropical beauty of the Islands. He loved to observe the Filipino people, who always seemed to be smiling, and to listen to their different languages. He discovered the wonderful

utility of the word, "quan", which was a noun, a verb, and an adjective and could be inserted any time one didn't know the correct word in Tagalog, the Filipinos' official national language. Since the dry season was just beginning, the sun was becoming increasingly hot as the days passed. In his personal automobile (a black 1939 Plymouth four-door sedan), George spent whatever free time he had seeing the countryside. He and his friends especially enjoyed driving down into the city of Manila on weekends, where the Army-Navy Club and the posh Manila Hotel, just off the wide Dewey Boulevard, offered excellent food and a beautiful view of Manila Bay. Other favorites were the Jai Alai Club and the Santa Ana Cabaret. It was during one of these drives that he observed and photographed workmen cutting up large metal structures down on the shore of Manila Bay. The structures were the hulks of the warships of the Spanish fleet that Admiral Dewey had destroyed during the Battle of Manila Bay in 1898.

It was a tradition in the "Old Army" that, on holidays, the bachelor officers would volunteer for the official duties so that the married men might spend time with their families. Accordingly, George asked to be assigned the duty to serve as Officer of the Day on Christmas Eve. (He later confided his ulterior motive that by doing so, he ensured that he would have New Year's Eve off and thus be able to attend the festivities at the Army-Navy Club.) One of his fond memories of life before the war was his attendance, in his dress-white uniform complete with saber, at midnight mass in the post chapel on that Christmas Eve. Thus he spent his last Christmas of peace.

Life went by on Fort McKinley. The days were filled with planning the training for the Scouts, overseeing the daily administration of the company, and discussing the latest news of the war in Europe. On the 2nd of January, 1941, George Moore celebrated his 27th birthday. The band of the 45th Infantry braved the rain that day to form up in front of Quarters #28 to serenade him, but unfortunately, he was away at the time. In February, the 3rd Battalion got a new commander, when Lieut. Colonel Lathrop relinquished command to Major Dudley Strickler, a tall, lanky officer who had been with the regiment some time before and was returning from detached service up in Northern Luzon.



Later that month, the American military in the Philippines took a big step in its preparations for war when it was announced that all military families would be evacuated to the United States. On the 28th, the first families left on the *USAT Grant* when it sailed for home. "Boat Days" had always been special events because with so many departing, just about everyone knew someone leaving, but this time, with all the men staying, it seemed especially significant. So a military band played "Aloha-oe" and "Auld Lang Syne," and the pier was crowded with officers and their friends saying farewell to family members and girlfriends. George was there with his friend, Jack Neuwirth, who was seeing off his steady, Jean Evans. They would never meet again.

In March, there was some time for the junior officers to do some traveling. On the 23rd, George and some friends went to Tagaytay, southeast of Manila, where they stayed at the Taal Vista House, a plush hotel which overlooked Lake Taal (the "lake within an island, within a lake, within an island"). On the 30th, a group of them took some Russian girls (professional ice skaters on tour with a show) to the Pagsanjan Lodge, where they all rented some "bancas" (outrigger canoes) and took them upriver to see the picturesque waterfalls. On the 6th of April, the same bunch got together, hired another banca at Nasugbu and took it up the coast for a beach party on the South China Sea.

May brought the end of the dry season and the beginning of the rains. Captain Gregory was replaced by Captain Clifton Croom as the commander of Company "I."

During the week of June 13th through the 22nd, in the company of his best friends, Lieutenants Nick Mihailov, of Seattle, and Francis Herbert Scarborough ("Scarby") of Bishopville, SC, George took leave to visit Camp John Hay, the U.S. Army's recreation resort at Baguio, in the mountains of northern Luzon. The three of them stayed at the elegant Officers' Mess, and during the day visited an ancient church and the local gold mines. From Baguio, he mailed several post cards home to his parents.

On their return to Fort McKinley, they found more changes had taken place. Since the arrival of 400 new officers on the *USAT Presi-*

*dent Pierce* earlier in the month, the company had been assigned another officer by the name of Second Lieutenant Robert B. Lapham. Most of the companies in the regiment had only two officers and since Captain Croom's "I" Company had three, Bob Lapham pulled a lot of duty as Officer of the Guard. George Moore became the company executive officer full time.

In July, the pace of change began to pick up. Both Scout regiments were issued the new M-1 Garand rifle and began spending more days out on the A-range familiarizing their soldiers with it. The duty day changed too. After the usual 0700-1200 training period, the post spent the hottest part of the day observing a three-hour "quiet hour" before returning to the battalion areas for another duty period from 1500-1730.

There were other signs that the command was shaking off its casual, colonial life-style. Reacting to news from Europe, where the German Army had used airborne forces to spearhead its "Blitzkrieg" attacks on the Low Countries, the Headquarters of the Philippine Department became concerned about the likelihood of a paratroop assault onto nearby Nichols Field in the event of war. Accordingly, an ominous order came down from Headquarters, Philippine Division, directing that, each week, one of the infantry battalions would be assigned to "anti-parachute attack" duty. The designated battalion would be called on to organize an immediate-response force and have its trucks parked out in front of the barracks to transport the force to wherever the landings were reported to be taking place.

From time to time, the battalions' ability to react was tested. July 10th was humid and cloudy, and there was an air-raid drill in the morning. The Scouts dutifully turned out in battle dress and moved to their paratroop assault defensive positions. Rain showers appeared suddenly in the afternoon and soaked everyone. That evening from 2000 until 2110 hours, Fort McKinley held a practice "blackout drill," during which every light on the post was extinguished in order to conceal its location in the event of an enemy air attack during darkness.



A formal reception was held at the Fort McKinley Officers Club on the 13th of July for all the newly arrived officers. All the Philippine Division officers turned out in whites. The only women present were ten of the nurses from the hospital. The following weekend, that of the 20th, the British battleship, *HMS Warspite*, visited Manila, and the Army-Navy Club in Manila was filled with British naval officers, which generated some excitement because this was a ship from a nation at war.

On August 1st, the *USAT President Coolidge* arrived with more new officers and units to reinforce the Philippine Department. General MacArthur had been recalled to active duty and given command of the newly formed United States Army Forces, Far East (USAFFE). He and his staff were working hard to prepare the Islands for a war that MacArthur was certain would start within the next 12 months, and on the 12th, he ordered the mobilization of the Philippine Army. Many officers from the Philippine Division were sent out as cadres to form and train the soldiers reporting to the ten new Philippine Army divisions. The War Department in Washington had awakened to the fact that the Philippines were in danger, and reinforcements were being shipped out as fast as the transportation for them became available.

Second Lieutenant George Moore was promoted to First Lieutenant on September 4, 1941. He hosted a small party that evening for some friends at the Army-Navy Club.

On the 20th, 1st Lt. Moore assumed command of Company "I", 45th Infantry Regiment (Philippine Scouts), when Captain Clifton Croom moved up to battalion staff to become the unit adjutant. These reassignments were due primarily to the departure of so many officers who went up north to "cadre," or train, the rapidly mobilizing Philippine Army units. On the bright side, the news arrived the next day (August 21st) that Col. Bluemel had also been reassigned to a headquarters up at Baguio. The new regimental commander, a Col. Doyle, came complete with a nickname. It was "Pappy", due to the snow-white color of his hair.

So George Moore settled into his new job, and 2nd Lt. Bob Lapham moved up to become the company executive officer. Sadly, Lt. Moore's relationship with his battalion commander was not a good one. Major

Dudley G. Strickler was a complicated man. Since his graduation from the Military Academy in 1927, his Army career had taken him to Fort Benning in Georgia, Tientsin in China, and Fort Warren in Wyoming. Arriving in the Philippines in 1939, then Captain Strickler had been assigned to command "L" Company in the 45th Infantry. Like many men who served tours in the Orient, Dudley Strickler had apparently developed a problem with alcohol abuse. It was rumored that many evenings it had apparently been Strickler's practice to return to his quarters so intoxicated that he could not climb the stairs to his room on the second floor. So that Strickler would not hurt himself in the attempt, or have to wake other officers for assistance, the "L" Company First Sergeant had directed the Scouts to construct a small shelter under the barracks' veranda, into which the company commander could crawl and sleep until morning.

Eventually Strickler had been detached to duty at Camp John Hay up at Baguio, where he was awaiting shipment to the States, when an old friend, Major General Wainwright, arrived and took command of the Philippine Division. The general knew that, with the mobilization, field grade officers would be needed to command battalions and to fill out the divisional staffs that were forming. General Wainwright called in Major Strickler and told him that if he could stay off the bottle, the general would send him down to command a battalion. Strickler accepted the offer and his orders home were canceled. He was reassigned to the 45th and placed in command of its 3rd Battalion. Thirty-nine years old, and in the twilight of a mediocre career, Strickler was possessed of a very short temper, and tended to upbraid his company commanders, especially George Moore, often. Still, with all of his problems, Major Dudley G. Strickler was to exhibit some sterling leadership qualities in the short time he had left to live.

The 13th of October saw the entire Philippine Division moving out for a war game. The Scouts roadmarched and maneuvered around the countryside, playing the role of the enemy against the 31st Infantry and attacking hills in formations reminiscent of attacks on World War I's Western Front, while the P-40 fighters of the U.S. Army Air Corps' Far East Air Force roared low overhead. The rest of the month was spent in a routine of ten-mile conditioning marches, which usu-

ally began around six in the morning and ended around ten. Evenings were still free, and the Plymouth became "the most popular vehicle on the base" as it made the trip downtown loaded with the junior officers of the 45th. George Moore was frequently too busy, but he loaned the car to Cliff Croom, who gratefully accepted the driver job.

November 2nd was All Souls' Night (the night after Halloween), which is celebrated in the Philippines with family visits to graveyards, where feasts and dancing usually last all night. Many of the Scouts went on leave to celebrate with their families in their home villages.

On Armistice Day, the entire Division paraded with officers mounted on horseback. The order of the day stipulated that "Medals will be worn." The lieutenants thought this hilarious, since there was only one medal in the entire regiment, a Distinguished Service Cross worn by an old captain who had won it in World War I. That afternoon a group photograph was taken of all of the 45th Infantry's officers. Only 31 officers appear in the picture. Back in August, the Regiment had had over 100 officers assigned, but many of them had gone north to the Philippine Army. The faces looking out of the photo are mostly healthy, smiling, and young. Within a month, all of the smiles would be gone, and within three years, so would most of the young men wearing them.

Mid-November brought the beginning of the dry season. George Moore had been in the Philippines just over a year.

On November 28th, Major General Wainwright was reassigned to command the newly forming Northern Luzon Force and left for his new headquarters up at Fort Stotsenburg, north of Manila. Major General Lough took his place as the commander of the Philippine Division. On the 29th, which was a Saturday, the Army-Navy Game was played back in "the States". The radio broadcast of the game was relayed to Manila, where it was heard on Sunday morning (0230-0500), and the usual all-night party was held at the Army-Navy Club in Manila. Graduates of both academies and their guests sat on the lawn listening to the radio play-by-play, while a football-shaped marker was moved back and forth on the display board of a football field, thus depicting the movements of the real ball on the field in Philadelphia's old Municipal Stadium halfway around the world.

While onetime academy cheerleaders led their followers in cheers, Coach Earl "Red" Blaik's Army Team scored early and led at the half, but two Navy touchdowns in the third quarter left the final score at 14-6, with Navy victorious.

The big news in the 3rd Battalion that weekend was, of course, the tremendous success of the battalion's basketball team, which, coached by Bob Lapham, had beaten every other Army team in the Islands and several college teams. Major Strickler, during his West Point years, had been the captain of the cadet basketball team and was the battalion team's biggest fan. There was talk of a possible National Championship before the winter was out.

On Saturday, December 6th, 1941, while he was shopping in downtown Manila, George Moore met a well-dressed and beautiful young Filipina. They began a conversation, and after awhile, he asked whether she would be interested in going out on a date. She replied that the lieutenant would have to first get the permission of her brother, the head of her family. When George asked how he could contact her brother, the young woman said he was standing nearby in the shop. So George approached the middle-aged man, who was obviously wealthy and educated. After a few minutes of George's answering his questions, the brother mimed to the lady, gave a curt nod, and moved away. It was quickly arranged that the Lieutenant should call upon the young woman the following Saturday, December 13th, 1941. He never saw her again.