

*Also by* COLONEL ALLISON IND

BATAAN: THE JUDGMENT SEAT

THE FIRES OF TJEPO

AUSTRALIAN BRIDE

# *Allied Intelligence Bureau*

Our Secret Weapon  
in the War  
Against Japan

by

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ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

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## Mindanao Mender

IN THE DARK HOURS BEFORE THOSE AMBULANCES had lurched off to the airfield I had slipped away from the main lugger station building to pay a farewell visit elsewhere on the station. In the steamy darkness of another dormitory Charlie Smith had shaken himself into wakefulness and with him Captain (later Major) James L. Evans of the Army Medical Corps. There was a last-minute broad check over of their plans.

They would travel together to Fertig's headquarters. There Evans would, first, endeavor to weld Fertig's radio net into an efficient, dependable unit that would function at all times despite the combined attritional factors of inexperienced personnel, the jungle, and the enemy; second, he would accord such limited medical help as was possible to guerrillas and civilians, so long deprived of such help. As for Smith, when conditions were reasonably favorable he would work his way northward to establish that eastern anchor for the trans-Philippines chain of agent stations. His story will be told later. Meanwhile, Evans . . .

An odd combination, Evans. A mind that sometimes seemed to exude the essence of pure intelligence. One felt it. An orderly, analytical mind which properly questioned all that was brought before it, and having queried sufficiently for proper identification, filed the matter away for eventual use. Holder of awards in English composition, Evans was an equally accomplished youthful physician and surgeon. An essential friendliness, a gift for gently prodding into the intricacies of the human mind and heart marked him out as a natural psychologist. Yet no more of rhetorician and doctor was

he than he was communications expert. Literally a triple-threat man for AIB.

Wordlessly we gripped hands. What would happen to him before we might once more shake hands—or would we, ever?

What did happen to Evans combined to make one of the most fascinating tales to emerge from a record crowded with the dangerous, the daring, the bizarre. Yet there were lighter moments. One of these occurred not long after the *Narwhal* had taken him aboard and begun the run back into the Islands. Half-blinded by looking toward the early-morning sun, Evans had so quickly obeyed a command to “clear the bridge” that he missed every rung of the steel ladder and landed below with the speed and force of an unimpeded falling body. “Evans’ Leap” became legendary in the wardrooms of submarines in Task Force 71 as the fastest known way to “clear the bridge.”

Thanksgiving of 1943 was celebrated aboard the *Narwhal*, and was followed by the dangerous passage of the Surigao Straits. The *Narwhal* ran through at night, just awash, and submerged at dawn. She was at the end of her northing and the course was now southwest.

Unable to sleep during the ticklish run through the Surigao, Evans was up at dawn the next morning and joined Latta at the periscope. The commander straightened up, indicating that Evans should have a look.

His heart leaped at the beauty of the scene revealed to him. To eyes accustomed to white steel bulkheads, glaring electrics, and the colorless fixtures of his subsurface prison, the lush, unreal green that startles every beholder of the Philippines for the first time seemed to him something he was witnessing in a fantastic cinema. Vividly chromatic, extravagantly green, with the morning's sun rouging the highlands behind.

The *Narwhal* settled to the bottom to await evening. Then she went to periscope depth again. Latta invited Smith and Evans to have another look. They saw a white target on the beach. Then from the darker band of the shore above the target came three winking lights, doused and repeated, to be followed by darkness once more. It was the “all clear.”

The *Narwhal* pumped the sea from her tanks and stood solidly on the surface. A barge came alongside. In it was a guerrilla officer named Money. He had with him a 3BZ radio transceiver, one of the units that had been sent in to Fertig previously. This portable set was tuned into the master control station inland and that one in turn was monitoring all of the little ATR4A's hidden along the north coast which would send in their alarms at the first sign of threat approaching the lair of the *Narwhal* and her precious cargo of radio equipment, guns, and medicines. The hatches were opened. They had arrived.

A few minutes later the bearded Colonel Fertig himself came aboard. Evans studied this lean, quiet man who wore that undefinable air of a commander and wondered if his country ever would truly realize what a debt it owed him—or would ever honor him in proportion to it.

Evans, Smith, and their radio operator, Robert Stahl, soon found themselves with Fertig in a launch that moved along the coast and into the Agusan River. Just before midnight the little craft stopped at a barrio called Ampara. The weary men pitched their jungle hammocks and slept.

After an early breakfast they pushed farther upstream in a smaller launch. There must be no time lost. Word would get around fast enough that the *Narwhal* had come in and discharged much mysterious-looking cargo. The job was to move the valuable radio gear far into the interior. Enemy shore-raiding parties who might turn inland would have to pass observers who then would alert the hinterland to danger.

There was nothing particularly secret about the headquarters of the most formidable guerrilla force in the Philippines. It was located in the small barrio of Esperanza at the junction of the Agusan and Wawa rivers. Except for local sentry rings, there seemed to be little in the way of warning apparatus. Nevertheless, it would be some time before the enemy in the coastal areas would know of it with sufficient accuracy to dispatch effective bombers and strafers to the area.

Evans initiated his communications survey. In a small hut at Esperanza he found another Teleradio which relayed to a powerful

fifty-watt transmitter Parsons had brought in earlier. This was located in a well-guarded secret place in the hills westward. But relays were time-consuming and demanded air time for the enemy to monitor and triangulate. Surgeon Evans selected tools of a different type, probed the vitals of an ailing HT-9 transmitter and put it on the air with a special parabolic-type antenna that shot a concentrated beam at AIB's station near Darwin. The resulting signal was clear and strong. For the first time Fertig had direct communication from his Esperanza headquarters to Australia—that is, at nighttime. But Evans had other ideas. He wanted twenty-four-hour service and he wanted it without Japanese monitoring. He advised KAZ he was doubling his normal frequency and for them to prepare receivers that would take it. The frequency he was suggesting seemed fantastically high. But Brisbane's experts met the challenge. The result was nearly what Evans sought—and with no more than fifty watts for that tremendous distance. Normal procedures with no restraints on the kind of equipment to be used and no fear of enemy reprisals would have called for ten times the power to do the same thing on a twenty-four-hour basis. Evans was like that.

The accomplishment was only one short leap ahead of trouble. In fact, there had been only one warning of the swift enemy action that resulted in the loss of the Parsons' fifty-watter. This unit had been primarily to serve the Navy at Perth with immediate submarine attack data, and to relay Fertig's GHQ traffic. The cleverly-concealed position was uncovered by the sudden raid of enemy soldiers and the precious equipment destroyed. As a precautionary measure, the Esperanza unit was also immediately dismantled and hidden. Thus, no sooner had a peak in communications been effected when KAZ had to report a complete black-out.

Complete? Not quite.

Thin and uncertain, a voice had come through the air. Its call sign was "UU2." The message was relayed to Brisbane for study and identification. If Evans had accomplished a master stroke, one of those tiny, incredible Australian ATR4A's had done even more. To our astonishment the call was identified as being that of the station Charlie Smith had established near Davao in 1942 when he

had gone in originally with "Fifty" party. Those two-and-a-half watts of power had spanned the whole distance! It was, of course, a freak and could not be expected to repeat. It did, however, every once in a while, as Charlie's observer sent out ship sightings originally intended for relay by Fertig.

In time, Evans came back on the air. The HT-9 had blown up for good in the wet tropical heat. He had substituted an Australian TW-12 which withstood the rigorous conditions. We had not yet learned to properly "jungle-proof" American equipment.

By early 1944 the traffic from the Philippines in general was beginning to assume impressive proportions. The Heindorf cryptographic section under Lieutenant C. B. Ferguson was a model of efficiency. If the messages were to be decoded, studied, and forwarded to the Commander in Chief with comments and recommendations in time for his morning sessions, it meant that Whitney had to quit his bed each morning at about three o'clock. Folk like Dr. Hayden and myself normally reported at eight o'clock to debate such issues as Whitney desired to try out on us. Then the paper work went forward to GHQ. By afternoon the replies generally were back for encoding. Sometimes the Commander in Chief acted on the recommendations as suggested, sometimes he amended them, and sometimes he quite ignored them. But the collective "batting average" of Philippine Regional Section remained gratifyingly high.

On the Mindanaoan end of the link was another cryptographic section, lacking no doubt some of the fine equipment of Brisbane's but, under one Harold Martin, nonetheless efficient. He was eventually commissioned in the Signal Corps.

Evans' net was "clicking." A typical Martin encoding from some of the stations hidden on the coast might refer to: "... medium cargo ship at 122.5 east, 12.06 north" or to a "convoy of small ships headed south of Sindangan" or "twenty-two bombers arrived Davao strip from north, are refueling." Maybe it would be "four three-inch anti-aircraft guns now installed in clearing at southeast angle of road intersection at [coordinates] with fuel dump hidden in trees five hundred yards north."

Ship information immediately went to Perth and Perth made its own contacts with submarine commanders. Obviously a direct tie-

in with them would eliminate costly delays. Evans pushed for it. Previously Navy had declined to let the watchers have any access to the submarine frequencies. Now the proposal was urged with renewed energy, especially by Parsons. The Navy agreed. "Kill" counts immediately mounted.

One day a message was dispatched to Brisbane by Fertig in his own cipher. He had felt constrained to mention Evans' deteriorating health. The doctor had worked incessantly and despite urgings seemed unable to relax. Soon Fertig had the "persuader" he wanted in the form of a message from Brisbane that Evans was to ease off on the now smoothly-working communications net and at his discretion make a medical survey in the area. Evans accepted the order amiably enough, but to suggest a slowdown for him was one thing, to effect it was another—regardless of the nature of his occupation. With the same devotion he had given radio, he turned to medicine.

With the help of a Filipina nurse, Evans set up shop in an abandoned house in Esperanza. It was a three-room establishment—a living room for him, a waiting room, and a "surgery." He added to his staff a one-time pharmacist's mate in the Navy—Henry Rooke. The trio was an immediate success. AIB came to dub him "the Mindanao Mender."

Business came from every direction—and in all forms and degrees of pathology and trauma. Digging Japanese bullets out of Filipino anatomy was interspersed with treating a constant parade of tropical ulcers.

One aged Filipina came from afar—for the word had traveled afar that a white doctor had appeared from no place at Esperanza. She had a large purulent abscess under one eye. Immediate excision was indicated. Evans signaled his nurse to prepare the scalpels. But the patient would have none of the knife. The doctor was troubled; the sinking infection would soon spread to nearby brain paths. He had an inspiration. A less-provident man, or one less susceptible to the urge of details in planning, might not have thought to include some of the new anesthesia, sodium pentothal, in his kits so hastily assembled in Brisbane. Evans had.

With much ceremony he directed that the incising instruments be returned to the sterilizer. Before her one good eye and the other

affected one he displayed an intriguing little glass ampule. "Dream medicine" it was. Persuasive was his voice, flattering his words. Her suspicions dissolved. The "dream medicine" was pumped into her brachial vein. Soon sleepiness and relaxation in turn gave way to a slumber that left her insensitive to the swift work of the knife and the cleaning action of the irrigation solutions.

Ten minutes later the patient awakened, quite apologetic. It seems, she explained, that she had waited too long, and had fallen asleep. Then the sight of her operated face, protected with clean dressings, was framed for her in a mirror.

And from that moment the barrio of Esperanza and all the territory around belonged to Evans and his "staff" of two. The account of his prowess grew amazingly with every repetition. For Evans there was the added satisfaction accruing from the knowledge that, as far as anyone knew, it was the first time that sodium pentothal had been used in the Philippines.

There was another medical "first" during those days and nights when, unknown to them, the enemy was inching his way closer to a "find" of those stations which so brazenly were supplying GHQ with thousands of cipher groups every week.

In November of 1943 the medical supply depot at Brisbane had boasted a total stock of fifty ampules of the newly-discovered germ killer, penicillin. It was worth a small fortune because at that time the mass-production methods were still developments of the future. Yet the 155th Medical Depot had given up half of its stock to AIB.

Evans' patient was the wife of a civil official whose good will was important to the guerrillas. But it would have made no difference to him who she was, for in any case she was a human being whose life soon would terminate unless the acute infection in her cervical region was halted. The precious ampules were brought out, and in due time the house of Pajarillo greatly rejoiced. The age of miracles had not passed. To Evans came the satisfaction of knowing that, in addition to having brought happiness and health into a land where disease, poverty, and war's brutality had been rampant, he had to the best of his knowledge and belief made successful use of penicillin in the Philippines for the first time in medical annals.

Late in January uneasy whisperings began to come by way of the

jungle telegraph. The enemy was "wise." It was nothing Fertig could lay a finger on, but real, nevertheless. Perhaps the enemy rdf's had at last pinpointed him? Or had there been spies?

He decided to act on his hunches. He instructed Evans to "fold" and go up the river to Talagogan; he would follow later and relocate his headquarters there; part of the equipment would be retained near the barrio of Pianing under Mr. Sam Wilson (whose "Wilson Building" had been a prominent landmark on the Escolta skyline in Manila before the destruction).

In the meantime another successful supply drop of bountiful proportions had been made by submarine. There was much equipment, new personnel, medicine—and even 20-mm guns. Lieutenant Monty Wheeler of the United States Navy had brought in a new naval transmitter to replace Parsons' smashed fifty-watter; he would operate the new unit for Navy.

Evans made the move to Talagogan and immediately set himself up in another "dispensary," together with Lieutenant Carlos S. Turla. He was too busy to be disturbed seriously by the latest rumors of enemy activity but got a good laugh from the report of an encounter of McClish's 110th Guerrilla "Division," which had just received one of the 20-mm cannons. The enemy had come in strong, quite unprepared for the ravages of the well-mounted field piece. At first they had been routed. But overwhelming numbers in time had the usual effect—the gun position was overrun. The enraged, unpredictable Japanese paused, then lighted a fire under the cannon, and retreated. McClish's men swarmed out of the jungle, put the fire out, reloaded the hot gun, and began a rapid firing against the soldiers' posteriors—with devastating effect.

It was a local victory.

But the over-all enemy command had experienced its fill of brazen submarine landings and now moved to mop up the whole northeast and east coasts. There would be no more landings in that area for a long, long time. Enemy attack planes swooped low over Talagogan, strafing and bombing. The little barrio became a shambles in which one man moved as if protected by magic—Fertig. He was not hit. But everything except one 3BZ Evans had buried was hit and reduced to junk. To our great relief in Brisbane, the

sweet notes of this transmitter came through to give reassurance that they lived to fight another day.

Evans embarked on a program of hiding other 3BZ's. So perfect was the camouflage of these hidden stations that even the local operators had to memorize certain landmarks to find their way in to them.

But a new specter came to haunt them—hunger. The enemy's activities had all but severed the main supply line. Evans' already lean frame seemed to shrink visibly. The menu of *tankong* (fern greens) became so inevitable that the mere sight of the stuff set him to retching. Polyvitamin pills brought from Brisbane alone prevented the ravages of severe malnutrition.

How long could they hold out? It was all the more ironic now because the information coming from the important Davao area was becoming unbelievable in quantity and accuracy. The Ilocano "natives" they had trained and sent in to observe that sensitive area had actually hired out to the Japanese, just as "Carabao Boy" had done in Manila. Mistaken for the ignorant farmers they represented themselves to be, these keen-minded youngsters, many of them college men with bilingual abilities, hired out for work in enemy ammunition dumps, airfields, and even in headquarters itself. Their gleanings were encoded by men of Fertig's command and others brought in aboard the last submarines to call, and transmitted by ATR4A's to the net control unit, then sent to Brisbane.

One message which described the presence at Davao of enemy naval units unsuspected of being anywhere near that area seemed sufficiently incredible even to the observer himself that he considered it advisable to append this line:

... I AM SOBER COMMA HALL.

Comedy relief, however, was almost as scarce as food in the hard-pressed Fertig area. And Evans, who burned nervous energy at an exceptional rate, had little more to burn. Fertig had seen the early signs and now he saw them in an aggravated form. If he was to preserve the man for future usefulness, he had to act again. The

situation was too grave to permit proper rest. A change of scene, then.

Tired, thin, his nerves on edge, Evans pushed off with Filipinos in a baroto. Stowed in it was an Australian Kingsley receiver. Then they left the craft for a long trek inland. It was mid-1944 when they arrived at Wilson's headquarters near the barrio of Pianing in north-east Mindanao. Gratefully Evans prepared to "settle in" and treat his feet, which had become cut and blistered by the last lap of the trek.

But rest and recuperation it was not to be. The enemy moved again, massively. Fertig's reports to Brisbane became very clipped—he was offering a minimum target for enemy radio direction-finder experts—but they were charged with trouble: the enemy's total strength in two columns moving inland was approximately that of a division: fifteen to eighteen thousand men.

On one of these critical mornings, Evans was counting off the minutes up to thirty: a half-hour's rest, then he would try his weight upon his bleeding feet once more. By that time there should be some deadening of the pain in response to the ampule of morphine he had taken upon awakening that morning, the fourth since they had adopted their fugitive existence to save their lives. Feet that had been in poor shape to begin with had responded in the only way they could be expected to through four days of wading in stream beds and grinding along the rockiest trails they could find in order to leave undetectable signs of their passing. Fortunately the other members of his little safari, Filipinos supplied by Wilson, were in better shape so they had been able to relieve him of most of his pack. Evans examined his feet. The abrasive action of sand and gravel had planed off all normal calluses; there was a constant oozing of blood from exposed capillaries. But for a while the pain would be less. And they had to go; the pursuing enemy was never far behind.

On June 24 Evans set up the ATR4A and hopefully called into McClish's net. Far from receiving encouragement, the wonder was that he made contact at all. At that moment McClish's headquarters in northeast Mindanao was being immobilized by enemy shelling. Pianing had been captured. There was no news of Fertig—but

maybe no news was good news, for certainly the Japanese would have made much of it had they taken him. Evans shut off the receiver and packed it. But they would have to boil some drinking water before they could go on. While he was chopping he struck his left big toe. The log had been rotten inside; the ax had driven through.

The morphine partially blocked that pain, too. Evans bound the lacerated member and off they went. Evans trailed and the others helped, for he seemed to be like a man in a dream state. Probably he was. At noon a runner caught up with them with the news that an advance patrol of the enemy was drawing closer. There could be no more rests for a long time.

The next days were torture. He felt that it was not only too dangerous for him to risk the narcotizing effect of the morphine, but unfair to the others who had to be alert for every possibility. He took no more. The pain was so great that it seemed to numb his brain. They went on, trying to escape via the Sibagat River. The banks became almost cliff-like and the current in the constricted gorge tore at them. From the banks, boulders weighing tons had fallen long ago. They were smooth and slippery through the action of the rushing water. The men clung to them like wet insects and inched their way forward. Evans sent a scout ahead. The rest disposed themselves to cover the river to the rear. Through a haze of exhaustion they waited. Then the scout came back. That night they would sleep and sleep, proclaimed Evans, for there was a friendly village nearby.

At ten o'clock, when they had just dropped into the dead slumber of beaten men, a runner slipped into the village. The enemy, he said, had done a forced march and already was "a mile and half away only, sir—at Afga."

Evans fought sleep and concentrated on what the man was telling him. Afga, he had said. But Afga was in *front* of them!

They held a quick council. The enemy was back of them, too. How far back? That was the question, and on it would depend their freedom, probably their lives. The river that had served them as an escape route thus far, however brutally, now was their trap. There was only one hope—to scale one of the banks, then climb a mountain and drop down the other side of it into a valley that ran paral-

lel to this one. If they could reach it, they should find an old mining camp. At the camp they might find Major Vincent Zapanta, one of McClish's men. But to reach the point where they might scale the bank and start the climb, they would have to go back along that hellish river bed with its clawing current and its slippery black boulders, and this time they would have to do it at night.

But one more gamble they would have to take: they could not push on without some sleep; it would be sheer guessing as to how long they dared sleep before one enemy or the other, or both, would close in on them.

At three o'clock the sentry shook them awake. Soon they were slogging in that Mindanaoan valley of the shadow once more. Scouts declared them to be safe from immediate detection. Accordingly, they lit their way with the red flames of nipa rushlights. All night they stumbled forward, driven by an urge to live that was stronger than the drive simply to lie down and await the enemy. With the coming of daylight each could see the marks exhaustion had left upon his companions.

Then came the heat. If the night had been grueling, the time until noon was like acid and salt poured into open wounds. Without sleep, rest, or food, they went on—laden with arms and ammunition.

What happened next probably was due to the disorganizing effect of exhaustion; perhaps there had been momentary black-outs for more than one of them. At any rate, Evans realized that he had called to José, his personal boy, about something or other and had received no reply. He stopped and called again. Still nothing. He turned back a few paces to speak to the others back of him—but there was no one back of him. He was alone.

For a long time, it seemed, he was stunned into complete inaction. Then the reflexes that had been driving him ahead for days took over and he found himself climbing again. Somewhere ahead was the mining camp, somewhere ahead he would surely find Vincent Zapanta.

The period that followed became mercifully analgesic. His mind began to play tricks on him. He was sure that he saw people up ahead. But they turned out to be rocks and trees and stumps.

Nevertheless, he was aware of speaking to them as if they were people.

Then there was no sound at all. It was quiet, deliciously quiet. Nor was he climbing any more. In fact, he was lying down in a hut of some kind.

His mind cleared and he remembered. He had reached the summit sometime in the late afternoon. On the ridge he had seen the tiny native hut, set high on the ulual piles. It looked unoccupied. He had been glad of that because he was in Manobo country, and the Manobos were not hospitable to strangers—in fact, he had heard that they were cannibals. He had climbed up the shaky ladder. He doubtless had slept, but he did not think that it had been more than an hour. Before it got dark he had to take stock of his position. His body hurt in a hundred places at once as he tried to move. But he got down out of the hut.

Directly before it the mountain sheered off precipitately. He peered down the magnificent escarpment that must have been at least fifteen hundred feet high. He looked across the chasm. The country rolled away in ridge after ridge to the sea. Then he studied the valley below. Someplace down there Zapanta must be located—with food. But without more rest he could never descend the mountain to the Wawa River. He pulled himself back into the hut and slept.

He had no idea when it was—still that day or the next—that he awakened to find himself sitting up, staring into the haggard features of José, his boy.

Nothing seemed to surprise him any more. He asked about the others. The boy shook his head. Evans knew better than to ask whether José had any food. The Filipino was hardly in any better shape than Evans himself. It was agreed that they could go no farther without rest. In an instant they fell asleep.

Evans awoke with a sense that someone was climbing the ladder. He covered the trap door with his automatic, but the face that emerged was that of Ramón, another of their safari. The boy nearly fell from the ladder with fright before Evans shouted reassurance and dropped the gun. Ramón, looking comparatively refreshed, told them that the rest of the party had decided to try to



escape by another route once they had become separated. He had asked permission to leave them and it had been granted. He had climbed the mountain alone, as had José, but for a specific reason: he knew that at the top was a hut that belonged to his brother-in-law. This was it. He planned to rest there, although he was not too tired, as he had slept the night before.

The night before? Yes, the boy replied, puzzled at Evans' question. After all, they had become separated two days ago.

Evans reached into the pocket of his filthy khakis. Ramón's face brightened at the two pesos. They would be his if he would but go down the mountain, find Zapanta, and tell him to bring food and water because he and José were too done in to move.

The boy left.

Sometime during the night he returned. Evans' eyes alternated between the chicken he carried and the companion he had brought with him. It was not Zapanta, but a Monobo native armed with a long spear. His hair was done up in a bun at the back of his head and on top of his head he wore an old hat of sorts, rather like an inverted gravy boat. His eyebrows were plucked to a thin straight line. Twin red streaks of betel-nut juice ran down the sides of his mouth.

Ramón's cousin, so Ramón said, spoke no English. But José suddenly broke into animated conversation with him. He was himself of Manobo extraction. The immediate point of the torrent of words seemed to be the chicken. And Evans noted with satisfaction that it changed hands forthwith.

Hardly waiting for the roasting to be completed, they tore it apart and wolfed it down.

Ramón and the odd character curled up on the floor. Evans slung his jungle hammock above them. His last thoughts were of an account of an incident in 1937, when Manobos had killed a number of people not far inland from the coast. Their heads never had been found. This spot, he recollected, was much more isolated than that location.

At daylight, sliding, clutching at bushes, slipping in reddish mud, they went down the mountain. At the bottom they rested, bruised, cut, and shaken. They resumed by wading in the rock-strewn bed

of a small stream to conceal tracks. Then came another hour along the faintest of trails in the jungle. A halt. And suddenly Evans was aware that they had been joined silently by another spear-carrying native, long and lithe, as queer looking as the first. José told Evans that Zapanta was in a hut belonging to Datu Pataday. Evans had heard of him as one of the most energetic headhunters in Mindanao.

At the end of another hour they crossed a small stream. Before them was a native house of bamboo frame, split bamboo floor, and a nipa-thatched roof, the whole set on thin piles about six feet above the ground.

Peering inside, Evans drew a long breath of sheer thankfulness to see Zapanta and some of his boys. Against the opposite wall was a native more than six feet tall. José told him that this was Datu Pataday.

Evans surveyed his "host." The headhunter was attired in a native-woven shirt of abacá decorated with stripes and designs of bright colors. His shorts were made of the same material. On his arms were numerous bracelets of metal and stone. His mouth drooled red betel-nut juice and lime.

In one corner of the house were his aged mother and father, also drooling betel-nut juice and lime; in another were three young women attired in brilliantly dyed native cloth. Near the center of the floor lolled a native boy, obviously a congenital idiot. His chin was ropy with saliva. His mouth was twisted upward in a perpetual foolish grin. He groveled in the midst of his foul discharges. Near him sat another in the straddle-legged posture of the Mongolian idiot. Again and again he was tormented by his relatives, who slapped and pinched him. They were delighted at his whimperings of pain and dull resentment.

Despite his revulsion, Evans' exhaustion and the deplorable state of his feet ruled out any choice. He dropped on the floor and instantly was asleep.

For three days, between long, deathlike slumbers he was aware that Zapanta was endeavoring to convince the coldly listening Datu, who had never seen either a white man or a Japanese, that the paper money he carried actually was money, and that they wanted

to pay for everything. Zapanta had quietly arranged that one of their boys always remained awake, just in case.

By the third day the Datu was plainly disinclined to continue his role as host. Evans had been playing for time to allow his feet to heal. Now he became more concerned about his head. He was not happy that Datu's queer-looking sons—they of the sharp spears—were to be the guides. Once they were on the trail, he put them immediately before him. Eventually they came to another untenanted hut. That night they ate a poor meal of dried corn. Tired and still hungry, they went to sleep.

All the next day they pursued their trail. Roasted green bananas were their lunch. Evans rated them as being like a mixture of cotton and uncooked corn meal. But that was all there was.

Late in the day there was a conference between the guides. Once more they must be close to Sibagat and the Japanese. But they had to take that chance: after all the enemy was all around. (Although they did not know it then, a patrol sent to capture them had passed just on the other side of the stream from Datu's house while Evans had slept.) But if ever they were to reach Fertig's headquarters again, they must break through somehow.

With only a warning hiss, the guides suddenly leaped into the bush. Evans followed, flagging the others behind him.

A patrol was coming toward them. He saw a Japanese helmet. His automatic covered it, but Zapanta shouted: "Don't shoot, Doc! Jesus, Doc, it's friends!"

The helmet had been taken from a dead Japanese. Together the two parties made for the barrio of Sibagat, in turn frightening the wits out of another little band of refugees who had taken shelter there. The Japanese were known to be very near.

That night a Filipino boy raced into the camp.

"Hapon!" he cried, jerking his arm backward. "Hapon!"

There was barely time for them to seize their weapons before the firing broke out. It was every man for himself, no man knowing where to leap to save his life. Evans and Zapanta never knew the fate of the others, but in some miraculous fashion they had not only leaped together, but in the right direction.

If they had saved their lives by their accidentally proper actions,

they soon realized that perhaps they had only postponed their end, for now they were thoroughly lost. Except for their packs and guns, they had nothing. The two decided to sit the night out. Through the hours they fought mosquitoes and tried to avoid centipedes, whose bites could cripple.

The next day they wandered, trying to get back to some landmark they could recognize. They never did. But they did come upon another village, this time all Manobo.

As near as could be determined later, this must have been early July of 1944. From then until the middle of October these two, an American physician and a Filipino who once had been a *maitre d'hôtel* at one of San Francisco's finest, lived an incredible existence as adopted members of one of the most primitive tribes encompassed within the boundaries of any civilized country. Using his knowledge of herbs and the few pills of various kinds that he still had in his pack, Evans set up another "clinic." Zapanta was his partner. The Manobos trusted them and allotted them a large nipa house for their activities. In return for Zapanta's carbine, and instructions in how to use it, the natives gave the two men a "percentage" of what game they were able to kill with it.

One of the Manobos knew a smattering of English. There ensued prolonged educational sessions. But it was almost beyond the resources of Zapanta and Evans to explain something as complicated as an automobile to these people who found even the simple wheel a marvel, or to tell why white men and Japanese were fighting each other when both lived so far away across seas that any man could see were much too immense to be crossed. The Manobos could see Japanese aircraft flying above them, yet to include this into some comprehensive scheme of social relationship, good or bad, was something so impossible that it was wisest simply to ignore the fact of the aircraft altogether.

In August they could hear restless mutterings from the east. They did not know it then, but these were the first bombings of the Davao area by American air. (And deadly accurate, too, thanks to UU2 and the others in Charlie Smith's wake.)

On the morning of September 9 Evans' boy shook him awake. From long experience, Evans' first thought was that this was an-

other attack. But the boy was shouting for him to come outside. There were many airplanes now; he held up ten fingers many times. Evans rushed out.

*American* bombers. And there were more than sixty of them!

There was a big celebration in the village, the Manobos not knowing quite why, but joining in with zest. Zapanta and Evans got somewhat drunk on tuba juice.

Then deliverance. The planes ultimately found the enemy columns and blasted them under.

Bidding their "brother tribesmen" farewell, Zapanta and Evans got into a baroto and made for where they thought they might find Fertig—if he lived.

He did.

On November 23, 1943, I had gripped Evans' hand there in the pre-dawn heat of Darwin, wondering what might happen to him. It was almost fourteen months to the day that I shook it again, in Brisbane—and learned from his own lips what *had* happened to him.