

boat docked at Pier 1, he would begin to load his equipment, beds etc, and transport his patients, I felt that my mission had been successfully accomplished.

I spent the evening fixing financial matters and giving instructions to my brother Ramon, re payment of certain obligations (Premium Fire Policy, Land taxes etc.)

Dec. 31, 1941.

Got up at 4 am. Left Army and Navy Club at 5 am.

Arrived Concydor at 6:10 am. after a slightly rough trip.

The North-East monsoon was blowing quite hard. Upon arrival I reported to President Quezon and General MacArthur the result of my trip. Both were pleased and congratulated me for the success of my mission.

At 5 p.m. while I was at Cottage 605, the telephone rang. It was a long distance from Manila. I rushed to answer. It was my uncle Lt. Gonzalez informing that the ship would be ready to sail, but the Captain refused to leave unless he had the charts for trip, and same could not be had in Manila. I told Lt Gonzalez

to hold the line and I asked Lt. Huff who was at General MacArthur's Quarters next door, and he told me that the charts of the Casiana could be given. I informed Lt Gonzalez. Half an hour later Lt Gonzalez again called me and told me that the boat would leave at 6:30 p.m.

I was tired. After dinner I retired. At 10:30 p.m. a U.S. Army Colonel woke me up to inform me that the ship was still in Pier N° 1 and that the Captain refused to sail unless he had the charts. We contacted Ussafe Headquarters.

We were informed that the Don Esteban was within the breakwater. We gave instructions that the charts of the Don Esteban be given to the Captain of the S.S. Mactan and that those of the Casiana would be given to the S.S. Don Esteban.

I then called Collector of Customs Mr. de Leon, and asked him to see that the ship sails even if he had to put soldiers on board and place the Captain under arrest.

At 11:40 p.m. we were advised by phone that the S.S. Mactan the hospital ship had left the Pier at

11:30 pm: We all gave a sigh of relief. I went back to bed. And so ended 1941 for me. I could not sleep; I thought of home, of those dear to me, and I felt a terrible nostalgia. How hard life is at times. It is a good thing, that we have the Faith in our God to lean on. I hope and pray that the much needed assistance from the U.S. will come very soon, so that we may eject the invader from our country, and be able to return to Manila to our homes and our dear ones.

January 1, 1942.

I attended Mass at 7 a.m. and received Holy Communion. I congratulated the President, St. Ch. Manuel Roxas, & Mando Nieto, on their feast day. The morning was quiet.

At 12:45 pm. the Air-Raid Alarm was sounded. We could hear the bombs exploding, and our guns roaring. The raid lasted two hours. At about 3:30 pm, the wounded began coming in. Some were badly cut up. I offered my services to assist. Major Hagen, Med. Corps approached me and told me he had met Tito in Iloilo, and that he had