water loving power unit.

Each night after the evening meal I visited around camp and and renewed friendships with some of the officers I had known either in college or had identified as being from my home state of South Carolina. Among them were Henry Leitner, Ben Skardon, Francis Scarborough, Jack Leonard, Alvin Bryant, Capt. Bill Capt Till Millson Glover, Lt. Tom Patrick and Lt. Otis Morgan. There was much optimism among us that the war was now going out/ wa/ favorably and that we would soon be free. We talked of home and good food and the beautiful gitls we had yet to meet; of fishing and hunting trips and football games. Of all subjects discussed, none held the attention or stimulated the imagination as did food. It was the thing dreamed of most and felt the physical need of more personally and strongly.

Henry Leitner and I became very close friends during that time.

Six Feet, blonks and through the hormouse, mode those days at Cabanatuan. We shared what little extras we could a graduple of the formula he was fluing found that the parties of the spanned get, and had long discussions on what we would do in the future, and him phosp wit runamed Appearant.

once back home. He had a good position waiting of for him in a textile manufacturing firm near his Aiken, S. C. home town.

Henry had been married just ten days before leaving to come to the Philippines. He spoke of his lovely bride often and of the home they had yet to build. I had met her at the wharf in San Francisco where she had come to see him off. I assured him he was fortunate to have someone of such superior qualities awaiting his return.