

INTERVIEW NO. 68
SOUTHEAST ASIA HISTORY CHRONOLOGY
LLOYD AND BONNIE ROBERTS, ALDEN JONES
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Jones

This is Interview No. 68 for the Southeast Asia History Chronology. Today is August 30, 1977. I'm here at Philadelphia, Mississippi, at the home of Lloyd and Bonnie Roberts and they're going to tape their recollections of their experiences over there.

Lloyd, let me start out by asking you, where were you located in this country and what were your duties at the time you first were asked to go over into . . .

Lloyd

In the United States?

Jones

Yes.

Lloyd

Well, we were in the Twin Harbors region at Cosmopolis and I was thinning logging foreman over there and had been for about a year, I guess, and I can remember it was a hot afternoon in early July and my boss, Deke Shamley, said, "Say, call that redheaded guy in Tacoma. He called for you about an hour or two ago. I think something is cooking."

Jones

This was July, what year, Lloyd.

Lloyd

This was July of 1970 and, of course, the redhead would be Bill Johnson.

Jones

None other.

Lloyd

And so I did and Bill said, "Say, the couple times we had a chance to chat you said you might be interested in going overseas." And I said, "Sure, what's up?" And he said, "Well, how would you like to think about going to the Philippines?" And I said, "When do I leave?" And he said, "Well, is day after tomorrow soon enough?" And I said, "Well, yeah." As far as I was concerned it was, it was fine. Little did I know that he really meant it. The next day I went to Tacoma to talk with Bill and, at that time, the General Manager, Bill Sim. I met Mr. Sim for the first

time and that was about the 8th or 10th of July, I guess. By the 18th of July we were in Hong Kong and, a few days later - well, we were in Hong Kong on the 18th of July, 1970 and by the 20th we were in Milbuk. On the 21st I started my first day on the job as logging manager at Milbuk, replacing a man by the name of Orris Burrill who had been there for about 8 or 9 months and was about to retire.

Jones

You used the word "we" a couple or three times there. Were you referring to Bonnie?

Lloyd

That's right.

Jones

And Bonnie, you went right along with him, the very first move he made in that direction, huh?

Bonnie

Yes. And we had young ones who were with us too.

Jones

What was your first impression? Let's get your voice on here good and strong for a starter. What was your first impression when you hit the Southern Philippines, Mindinao area, Davao, particularly Milbuk?

Bonnie

I think the heat. And the white, hot sun, it was blinding like a hot sun on the snow. The ladies carry umbrellas in the daytime, although it wasn't raining, something I was amazed with. It wasn't long until I also began to carry an umbrella in the daytime.

Jones

But they were telling us something, I guess. Carrying umbrellas in dry weather in the daytime.

Lloyd

Well, I remember as part of the folderall, before he went over there, Bill said - we asked him, what about clothes and boots and all sorts of normal work clothes. He said "Don't worry about that. Just take your old clothes. You don't need to take an umbrella. Just take a pocket knife and cut yourself a banana leaf." And I certainly found that out. When we went up to the woods, we didn't see many umbrellas but we certainly saw a lot of people carrying banana leaves.

Jones

Okay, Lloyd, about the work experience. When you first got there, what did you get involved in?

Lloyd

Well, I can remember the normal course of events started about 4:30, 4:45 in the morning. Everyone staggered over to a place called the "checkpoint," which is kind of a marshalling point for all the logging crews and it was pretty much like a horse race. We'd get there about 15 minutes ahead of time and start to line out some activities of the day. At 5:00 - as I said, it was like a horse race - 5:00 in the morning the whole entourage would take off and that would include the seven log trucks, the six dump trucks, the six crew busses and various other support equipment. It took some time to convince people that we didn't always have to bring every piece of equipment that was halfway mobile back to the shop every single day of the week but that was the way they had been doing it for years and years evidently.

Normally Bob Zile, who at that time worked for me as road construction superintendent, and I would go back and have breakfast and head up to the woods and check on the operation. Then we would normally come back around 5:00 in the afternoon. At that time, when I got there, they had made a move from an area directly inland from Milbuk, which was in essence the base camp where most everyone virtually lived, where the veneer plant was, where the main shop, schools and everything were, to an area called Wasag which was down the coast about 30 kilometers or so. They had just opened that area up and the timber was quite a bit heavier volume, better quality than where they had been logging before but on the other hand the road construction was every bit as difficult and, of course, the key to the whole success over there was really having enough road built ahead as, Alden, I'm sure you well remember from your experiences over there.

Jones

Always a problem.

Lloyd

And that basically was the routine. It started about 4:30 in the morning, finished up about 5:30 or 6:00 at night. For 6-1/2 days a week.

Jones

Okay, you had a lot of new people to get acquainted with over there and what do you remember about that?

Lloyd

I could remember, as I said before, not only the first day but the first several weeks, all of a sudden there were all sorts of foremen, superintendents, assistant foremen, assistant-assistant foremen. They had quite a pecking order over there.

Bonnie

And they all looked alike.

Lloyd

And it was impossible for me to differentiate from one to the other. And it took several weeks to figure it out. I could remember several times when I was first there, I'd go up to a particular supervisor, carry on a conversation with him and find out ten minutes later that it was somebody completely different than what I expected it to be. We finally got to understand one another. I guess my general recollection was that it was a hard working situation. The hours were long, not only for me but for everybody else, even more so.

I recall my general recollections were that the people were good loggers. They'd had experience, in some cases for several generations. Their fathers had been loggers prior to the Second World War and had used basically some sort of a high lead or ground lead system for some time. So we had some people that were quite experienced in logging and basically pretty hardworking and, of course, some characters and some anecdotes and peculiar situations that arose. But overall I think we had a pretty good crew and I think our production records and that sort of thing indicated it.

One of the things I can recall, that we had a problem with, was safety, for example. Getting the fellows to try to overcome - I don't think we ever really were totally successful - overcome this very fatalistic idea that there was very little you could do about safety; that when your time was up, that's when you had an accident. That it was predetermined, so to speak. We had some accidents over there, no question about it but the approach and views on safety and the problems we had in that line were foreign not only to me but certainly to Bob and some of the other fellows that followed us over there.

Jones

But this had to be program that had to be established, in order to overcome their attitude.

Lloyd

I think that was one thing perhaps that we - I'm not so sure how successful we ever really were in that regard. Although I will say that some of the accidents we had were accidents, that people from the Northwest, who had spent their careers in the woods, they just wouldn't believe that it could ever possibly happen. I remember one particular one where a cruiser got 50 or 60 bee stings. It was just an incredible thing. Nobody had ever come across it before. And there were some other ones too.

Jones

You spoke a moment ago about anecdotes that occurred and, as we go along, if a certain anecdote occurs to you, I suggest we just tape it right on here because it may fit in with the serious subject that we're talking about.

Does anything come to mind?

Lloyd

No, go ahead.

Jones

Undoubtedly there were some good things that were going on in the operation in the running of the camp, Lloyd, as well as some problems and things that weren't satisfactory. What about some of the things that they were doing that you recall that seemed to be pretty well organized and focused on a good system and good production.

Lloyd

Well, I think the road construction effort, once we got some equipment that could hold together and was serviceable, I think probably it just started to blossom, back in 1970, and take off from there. And while some of the road engineering might have been - oh, how shall I say it? It was functional, I guess.

Jones

Not very imaginative?

Lloyd

No, not really, but the operators, the tractor operators and some of our road construction supervisors, really took quite a bit of pride in their work, in the fact that they were able to maintain their progress ahead of the logging activities. As a result of that, really the entire time that we were there, and I understand after that as well, that the road construction activities were very successful.

And this was - it's hard to imagine, for someone who hasn't really been there, the type of road work that we're talking about, where you basically, in many cases, had to pioneer with a track drill, not any tractor of any sort. We were basically running D8s and D9s and, in many cases, 70-80% slopes and things like that which were - this was very, very difficult road construction slope. I think that the actual roads that were built were just quite a credit to the fellows who built them. At the same time, in that terrain, the logging was difficult, it was all high lead logging. When we first got there they were doing some double and, I think in a couple of cases, triple swinging, which is just unheard of and that was because the road construction had been - or one of the reasons - was because the road construction was in such poor shape. I can remember about the first or second day out in the woods, I was going out with Orris Burrill, the man that I replaced, and he was going to spend about two or three weeks with me, prior to going back to the States. He was talking to me about how he was just rigging up a skyline and he had done some bragging on this particular rigging foreman and how the location of the skyline was so good and how they expected some pretty good production from this set-up.

And that sounded fine to me, as we went along. Orris was going back and they had got the tree rigged up and the skyline in place, and then they found that they had miscalculated. The skyline wasn't high enough to stretch across and they had to get a tractor in there - the tractor was in there lowering the top of the mountain by about 30 feet, so the skyline would clear the ground. They spent about three or four days knocking the top of the hill off, so the skyline would be operational. We found out that they were working both day and night, so that Mr. Burrill would not get upset with their miscalculated plan. Of course, they could have moved the thing but they didn't think of that.

One of the other things that was kind of interesting, we had a fellow in the log yard. The superintendent's name was Will Ramchand, who was part Indian and part Filipino, and Will was - he probably spoke to me as good English as anyone there and he was always very interested in things, about - the things that would happen in the United States. I'll never forget that of all the people there he was the only person that religiously subscribed and read Time magazine, week in, week out, the entire time we were there and had, I guess, for sometime and was embarrassingly knowledgeable about current events. Much more so than - many times he would put Zile and me to shame with some of these questions and his ideas. He knew a heck of a lot more than we did.

Jones

Let's see, what was his name again? And how do you spell the last name?

Lloyd

Will Ramchand, R-a-m-c-h-a-n-d. Will was unfortunately one of those - one of the victims of an ambush in 1974, about six or eight weeks after we had gone back to the States. But I'm doing all the talking.

Jones

You're doing fine.

Bonnie

Will and I had birthdays down in Milbuk. We all celebrated our birthdays together.

Jones

You and who?

Bonnie

Will Ramchand, the man you're speaking of. One of his favorite things in the whole world was the American cherry pie, so every year we celebrated our birthdays together. His wife would make the cake for me and I would make an American cherry pie for Will and it was a lot of fun. When I was there, my day consisted of boiling water all day. That took a lot of time, six to four. So I did all the cooking, plus the cleaning up in the kitchen, but I did the cooking and mostly read and took everyone swimming and it was very hard to swim in a dress but all ladies in Milbuk swam in dresses. They never wore a swimming suit. They were fully clothed.

I think one of the hardest things I had to do all four years was to obtain groceries. I would send a list on, let's say on Friday, and the groceries would come back on the plane on Monday and I had to order things by pieces. If I said I wanted 10 paper plates, it wasn't 10 packages. It meant 10 pieces. I also got it in kilos and that made it difficult.

The hardest thing was descriptions. I wrote to a specific girl at the Davao Grocery, run by Chinese people who were lovely people and I would say, "Elizabeth, I would like six pretty paper plates." I wouldn't get the paper plates, even if I needed them that way but I would get a letter back saying, "Mrs. Roberts, we don't have pretty paper plates but we have white paper plates." And then I would have

to write the next weekend and explain to her to please send me six white paper plates. And there were times when we would write and say, "Anything related to what I have written, just send it." It was a long wait sometimes, between Monday to Monday waiting for groceries, particularly if you were going to need something of an ingredient that you didn't have. Like sugar, rice and bread locally, but most things we bought outside, including the eggs. Now, that really brings up an interesting topic, because we usually would bet over who would fly the plane into Milbuk that day. Then we would win our bets and know who had flown the plane by how many eggs were broken. Very few eggs were broken when we knew that Nardo Flores had landed the plane. If the eggs were smashed, we knew that Buddy Capaciti had flown the plane in, and all of our ice cream tops would fly off every time, because the altitude would be so high. The ice cream never came in, that the tops hadn't been off.

Jones

Bonnie, let me ask you a quick little question. You had mentioned spending your days boiling water there. What's the formula for boiling water? That is, how much time do you boil it to be sure it's safe?

Bonnie

It has to be a rolling boil for 20 minutes.

Jones

A rolling boil for 20 minutes.

Bonnie

And I think sickness that I know of, that the people got, was because they would boil water and make the ice cubes with the water, which we had to do. But they would forget and, in order to crack the ice cubes out of the trays, would put the trays under running tap water and consequently start all over again.

Jones

Right back where we started.

Bonnie

And many maids would do that, so this is why I would not have kitchen help, and because I had children and what else did I have to do. I really do feel it taught me a great lot. I had my correspondence. We had two children while we were there. I might also add that we were the youngest to ever go. Mr. Johnson really stuck his neck for us and took a chance on us and we were also the first to ever hit

_____. That's it, I think, just proving it did work out and that the young people were eager to go. We weren't much like people would go to Alaska in the earlier days, like it took to make a fortune, to have that chance.

One thing about groceries was that you always bought in immense quantities because out of six cans at least two to three would be bad. They were popped and out of shape, so our grocery bills were skyhigh. Sometimes it was \$400 a month. The canned goods to start with were expensive enough as they were mostly imported.

A few observations I made were, I think, that the one thing that really astonished me was that all Filipino women wear a tremendous amount of dress jewelry, not costume jewelry, but real diamonds and emeralds or real diamonds and sapphires set in large earrings, and earrings, necklaces and rings. They would wear them for day wear with slacks, very casual outfits, unlike anything that we would wear in the States. Women in America are much too conservative for that, but this was the Filipino way. A woman never went out without a lot of fine jewelry. It was hard to get used to. In the jewelry shop in Manila, you could see more diamonds there than you see in Cartier's in New York.

About their children. One thing in particular I had written a small piece about was that as I watched children coming to a dance one night, they were all children of friends of ours. There were 15 children involved in two families. The children all sat together at a table. They were all ages from one on up. It was a high school senior graduation, down to the youngest of 15, who was five years old.

And they sat beside each other regardless of whether they were a boy or a girl or how old they were. There wasn't any choosing up as to older boys together and the two younger five-year-old girls who were the best of friends sitting together. It didn't matter whether they were in the same families. If they wanted to see, particularly at this one time when the band was playing, the older boy would lift the younger girl up in the family and put her up on his lap, so that all could be seen.

I think at that time I began to realize that that really was the warmest of time, they way they all loved each other. And I really had hoped I could raise my children like that. They seem to be born with more love than any people I have ever seen. The older children always picked up the younger

ones and carried them around. They never thought of not taking them, unlike our people. They just seem to have a great deal of love for all children and I have to say that they cared for mine and snuggled mine at the movies in the Plaza and watched over them like they were their own children.

Two things that I never saw or really couldn't get used to was, I never saw couples, boys and girls courting in public. They never go out in public together unless they were courting. Although my friends would tell me they would go along the beach at night, they never were really seen in public. Another thing I never got used to was that boys and boys as good friends would walk along and hold hands, and girls and girls as friends would walk along and hold hands. It was hard for me to get used to ever seeing two boys walking along holding hands but knowing that they were the best of friends.

Jones

These are excellent observations.

Lloyd

One of the things that jogged my memory a little bit, Alden, as background, we worked with - I'm trying to remember exactly - our hourly people belonged to one particular union, our office people belonged to another union, our security guards, which is another story, also belonged to another union and we had a different union for the office people in Manila. I can't remember, I think the people in Davao, where the purchasing office was, I think were part of the same union as the clerical people in Milbuk but in any case we had at least three or four unions and it was a constant round of negotiations and very colorful negotiations, to say the least.

Lots of very verbose conversations and breast-beating and just what you think of as Latin oratory almost, or a classic filibuster in the Senate, but when you really got through with the negotiations, you really didn't say anything. Unfortunately some of the union leaders, suffice it to say, that they didn't really have the hearts of their membership in mind as much as they had their own hearts and interest in mind which I'm happy to admit that we never really succumbed to.

But what I was leading up to was, at one point in time - and frankly I think the thing is still in court and maybe one of the reasons why we are still on the books over there

today is because this case has not been settled yet - and that was a suit that one of the unions filed against us for overtime for supervisors, which we contested. This would be like foremen or superintendent-type people wanting overtime. I won't go into the background of it, I can't really remember it that much, but I attended one of the hearings in case I would have to testify.

This was held in the labor court in Davao which is, I think, best described as looking similarly to what most think of as the Tijuana jail, as far as the appearance of the building and the characters involved on the bench. And we had a particular logging superintendent by the name of Krinko, Emitador Krinko, who was an excellent superintendent and just a terrific individual to know personally. And he was testifying on the company's behalf, as a member of what we call senior staff or, well, senior staff is the best description. And our company -

Jones

What was his job in the crew?

Lloyd

He was a logging superintendent, one of the two logging superintendents we had at camp. Our company attorney, June Mejia, was questioning him on the stand and Krinko was a pretty cagey individual and could speak very, very fluent English and could also speak five or six of the Filipino dialects just as fluently and he got up on the stand and turned to the judge and said, "Sir, I'm sorry but I don't understand English very well. Do you mind if I answer in my dialect of Devacano," which is a dialect spoken around Zamboanga and the judge said it was fine, that's all right.

Mejia, our attorney, would question Krinko and Krinko's response would usually be, oh, about five words or less and there was no one else in the courtroom that could - no other Filipinos there that could translate this dialect except our attorney, Mejia. Krinko would go through five- or six-word response and then the judge would ask Mejia to translate and Mejia would translate for each response, probably three or four minutes for a five-word response. This went on for about a half an hour and both sides, both the defense in our case and the prosecutor people just started to chuckle.

It didn't particularly bother anybody and then finally it was just like somebody turned the light on and the judge rapped his gavel on the desk there and finally realized that perhaps he was being slightly taken advantage of and with that dismissed the court and the case until the next session which was about six months later. During the interim we went back to the States, but this was fairly typical of some of the shenanigans that was going on in some of the courtroom affairs and it was more of a three-ring circus in this regards than anything else.

Jones

In effect Mejia was asking the question and then answering them.

Lloyd

Basically, right. Right.

Jones

Beautiful.

Lloyd

But one of the things that was very frustrating over there was the spare parts situation. Especially since some of our equipment was - well, we had one classic piece of equipment, a log stacker that was an experimental model, believe it or not, of which there were eight made in the world. The company, as I recall it, got some rare bargain on the price of it where they originally bought the thing. There was a flaw structurally in the machine and we were constantly having to weld on it and, of course, we couldn't get any parts for it.

At one point in time, we had an opportunity to ship it back to the United States. The supplier said, "Well, we realize it's experimental and that's in the middle of the Philippines jungle perhaps is not the best place to put an experimental piece of equipment." And then we found out that we really couldn't ship it back to the States because legally through some snafu in the paperwork, legally the thing was never there in the first place. We found out that the dealings hadn't been paid correctly and the things that were paid were - well, suffice to say they weren't paid to the right party at the right time. There were no official receipts given, so legally the machine never existed in the first place and if it didn't exist, we couldn't ship it out of the country. As I recall we probably put more welding rod and fish plate and one thing or another on that old dog than you can imagine.

Another thing that was interesting, we had - I think we had one and Kennedy Bay had the other one - it was an old Willamette yarder that was made in 1893 and it was originally a steam yarder that had been converted to diesel in the '30s, I believe sometime. Of course, Willamette Company had been out of business for years, I believe it has anyhow. And the bull gear went out on us. By that I mean the teeth would keep breaking off of it. Our welders were pretty catty and they just keep welding the teeth back together, or back in place, which is not exactly the classic approach to take. Finally so many teeth wore out and tore off there just was no remedy.

We finally found a foundry in Cebu about halfway between our camp Milbuk and Manila and we really just sent them the old gear and said try to do your best job of building it up or build us another one. By golly they did. For a price that was so ridiculously cheap it was incredible. It took them a while but, when we got the thing, there was a cast gear and you could see on the casting the handprints and fingerprints of the fellows where they made the casting where they made the mold for it. We put it together, put it in as well, at least better than what we got, we hoped, and the thing ran for another three years without any problem at all.

Jones

Those fellows must have been real artists.

Lloyd

Oh, really. Really, they were fantastic. Their ingenuity, and I guess this is what I was trying to do was to point out that their ingenuity of trying to cobble things together to keep them running was just incredible. Things you just go away shaking your head, how they could make some of these things stick together and work was incredible but this was one example that I could particularly remember. We did - it was interesting - one of the things - we were constantly having problems getting fuel.

Jones

Lloyd, let me ask you a question about this before we get away from it. These two yarders you speak of, one went to Kennedy Bay and one came to Milbuk, the old steam rigs. Were these the ones that had the wheels made out of railroad wheels with the flanges cut off?

Lloyd

They really could have been. They were, I believe the serial number was so low they should have been in the Smithsonian, really. It was really something.

Jones

Good. Maybe it isn't too late yet.

Lloyd

It's possible. I know there's still one in existence over at Kenbay. But one of things we had problems with periodically was in getting fuel. As our peace and order deteriorated over there, our fuel depot was in a kind of the other side of the no-man's land and frequently the supplier was reluctant to service our needs and at about the same time also was - it was probably more severely felt over here - was the energy crisis thing, that we're all familiar with. But we reached a point once where we had, I think, oh, less than 1,000 gallons of diesel fuel to run the whole operation.

This was when Jerry Forth was over here, this was back in 1973 or something like that. We had a couple of old barges and a collection of rather strange old fuel tanks that didn't really look too bad, so we mounted this one fuel tank on a barge. We chained it all up on this barge and towed it, with our old wooden tugboat built before the war, up to the fuel depot with an escort of about 30 soldiers on board the barge and our tugboat. Also leading this was, I believe, a small, well, I won't say a PT boat, that's not right but a little Coast Guard thing with a machine gun mounted in front and one in the back and we had quite a flotilla going up there. But by golly we made it and when the thing got back, I think we had enough to run the trucks til noon and the fuel got there about 10:00 in the morning. So before they started to sputter the fuel was in there. That was cutting it awfully close.

Jones

Hey, that's a good story.

Lloyd

There were a lot of things the same way. Getting supplies - and I don't mean to dwell too much on this - but as isolated as we were and our location was, first of all there was really no scheduled commercial shipping other than small copra boats that could handle a few coconuts but really couldn't lift any weight to amount to anything. Then on top of that, with all the rebel activity around there, it was very difficult to induce anyone else with a boat to charter to come in there. We did have one fellow, an older man, who was quite a character.

Bonnie

The living legend.

Lloyd

We called him "the living legend," who had a boat called the Dominola, which was kind of a legend in its own right, but at least he would call. Anyhow the barge was owned by a fellow named Domedidor Andama, an older man who was quite a character. He always had a set price for his charters but we'd get him to Milbuk and put him up in the guesthouse which was quite a treat for him and give him a couple steaks for a couple or three days and ply him pretty well with San Miguel for the duration of his stay. That was always good for - by the time we finally settled on a bill - for at least a 20 to 30% reduction on his fees.

He was really quite a character, as I said, and quite helpful at times too. When we did have some problems, from a peace-and-order standpoint, it wouldn't bother him at all because we had such weak government support in case anything would require an evacuation or something like that, he was always agreeable to let his boat stand by, to help any possible evacuation. His crew was the same way. It didn't bother them at all. So he was quite a colorful individual.

I can remember another incident with one of the airplanes, our little plane, our Cessna airplane, single-engine plane. I'd been in Davao following up on some wire rope or something like that. Normally we like to fly in the morning because of the weather buildup in the afternoon, but when we took off from Davao, it was about 2:00 in the afternoon and it looked like we had pretty good flying. Well, then we got around Mt. Alfro which was a 9,500 ft. mountain, the tallest one in the Philippines, and we ran right into a thunder cloud. We looked behind us and there'd been some bad weather sticking behind us in Davao, so we were damned if we did and damned if we didn't.

So Buddy Capaciti, the pilot, said, "Well, it's not good behind us and it's not good ahead of us, we'll just fly high enough so we can get over the mountains and see what happens." Which we did and we could literally see nothing. We didn't know if we were upside down, rightside up or where we were, but we knew we were high enough. At least the altimeter was working and we did have plenty of fuel. So we flew high enough and we flew what we thought was far enough where we'd get over the mountains and started to come down.

We finally picked out some - saw the water, saw the sea below us, but we just saw a little opening where we could see the water. We started coming down further and it finally cleared at about 300 feet and we realized we were heading right for a log ship. We pulled out with about 100 feet to spare and we were heading right for the funnel of this particular log ship of a neighboring concession down the coast.

So from that point we just basically followed the coastline up to camp at about 50 feet. We got within 50 miles of camp and there was just no way we could get around this last particular place so we landed in a banana plantation, along the road in a banana plantation. It wasn't actually a runway but, when we landed, the water was about a foot deep. We just waited out the storm for about an hour or so and took off for the last 10 miles back to camp. It was a flight I won't soon forget.

Bonnie

There was another one.

Lloyd

There was the other one. It was just a harrowing experience. It was the first or second time we were going out on local leave to Hong Kong and we decided we were, instead of dallying in Manila we were going to try to go all the way from Milbuk to Hong Kong in one day. We could make the connection between flights and do it.

So we took off from Milbuk, to catch an early plane from Davao to Manila, in the little Cessna. We were airborne about 1/3 of the way to Davao and all of a sudden the motor went out on the airplane and the ground started getting closer. Buddy, the pilot, started removing any sharp objects from every person and looked at all the gauges and couldn't see anything wrong with the gauges and didn't know exactly what it was. At the last minute, he looked down on the floor and my son, who at that time was 18 months old, his foot had kicked the dial on the fuel tank from the open to close position and we were about 3 or 400 feet above the ground. Buddy quickly clicked the switch and the thing caught again and we were off.

The only thing that was on our mind at that time was to make the connection in the plane in Davao and we were madder than heck because we'd wasted some time with this little experience. When we finally - it was hustle and bustle

the rest of the day catching planes in Manila and one thing and another - and we finally got to the hotel in Hong Kong that evening. Bonnie and I looked at each other and it finally dawned on us how close things had really come and we just kind of collapsed in a pool of sweat on the bed and woke up about noon the next day.

Jones

Delayed action, huh?

Lloyd

Right.

Jones

Bonnie, what about social activities around camp there? What kind of parties and dances and ceremonies did they have?

Bonnie

Most everything we had was called fiesta. They did observe the religious holidays with dances. I have to say that with most things they did serve food. A pig roasted on a spit was the first, their luxury, they have and they always provide one for anything that we were invited to. They also ask you to try most of the things that they had and they were normal foods that anyone would enjoy. Papaya, marvelous coconut candies and things that they would make from shaving the inside meat of the coconut by hand instead of just going down with a knife and drying it. But one dish Lloyd and I always passed up was the entrails and blood. We never could swallow that. We found that the skin was the most sought-after part. They would always try, right away immediately when the people are brought into the house, to get a good piece. They were more interested in the skin than they were the meat. They would leave the meat.

Their religious holidays were something that I kind of followed with awe. Due to the fact that they genuinely observed the day. Christmas was without presents but with great celebration for the birth of Christ. Easter was even, I think, sometimes a more terrifying experience, because it was the custom in the Philippines to have large crucifixions that they reenact every year. There were seven days of Christ's life before the crucifixion, daily in the church. One that comes to mind is Friday where they would have the symbolic washing of the feet.

They love to sing, they wouldn't sing hymns per se. They would sing in their services religious songs that we love. We would call them, I think pseudo-religious such as, their favorite was the song, "I Believe". And they would all sing that.

Some of the things I noted that we all did was sit on the porch of the guesthouse and watch the ships drop off the ocean. Literally drop off. They'd really disappear but we would all bet on how soon they would drop off and whoever won. John Wilkinson won a lot of those bets. As a matter of fact, he could pick almost exactly when they would drop.

Where we were along that particular stretch it was famous for reports of sea snakes. We could swim within our beach because we did have a coral reef but there were very few places along the southern part of Mindanao where you could swim. There were snakes. There were three varieties. They would poison a person, kill him within 11 seconds of biting him.

While we were there, we went through two hurricanes and one earthquake, which doesn't seem too scary if you're screened in, but we weren't. A lot of the houses have just screens, no windows, no glass windows, so you took the full impact of the force head on through the front room.

One of the things that was of particular pleasure that happened a couple of times a year was that we would be invited to dine aboard a Japanese ship which would call at Wasag, where the log port was. It was a treat to us because, although the captain could not speak English and we could not speak Japanese, we would be treated to very clean quarters and a fine meal, as far as variety, but always serving Kobe beef and beer and a particular Japanese drink I liked which was a carbonated apple juice. The real treat came when it was time to leave. The captain would never think of letting you leave without fresh apples or oranges. They were very rare at camp. We would never see them until we came out to Hong Kong. And just to have a whole bag of apples or oranges for ourselves is really a luxury.

In our yard we had avocado, papaya and banana trees right within our yard, which was very small but I was there for an entire year, almost eleven months, before I realized we had two of the largest avocado trees in the island in our front yard. The reason that fact was unknown to Lloyd or me was because every time we left the house either the Filipino neighbors or the yard people would scurry up the trees and

pick the avocados, so that they would never drop on the ground. And it was only because I stayed at one time, in an extended period, and I started to see this miraculous green fruit drop to the ground and I realized we were in possession of two of the largest trees on the island.

Jones

Sure, you had a gold mine right there.

Bonnie

We did. I think one of the things that was very interesting was that our neighbors around us were called Manobos. They had many small individual interesting crafts that they made solely for their own pleasures such as beetle boxes and bows and arrows, that not only were marvelous treasures but a very sought-after item by the Filipinos themselves. The wealthy Filipinos in Manila would send buyers down to try to buy these things and market them in large department stores. Beads were the most expensive items sold.

The Manobos were very innocent people. They spent their lives in the Province and they died there by the time they were 30. Some lived longer but most didn't. But the neat thing about them was that they lived very close to the - and this should be mentioned by all means. The Stone Age colony found by the National Geographic people and it was the next land over from our valley where you couldn't land to get in to see them. They had been sealed off. You cannot visit them without a decree from President Marcos.

But it was our Manobo people who lived in the hills behind us who were able to translate what the _____ said for the people who did go in and finally found _____. The Peace Corps came to our camp to try to market the crafts from the Manobos but they did go through and take out some of their good things, reimbursed them for them and took them away to sell but they did not produce a steady, one-marketable item for them. I think another thing which is totally unrelated that was strange that happened, that was related earlier, was that you will never see Filipinos with gray hair ever, ever.

Lloyd

Very rarely.

Bonnie

Very rare. They dye their hair from the moment they see one gray strand. And to be so young as I was and to be gray was a surprise to them. They were very bothered about

the fact that I had gray hair and didn't dye it. They would follow me and they never ceased to stop asking why I didn't do something about it. This was not just really peculiar to Milbuk. This was all over, from the surgeon that I had in Manila to the people I met on the street anywhere. Even as a whole, they were terribly attracted to blondes and loved someone with red hair. They would follow them and see if they couldn't touch the red hair.

I think that one of the funniest incidents and this is when we were packing to leave and it wasn't like having movers coming in. They made crepes and delivered them to our front porch, called on us after we had packed everything. And the Filipinos that we knew were gracious people, they really were. They would bring us mangoes and souvenirs and these things consisted of primarily baskets and hats, woven items typically sold around in that area. Also some prize things that they gave us were turtle shells and shells from the ocean. But as time went on, none of them would think of stopping by unless they had a gift and some stopped by two or three times with gifts.

We began getting more gifts than we knew what to do with. They wouldn't leave until they could see their gifts packed in the boxes, so we would make a big effort at packing the things in front of them and showing them saying, "Why don't you help me put this in this crate?" But we had so very little room for our own things and, as time was getting on - we were getting literally almost 50 to 60 baskets coming in - that we had to do something.

So we became night unpackers and at night, when everyone was asleep, and it was totally dark - because our neighbors watched to see if we had lights to see if we were taking anything out - we would very silently unpack at night and put the things in a huge red suitcase we rented. We called it "Big Red," and we sent this on the plane every morning to a friend of ours in Davao, who met the plane, took the souvenirs out of Big Red and took them and donated them to the hospital gift shop in Davao so that they could be purchased for a very small sum for families of patients they had there. And Big Red made two weeks worth of trips unbeknownst to the neighbors. But we did have to get space somehow for our own possessions.

Lloyd

You commented earlier about parties. The people would love parties. They loved a good time. And what went with it, of course, was plenty of San Miguel and rum and Coca-Cola.

I can remember in the past, prior to this, they usually have most of their parties in the plaza. Of course, the rain being unpredictable, as it was, half the parties would be rained out. So we started to shift some of the parties, the big parties - which was usually one at some time during the Christmas holidays and one at fiesta, which was mainly in June six months later - to the veneer mills, to the warehouse part of the veneer mill, which was under a roof. As a result, these parties became pretty much of an extravaganza.

I can remember one Christmas party in particular where our people had lined up a 14-piece band that had to be flown in. Not one but three airplanes and we had two airplanes, one big one and one small one. The large airplane was, that was certainly understandable, and the small one was even half-way understandable, but the third one, it wasn't quite so understandable. But we found out that our head pilot, Nard Flores, had seen to it that the rental on the third plane really didn't cost us anything because the pilot of that plane was a good friend of the lead singer in the band and the pilot spent two days with us and the band spent at least an extra day with us for no extra charge.

And it was a party - for being in the middle of the jungle, it was probably the most professional nightclub act I'd ever seen, to the point where our people in the veneer mill had made a stage out of about 30 to 35 crates of veneer and this was just no ordinary stage. This was about a three-tiered stage, something you'd see at one of those big rockfests or something like that and it was very, very elaborate. It was quite a show and I'm not exaggerating when I say that there were realistically about 5 to 7,000 people in attendance.

And they would cut down the banana trees and decorate the whole thing. So it was the whole community, although it was held in the camp, the whole community and they would literally come out of the woodwork, those that were there in attendance at these affairs.

Bonnie

I wonder if you want recollections of other people. One that comes to mind, of course, is Ruth Zile. She got along so well with the other ladies there. When there wasn't anything to do, Ruth would even send away for cookbooks. They loved her.

One of the most vivid recollections I have is the going-away party for Norma and Elmer Renken. The people lined up around the four walls to tell Elmer and Norma goodbye. And Norma stood by Elmer but Elmer went along to each person and shook their hands and it took him quite a long time but he shook everyone's hand who lived in Milbuk to say goodbye. And when he got around back to us I can remember saying to him, "Would you like a drink?" I had an ice bucket for some reason in front of me and I was going to get some ice and put some in a glass for him and he said, "No, I would like to just put my hand in the ice bucket. I just shook 2,000 hands." I'm sure he shook more than 2,000.

Jones

You were speaking about something that had happened at a dance.

Bonnie

Well, at camp our entrance and our exit to Milbuk were quite memorable and they both had to do with guns. Our entrance was marked by a dance which they always said they wouldn't think of doing anything less than having dance and I was asked to dance by Arturo Abago, who was at that time -

Lloyd

Road construction foreman.

Jones

What was that?

Lloyd

He was the road construction foreman.

Bonnie

As the years went on and I learned more about Arturo - he was a small, very shy man and he never asked anyone to dance before and in the four years that I was there I never knew him to ask anyone else to dance again. But I was particularly surprised when he came up and asked me to dance. I said that was the first time I ever danced with a Filipino and I was pleased that he had asked me to dance. But as we danced I realized that Arturo had a gun sticking out of his back pocket and the more we danced the more I became frozen with fright until Arturo could not move me from the dance floor. At the end of the dance, Lloyd had to come out and pick me up and put me down on the other end of the tennis court. I was literally frozen stiff. I came to realize, as time went by, that all the men carried small firearms and this was not unusual. It was just that it was a tremendous shock for me.

When we left, it was just about a month or three weeks before we went away, we were given a lovely going-away party. They had dancing and a queen contest with candidates such as we have here in the States. But this particular girl is outside the barrio, or the town near the PC or the police quarters. The police candidate won and I was asked to pin a sash on a girl, along with the Moslem mayor of Cotabatu, Hadji Druz Ali.

And we arose and went up to the stage to pin the sash, and as we started to pin the sash all of the army, who literally ringed the tennis courts, because by then there was a tremendous increase in military force in all of Mindanao, and that included our town of Milbuk, and they let their machine guns rip off into the air. I realized if the bullets went up they had to come down somewhere. And I was once again trying to pin the sash on this poor girl, frozen with fright, not really wanting to go back down the stairs to the table where Lloyd was sitting, although the man had left the stage, because the stage had a roof over it and therefore I felt safer.

But I did manage somehow, when the bullets stopped, to get down off the stage and get back to my chair and, as I went back to my chair, I passed Lloyd and said, "I'm chicken and I'm going right on home." And I kept right on walking.

I don't know if we should really recall those stories. Many of our friends were killed or wounded badly somehow. It was sad for us to leave that way and to know the pain that they have now. We have one friend in particular, Tom's wife, that we would like to find. We'd like to be able to correspond with her but no one can find her. We tried somehow to help support her children. Half the time Lloyd and I were there, we did help support, not a number of highly talented children, but a few. Every year at graduation we would give three to five highest in the class money for college. We would have a girl that lived next to us that was a nurse and we sent one other also to be a nurse.

It sounds like a generous humanitarian thing but when you realize that their whole school year amounted to perhaps 300 pesos or \$50 and what we could give them enabled them to go to school for a good half a semester to a year so it was the least we could do to help. We wish we could have done more.

Not to say that the one thing that is a Filipino dream - a great Filipino dream, something that I never knew existed. But it does and it still does today and that is for a Filipino to come to the States. The ultimate Filipino dream is to be able to live here. It's strange to me, it always will be for these people to dream of something they'll never see. They're so family-bound with true love that they would leave all that they have to come here, but they do and they continue to come to California in droves. It's easy for them once they have one relative in the States to bring more people over.

I've often wondered how that great Filipino dream works out as the years go on. Having settled here I know two Filipino people who happened to come over here, in this particular town. I think it does work out if you're strong-willed enough and know that this is a better life for you, than you could have had over there. But in one event we know, it's worked out well because the boy brought a Filipino girl home to a huge family environment and they come to see her every day and they engulf her in love but I can't help but feel that this is a rare case with these people coming. I think we should also say that these are the very things that they shared in their country with us for those four years.

Lloyd

I guess it's obvious that we have some strong feelings about the people that we met and the people that we lived with. Certainly when you spend that much time, for that length of time of four years, living side by side with people, you can't help but develop close ties while you're there. That's certainly been the case and it was very disheartening to know that after we come back to the States about six weeks after we'd been back that there was this difficult situation and several of our good friends were lost.

At the same time, subsequent to that through some natural causes some other of our people that we were close with over there, our forester, Max Sagrado, for example, died. It almost seems as if in some ways that the operation is pretty well, obviously it has now ceased, but at the same time so many of the people ceased right along with it, which is just like something that was just so active and busy, and the area of Milbuk had gone. Prior to the concession, the population was about 200 in its heyday. When basically we were there, the population was 25 or 30,000 and it's as if - although the operation still exists and is operated by a Chinese company - it's as if the thing is being just gradually reclaimed and perhaps not so gradually reclaimed and swallowed up to where it was prior to that time.

We really haven't talked too much about the operational end of it. I think we were fortunate during the time we were there, although there were some difficult periods of getting parts and equipment and things like that, that we did have really pretty good management support from people outside the Milbuk area to keep the operation going. It certainly was, if not the most, certainly one of the most profitable operations that Weyerhaeuser Company has ever had and we certainly had adequate support in running it.

I guess the frustrating thing was, the most frustrating thing for all, was the deterioration of the peace-and-order situation and its impact on the operations. Knowing that we wanted to get the production, our people, our Filipino people, were just as anxious basically as we were to get that same production but, on the other hand, the question of risk associated with that from the security standpoint and things like that. I'm sure there's various schools of thought on it but the people were very emotional as a rule and the rumor-mongers, rumors were rife at all times and . . .

Jones

What was the nature of some of the rumors?

Lloyd

Well, basically, it would come almost like in cycles. We would go for periods of several months with very little activity - guerrilla activities, insurgent activities, I mean - and then all of a sudden there would be a rebel behind every tree. As I recall the first real incident happened, and I may - it's been a few years - I may get my dates off a little bit but it was around Christmas of 1971 or 1972. I think it was 1972, where we had some real activity in our area. By that I mean houseburnings and some things of that nature. Then it started to die off a little bit and then later in 1973, and from that point on, it just deteriorated to the point where there were some major military operations. I can remember several times - we had a very small command post of PC, a cross between state police and national guard, and, in reality, it was more like the TV show "F-Troop." The real strong military was up at the provincial headquarters which was at that time where most of the military maneuvers were - I mean the use of aircraft and some small patrol boats and things like this.

Jones

This would be up at Cotabatu?

Lloyd

This would be at Cotabatu, north of us about 100 miles. And I can remember one occasion when we first got some information that the rebel activities - this was in '73, I believe - was really building up and was heading in our direction. But they knocked the military for a half of a loop, so to speak, and they were heading in our direction. Our local army fellows knew nothing about this really at all, and so Andy Macs and I went up to talk to the provincial commander, one of many trips we made but this one in particular, I sure remember it vividly, as I do.

And we got to the airport in Cotabatu and everyone was completely dug in. There was a military installation at the airport and everyone was completely dug in and there were several tanks at the airport and army personnel carriers and there was no question it was kind of a mini-Vietnam, in that regard, and we said we wanted to go into town. Well, they said they weren't very anxious for us to but we just kind of went ahead anyhow.

The airport is about 6-7 miles outside of town and the area not very inhabited, but basically rice fields and swamps on either side of the road. Normally there's a lot of traffic going in and out of town, farmers carrying things and one thing and another. This particular day there wasn't anything on the road, not a dog, not a cat, not anything and there were two large bridges that we had to cross. The only time we saw any sign of life at all was on either side of the bridges and the life there consisted of machine gun emplacements on either side of the bridge and then, we found out later, underneath the bridge - both bridges that we crossed.

We finally got in to see the provincial commander and we were successful in getting some military aid, but it was about at the 11th hour. That was usually the way it worked, but fortunately we did seem to have some pretty good rapport with the provincial commander, Col. Buenos, who subsequently to this was to play a very increasingly important role in the Philippine government activities with the rebels in the archipelago area. At that time I can remember another incident. One of our neighboring concessions to the north of us - and I can't think of it. It was -

Jones

Finlay-Miller?

Lloyd

No. No, this was a Magsaysay concession, _____ Magsaysay's concession, which was just north of - it was Weyerhaeuser and then Santa Clara Lumber Company and then Magsaysay operations. And about this time - the visit that Andy and I made to headquarters - the rebels were literally in their camp and literally outrunning the soldiers, had them pinned in at the Magsaysay veneer mill. This was, I'd say, several days after Andy and I went up there and we were in Davao on that particular day, as I recall, and I may get the detail somewhat clouded.

But the provincial commander in Davao took us aside and said, "We need to borrow your airplane," which was the Beechcraft at that time, the one he wanted and, of course, they pretty well called the shots. So we said certainly you can borrow the airplane. And what they needed it for was they had no more air support available and they borrowed our airplane, loaded it with ammunition and landed it at Santa Clara's - no, they didn't. They landed at Magsaysay's runway. I don't think many people are aware of this and under cover, what cover was available from the Philippine military, dropped a load of ammunition to the soldiers and literally saved the situation, at that time, with our airplane.

Jones

How do you spell Magsaysay?

Lloyd

That's a good question. M-a-g-s-a-y-s-a-y. Pixy is his name. It's an old, old company somewhat related to the late President Magsaysay.

And I can remember, on another occasion, Andy and I went up to Santa Clara's camp when the military had rounded it up at this time about 4,000 rebels. And they had trekked overland for about 10 days through the mountains and, Alden, you're familiar with how steep and difficult that terrain is around there. It's very, very steep, mountainous terrain. By this time, at this particular point, the military had them on the run and what they were doing they were traveling with their wives and children ahead of them, so the military was reluctant to come in and attack with this kind of a situation.

Well, we had taken a trip in a boat, a Philippine Coast Guard boat, and had gone up to see the military people at Santa Clara camp. About this time the military was in virtually some sort of a mop-up operation and they were bringing

in these rebels, 2-300 at a time, and temporarily interning them. It was quite an experience, a frightful experience, in many ways really, to see the activities going on at this logging camp that was temporarily a prison-of-war camp. I'm trying to think, Alden, of some other incidents.

Jones

What do you remember, Lloyd, as some of the early indications of this breakdown of peace and order?

Lloyd

Well, actually the first 18 months to two years we were there, we were involved, basically concerned, with the logging operation and we were really concentrating strictly on road building and on the logging end of it and had not really gotten too terribly involved with the political end of it. All I can remember really is that the first 18 months we were there, there really was no activity in our area. There were some rumors north of us and over the mountains and that sort of thing, and there was a character that went by the name "Toothpick".

Jones

"Toothpick"?

Lloyd

"Toothpick," who was being the Robin Hood of Mindanao who was a Christian guerrilla. His family had been butchered ostensibly by the Moslem group and he was kind of retaliating. Now, we did have other indications but it was difficult - I know when I was in a position to become more directly involved with trying to understand some of the drift of some of these things, there were so many rumors at that time. Of course, this was two years later, when activity had really built up to some extent - that there were so many rumors constantly, that we just didn't have the opportunity to follow every single rumor out to its logical conclusion. You had to kind of try to rally some confidence in some folks. If you did let the thing deteriorate to believing every rumor it would have been chaos, and we would have weakened our position, I'm sure, I'm convinced, to such a point that we probably would have really been attacked stronger and perhaps overrun a lot sooner than what finally happened in that incident when Dick Nesbit was over.

Jones

Yeah, in '74.

Lloyd

In '74. I'm convinced that, first of all we consciously tried to reasonably keep our eyes opened but at the same time not to get directly involved in the spirit of the thing, because it was an emotional thing. It was a lot more complex than just to say it was Christians versus Moslems, there was a lot more to it than that. There was land reform, there was graft, there was payola, there was power, there were all sorts of different things that made it a lot more complex thing than just religious. Most people, when they hear of it, say "Oh, it's just the Christians and the Moslems." Well, it was a heck of a lot more to it than that.

Jones

Gee, I'm awful glad you've explained that.

Lloyd

There was an awful lot more to it. And we really made an effort to bear the security of our people in mind but, on the other hand, not to try to let some of our more emotional-type people try to get the upper hand and arm everybody in camp and carry around with them with a completely armed camp atmosphere, at all times. We wanted to be reasonably protective, aware of the activities but on the other hand felt that our people certainly could not even think of performing if they were afraid of a gunman behind every tree. Granted some of this would - in some ways, we were perhaps more successful at times than others but by and large we were - I maintain that if the actual military support had been there to the extent that it really was justified at the time and at longer duration - we probably would have been in perhaps better shape.

What apparently triggered that ultimate ambush, where about 16 people were lost, was when we decided to go back to the old area above Milbuk called the Kraan area. At this point, back up in the hills, where we were trying to get to, turns out evidently it might have been some sort of a rebel camp or something like that. We had heard rumors of these sorts of camps for years. Now, there's no question about that. We had heard these sorts of rumors but on the other hand that whole mountain range area was kind of a no-man's land for outlaws for years, too.

Toothpick, for example, even though he was seen by the Christians as a Robin Hood, the Moslems seemed to think he was something else. And he roamed the hills up there and there were other people up there. If they wanted to escape, that was a very good place to escape because no one would ever find them. So it's difficult in retrospect to say what could have been done differently.

Jones

Do I understand now, we had moved our activities out of the Kraan and had moved back in?

Lloyd

Well, back in late '69, we moved out of the Kraan area. It was a very long haul, about a 60-70, at one point 80-kilometer haul. Very twisting, curving road built long before the type of logging equipment we were using, with trucks in particular, and it just wasn't a good road to use. We'd moved to the Wasag area where a lot greener pastures, better timber, better efforts in roadbuilding, the yarding and the whole thing. But, by 1974, we had hit the Wasag area pretty hard and had to start thinking seriously about going back to the Kraan area.

What we had done was to take part of the road construction crew and straighten out some of the curves in the existing road and also reopen the area where we'd quit five years previous to that. And at the same time, we built some new roads to some patches of timber that had been ignored in the old days, of some of the more high-grading efforts of logging under the old company, where it didn't reach quite so far, left quite a few corners and one thing or another.

We had some merchantable timber there to get and so that's basically where we were when the incident happened. At that point I think the military felt they had their forces pretty well together where they felt that if - well, actually an area 4-5 kilometer, 3-4 kilometer south of Milbuk that they really hit hard both from air and the sea. Dick Nesbit was there and he could certainly comment on this a lot better than I can, at that time, but it was a difficult situation.

Let's see, Alden. I think it may be that we're joggling a little bit, it's getting late.

Well, during the Christmas holidays of 1971, we had experienced some house burnings around - some Moslem houses - around the area of Wasag. Prior to this time, there were some isolated instances of murders of Christian farmers in our municipality. And as things developed, obviously people became very upset with all this house burning and when the military came in, we did have some skirmishes. But about that time, of which I was completely unaware, since it was the holiday time and a lot of people were coming in, a lot of families getting together. There was a group of Christian guerrillas that originated south of us in a little town called Glan.

Jones
Spelling?

Lloyd

G-I-a-n. Which was on the south side of Sarangani Bay, S-a-r-a-n-g-a-n-i, I think. But it's a large enough body of water that it's on any map of Mindanao. But it infiltrated our camp, in our Milbuk barrio area, basically or ostensibly as protection. Well, they were there for several months and we actually lost about a week to 10 days of time in the woods while the military was there straightening things up. Nonetheless as it turns out that - at this time - remember this is now '71 - before there was a great deal of overt military activity.

It turns out that this group, these Ilagas, as they were called, which is a Filipino word for - Ilaga is a Filipino word for rats. I-l-a-g-a. The rat patrol, as they were called, were in some regards a kind of a - they were doing the government's dirty work and the government wouldn't have to take any responsibility for their actions. They were well armed. Not as well armed as the rebels. The rebels were using mostly, even at that point, were using Russian AK47 rifles, a superior weapon really to our M16, that was our standard in Vietnam. Anyhow, this lasted for several months and then it dried up again and things pretty well resumed a normal course here until I'd say February or March of '73 when the incidents that I related earlier at Santa Clara and Magsaysay came to the fore and we did have some military help there.

We were logging just north of Wasag and we could hear the old Sabre jets that the Philippine Air Force was using, strating and dropping a few bombs on these rebel installations, about 10 or 12 miles away from us. But our loggers and our log force was guarded and there was a large enough river that it was a defensible position. And in our operation there, it was just like a curtain. Our operation proceeded unimpeded at that time and it did until we basically started back in the Kraan again, where we must have uncovered a hornet's nest. There were some houses - this is a very remote area up there and we did notice some houses that had been burned over time. But we had seen that for some time around and when we got into the Kraan, that's when things really started to happen.

Jones

There's a little episode that I recall happened over there at the Milbuk barrio there, that I always thought might have been a little significant. There was some kind of

a radical person there. I believe he was involved in some union affairs, who had some kind of a little business in a little building over there in the barrio right along the main street where we had to drive in from the airport. There was one occasion when there was some official or some special person who had come in or was to come in to the airport and then be brought to the barrio over to camp. They were afraid this fellow might do some shooting or create a disturbance and they detailed someone to see that he didn't and I remember the way it was roughly, the way it was explained to me was that this fellow was detailed to be armed and take position right alongside of this fellow on the front porch of his place of business. Do you remember any such incident as that, Lloyd?

Lloyd

I think, I think I remember hearing the story. That was a visit of, I think - I'm not sure I remember who the visitor was - but the occasion happened about six weeks prior to our first arrival there. The fellow was involved with some - he was just a kind of an oddball, I guess you'd call him, and he had made some threats after that, over the years. We finally called him on his threats and he decided rather - we'd kind of fight fire with fire, so to speak, without really sticking our necks out or jeopardizing ourselves - and then the threats vanished. If it's the individual I'm thinking about.

Jones

It may have been the same one. I don't remember any name for him.

Lloyd

I could remember one incident that reminds me of that barrio situation. As you know, the houses in the barrio, outside of the camp, were really nothing more than a lot of times just shacks made out of scrap lumber and one thing and another and I can remember one night one of them caught on fire. We were just so unbelievably lucky that it was a calm, calm night and I can remember, I was at home. No, I was in the shop, I was in the shop when it happened. I looked up and all of a sudden the sky was just orange because these houses would just go up like that, they were so tinder dry.

Nobody could find the fire truck and nobody could find this and then the first thing they did was to get it stuck in the ditch and then one thing and another and I can remember nobody seemed to be able to grasp the fire. It was just

like a Chinese fire drill. I can remember grabbing the hose myself and running down there and literally having to knock over about eight or ten people - the bowery, just plain slugging them, knock them out of the way, to get this hose on the fire and get the thing put out before it really did any more damage. It was just like they just didn't know - they were just in awe and they didn't try to cope with this particular situation.

We were fortunate that we didn't have any fires. That was really about the only real bad one, at that particular time. I think after we left, there may have been another one that burned down several buildings but they were just lucky that the whole town didn't go up.

Jones

Okay, what was the date when you did leave there, Lloyd?

Lloyd

Well, it was exactly four years to the date that we arrived. We arrived, as I recall, in camp about the 20th of July of 1970 and we left about the same day in 1974.

Jones

Four years even.

Lloyd

Just about to the day. I can remember humorously one of the things we were all concerned with there was the treaty between United States and Philippines called the Laurel-Langley Agreement which generated many, many reams and reams of effort between Charly and Harry and John Wilkinson and Bill Johnson and Jed King and Andy Macs and everyone else as to what we should do and what we shouldn't do and what some of the other multinational companies were going to do and what they weren't going to do. I can remember Bonnie saying, "They may have another new agreement to replace the Laurel-Langley Agreement, but my Laurel-Langley Agreement expires in July, 1974."

Jones

There you go. You went over there as the logging manager.

Lloyd

That's right. I had that position until about November of '71, I believe. That was about 18 months and then Weyerhaeuser-Philippines was somewhat reorganized and I became

the resident manager of the Milbuk operations, which included responsibilities over the veneer plant. A fellow by the name of Jerry Forth came over in February or March of '72 - and I may have my dates wrong on all of this but something like that. That's about the time Elmer Renken went back - the previous general manager who had been based at Milbuk - went back to the States to Arkansas and Andy Macs came down from Hong Kong as general manager and he was relocated in Manila. Andy and I, we stayed until June or July of '74 and during that time Jerry Forth went back to the States in May of '74. At that time Dick Nesbit came out from the Longview region, to fill in for Jerry, and then he was there for about a total of about five months filling for Jerry and myself until Richard Wood and Gordy Boyd came out as logging manager and resident manager respectively and they stayed until about a year ago.

Jones

~~That's~~ about right, as I remember it. Okay, we've had excellent coverage and a lot of just terrific detail, Lloyd, that will be very helpful in putting this story together.

Lloyd

~~Thank~~ you, Alden.

Jones

~~Can~~ you think of anything else?

Lloyd

~~Maybe~~ we'll try to sleep on it and talk in the morning.

Jones

~~Okay~~, and by the way, for the record, what are your duties here at Philadelphia?

Lloyd

~~Well~~, now I'm involved, in my position, as district forestry and raw materials manager, which involves contract logging and raw material log handling and the forestry operations and the land acquisition and stumpage return.

Jones

~~Thank~~ you very much, Lloyd. It's been a fine evening.

Lloyd

~~Okay~~, fine, thank you.