

Interview with Pat Lansdale, 23 June 1985

~~I met Ed right after the war. I was working for a local newspaper, I think it was The Advocate, as a correspondent. It was one of the newest papers that came out after the war. Ed was the PIO then, so our work brought us together. I [also] met him at parties. And my work later with USIS occasionally took me to Saigon and I would run across Ed there, or he would come by on his way someplace.~~

[As a correspondent for The Advocate] I used to cover Taruc, the Huk. Taruc was in the same school that I [attended] in high school. I knew him. I had an entry to him that others didn't. And he carried on a war correspondence with me there. Ed was working on the other side. Taruc went to the same high school, but I was one of the young girls, more interested in high school doings; he was more serious.

"I wasn't that interested [in the Huk rebellion]. It was just another revolution over there. I was too young to be interested. . . . I wasn't politically minded.

"[Ed wanted . . . to talk to Taruc. I said, O.K., you come with me. I'll show you. So we took the jeep and went up to Candaba, then about a 2-3 hour trip through country roads. [She had done it before].

[After she retired] I better go see this America I work for. I stayed with me ex-boss, Hank Miller, [who was] assigned to Washington. So . . . I saw Ed. His wife had died a year ago [So I said to myself] Why should I . . . work, when I can marry him? I was looking for work here in advertising or public information. Ed said, do you want to work or do you want to get married? That's how it is.

"And the Millers gave me away. We were married at Alexandria at the Catholic Church."

"I got married [the first time] at the outbreak of the war, 1941. I was working for the Manila Tribune, the biggest English paper [there] then. My husband . . . was James Kelley, a Filipino-Irish, was born in the Philippines and orphaned when he was 4-5 years old. He was red haired. [The Japanese questioned and interned him, he became ill, there was no medicine.] He died. We were married a year. I had a baby, a daughter. She . . . was 4 months old when her father died. So I went back [home to live] with my father. This is the way the Filipino was. . . . I was widowed in '42.

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[In April 1982 EGLs were getting ready to make a short trip.] On the 27th [of April], Ed went to the bathroom. He came out, he said, I peed blood. [They went to Bethesda] They kept him there, took X-rays. About 5 o'clock in the evening, they said they had to keep him because [of] a cancerous growth in one of his kidneys "and we don't know how the other kidney is." So they made him sign this permit to operate that night if [they had to]. They kept him for 10 days . . . operated on him, . . . they discharged him within three days. He was doing so well after the operation they said, well, even if we don't need the bed, you can go home He is sort of weak now, you know. He has no

appetite. But he is doing fine today; he looks great today. He is 77, has a heart condition, he has got throid goiter, he's got shortness of breath. . . . When he was in the hospital, young sergeants followed him around, doing special things for him. He has that knack of getting to young people.

"[When] they talked of surgery, I called Peter. . . . And . . . the other son came [also]. [They] picked me up at quarter to five in the morning and drove out to the hospital. . . . About three o'clock in the afternoon, I was seated in the [waiting] room . . . ; the two boys were standing in the corridor . . . watching for Ed. . . . laughter . . . they said we saw him pass by, we could tell by his feet, which is not true, because he was all covered. Then they said, he is ok. The boy who is in New York stayed about 2-3 days, until Ed was out of danger.

[In Philippines, Pat's family] would be upper middle class. . . . I speak Tagalog, I speak Pompanga. That's from the center province. [The] Tagalog [people] are the river dwellers; . . . The Pompangas are the river bank dwellers, the land dwellers. . . . Tagalog is very easy, but Pompanga is . . . very much harder. . . . I was born in Visayan . . . one of the smaller islands.

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