

LIFE

A black and white photograph showing the interior of a military glider cockpit. Several soldiers in flight suits and helmets are visible. One soldier in the foreground is holding a large steering wheel. The cockpit is enclosed in a transparent canopy. The glider is on a grassy field.

WAR GLIDER

SEPTEMBER 7, 1942 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



HOME FROM A JAP CONCENTRATION CAMP, AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMAN J. B. POWELL OF SHANGHAI SHOWS WHAT JAP JAILERS' MISTREATMENT AND NEGLECT LEFT OF HIS FEET

AMERICANS RETURN FROM JAP PRISON CAMPS

For eleven years the Japs had hated John Benjamin Powell, American editor-publisher of the *China Weekly Review* in Shanghai. In 1931 they put him high up on their secret police list of dangerous newspapermen. Jap detectives began following him around the Shanghai International Settlement. He was forbidden to enter Japan or Manchukuo for writing "anti-Japanese propaganda." The puppet government of China ordered him arrested and deported from China in 1940, but Powell did not budge. Threats poured in over the telephone and in anonymous letters. The Japs tried to bribe him. Finally, a hand grenade bounced off his shoulder but failed to explode. The Japs expressed "regret." And all this was because Powell's periodical steadily attacked the Japs as brutal aggressors against China. And Powell himself declined even to talk to Japs in Shanghai.

Like five other doughty American publishers and editors in Shanghai, Powell had his unofficial war on Japan taken out of his hands on Dec. 7. The Japs promptly arrested him and charged him with espionage. He was put in a filthy concentration camp in the Japs' Shanghai gendarmery headquarters. His shoes

were taken away. In the unheated cell his feet froze. Gangrene set in. The Jap doctor looked at his feet and laughed. A Jap nurse offered him aspirin and mercurochrome. Finally his ten toes were amputated. In what condition Powell's feet arrived in New York Aug. 25 on the diplomatic exchange ship, S.S. *Gripsholm*, is shown above. Powell, who had weighed



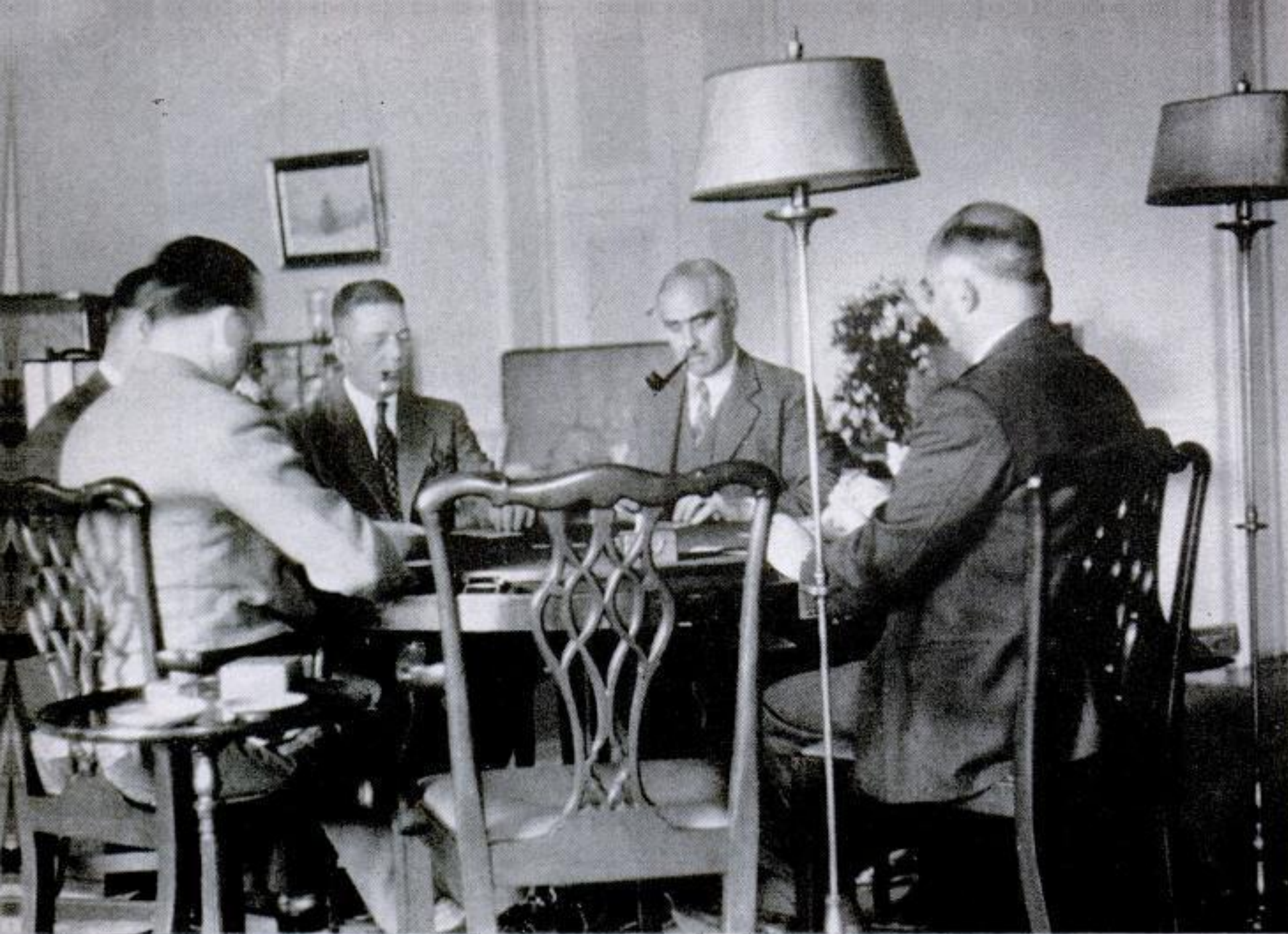
JOHN POWELL IN GOOD HEALTH (RIGHT) BEFORE DEC. 7

160 lb. in the picture below, had dropped to 75 lb., then gained back 25 lb. on the voyage home.

"Well," said Editor Powell, "I wouldn't say it was terrible. We got off with our lives. The Japs didn't do this to me deliberately, you know. It was just their sheer, utter stupidity. There are 1,500 American prisoners of war in Shanghai. They're waiting for us to set them free. So now the thing to do is to win the war."

The North and South Americans who arrived on the *Gripsholm* brought the first complete picture of how American civilians in the Far East were treated by the Japs. Since the U. S. holds far more Japs than the Japs hold Americans, cases of Jap brutality seemed remarkably ill-advised. Worst stories came from Malaya and Hong Kong where whites were massacred. Best Jap internment camp seemed to be in Manila. (See page 82 for an article on the *Santo Tomás* camp there, by one of the two persons so far released.)

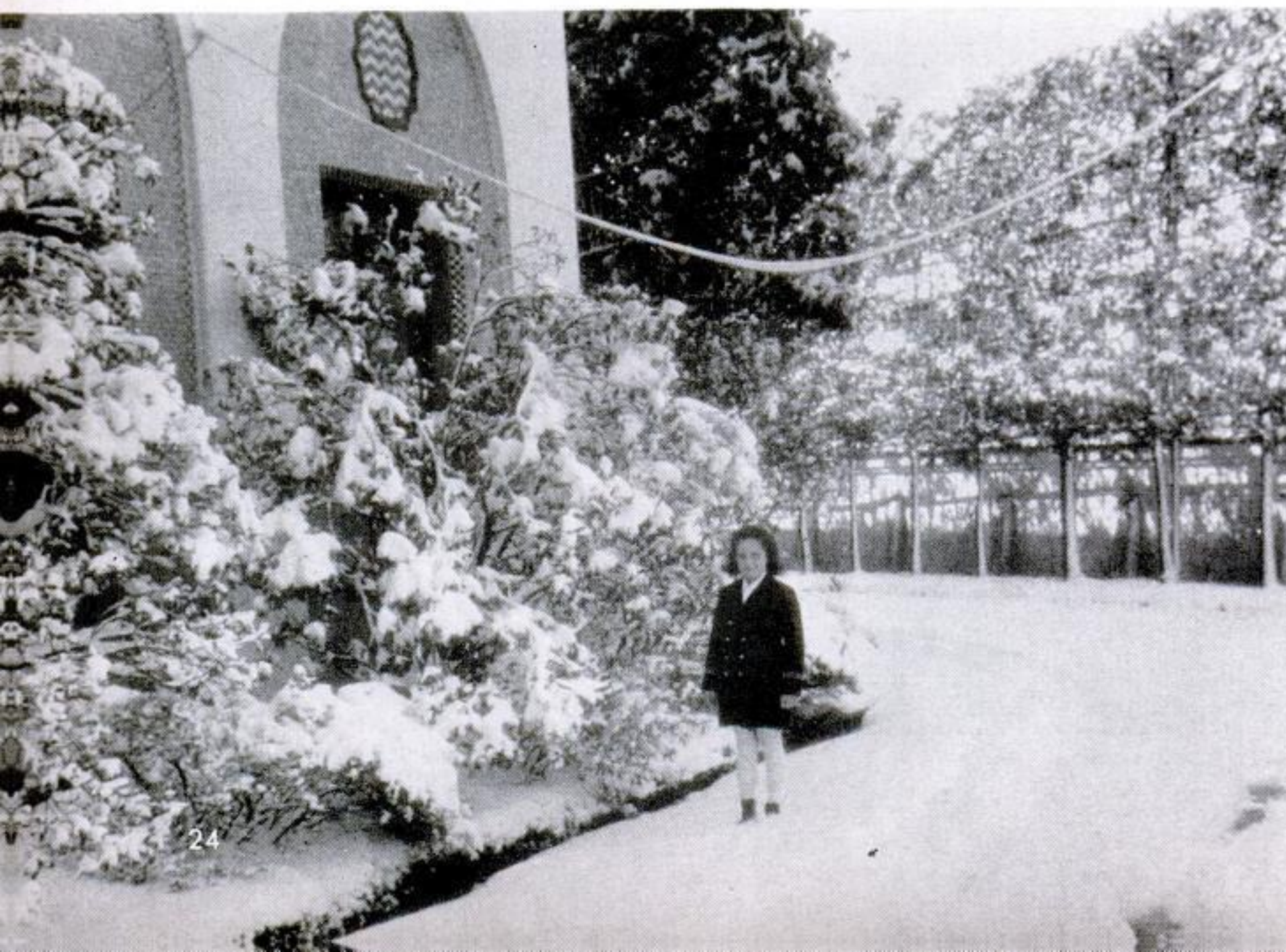
Even more serious under international law was Japan's failure to give the U. S. diplomatic staff in Tokyo full hospitality. On following pages are pictures of the strange life lived for six months in the U. S. Embassy compound by Ambassador Grew and staff.



Daily poker game in afternoon ran 200 days. Ambassador Grew (*smoking pipe*) held the highest hand, a royal straight flush in clubs. This is Embassy dining room, the only room that could be kept heated in midwinter because Japs did not supply enough fuel. Fireplace burned food cartons, old paper, furniture.



Tiny 18-hole golf course (*above*) was built around drained swimming pool. At right, Ambassador Grew putts. Beyond are Second Secretary Turner and Captain "Pop" Gould. Below, in a March snowfall, is the Embassy's only child, Cynthia, 8, daughter of Lieutenant Commander Henri Harold Smith-Hutton.



EMBASSY STAFF SING HYMNS ON SUNDAY, GROUPED AROUND AMBASSADOR AND

AMERICAN DIPLOMATS HELD IN TOKYO

The American Embassy in Tokyo, whose staff arrived back in the U. S. on the *Gripsholm* last week, was for 190 days a besieged American island in the heart of Japan. Police prowled through the premises, peering in the windows. No food and inadequate heating fuel were supplied by the Jap Government. Nobody was allowed to live outside, though the Embassy was not meant to house 65 people. Garbage was not taken away. Medicines were hard to get. All Embassy radios were seized on Dec. 8. The Japanese Foreign Office admitted that all this was "incorrect," but grinned at the admission that it could do nothing about it.

The same treatment was given South American diplomats and con-



EMBASSY COUNSELOR EUGENE DOOMAN PRACTICES HYMNS WITH ONE FINGER



CONFINEMENT FORCED THE STAFF TO CALL IN HAIRDRESSERS AND BARBERS



MRS. GREW (CHECKERED COAT). THE FINAL SONG WAS ALWAYS "AMERICA"

LIVED IN A VIRTUAL STATE OF SIEGE

suls. When the Brazilians handed the same thing back to the Japs interned in Brazil, the Brazilians in Japan were moved to a seaside resort.

The 65 Americans divided into nine messes, spread among the Embassy buildings. They had plenty of books, played Bach and Chopin on the phonograph, sang Christmas carols and hymns. Occasionally they were allowed to visit a Jap doctor or dentist. Their contact with the world was through the Swiss minister, who was not allowed to visit them until Dec. 14. It was a big day when he first arrived.

The unusual pictures on these pages of the American diplomats' 190 days were taken by Mrs. Smith-Hutton, wife of the U. S. naval attaché.



EMBASSY ATTACHÉS SLEPT IN THEIR OFFICES, DID THEIR OWN LAUNDRY (REAR)



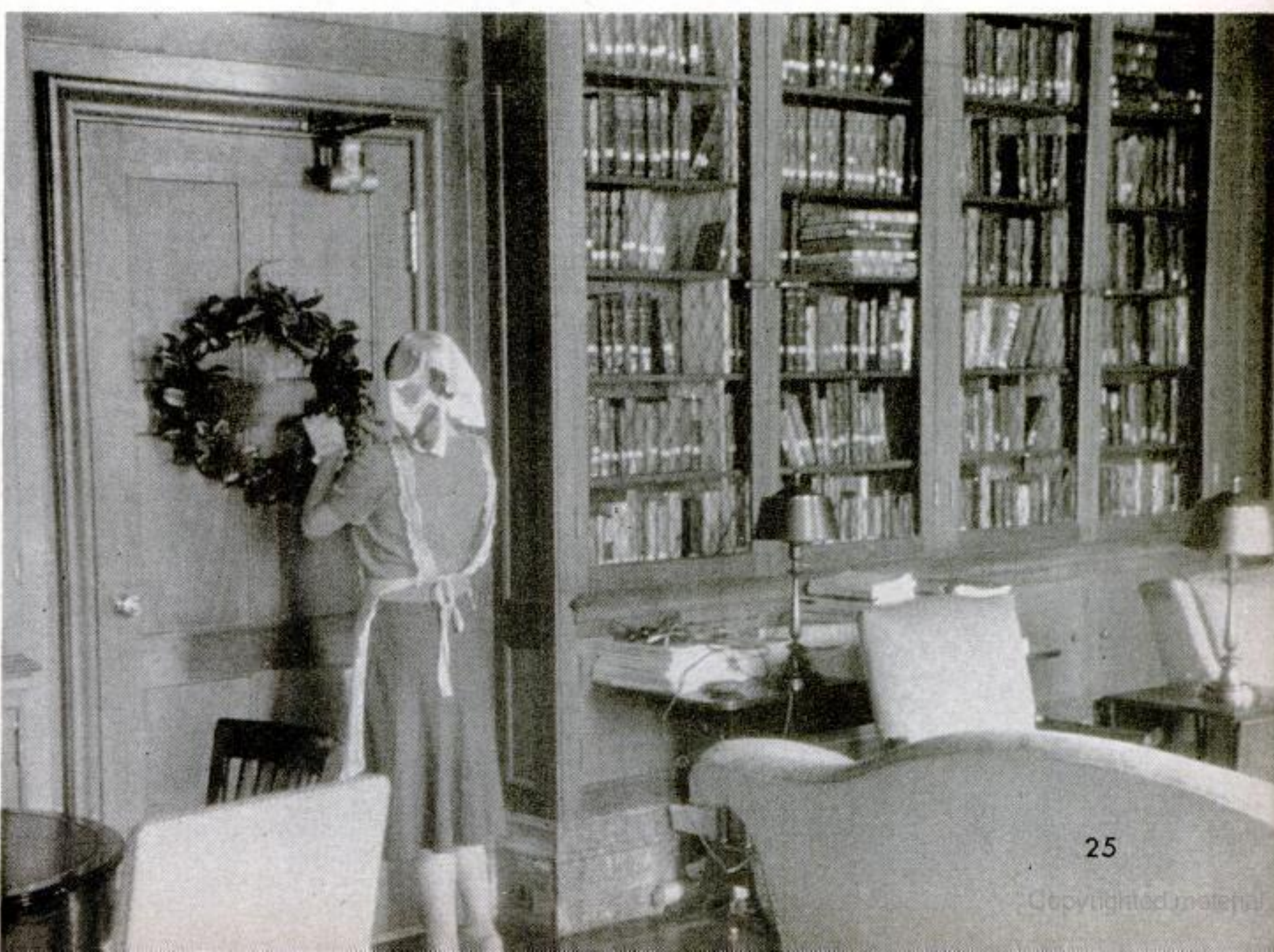
JAP COOKS CROWD TO GET DAILY FOOD RATIONS AT CHANCELLERY ICEBOXES



A lucky shipment of 1,000 cases of food in late November from America saved the Embassy, inasmuch as Japanese Government supplied no food, made it difficult to buy supplies outside. Here some of the supply, piled before a map of Japan, is admired by Commissary Chief Helen Skouland and Mrs. Smith-Hutton.



Ambassador Grew's private office, lined with portraits of American statesmen, becomes bedroom shortly after Dec. 7. The Embassy radio operator makes bed. Below: Christmas wreath is put up in Library, called the "Lido," by Embassy Clerk Ruth Kelly for Christmas Eve party. The party was none too gay.



"YANKEE GIRL"

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG AMERICAN WHO SPENT FIVE MONTHS IN JAP INTERNMENT CAMP AT MANILA

by FRANCES LONG

It was fun on board the *President Harrison*. We played the nickelodeon and drank good American beer, two things we had not enjoyed for a long time. Early on the morning of Dec. 2 we arrived at Olongapo where, much to my regret, we left the Marines. At 6 in the evening we docked at Pier 7 in Manila. I remember feeling small and unwanted at the customs. I didn't know what to do or where to go and was relieved when a nice Red Cross man took charge of me and my luggage.

The next few days, ensconced in the Leonard Wood Hotel, I saw the city and made myself sick eating too much papaya. The morning of Dec. 8 I got up late as usual and decided it was time I saw the town by day instead of night. When I came down for breakfast there was no one in the hotel but a few Filipino boys rushing around cleaning rooms with no time for me. I hadn't read the papers and didn't know what was going on. I took a walk along the waterfront where all the big hotels and the Army and Navy Club are. I noticed small groups of soldiers on pretty green lawns and saw one or two anti-aircraft guns, but this was usual in the Manila of that day.

Just as I started to satisfy an urge and walk on the grassy lawn, I heard the drone of planes, looked into the sun and saw nine planes in perfect formation flying extremely high. I heard a loud bang and turned around to see what I thought was the white smoke of anti-aircraft maneuvers. There was no time to think further, for I was grabbed by the arm and thrown into a

Frances Long, who arrived in New York on the *Gripsholm* on Aug. 25, is one of the two Americans who were released from the Japanese internment camp at Santo Tomás University, near Manila, eight weeks ago. Her story, which LIFE presents herewith, was written on board the *Gripsholm*. It is the first complete account of conditions in Manila after the Japs got there.

Tall, green-eyed, cheerful and 21, Miss Long is an American citizen born in Shanghai. Her father, E. A. Long, was secretary to the consular body in Shanghai. His diplomatic status presumably caused Miss Long's release.

Frances Long went to the American School in Shanghai, finished at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England. After graduation she returned to Shanghai via Siberia. In Shanghai she worked as secretary to Editor J. B. Powell—whose picture appears on page 23—and became engaged to Lt. Alan Manning of the U. S. Fourth Marines. Last Nov. 28 she sailed from Shanghai for the U. S. on the *President Harrison*. Also aboard was her fiancé and the Fourth Marines who were being transferred to Olongapo in the Philippines. Frances and Lt. Manning had intended to be married in the U. S. when he got leave last June.

ditch. I tried to object but couldn't, as a soldier was sitting on my stomach. He bawled me out as stupid, silly and just like a woman—walking vaguely along while a war was going on. I told him I did not know war had been declared. This started him off again about how dumb he had found women all his life.

The planes disappeared in the direction of Cavite, and anti-aircraft fire ceased. Somewhat later my soldier friend got off my stomach and gave me a piece of shrapnel to put in front of my mirror to remind me that there was a war.

So war was declared and I was in a dither, for boats could not leave for the U. S. I heard that Olongapo had been bombed and everybody had been wiped out. My fiancé had been to see me the day before, but now I did not know where he was (I have not heard of or from him since). I could get no money, as Shanghai had been cut off.

After three days of hunting a job with the Army, I got one with Navy Intelligence and worked from 1 to 6 p. m. I did nothing but file letters and telegrams but was paid enough to live well. The Leonard Wood was now blacked out, so I moved to the Bay View Hotel where I could have lights, as the windows were cov-

ered with black curtains.

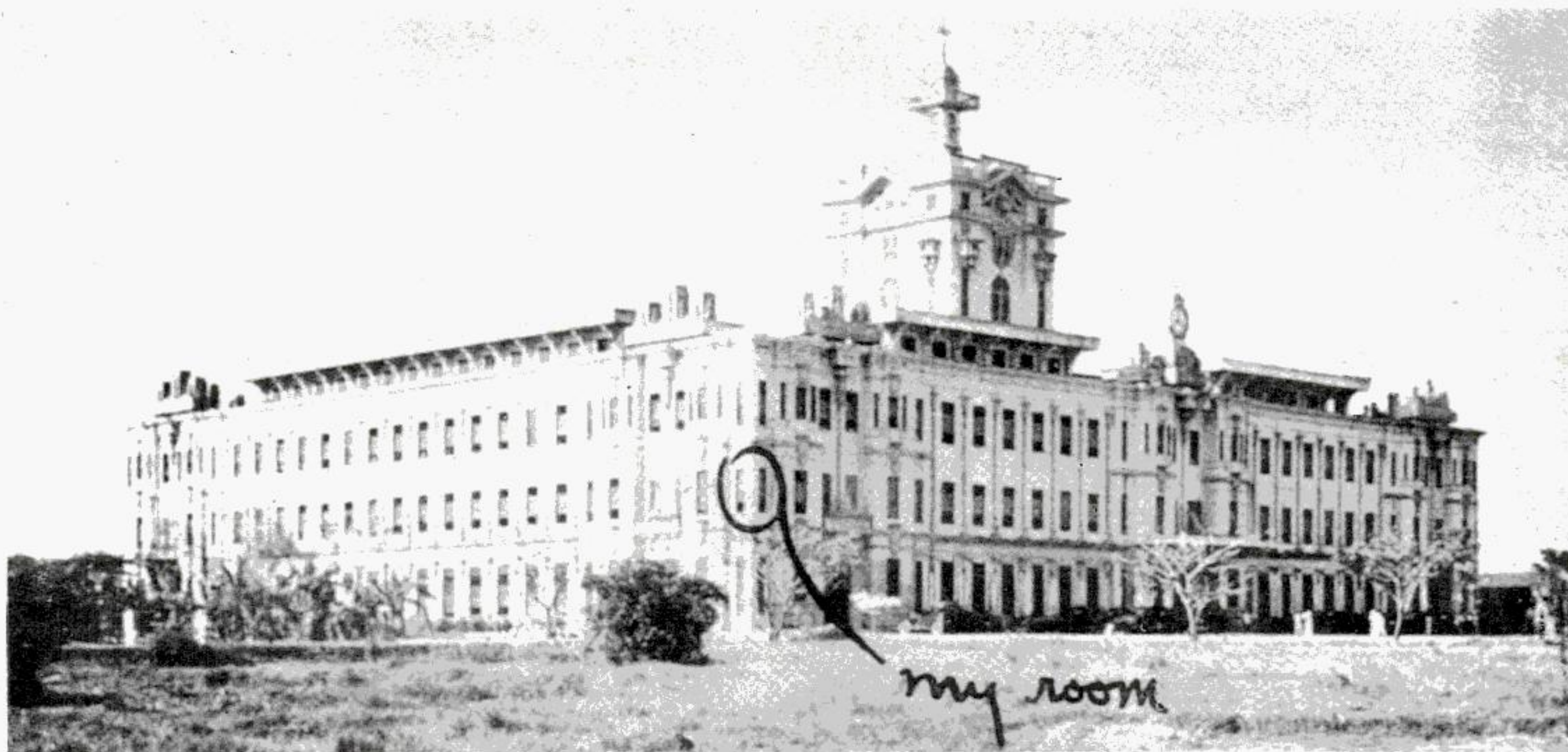
Two other ships evacuating Americans from Shanghai to the U. S. had been caught in the war. Consequently, I soon ran into old friends who, like myself, were stranded in Manila. Among them was 20-year-old, curly-headed Jessie Mann, with whom I had gone to school in Shanghai. We had never

known each other very well because no girls are friendly in Shanghai—there's too much competition. But she had just married Ralph Mann, a lieutenant in the same regiment as my fiancé, had sailed with him for the Philippines the day before Alan and I left, had gotten a job in Manila like mine, and the similarity of our plights drew us together.

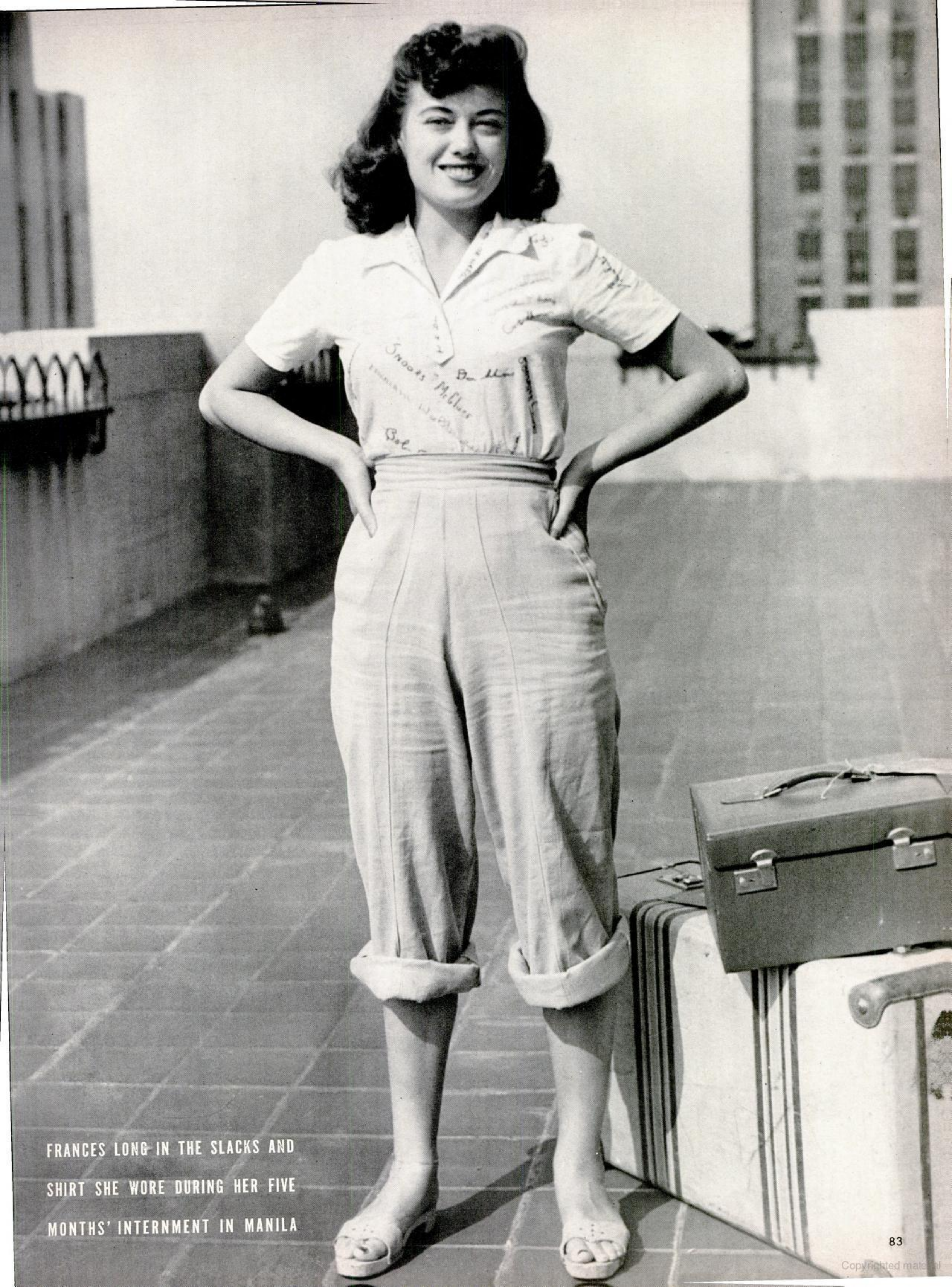
At first, air raids came only at night. Then the Japs got bolder and came by day. Sounds of sirens in the middle of the night scared people. They got up, rushed into shelters if there were any nearby, and there we would sit, sometimes for hours, without even smoking. When the "all clear" sounded we would tramp upstairs, only to do it all over again a little later. The time came when we paid little attention to the siren and felt that if the bomb was meant for you it would get you anyway.

One time a bunch of us stayed in the Manila Hotel while the Japs bombed the port area for three and a half hours. Every time a bomb dropped, the building shook so I thought it would fall on our heads. After waiting until we thought it was all clear, we started to make the five- or ten-minute walk to the Bay View Hotel.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



SANTO TOMÁS UNIVERSITY IN MANILA IS NOW AN INTERNMENT CAMP FOR 3,500 AMERICAN AND BRITISH CITIZENS. MISS LONG HAS MARKED THE ROOM SHE SHARED WITH 33 OTHERS



FRANCES LONG IN THE SLACKS AND
SHIRT SHE WORE DURING HER FIVE
MONTHS' INTERNMENT IN MANILA