

'MEN WHO W CHICAGO CAP

40 Months of Jap Cruelty Told in Major's Diary

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE
as told to Carl Wigman
Specialist First in the Chicago Tribune
This is a story based on my diary kept during 40 months as a prisoner of the Japanese. It is a story of Americans who wouldn't die and of Americans who had to die. There were 20,000 of us on Batavia at the beginning of the war. Fewer than 5,000 will return.
My diary entries are what I was able to write between bombing attacks on Batavia and when guards were not looking in prison camps. Many times I hid the diary under a book in latrines or buried it in the earth to keep it from being found by the Japs. There was a strict rule against diaries, and breaking Jap rules usually meant death.

Surrender to Surrender
This story of mine is by no means complete. It must be multiplied a thousand times. But it runs from surrender to surrender, from one of the saddest days in American history to one of the most joyful.

For 20 of the 40 months of my imprisonment I served as the Amer-ican workman for 500 Americans who worked as slaves in a coal mine at Onaka, Japan. There were many such camps. The story of these American slaves in Japanese mines is a blacker episode, in many respects, than the "Death March" from Batavia.

When the war began and during the four months of fighting on the bank, it was my privilege to serve as aide-camp to Maj. Gen. Edward F. King Jr., commander of the Batavia force. One of the brave and test soldiers who ever served his country, it was Gen. King's mis- fortune to be the first American general to surrender his command since the war of 1812.

Prison Gen. King
Gen. King has been too modest to tell the part he played during those bitter days on Batavia. I hope my story will serve to reveal a little of his courage and devotion to duty, which were large factors in the gallant resistance of his overmatched army.

Most of the accounts of the Ba-tavia campaign have pictured it as a kind of picturesque affair which had little to do with the final out- come of the war. Quite the oppo- site is true. The ferocity of our defense hurled the Japs into making one of the colossal blunders of his- tory.

When the war began, the Japs landed 150,000 troops on Luzon un- der the command of the infamous Gen. Masaharu Homma. Our half- trained, ill equipped army of 7,000 Filipinos and Americans was forced to withdraw into Batavia peninsula, but we managed to inflict enormous losses on Homma's forces. Before we were obliged to surrender, the Japs had to bring in 100,000 addi- tional troops from Singapore.

Turning Point in War
This was a turning point in the war. The Japs had us bottled on Batavia. We had no air force, no navy, no supply line to the United States. They could have kept us bottled with a small force and left us to starve. They could have at- tacked us, using the tactics Gen. MacArthur later used against them, with great success. They could have landed an Australian, possibly could have seized Hawaii. Instead, they chose to waste their energy in re- ducing Batavia and Corregidor.

There was a lull in the fighting on Batavia in March, 1942, when we thought the Japs were doing what they should have done—bypass us. Instead, the fresh troops arrived from Singapore and the final as- sault began.

At this time Gen. King's head- quarters on Batavia consisted of a few discarded tin cans in the jungle beside the general's tent. The Japs thought our headquarters were in the town of Marvotok and bombed it frantically, to our de- light. We repaired the damage time and again to make them keep their attention.

Japs Urge Surrender
One day in March Jap planes dropped leaflets urging us to sur- render. An officer handed one of the leaflets to Gen. King. He read it, frowned, and turned to his

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Tisdelle Pl

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jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

1945 YANK PRISONER TELLS STORY OF JAPS' CRUELTY
Diary Reveals Details of Long Enslavement

(Continued from first page)

chief of staff, Brig. Gen. Arnold J. Funk.

"I have been to all the army schools," said Gen. King. "None of the schools ever told me what to do if called upon to surrender. So I don't think we will surrender."

His defiant words bucked us up, although we knew he was saying them only for the purpose of keeping up our morale. We all knew what the score was. Our army had been on one-third rations since Feb. 15. We had eaten the horses of the 20th cavalry and the horses' oats. We were running short of high explosive shells. Most of our men were sick with malaria, malnutrition, dysentery, and our medical supplies were practically exhausted.

Americans Fall Back

My diary reports heavy bombing attacks on April 1 and 2, when the Japs began preparing for their final offensive. On April 3 they laid down an artillery barrage from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m. after which they attacked on our right flank. The 42d Infantry fell back and gradually disintegrated and the 31st Infantry was moved up to try to plug the gap.

On April 5 (Easter) our lines broke again on the right flank with some enemy forces penetrating as far as Mount Sinitan, which we needed desperately as an artillery observation point. Intensive bombing and shelling continued on the 6th, and on the 7th my diary described the situation as follows:

"Very heavy dive bombing and also heavy bombers all day. Another bad penetration in front of 2d corps (on right flank), which is falling back in the center. Two divisions demoralized; many captured. Our hospital has come under artillery fire and is being hit by bombs. The hospital is overflowing, with many patients on cots under the trees in the jungle. We have no further reserves; some troops are not receiving rations."

Quakes Add to Troubles

The next day was even worse, and in addition to the general terror, we had two earthquakes. Gen. King gave orders to destroy all our artillery, trucks and gasoline supplies concentrated to provide transportation for our troops after the surrender. Dozes of sugar were put in the aviation gasoline, which was left where the Japs could find it.

"That night our main ammunition dump was blown up. On orders of Gen. King, ammunition stored near the hospital was moved close to our headquarters, the only other place we had to put it, and when it was set off, the headquarters area was

Tisdelle Diary and Jap Promise
(Story starts on page 1)

Italians arrived today from Thai. No off. 12-30-44 50 mixed US-AUS-BR-DUT, arrived today from Camp 17, also 97 US from Cabonatuan. (Sailed Dec. 14, 3 ships sunk ar. Nip. Jan 5). Chap. (Maj.) John Edw. Duff only off. All in incredible condition.

1-8-45 Lt. Christie, Romaine arrested for having newspapers and maps, following sudden appearance of supply room. Some SOB must have told Japs, they found maps too quickly. 1-8-45 Lt. Allen also put in jail for (sawing) destroying black and white photos. 1-8-45 Lt. Allen released. 2-8-45 Lt. Christie, Romaine released. C's face pulp. Both lost wound 10 lbs. Nip. Capt. FUKIHARA, 48TH INF. REG., C.O. of this camp #17. Omuta, Fukusaka Prefecture, Japan, captured.

Extract from Maj. A. C. Tisdelle's diary, kept during 40 months as Japanese prisoner.

Your Excellency, We have the honor to advise you in accordance with the humanitarian principle of "Shikho," one of the Japanese words. It will be recalled that, some time ago, a new military honorific awarded was our

meeting another bloodthirsty White Japanese in these following details of bloodthirsty Japs and the Netherlands East Indies in the acceptance of knowledge defeat. Your Excellency, your day has been prolonged. Keep our names alive and save the lives of those officers and men under your command. The International Law will be strictly adhered to by the Imperial Japanese Army and your Excellency and those under your command will be treated accordingly. The list of names of those whose lives will be saved and the delight and relief of their dear ones and families could be beyond the expression of words. We call upon you to reconsider this proposition with due thought.

CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF AN IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY AND NAVY.

March 26th, 1945. Parts of leaflet Japanese planes dropped on Bataan. Note Japs promised "the international law will be strictly adhered to by the imperial Japanese forces"—a promise which was not kept.

deluged with shell fragments and whole shells. Shortly before dawn on April 9, Gen. King sent Col. Everett Wainwright, his chief of artillery, and Maj. Hurt forward with a white flag made from a bed sheet on a bamboo pole. The two men were conducted to a Jap division headquarters, where they arranged for a later meeting of Gen. King with the chief of staff of Gen. Homma.

Set Out for Jap Lines

Soon after daybreak Gen. King set out on the risky journey to the Jap lines, accompanied by Col. Victor Collier, Maj. Wade Coltran, and myself. We traveled in two columns and had two white flags. Jap planes were buzzing around, investigating the ammunition blunts which continued for 72 hours after we started them.

When the road emerged from the jungle, three Jap planes spotted us and came down to strafe. We jumped into a ditch beside the road and, when the planes passed over us, Col. Collier and I waved the white flags. After three strafing runs, the pilot of the leading plane recognized the flags, dipped his wings as a signal, and threatened

As they approached us, Gen. King rose from his chair. The Jap general ignored him and sat down stiffly at the end of the table. Gen. King returned to his chair, sitting erect, with hands folded in front of him. He never looked more like a soldier than in this hour of defeat.

"You are Gen. Wainwright," the interpreter shouted, in a voice with a harsh Frusian accent. Gen. King explained that he was Gen. King, commander of the Bataan forces.

"Where is Gen. Wainwright?" the Jap demanded.

Gen. King ignored the question, and said: "I have come to ask for terms for the troops in Bataan."

"We want to see Gen. Wainwright; you must go and bring Gen. Wainwright," said the Jap.

Jap Officers Flustered

Gen. Wainwright at this time was safe on Corregidor, but Gen. King kept that information to himself. He reiterated that he did not represent Gen. Wainwright, but only himself and the troops in Bataan. Flustered by this development, the two Japs held an excited colloquy, after which the interpreter asked: "For what purpose have you come?"

Gen. King looked him in the eyes and spoke slowly and distinctly, but his voice could not conceal his emotion. He asked for an armistice during which the Japs would remain

in their present positions while we sent couriers to notify forward echelons of the surrender. He also explained, with great emphasis, that we had preserved sufficient trucks to transport our soldiers to any point of interest that the Japs might name.

More jabbering in Japanese followed, and the interpreter turned back to Gen. King.

Demand Full Surrender

"Surrender must be unconditional," he said.

Denying this statement, Gen. King repeated his request for permission to notify forward elements of the army and to use the trucks left aside to move the troops.

The Jap general indicated this was satisfactory, and asked: "Then you are prepared to surrender?"

Gen. King said he was, if the arrangements were handled as he had

(Continued on next page)

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Diary Reveals Details of
Long Enslavement

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outlined them. Again the Japs indicated this was satisfactory. The Jap general stood up, and we all did likewise. The interpreter turned dramatically to Gen. King.

"Your saber!" he said.
Gen. King somewhat wearily explained he didn't have his saber with him. It had left it in Manila with other excess baggage.

The Japs seemed stunned by this violation of the Hollywood regulations for surrenders. They talked excitedly for at least five minutes, and we began to think we might not be allowed to surrender because Gen. King didn't have a saber. The incident was typical of the Japanese mind. They have all the outward forms of courtesy, and therefore are often mistaken for civilized people.

At last the Jap general agreed to accept Gen. King's pistol. He removed it and placed it on the table. We did likewise with our weapons. I had always looked after the general's pistol and knew it was loaded, so was alarmed when the interpreter picked it up and began to examine it, keeping it pointed at Gen. King. Instinctively I stepped up, took the pistol away from the Jap, and unloaded it. I guess he was too surprised to make any objection.

Japs Break Pledge

The two Japs stalked off, paying no more attention to us, and drove away in the Cadillac. Gen. King led the way to our jeeps, telling his driver to go back to our headquarters. As the driver started to obey, we found the way barred by Japs with fixed bayonets. We realized then that we were prisoners and that the Japs didn't intend to keep the surrender terms. As a result, the trucks we had set aside were never used to move prisoners, and the death march from Bataan followed.

Recently Gen. Homma has been quoted as saying he was not responsible for the death march. He is a liar. He was the commanding general. His chief of staff was informed of the existence of the trucks. He had no other use for them at the time because they had to be brought out of Bataan before they could be used to haul military supplies. We certainly could and would have destroyed them if we had known the course of events.

Gen. Homma is directly responsible for the slaughter and mistreatment of unarmed men on the death march from Bataan.

[Continued tomorrow].

Tisdelle P3

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**CAPTIVE YANKS
FIND JAPS POLITE
— AND BARBARIC**

Here is the second installment of "Men Who Wouldn't Die," with further details of how the Japanese army treated Maj. Gen. Edward P. King Jr. after the surrender of Bataan. The author, who was Gen. King's aide, kept a diary thru the Bataan campaign and during his next 40 months as a prisoner of war. His story is based on the diary. Prior to the war Maj. Tisdelle was a Chicago advertising man.

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE
as told to Carl Wegman
(Pictures on page 3)

(Copyright 1945, by The Chicago Tribune)

Our experience when we surrendered to the Japs on Bataan was our first encounter with the Japanese mind—a peculiar combination of politeness, barbarity, duplicity, and utter lack of logic. During the next 40 months as prisoners, we never could guess what the Japs were likely to do next. After a while we gave up trying.

Gen. Edward P. King Jr., commander of the Bataan force, arranged for the surrender of his army shortly before noon April 9, 1942, in Linao. With him were Col. Everett Williams, Col. Victor Collier, Maj. Wade Cochrane, Maj. Hurt, and myself.

Thirst in Hazing Run

After we gave up our pistols in token of surrender, Jap guards took Col. Collier and Maj. Hurt back to our lines while the general and the rest of us were taken about three miles north to Balanga. There we were lined up while obsequious Jap photographers took numerous pictures of us.

Next we were led to a playground behind a schoolhouse where we were forced to stand in the blazing sun. Our canteens were dry and we were terribly thirsty, but we could not make the guards understand that we wanted water.

Gen. King retained his dignity and composure, but the rest of us were furious. After about 20 minutes of the sun treatment Jap orderlies brought a table and chairs, placed them under a tree, and invited us to sit down.

Questioned by Jap

A Jap colonel of military intelligence questioned Gen. King about the defenses of Corregidor. The general said he could speak of matters concerning Bataan, but refused to discuss Corregidor. The Jap wanted to know where we kept our prisoners. Gen. King told him the location of the prisoners' inclosure. The Jap asked about our stores of arms and supplies. Gen. King said he had no guns, tanks, or ammunition left in Bataan.

"But where is the war booty?" the Jap demanded.

"I ordered it to be destroyed," Gen. King replied, coolly.

Jap Storms and Fumes

When he heard this, the Jap colonel almost went into a convulsion. He shook his fist, stormed, and fumed until we thought surely he was about to strike Gen. King. Suddenly he calmed down and asked: "Where is the tunnel from Bataan to Corregidor?"

"There is no tunnel," said Gen. King.

"You are not telling the truth, there is a tunnel," screamed the interpreter, the same fellow with the Prussian accent who talked to us at the surrender conference.

Gen. King said nothing and the interpreter reached into a bundle of papers, bringing out a perfect copy of one of our secret army maps. He spread the map on the table and hissed at Gen. King: "Show us the location of the tunnel."

Cigaret Ends Interview

With a stony face the general looked at him as he calmly said: "I told you there was no tunnel, but if there were a tunnel I could not tell you where it was located."

During this conversation I had lit a cigaret and was sitting back comfortably, with my legs crossed. The

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YANKS FIND JAP MIND IS POLITE —AND BARBARIC

Prisoners on Bataan Are Puzzled by Changes

(Continued from first page)

interpreter noticed my attitude and turned his fury from the general to me. He knocked the cigar from my hand, shoved my nose, and yelled "Ei at attention!" This interlude got his mind off the alleged tunnel and the interview ended. We were led to an apartment above a store, where Jap orderlies brought us water to drink and a package of cigars. We were sitting there, smoking, when a Jap staff officer entered. He removed his cap, bowed to Gen. King, and in broken English announced he was Col. J. Takasaki and that he was our host. He asked if we had had anything to eat, and when we said no, he spoke to an orderly.

We Are Friends
Addressing Gen. King, he said: "It is very good. Now for you the war is over and now we are friends."

A little bewildered by this unexpected show of friendliness, the general politely replied, "Yes, but we are not friends; we are your prisoners."

"The one" cried the Jap, putting the general's arm. "We are friends."
Turning to me, he asked where my home was. I said it was in Chicago. The Jap sighed expressively. "It must be a wonderful city," he said. "I hope some time to go there."

Takers for a Ride
Orderlies brought us cups of hot evaporated milk, beer, and more cigars. Col. Takasaki let us for a while, then returned, smiling and bowing as before.

"I am going to take you for a ride," he said to Gen. King. I thought instantly of the gangster "ride," and was worried as the Japs took Gen. King and Col. Williams away. They had not returned at 8 p. m. when Jap orderlies

—and soup. Both attracted a sentry beckoned us to follow him. We were placed in one of four jeeps, driven by a Jap who was unfamiliar with the post hills, and therefore drove in a series of

last jerks. The jeep's lights had been blacked out with paint, but the driver noted that the darkness at about 40 miles an hour.

Nearly Lost His Life
I persuaded him to stop and let me scrape the paint off the lights with my pocket knife. This nearly cost me my life, because I was standing there in the beam of light, wearing an American uniform that was plainly visible, while a stream of Jap trucks moved past us. A soldier on one of the trucks saw me and waving with his rifle, I ducked just in time.

The jeep took us to a house where Gen. King and Col. Williams were being entertained by our "friends" Col. Takasaki.

"You must feel very disheveled," he said, as soon as we entered the house. "Would you like to take a bath?"

We hastened to say yes. An orderly took us downstairs where there was a 50 gallon oil drum full of water.

Wears a Kimono
Clean and refreshed, we went up stairs where dinner was about to be served. Instead of his uniform, Col. Takasaki wore a kimono, an extraordinary mark of courtesy and hospitality. We were greatly surprised, and when we saw the food served, we were thunderstruck.

The food included sliced ham, chicken, potatoes, soup, rice, sliced pineapple, tea, beer, and sake wine. It was the finest meal we had seen since the beginning of the war. It was the finest meal we were to see until the end of the war, 40 months later.

Eager to See General
We were hot and thirsty, and begged to drink the beer and sake, but feared the Japs might be trying to get us drunk before they questioned us. Therefore we drank nothing but tea. At 11 o'clock Col. Takasaki called the guards, but in good night, apologizing that our quarters would not be as comfortable as he would like them to be.

We were taken to Grand and shut up in a small building with a filthy wooden floor. Each of us was given a blanket to lie on. We were so exhausted, overworked, and depressed that we couldn't sleep. Every few minutes Jap soldiers, eager to see a captured American general, entered the room and turned their flashlights on us.

Looking back, we see we were treated fairly decently on our first day of captivity. It was the last day of the kind.

(Continued tomorrow)

Tisdelle P5

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LIFE OF HORROR IN CABANATUAN CAMPSTOLDHERE

Some Captives Got Rich on Others' Misery

How Japanese prison camp black markets operated and how the prisoners can vaudeville for their entertainment are disclosed in this story, the fourth installment of "Men Who Wouldn't Die," by a Chicago officer who was Gen. Edward P. King's aide during the Bataan campaign. The story is based on his diary, kept during 40 months as a Japanese prisoner of war.

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE as told to Carl Wiseman (Copyright 1945 by The Chicago Tribune)

This story will emphasize not the way men died, but the way some of us managed to stay alive in Japanese prison camps. Only a student of horrors would wish to read about the deaths at Camps O'Donnell and Cabanatuan.

Deaths at Camp O'Donnell passed the 1,000 mark on May 30, 1942. According to my diary records, this meant a mortality rate higher than 10 per cent in 48 days for the 8,600 Americans taken to the camp.

Natives showed food gifts on June 1 the Japs started moving all able bodied prisoners to camps at Cabanatuan, which were somewhat more habitable in the rainy season and were easier to supply than Camp O'Donnell. Fifteen hundred men who were able to walk left Camp O'Donnell June 1, and on the following day I set with another group of 2,000.

We marched 4 1/2 miles to Capas, where we were loaded in box cars, 50 men to a car. The doors of the cars were left open, and along the entire route Filipino tossed food to us—candy bars, bottles of milk, fruit, and even eggs.

At one place Filipino Boy Scouts threw into our car food wrapped in paper on which was printed the Scout oath. At the bottom of the paper the boys had written: "We wish that we were soldiers like you."

Diary Interrupted by Fever

On this ride the Jap guards did not interfere with the gift of food, as they had done on our earlier ride to Camp O'Donnell. The guard in my car was a decent fellow; he distributed creosote tablets to men suffering cramps from dysentery.

On arriving at Cabanatuan I was placed in a barracks with 108 other officers. We were so crowded we could not stretch out full length when we slept. I took a bath by standing under the eaves in the rain, caught a bad chill, and had fever for two weeks. My diary is incoherent in this period.

Entries start again on June 14, recording more agonies for all the men. About this time, when everything looked hopeless, I hit upon a plan that helped me and a small group of enlisted men. I had noticed that the Jap guards had plenty to eat—chicken, eggs, evaporated milk, pork, ham, vegetables, and rice.

Food for Laundry Swap

When I saw the guards washing their dishes, it occurred to me they might swap food for laundry service. They were willing. I arranged with an English speaking guard to pass a bundle of dirty clothes over the fence at night. These clothes I distributed secretly to a group of prisoners who wanted to cooperate. They washed the clothes and on the next night I returned them over the fence. My Jap accomplice passed a small tin of salt pork chop bones and food that was

Killer Recaptured



(Associated Press Wirephoto) Myron Semunichick and Mabel Harris, who is accused of helping him escape.

Allentown, Pa., Oct. 30 (AP)—Myron Semunichick, 34 year old high school honor student convicted of murder, was back at Allentown state hospital today, but the attendant who was tricked into permitting him to escape was gone.

Dr. Harry F. Hoffman, superintendent of the hospital, said William Yost, 52, disappeared last night leaving behind him a note saying "When you receive this letter I will have paid the penalty for what I have done."

Semunichick made his escape Friday in company with another inmate, Mabel Harris, 15, of Philadelphia. Mabel escaped from the hospital Thursday and returned Friday, ringing a doorbell. When Yost answered the ring, Semunichick raced past the attendant. Mark Peters, a grocery employe near Easton, Pa., found the pair today crouching in a field. Semunichick was convicted of the sex slaying last January of Mae Barrett, 5, of Vandling, Pa.

little better than garbage, by American standards.

We worked this trade successfully for five months and it was a god-send. The additional protein in our food made "ber-ber" disappear. Some of us undoubtedly saved our lives. I regained enough energy to start helping Lt. Col. Babcock, the camp morale officer.

Smokes "Music Quiz" Prizes

I am no musician but we were so desperate for entertainment that the first music in camp was provided by my harmonica. In our laundry business we sometimes got cigarettes from the Japs, and these I used as prizes for a stunt I remembered seeing in a Chicago night club. In the evenings, when the prisoners had returned from work on the camp farms, I went to a barracks and played tunes for the men. The first man to guess the titles of three tunes would receive one cigaret as a reward.

On June 18 we had our first camp show, a series of vaudeville acts arranged by Col. Babcock, 1st Lt. William Burrell, and myself. The Japs stopped the show after the first half hour, altho they previously had granted permission to hold it, and punished the camp by withdrawing the wheat ration issued to working prisoners. A ban was placed on all gatherings, including religious services.

Japs Start Kind Gestures

About the same time the Japs started making little gestures of kindness to us, altho general conditions remained bad. They issued a softball, a bat, and several mitts. They permitted some of us to march to a creek two miles away to take baths. I was so weak that I was prostrate for two days after the four mile walk.

The Japs also permitted us to open a post exchange, thru which the few men who had money could buy a little food from outside. Up to this time, the only way to get food from outside was thru the black market operated by prisoners who managed to smuggle stuff into the compound. This was done by

men on the outside working details and by bribing guards and truck drivers.

Fellow Prisoners Overcharged

The black market operators were not the best example of American manhood. They overcharged their fellow prisoners outrageously, and took advantage of weak men. Our senior officers begged everybody to stop these swindles by refusing to buy, but you can't stop hungry men from getting food. If food can be bought at any price.

A few big time operators accumulated thousands of pesos. One of their methods was to cash, at a large discount, American army pay checks which men had received prior to the surrender. One hundred dollar checks were cashed for 50 pesos (\$25 at the pre-war rate).

A can of evaporated milk cost 10 pesos (\$5) on the black market. I bought one with money that a kind friend sent me from Manila. It was brought to me by a prisoner truck driver, who forgot to get the name of my benefactor. To this day I wish I knew who he was.

Shot for Attempted Escape

On June 24, my diary reports that six enlisted men were caught outside the fence, attempting to escape. The Japs tied all of them to posts as an object lesson to the camp. In the afternoon one of the men broke loose and ran away. The Japs caught him, beat all six of the men with clubs and next morning shot them to death.

Two days later, with typical Jap capriciousness, the ban on camp shows was lifted. We put on a production called "Cabanatuan Capers," a series of songs, recitations, and skits. I played my harmonica. No clapping or any kind of demonstration was permitted by the guards.

On the fourth of July we were permitted to have another show. This was attended by a Jap lieutenant and his interpreter. They seemed to enjoy it, clapping their hands frequently. Thereafter we all clapped, even when the shows were extremely corny.

Chicago Cases Lecture Topic

Col. Babcock asked me to prepare and deliver a series of lectures on "Chicago, What to See and Where to Eat." I worked hard on that lecture. It didn't seem funny at the time, but it must have been a strange sight—a barracks full of gaunt, hollow checked men listening attentively while I spouted off on the best places in Chicago to buy steak or spaghetti.

Later I also delivered a series of lectures on advertising, which was my business before the war. These speeches, I confess, were not so well received.

My diary for July 18 notes that on this date we had a total of 7,681 prisoners in the camp, with 2,600 patients in the hospital. There were 48 doctors to care for the sick men. The patients were kept in bamboo floored, double deck barracks, about 20 by 50 feet in area. There was one bar of soap for each 100 patients. The Jap guards had electric lights in their camp area,

but there were no lights in the hospital.

Few Mental Cases in Camp

Quinine supplies were so short that the doctors administered it only to men with cerebral malaria, the most serious kind. About this time we had 21 cases of diphtheria and only enough antitoxin to treat three men. The three recovered. Eighty-eight died.

An extraordinary thing occurred on Aug. 10 and 11. A prisoner escaped from the hospital area and was recaptured. The Japs ordered him shot the next day, but retrieved him 30 minutes before the time set for the execution. The prisoner was a mental case and our doctors talked the Japs into granting a reprieve.

We had remarkably few mental cases, never more than 15 out of the 7,000 prisoners in the camp. It is my guess that most of the men with tendencies toward insanity were already dead by this time.

[Continued tomorrow]

M'ARTHUR BARS ATOM RESEARCH BY JAP EXPERTS

TOKYO, Oct. 30 (Reuters)—Gen. MacArthur's headquarters today banned atom research by the Japanese.

The only investigations dealing with radioactive substances which the Japanese will be permitted to make will be in the fields of biology and medicine, the Nishina laboratory, an institute of physical and chemical research, was told today. A directive issued by supreme allied headquarters to the imperial Japanese government specifically barred the use of the Nishina laboratory in the fields of chemistry and metallurgy.

LOOT SAVANAH OF \$74 WHISKY
SAVANAH, Ga., Oct. 30 (AP)—A \$74,000 loot of whisky, valued at \$740,000, was found at 1941 N. Cherry St., Savannah, Ga., police reported.



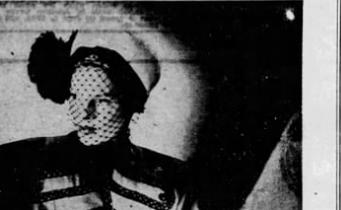
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Wed, Feb 21, 2018

THERE'S LITTLE OF YULE CHEER AT CABANATUAN

Japs Do Permit Special Christmas Services

(Christmas in a Japanese prison camp is described in this installment of "Men Who Wouldn't Die," the story of 40 months as a prisoner of war. The author, a former Chicago advertising man, served thru the Bataan campaign as the aide to Maj. Gen. Edward P. King Jr. His story is based on his diary.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE as told to Carl Wiegman (Continued from the Chicago Tribune) It was possible to observe Christmas in Japanese prison camps, not because the Japs were kind hearted, but because the holiday almost coincides with their great holiday, Jan. 1.

At Camp Cabanatuan we received our first Red Cross boxes on Dec. 19, 1942. There were enough to distribute three boxes to each four men. The food was wonderful, but its good effects were nullified by a Jap order assigning 1,000 men to a wood cutting detail which had to march five miles, cut the wood, and march back again, carrying the wood.

Because of the wretched condition of the men, this was an ordeal. I went along on the march, playing my harmonica in a feeble effort to cheer them. The only purpose of the outrageous march was to store up a supply of wood so the Japs would not be bothered while they took their New Year vacation.

Christmas Mass Permitted
Christmas eve we were permitted to have a midnight mass in a natural amphitheater in the compound, where we held our camp shows. We had rigged up an altar decorated with candles and wreaths, and the Japs provided a foot operated organ. Three chaplains with vestments conducted high mass.

I have attended mass in many large churches and I saw the great services during the Eucharistic congress in Soldiers' field in Chicago, but this Christmas eve service was the most beautiful of them all. We could see the moon coming up behind the altar as the holy mysteries celebrated the birthday of the Savior. Practically the whole camp attended—Catholic and Protestant—and the Jap commanding officer also was present.

Protestant Services, Too
Next day practically the whole camp attended Protestant services conducted by Chaplain Oliver, white haired chief of chaplains of the army in the Philippines. He spoke eloquently, telling us he felt we had gone thru the worst of our trials. We tried so hard to believe him.

On Christmas day we received gift boxes from England, prepared by the British Red Cross and the Military Order of St. John, another British organization. Strangely, the boxes had been prepared for prisoners in Germany and were addressed to camps in Germany.

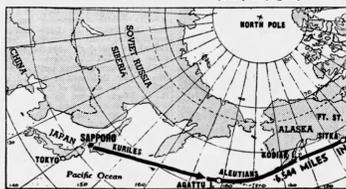
On Jan. 1 we each received another Red Cross box. These had been sent by the American and Canadian Red Cross organizations. One young enlisted man ate the entire contents of his box in one day, and died as a result.

Back to Normal
After the holidays, conditions returned to normal. I was put in charge of a detail of 100 men who worked on the farm, and managed to get acquainted with one of the most decent Jap guards. This fellow spoke a little English and enjoyed teaching me Japanese, so I often distracted his attention long enough for the men to rest their aching backs.

All the men had sore feet; some were hardly able to walk. On Feb.

Route of B-29's Non-Stop Flight from

(Story on page 1)



2,500,000 JAPANESE BUILDINGS WIPED OUT BY AMERICAN BOMBS

TOKYO, Nov. 1 (AP)—A war ministry announcement today disclosed that American air raids had destroyed or burned nearly 2,500,000 buildings in Japan.

Bombs, including two atomic missiles, wiped out 230,000 military, government, industrial and commercial buildings, the report stated. Another 10,000 were damaged and 100,000 residences were damaged.

The Japanese reported the loss of more than 3,000,000 buildings in the course of the war from all causes, including storms, earthquakes, and fire.

Allied headquarters commented that a large number of buildings fell victim to bombings because of their proximity to war plants.

The friendly guard happened to be at the gate, checking us out as we went to work, and I pointed out to him that the men were in such bad shape they couldn't do much work. He agreed with me and gave me permission to dismiss them for the day.

After I gave the order, some of the men foolishly let out a whoop of joy, forgot their sore feet, and ran to their barracks. The Japs investigated and I was sentenced to seven days of farm labor.

Learn About Pearl Harbor

The Japs graciously started to show us movies about this time. On Feb. 12 we saw the Marx Brothers in "Room Service," followed by three propaganda films of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The films staggered us up to that time we had not believed the Jap stories of the damage done in the raid that started the war.

On Feb. 14 the Japs gave us three radios on which we could hear the two Manila stations. Three days later they took the radios away, without giving any reason. However, they gave us baseball and volley ball equipment, and permitted us to build a diamond. Only a few men were strong enough to play baseball.

Somehow, the days crept by. On March 12 the Japs showed us propaganda movies of the surrender of Bataan and Corregidor. These were hard to take; we were the actors in these shows.

Two Prisoners Escape
Two prisoners escaped from the farm on April 6, and presumably they were never caught, because the Japs did not parade them in camp or exhibit their bodies, as was their custom. On the same day one of our hospital guards was shot to death by a Jap sentry who asserted the American was trying to escape.

The Japs, who think nothing of killing a man, have a fanatical reverence for the dead. On our Memorial day, May 31, they permitted

us to send a delegation to our cemetery, where a concrete obelisk, 10 feet tall, had been erected. Maj. Gen. Morimoto, the Jap commander at Manila, sent a wreath, which was placed on the monument by the commander of our camp, Maj. Iwasaka. We made a wreath out of wild flowers and placed it beside the general's wreath.

During this period I was having trouble with my back, a handicap when I had to work on hands and knees in the farm plots. On June 4 a Jap guard whom we called "Air Raid" because of his nasty disposition, saw me trying to stretch my back and became enraged. He struck his bayonet in my leg, then beat me about the shoulders and back with the stock of his rifle. I had to be helped back to camp.

The incident helped me make up my mind to volunteer for the next detail of prisoners to be sent to Japan, even if it meant working in a factory. The chance came on June 5, when the Japs ordered us to make up a detail of 400 men and 10 officers. Maj. John R. Manerow of Boise, Idaho, was named commanding officer and I was to be his adjutant.

Rejoicing Without Reason

The Japs gave us a physical examination on July 22 and the next day issued new American army shoes, a pair of socks, shorts, a set of blue denim, a sun helmet, soap, and toilet paper to each man. We were loaded into open trucks on July 24, leaving the camp in a driving rain, and at the town of Cabanatuan entrained in box cars for Manila.

We were excited and in rather high spirits. We didn't know that our group was being sent to work as slaves in a Japanese coal mine.

TWO MITSUBISHI JAP MONOPOLY LEADERS RESIGN

TOKYO, Nov. 2 (Friday)—Two members of the powerful Iwasaki family resigned from key positions in the Mitsubishi Holding company—last of the great financial family heads to yield to American pressure—it was reported authoritatively today.

Baron Koyata Iwasaki, president of Mitsubishi Holding company, and Hikoyata Iwasaki, vice president, resigned at a stockholders meeting yesterday. Previously one of the company's principal officials had told the Associated Press the Iwasakis had no retirement plans.

Leading officials of Yasuda and Sumitomo—two others of the big four family combines—already had resigned and Mitsui has announced the prospective retirement of members of 10 Mitsui families, including Baron Tokakuni Mitsui, president of Mitsui Holding company.

It is understood that American authorities are concentrating upon these combines as the major old line zaibatsu family monopolies.

***** IN ALL FOUR LYTTON STORES *****

Tisdelle P9

Clipped By:



jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

YANKS STUFFED, STIFLED IN HOLD OF PRISON SHIP

Home from War

(Associated Press Wirephoto)

(The transfer of American prisoners of war from Manila to Japan in the hold of a Japanese freighter is described in this installment of "Man Who Walked Back," the stirring story of 40 months in Japanese prison camps, based on the diary of the author, a former Chicago advertising man.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE

As told to Carl Wiegman (Copyright 1945 by The Hearst Trust)

We sailed from Manila in a Jap freighter on July 25, 1945, a group of 500 bewildered, undernourished American prisoners of war, who didn't have the faintest idea where they were going or what they would do when they reached their destination.

Oddly enough Maj. Gen. Morimoto, the Jap commander at Manila, came down to the dock himself to wish us a safe and comfortable voyage. As I have said before, the Japs are a very polite people. But the general inspected our ship and quarters and he could see plainly that we were assigned to a cargo space below decks about 30 by 40 feet in area, without any means of ventilation except the hatch above.

We were in a hold of the ship that had been equipped with the deck platforms covered with grass mat. On these we put our blankets and there we slept and lived.

Most Friendly Guard

A Japanese lieutenant in charge of our party issued life preservers to all of us. It didn't seem to me that he intended to go around. This was an apprehensive time, especially since the ship was being attacked by a vessel carrying prisoners of war.

We were delighted to see among the guards a sergeant known to us as Big Spede, who was liked by all the prisoners. Back at Cebu when he had been permitted to visit his family, he had been known to strike a prisoner and when he was accused he had been one of the pleasurable anticipations of a man who had been in the Philippines. We all felt that working conditions had worsened and they might get better.

Food Is Encouraging

Our spirits had a jolt when the first day. Instead of going to sea, the ship sailed up the coast to Santa Cruz and started loading manganese ore. We stayed there for three days, loading ore all the time until the ship hung low in the water.

This delay might have seemed ridiculous, but food was our main interest in life and the first food we were issued to us was mighty encouraging. It consisted of soft, sticky rice cooked in a cauldron heated by steam, vegetables, and 15 Chilian new hams. There was not much fat on the hams, but when they were boiled in soup they provided a welcome relief from the usual vegetable soup. The food was prepared by our own cooks.

The ship put out to sea at 4 p. m. The Japs, with all of us of returned to the lower decks except a maximum of 20 men who were permitted to be coming or going to the latrine. Regulating this procedure to the satisfaction of the Japs was a headache.

Nights of Misery

When we got out to sea the Japs permitted a maximum of 100 men to be on deck from 6 a. m. to 4 p. m., but at night they closed the hatch and the only ventilation came thru the little space at the top of a stairway to the deck. It took the full day in the hold was suffocating. Moisture dripped from the dark bulkheads and seeped into our bodies.

We endured this for two nights until we arrived at Takao. From morning on the morning of the 31st. There the officers of our party were interviewed by two English-speaking Japanese newspaper reporters. One of them asked me who I thought would win the war. I replied promptly that the United States would win. He did not become angry, but peered at me with a puzzled expression and asked me why I thought so.

Reporter's Counter-Blow

"If you had ever traveled in the United States and had seen American industry, you would never need to ask that question," I responded.

The other officers gave similar replies, and the Jap reporters smiled at us pityingly as they told us so.

Judy Thompson holding Stauf in Louisville, Ky., Nov. 2 (AP)—Stauf, wire-haired terrier puppy, finally reached his 3 year old mistress, Judy Thompson today. Staff Sgt. Kerl Rudolph bought Stauf in Munich, Germany, stuffed in his hat in the jacket when boarding the boat, and all found him alive in the United States. But the pup got lost in Trenton, N. J.

A friendly baggage master at Trenton, made the identification tag on the dog's neck, expressed his sympathy for the dog's owner and told here he ran away. He was found today.

On the second day Pvt. Okonaki was stricken with acute appendicitis. Our surgeon, Capt. Tom Hewett, of Louisville, Ky., operated on him on a table set up on deck, using a local anesthetic.

At the same time Pvt. Singleton fell down with pneumonia. Our physician, Lt. Harold Proff of Minneapolis, tended him night and day. His side, tended him night and day.

Spare Filipino Money

There were many food vendors on the deck, but we had nothing to buy. I found a Filipino money which would not accept. After much argument we persuaded our interpreter to change some of the 1,000 packages of cigars and 25 cans of corned beef and cabbage into spare money, but it was gone when mixed with rice.

The next day the interpreter bought for us 4,000 bananas and six telephones, which were almost too good to be true.

Our ship left port at 8 a. m., Aug. 5, joining a mine ship convoy. That night the hatch was closed again and we almost smothered. Sixty-five men fainter. We had to carry them up the stairway and revived.

Attacked by Submarine

The interpreter was dead drunk and we couldn't persuade any of the other Japs to open the hatch. However, some men among the prisoners rigged up a windmill on the deck to deflect air into the hold. This helped a little.

It rained most of the following day, which meant the Japs kept the hatch closed because their own, and other surplus items, wouldn't want their precious manganese ore to get wet.

At night we were attacked by a submarine, our biggest thrill since our war ended. We had feared a sub attack when the voyage began, but when it happened we were just glad—glad that our country was still in the war. Huddled down in the hold, we heard an explosion, but next morning there were only eight ships in the convoy. Seeing that also was a thrill.

During the remainder of the voyage the convoy was escorted by eight attack bombers. On Sunday, Aug. 8, our interpreter recovered from his drunk and produced a 220 pound sack of sealed peanuts which he sold to us for 15 pesos (127.50 at the pre-war rate of exchange).

Cook Busted for Protest

One of our cooks, Ship's Storekeeper Gascara, who never was afraid to talk back to a Jap, got into an argument with a Jap cook about the amount of rice to be issued to the prisoners and was beaten on the head and shoulders with a shovel.

We protested to the interpreter who gave a command, and a Jap command beat the daylight out of the offending Jap cook. We rubbed our eyes, uncomprehending, when we heard about this miraculous distribution.

During the whole voyage only three or four prisoners were shipped around by the guards. The food was good, and many guards gave us cigarettes. We almost began to expect a welcome delegation of civilian girls when we landed in Japan, which we now knew was our wishing destination.

(Continued tomorrow)

YAMASHITA'S DEFENSE DENIED

RECORD COPIES

(Special Times Staff Writer)

MANILA, P. I., Nov. 2—The military trial commission sitting in Manila today refused the request of Col. Harry E. Clark, defense attorney, that he be supplied with 15 additional copies of the record of the arraignment hearing and that he be permitted to file objections to the defense witness list.

The commission added it has no objection if the defense wished to take the matter up with the convening officer, presumably Lt. Gen. D. S. Stryer, commanding general of the American forces, Western Pacific. The defense said it wished to see the documents "for use in contemplated proceedings before a civil court."

The defense said it would be difficult for them to prepare themselves the hundreds of pages of testimony and court procedure involved. Maj. Gen. R. B. Reynolds, trial commission president gave no reason for the refusal of the request.

Ft. Sheridan Salvages

Material Worth \$23,000

Scrap materials valued at \$23,000 were salvaged at Fort Sheridan during the last 10 months of 1945, according to Jap. Gen. P. S. Jones, commander, and yesterday. The material included corrugated paper, mixed paper, used egg cases, cooked greens, 17 1/2 gal. green house, kitchen waste, various metals, tin cans, and other surplus items.

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Wed, Feb 21, 2018

YANK CAPTIVES ARE SLAVES IN JAP MINE 2 YEARS

Half Dead Men Labor 12 Hour Day in Pits

(How American prisoners of war were forced to be slaves in a Japanese coal mine is told in this installment of "Men Who Wouldn't Die." This is the first comprehensive account of life in the prison camps of Japan. It is based on the diary kept by the author during 40 months as a war prisoner.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE as told to Carl Wiegman
(Copyright 1945 by The Chicago Tribune)
My diary for Sept. 4, 1943, tells how our group of 500 American prisoners of war were put to work in a Japanese coal mine at Omuta, on the island of Kyushu. From that date the men were slaves in the mine until the end of the war, nearly two years.

As an officer I was not obliged to work in the mine, but I visited it many times and saw the men come out of the pit every day, half dead from exhaustion, illness, and injuries. We who had lived thru the "death march" and the Luzon prison camps believed the mine slavery was equally barbarous.

Our camp, designated as No. 17 of the Fukuoka group of camps, was not the worst in Japan. On the contrary, the Japs regarded it as a model camp, and used pictures of it for propaganda purposes. There is no propaganda purpose in this story that I am telling. If anything, it is underdrawn, because I did not share the perils and agonies of the work underground.

Part of Mine Named "Hotbox"
The mine where our group toiled was owned by the Mitsui family, one of the five wealthiest houses in Japan. The mine shafts extended several miles under Shimbara gulf, an arm of the East China sea, and at many places sea water seeped into the workings.

One portion of the mine was called the "hotbox" because the temperature there was always stifling. Another place, which was always icy cold and windy, had no printable name.

Most of the tunnels, dug to fit the stature of Korean and Japanese coolies, were so small that tall Americans could not stand erect. They not only had to stoop for hour after hour, shoveling coal with no chance to straighten their backs, but they had to crouch as they carried 12 foot long timbers on their bare, bare shoulders.

Heads Jagged by Splinters
Sometimes they had to carry these heavy timbers thru passageways where the sagging ceiling supports were a mass of splinters. The splinters made jagged head wounds every time a man brushed against them. Altho the men wore electric head lamps, the batteries were too weak to provide much light and they often stumbled into holes or bashed their bodies against sharp rocks. Those lucky enough to escape injuries from splinters or rocks couldn't avoid the damp tunnel walls, which were covered with fungus growths. When a man's sweaty body, naked

DOOLITTLE IN B-29 HOPS ACROSS U. S. IN 6 HOURS 59 MINUTES

Washington, D. C., Nov. 4 (AP)—Lt. Gen. Doolittle of the army air forces landed in a B-29 at National airport today 6 hours and 59 minutes after leaving Oakland, Cal.

The general, who led the first air raid on Tokyo, said no attempt had been made to beat the record set last January by a Boeing C-97, flying from Seattle, Wash., to Washington, D. C. "We just didn't get the predicted winds," he told reporters.

Crewmen said their average ground speed was 300 miles an hour, about 50 miles less than they had expected to make.

Mrs. Doolittle accompanied her husband on the trip, which began at 9:24 a. m. (8:24 a. m. Chicago time) and ended here at 4:23 p. m. (3:23 Chicago time).

The army transport command estimated the mileage covered at 2,400 miles. Passengers in addition to Mrs. Doolittle included: Capt. J. Lawrence Smith, pilot; Maj. W. Kolodny, navigator; Chicago; Lt. W. Johnston, flight engineer, Ida Grove, Ia.; Master Sgt. G. C. Fish, Appleton, Wis.; Tech. Sgt. T. W. Hall, Chicago, and Sgt. R. H. Holladay, Tip-top, Ia.

from the waist up, touched these walls, he contracted the fungus which looked like a scalding burn and developed into running sores. Such sores were not considered by the Japs as an excuse for not reporting for work. The men were sent back into the mine and coal dust got into the sores.

Dynamite Without Warning
The Japs issued shoes made of light canvas, with soles made of slices of auto tire casings. These fell apart in a few days and the men worked with their aching feet tied up in rags. Rats almost as big as fox terriers scurried boldly thru the tunnels, adding to the terror of the darkness and the awful feeling that the roof was about to fall.

Frequently the Japs exploded dynamite without bothering to warn our men. When one of them was injured he had to lie on the ground without medical attention, until his whole shift quit work for the day.

The Japs were determined to get the last ounce of coal from every vein, even when there was danger of a cave-in. The Japanese foremen who directed the Americans often refused to enter places where the cracking ceiling showed that a cave-in might come at any time. The Americans, lacking even the voice and dignity of the Korean coolies who worked in the mine, were forced to enter such death traps.

Several times our men dashed out of tunnels a few seconds before they collapsed. Only a kind Providence saved us from a major disaster. Our men slaved in this mine for 12 hours a day, 6 days a week. One shift started at 4 a. m., another at noon, and the third at 8 p. m. For their labor, they received "wages" on a sliding scale, according to their

production of coal, but the most that a man could earn was \$1.74 a month (at the pre-war rate of exchange) and there was almost nothing he could buy with the money.

If our men had been in good physical condition and if they had received adequate food, they no doubt could have endured the work as well as the Jap and Korean laborers. But they were all in miserable physical condition, 50 to 60 pounds underweight, and they never got enough food or sleep.

Skimpy Diet Stretches Stomachs
Mine workers in the camp received 700 grams (about 14 pounds) of rice daily. Prisoners employed on camp duties received 500 grams, and our 10 officers, who were not required to labor in the mine, received 300 grams. We also got a thin soup made of radishes, sometimes flavored with mizso paste, and occasionally we had green onions or pickle made of radishes. There was never enough protein. Our stomachs were horribly distended from the rice diet.

From the beginning there was trouble over the difference in languages. A Jap foreman would give an order, the Americans would misunderstand it, and would be beaten for insubordination. At first the men reported to their American officers when they had been beaten, but after a while beatings became so frequent that they didn't bother to report unless the attack was especially vicious. Sometimes they were beaten with fists, sometimes with the timbers used as mine supports. To resist a foreman would have been suicide.

Beaten Despite Promises
The Japs removed Maj. Mamerow as the camp spokesman, or "commander," on Oct. 26 and appointed me in his place. Thereafter I spent about three hours every day at Jap headquarters, protesting and listening to Jap complaints and trying to think up mitigating circumstances for men accused of breaking the thousand and one petty Jap regulations.

Lt. Uri, the Jap commander, promised repeatedly that foremen would not be permitted to beat the prisoners, but the beatings continued. There was one foreman whom the men called "Clark Gable" because he wore a mustache like that of the famous movie actor and was rather handsome for a Jap. This fellow was a sadist who flew into violent rages and attacked men for no reason whatever. I protested for three months before he was removed.

Threefold Punishment
For offenses that the Japs regarded as serious, our men were punished three times, first by the foremen, then by the Jap guards at the mine, and last by the guards at camp or by Lt. Uri himself. A typical example was the case of a prisoner whom we called Jackhammer Smith. The prisoners rode in and out of the mine on cars of a narrow gauge cable railway and the coal was removed on a huge conveyor belt. One day Jackhammer missed the car that carried his gang out of the mine at the end of their shift. Unwilling to

CHICAGO'S ONE MAN ARMY WILL ARRIVE IN CITY WEDNESDAY

Maj. Arthur Wermuth, Chicago's "one man army of Bataan," will arrive on a United Air Lines plane early Wednesday morning from the west coast. He will be accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Clara Wermuth, and his sister, Talia. Among those who will meet the major on his arrival here is his wife, Mrs. Joan Wermuth, a nurse who yesterday was en route to Chicago from her home in Traverse City, Mich. Immediately after his arrival, Maj. Wermuth is expected to go to the Bismarck hotel, where he will be guest of honor at a luncheon party to be given by Otto K. Eitel, managing director of the hotel.

take the long, hard walk to the mine entrance, he hopped aboard the conveyor belt and rode gaily to the top.

Riding on the belt was dangerous and strictly against the rules. The guards caught Smith at the top, beat him severely, then brought him back to camp and threw him in the guardhouse, where he was forced to sit on the cold concrete floor with

his pants off. Next morning Lt. Uri summoned me to his office. Smith was led in by the guard and Lt. Uri strutted up and down the room, yelling that Smith had been very "bad" and had to be punished.

I protested that Smith already had been punished enough and that I would guarantee that none of the other men rode up on the conveyor belt. Thick headed Uri kept shouting that Smith had been "bad" and soon worked himself into blind fury. Suddenly he stopped his strutting before the helpless prisoner and smashed his fist against Smith's jaw. The American fell heavily to the floor.

That's the way things were in our model camp.

(Continued tomorrow)

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Wed, Feb 21, 2018

JAPS FIX WINTER BY CALENDAR, SO CAPTIVES SHIVER

Group Baths in Big Tank Keep Yanks Alive

(The minutiae of winter in a coal mine prison camp in Japan are described in this installment of "Man Who Wouldn't Die." The story, told by a Christian who served as the spokesman for 500 American prisoners on Okinawa, Japan, is based on the diary he kept from our-remember day on Okinawa until the end of the war.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE
(Continued from the Chicago Tribune.)

As Told to Capt. W. H. ...

There are some stories of prison camp life that may grow dim in my memory, but I shall never forget the sight of 50 or 60 emaciated men lying together in filthy water, heating their bodies to stay alive for another day.

The Japs fixed the time of winter by the calendar instead of by the thermometer. Unfortunately it got cold before Dec. 15, the official beginning of winter in Japan. While the temperature never dropped far below freezing, none of us had any fat on our bodies and the cold numbed us as much as it did on any other day back home.

Immersion Bath Beside Us

Promptly on Dec. 15 the Japs issued orders, all equipped with army armaments of good quality. We were then constantly because there was no heat in the barracks. We even ate our meals in our overcoats. The big stone hall was separated into the big stone hall was separated into cells and dormitories.

Until the cold came, we did not permit the men to immerse their bodies in the 6 by 7 foot tank in the bathhouse. Many of us had sores on our bodies and the doctor feared infections would be spread.

However, when it got cold, I scolded the Japs against immersion because this provided a way to get warm. It took three hours to get the tank to a depth of about two feet and about four hours to fill the water, so we could not change it more than once a day. When the men came out of the tank, they were off as much grime as possible before entering the tank, and then they lay down in the hot water.

Blankets Placed on Mats

This process of getting warm was a routine task. We had to get up just to watch the men constantly because they were constantly in a drowsy unconsciousness, and they were always dropping. After they were they were warmly, the men rushed back to the barracks and went to bed under their four cotton blankets and covers and their overcoats. They had to use their overcoats with hot water and used them as foot warmers. In this way it was possible to stay fairly warm all night.

Our doctor, Capt. Tom Hewlett, Lt. Harold Ford, persuaded the Japs to let them inspect the prisoners before they went to work in the mine and to excuse men unable to do duty. Obviously, all of them were unfit for duty, but the doctor discovered that the Japs would permit no more than 20 per cent of the men to be excused.

If the percentage was higher, Lt. Ford, the Jap commander, had an "order" in matter what their physical condition, and reduced the American officers.

Breaks Looked Up Two Men

My diary reports that on Dec. 20 and 21 Private Manuel Rodriguez and Pella Flores, both from Miami, New Mexico, died of pneumonia from exposure in the mine. Both deaths were needless.

The men were taken ill on a week-end when the Japs secreted in charge of medical supplies was away on a holiday, leaving the supplies unattended. Dr. Hewlett tried to break into the storehouse to get the medicine but was discovered by a Jap guard, who chased him away at the point of a bayonet.

We weren't able to do much for our fallen comrades but we felt like a nurse guard until the time of their funeral. Both the dead men were Catholics so we had country priests. The Japs refused to permit burial of the bodies, thinking that they be cremated.

The men were not even granted the dignity of a shroud. Their clothes were removed and sent to the supply officer in return. The bodies were cremated into coffee stoves. They were buried in the crematorium in an old Chinese temple, partially destroyed to look like a Buddhist temple. There were seats for mourners inside the temple beside the coffins.

Makehift Saves a Life

After the cremation, we brought the men back to camp in arms and legs by a makeshift mine as a kind of manhood, with seats in old East Indian lanterns. "I don't know," said "Died for the Glory of God." Later we built a concrete air raid shelter to protect the arms, which



The Neighbors
By ...

"Did you have to park this minute to break up with him? Now we have to pay for the soda."

contained the official record of the deaths.

Day after day, men were injured in mine accidents. Dr. Hewlett persuaded the Japs to let him operate and take care of the victims, and nearly killed himself by overworking.

In one accident, a prisoner's back was broken. The Jap doctor gave him up, but Hewlett soon persuaded them to try to save the man's life. He designed a table and apparatus with weights, which was built by a hospital attendant who had been a carpenter, and kept the injured prisoner lying on the table for many weeks. Three months later the patient was able to walk, and almost the old energetic and stout of the healthiest men in camp.

Some of the misadventures of the Japs were caused by the Japs' medical stupidity; their attention for tape, and their system of gasping the neck. Obviously, we all know that excepting from the camp would be fully a fugitive American on the island of Kyushu would hand out like a hot potato in Hiroshima or Nagasaki.

Japs Count of All Hours

Nevertheless, the Japs guarded us night and day as if we were about to escape. We were counted hourly by counting us all hours, often by using a mechanical system of tapping up wooden tags to show exactly where each prisoner was at all times.

Time and again we protested that these regulations only interfered with the prisoners' ability to increase production if we were permitted to run the mine. The protests did no good. Lt. Ford was more expedient to avoid a rebuke from higher officers than he was to produce more coal for armament production.

Obviously, we had no wish to assist the Jap war effort. We simply wanted to use as little energy as possible in the work we were doing.

Roll Calls Made Compulsory

The Japs wasted thousands of men hours making us march off in Japanese numbers. The men had to count off as the marching roll call on the parade ground, they had to count off again when they left the camp to go to work, when they arrived at the coal mine, when they reached the bottom of the pit, when they left the bottom of the pit, when they returned to the mine entrance, and when they got back to camp.

Each of these roll calls was a ceremony, in which the men had to

HOLD 9 JAPS IN CHINA FOR DEATH OF 3 B-29 FLYERS

SUBMARINE CHINA, Nov. 4 (The Associated Press)—The Army disclosed today that nine Japanese soldiers and a civilian had been arrested charged with cremating three American flyers after rescuing them from the streets of Hankow last Dec. 18 and bottling them into immobility.

Maj. Willis A. West, Portland, Ore., who made the announcement, said there was some doubt whether the Americans were dead when cremated. The victims' names never have been announced. They were in a Super Fortress that crashed near Hankow.

ARCORDE
★ RECORD for good food

CORNER HOUSE RESTAURANT
100 E. Ohio St.
Corner of Ohio and ...

Tisdelle P_13

Clipped By:



jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

YANK PRISONERS MOCK JAPS AND KEEP HOPES HIGH

Forced to Work in Mine Christmas Day

(Another stirring installment of "Men Who Wouldn't Die." The author, a Chicago army officer who was captured in Holland, served as the American spokesman for 500 Yank prisoners who worked in a coal mine at Omata, Japan. His story is based on the diary he kept during 40 months as a prisoner of war.)

BY MAJ A. C. TISDELLE
as told to Carl Wiegman
Copyright 1945 by The Chicago Tribune

The Japs succeeded in making our men slave in a coal mine, but they failed to break their spirit. We revealed their regulations in a hundred ways, mocked them behind their backs, and never for an instant let them think we had given up hope of victory.

...I felt responsible for the welfare of all the prisoners, and sometimes believe the men carried their detestation to extremes. When food, medicine or misbehavior caused the whole camp to suffer, I was opposed to it, and told the men so.

Communist Propaganda

I was never permitted to talk to the whole camp except in the presence of Japanese officers, but managed to get in a few words at the morning roll call and also when the morning roll call was being held. I then written orders posted on the wall in the mess hall.

The next important entry in my diary is on Feb. 3, 1944, when Pvt. Joseph A. Carrigan died of spinal meningitis. We tested his condition, the result of the disease, but only one other man was struck. Dr. Hiroshi I. Pratt headed the second victim with sulfis drugs and nursed him back to health or what passed for health in our camp.

Receive 400 Letters from U. S.

On Feb. 5 the camp received 400 letters from the United States. Some men received 20 or 30 letters; others got none. I was among those who got none, so was in a position to sympathize with men who came to me, asking for an explanation of the uneven distribution. Trying to comfort them, I invented a story of how the Japs, with their usual inefficiency, probably arranged the letters in some peculiar order, and therefore the forgotten men would get letters in the next distribution. The story seemed to satisfy them.

Allowed to Send Cards

Every morning that on Oct. 26, 1943, 37 prisoners were permitted to send 25 Christmas cards to their families in the United States. We knew the Japs were simply taking us to the Americans to listen to their radio propaganda, but acted the opposite way nevertheless, hoping the message would be heard. There were later all of us were permitted to send home a 40 word postcard.

Work on Christmas Day

Christmas of 1943 fell on a Saturday, when the men had to work in the mine, but we celebrated the next day and got one of the rare good meals of our two years in Japan. Each man received a can of meat obtained by the Japs from Red Cross packages. Men with good work records were given an extra can. Lt. Uri, the Jap commander, gave us about \$20 worth of phonograph records and the coal mine sent over 2,500 worth, which helped to cure many cases of scurvy.

For our Christmas dinner, each man got three loaves instead of the customary five. Each of us also received a spoonful of butter, one small fish, and soup containing a piece of meat about the size of a walnut. On the same day the Japs issued to our commissary 28 pounds of cocoa from Red Cross packages and a quarter of a pound of sugar per man.

Religious services, including carol singing, were conducted by Pvt. Benny, an ordained Baptist minister who was one of the prisoners.

Stage Holiday Show

In the evening of our Christmas we made a theater out of the mess hall by stringing blankets on a wire at one end to create a stage. There we put on a variety show and a dramatic production, "The Duke's Christmas Carol." The drama was written from memory and was rather garbled, but the men seemed to enjoy it.

Late in January a prisoner died of starvation in the Jap guardhouse.

Looks at Knife

John Rodriguez looks at knife, held by John P. Reed of the state's attorney's office, that was used in slaying of Anton Skinski.

Inquest into the death of Anton Skinski, 41, of 1106 S. Halsted st., retired railroad frate handler who was fatally stabbed Monday night at Greenhaw and Halsted sts., will be held at 10:30 a. m. today. Police are holding Frank H. Rodriguez, 18, of 1024 S. Halsted st., and John Rodriguez, 16, of 830 S. Paulina st., who police say, admit stabbing Skinski in an attempt to rob him.

This man had been in trouble many times, both with the Japs and the American camp authorities, and to spare the feelings of his family his name is withheld. His hardships must have driven him out of his mind, for he committed the unforgivable act of carrying fate to the Japs.

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States will bring the war to a close. We are all anxious to come home. We want to see our families and friends and to enjoy American cooking again. We also want to hear American music again, such as the music of Jerome Kern, Vincent Youmans, George M. Cohan, and Francis Scott Key.

I put a little emphasis on Francis Scott Key, but the Japs did not catch the implication of the name and made no objection to my speech. Every few weeks the Japs informed us glancingly that the entire American fleet had been sunk. We got used to it and had a stock answer.

"Did you hear that the entire American fleet has been sunk?" a Jap guard would inquire.

"Oh, is that so?" we would reply.

[Continued tomorrow]

FULL JOB BILL DENOUNCED AS EMPTY PROMISE

Washington, D. C., Nov. 6.—The administration's so-called full employment bill was denounced in the House today as a measure that will increase unemployment and labor disputes by holding out false hopes of easy federal jobs.

The attack was made by Rep. Hoffman (R., Mich.) during a debate with Rep. Outland (D., Calif.) on the bill, which is still being considered by the house committee on expenditures.

The employment bill, which President Truman is seeking to force a reluctant congress, would authorize the President to estimate prospective and actual unemployment every year and recommend federal spending to create enough jobs to take up any slack.

Outland asserted full employment is a permanent objective in future prosperity and declared the government has an "obligation" to provide jobs if private enterprise cannot.

"Certainly every able man should be entitled to a job," retorted Hoffman, "but there is no lack of jobs at present."

The true purpose of the bill, Hoffman continued, is to give the federal government increased opportunity for the exercise of arbitrary power.

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Tisdelle P_14

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jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE
6 *** Friday, Nov. 9, 1945

HUNGER CASTS CLOUD ON MINDS OF JAP CAPTIVES

Maj. Tisdelle Tells How Weak Suffered

(Great problems of morale among American prisoners of war in Japan are described in this installment of "Men Who Fought and Die." The author, a Chicagoan, served as spokesman for 500 prisoners who were forced to be slaves in a coal mine at Omuta, Japan. His story is based on his diary kept during 40 months as a prisoner.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE

As told to Carl Wiegman (Continued from page 5)

In the spring of 1944 conditions in our prison camp got so bad that we began to get desperate. It was heart-breaking to see the men hardly more than living skeletons—go to work in the mine, carrying pitiful little packages of rice for their lunches. At first they had soybean paste to mix with the rice, but by this time they were getting so weak which looked like black coils slaw, to favor the rice. The soybean was salty, and that's about all.

Once a month the Japs weighed us and every month the charts showed weight losses. My normal weight is 185; in the Philippines I got down to 137, and in Japan it fell to 115. All the other prisoners lost weight in the same proportion.

Made Desperate by Hunger

The men were so hungry that some of them lost their capacity to think. They would sell tomorrow's rice for an extra helping today. They would sell anything, even their rights in the next distribution of Red Cross supplies, for a bit of food.

The contemptible "big dealers" among the prisoners, who cheated the weaker men, were a tough problem because we officers had limited authority. The Japs were our masters. Eventually some of the worst of the "big dealers" were punished by a group of noncommissioned officers who took it upon themselves to act.

Majority Well Behaved

I am ashamed to tell of this ugly situation and am glad to report that the great majority of the prisoners behaved like men.

Our medical officers, Tom Hewlett and Harold Proff, shared my constant worry over the declining health of the men. We held many conferences and hit upon a plan that we called the "thin man ration." The doctors picked out the weakest men and gave them tickets good for whatever extra helpings there were available at each meal. This system saved many lives.

Running the mess was an extremely difficult job. The prisoners naturally tried to steal food and to get extra helpings. To stop this the mess officer, Navy Lt. Edward N. Little, made a large board with the names of all the men and checked them off when they had been served. Trying to "beat the board" was a major pastime in our camp.

Death of a Jap Guard

One day a prisoner working in the mess accidentally touched one of the electrified wires on the compound fence and couldn't let go. Lt. Little saw him, made a flying tackle to get his own feet off the ground, and pulled the man off the wire. Soon afterward, a Jap-guard accidentally touched the same wire with his bayonet. He was electrocuted—to our delight.

While we worried about starvation, injuries and ailments from work in the coal mine kept on mounting. On March 24 Pvt. Oscar L. Tyler Jr. of Maine died of pneumonia contracted in the mine. Injuries were so numerous we suspected men deliberately injured each other, or injured themselves, in order to escape the slavery.

At last, in desperation, I decided to contact the coal mine superintendent, Ken Yamamoto, who

How Cold Blast

(Story)

How cold weather originating with high pressure wave drawn in low pressure. Large arrows indicating direction of flow.

GRAVES OF 14 B-29 FLYERS DISCOVERED IN CENTER OF OSAKA

TOKYO, Nov. 9 (AP)—The graves of 14 American B-29 flyers, executed by the Japanese after they bailed out over Osaka, have been found by the United States 6th army.

The men were buried in Saradaya military cemetery in the heart of Osaka. Incomplete names cut on pieces of wood were stuck in each grave. One plank merely bore the words, "Graves of American soldiers."

Identifications tentatively were made of nine of the flyers, but in all except one case only the last name and rank were available. The names were not disclosed pending notification of next of kin.

seemed to be a fairly decent fellow, and to beg him to help us, if he could. We asked him to come to camp, and, shrewdly, he chose a day when Lt. Uri was absent.

Jap Lessons of Troubles

"This Capt. Hewlett and I were able to talk with him privately. We told him all our troubles; how the men were starving to death, how they were harassed by Jap guards and bastards, by foremen in the coal mine, how we lacked medical equipment, and a hundred other things."

I begged him to ask Baron T. H. Mitsu, the millionaire owner of the mine, to let me talk to him. The baron's family knew, controlled much of the banking, shipping, coal, and steel interests of Japan. I felt that if anybody could do anything to remedy our plight, he could.

Yamamoto promised he would do his best to help us. As a result of his efforts, we were able to work out a scheme that ultimately marked a turning point in our fortunes. The scheme, strangely enough, hinged on an amateur performance of a musical comedy.

Show Troupe Organized

At this time, Lt. John R. Allen of Minneapolis, an officer of the famous 392d tank battalion which had many members from Maywood, Ill., was organizing a show troupe. We planned to write and produce a show called "The Great Ziegfeld" and to invite to the performance the 33 Jap mine foremen who directed our men, along with Lt. Uri, Baron Mitsu, Yamamoto, and Hyashi Goru, the mine president. The hope was that the foremen might stop beating our men if they associated with them on a social occasion.

Chief credit for the production of the show should go to two Chicagoans, Pvt. Lester I. Timmons, 1212 Chase av., who directed it, and Sgt. Wallace L. Timmons, 2418 Adams st., who wrote many of the acts and wisecracks.

Finally all our preparations were complete, and we waited anxiously to see, if the mine foremen and Baron Mitsu would accept our invitation.

(Continued tomorrow)

Dies at Son's Wedding as He Joins in Singing

Nick Vanderveide, 56, of 2011 W. 35th st. at a coal and ice dealer, died of a heart attack last night while singing with other guests at the wedding of his son, Harold, 27, an ex-oidler, and Effie Vanderveide, 23, of 2719 W. 135th st., Blue Island in the Roseland Christian school, 314 W. 108th st. The bridegroom recently had returned home after serving four years.

Tisdelle Omuta Camp 1

Clipped By:



jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

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PRISONERS GAIN BENEFITS FROM SHOW FOR JAPS

Beatings Decrease; Food Situation Remains Bad

(This is another installment of "Men Who Wouldn't Die," written by a Chicagoan from the diary he kept in defiance of Jap prison rules.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE
as told to Carl Wiegman
(Chicago) 1845 in the Chicago Tribune
"The Great Ziegfeld," a musical comedy written and produced by American prisoners of war, had its premiere and closing performance in our camp mess hall at Onoda, Japan, on April 12, 1944. Despite its short run, it was a super-colossal hit, according to the audience and the cast. It also was a diplomatic coup.

The 25 Jap foremen who directed our men in the coal mine attended the performance. T. H. Mitsui, the Crosses of Japan and a baron, who owned the coal mine, also was present. Neither the baron nor the foremen knew it, but they were the real reason for having the show.

Hated Last Aside

The prisoners swallowed their pride and forgot their hatred for one night in the hope that their hospitality would pay dividends in fewer beatings.

I escorted Mitsui and Lt. Uri, the camp commander, to the front of the hall, where they sat in easy chairs brought over from Jap headquarters. All thru the show, the baron and Lt. Uri ate cookies and drank tea, also provided by Jap headquarters. Although I sat beside them and chatted with them, not a bite of food was offered to me. I was about 60 pounds underweight at the time.

Japs Put on Show

Every member of the cast performed brilliantly. The female impersonators were beautiful, enchanting, and provocative. When one of them did a strip tease, the mess hall nearly collapsed from the cheers. By the end of the second act, the Jap foremen were so captivated by the show that two of them insisted on putting on a performance themselves.

The next day Lt. Uri, still in good spirits, decided to repay us. He took the whole camp of 500 men, including those who didn't want to go, to see the cherry blossoms in a park about three miles from camp.

We had to walk, of course, and we had the usual military formations and saluting, which everybody loathed, but the cherry blossoms were beautiful and the trip was an interesting experience.

Mitsui Brings Baseballs

The next day I received a courteous letter from Mitsui, telling how much he enjoyed the show. Two days later, he paid us a visit in camp, brought us eight baseballs, four bats, and eight gloves, all brand new. The baron chose a day when Lt. Uri was absent, and Capt. Hewlett, our surgeon, and I were able to have a long talk with him in private.

Mitsui spoke flawless English, so we were not handicapped by language difficulties. I told him frankly how the men were not getting enough to eat, how they were beaten by his mine foremen, how they were kept from sleep and hazed night and day by the Jap guards, and everything else I could think of.

Dr. Hewlett told the baron about the frequent injuries to men in his mine and begged for surgical equipment so he could perform operations and care for injured men in our camp.

Mitsui listened gravely and when we had finished he turned to me and spoke kindly:

"You must understand, Captain, that the situation between us civil-

Film Actress Fig



Simone Simon (right) and her attorney John G. Dyer, OPA attorney, about...

(Associated Press)

ans and the military is a very delicate one. But I am going to try to help you if I can.

Complete Army Dominance

This indication of the complete dominance of the Japanese army over all civilians, including one of the richest men in the world, made us realize for the first time the state of the whole Japanese people.

The day after the baron's visit, he sent us a volley ball net and three volley balls. A week later he sent a large electric clock, several tennis rackets, balls, and a net. We appreciated his kindness, but it was food we needed.

Japanese Sportsmanship

The Jap guards, however, were intensely interested in our newly acquired tennis equipment and built a court on their own initiative. When it was completed, we discovered the reason for this magnificent gesture. The Jap officers wanted to play tennis. They practiced furiously for a week, then invited our officers to play with them.

This was an example of Jap ideas of sportsmanship. Our officers were depleted in body and spirit, they were given no chance to practice, and then were challenged. Adding a diabolical touch of cruelty, the Japs offered prizes of canned pineapple, canned fish, and cookies.

Prisoners Win Food

Our men, entering the matches cold, played their hearts out to win the food, and I am delighted to report that some of them carried off trophies, including a tennis racket.

Although our men got little use out of the athletic equipment donated by Mitsui, they soon began to receive other benefits from the production of "The Great Ziegfeld." The Jap mine foremen who attended the show began treating them more kindly.

Also, the coal company, probably thru Mitsui, started sending 30 cans of fish to the camp every two weeks. This was not much, when divided among 500 men, but it helped.

(Continued tomorrow)

**FORT SHERIDAN
TO SELL SMALL
SURPLUS LOTS**

The war department has authorized sale of small lots of surplus property at Fort Sheridan, Ill., and Gen. John T. Pierce, post commandant, said yesterday.

The action was taken to avoid delay. Material in less than \$50 lots will be available: plumbing supplies, electrical installation equipment, and restaurant equipment.

New equipment must be sold at not less than 75 per cent of the cost. Used equipment must be sold for at least 50 per cent of the cost and unserviceable equipment from 25 to 50 per cent of the cost.

TRAVELER'S BAGS STOLEN

Gordon Bostie, of Dayton, O., yesterday reported to police that his two traveling cases, containing gear and money, had been stolen from the Union station.

Fukuoka 17-2

Clipped By:



jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

RED CROSS MAN GIVES THRILL TO YANK PRISONERS

But He Is Unable to Ease Their Misery

(More illuminating examples of the Japanese military mind are given in this installment of "Men Who Wouldn't Die," an account of life in a prisoner-of-war camp in Japan. The author, a Chicagoan, served as the spokesman for 500 prisoners forced to work on mines in a coal mine. His story is based on his diary.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE
as told to Carl Wiggman

(Copyright 1945 by The Chicago Tribune)
The International Red Cross was thoroughly informed of conditions in our prison camp at Omuta, Japan, where 500 Americans were always in a coal mine. We saw to that on April 25, 1944, when Max Pestalo, a Swiss representative of the Red Cross, inspected our camp. It was a thrill to see him, not only because we expected he might be able to help us, but because he wore well tailored clothes, good leather shoes, carried a brief case, and looked like an American. He inspected us on the parade ground, walked down the line, and looked at each man slowly, from head to foot. Unfortunately, we all had clothes on, so he couldn't tell how skinny we were.

After the inspection, Pestalo went to the Japanese headquarters, and the senior American officers, were summoned to talk with him. My heart sank when he asked only questions that could be answered in the affirmative, such as "Are the men working for pay?" and "Do the men have sufficient clothing?"

Tells Story in French
When the interview ended, Pestalo turned the camp with Jap officers. I joined the party, and at odd moments, when the Japs were preoccupied, I was able to tell him in French that our men were abused, never got enough to eat, and that Red Cross supplies had not only been looted by the Japs, but were expected to get more coal production.

When we reached the camp hospital, where 65 men were ill, Pestalo saw something that only the brainless Japs could have conceived. Standing beside the 65 patients were 65 unopened bottles of cough sirup. They argued that to deceive the Red Cross representative with such a transparent fraud was more than we could comprehend.

Before he left the camp, Pestalo let me know he understood the situation, but apparently there was nothing he could do about it. After his visit there was no improvement whatever in the handling of Red Cross supplies.

Mail Mail 12 Days
On April 30, the camp received 25 United States mail sacks containing 215 personal packages from home. Of course we were desperately anxious to get the packages, but the Japs stalled around, and did not distribute them until May 12.

The packages were opened on long tables and their contents carefully scrutinized by the Jap guards. All pencils and fountain pens were confiscated because it was against the rules to keep a diary. Then the cover of the box was called forward to receive it. If a guard fancied any article in the box, he would say, "Will you give this to me?" The box cover had to grin his teeth and say "Yes." By this holdup method the guards acquired much loot.

Some of the packages had been smashed on the long journey to Japan and there were many loose articles in the mail sacks. Since we had no way to identify the owners, we distributed these, by lottery, to the men whose names were on the package in the sack.

Were Over Handwriting
After the distribution, the Japs did another heartless thing. They gathered up the outer wrappings of the packages, which showed the names of the senders, and carried them away to the trash pile. Our men were frantic to get the wrap-

Wrecked Jap Battleship in Kure

Battleship Haruna, biggest bulk in graveyard of the Japanese fleet at Kure, Japan, lies wrecked amid crude camouflage after repeated bombings by United States planes.

ings to find out who sent the packages, and, fortunately, our work did not retrieve some of them. Men wept when they saw the handwriting of their mothers.

Hang Up Welcome Sign
As I spread the entries in my diary, it is easy to see why the minds of a few men fringed under the strain. On May 21 a prisoner went crazy, robbed his fellow Americans and then robbed the Jap warehouse. He was captured and thrown into the guardhouse, from which he escaped.

Again he robbed the warehouse and again he was caught. This time the Japs beat him until he was almost insensible and then executed him with a bayonet. To the Japs, insanity was no excuse.

First Deaths in Mine
On June 10, we had our first death as the result of a cave-in at the mine. During July, we had two more deaths in the mine. Every day we expected word of a major disaster at the mine, and we were not surprised, one day, to hear that 20 Koreans had been buried in a cave-in.

Accidents in the mine continued to occur day after day. Dr. Hewitt continued begging for surgical equipment so he could care for injured men in camp, instead of watching the results of the Jap doctors' bungling in the mine hospital.

At last, when Hewitt had almost given up hope, Baron Mitsui sent him complete equipment for an operating room, including a superb lamp. Hewitt was as excited and happy as a small boy with his first electric train. After that, our men received good treatment, altho Dr. Hewitt had only bits of rice to use as bandages and there he had to use over and over again.

New Prisoners Bring News
The camp's spirit of courage received a tremendous boost on June 30, when 42 Dutch and Australian prisoners arrived from Thailand. They brought our first definite news that the Japs were withdrawing from parts of their stolen empire.

Dr. Uzi permitted me to go to the railway station with Capt. Hewitt and a truckload of our medical supplies. They looked as bedraggled and bewildered as we did when we arrived. Our little welcoming committee formed a single line outside the station, and as the Dutch and Australian soldiers filed by, I called the men to attention and we came to a salute.

When the new men arrived in camp they were quarantined in those barracks for several days and were not permitted to mingle with us. We organized a musical group which went to the edge of their area and sang to them. Some of the Dutchmen had concertinas, and they sang to us. On June 26, 200 British prisoners arrived, also from Thailand. Again I went to the station with a welcoming party.

Crowds of Jap civilians gathered to watch the new groups parade to the camp, but their faces expressed representations of our own flag, but disinterested, rather than hostile. No they were too dumb to understand that coats of arms served the same purpose.

The new contingent of prisoners included seven officers, whom we needed badly to help in the camp administration. Among the Dutch officers was a chaplain, Capt. J. C. Hamel, who spoke English with a Chicago accent. I was, military purists about this recent until he told me he had been trained for the Presbyterian ministry in the McCormick Theological seminary, Chicago.

Chaplain Hamel was a great help to the camp's morale. We arranged to have him preside over a special mess table set up for mentally debilitated men who made foolish trades of food and therefore did not eat regularly.

On Burma Slave Gangs
The Australians and Dutch told us they had been members of slave gangs organized by the Japs to build a railway into Burma. They said they had lost one man for every rail laid—a total of 20,000. When they reached our camp they were in better physical condition than we were, but after about a month on our dirt they were down to our level.

The Japs continued to erect new camp buildings until the original compound's area was almost tripled. On June 26, 200 British prisoners arrived, also from Thailand. Again I went to the station with a welcoming party.

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Tisdelle P18

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jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

YANK PRISONERS 'PAID' FOR WORK AS MINE SLAVES

Japs' Elaborate Records Only a Fiction

(This is another article in a series on "Men Who Wondered" whose author was a prisoner of the Japanese for 40 months.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE as told to Carl Wieman

The Japs had an elaborate payroll and record system in our prison camp. It was so complicated that Lt. Charles P. Christie, who was responsible for trying to make it work, nearly went crazy. Often he struggled with the mountain of camp records until midnight, and then had to be up at 4 a. m. to start a new round of entries and computations.

The Japs were very proud of these records, pointing them out to every visiting dignitary. A person unacquainted with the Japs might even look at the records and think the prisoners were being treated like honest laborers. The idea was that our "pay" was a fiction.

Victims of Japs

(Story in adjoining column)



Capt. Thomas H. Hewlett (left), who nearly died of pneumonia after being jailed and mistreated by Japs at Omuta prison camp, and Lt. John Allen, who was imprisoned 19 days for loss of theater curtain.



Lt. Charles P. Christie (left) and Lt. Owen W. Romaine, who were jailed and beaten after Japs found newspapers they had hidden.

Captain's "Pay" 85 Yen

As a captain, I was financially much more fortunate than the enlisted men, since I was "paid" 85 yen a month. However, 65 yen was credited to me in Jap war savings and with the balance, 20 yen, I couldn't buy anything except occasional cigarettes and useless junk. The soap dishes in our barracks. Twice I did manage to buy phonograph records for the mess.

Enlisted men could earn no more than 15 yen a month, assuming they were not sick during the period. I had earned all the possible bonuses for good work in the mine. They too, had no place to spend their pitances, except the black market run by civilians in the mine, where our mess cooked their lives every time they talked with them.

The theoretical money system even extended to gifts. In August, 1943, Prince Shimizu, identified us as the Japanese Red Cross delegates, inspected our camp and left a gift of 300 yen. Lt. Uri, our camp commander, took possession of the money with the explanation that we could draw on it. However, there was never anything of value obtainable.

Drag Thru Third Summer

As we dragged thru the third summer of our imprisonment, my diary entries became less frequent. We thought that every possible thing had happened to us.

On Aug. 15, Pvt. Carl Norris of Marion, Ill., died in the camp hospital. Many men were ill with scurvy. Baron Mitsui sent us a large quantity of tangerines, but Lt. Uri left them in a warehouse until many of them rotted. Then he issued them, each man getting 15 apiece. Thereafter the Japs sent us tangerines every two weeks until January. The scurvy disappeared.

On Sept. 2, more prisoners arrived—200 Americans from Camp Cabanatuan on Luzon. They were in frightful condition because they had spent 62 days in the hold of an old Japanese frigate.

On the same day, Lt. Fukuhara succeeded Lt. Uri as commander of the camp, and Maj. Manrow resumed his original position as the American commander. I returned to my former assignment as adjutant.

Many Recorded Sick

The change in Jap commanders brought no improvement in camp conditions. It is worth mentioning only because the murders committed prior to Sept. 2 were done under the direction of Lt. Uri. After Sept. 2 the responsibility for them lies with Lt. Fukuhara.

On Sept. 11, I recorded sick records in my diary. Of the original American group, now down to 496 men, 31.7 per cent were sick; of the Australian, 31.5 per cent; of the Dutch, 23.1 per cent, and of the British, 23.5 per cent. It was counted as sick a man had to be very sick.

On Sept. 29 the Japs issued whale meat for us to eat. It looked spoiled, but we never could be choosy about food. Our mess crew boiled out the blubber and made stews about the size of a lamb chop. They tasted very gummy, but we ate them.

Hulk of Prisoners 13

Several hours later most of the men in camp were ill, including me. We suffered chills, fever, cramps and nausea. All night long we were

retching in the ditches outside our barracks. The Japs apparently felt some twinge of conscience over this incident because they were cautious and sympathetic. They even excused sick men from working in the mine.

A month later came another blow. Capt. Tom Hewlett, our surgeon, who was the most popular officer in camp, was arrested by the Japs and thrown into the camp jail.

The Japs kept Tom standing at attention for hours with a bowl on his head. They made him sleep on the concrete floor without any covering for three nights, before we managed to smuggle him blankets and extra socks to him.

The Japs held him for two more days and nights, after which he was released. They never gave him an explanation for the punishment, and the only reason we could guess was that they felt he had been marking

too many men sick and unavailable for mine duty.

When Tom got back to his hospital he found that much work had piled up in his absence. He tackled it with his usual disregard for his own health, staying up all hours of the night, and soon came down with pneumonia. For 10 days he was not able to eat.

The whole camp was tormented with anxiety. We thought about the hours he had spent working with the crusted equipment, of which no equipment, and of the many lives he had saved. We almost went around on tiptoe until he recovered.

Suffer from Cold

Bitter cold weather came again in December, and we suffered more than in the previous winter. We filled our moccasins with hot water and sat with our hands on them much of the time. There was no heat in the hospital, where the patients were cold all the time, because they couldn't take a steamy hot bath in the tank before going to bed, as the other prisoners did.

On Dec. 26, Pvt. Marion E. Sirvo of Lawrenceburg, Ind., died of malnutrition.

Christmas—our third and last in a prison camp—was a working day at the coal mine, but we celebrated on Jan. 1, the Japs' holiday. The Japs issued Red Cross boxes at the rate of one box for each 10 men after taking the powdered milk and preserved butter out of each box. They told us the butter and milk were going to our hospital, but I never arrived there.

For our Christmas (Jan. 1) dinner we had pork and beans, apples, beans, bread and tangerines. In the evening we had a good show in the mess hall, attended by the Jap officers and officials of the coal mine. Lt. Fukuhara refused to permit the mine foremen to attend.

On Jan. 8 the Japs sprang a sudden search of the camp. I got wind of it just in time, and hid my diary in a sand bucket. Lt. Christie, the details officer, and Lt. Owen W. Romaine were not so fortunate. The Japs went directly to Christie's mess and dug up newspapers and maps which they had buried there.

The newspapers had been obtained from civilian mine workers and had been smuggled into camp.

From the manner in which the maps and papers were found we suspected that a stink among the prisoners squealed to the Japs. Christie and Romaine were held in an unheated cell for a month, and were beaten unmercifully. Christie's head was a pulp when he was released.

Jailed for 10 Days

During the same period, Lt. John H. Allen, who was in charge of our show troupe and camp entertainment program, was jailed by the Japs for 10 days. The charge against him was that he was responsible for the mysterious disappearance of a curtain borrowed from the coal mine theater for use at our Christmas show. We never learned what happened to the curtain. Certainly, Allen didn't steal it.

(Continued tomorrow)

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(Continued tomorrow)

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Tisdelle P19

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jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

DEFEAT IN SIGHT, JAPS EASE WAR PRISONERS' LOT

Given Dog Meat, Allowed to Dig Clams

(This is another article in a series on "Men Who Wouldn't Die," whose author was a prisoner of the Japanese for 40 months.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE
as told to Carl Wiseman
(Copyright 1945 by The Chicago Tribune)

Last spring, when the Japs saw their defeat and doom approaching, they began to be more realistic about our welfare. For the most part, their new regard for us was expressed by words, rather than deeds, but there were a few improvements.

We began to receive 40 dog carcasses, each weighing 20 or 30 pounds, for our mess. These were delivered about once a week. We boiled the meat in soup and found it stringy, sweet, and quite good. Since we had eaten horses, mules, monkeys and lizards on Batuan, and rats, water buffalo, and whale in prison camps, our sensibilities were not offended by dog meat.

The Japs started permitting us to send working parties to the seashore to dig clams, which also added protein to our diet. A camp farm was started on 25 acres provided by Baron Mitsui. The farm not only provided vegetables for our mess, but precious sunshine for the farm workers, who were convalescents from our hospital. Men who work 12 hours daily in a coal mine get little sunshine.

Underfed Michigan Soldier Dies

Our diet was still far from adequate, as an entry in my diary for March 22 indicates. On that day Sgt. Henry E. Hayward of Westport, Mich., died of malnutrition.

We could see, by their general behavior, that the Japs were getting jittery. Every day, at every formal session, the officers made speeches telling how much they treasured us.

"Take good care of your health," they pleaded. "Don't catch cold. Remember that we are here for your protection. The population is hostile. Don't go outside the gate without a guard. The guards will protect you."

Civilian Population Friendly

As a matter of fact, the civilian population was very friendly by this time. In the coal mine, our men violated the rules and talked constantly with civilian miners, when guards were not looking. On the farm, prisoners made friends with the Japanese children, who are charming little people. The children even helped our men pick weeds similar to spinach, which we put into our soup.

The Jap corporal in charge of the farm was a decent fellow. When he thought the children were pestering our men too much, he chased them away. They sponged behind his back and made the Jap motions which are equivalent to thumbing your nose.

A Penalty for Conversation

The spirit of humanity did not extend to the camp administration, as we learned to our sorrow on April 11, when one of our prisoners was arrested on a charge of talking with civilians in the mine. To spare the feelings of his family, I shall not use his correct name, but shall call him Corp. Christian, which is a more accurate name than his own.

Christian was a good hearted, good natured fellow, who was imposed on by everybody. He was a jack of all trades and could fix anything. Once he made cups out of old blankets for many men who needed them. Corp. Christian wanted to be a minister after the war and spent much of his spare time helping our chaplain.

The Japs kept him in salt for four days and forced him to kneel at attention on a bamboo rod. They kept him standing for hours with arms outstretched and a rock in each hand. If he lowered his arms, he was beaten. I went to Lt. Fukuhara, the Jap commander, to intercede for Christian, and was told

Boy, 6, Pilots Plane for Father



(Associated Press Wirephoto)

Al Bennett Jr., 6, and his father before their take-off yesterday from Middletown, O., in plane piloted by the boy.

that he had been "very bad" and had to be disciplined.

Yank Dies of Brutal Treatment

At midnight of the fourth day the Jap guards stripped him and stood him in front of the jail, where he could be seen by a shift of prisoners going to work in the coal mine. Our men watched, with fists clinched and eyes blazing, as a Jap guard poured buckets of icy water over the helpless, naked man.

Christian took it bravely. When an American sergeant stepped forward and tried to speak to the guards, Christian told him to get back in ranks. For a few tense seconds we thought there would be a riot and a massacre. Then the American sergeants regained control and hurriedly marched the men away to the coal mine.

Christian was taken back to jail two days later; our doctors received a hurry up call to come to the jail. They found Christian on the floor of his cell, dead.

Executed for Trying to Escape

Soon afterward, a marine corporal was jailed on a charge of trying to escape from the mine. Several Jap military policemen came to camp and took the corporal away. Two days later the Japs announced he had confessed and had been executed. His ashes were brought back to camp.

At Camp 17 we thought we were the most miserable men in the world until the day when 20 Americans jumped in under guard from Camp 1. They were more emaciated than we were.

When 97 Americans arrived from Camp Cabanatuan on Luzon, all of them survivors of a ship that had been bombed, strafed, torpedoped and sunk, we decided we had been lucky. These men were in such bad shape that many of them died during the next month.

Chaplain's Amazing Escapes

One of them who did not die was Maj. John Edward Duffy of Toledo, O., a chaplain whose series of escapes from death were almost miraculous.

During the death march from Batuan, Father Duffy was bayoneted and left for dead. Filipinos rescued him, nursed him back to health, and hid him for months. A traitor betrayed him and the Japs threw him into a dungeon at Fort Santiago, where he was tried by court martial.

Somewhere, he beat the court martial, the only American known to have done so during the war, and was put into Bilbilid prison. While being taken to Japan, he was on three separate ships, all of which

Coming to Chicago

Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 12 (AP)—Al Bennett Jr., 6, handed a light two place airplane on Smith municipal airport here today and announced he was taking a brief vacation from his grade to become the world's first flying newsboy.

With the boy was his father, flying instructor Al Bennett Sr., of Middletown, O. They carried the first issue of a children's magazine from Middletown and will make their last deliveries in Chicago tomorrow.

Bennett Sr. said he had been pushing his son to fly since last year. The youngster is not permitted to solo by civil aeronautics board regulations.

Al Jr. is just learning to read and his father tells him what the instruments say. His other flying aids are extensions on the rudder pedals and a couple of pillows on the seat.

He arrived on the fourth ship.

Earns Admiration of Japs

Father Duffy's experiences had not made him fearful of the Japs. He bowed out the camp interpreter every time he saw him, telling him the Japs ought to be ashamed of themselves. Even the Japs admired Father Duffy.

On April 23 I was relieved from duty, with six other officers, on orders of the Jap commander. We were told to prepare to leave the camp three days later. Before our departure the Japs searched us carefully. Expecting this I left my diary in the latrine during the search and managed to get it again before we were taken away. The diary recorded the deaths of 97 out of 1,721 prisoners at camp 17.

We went by truck to the railway station of Omuta and by train to Fukuoka where we joined a large group of officers being assembled for shipment to Manchuria.

That night, after we had been placed aboard a ship, American B-29s flew over on a bombing mission.

The ship carried us to Fusan, Korea, during the next day. On the way one of the officers died of malnutrition and was buried at sea. This was a sorrow, of course, but our mood was one of excitement and curiosity about our destination. We knew by this time that the end of our troubles was near.

[Concluded Tomorrow]

an intriguing fragrance...
an exciting gift!



Tisdelle P20

Clipped By:



jopolony
Wed, Feb 21, 2018

PRISONERS FIND JAP SURRENDER WORTH HORRORS

As Nightmare Ends They Weep Before Cheering

(An American soldier who saw the surrender on Bataan describes how it felt to see the Japs surrender in this concluding chapter of "Men Who Wouldn't Die." The author, a Chicagoan, was aide de camp of Maj. Gen. Edward P. King Jr., commander of the Bataan force.)

BY MAJ. A. C. TISDELLE as Told to Carl Wiegman

(Copyright 1945: By The Chicago Tribune)

Those of us who lived out the war in prison camps, asking ourselves daily whether death would not have been better than surrender, realized when the end came that seeing the Japs surrender was worth waiting for.

We had spent hours thinking and dreaming about how we would be set free. When the dream came true, however, it was a series of events, none of which we had been able to imagine.

I was among 350 American officers gathered from various prison camps in Japan last April and shipped to Fusan, Korea. From there we were taken by train to Mukden, Manchuria, where we were joined by 12 American generals, 118 colonels, and a large number of high ranking British and Dutch officers. Evidently the group was assembled to be used as hostages.

Parachutists Land Near Camp

Our first big excitement came at noon Aug. 17, when we saw six parachutes dropping from a large airplane. We thought it might be a soviet plane because we had heard the Russians were at Harbin.

The six parachutists were taken prisoner by the Japs and brought to our camp, where the news spread in a few minutes that they were white men in unfamiliar uniforms. Hoping to get a glimpse of them, I went with another prisoner to a store room that overlooked the office of the Japanese commander, Col. Matsuda.

Peering down, we could see a white man sitting with his legs crossed, smoking a cigaret and flicking the ashes on the floor as he talked to Matsuda. Moreover, the white man was doing the talking, not the listening. We thought we could make out the leaf of an American major or lieutenant colonel on his collar.

Early Joy Is Dashed

Everybody was jubilant when we reported this extraordinary scene, but our hopes were dashed a few minutes later when we heard the six parachutists had been taken to the Jap guardhouse.

Several hours later the parachutists reappeared in camp, and our senior officer, Maj. Gen. George M. Parker, was summoned to Col. Matsuda's office. The general emerged in a few minutes and called a meeting of all prisoners.

He stood on a pile of bricks and we gathered around him in a great semi-circle, hardly daring to breathe

Missing Boy Found



(Associated Press Wirephoto)

Mrs. Anne Grabowski in reunion with her son, John Jr., after the boy was missing overnight from Baltimore, Md., home.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 13—(AP)—An unidentified soldier today found John Grabowski Jr., 2½, reported kidnaped yesterday, as the child was wandering alone some seven miles from home.

The blond, blue-eyed youngster was discovered after an all-night search by his mother, Mrs. Anna Grabowski, 25, wife of a sailor in the Pacific, and Baltimore police, in Jones fall ravine, said by police to be a hangout for addicts of wood alcohol. Police said the child could hardly have covered the distance afoot—certainly not by himself.

Neighbors said they had seen a strange man take the boy by the hand and lead him away adding that the man appeared to be intoxicated.

The unable to tell his name or address, John Jr. identified himself to police by recognizing a newspaper picture of his mother.

as we waited for him to speak. He raised his hand and said calmly: "Make no demonstration."

No Cheers, Just Tears

That was enough. We knew then the war was over. We did not cheer. Our eyes were wet as the general continued speaking:

"An armistice is in effect between the United States and Japan. The Japanese have informed me that the interior of the camp is ours but that they will continue to maintain a perimeter guard 'for our protection.'"

The parachutists, we then learned, were Americans, led by a major, and they were looking for Gen. Wainwright and Gen. King. Informed that the two generals were in a camp 160 miles north of Mukden, the major set out for that camp with Jap officers. His men remained with us, setting up a portable radio which had been dropped from their plane.

Two days later came a second exciting event. We heard the roar of a four motored airplane, wholly unlike the sound of Jap planes, which are like flying washing machines. We dashed outside and saw a beautiful, wonderful, silver B-24 Liberator bomber, flying at about 500 feet. We could see plainly the star and dash insignia of the United States army air forces.

Prisoners Laugh and Cry

The pilot circled, flying over our camp several times, and rocking the wings of the plane to greet us. We

cried and laughed and cheered until we were hoarse.

That evening came the third piece of excitement. Nine Russian soldiers, headed by a captain, barged past the sentries and strode into camp. All the 1,600 men in camp assembled as the Red army captain mounted the steps of the hospital to address us.

Pandemonium Greet's Proclamation

The captain, a plump, jolly man who looked like a young Santa Claus, called for an interpreter and an American sergeant stepped forward.

"In the name of the soviet supreme council," shouted the captain, "I proclaim you free."

Pandemonium broke loose. In a few minutes the Russian raised his hand for silence and spoke again.

"The Russians are friends of the Americans, the British, and the Australians, but especially we are friends of the Americans."

"You must pardon me," said the Russian officer. "Now I must have a conference with Gen. Parker."

A group of GIs grabbed him, hoisted him on their shoulders, and carried him to Jap headquarters, where Col. Matsuda and other Jap officers were watching our celebration with long faces.

The Russian stomped into Matsuda's office and ordered all the Japs to get out. Col. Matsuda and his junior officers meekly obeyed, cooling their heels in the corridor outside while Gen. Parker conferred with the Russian captain.

Passes Cigars Around

First the Russian passed out cigars. Then he announced briskly: "We will turn over to you administration of this camp. We will disarm the guards and turn over their arms to you for a guard, if you are ready."

"We are ready," said Gen. Parker, without a second's hesitation. His lips were tight as he spoke.

We made a ceremony out of changing the guard. Col. Matsuda formed his 50 guards in a single line on the parade ground and gave them the familiar single command "Kirei" for "Attention," which I had to use under humiliating circumstances so many times in the Omuta prison camp.

"Remove caps," Col. Matsuda ordered his men.

The guards removed their caps and bowed from the waist, a salute

customarily given only to the Japanese emperor.

Bataan Scene in Reverse

The Jap colonel and his officers removed their sabers and laid them on the ground. It was the scene on Bataan, in reverse.

A column of ragged GIs then took the rifles from the Jap guards and were called to attention by American officers using American commands for the first time since our surrender. Grinning and strutting, the Americans marched their prisoners away to the guardhouse.

For me, that scene was the end of the war. Soon everybody was allowed to leave camp and go into town. The boys found a brewery.

Hides in General's Plane

Several days later the Russians brought Gen. Wainwright and Gen. King to Mukden and I went to the airport to see them. Gen. King was surprised to see me. He thought I was dead. Gen. Wainwright asked his pilot if he could find room for me on the plane and I was permitted to ride in the bomb bay to Sian, China. From there we flew to Chungking, where we were received by Chiang Kai-shek at his summer palace in the mountains overlooking the Yangtze river.

After that we flew to Manila and back to the United States, arriving in San Francisco Sept. 6—the last entry in my war diary.

The unhappy campaign on Bataan and 40 months as a prisoner of war have not discouraged me. As for the future, I hope I can stay in the United States army.

Army-Navy Ball Pays Off to Two From Chicagoland

(Chicago Tribune Staff Writer)

LONDON, Nov. 13—Because two Chicagolandians went to the army and navy war bond ball at Grosvenor House hotel Saturday night, they are richer today by a six minute telephone call home and a \$200 war bond. In the door prize drawing, Sgt. John Koniecki, 2548 S. 5th pl., Milwaukee, Wis., won \$24 worth of trans-Atlantic phone conversation. He indicated he will have it with his mother, Mrs. Marie Koniecki. The war bond winner is Staff Sgt. Dale S. Wickert, Trusdale rd., Dixon, Ill., son of Samuel M. Wickert. Sgt. Wickert works in the chaplains' section of the United Kingdom base.

Now.. and DIAMONDS AT

Tisdelle P21

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