

SECRET

JAPANESE NAVAL PRISON, KIANGWAN ROAD, CHINA
Dec. 9 to Jan. 23, 1942

This building was an old Chinese schoolhouse on the grounds of the Japanese naval observatory. Officers were given separate rooms, which were fairly clean and passable in all respects. Enlisted men were put six in a room. All conditions were fairly good.

WOOSUNG PRISONER OF WAR CAMP
Jan. 23, 1942, to March 12, 1942

Conditions at Woosung camp were deplorable, the sanitary conditions particularly being beyond all hope of betterment. Food conditions likewise. For 1500 to 1600 men, mostly prisoners from Wake Island, between 50 and 65 pounds of meat and a small amount of rice were issued in three equal lots daily. From the first day written protests were filed by senior officers, both medical and line. The Japanese commanding officer, Col. Yusei, finally became crazy and eventually died. Capt. Undo is the name of the executive officer. The Wake Island prisoners had been kept two days without food after capture on Wake Island and were then brought in the steamship Nitta Maru, which took 17 days to arrive in Shanghai, via Tokio. During this period aboard ship each man was given a cup of congee twice a day, this being the sole food allowance. There were no toilet facilities or lavatories furnished at any time for the 17 days. When these men boarded off the Nitta Maru at Woosung, they were clothed in tennis shoes and khaki pants and shirts as they had just come from the tropics. The weather at this time was cold in Shanghai and immediate protests were made to the Japanese authorities over the lack of clothing. Many of these men were struck and beaten as they came down the gangway by Japanese guards. I do not know the names of any of the victims as I had not met any of them up to that time.

The camp consisted of seven barracks subdivided into divisions holding thirty-six men sleeping on raised platforms on bare boards with four Japanese cotton blankets each, which was insufficient. The water supply was inadequate and for periods of a day at a time no water could be obtained. No arrangements whatsoever were made for drinking water, the whole water supply coming from a surface well about 30 feet deep. It would be fatal to drink water of this type in China without first boiling it. The only potable liquids furnished were cups of tea at mealtime. The toilet facilities were abominable, the toilets all draining into ditches which surrounded their respective barracks. No unnecessary cruelty came under my observation at this time except occasionally a sentry would strike a man for disobedience of orders which were

SECRET

SECRET

... to us. Protests were made time and again over this fact because we never knew when we were breaking rules. Every sentry makes his own orders. Except for the above, there were few cases of personal abuse.

Lt. Robinson, USN, was rather severely beaten by two Japanese for refusing to crank a truck on one occasion. Robinson was in naval uniform at the time. This occurred about the 1st of February, 1942. Several other officers were slapped and kicked by the guards during this period. There was no heat and no warm clothing was supplied until about the first of March, when discarded Japanese army uniforms were furnished the thinly-clad men. To my knowledge no heat was supplied at any time for any prisoners held by the Japanese. This includes all prisons and camps of which I have knowledge.

During April and May, 1942, the Red Cross, through the Swiss consulate, succeeded in sending down weekly issues of coal for cooking and bathing water purposes. The Japanese regularly took about half of this coal for their own officers' quarters. The cooking arrangements consisted of a number of large iron cauldrons set in brickwork. You ate soup or you didn't eat.

Another atrocity which was committed here comes to mind. A prisoner of war whose name escapes me was shot through the neck by a sentry. 15 or 20 people witnessed the incident. I did not see it personally. He was standing talking to the sentry, being about 10 to 15 feet away from him, when the sentry suddenly raised his rifle and shot him. The American senior officer violently protested to the camp authorities, and a Japanese inquiry was presumably held as the next day a statement was issued by the Japanese commandant that the affair was accidental, and the sentry was returned to duty at the same post.

Still another atrocity comes to mind. This man's name was Mark Staten, an American civilian from Wake Island, who died in March, 1942, of malnutrition and starvation. The death certificate was signed by three American naval medical officers as being attributable to the above causes. Before his death numerous overtures were made to the Japanese for a special diet, as this man was not in good condition when he arrived at the camp, but it was impossible to secure anything in the way of extra food for him. The doctors who signed the death certificate are Dr. Tyson, Captain, USN, Dr. Foley, Lt. Comdr., USN, and another doctor whose name escapes me.

The Red Cross is not recognized or allowed to function, but in a few cases they do manage to get in stuff to people through the Swiss consulate. They are still doing this at Woosung prisoner

SECRET

SECRET

of war camp. Once a week at Woosung (now changed to Kiangnan Camp), they are allowing the Red Cross to send down pork and beans on Friday. They cook the pork and beans together, having beans for Friday night dinner and pork for Saturday night, but on these two nights the Japanese ration is cancelled.

WOOSUNG GENDARMERIE
March 13 and 14, 1942

At this place we were confined in a small, extremely filthy hole in the concrete wall. The food consisted of congee three times a day. This was delivered by a small coolie, who would bring a bucket full of rice, dip both hands into it and make a ball about the size of his doubled fist. This was then rolled through the bars across the filthy cell floor to the person to whom it was going. No water or tea--nothing drinkable--was furnished.

BRIDGE HOUSE
March 14, 1942, to April 13, 1942

At Bridge House I was confined in a cell with 18 others--Chinese, Japanese, and foreigners. The conditions in this place were appalling. I was lying next to a man with leprosy and was forced to sleep in close contact with him as the place was so crowded. We were kept here for 30 days undergoing what the Japanese called an investigation. The food consisted of congee in the morning and four ounces of bread a day. One small cup of tea was given us twice a day, no other liquids being procurable.

The moral degradation here was of considerably more importance than the actual physical discomfort, which in itself was sufficient punishment for anyone. This was during the month of March, and it was very cold. We were given one blanket each, which was completely insufficient when one is sleeping on the bare floor. During the day we were forced to sit in formation, cross legged on the floor, without any support or rest for the back or arms. At times an unusually cruel guard would make the rounds of the cells, forcing everyone to kneel on the wooden floor. This would sometimes be kept up for six or eight hours.

About two minutes a day were allowed for washing, which was carried out at a tap in the open courtyard, cold water only being furnished. No exercise period was allowed, although in a few occasions the prisoners in one cell would be allowed in the courtyard to scrub down the gutters and deck. All of the prisons

SECRET

SECRET

in which I was confined were infested with vermin, but this was undoubtedly the worst. Lice were swarming everywhere. A few favorite prisoners were allowed to have a small amount of food sent in from outside, but we did not succeed in getting permission for this.

I saw a lot of torturing in this place. Reference is particularly made to R. Reed, retired chief storekeeper, and Sgt. Jackson (now a lieutenant), USMC. Both Reed and Jackson were detained here for 90 days and were severely mistreated. Reed had been out of service for some ten years, but the Japanese insisted that he must have valuable information, which was their excuse for torturing him. Jackson had been acting as clerk for Major Williams, who was an ONI representative in Shanghai before the war, and the Japanese were most insistent on extracting information from him for this reason.

I remember Sgt. Yamamoto quite well. I consider him a bad egg. There was one Kato there, an interpreter, who was very vicious. One of the worst of all was a Japanese interpreter who designated himself as being No. 56, he being very careful to keep us from learning his name. No. 56 was this man's official number as an interpreter. I have his name and something of his personal history safely secured in Shanghai and full information can be obtained about him after the war. This man had spent at least half of each year in the states for a long period as he was in the export business from Japan. Although being a Japanese subject, he was married to an American Japanese and had several children. Two of his daughters at that time were attending the University of Southern California. All of his family except himself were American citizens. He was one of the vilest, most vicious men in the whole place. This man was cautious in handling us military prisoners and evinced strong wishes to remain incognito.

The Japanese sergeant who was known as "the big, bad wolf," but whose name I forget, was one of the most sadistic of the lot. He had a habit of always roaring at the prisoners and also beating people without provocation, which I think will cause him to be remembered by many people who were confined at Bridge House.

Lt. Kawai was in charge of all foreigners at Bridge House. I have never seen him torture people himself, but he is undoubtedly the man who issued orders for this to be done. In one questioning while in his office he called me a liar, whereupon I got up and tried to hit him, but he got out of the room before I could attack him. He came back in a few minutes and apologized. Ishihara was an interpreter and a bad man.

There were only one or two good people in the whole place, a Mrs. Nogami being excellent. She was also an interpreter. It is

SECRET

SECRET

possible that she can be persuaded to testify about atrocities after the war as she is a woman of fine character. Her husband was educated in the states and she was educated at an American mission school in Japan. She spoke excellent English and had been sent to Shanghai from Japan especially as an interpreter. She was strongly adverse to torture and raised a real row with the torturers whenever possible, but, of course, she was unable to accomplish much.

I saw a number of tortures to a minor degree in Bridge House while passing through the car doors on my many trips up to the office. I saw men being given the water treatment, being burned with cigarettes, being given shocks with an electrical machine of some kind, and almost innumerable beatings with clubs and with the backs of swords. Violent kicking with heavy army boots on the prisoners' shins was so common as to be almost unnoticed. Several Chinese suffered broken legs from this while I was in Bridge House.

The water treatment consists of lashing a man down face up across the desk top. A bath towel is then so rolled as to form a circle around his nose and mouth, and a five-gallon can of water, which was generally mixed with the vilest of human refuse and other filth, such as kerosene, was then put handy. The man was then questioned, and if he did not respond, the water was poured into the space made by the bath towel, forcing the prisoner either to swallow and inhale the vile concoction or to strangle himself. This is kept up, questioning between doses, until the man is at a point of unconsciousness. Shortly before unconsciousness is reached, the man is frequently beaten across the belly with a small iron rod. After consciousness has left, he is usually suspended by the heels from a tackle directly overhead and the water allowed to drain out of him. When he has sufficiently recuperated, the treatment is resumed. I saw parts of this torture given to different individuals, but never saw the complete treatment given to any one person. I never saw an American being given this treatment, but Leroy Healy of Shanghai told me that he had undergone the punishment.

Before beginning torture or questioning, the Japanese almost invariably stripped the prisoner stark naked. This is a tremendous psychological disadvantage as when a man loses his dignity, he usually loses his firmness. The ordinary procedure for questioning was to force the prisoner to kneel on a metal plate alongside of a desk with his hands at his sides and he was then questioned by two or three Japanese. This position becomes acutely painful after a few minutes, but if the prisoner wavers or attempts to relieve himself by using his hands, he is beaten. Most Japanese are chain smokers and while the questioning is going on, as they finish their cigarettes, the lighted butts are usually pressed gently against any part of the man's bare anatomy and thus extinguished. I have personally seen more than thirty foreigners who had somewhere between 300 and 500 cigarette burns in all parts of their bodies. Including in this lot was one American, Leroy Healy, a news commentator from the American radio station, Shanghai.

SECRET

Many indecencies were witnessed in this place, one being the case of Mrs. Ellis Hyam, who was kept in a cell for 27 days with about 25 men of all races. The toilet facilities in all cells consisted of a rather large wooden tub in the front of the cell, which Mrs. Hyam was forced to use in full view of everyone.

In the next cell to this lady was a foreign woman whom I did not know. At one time the Japanese found a small scrap of paper in her cell on which was scribbled some writing. This incensed them greatly, and they marched all the occupants out into the open courtyard, forcing them to completely disrobe in the cell before going out. This woman was in a very advanced stage of pregnancy and she and about 25 men were forced to stand in the courtyard, where it was bitterly cold and in full view of dozens of others for at least 30 minutes while the cell and clothing were examined for the offending pencil.

I have seen the electrical treatment being given, but don't know just exactly what it is or how severe the results are. It does not appear to be very efficacious.

After the war I can produce the names and addresses of more than 30 white men who were seriously tortured in Bridge House if they are still alive. Only one of these was an American--Healy.

I do not know what the Japs were trying to learn by these tortures. The men who were tortured seldom had any idea as to what was required of them. For some reason they frequently picked on men who knew nothing and who had done nothing. The principal question was "Are you mixed up with underground activities to aid the enemy or against Japan?", and senseless questions like this were asked for hours and hours. The harshness of treatment depended on the particular sergeant and interpreter who were questioning. Each handled the prisoner according to his own ideas. One man might be tortured once or possibly a dozen times. One could never guess. The sergeants were given a completely free hand apparently. Several Chinese were so severely beaten that they died in their cells. I gathered the impression that the officers did not give explicit directions for questioning, but merely ordered so and so out for interrogation. It seemed to be generally understood among all Japanese personnel that punishment would be inflicted as and when required. It is certain that all officers attached to the gendarmerie knew practically every detail of what was going on because the cries, moans, and sounds of blows could be heard over the whole building at most any time.

I was not tortured at Bridge House because if a man recognizes the fact that the Japanese is markedly inferior and the Japanese subconsciously realizes the fact that the man knows this, and above all if one doesn't lose his temper, Japanese can be handled remarkably well. I have had them say to me "Put your hands out."; "What for?"

SECRET

"I am going to handcuff you."; "What for?"; "I am going to punish you."; "Oh, no. I won't have it. I can't stand for that sort of thing." In such cases I have never seen the time when the Jap in question didn't back down. It would be way better for everyone if the Japanese Navy had charge of prisoners. The Japanese naval officer approximates a gentleman compared with the army officer. Most all naval officers speak some English; this is rare in the army. It is notable that in order to become an officer in the army it is necessary that a man serve two years as a private first.

You would be surprised how many Japanese try to be friendly, especially during the last six months of my imprisonment. I have casually suggested to a few officials that torturing was inhuman, but they seem to be mildly surprised that I should assume such an attitude. I am sure that many of them are against torture in principle, but they dare not criticize their superiors. In Bridge House there were two persons, Mrs. Nogami and a sergeant, who were openly against all forms of torture, but neither of them could apply sufficient pressure to mitigate the punishment. I have seen this sergeant just mentioned with tears in his eyes when he would see and hear extreme torture being applied. Mrs. Nogami frequently became so angry with the torturers that she would ask them what the hell they were doing and tell them not to be beasts. She may have been of some assistance in certain specific cases, but she was treading on dangerous ground and she seemed to recognize the fact and modify her actions accordingly. It seems to me that torturing was not against regulations, but was at least tacitly understood, if not worse.

JAPANESE ARMY PRISON, KIANGWAN
April 13 to June 8, 1942.

At Kiangwan the cells were of concrete with wooden flooring and measured four feet by nine feet. The toilet facilities consisted of a benjo underneath the flooring, which was reached by means of a trapdoor. The trapdoor was loose fitting and the receptacles under the flooring were rarely cleaned. The stench in these cells was abominable. To make matters worse the only ventilation was through a peephole in the door measuring $3/8$ of an inch by 6 inches.

Here we were in solitary confinement and the Japanese tried to force us to kneel facing the wall on the bare floor all day except during mealtimes. We were not allowed to sit on the blankets. At 7:00 A.M. we were led to the yard and allowed five minutes for toilet. This included the time from opening the door until time of closing the door, which probably gave less than two minutes for completing our ablutions. Exercise was allowed us for 20 minutes two or three times a week. This was one of the few places where we were allowed sufficient bedding to keep warm.

SECRET

SECRET

Here we were fed on Japanese army rations, which were excellent and all of us would have been delighted to have spent the whole war on such food. One of the worst features in this jail, as in others, was the lack of potable liquids, we being given a small cup of tea three times a day. Overhead in each cell was a 100 watt light which burned all night long, making sleep very hard to one unaccustomed to it.

We were in this prison 53 days. Immediately after we left here the rations were changed to the allowance previously given Chinese prisoners only. This consisted of rice twice a day and a piece of pung once a day. Pung is steamed bread as nearly inedible as any food I have ever seen. We were later to receive this article as a part of a standard diet at Ward Road Jail. By no means could the shortage of food be attributed to a shortage of supplies. Most of us, especially Comdr. Woolley, Royal Navy, and myself, had access to practically unlimited funds from outside sources and could have secured ample foodstuffs. This was a deliberate policy of mistreatment intended in some cases to cause death, as death was really wanted in some cases such as that of Col. Bishop, of whom mention will be made later.

The courtmartial at Kiangwan was conducted fairly decently except that we were given an interpreter who didn't speak English. A defense counsel was assigned us who couldn't speak English either. It was really very amusing because I could understand nearly everything said in Japanese. They would comment to each other such as "It is a very serious offense. We should give them the limit." The defense counsel would speak up and say "I think we should really give them the limit." The court sentence which was finally received at the end of 53 days was only 10 years penal servitude because we were "poor, ignorant foreigners who didn't know any better." The death sentence was mentioned in the conversation carried on by the court authorities at numerous times. I believe that the court was in favor of execution because they spoke of Tokio being soft, "What's matter? Why didn't they execute those fellows?"; that is what they were expecting, which leads me to believe that the sentence was ordered from Tokio direct. In conversations such as the above Japanese rarely believe that anyone understand their language, and consequently they are remarkably frank at times. After pleading guilty to the charge of having escaped and having described the whole process they took eight hours questioning to prove to them in their own minds that we were guilty. They even produced such evidence as part of the electrical fence and the shovel with which we had dug a trench. The whole affair was such a farce that we had difficulty keeping our faces straight.

SECRET

SECRET

WARD ROAD JAIL
June 8 to October 6, 1944

On arrival at Ward Road Jail we were taken over by the jailor of this civilian station. Most of the warders and officials were British with a few Americans, Russians, etc. Practically all of the British were ex-service men. The No. 1 jailor at this time was a Mr. Chadderton, ex-Royal Navy, who apologized profusely for guarding people of his own kind, but stated that he had cleared his conscience by having all Allied guards and warders sign a round robin note to Japanese authorities relieving themselves of all responsibility for our safety. This amazing condition lasted for nearly a year at which time all civilian Allies were rounded up and put in concentration camps in the Shanghai area. Up to this time we had had a few Japanese especially detailed to watch over us, but after the Allied guards were sent to concentration camps all warder were Japanese, including the head of the prison. Chinese and Sikhs remained as guards in this prison throughout the whole time, but were forbidden to talk to us.

At this prison we were confined in separate cells and the physical conditions of the jail were quite good as this is a fine, modern institution. At the time we were imprisoned here there were 9300 prisoners in the institution, making this the world's largest jail. At no time did we have more than 40 or 50 military and political prisoners here, all the rest being criminals. The food, which was never good, gradually deteriorated in quantity and quality until during the last year of our imprisonment our ration consisted of a cup of boiled barley without salt or sugar in the morning, no lunch, and a thin watery soup for dinner. 16 ounces of passable bread was furnished per man per day. This generous portion of bread was what kept us alive. Fortunately there was plenty of drinking water and ample quantities of hot tea twice a day. In theory we were allowed exercise for a period of two hours a day, but in practice this worked out somewhat over half of that.

We were not allowed any games or diversions of any kind except books. The jail had a fairly decent library of its own. When we had run through this, we were allowed to amplify our supply by having friends from the outside send in books. This was the most priceless boon of the whole war. When Shanghai was seized the Japanese threw the libraries of the various clubs into the streets. These were picked up by indigent Chinese and sold as waste paper. We had Chinese friends outside who bought these books by the gross and sent large numbers of them in to us.

We were never treated inhumanely in this place but managed to stay on fairly good terms, chiefly through the efforts of the head jailor, a Mr. P. Mori, whose mother was an American, father Japanese. The bedding here was insufficient, but we were allowed

SECRET

SECRET

to receive sufficient covering from the Swiss consulate upon making a request.

The nearest to an atrocity occurring at this place was the case of George Bruce, an American newspaperman of Shanghai. He and six others were sent down from Pootung Camp for having a concealed radio set. Due to insufficient food Bruce suffered two heart attacks in this prison and died the next day after being returned to Pootung Camp after completing his sentence.

MISCELLANEOUS

Father Roque, an American priest, was stationed near Shasi, Hupeh Province. When the Japanese took this area, they finally rounded him up, he making no effort to escape. He had kept a log book in which day to day information was noted. Injudiciously he had shortened the word "Japanese" to "Jap" in these personal notes and as a consequence was slapped around quite extensively when the Japanese came to read his notes. After Father Roque was arrested, he was transferred to several prisons in central China, but finally wound up in Ward Road Jail, Shanghai, sometime in 1944. Father Roque told me that he was not allowed to take a bath for I believe 17 months and for one period of 9 months could not even wash his face and hands or brush his teeth. This occurred in prisons in central China. I doubt if any evidence can be obtained from Father Roque about his treatment as the Catholic priests have orders not to talk. I believe additional information regarding this particular case could be obtained from Healy, however, as Healy was his cell-mate in Ward Road jail. Father Roque was eventually tried in Hankow I believe and was given a sentence of several years to be served in a criminal jail.

An American army colonel named Bishop, I believe, was at Bridge House during 1942. I think that he was shot down in French Indo China. Three other Americans were with him. He was treated very badly indeed, so I am told by others who saw and talked to him. He was kept in Bridge House for one solid year. Long before the expiration of this time he had contacted beri beri, dysentery, and probably other diseases. It appeared that the Japanese were trying to kill him, but he refused to die. The Swiss consulate went to work and somehow they managed to have him transferred to the prisoner of war camp at Kiangwan (ex Woosung). At the prisoner of war camp Navy doctors did everything they could for him, and I understand that he has regained his health. For months he had been unable to stand and could hardly crawl toward the latter part of his confinement at Bridge House.

SECRET

SECRET

Four of Doolittle's men were executed in Shanghai right near where I was according to the local Japanese newspapers. I believe this to be true. The newspapers announced that a public decapitation had been carried out. I could not possibly guess the approximate date. Shortly before this event local newspapers under Toki date line stated that the Diet had promulgated an order whereby any foreign aviator bombing Japan would be summarily beheaded when caught. After some time newspapers came out stating that these four Americans had been tried and dealt with in accordance with this order. A notice was also served at the same time that in the future all cases of this kind would be handled in the same manner.

The Japanese refused to recognize the Geneva Conference in any shape or form, contending that the Japanese were a law unto themselves. If the question of the conference were pushed, they would almost go into hysterics.

I know a great deal about the Black Dragon Society as I have run across a few Japanese who are connected with it and occasionally let slip a few remarks. They are, of course, all extremists. I have been told by several of them that even if Japan lost the war, all United States prisoners would be executed. They were of the opinion that all prisoners should be killed regardless of the outcome of the war, which probably explains a great deal of the torturing. I cannot remember the names of any of the Japanese connected with this Society.

Paul Chandler, Warrant Officer, USMC (now Lt. Col.), was stationed in Shanghai with the 4th Marines. When the marines were sent to the Philippines, Chandler with four sergeants assisting him remained in Shanghai to clear up business affairs. For some reason the Japanese allowed him to stay free for about a week after war was declared. He was then rounded up and brought to Bridge House. He was kept there for about two days I believe, and was then sent down to the Japanese naval prison, where he joined me. Chandler and his four sergeants were repatriated in the Gripsholm on her first trip to the east.

The Japanese navy did not take any of my belongings. They did take the belongings of the crew, but they took absolutely nothing of mine. When the army took us over, they took everything I do not know if the Japanese notified the United States Government of our capture, but we made several transcripts for broadcasts. As we almost invariably made derogatory remarks about the Japanese in these transcripts, it is doubtful if they ever went through. We were not allowed to write to our families until some time after July, 1942. The prisoner of war camp at Woosung was camouflaged. Prisoners of war were forced to wear Japanese uniforms. The camp was adjacent to a radio station. The Japanese appeared to be

SECRET

SECRET

boilant over the attack on Pearl Harbor, considering it a glorious success. Subsequent to this we were frequently told "We are about to land on the Pacific Coast. All civilians along the coast have been evacuated by the Americans."

I suspect that a lot of mistreatment and negligence that the Japs showed was the result of ignorance as much as anything else. Mine were very intelligent and they just didn't know what to do. Officers exercised very little supervision. The remarkable diversity of orders was a constant source of friction in all camps. At Woosung prisoner of war camp we made determined efforts to have Col. Yusei formulate a set of rules of conduct and we told him that we would abide by all sets that were legal, but he admitted that it would be impossible for him to do so, because to a great extent the Japanese soldier issues his own rules as needed. In this line they seem to leave a great deal up to the individual. I have been on board Japanese cruisers and destroyers in action. It is one of the most amazing experiences I have ever had. How they run anything, I don't know. The quartermaster would be shouting at the captain and the captain in turn would be shouting at someone else, nearly all of them running around screaming. It was one of the most unusual things that happen aboard ship I have ever seen. It is amazing to me that they have done as well as they have against us, particularly at sea.

We were told that all prison guards are especially trained. A large number of these men are ex-service men, chiefly petty officers who have been wounded in action or who have done meritorious service. I believe they get about two weeks' training under supervision of the War Prisoner Bureau at Tokio. They do not seem to use the usual regimental unit designation, but appear to be classified as companies and the prisoner of war corps.

The Japanese guards were fed excellent food everywhere from what I could see. It was impossible to ascertain what rations were issued to enlisted personnel other than in the prisons to which I was confined.

The Columbia Country Club has been made into a concentration camp where they have about 250 prisoners, largely American women and children. Japanese army officers are using the Shanghai Club and the American Club as their living quarters.

Curfew at Shanghai when I left was at 10:00 P.M., all lights except a few street lights being doused at this time. An attempt had been made to blacken out completely, but robberies increased to such an enormous extent that certain lights had to be left burning. In civilian homes the largest light allowed was 5 watts.

SECRET

SECRET

On several occasions I was able to discuss the theory of prisoners of war with Japanese officers. They, to my amazement, always insisted that to have taken up arms against Japan was criminal and that the prisoners must pay whatever penalty they saw fit to impose. I had the distinct impression that nearly all officers thought that the death penalty should be exacted for our temerity.

/s/ C. D. Smith:

C. D. SMITH, Comdr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me on this 5th day of March 1945,
at Washington, D. C.

/s/ Philip L. Smith

1st Lt., JAGD

26 February 1945

Statement by Comdr. C. D. Smith, 56415, regarding naval action between British and Japanese forces at Shanghai at the outbreak of war, December 8, 1941.

At 0420 on December 8, 1941, a Japanese captain went on board HMS Peterel and delivered a formal declaration of war to the commanding officer with a demand for the surrender of the vessel. The commanding officer had had previous notice of the outbreak of war and had his crew at battle stations.

The Japanese captain was told that surrender would not be made, whereupon the launch carrying the Japanese captain pulled out from the ship 700 feet and fired a Veri pistol into the air. On this signal shore batteries of 75 mm field guns stationed on the French Bund and on Pootung Point opened fire on the Peterel simultaneously with a Japanese destroyer which was moored alongside the Bund opposite to Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Building and a Japanese gun boat which was moored to the customs jetty. The Peterel was swamped with concentrated gunfire and was unable to reply with a single shot.

The Peterel's commanding officer seeing that the situation was hopeless, told the remaining members of his crew to get into the motorboat and try to get ashore. It was about this time that I became an eye witness to the following incident.

SECRET

SECRET

The boat had pulled away from the ship about 100 yards when machine guns from the naval vessels and from shore opened a concentrated fire on her. The boat almost immediately burst into flame and capsized. Those members of the crew who were still alive then attempted to escape to the shore by swimming, whereupon the Japanese concentrated their fire on these survivors, killing several.

I would classify this as murder pure and simple as the Bund was lined with Japanese soldiers and it was perfectly easy to place these men under arrest as they reached the shore.

/s/ C. D. Smith
C. D. SMITH, Comdr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5 day of March 1945, at Washington, D. C.

/s/ Philip L. Smith
1st Lt., JAGD

SECRET