



Arthur Dale Andrews

USMC 286-585

War Claims Commission  
Washington 25, D.C.

Gentlemen:

In order to assist you to intelligently carry out the provisions of Section VIII of the "War Claims Act 1948", the following information is hereby respectively submitted:

I was taken prisoner by the Japanese on December 23, 1941, on Wake Island, T.H. At the time, I was a Private First Class, USMC, attached to the 1<sup>st</sup> Defense Battalion, FMF.

From December 23 until December 26, 1941, we were kept in a group on the airfield on Wake Island without shelter, with little or no clothing and given a small piece of bread and a small cup of water mixed with gasoline once a day.

On December 26 we were all moved to the remains of a barracks on Wake, and enclosed with barbwire. Clothing was still denied except to those who had been fortunate enough to retain it, or those who were brave and lucky enough to steal it. Our rations increased not willfully but by the ingenuity and bravery of those who could steal without being caught.

On January 12, 1942, we were put aboard the Japanese Luxury Liner, Nita Maru. We were helped aboard on the ship with the clubbing and cussing of the Japanese Royal Marines. We were directed to the area of the ship in which we were to ride as passengers by means of clubs used by the aforementioned Japanese Marines. We were finally thrown in the bottom two

holds of the liner and there placed upon the steel decking with sufficient room to lie down only. One was allowed to arise only to use the provided one toilet in the corner. If movement was for other reasons the guards immediately persuaded us by the use of their clubs that it was best to lie still. Sustenance for this trip to China, which lasted for 12 days, consisted of rice gruel approximately one-half cup apportioned twice daily. At the same time our rice gruel was given, we were given an equal portion of dirty water to drink. As a consequence of very little food and no exercise, myself and nearly all others became extremely weak and constipated.

Upon our arrival in Woosung Harbor near Shanghai, China, we were taken off the boat in the same manner as we were placed upon it. The date of our arrival in China was January 24, 1942. At that time of the year in China it is the middle of winter and the temperature was much below freezing. We had been taken from a tropical climate and were dressed in only the few pieces of tropical uniform. As a result no one was dressed warmly. Most had shoes or slippers of some kind, but very few had socks. The only trousers that were available were tropical khaki which provided no warmth and those that did have shirts were not warmed very much for they too were only khaki. Sweaters and coats were extremely few and hats if any consisted of tropical sun helmets and gloves were unthought-of.

We were marched several miles in this condition and after a few hours reached an abandoned Chinese Cavalry barracks. We were placed in these buildings, most of the windows being broken, and the doors either off the hinges entirely or in such need of repair that they could not be closed. We were placed in groups of 15 to 20 and assigned to an area or cubicle of about twelve feet by twelve feet square. There was not heat of any kind in these buildings and there was no floor in the hallway running through the center of the building on to which each of the cubicles faced with an open front. The cubicles themselves had wooden floors, but the boards

were well spaced with cracks through which the cold and vermin could pass easily. We were given a couple of extremely light cotton blankets with which to keep ourselves warm upon beds which consisted of nothing but a wooden platform built in the same manner as the floor of our cubicle.

We were kept confined to these barracks for several weeks, with no improvements being made upon the barracks nor better arrangement being made for our comfort. Our food during this period was extremely meager, the excuse being given that they were unprepared for so large a group and better facilities were not available.

When the weather became a little warmer we were allowed a little freedom and the opportunity to improve the run-down condition of our barracks by our own ingenuity. This improvement was of little consequence, however, since we were not allowed the materials and equipment necessary to substantially improve our lot. We were kept close to our barracks however by means of two electric fences, one which was very close to our barracks and the second inclosing the storehouse building, in which our meager rations were prepared.

During this period of close confinement many men, including myself, were in need of medical assistance to relieve such disorders as month-long constipation, severe colds, frostbite, and diarrhea. This was not given. Our rations consisted of a portion of rice considerably less than one cup and very thin vegetable water with an occasional small piece of meat from some animal, ..... day, and we were told these were to be our rations as long as we were guests of the Japanese. The doctors who were with us objected and appealed to the Japanese saying that the total caloric content was approximately 150 to 200 total calories per man per day, and at the most some of the men might live six months. We were told however that we were getting almost as much as the Japanese soldier and therefore it was up to us to adjust our bodies to our new diet.

It must have been sometime in March when the Japanese started taking us from the compound out to work on the roads in the surrounding area. They had given us some pieces of Japanese army uniforms to wear so that now our bodies were not exposed quite as much to the elements as before. We were either walking, or in some cases taken by truck, to the spots in the road that needed repaired. This work consisted of digging out completely the broken places and holes in the roads and refilling them with rocks and debris that could be found in the surrounding areas. We were told at the time that this work was not in accordance with international rules of law on war prisoners and we were led to believe by our officers that if we performed the work well we would be reimbursed for our time and effort at such time as the war was over and claims were being paid. We were taken from the compound early in the morning and took with us our small portion of rice for our noon meal. This was eaten cold and without soup or water by the side of the road, at such time as the Japanese would allow us time from work to rest and eat. This work continued through the summer and fall during which time we put in ten or eleven hours a day six days a week.

On or about December 6, 1948, we walked several miles taking with us our cotton blankets and other pieces of personal property that we had been able to accumulate, and were placed in another compound near the village of Kiangwang. This was another former Chinese Cavalry barracks which had been abandoned and was in about the same condition as we had found the barracks in Woosung. We later found out that they had moved us from Woosung because we had straightened up the barracks and it was in better condition than some of the ones the Japanese were living in, so they moved us out and moved them in.

Soon after arrival in Kiangwang some Red Cross parcels of food were received in the camp for distribution to the prisoners of war. The Japanese took charge of them, naturally, and

divided with us, maybe not exactly equally, but at least they didn't cheat themselves by taking the smaller half. Our only consolation was that there were several thousand individual boxes, and our first sight of American food consisted of one box per man, on or about December 8, 1942. These boxes consisted of about nine or ten pounds of canned and dried food in small packages. About two weeks later, the Japanese divided again and we each receive another food parcel apiece. On or about Christmas, 1942, we received from some Americans, who were interned in Shanghai, some food for our Christmas meal. This consisted of small Chinese turkeys already baked, small sweet potatoes with gravy and pie. When the food was originally sent, the turkeys which were about the size of an average American chicken, were to be divided between about five or six U.S. P.O.W.'s. The potatoes and pies were to be divided accordingly. By the time the food reached us however, the turkeys were divided among us at the rate of about one for every fifteen P.O.W.'s.

During this time, we were still working on the roads at least six days a week and sometimes seven, and we were told that since we were getting fed so good and since they had installed two stoves in every barracks of about two hundred men and which stoves could only be used from the time we came in from work and had to be put out at nine, since we were being treated so well, we must therefore work harder and longer to repay the Japanese for treating us so kindly. Although there were boxes of more food parcels for us waiting to be distributed the Japanese felt that we were being overfed so they naturally cut down our rations without cutting down on the work and held off any further distribution of food parcels until sometime in February at which time we each received another box.

Sometime in the early spring they grew tired of having us repair roads so the Japanese decided that in as much as we were working for the Japanese it would be fitting and proper to

build a monument to the Japanese Nation. This monument was to consist of an earthen replica of Mount Fujiyama in Japan. It was to be placed near the battleground of the Japanese and Chinese last struggle for Woosung and Kiangwang areas. This monument was planned to be about five to six hundred feet square at the base and to arise in proportion of Mount Fujiyama. We were walked the distance of about two miles at least back and forth each morning and night to and from our labors. The Japanese appropriated some narrow gauge track and on this track we placed small carts with a removable bed into which bed we placed about a half a yard of dirt each trip. About four or five men were assigned to each cart to load and push up the track to the top of the hill then dump and return for another load. The Japanese naturally supervised our operations and naturally the more loads that we could complete the more they would require us to do. Each track was given a certain number of loads to complete and rain or shine, mud or dirt, we were compelled to complete so many before we could stop to eat our small portion of rice for lunch, or quit at dark to return to the barracks. Neither heat, rain, or sickness excused a group assigned to a cart from performing the required number of trips. Sickness and need for medical attention was something the Japanese had little concern for. If you complained of being sick you were told that you were merely trying to evade work and by the means of slapping or beating you were convinced that you were not sick and that you would much rather go to work. The work would have been difficult under ordinary circumstances, but in the condition we were in, the labor imposed upon us were sever and altogether out of proportion to what we were physically capable of doing. This fact was known by the Japanese but whenever mentioned to them, the procedure was to impose a greater amount of work than was before necessary to please them.

I remained in this camp and working on this monument until on or about August 20, 1943, at which time I was chosen with a group of about five hundred to be taken to Japan for use

in work camps there. I was taken to Japan in a small inter-coastal boat, placed in the hold of the boat much in the same manner as my previous trip on the Nita Maru. We were given sitting room, by necessity small rations, and closely guarded and brutally treated for five days until our arrival in Osaka, Japan, on or about August 25, 1943. We were walked immediately to our new home, a group of small barracks, in the middle of the shipyards in the harbor of Osaka. Our barracks in Osaka were in somewhat better condition than those had been in China, but they were still far from comfortable.

Our purpose for coming to Osaka was to do manual or coolie labor in and about the shipyards. By this time we had learned that to the Japanese Sunday was not a day of rest but merely another day in which we must work from early until late. We did get occasional days off, every month or so, but on these days off we were compelled to stand inspections, submit to indignities, and submit to assaults unprovoked and be the butt of jokes and whims as they felt and saw fit to engage in. For example, on one such typical day, I have forgotten the date, about fifty of us were taken to the road outside the compound and told we were going to get some exercise. This occurred in the afternoon and during the morning we had been subjected to inspections, roll-calls, shakedowns, and various other contrivances designed to irritate the prisoners to satisfy the deflated ego of the brave warriors and interpreters. As I said, they told us they felt we were in need of exercise. We were placed at a point on the road and the Japanese stood at another point on the road some two or three blocks. We were told that we were to run to the other Japanese. The one who arrived there first showed that he had exercised sufficiently and therefore he would be allowed to return to the compound. When we reached our goal at the other end we were told to do the same thing back to the other Japanese. This was to go on until all had won a race, the last man left would go without supper. Running three blocks at a slow

pace is not too difficult even under adverse conditions, but if you are forced to repeat again and again that three block distance, it soon becomes evident that the distance you are required to travel puts an unbearable strain upon your body. Some would try to walk to conserve their energy but when these were spotted by the Japanese they were induced to run whether they were sick or not, by the use of a kick with an army field boot or a bit of persuasion with a club or rifle butt. This was a great sport to the Japanese.

The work in this camp was far more strenuous, if possible, than the work we had been compelled to do in China. We walked a distance which seemed to be at least three miles to and from work every morning and every night. Our barracks were located near the center of the shipyards and we worked near the end of the shipyards. We were divided into small groups after we arrived at our place to work and were placed under the supervision of Japanese civilians of extremely low mentality. Most of these civilians had been and probably are now coolie laborers. We were given any job of lifting, moving, carrying, or cleaning up which was too heavy, too irksome, or too dirty for the Japanese to do themselves. Since most of our supervisors were former coolies themselves, they expected us to do and enjoyed giving to us all the heavy work they could find. Sometimes we worked directly with the coolies unloading scrap iron, coal, boxes, and other such shipments. If we did work with them we were compelled to do more than the coolies who did it as a lifetime job. If we didn't, we would have our food, and our ration of Japanese cigarettes taken away, or be stood up and punished on the spot and then later chastised again when we returned to our barracks. Since most of the Japanese were small they usually had to take us close to a box or something they could stand on so they could be tall enough to slap us and hit us directly in the face, this done while compelled to stand at rigid attention. A favorite method of punishment for not working hard was to force the prisoner to hold a bucket of water



above his head with both hands while standing at rigid attention. If the arms started to droop with the weights of the water, there was a Japanese standing there with a club in his hand ready to beat on your elbows until the water was raised again above your head. This punishment usually would last until the prisoner had fallen two or three times from exhaustion and had been kicked and goaded with club until he again filled the bucket of water and again stood at attention. Usually after the second or third time of falling and being kicked the Japanese themselves would get a little sick and let the prisoner go. His punishment when he got back to the barracks would not be as severe, usually just slapping for a few minutes, kicked a couple of times, and sent to his barracks without supper. Treatment such as this usually convinced the rest of the prisoners that it was best to work, hot or cold, sick or not – you had no choice.

At the time the Americans started bombing Japan, the Japanese were again reminded that not only were we working the shipyards, a natural bombing target, against the rules of International Law, but also our barracks were situated in the center of this target so that twenty-four hours a day we were a target ourselves. The Japanese refused to move us, refused to let us work elsewhere, as a consequence on the night of, I believe, the first big air raid on Osaka, our barracks was hit with incendiary bombs. There only about four or five casualties, but many were injured as a result of splinters and jelly from the incendiary bombs themselves. We managed to put out the fires by ourselves before serious damage occurred. Some of our clothes, etc. were burned up along with a quantity of our food which was in the storehouse that burned. We were kept inside the compound for a few days and as a natural consequence our food rations were slimmed down considerably because the Americans had destroyed our food. In a few days, however, we were taken back to work as before and our rations were still reduced because so much had been destroyed not only in our camp but in Osaka itself and we were told it was

impossible to get more. During the next several weeks, we were subjected to air raids quite often, hardly ever where we allowed to seek shelter, but were made to sit in the open or in a frame building and wait until the air raid was over.

As I was lined up for work on May 7, 1945 my name and two others was called out and after the others had gone on to work, we were told that the three of us had been called to go to Tokyo. That night, we were taken by train to Omori Camp in Tokyo Bay. Our trip to Tokyo was not quite as unpleasant as other trips had been with the Japanese. The three of us were accompanied by the camp interpreter and a member of the Japanese Storm troopers. They were both drunk most of the way and delighted in slapping and mistreating us. We had of course no way to defend ourselves nor any way to stop the treatment, since it was done not only for the amusement of the Japanese who were escorting us, but also for the benefit for the other Japanese riding on the train. Luckily for us the ride only lasted all night. The next day we were taken to a room in the building, which had the shades drawn and a guard was placed at the door. We were interviewed by many English speaking Japanese as to our background, experiences, etc. We were not told why we had been brought there but were kept in this room and told not to be seen at the windows. After about a week, we were informed that we had been brought to Tokyo to participate in Prisoner of War radio broadcasts. We were asked if we would participate as we were told, and were given the choice of either complying with their request, or being sent to a worse work camp, or shot. If we refused, the decision as to our disposal would be entirely at their discretion. There is little doubt as to what my or anyone's choice would be in a situation of that sort.

We learned that in the barracks at Bunkwa Camp there were approximately twenty five prisoners of war, some English, some Dutch, some Australian, and the rest Americans. This

group was and had been for some time broadcasting two one-half hour programs daily from Radio Station JOAK, Radio Tokyo. The three of us that had been brought from Osaka and one other was taken to a small house about two blocks from Bunkwa Camp and were told this was to be our quarters and that the four of us were to write and produce a one-half hour radio program daily over the same station as the others. Our rations in our new location and on our new job consisted of not more, but if anything less than we had received in the work camp. The only difference being that all we had to do was write and produce for our programs. Never at any time did we receive any special favors or considerations for our efforts. We received our rice and vegetable water from the galley at Bunkwa Camp and received the same food and the same proportions as did the others who were also broadcasting. Our program consisted mostly of letters from Prisoners of War to their families in the United States along with music and various anti-war commentaries. Our program was known as "The Civilianaires" and has been found by the censors not to have been treasonable broadcasting.

On or about August 20, 1945, the four of us were taken along with the residents of Bunkwa Camp to Omori Camp in Tokyo Bay. We remained there under the jurisdiction of the Japanese, and although the war was over, we were still subjected to abuses, assaults, and indignities until our liberation on August 29, 1945, by U.S. Naval Forces, under the command of Commander Stassen.

I have endeavored in the foregoing to give a brief general outline of the activities and experiences I had as a member of a group. This was done so as to afford a background for the experiences I had personally.

When I was taken prisoner on Wake Island, I quite naturally lost all person property of which I was possessed at the time.

To the best of my knowledge, I lost the following person property:

1. One Hallicrafter Radio complete with speaker and directional antennae, value \$200.00.
2. One Lord Elgin wrist-watch, value \$75.00
3. One Remington Electric Shaver, value \$15.00
4. Clothing other than military, estimate value \$85.00
5. Pen and Pencil set, value \$15.00
6. One diamond ring (men's), value \$75.00
7. Money approximately \$350.00
8. One camera, Argus, and equipment, value \$60.00
9. One personal picture and frame, value \$10.00
10. One Ronson cigarette case and lighter, value \$25.00
11. Toilet articles, books, pipes, sun glasses, etc., value \$25.00
12. Seashells, and other souvenirs, value \$30.00
13. Articles purchased for Christmas gifts and unsent at time of capture, approximate value \$100.00

The approximate value of personal property lost was \$1,065.00.

After being captured and while being held on the airport on Wake, I was without clothing to sufficiently cover my body having not hat, no shirt, only a pair of shorts and sandals, and was forced to sit through the tropical sun during the day and sleep on the ground at night with no protection from either heat or cold. During the three days confinement on the airfield, Americans were summoned to operate bulldozers and proceeded to dig an long deep ditch next to us. We were informed we were to be lined up at the edge of this ditch when it was finished,

shot with the machine guns already set up, our bodies pushed into the hold, and afterwards the same bulldozers would cover our mutual grave. Luckily, word was received from Tokyo on Christmas Day that we were to become Prisoners-of-War and so our lives were spared. Great mental damage was done, however, by seeing our grave dug before us and told that we would soon occupy it.

Sometime in February, 1942, I was afflicted with severe and painful constipation. I had been in this condition for nearly a month as a result of the boat trip from Wake Island to China. I had appealed several times for medical assistance but was refused by the Japanese. As a consequence, I was forced to evacuate my bowels by hand, this procedure necessarily resulting in severe internal bleeding and painful condition lasting for several weeks.

From sometime in March, 1942, until about March, 1943, I was forced to attend working details occupied in repairing the roads in and about Woosung and the Kiangwang area. These working details lasted about ten or eleven hours a day at least six days a week for the period mentioned. During this time, I was not given sufficient clothing to withstand the cold nor sufficient clothing to withstand the cold nor sufficient food to perform the work.

From about March, 1943 until August, 1943, I was a member of each working party engaged in the construction of a monument, the replica of Mount Fujiyama. I was compelled to load, push up a hill, and unload undue quantities of dirt used in the construction of the monument. I was not given sufficient food to perform the work and was compelled to work at least six days a week ten or eleven hours a day during this period.

Some time in March or April, 1943, I was falsely accused of gambling. The quantity of Red Cross food I had left was taken away from me, and I was slapped, beaten and spent about a week in the guardhouse on very, very short rations. During the week in the guardhouse, I spent

many hours standing at rigid attention, and if I grew weary I was slapped and kicked until I again stood at rigid attention.

Some time in May or June, 1943, I was falsely accused of not working hard enough. I was forced to perform several hours of extra labor by myself after the others had quit and gone home. I was encouraged to perform quickly by the usual treatment of slapping and beating.

In March or April, 1944, I was a member of the group that was compelled to obtain additional exercise by running races. At this time, I was, and had been for some time, in a weakened condition not only from the lack of sufficient food, but also from a chronic case of diarrhea, for which I had not been able to obtain medicine to cure. During the course of the races, I was compelled to run several laps and was urged to continue running by the application of a large field boot on my person, or a few taps with a club or rifle butt.

Some time in May or June, 1944, I was falsely accused of stealing three potatoes. As punishment, I was forced to stand at rigid attention for four or five hours while the guards took turns slapping and spitting on me. I spent the night, all the next day, and the next night in the guardhouse and was given only a small part of my regular portion of food. I was released the next morning and forced to return to work and for the next two days was not given any food. The following three days I was issued half as much food as the rest, and at the end of that time I was called back to the guardhouse where I was insulted, slapped, kicked and told not to be caught again.

Sometime in July or August, 1944, I was again accused of not working hard enough. For this I received the punishment of holding a bucket of water above my head while standing at rigid attention. My arms would sag under the weight of the water, but I was forced to straighten my arms by the use of a club applied to my elbows. I was overcome by exhaustion and fell to

the ground twice, each time being kicked until I arose, refilled the bucket with water, and again assumed the position of rigid attention. This treatment was administered by the Japanese who were overseeing us at work. When I returned to the barracks that night, I was called to the guardhouse, again slapped, beaten and kicked until they grew tired of amusing themselves, then I was sent to my barracks and given no supper.

Sometime in January or February, 1945, I was falsely accused of stealing bread and rice. As a punishment, I was severely assaulted about the head and shoulders with a large club, as a result of which I received two severe lacerations on top of the head, scars of which are still evident today. I was also assaulted on the side of head and face and although there was severe bleeding from the lacerations, I was given no medical treatment. I was taken to a guardhouse and my shoes, sweater, coat and hat were taken from me and I was placed in a room about six or eight feet square with no heat and having only concrete floor. This done when the temperature outside was freezing and colder. I was forced to stand at attention all day and lie on the concrete floor at night. I was given a small portion of rice gruel once a day, but the gruel was liberally flavored with salt. So salty in fact that it was not edible. I was given a small cup of cold tea to drink once a day, but it too had so much salt in it that it could not be drunk.

On about the fifth day of this treatment, I was extremely in need of water, even more than food. I asked to be taken to the toilet and on the way I tried to make a brake for the faucet for some water. I made it to the faucet, but while I was getting my mouth full of water, the guard started beating me with the club he was carrying. The lacerations on my head were still open and I threw up my arm to protect my head. When I did, he hit not only my arm, but also my left shoulder causing a fracture of the bone in which my arm socket pivots. Another guard was called and I was easily overcome and taken back to the guardhouse.

On about the eighth day, I was in such a condition that I admitted to all their accusations and consented to any terms and conditions that they imposed. I was told I was to get no consideration from them whatsoever and that if I was even accused of being in trouble again, I would be taken from the camp and shot.

My shoulder by this time was becoming infected internally and beginning to be very painful, but I was given no medical treatment. Also the lacerations on my head were given no medical assistance but I was sent directly to work. After about a week, my arm had become so infected that I could not lift it from my side and it was swollen so big that the shirt I was wearing had to be cut from my arm.

Finally I found mercy and assistance in the form of a doctor from the Dutch army who was also interned in our camp. He made one inspection of my arm and told the Japanese he was going to operate immediately whether they consented to the operation or not. The Japanese would not allow him to use anesthetic of any kind, or give him the proper surgical tools with which to operate. He managed to find somewhere an old pair of surgical scissors which he had to sharpen and sterilize in a crude and inefficient manner. He sat a corpse-man on my chest, one holding down my legs and one holding my right arm. Then taking the scissors he said to me “hold-on” and jabbed the scissors in my arm in three different places down to the pus pocket.

Fortunately, I was allowed to lie in the hospital for about a month. By then, my arm was not healed, but at least was taken out of the splint. I was sent back to the barracks and the next day to work. I was told, and learned, that I was not to be favored but was to work the same as the rest. Because of the lack of proper attention and equipment, my arm is not as good as before. The bone that was fractured was not set properly and quite often still gives me pain, especially when I use it.



Sometime in March, 1945, I developed an infection under the foreskin of my penis. The same Dutch doctor who had operated on me before decided that it was necessary for me to be circumcised. Again the Japanese refused me anesthetic of any kind and also refused me time off. The stitches remained in me for over a week, during which time, because I was compelled to work, I suffered extreme pain.

When I left Osaka for Tokyo, I was forced to leave behind practically all personal goods I had accumulated over a period of time. I was forced to leave three out of a set of four Chinese hand carved camphorwood boxes of various personal belongings in the boxes. Value of the complete set of four boxes \$150.00. Contents \$50.00.



Andrews, Arthur Dale, PFC  
286585,6504,USMC  
(Above) Taken in 1945 soon after  
release from Japanese POW camp



Honolulu, T.H., Sept. 5 --(Delayed)--These U.S. Marines, captured at Wake Island and Corregidor, are pictured at a Honolulu airport where they made a brief stop enroute home after three years in Japanese prison camps.

1 to R: Corp. I.J. Eagler, PFC. A.J. Calmechini, Bakersfield, Calif; Pfc. Hillman A. Davis, Denton, Tex; PFC. Arthur D. Andrews, Mt. Carmel, Ill.; Corp. F.M. Hoblett, Corp Arthur L. Hixson, of Nevada, Mo.; Corp. W.H. Adams, Fullerton, Calif; Corp Obis H. King, Dallas, Tex., and Corp. F. W. Murphy.

-USMC-

PLEASE CREDIT

