



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

## AMERICANS RETURN FROM JAP PRISON CAMPS

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

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

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



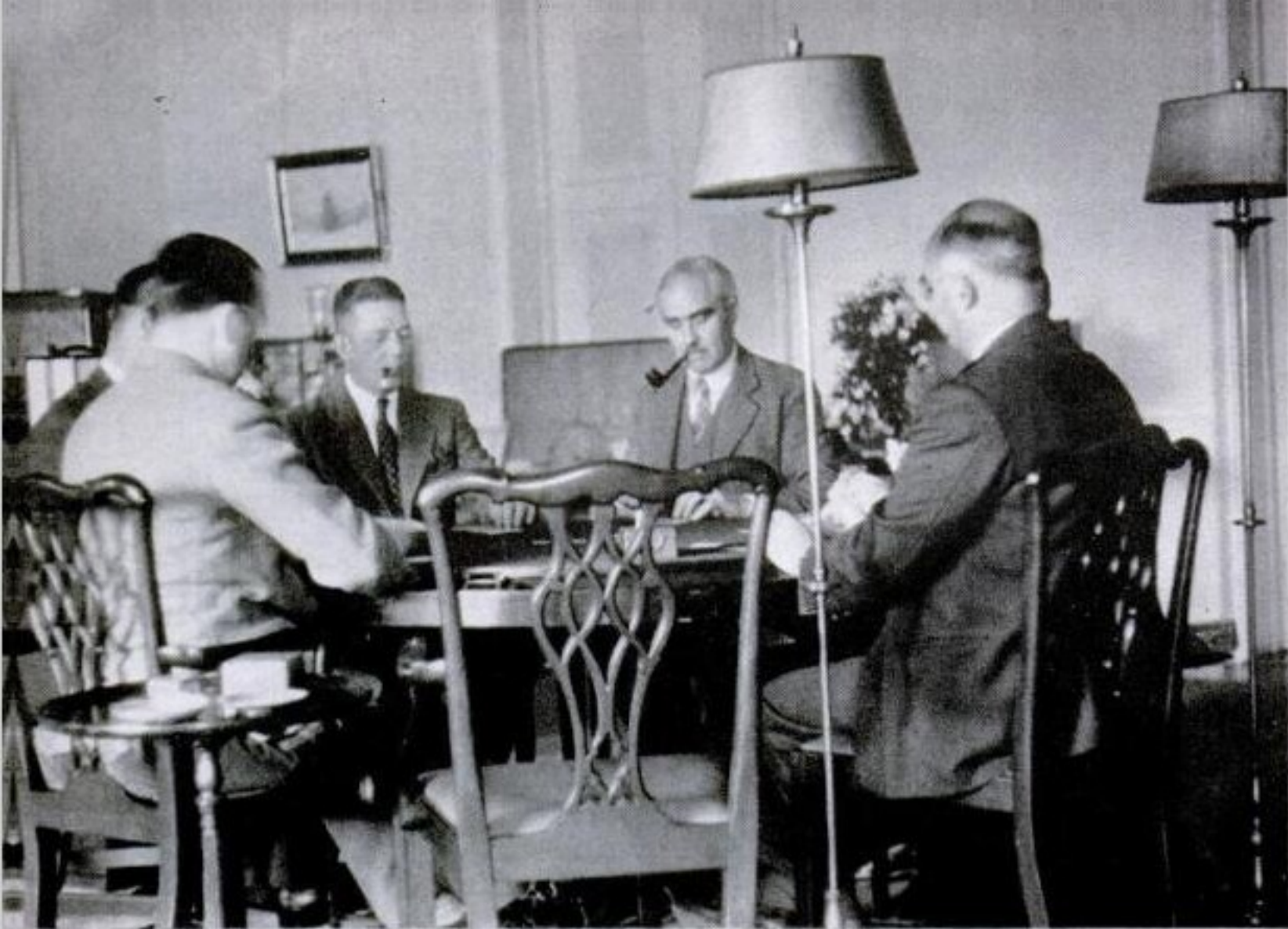
JOHN POWELL IN GOOD HEALTH (RIGHT) BEFORE DEC. 7

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

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

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

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



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



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



EMBASSY STAFF SING HYMNS ON SUNDAY, GROUPED AROUND AMBASSADOR AND

## AMERICAN DIPLOMATS HELD IN TOKYO

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

The same treatment was given South American diplomats and con-



EMBASSY COUNSELOR EUGENE DOOMAN PRACTICES HYMNS WITH ONE FINGER



CONFINEMENT FORCED THE STAFF TO CALL IN HAIRDRESSERS AND BARBERS



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

## LIVED IN A VIRTUAL STATE OF SIEGE

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

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

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



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



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



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



JAP COOKS CROWD TO GET DAILY FOOD RATIONS AT CHANCELLERY ICEBOXES

