



CRYING AND WAVING AS THEY SING, "GOD BLESS AMERICA," RESCUED INTERNEES OF SANTO TOMÁS HANG OUT THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG THEY HAVE SEEN IN 37 MONTHS

SANTO TOMÁS IS DELIVERED

February was a month of new battles for U. S. forces. The biggest battle was being fought on Germany's Western Front, where the Allies began a new winter offensive last week. The sharpest was being carried to the Japanese on the tiny island of Iwo, only 675 miles from Tokyo (see pages 36 to 44). The war passed great emotional milestones in February, too. Manila was taken and its starving U. S. prisoners were rescued. In Manila the emotion ran highest at the place where the greatest number of imprisoned Americans were kept. This was Santo Tomás.

When the Americans first reached Santo Tomás

on the night of Feb. 3, it was quiet and dark in the camp. There were a few scattered shots from the Japanese until tanks broke through the wooden fence. A few minutes later one of the internees appeared and said, "I'll lead you in." Among the first men into the camp was LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans. When Mydans walked into the main building, where he and his wife had spent the beginning of their internment three years ago, he was greeted by a hysterical crowd. The 3,700 Americans who had spent three years in Santo Tomás were finally delivered.

The men who liberated Santo Tomás had sighted

on their objective from 60 miles away. Six days before the main U. S. forces entered Manila, Brig. General William C. Chase of the 1st Cavalry Division picked a mechanized squadron of 700 men to crash through to the university grounds. Charging down the roads and carabao paths, the squadron brushed through most Japanese positions on the way. When it encountered heavy Japanese fire the men dismounted and worked with tanks to push through. Wherever the column stopped, ecstatic Filipinos came out with flowers and eggs for the soldiers. In the evening of the third day, the Americans broke into Santo Tomás.



American hostages line the windows of Santo Tomás' Education Building on the morning after U. S. troops entered the university. Hiding behind the window sills on the floor below are

Colonel Hayashi's 65 men. Lieut. Colonel Charles E. Brady went into the building to talk with the Japanese. Hayashi fingered his pistols menacingly but agreed to come out with his men.

THE JAPANESE MARCH OUT FULLY ARMED AFTER THEY HOLD HOSTAGES 36 HOURS

A strange episode of war followed the U. S. entry into Santo Tomás. When the U. S. tanks first burst in, some of the Japanese in the camp were captured. But 65 of them, commanded by a correct little Japanese lieutenant colonel named Hayashi, retreated into the university's Education Building, taking 221 internees with them as hostages.

When the Americans asked the Japanese to surren-

der, Colonel Hayashi answered, "It is not compatible with Japanese military doctrine." After a day of negotiating to save the hostages' lives the Americans agreed to conduct the Japanese out of Santo Tomás to within a few hundred yards of their own lines. At dawn the next day the Americans, holding their rifles ready, formed on both sides of the Education Building door, marched the Japanese out of the university grounds.

The Japanese leave the university in the dim light of early morning. At the right, holding up his trousers to keep them out of the mud, is Ernest Stanley, a missionary who worked as an

interpreter during the talks between Colonel Brady and the Japanese. At the left is Colonel Brady. The Americans marched in two columns, one on each side of the departing Japanese.





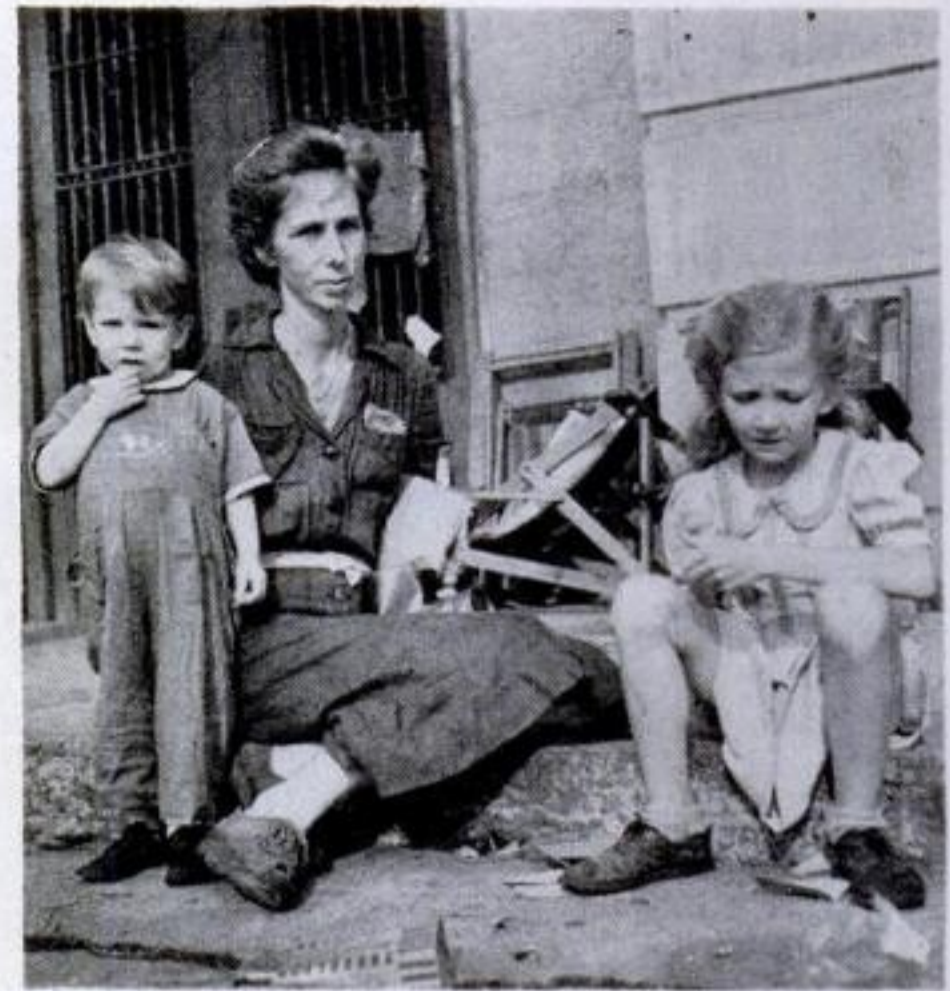
March through Manila, led by Brady (*left*), Hayashi and Stanley, took the Japanese through wrecked streets. Near the end of the march some Filipinos ran across the road and the nervous

Japanese soldiers broke for cover. Shamed by loss of face, Hayashi and his officers, who were left standing alone in the road, coaxed their men out and went off toward their own lines.



In the main patio the internees go on with the quiet routine of their prison lives while the Japanese are still holding out in the Education Building next door. Below is

the university gym, where 400 sick old men live. Many of the men are too weak to leave their beds. Sometimes there were as many as 600 of them in this one big room.



A sad-eyed mother sits on a step with her children outside one of the university buildings. Many children were born during the internment.

THE RESCUED AMERICANS STILL ARE SICK, HUNGRY AND SUBDUED

After the first shock of happiness, the Americans in Santo Tomás found that one day of freedom could not repair the damage of 37 months of imprisonment. Their bodies were still wasted by hunger. The youths were pale and gangling and the old people were shrunk to the bones. Hundreds of the internees were feeble and sick with diseases of malnutrition. The children, who were fed the best, were the healthiest.

Imprisonment had left other marks. There were some people who walked staring straight ahead, without looking to the right or left. When correspondents spoke with them, they shuffled with a strange restlessness. Everyone walked with the deliberate tread of people whose movements are limited by walls. There was also a tired politeness, something gentle and hopeless about their manner.

Very few of the Americans interned in Santo Tomás plan to come back to the United States. Their home is Manila. Said one old man, "We know our boys are doing their darnedest to clear the Japs out of there, but we can't help wishing they'd hurry."



An emaciated father feeds his son out of a tin can. Note that the children, given the best food in camp, look better than the men or women.



Two starved men sit outside university's gym-hospital. They are Lee Rogers (*left*), a retired employee of Cavite Navy Yard, and John C. Todd, a miner. When Rogers entered Santo To-

más he weighed 145 pounds. Now he weighs 90 pounds. Todd dropped from 178 pounds to 102. Behind them is one of the vegetable gardens which internees grew to keep themselves alive.



At the Pasig River, which runs through Manila, U. S. phosphorus shells drop among Japanese positions on south bank. In foreground is the Quezon Bridge, newest of four across the river.

Japanese demolition charges have neatly dropped its handsome span. On the horizon there is smoke where the Japanese battle the U. S. 11th Airborne Division driving up from the south.

AFTER WEEKS OF FIGHTING THE BATTLE STILL GRINDS THROUGH RAVAGED MANILA

Three days after the first entry into Santo Tomás, the battle for Manila itself began. The 1st Cavalry and 37th Infantry Divisions entered the northern part of the city and drove quickly to the Pasig River. The Japanese resistance was disorganized, then stiffened. Japanese set fire to buildings on the U. S.-held side of the Pasig and blew up the bridges across the river. Their artillery and mortars viciously shelled Santo Tomás, killing and wounding many of the liberated internees.

But by last week the Americans had broken into the Intramuros, Manila's ancient walled city, where the Japanese were making their last stand. Manila Bay itself was open to our fleets.

Meanwhile General MacArthur returned to a place where his heroic armies had made history. On Bataan he surveyed Japanese dead (*opposite page*), issued a grimly satisfied communiqué: "So far as can be found, no living Japanese soldier is now on the peninsula."

The ruined areas of Manila are reminiscent now of Cassino and Stalingrad. At the upper right is the main building of Santo Tomás, still substantially undamaged. The suffering of the

Filipinos in the devastated areas of the city is intense. There is no water, gas or electricity and little food. Many Filipinos have been wantonly shot and burned by retreating Japanese.





ON RECONQUERED BATAAN GENERAL MACARTHUR
LOOKS DOWN ON A HUDDLE OF DEAD JAPANESE