

"YANKEE GIRL"

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG AMERICAN WHO SPENT FIVE MONTHS IN JAP INTERNMENT CAMP AT MANILA

by FRANCES LONG

It was fun on board the *President Harrison*. We played the nickelodeon and drank good American beer, two things we had not enjoyed for a long time. Early on the morning of Dec. 2 we arrived at Olongapo where, much to my regret, we left the Marines. At 6 in the evening we docked at Pier 7 in Manila. I remember feeling small and

unwanted at the customs. I didn't know what to do or where to go and was relieved when a nice Red Cross man took charge of me and my luggage.

The next few days, ensconced in the Leonard Wood Hotel, I saw the city and made myself sick eating too much papaya. The morning of Dec. 8 I got up late as usual and decided it was time I saw the town by day instead of night. When I came down for breakfast there was no one in the hotel but a few Filipino boys rushing around cleaning rooms with no time for me. I hadn't read the papers and didn't know what was going on. I took a walk along the waterfront where all the big hotels and the Army and Navy Club are. I noticed small groups of soldiers on pretty green lawns and saw one or two anti-aircraft guns, but this was usual in the Manila of that day.

Just as I started to satisfy an urge and walk on the grassy lawn, I heard the drone of planes, looked into the sun and saw nine planes in perfect formation flying extremely high. I heard a loud bang and turned around to see what I thought was the white smoke of anti-aircraft maneuvers. There was no time to think further, for I was grabbed by the arm and thrown into a

Frances Long, who arrived in New York on the *Gripsholm* on Aug. 25, is one of the two Americans who were released from the Japanese internment camp at Santo Tomás University, near Manila, eight weeks ago. Her story, which LIFE presents herewith, was written on board the *Gripsholm*. It is the first complete account of conditions in Manila after the Japs got there.

Tall, green-eyed, cheerful and 21, Miss Long is an American citizen born in Shanghai. Her father, E. A. Long, was secretary to the consular body in Shanghai. His diplomatic status presumably caused Miss Long's release.

Frances Long went to the American School in Shanghai, finished at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England. After graduation she returned to Shanghai via Siberia. In Shanghai she worked as secretary to Editor J. B. Powell—whose picture appears on page 23—and became engaged to Lt. Alan Manning of the U. S. Fourth Marines. Last Nov. 28 she sailed from Shanghai for the U. S. on the *President Harrison*. Also aboard was her fiance and the Fourth Marines who were being transferred to Olongapo in the Philippines. Frances and Lt. Manning had intended to be married in the U. S. when he got leave last June.

ditch. I tried to object but couldn't, as a soldier was sitting on my stomach. He bawled me out as stupid, silly and just like a woman—walking vaguely along while a war was going on. I told him I did not know war had been declared. This started him off again about how dumb he had found women all his life.

The planes disappeared in the direction of Cavite, and anti-aircraft fire ceased. Somewhat later my soldier friend got off my stomach and gave me a piece of shrapnel to put in front of my mirror to remind me that there was a war.

So war was declared and I was in a dither, for boats could not leave for the U. S. I heard that Olongapo had been bombed and everybody had been wiped out. My fiance had been to see me the day before, but now I did not know where he was (I have not heard of or from him since). I could get no money, as Shanghai had been cut off.

After three days of hunting a job with the Army, I got one with Navy Intelligence and worked from 1 to 6 p. m. I did nothing but file letters and telegrams but was paid enough to live well. The Leonard Wood was now blacked out, so I moved to the Bay View Hotel where I could have lights, as the windows were cov-

ered with black curtains.

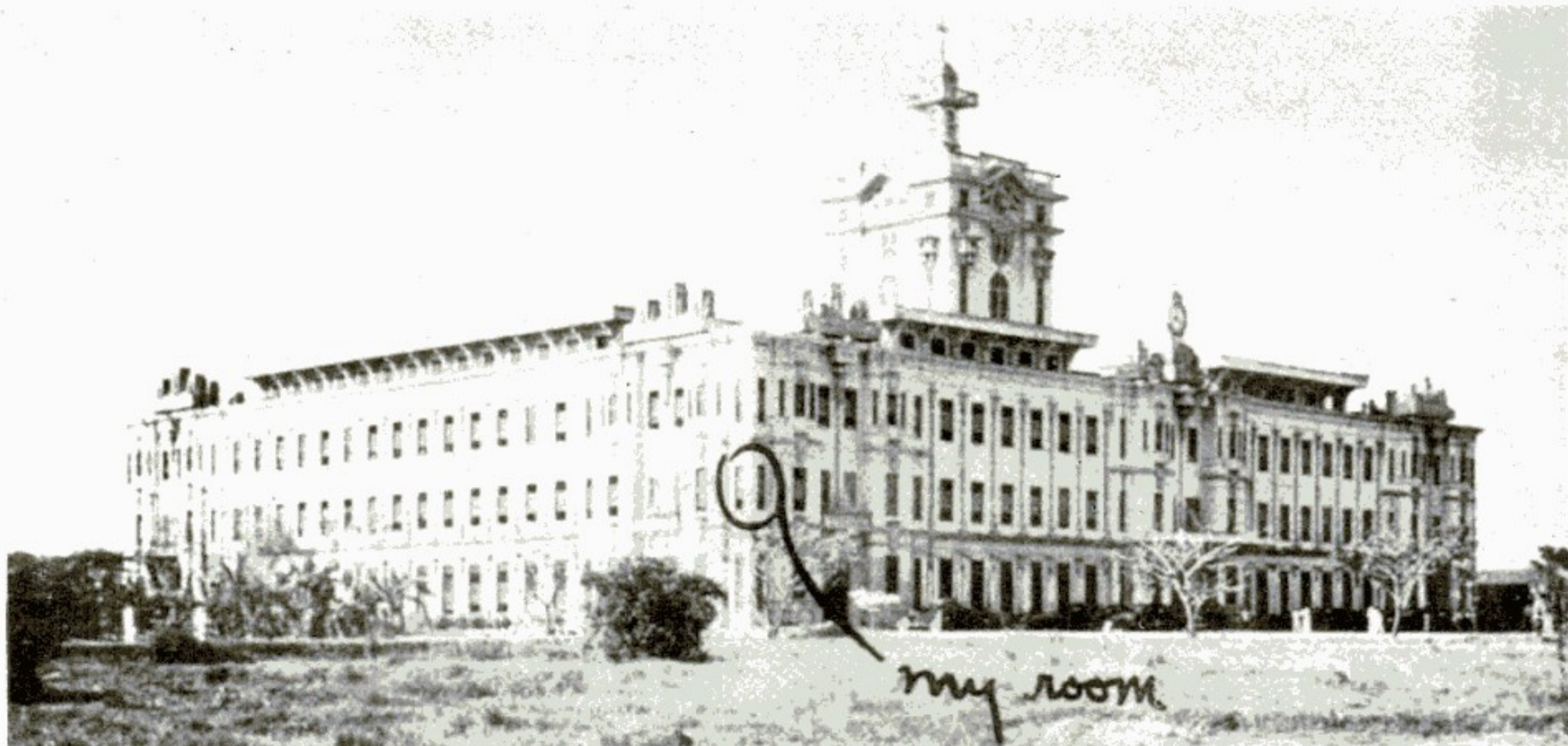
Two other ships evacuating Americans from Shanghai to the U. S. had been caught in the war. Consequently, I soon ran into old friends who, like myself, were stranded in Manila. Among them was 20-year-old, curly-headed Jessie Mann, with whom I had gone to school in Shanghai. We had never

known each other very well because no girls are friendly in Shanghai—there's too much competition. But she had just married Ralph Mann, a lieutenant in the same regiment as my fiance, had sailed with him for the Philippines the day before Alan and I left, had gotten a job in Manila like mine, and the similarity of our plights drew us together.

At first, air raids came only at night. Then the Japs got bolder and came by day. Sounds of sirens in the middle of the night scared people. They got up, rushed into shelters if there were any nearby, and there we would sit, sometimes for hours, without even smoking. When the "all clear" sounded we would tramp upstairs, only to do it all over again a little later. The time came when we paid little attention to the siren and felt that if the bomb was meant for you it would get you anyway.

One time a bunch of us stayed in the Manila Hotel while the Japs bombed the port area for three and a half hours. Every time a bomb dropped, the building shook so I thought it would fall on our heads. After waiting until we thought it was all clear, we started to make the five- or ten-minute walk to the Bay View Hotel.

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SANTO TOMÁS UNIVERSITY IN MANILA IS NOW AN INTERNMENT CAMP FOR 3,500 AMERICAN AND BRITISH CITIZENS. MISS LONG HAS MARKED THE ROOM SHE SHARED WITH 33 OTHERS.



FRANCES LONG IN THE SLACKS AND SHIRT SHE WORE DURING HER FIVE MONTHS' INTERNMENT IN MANILA



At Marine cocktail party in Shanghai's American Club Frances Long celebrated her engagement to Lieutenant Alan Manning (*left*). Two weeks later they sailed for Manila.

"YANKEE GIRL" (continued)

We got halfway when the planes came over and dropped bombs all around us. For some unreasonable reason we ran and hid in the bushes for half an hour.

Christmas Day I got flowers, a compact and three air raids. It was in the dining room of the Bay View that I first saw Carl and Shelley Mydans. A friend asked: "Do you know Carl Mydans? He is the famous LIFE photographer who covered the Finnish war, etc." I took an admiring look at him and his wife as I walked out.

Then came the astounding news that Manila was to be declared an open city. All the officers were going to Corregidor and we were to be paid off. I was stunned. It never occurred to me the Japs would ever get as far as Manila. I thought I had seen the last Japs when I left Shanghai. The men left Dec. 30 and 31. One of the officers gave me three cases of whisky, two cases of Coca-Cola and cartons of cigars. He also left me a Packard convertible with no gas and no prospect of getting any. A couple of aviators from Nichols Field told two of my girl friends to take what they wanted out of their apartment filled with clothes and furniture. They came home with radios, clothes and movie cameras. Our room was so filled with junk we could not move around. Before the Navy Intelligence left, they opened the storerooms and gave the food to employes. While the Army was moving out the city was alight as oil companies blew up their tanks and soldiers burned equipment at Nichols and Cavite fields. In the middle of the night the explosions turned the skies red and it looked as if the whole city would burn.

New Year's Eve was a dreary affair. The Japs were expected in a matter of hours. The only place open was the Manila Hotel. I went there for a dismal dinner. There were very few people. New Year's Day we woke up tense and depressed. The newspapers advised us to keep the lights on and stay indoors. We sat around all day eating our stores and getting more and more gloomy.

At about 8 in the evening Jessie, standing by the window, screamed excitedly. We rushed to see. Here it was at last—the dreaded hour. Out of the dark came many lights, one following the other down Dewey Boulevard. As the lights came nearer, there was no mistaking the tinny sound of the motors of Jap motorcycles. In they came, flooded the town and began posting guards at hotels, clubs and apartment houses.

The hotel management told us to stay in our room and to come down to meals only. Most of the servants fled. We lined up, served ourselves and were told the food on hand would last ten days. After that it would be up to the Japs to feed us. For three days we ate and slept in the hotel, not knowing what was going on outside or even in the lobby.

Then I saw my first Jap soldier face to face. He was a general. We were notified of his coming to inspect. My roommates and I prepared for the visit by sitting straight, scared stiff, in chairs facing the open door. First we heard shuffling down the hall. Then big sandy-haired Don Kneeder, manager of the hotel, walked in straight-faced and calm, followed by a general with a three-day growth of beard, who shuffled in Jap slippers, had on dirty jodhpurs and a filthy open shirt, and a toothpick in his mouth. We were petrified. He blurted: "Yankee girls?", went through the rooms, and shuffled out laughing.

The third day, rumor came that we must pack one suitcase and be ready to leave the hotel within 24 hours. We grabbed clothes frantically and sat all day. Nothing happened. The next day an order came to be ready in a half-hour with one suitcase. We rushed through clothes closets and grabbed all we could lay our hands on. My first thought was for some brand new underwear I had been saving up

for my trousseau. I stuffed it in with cartons of cigarets and a couple of pairs of slacks, many towels and a mosquito net. Most of my clothes I left in the closet, as there was no room or time.

In half an hour the Japs came by, searched the luggage and asked for radios, cameras, knives and scissors. Jessie produced a pair of nail scissors. The Jap soldier grabbed them and stuffed them in his pocket. I went to the bottom of my suitcase for my nail scissors and offered them to him but to everybody's surprise he said for me to keep them. Later I learned others had somewhat the same experience. For no apparent reason, Jap soldiers take things from some people and do not take the same things from others.

We were ordered to lug our bags downstairs. No liquor could be taken, so on every floor people rested, took big swigs of liquor, and by the time they hit the ground floor most of them were happily unconcerned about what happened to them or where they were going. We were herded onto the street pavement in the blazing sun to wait for buses. There were only two buses and the wait was long, as there were 200 of us with luggage to be hauled. Somebody had the bright idea (as it proved later at Santo Tomás) to go back to get the hotel cutlery. The Japs permitted this, then had to refurnish the hotel with these same items when their officers moved in. In going back to the hotel I noticed two Jap soldiers trying to start the convertible the Army officer had left with me. It tickled me to see them fumbling with a car engine without gas.

In about an hour I was stuffed into the bus and we were driven to Santo Tomás University. It looked nice and big from the road, with clean lawns all around. In the middle was the main building and a church and gymnasium to the left of it. Behind the main building were three smaller buildings, later turned into the hospital annex for women and children and the Red Cross *bodega* (warehouse).

We were so cramped in the bus while the Japs discussed for half an hour what to do with us that when we tumbled out our legs were numb. Americans lined up on one side, British on the other. We were stuffed into three classrooms on the second floor of the main building. Most of us dug lunch out of cans with our fingers but some tall, slender, chivalrous boy from the South with a pleasant drawl fetched along a whole cold turkey and shared it with us. This was the last turkey I saw for a long time. Men were assigned to the right wing, women to the left. With 33 other women I was assigned to classroom 9 at the end of the corridor. The largest room in the camp was occupied by 76 women. There are about 3,500 Americans and British interned in Santo Tomás.

We organize the camp

The first night was a nightmare. Jessie and I scouted, begged and finally got a small, broken, horribly narrow bed with no mattress or bedclothes. The only way we could use it was to have her head at one end and my head at the other. Since both of us were restless, our faces were full of feet all night and to top it off the Japs made us tumble into the corridor twice during the night for roll call. Many of the women, not having anything, slept on the concrete floor without mosquito nets and were terribly bitten.

The next day we all suffered. Nothing was organized. Some did not have food. Halls and rooms were disgustingly dirty, as the building had previously quartered Filipino troops who left it a mess, and internees had thrown cans, paper and cigaret butts around.

After three days things were much better organized. Jessie and I got a double mattress. Camp organizations were set up with Earl Carroll, former YMCA worker, elected chairman of the camp. An executive committee was picked which appointed other committees. Monitors were picked for floors and rooms.

Japs allowed Filipino servants to pass beds, food and clothes over the fence but this hit a snag when they caught servants passing liquor to former employers. They stopped all fence-passing for a few days until they worked out a control system for parcels from servants to internees.

After three weeks of feeding ourselves, the Red Cross opened a restaurant for destitutes. My friend and I had about exhausted our food supply and were afraid to use the little money we had. I had \$150 when I entered. When that was gone it was gone. When I left I did not have any money and borrowed from Jennifer White, only other internee to leave with me. By getting a note from the room monitor stating that we were unable to get food and did not have any, we got a food pass for two meals daily. As time went on, people were kind and gave us things to eat. Much later we contacted the outside for fruits and vegetables twice a week at little cost.

On the whole, we saw very few Japanese. The commandant stayed in his office on the third floor, transmitting his orders through the Japanese-speaking internees who worked in his office, and there were

only 20 guards. These were posted at the gate and, except for an occasional soldier who walked through the grounds just to be cheeky, we had no contact with them. There was a discipline committee patrolling the camp to enforce the rules of the central committee governing the internees, and the Japanese commandant. The most unpopular discipline group was known as the "morality squad," which was organized because the commandant stated he and the Jap soldiers were shocked to see the internees holding hands and showing signs of affection, even if they were married. So the morality squad went around telling people not to hold hands or sit close together. Nevertheless, romances bloomed among young internees. One couple met the day they were interned, got engaged a week later and asked the central committee for permission to marry. The committee advised them to wait, as it wouldn't do them any good anyway in view of the fact that married couples were not allowed to live together in the camp. Nevertheless, they insisted. The committee conveyed their request to the Japanese, who angrily turned them down.

Six women under one shower

When I first arrived, there were no showers and no baths and only three washbasins for 470 women on the second floor. Sometimes the women hosed each other with water. Later the sanitation committee installed showers but there were usually six women under each shower at once. Our room became the envy of all, for when we got the basin fixed we could bathe privately.

As we got settled, the entertainment committee organized and gave amateur shows. There was a surprising amount of talent in camp. We had singers, accordion and guitar players and one night they gave *The Face on the Barroom Floor*. All my life I'd laughed at that title and it wasn't till I saw it given in Santo Tomás that I realized what a serious play it is. Everybody went.

Women with children were moved into a small building and given three meals a day by the Red Cross. The Japs were nice to kids and have been known to slap the parents and cuddle the kids.

A hospital was established under the supervision of several excellent civilian doctors and nurses from Manila. As organization got continually better the people said they liked getting sick, as those in the hospital fared much better. Outside of a few cases of enteritis, a form of dysentery, there was very little illness. If internees needed special medical attention which was not available at the camp, the Japs permitted them to leave for treatment in Manila.

There were many rules and regulations at Santo Tomás. They issued a rule against putting things on window sills when a sardine can fell on a Jap sentry's head.

They were always sending around circulars about how men and women over 60 could live outside, and women with small children could live outside. If they lived outside, however, the Japs kept walking into the houses and snooping around all the time.

Internees got outside the camp for as long as ten days sometimes. A man and wife with a baby were allowed outside ten days when their baby was ill. A girl I knew got a day's leave because her sister in Manila had a baby. Medical cases had priority. For a while the men lived in the gym near the church, but the Japs soon closed the gym, saying the priests who were free influenced us against the Japanese. Then the gym and church were surrounded with barbed wire—so the priests could not be contacted.

Children's sports were given in the open and there were baseball and football classes for them. For adults there were classes in French, Spanish, mathematics, music appreciation. Carl Mydans gave a course in photography. Besides teaching, Carl was on the public relations committee and wrote for *Internees*, our paper which is printed and read solely by internees. He always looked busy. Although I first saw Carl and his wife, Shelley, in the Bay View dining room, I did not know them until we went to Santo Tomás. I usually saw Carl when he was walking around the campus. He wore khaki shorts, a white or brown open-neck shirt and a khaki slouch hat. He often had a pipe, but generally held it rather than smoked it. He had a beard for a while, but I think Shelley made him cut it off. He used to wash his clothes a couple of faucets away from me and would make cracks about how dirty his pants were.

Shelley was quiet and extremely nice. She used to come to our room and talk to Georgie Scott and Margie Kayser. Georgie's husband was with the C. N. A. C. in Chungking. Margie's was away in the Army and Shelley knew them both. The girls would talk to each other about when they would see their husbands again. Shelley always did her own washing with all of us. The Mydans' both looked cheerful, but nobody was happy. You'd see them eating together on

those rough benches out in the open, watching baseball games and walking on the campus together at dusk. Shelley was usually dressed in a print gathered skirt, white shirt, bobby socks and blue tennis shoes. Shelley and I worked at adjoining desks when she was assigning work to the internees. We used to exchange cigarets and talk about how foul the native cigarets were. And we used to laugh at her old fuddy-duddy boss.

I worked for the discipline committee for two months, typing, taking dictation and filing. I later became a messenger. This meant sitting outside the central office waiting to deliver messages. Messengers wore bands with "Little Boy Run Swiftly" written on them in Japanese so they could go anywhere in camp. Different arm bands meant different jobs: green for sanitation and yellow for central committee; red for policeman. When I worked for the discipline committee I had a yellow band with Jap characters meaning secretary. There are all sorts of jobs and everybody is busy.

After I had been in camp about two months they systematized the feeding so that we all got the same breaks. We were given food cards for breakfast and dinner. The noon meal we provided for ourselves, if we could. The kitchen was run by internees, the Japs paying the bill. We lined up from 7 to 9 for breakfast, 4:30 to 5:30 for dinner. When the line was long, I knew the food was good that day. For breakfast we had cracked wheat, sugar, treacle water, coffee. By this time milk was only for children. We had rolls for a time but soon the Japs took flour away. For dinner we had stew or noodles, rice or sardines, duck eggs and "peachi" (like spinach), tea, occasionally a banana or orange if in season. The starchy diet fattened some women. I gained 20 lb. We ate on benches and tables in the open and out of anything we could get. At first Jessie and I had a plate, knife, fork and cup but these were stolen early in our internment. Then we ate out of coffee cans which we found and cleaned with sand.

Later on, the months in Santo Tomás took on a new complexion. The Japs permitted the famous Filipino trader, Aguinaldo, to establish a counter where people could order stuff from the outside—sheets, towels, plates, easy chairs, knitting wool, etc. A second store, established at the same time by Japs, was selling ice cream, fruits, doughnuts, sandwiches, canned goods—all established on the lawn. We tried to boycott these shops but they had so much we could not get on the outside.

One day the commandant permitted the building of shacks on the lawns out of anything the owner could find. We were allowed to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Autographs of internees adorn Miss Long's shirt. She embroidered the signatures with thread bought at camp store. The collar reads, "Santo Tomás Concentration Camp."



LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans, caught when on assignment in Manila Dec. 7, teaches photography to other internees. He also serves on the camp public relations committee.

"YANKEE GIRL" (continued)

sit in them from 6:30 in the morning to 7:45 at night. One shack was roofed with an old Ipana tooth-paste poster. The Japs allotted the districts, which came to be known as Glamorville, Jungle Town and Shanty Town. Glamorville, with front lawn and good-looking shacks, built mostly of wood and sawali, had vines and flowers around. Jungle Town was almost hidden in the trees and bushes so the shacks were hard to find. Shanty Town looked like its name, a veritable conglomeration of the shackiest shacks. The districts had mayors who superintended the patrolling to see that the rules were obeyed. The Japs ordered all shacks to be open on three sides so that everything was visible. Jessie and I shared an 8-ft.-by-5-ft. shack with a duckboard floor, canvas roof and stiff blinds to be let down when we were sent back to the dormitory at night. Friends contributed a table, two chairs, a charcoal stove, buckets made from biscuit tins, and tin cans for storing food. Later we got contributions of precious morsels like salt, pepper, cooking oil. We now ate here, away from the jammed corridors and out of the hot sun.

Music on the lawn until 9 p. m.

The beginning of the fourth month things were in top shape. The entertainment committee gave a good show every other week. Phonograph music was played on the front lawn until 9 p. m. One could stay cool and listen to the music before going into the furnace-like buildings. At 8:45 a policeman from the discipline committee blew a whistle. We'd troop toward our room for roll call. Room monitors would call the names, read announcements and circulars from the committee or commandant. While this was going on we'd prepare the beds, fix our nets in a hurry so that we could go on to the corridors and get the best table to play bridge, knit, read or talk rumors. Eleven o'clock, lights out.

In spite of all this improvement, as time wore on hopes began to sink. When we were first interned we had the grand idea we would be out in two months. We heard rumors of reinforcements and that MacArthur was only waiting until he had enough to make a big push and retake Manila. We'd see the boys again and what a party we'd have! We saw the Jap planes in formations go over Corregidor, and from Bataan would come the boom-booms of the big guns and happily we thought, "That's giving them hell. They won't last long now that we have reinforcements." We counted the planes coming back and everybody had a different idea as to how many got back but somehow we felt that only a few returned. Copies of the Jap paper which went to each room looked black for our side but we paid no attention and called it Japanese propaganda.

But one day we learned that Singapore had fallen. "It could be



Shelley Mydans helped organize internee work program and is a member of the sanitation and health committee. She was the only woman in camp who didn't gain weight.

true," we said, "but we won't believe it. The Japs are lying to break our morale. Why, Singapore is supposed to be the strongest fortress of the East." When all doubt passed and we knew it had fallen, everybody was low and depressed and bad tempered. We knew we were due for a long stay at Santo Tomás. Then came good rumors and people pepped up. We grabbed on to any new rumors and others would listen, believe thoroughly, clinging to anything that would make life bearable.

We heard the Dutch East Indies had fallen and everyone asked, "What is happening back home? Don't we deserve a break now? It couldn't be that the Japs are having their own way so completely." We grabbed any outsider, for news, rumors and stories were so contradictory that our heads were awlirl. We believed all except the most fantastic rumors on the barest chance they might be true. Once, when American planes came over and bombed Nichols Field, we became hysterical. I was thrown to the floor by Margie Kayser who thought we were being bombed. Surely something was going on. The committee elected a fire warden. We expected planes back in numbers to bomb the Japs out of Manila. Imagine our feelings when nothing happened except more bad news in the Jap newspaper. We thought, when MacArthur went to Australia, that he'd gone for reinforcements and was coming back with more men and equipment than the Japs could stand and would reward the boys of Bataan and Corregidor with ammunition, food and reinforcements.

As the time went on we realized with horror that there were no reinforcements, no MacArthur. More Jap planes were concentrating on Bataan. They seemed to leave Corregidor alone, going forth in formations up to 50 and returning with the same number or only one or two missing. The Jap paper said Bataan had fallen. We couldn't believe it until the Japs brought into our camp families from Bataan who said Bataan had fallen and the troops were retreating to Corregidor. The horror, depression and low morale was terrible to see.

But even worse was the fall of Corregidor. We shall never forget that as long as we live. As the days crept by and the sound of guns on Corregidor grew less and less we knew Corregidor was crumbling. Imagine us sitting in a concentration camp not 30 miles away. I felt I would become insane at the picture of all the horrible things happening with the fall of Corregidor. Wainwright's speech to the troops to surrender made internee morale pitiful. Almost all of us had husbands, fiances, brothers or friends over there. When Corregidor fell, we heard that 3,000 of our boys were taken prisoners and marched through the streets of Manila, apparently to Bilibid Prison which was near us. At night we could see the searchlight in the prison tower.

After Corregidor, the Japs flew balloons, as is usual when a city or fortress has fallen, with messages to the Filipinos that they at last were free. Posters were plastered all over the city asking people to cooperate with Japan to suppress Americans and the British for ever-

lasting peace. But Japs contradicted the posters by beating the Filipinos for the slightest offense. The Filipinos hated them. Once at camp I saw a Filipino beaten for being fresh to a guard. I turned my head from these beatings, as it upset my stomach. The most horrible of all instances at camp was when three British seamen escaped and were caught in the city. They were brought back and shot before a small audience consisting of the chairman and a few members of the executive committee. That night we received a circular telling the story, warning of similar consequences if anything of the kind occurred again. Afterward the guards patrolled around the buildings nightly.

On April 4 I was summoned by the Jap commandant. I was so nervous I could scarcely dress. He smilingly gave me a letter from my family in Shanghai and I started crying. It was the first news I had had. Others began to get letters from Shanghai but we were only permitted to reply once, briefly.

A few days later the commandant asked if I wanted to return to Shanghai in case of evacuation. I answered, "Yes." During April and May I was called up several times and always asked the same question. If I asked questions, no reply was given. I was only told that I could go back if I wished. After so many times, I grew dubious about the whole thing but on June 4, as Jessie and I were going down to dinner, I was called to the commandant's office. I told Jessie to wait, as I knew it would be the same question and it would not take long. However, I was mistaken. I was told that I would leave Santo Tomás for Shanghai early the next morning with one other evacuee, Jennifer White, A. P. correspondent, who was also in Room 19. If I told anybody about my departure, I would be punished. My questions remained unanswered again.

A drunken Jap in a kimono

I asked if I could recover my luggage which I had left five months before at the Bay View Hotel. At first I was refused but after I told them I had borrowed all my clothes from other internees they consented, provided I go alone with one Jap guard. I agreed, and when we drove out of the gates of Santo Tomás my friends were on the lawn awaiting an evening musical program. They feared the worst and ran to each other asking what I had done.

I arrived at the hotel and had to wait in the lobby for half an hour for the guard to get the keys from the storeroom. The lobby was full of Japanese military and naval men lolling in kimonos and drinking beer. The walls were covered with propaganda posters, and the Japs eyed me malevolently, with actual dislike. I became frightened when one intoxicated Japanese soldier touched me and asked if I were a "Yankee girl." I was so frightened I could not answer. He laughed and staggered off. I was relieved when the little camp guard returned with the keeper of the keys.

These two took me up to the laundry room on the eighth floor where the luggage was stored. The little guard broke open the military seal on the door. The luggage was piled ceiling high, and after climbing around I found two of my suitcases, but the main case with my furs and all my winter clothing was missing. After 20 minutes of hunting, my yellow friends got bored and began yelling "Yankee girl," and pointed for me to come down. I dragged the two heavy suitcases down the eight floors with guards asking me stupid questions about my age, sex and name, saying "Yankee girl," and laughing like idiots.

I dragged the suitcases to the car and got in with swarms of native Japs staring at me. I breathed easier in the car with the guard, headed back for camp.

At Santo Tomás, word had gone around and I met a thousand staring faces and what seemed like a million questions screamed at me as I tried to make my way to Room 19. A friend helped me with the luggage. At the risk of punishment, I told him I was leaving, for I saw that it was useless to try and keep the secret. As I packed, people from Shanghai crowded in begging me to take messages. Most of them had to be verbal, as the Japs told me I could not take anything connected with camp.

I felt terrible to leave Jessie behind and I could not sleep. I tossed restlessly listening to the snorts, snores and whistles of the women in the room.

I arose at 5:30 and for the first time in five months had a whole shower to myself. It was great to feel the full splash of water instead of the usual sprinkle. After I dressed I awakened Jessie and, speaking in whispers, I awaited the call of Mr. Grinnell, an internee connected with the Japanese office.

When he came, we trooped downstairs in a strange and quiet

manner. Outside was an old bus, and a few early risers were hissing their last-minute messages. Then Jennifer White came down. We climbed into the bus with our luggage and tried to wave bravely to the receding figures of our friends of Santo Tomás. For a few minutes we couldn't talk, and smoked cigarets to regain our composure.

We drove all over Manila picking up the luggage of eleven other evacuees for Shanghai, including "Chick" Parsons, the Panamanian consul, his wife and three little boys. We drove to Pier 7, which was wrecked by Jap bombing and looked so different from my first visit. There a small Red Cross vessel was docked and we were taken aboard and assigned cabins. We were warned not to look at the wounded Japs below.

As we passed Corregidor, I peeked through the drawn curtains. It was a depressing sight, desolate and completely ruined. I felt sick. After two days at sea we pulled into Takao, the southern end of Formosa. A Japanese military came aboard and made us fill out forms, asking us about our education, if any of us had ever been to Japan and who we thought would win the war. We were placed in a Japanese inn. Six occupied one room. It was clean, but we ate on the floor, sat on the floor and slept on the floor. We bathed in a community bath and we got the innkeeper to understand that we did not want any Japanese gentlemen along when we were bathing, as is the custom. Several times an old man tried to get in the bath, but our screams scared him away.

We went from Takao to Taihoku on a night train with one Japanese guard who alternately slept or offered me horrible Japanese cigarets. At Taihoku, eight of our group left for Shanghai by plane immediately. Five of us stayed at the hotel for two days where we were confined to our rooms, except for meals which we ate in the dining room behind a screen, because the hotel didn't want its Japanese customers antagonized by the presence of white people. Even so, it caused a stir among the guests and waiters; they began peeping through the screen at us.

There were seven armed guards night and day. One night one guard insisted he would bathe with us if we took our baths after 9:30 at night. We took ours early in the morning to avoid an argument. We were taken by auto to the airport, the car windows being covered with Japanese newspapers. We climbed into the window-covered plane, but once we were clear of the Formosa coast we could look out. The China coast was a magnificent sight. It was wonderful, at Shanghai, to see my folks and give messages to the relatives and friends of the people of Santo Tomás. On June 28 I sailed from Shanghai on the *Conte Verde*.

ROBERT E. COGILL
Chairman

BERTRAND H. SILBY
Editor

CAMPUS HEALTH

HEALTH...  ...IS WEALTH

No. 1 - Friday, March 6, 1942

EDITORIAL

In presenting this, our first issue of **CAMPUS HEALTH** we do so with the full appreciation that it is but a small acknowledgment of the splendid work and cooperation of the more than 700 men in the **SANITATION AND HEALTH COMMITTEE** of this Camp. Without their health and sanitation conditions here would rival those of the **BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA**. To these seven hundred who have not hesitated to do the most menial chores we owe our health and much of our happiness during these trying times...and to these men this publication is hereby dedicated. It will be published every Friday and will not only serve as a recognition of work being done but also will help keep the members informed on health matters in the camp; how, when and why such measures should be taken. Talk of pub-

BUREAU OF HEALTH RECOGNIZES EXCELLENT WORK OF SANITATION COMMITTEE

When a group of amateurs are congratulated by professionals it is something to grow about. The following letter received from the Bureau of Health of the Commonwealth of the Philippines speaks for itself:

"The **INTERNEES COMMITTEE FOR SANITATION AND HEALTH** at **SANTO TOMAS** University, in particular, and all the internees in general deserve congratulations for keeping daily the camp clean and sanitary.

All garbage and rubbish are properly disposed in pits dug by the internees themselves. Campaigns against flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, bedbugs and other insects is a daily routine. Last but not least is the keeping of all kitchens screened and immaculately white. Consequently, the incidence in the camp of communicable diseases is negligible.

(Signed) **FLAVIANO MEDALL**
Acting Chief, Section of Immunization
Bureau of Health

That more than 200 flycatchers were purchased by the S and H Committee. That these have done away with thousands of flies, any one of which might have been a disease carrier.

deanted the Plumbing Department, then under the direction of Mr. **VICTOR LEWIS**, undertook to provide the boys with a real shower building. The

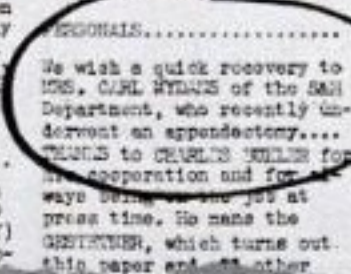
blem and are a common source of infection. There appears to be a general lull from the cleanliness of the early days of the camp. A general appeal should be made to all internees for more thoughtfulness and greater care.

SUGGESTION STORY.....
"Where to find a broom when he needed it" is the key to the rapid rise of **A.L. (TOSY) ALDERBROOK**. He began by sweep-

...**J.P. BRADSHAW, A.R. MATHENS, H. C. ...**

PERSONALS.....
We wish a quick recovery to **MS. CARL MYDANS** of the S&H Department, who recently underwent an appendectomy....
THANKS TO CHARLES MILLER for his cooperation and for always being on the job at press time. He made the **GREENHORN**, which turns out this paper and other

of requirements from 60% to 90% in room cleanliness standards. Last week these 3 rooms received 100% marks. **JERRY**, 69, monitored by **MS. DAVID HENRY**; **MAIN BUILDING**, No. 7, monitored by **MS. A.L. FLENT**; **EDUCATION BUILDING**, Rooms 331-32-33, all monitored by **G. BRADSHAW**. Members of S&H are asked to help prevent mutilation of walls, signs, posters, bulletin, etc. by



Sanitation committee's weekly paper keeps internees posted on what is being done to maintain health. Paragraph in circle gives news of Shelley Mydans' appendectomy.