

No. 3074

EX 3074

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I, MARY ERWIN MARTIN residing at 21, Kensington Gate, W.8. in the County of London, England, make oath and say that the attached photostatic copy of the statement entitled Japanese in-Hongkong, January to July 1942, given me for use in evidence in the trial of major war criminals for the International Military Tribunal for the Far East now sitting in Tokyo, and that such statement is in all respects true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

SWORN by the said MARY)
ERWIN MARTIN at 33,)
Gloucester Road, South)
Kensington in the)
County of London this)
29th day of April, 1947.)
Before me;

(Signed) Mary Erwin Martin

(Signed) Elvin V. Leach
Commissioner for Oaths.

Japanese in Hongkong, January to July, 1942.

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Mrs A.J.Martin

The Japanese I met in Hongkong during the months my husband and I were prisoners there were all Foreign Office or Consular men and it was thanks to their care and protection that we received the very special treatment we did, and were never at any time in the hands of the Army or the Gendamerie. They took very good care we did not.

My husband, Arthur J.Martin, was British Consul General in Chungking and we had gone to Hongkong on sick leave in November, 1941, where he had an operation early in December, at the Queen Mary Hospital. He was getting on excellently well, but the attack of the Japanese of Hongkong was followed by a complete breakdown of most services; no food, no medicines, a practical breakdown in so many directions including morale, that chances for survival for any except the most fit and hardy were slight and my husband died on the 7th of April, 1942.

During those months, from January until the end of June, when I was allowed to leave Hongkong on the repatriation ship, the Gripsholm, with the repatriated Americans, my husband and I, and later I alone, owed every bit of consideration and help which we received to certain Japanese officials, to whom I feel the deepest gratitude. The kindness they showed us meant that my husband's last days were at least peaceful, and that I am alive today. I was not prepared, after my husband's death, to face concentration camp life, and told the Japanese in charge of Foreign Affairs so. I was lucky that he realized I meant what I said. The kindness my husband and I received was also shown to various other people and I feel that the Japanese concerned should receive credit

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for what they did.

The first we came in contact with is or rather was Consul in Hongkong, a Mr. Kimura. Colonel Yano was in Tokyo and Mr. Kimura was in charge during the first three months after the Japanese occupation of Hongkong, of the Consulate General although officially he had no authority as the Army were entirely in control and treated him with the most open discourtesy. He was transferred to Peking in March.

When it became apparent that severe measures were being taken to control the foreigners in Hongkong, and that passes were required for any one moving about I wrote a letter for my husband, to the Japanese Consul General, asking for a pass, and for his assistance in obtaining diplomatic protection for us. We were then at the Queen Mary Hospital.

Mr. Kimura sent a vice-consul out next day, gave me his own card, and asked that I call on him the following day at his office in Hongkong. After a long and very irate conversation with two Japanese officers Mr. Kimura was able to get for me a military pass, on his own personal guarantee and my promise to report to him every ten days. I had a number of interviews with him, often chatting for nearly an hour. We discussed the war pretty thoroughly and I was of the impression that he was horrified at what had happened, although he was far too astute to say much. I do know, from eye-witnesses, that when the famous march down the Peak took place, all the residents walking down with what luggage they could carry in their hands, young, old, sick or well, Mr. Kimura rounded up every motor car he could get hold of and sent them up the peak to bring people down. He did so much to alleviate the awful conditions that Hongkong residents found themselves in

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that the Army authorities had him on the mat and threatened him with severe punishment if he did not cease his efforts, and forbade him seeing Dr Selwyn-Clark, and various other British still at large.

When he was about to be transferred I had an interview with him and he told me that Mr. Takio Oda was coming, as Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, that he would have all the authority and power and freedom that he lacked, and that he would look after my husband and me and be in apposition to do much more for us. Mr. Kimura was a quiet very pleasant mannered man, most unaggressive, and felt very much the position he was put in by the Army, and his own inability to help us.

Mr. Oda, Takio Oda, was a much more aggressive personality. He was a most agreeable, good looking man, about 35 years of age, and was said to have studied at Amhurst College, while stationed at the Japanese Embassy in Washington. To insure his own authority as Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs in Hongkong, he had had himself made a Colonel in the Army, although his suave good looks make an amusing contrast to the truculent appearance of a good many of the Japanese Army officers. He was also a member of the Black Dragon Society. He took over complete charge of affairs on his arrival, and immediately instituted the sending of parcels to Stanley Jail, where about 3,500 prisoners were interned. Conditions there, due to underfeeding and overcrowding were very bad and the parcels went a long way to alleviate conditions for the lucky few who were recipients. I understand about 500 parcels a week were the average. Those who had no friends in Hongkong were unlucky. Red Cross parcels were undelivered, and special grants of money were so whittled down and prices

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were so fantastic that they got very little.

Visits every week to the French hospital by two prisoners from Stanley, for medical treatment were also instituted by Mr. Oda, on the appeal of Dr Selwyn-Clark. This kept a link going between Stanley and the outer world.

The kindnesses shown by Mr. Oda to my husband and me were innumerable. He came out to see my husband personally. He lent us money out of his own pocket, and later a considerable sum from Japanese Government funds. He saw to it that I had a pass sealed by the highest Army authorities. I had it translated by a Chinese friend who told me, "Well, you certainly are under very high protection." It meant I had courteous treatment from all sentries, who guarded all the roads everywhere in Hongkong. He spared no effort to protect us in every way, and on my husband's death sent a representative to the funeral, with a huge wreath from the members of the Foreign Affairs Bureau, and came personally to call the following day to express his sympathy. He never lost an opportunity to show me a kindness, although he was extremely bad tempered at times, particularly at the time when the ^ODolittle bombing of Japan took place and his own family were endangered. He did far more than could have been expected, with so much understanding, it is hard to believe it all, looking back now. He said to me one day, "Why do you worry when I am looking after you." I couldn't ask for more than that I suppose. And I was fortunate to get away on the Gripsholm, again with his help, before he was transferred from Hongkong.

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He hated the work, after two months there. He hated his own inability to relieve the suffering there. He told Father Joy, the head of the Jesuit Procureure, who was a great friend of ours and told me. Father Joy would be an invaluable witness for the defence for all "good Japanese" in Hongkong. He got about everywhere and knows them all

I understand that Mr. Oda was keenly interested in getting the Red Cross established in Hongkong. But Mr. Zindel, the representative, a Swiss came to Hongkong after I left on the Gripsholm, or rather on the Asama Maru, which later transferred us to the Gripsholm, so I can not say anything about his activities there. I do know though that when I was leaving Hongkong, and went to say good bye to Mr. Oda, I asked him if he had any message to give Lord Halifax, or Sir Alexander Cadogan, both of whom I hoped to see and he replied, "Yes, tell them to get the British out of Hongkong, get them out as quickly as they can, to India, anywhere out of here." And I replied, "You will help, you have done so much already." "I will do everything I can," he replied. I do not believe anyone could have done more than he did, in the face of the attitude of the Army authorities, and the British owe a great debt of gratutude to him for what he did.

Mr. Fugita was one of the Vice-consuls in the Consulate General and was one of the first Japanese I met after the occupation. I can see him now, in the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank, dealing out passes to 3rd Nationals, handling them all, and in particular the Norwegian Consul who made a scene because apparently he was not to have a pass, with

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such courtesy and tact it was hard to believe he was one of the hated Japanese. I met him several times, knew him slightly over a period of several months until he was relieved of his post and went away to Japan. He was always most kind, and finally left because he couldn't stand the friction with the Gendarmes and his own inability to help people who so often desperately needed help. That is the story I was told, he couldn't stand seeing so much suffering, and being unable to help. Father Joy can tell you all about him. He did everything possible to help my husband and me, even giving me eggs one day, which he had received as a present from the New Territory, for my husband.

Colonel Yano was Consul General in Hongkong, and was away in Tokyo most of the time. He gave me his own personal calling card, to use in case of necessity with the message that if I found myself in any difficulties at any time, sentries were often making things difficult for people, I was to telephone him at once. He personally took Mrs. Tiertoff, the mother of Mrs. D.C. Davis, whose husband was in the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank, up to their house on the Peak, in an effort to get some clothes and personal belongings from their house. They were at the SunHua Hotel with the other bankers. Colonel Yano helped her load up a big load of things in his own motor car and brought her down the Peak again. Somehow I cannot imagine a Consul General of any other nationality doing such a thing. Queer people, the Japanese.

I met Mr. N. Anano the day I got my military pass from Mr. Kimura, at lunch at a very bad restaurant on the Queen's Road, where I had gone to get something to eat other than hospital fare, which was bad, to put it

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mildly. The food at the restaurant was bad too, and I looked up from the table I was sitting at, to see a pleasant faced middle aged Japanese sit down opposite me. He so politely inquired if I minded that when he ordered Beef Steak I remarked that it was really shoeleather, and found myself in a conversation with him. He was curious to know who I was and how I happened to be out of Stanley Jail. He knew of my husband, and we found so many congenial topics to talk about that an hour and a half passed before the "lunch" was over, he insisting on paying for it, although I assured him that I was still solvent. He replied that I had better keep it, I would need it. My impression was that although he was advisor to the Japanese Army in Hongkong, he did not approve of the war. He had been agent for the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha. He inquired if he could do anything for us, and said to call on him if he could. I later found that he had spoken to Mr. Oda about us in an effort to help us. A very kindly pacific man, I thought.

The repatriation ship, the Asama Maru left Hongkong on the 29th of June, if I remember rightly. Things went very smoothly from the a Japanese crew including cabin stewards and stewardesses. Accommodations were extremely crowded, the ship was simply packed and to avoid complication the Japanese had requested the American Embassy officials to undertake the billeting of the passengers. This had been done most efficiently and everyone went to his appointed berth at once without delay. All one had was a berth and in our cabin four people were packed in a cabin intended only for three. We managed well enough however and there was a very good atmosphere in that tiny room.

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Some bighearted person, in the Embassy I heard had the idea that the men on board should disregard seigniority and give up their A and B deck cabins so that people of lesser importance, particularly the missionaries, with their large families of children should have the comfort of better accommodations. So, all members of the American Embassy and Consular Services, with the exception of Mr Southard, the Consul General from Hongkong, and the South American Diplomats vacated their cabins and went below to the steerage. There may have been others who held on to their good cabins, but I did not hear of it if they did.

Although there was a certain amount of grumbling by wives separated from their husbands who slept down below it was all done with considerable good spirit. Those who might possibly have objected vigorously under more normal conditions were held to discrete silence by popular opinion. I have since heard that Mr. Grew kept his cabin. This seems quite likely.

Arrangements on the Asama Maru were most efficiently planned and carried out as proved by the smooth running of everything during the month's journey from Hongkong to Lorenzo Marques. There was ample food such as it was, it was well cooked and served and on the 4th of July the Chief distinguished himself by serving amusingly oriental cake, large layer cakes, decorated with red, white and blue decorations to celebrate the day. I seem to remember some inscription on the cake on our table, but cannot remember just what. I noted it at the time however and thought how typical and how rather nice. This in particular because those people on the Asama Maru, with few exceptions, hated the Japanese with a deadly hate, very often with the greatest justification

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and the Japanese were well aware of it. They did not dare say much, people spoke quietly when they spoke at all, because they could not be sure that they might be detained on the Asana Maru, and returned to Japan as prisoners. That fear did not lift until Lorenzo Marques was reached and we were off the Asana Maru.

Particular mention should be made, and credit given to the very charming Chief Deck Stewart who was the one and only Japanese on board who did not avoid the passengers. He did everything possible to make the journey comfortable and pleasant and saw to it that the deck games were always available and the decks as comfortable as possible under the crowded conditions. To my mind, his efforts were made with so much tact and kindness that I spoke to him a day or two before reaching Lorenzo Marques, saying that I for one wished him to know that it had been noticed and appreciated. He did not have much to say, but told me that he had been Chief Deck Stewart on one of the big Japanese liners on the U.S. Japan run for many years. Oscar of the Waldorf in New York couldn't have been more charming or efficient.

The month's journey on the Gripsholm was an entirely different affair. We arrived on board, 1,500 passengers, and were asked to sit around on the decks till cabins were cleaned and ready. That seemed reasonable enough and an excellent lunch, buffet, was served which cheered people up considerably as the long tables literally groaned under the loads of food such as we had not seen for months during our captivity.

We were told that the billeting officers were working on allotting the

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cabins and everything would be ready by late afternoon. Arrangement for food, diningroom arrangements and the food itself were at all times excellent. The allotting of cabins however was a fiasco, from the start to the finish. It was said later that two billeting officers had been flown out from Washington to make arrangements, and that they were too drunk to do the work. Whether this was true or not I am not in a position to say. I do know however that I sat around that ship the evening of the first day with friends and then queued up till four in the morning, and finally was given cabin 1.4. to find it occupied by Mr. Southard and two South American Consul Generals. As I am rather inclined to forage for myself I took my small suitcase, all we were allowed to have with us, and camped out in the first unoccupied cabin I could find. People slept on the floors, in the saloons, anywhere they liked.

The next day was a repetition of the first, queues of people, and still no cabin. I descended the decks and picked out a small two berth cabin and settled down there for two days, it was 3rd class accommodation, but better than nothing, and all good cabins were occupied by Embassy, Consular and other officials and their wives, and by the South American diplomats. After five days I was informed that I could not have the small cabin, or even a berth there and could go to Deck in an inside cabin, where I could have a top berth in an eight berth cabin with some missionaries. I objected to this as my husband was Consul General in the British Consular Service, and I was travelling at the expense of the British Government. Mr. Everett Drumright, a Secretary from the Embassy in Chungking was on board, had a most comfortable cabin on A deck, and came

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to the rescue, ^{leading} ~~me~~ ^{me} his cabin for two days while I got the matter settled with an extremely autocratic person who seemed to be doing billeting. Just as well too, as I had developed a severe cold and inflammation in one ear which the doctor said threatened trouble, as a result of strain. The doctor filled me full of sulfanilamide, which made me even more ill, but eventually cured the ear, and I finally was given a berth in an inside cabin on B Deck, with a school girl from Tsingtao and two missionaries. As billeting seemed to be done by seniority, or so they said it was done, and my husband had been a very senior official, I did feel that I rated a bit higher than that, I certainly had with the Japanese, but I had been so often brushed off by the Americans doing the billeting, with a tough aggressiveness that I had almost forgotten existed, being the wife of a senior official in China had perhaps accustomed me to more consideration, more courtesy, and perhaps spoiled me a bit, I decided to make the best of an extremely uncomfortable situation. Although I must confess, there were times when I really wished I were back in Hongkong, with Mr. Oda to look after me.

We were on our way home, we were leaving all the agony of those months in Hongkong behind us, that was something to rejoice over and I have since tried to forget that last month on the Gripsholm [▲] thing has hurt you once, and it hurts you again, every time you think of it. So I try to forget it. As I look back it was the mental atmosphere as much as the physical discomforts that made the trip on the Gripsholm so bad. People had a pretty bad time, they were unhappy, they had worries and anxieties but I still cannot see what excuse some of them

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had for behaving as they did. Mr. Southard's "stable companions" left him at Rio de Janeiro, he had a de luxe cabin to himself after that, with a private bath, and he kept it to himself, although the ship was packed, and since he did not like salt water baths, and fresh water was not available, he filled up the bathtub with his luggage, and boasted of it. That was the crowing insult. In sweltering weather, July, coming up through the West Indies. It makes me laugh now but it did not seem so funny then.

Cabins vacated by South American diplomats at Rio were immediately filled up by the clerical staff, ladies, who had made alliances for the voyage with various people in key positions. The whole ship laughed over that. And so it goes on, and is best forgotten, human nature in the raw just as the experience at the ~~Queen Mary Hospital~~ was human nature in the raw, and Stanley Jail, the latter so raw that I would have committed suicide rather than go there.

I never was as glad of anything in my life really than the sight of New York as we sailed in that harbor. It seemed hardly possible that I really was there. What helped to take the taste of the journey out of my mouth was perhaps the very courteous treatment I had from the F.B.I. who had a long interview with me and asked a great many questions.

This is a very brief outline of my experiences. The five Japanese I contacted in Hongkong stand out most clearly. As I look back on it all, the utter aloneness, the feeling of being utterly abandoned, the help they gave us, practical efficient help, to the utmost of their ability, given with so much sympathy and kindness,

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makes me feel that all Japanese are not war criminals. Many are, many have caused unspeakable suffering to our people and must be punished. But among all the horrors these men stand out. They helped, they kept my morale up at a time when it would have been much easier to have quietly closed the book and said, "I've had enough, I'm having no more" and slipped away to a pleasanter world. I am grateful for what they did, and also for what the Japanese did on the Asama Maru to ease the journey as far as they could, they were efficient about it too, and if at any time a good word from me can be of any use to them I shall be only too glad of the opportunity to say it.

(Signed) Mary Erwin Martin
Mrs A.J. Martin
Widow of Arthur John Martin
CBE. British Consular
Service China.