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Question: That is where your dad was, right? My geography is terrible and I'm trying to keep track of the names.

Answer: When the train arrived my dad had heard a train was coming from Jakarta, Batavia, and he was anxious to see if he knew somebody so he walked up to the train station and here we found him. You can imagine. I hadn't seen him for three years. So we stayed in that camp and we were attacked and surrounded, cut off completely from the outer world by the revolution. And then my dad got a call from the British that the city of Syrabaya was destroyed if he would please come over and set up the accounting system. And he was put in charge so we flew out in a Dakota, DC-3's, goonybirds. And we flew to, it was another rainy season, to Batavia, and then we stayed there for a week and then we flew aboard a bomber, a B-25, a Mitchell, to Syrabaya, to find Syrabaya was been shot up, all the people had left town. It was a.. a real empty city. So we stayed in a hotel down there and there were no servants. All was very primitive. We found that schools were destroyed. My Dad tried to teach us English, my mother taught us French. I went to school where they taught me Malaysian, and some Algebra. The teacher's who had survived the war had come back. Many of them were not in good health, let's put it that way. And there were no books. If we had a problem with Algebra we tried to figure it out on the blackboard. So pretty soon we realized schools were no good, so to speak. In contrast was the high school I visited in Malang was very top. One of the top high schools. And they had done that on purpose so kids could go after they graduated to Europe, and join the universities and really have a good background. All I had at the age of eighteen, by that time I was eighteen in '46, was six months of the eighth grade. So.. there was no transportation. All the sick people went first. There was a shortage of shipping. Airlines were not existing at that time. Well, there was a hospital ship that came into the harbor "Anne Orange" named after the queen. They were looking for workers, so I signed up with my brother and I became an orderly and I took care of thirty shell shocked soldiers and five lepers. My brother was actually too young and he was still weak. He was only fifteen by then. He was assigned pantry duty. That was the best job ever and every evening we had chocolate milk. Now days kids turn up their noses at chocolate milk they don't think that is a big deal. But to us it was super. It was something unknown. For years we hadn't seen it. So that is how we traveled to Europe. And when I arrived in Europe that was September 1946, was cold, miserable, we were outfitted in Ataka, that is in the Red Sea, that is a story by itself. Anyway, when I reported to the high school oriented on science, you know, algebra and math and chemistry and all that stuff. I was already a month late and the principal looked at me and said I don't know what to do with you. I'll never forget that. He said try the 9th grade. That was it. And I went to school with fourteen-year-olds. Kids I considered very bright for I didn't know anything, you can imagine. It was a very demanding school. Dutch, French, German, English, math, trigonometry, algebra, chemistry, sciences, all these things were included, biology. And by the end of classes they took an exam and I made it but I went tonight school in top of day school to catch up and then I went on to medical school, so but I never liked Europe, I didn't. My opinion has changed a bit, but in those days Holland was very small, cold, people were different and so I made up my mind I was not going to stay. I was going to leave.

Question: What do you think about the former Dutch Indies? Is that a place that has a like for you or a dislike for you because of your experiences?

Answer: Well, at first I had a big dislike. My dad stayed behind. He stayed 'til 1956 and then he was kicked out. My dad loved the country and he wanted to retire in the mountains, but they didn't let him. In 1993 I went back with my wife and we visited the old places. So we went to where my wife grew up in Sumatra, Madong, we went to Toba Lake Beautiful. Sixty miles long and in the middle of some islands that rises thousand feet and is flat on top. It's an old geological fissure. I compare it always to Lake Chelan here in the state of

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Washington. Anyway we visited that and my intent was to cross over, but we were seeing so many things over there that I enjoyed. It was primitive though believe me. The old.. luxury was gone. The Batawis' are very nice people very aggressive but very nice. Most of them are Lutherans because some Swiss missionaries had come down there where there used to be head hunters two hundred years ago and anyway then we invited by a referent to come to Jakarta and we flew over and from there we drove into Bangdun where we visited another reverend, and then from there he helped us to fly to Yogyakarta, close to the temples the Borobudur the Mendut and I have a blank here. We visited those temples and then to Samara. I was so grateful for there was a reverend in Maguan In the mountains who drove us to my old camp Bungko. And I speak Malaysian but I had forgotten quite a bit of it. It came back though. We asked permission to visit the Catholic High School where I had been imprisoned.

Two things.. what struck me. The head nun said she would not accept my plat that I had drawn. She said we did away with that by prayer and that was it. I said ok you don't have to accept it. She said don't disturb the classes. She turned around and left, so I took pictures. I took pictures of my old class. The classroom where I used to sleep, and you can see the class in session but I didn't want to cause any trouble. So when I walked back they had beautified the whole building. I had troubles seeing the old set up. And then I found the door of the death room and like I explained to you it was an emotional thing. So I took a picture of the door and that had been transformed into a (Contor?) that means women were working there for the administration and they came outside for they were young women. I would say in the late twenties or early thirties and they were all wanting to know why I took a picture of a dumb door and I said you don't want to know about it for I knew they were superstitious. So finally they pushed me and pushed me in and this reverend said, well tell them and so I said this was the death room. They didn't want to go back in. They did not know none of them, that it had been a concentration camp.. and that shocked me. It was really a big blow. That people just forgot.

Question: Why would they from their history?

Answer: I don't know. I don't know.

Question: Because what nationality of nuns are running it now?

Answer: Indonesian.

Question: And they weren't the aggressors, they didn't do the?

Answer: Like I said, the head nun said they prayed and wanted to forget about all that. That's ok, to everybody his own.. but to me it was a big blow.

Question: For a myriad of reasons, I mean what you survived there, what you went through there, what you learned there, because the positives and the negatives, I assume though it was a very large travesty but yet an inner strength you found to survive that.

Answer: It was tough to survive, believe me. For many times over I was ill just like my brother. I had malaria bouts in October and November of 1944. I was considered in good health when the war was over. All I had was being skinny, I had only malaria and I had pellagra. Pellagra is an Italian name that means rough skin due to niacin deficiency. And I tell you, that is not an easy thing to have for you get dermatitis and diarrhea. Those are the initial fazes of the disease. And the dermatitis you get big brown spots and they itch oh tremendous and the sun shine made it worse. My treatment was to make mud pies and cover the dermatitis and then it was tolerable.

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Question: How did you survive? Was it an internal strength, a religious strength or?

Answer: I believed like my mother had told me that you can overcome the evil of other people and I believe in that. My mother was Bible oriented. My dad was not. I believed that the allied forces were going to win. We had a total news blackout, totally, we didn't know anything that was going on outside. We were in a dark dungeon so to speak, and it was discouraging. Sometimes I laid there on my tiny little mattress. I told you that I wrote a diary and I had it rolled up in that skinny mattress to hide it from the Japanese, for if they would have caught me doing that boy I was in for a tough beating.

Question: Just for writing a diary?

Answer: Yes, for having something to read.. was already an offense. We were not allowed to gather, no church orientation, no music, no how do you call that, set ups what was allowed in the female camps where you had a little display that you would quote poems or have a little cabaret, or something like that, none was allowed. Even on Christmas it was not allowed. The only good thing what came out of it to the Japanese opinion was that on Christmas we got a day off work but that meant we didn't get extra food. That's why so many kids succumbed to. I remember laying on that mattress many many times over and I thought what is happening next. I had hidden a little French book and I wanted to study it and I was so tired so exhausted quite often in the middle of trying to study it I would just pass out. I remember the chapters heading, one of the chapters was "la cigogne". that means stork and it made us giggle for us in our camp we will never see the stork. So those are the funny things you memorize. If you talk to people out of the camps and so on quite often they try to memorize is the funny things. The little things you thought were cute. Like when we were shipped off from Camp Maylang The first transport. There are many mothers and little kids and little kids are in diapers so one mother had a little girl and she took the little potty and put it like a rucksack on this little girl's back and the Japanese lined us all up for bante, number, and then we did a bad job on that and they had to do it again and again. Kids were moving around and so this little kid had to go potty so this mother took the pot put it on the ground and the kid sat on it watching the whole show and we thought it was hilarious. Simple things. There was one mom who had three little girl's and for some dumb ruling each had to carry his own little food supply while being placed on transport. My mother put three in one and she almost received a beating for it. So this mother with the three little girls made three bamboo sticks and a red sack, a toe sack, I think that's what you call it here, and she wrote on a red little flag, we don't like this town anymore, like a joke and the kids walked with their toe sacks. There was a certain humor. My mother never knew what I did. We were supposed to be loaded on the trucks and I helped all the old ladies, and here I was fourteen almost fifteen and we had to bow for the Japanese flag and I hated it. And here I looked up and here was the Japanese flag. I lowered it, ran to the smallest room in the house and draped it over the toilet seat and then boarded the truck. I never told my mother. She would have died.

Question: Luckilky the Japanese never found out.

Answer: They must have found out afterwards but they never knew who did it.

Question: Do you think you were exceptionally mature for your age?

Answer: I became mature in a hurry. I was not at first. Not at all. But I learned real fast. In the internment camp my mother had a friend and it was a nurse and there was one doctor in the Mason building in a tower. And they put a clandestine library in there and I had

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to repair the books and people came in and out and in the afternoon the doctor held office in there and the nurse helped. And she made me wise on a lot of things. And I had to clean up. And just before we were put on transport and she came in one afternoon late about five or six o'clock and I was not really done cleaning up for I was nosing through the books, medical books and I was kind of looking up things and she caught me and she never said a word, she said we're going to be put on transports anyway, that is all the comment she gave but she taught me a lot of things and so did my mother. I had a tropical ulcer in the female camp and like I told my colleagues later in life, a tropical ulcer the hallmark is it never crusts over. If you have a regular ulcer, a bacterial type, it forms a crust.

The tropical ulcer is a virus and it never forms a crust and it oozes, it just oozes the hell out of it. So the blister on my heel overnight it became a dollar size ulcer and it started to threaten my heel bone and Achilles tendon and it is well known that it would eat it up. So a circulating nurse was coming at the request of my mom to help me. And I soaked it day and night in salt water. And she had silver nitrate sticks and burned it out. Well here I was going for two or three weeks and it didn't heal. It didn't get bigger but it just oozed. I always had a kind of a towels laying on the knee at night for we were not allowed to have lights. One night I felt something crawling over my foot, fine stuff, so I grabbed the match, my mother was upset about that because matches were hard to come by and I lit it and I looked and there were thousands of tiny little golden ants eating my ulcer and they cleaned it out and that made it heal. So every time I went to bed at night I said come on.

Question: Wow.

Answer: It gives people the creeps listening to that but at first you know I.. oh my goodness what is happening. But it worked. Many primitive methods.

Question: It sounds like a lot of this information, you retained information real well even as a child and I see just looking at your diary how meticulous it was so there was a vast amount of knowledge you retained and it looked like a discipline from the fact that you had drawn out the camp and where everything was and that to me is not an average sixteen to seventeen year old fellows work.

Answer: Well I was kind of forced into it you know. I felt if I had to retain myself in camp, for I was too sick to go out like when I had malaria in between the chills I had very little to do and then I was doing this. My writing was ok.

Question: What type of things did you write? I couldn't read it obviously, I mean it looked very meticulous.

Answer: What transpired in a weeks time. Little notes.

Question: So you were describing more than I feel this or I'm worried, I'm scared.

Answer: That's right. There was one time where I thought things were silly. The moon was up and little kids were watching the moon and all of a sudden a dark cloud came and swallowed the moon. And they thought said now the moon has disappeared and now the earth was going to disappear and they screamed and they were scared and I told them they were silly. I thought to me it was a disgrace but that's just the feeling of a sixteen-year-old I guess.

Question: So this camp took away quite a bit of your adolescence?

Answer: All of it. Fourteen through seventeen.

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Question: You didn't have the high school sweet heart, you didn't have the things that young kids go through. You were an instant adult.

Answer: OK, this is what I wrote in my book. At the end.. irregardless in the evening the only thing we would describe is recipe's. What food was like.. we were so hungry. If you gather sixteen and seventeen year old boys now days the talk would be going out, cars, and girls. Girls were not in our mind, absolutely not. They was no desire.. and that was due to the starvation.

Question: I mean I've heard adult prisoners talk about the food aspect of it. I never thought about removing, because there's nature, the biology.

Answer: Yes but the biology.. the hormonal development was not there either. Nil.

Question: Why do you think the Japanese handled it the way that they did. There are German POW camps where, when you listen it was a summer camp. You were in a hell hole.

Answer: I was in a labor camp, heavy heavy labor. The initial intent of the Japanese was to round up all Caucasians in southeast Asia. Australians, Dutch, Americans and British. And after they would have won the war they wanted to ship them off to Europe. Then they started to lose the war, and then they interned us for they figured we would do something they didn't like and then they starved us. And time and time again we asked for food especially we asked for medicines. We asked for medicines, especially we asked for quinine we called it quee-noon like the British do and they would say the Japanese troops don't have it, you don't need it. And then we reminded them the western part of the island of Java produced 90% of the worlds quinine. And that they had it. And we received a beating for just mentioning that. There was once an epidemic and several boys, teenagers died from the worst type of malaria. Black water fever they called it in Africa. Where you get the bleeding through the kidneys, that's why you call it black water. That was an epidemic what was so bad that even the Japanese realized to protect themselves that they should feed us quinine, for they were afraid of it. We had typhoid fever in the camp, and the Japanese were so afraid of it they put a cloth in front of their mouth and they avoided the area.

Question: The area wasn't lacking for food, or was it?

Answer: No.

Question: So it was purposeful.

Answer: Yes, yes.. for they always said if we complained, the cemetery is waiting for you. They didn't care. And here I always had the impression that Japanese men would love little kids and I've seen many times over they didn't care. In the female camps, all these little kids, huh a. I can tell you a lot more things but I wanted to get through the whole picture so to speak.

Question: I'm going to have to go in a second because I have Alex coming.

Answer: From Lakewood.

Question: Do you hold an animosity towards the Japanese from this war?

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Answer: They have never apologized, except sometimes as an individual but the government didn't. Their attitude is that the old guard is still terrible. The head of the Kempetai Which was the Gestapo survived the war. He was imprisoned and let go by the American government and he became the head of education in Japan. And he forbid that anything was to be taught in schools about World War, II and those are the things that I hold against them. I had a priest tell me.. I'm not Catholic, and he said you have to learn to forgive for Jesus died on the cross for this reason. And I said as long as they don't really truthfully apologize I cannot forgive them. I'm not holding anything against the American Japanese who were here. As a matter of fact the Nisei, I thank them for fighting on our side, but the truth is that there were people among those Japanese citizens here in this country who favored Japan, but now a days you can't say that, and I'll just leave it be.

Question: Well thank you very much.