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ESCAPE FROM SHANGHAI

By Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.



War's Flames Across the Whangpoo Consume Shanghai's Hongkew. Inset—The Author and Her Son, Quentin

YOU'RE as nervous as a witch, and your eyes look like two burnt holes in a blanket. What you need is rest and change. Why don't you go to China for a few weeks? You know you love the Orient, and it will do you a lot of good. Take Quentin. It will be a splendid trip for him before he starts college in the fall."

My husband speaking. This was a curious reversal of form. Always before he had been the one to go off and have adventures, while I sat at home. I rather enjoyed turning the tables, and so we went to China.

Our plan was to go to Peiping. Halfway across the Pacific we saw a short item in the radio news. There was a little trouble in Peiping, and shots had been exchanged between Chinese and Japanese troops. The Orient is always having incidents like this, and we paid little attention. By the time we reached Tokyo, however, the trouble was more serious. The Ambassador, Mr. Grew, an old friend, handed me a

telegram from the American Ambassador to China, saying to prevent us by all means from coming to Peiping.

We were disappointed. We felt that our little holiday was likely to be positively dull. If anyone had told me of the dangers we were to face and the things we were to see during the next month, I would have told him to have his head examined.

I was in Paris all during the bombardment of 1918 and, at that time, thought that I was looking on the face of war. But the bombardment of Paris was a child's tea party compared to the war which was to engulf us in Shanghai. I had thought we were in danger in Paris. But in China we were to escape death by air, water, shells and bombs. We were, as refugees, to be tossed about like dice by a severe earthquake in Manila.

The first days after arriving in Shanghai were peaceful enough. I had been there several times

before, once during the bombardment by the Japanese in 1932. We stayed with William P. Hunt in his delightful house in the French Concession, and saw many old friends. Then we flew up the Yangtze Gorges and across China to Chengtu, a great city in Szechuan, a province on the edge of Tibet. After a few days there we planned to fly south to Yunnanfu, but the cost of that trip—two hundred and forty American dollars—was more than we could afford. The plane we would have taken crashed with twelve people. One was killed and all the others seriously hurt.

On the way back to Shanghai, two hours and a half out of Chungking, our plane turned back. The pilot, Frank Haveliek, of Montana, told me it was too heavy to get over the mountains without extra fuel. Two passengers and their luggage had to be dropped at Chungking. General Ku Chu-tung, now in command of all the Chinese forces in and around



PICTURES, INC.

"... as if . . . Broadway and 42nd Street Had Been Bombed at the Noon Hour." Nanking Road During Raid. Note Flying Debris, Center



W. A. GLADYER

"... an American Flag Was Stretched in Front of the Funnel"



W. A. GLADYER

"... We Rolled So Much That Several Times I Thought We Were Gone"



ACME

"Refugees Were Pouring in a Solid Stream . . . Carts and Rickshaws Laden With Their Pitiably Meager Belongings"

Shanghai, was on board with seven of his staff. Quentin was ill with high fever. I was sure we would be the ones dropped, but thanks to Havelick; two of the Chinese officers got off. That was the last plane in which we could have got out of Central China. For the next three flights all ships were chartered by the military. After that all flights were stopped.

Although the trouble in North China was spreading, when we returned to Shanghai, August sixth, nobody there dreamed of what was going to happen within the next week. I received a message from Madame Chiang Kai-shek, asking us to lunch with her on the following Monday in Nanking. As I told her later, an interview with her at this stage was a good deal like one with the Angel Gabriel on Judgment Day. We took the Sunday-night train for Nanking.

The next morning we were met at the Nanking station by W. H. Donald, the famous Australian adviser to the generalissimo, who figured largely in his rescue from the kidnapers at Sian last year. The car in which we drove to Donald's bungalow was a 1936 American limousine, especially armor-plated in Pittsburgh for the generalissimo. The windows were clear glass an inch and a half thick, bound in steel.

War From a Box Seat

NATURALLY, I enjoyed talking to Donald. Although he has no official position, he is said to have more influence in China today than any foreigner has ever had. He has the most delightfully humorous slant on everything, and he told me that the only reason he ever got anywhere in China is that he refuses to take anything seriously.

We drove to the Central Military Academy to lunch with Madame—in Nanking no other name is necessary. We were shown to a pleasant sitting room. When Madame appeared my first thought was that this young creature could not be the able woman of whom I had heard. Then I realized that she is ageless and will be young at seventy. Rider Haggard flashed into my mind. Of course! I was meeting She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed. I shall never forget that lunch with her.

When we arrived back in Shanghai's North Station the next morning, we saw that a Japanese naval officer and a seaman—alleged spies—had been shot and killed at Hungjao Airport.

The curtain was about to rise.

By Friday, August thirteenth, the front lines had formed between Hongkew and Chapei, and there was considerable shelling during the day. Even then, to show how little we realized the gravity of the situation, Bill Hunt, Dr. W. H. Gardiner and I turned out and listened to a Hungarian gypsy orchestra. About midnight Bill and I dropped Doctor Gardiner at his apartment on Canton Road. His last words to us were: "Now, go right home. Don't do anything more tonight."

I don't know whose idea it was to go wandering about trying to see the war. Bill said afterward it was my way of suggesting a kind of alarmed wish. We did go home, but only to wake Quentin and tell him to get up, as we were going to Hongkew. He pulled on a coat and a pair of trousers over his pajamas. The three of us got into a 1929 coupé. My best evening dress, made of pale blue organza, with an enormously full skirt trimmed with black lace ruffles, certainly seemed inappropriate, but they wouldn't give me time to change. A few blocks from the house we passed a line of small French tanks, manned by Annamites.

We went across the Garden Bridge, later shelled, explaining to the sentries we were going to the Broadway Mansions, an apartment house on the north side of Soochow Creek. Here we were fairly close to trouble, and could get a good view of Hongkew before driving into it. Mr. Hallett Abend, of The New York Times, lived here. Ted had told me to look him up, and this seemed a good chance to do so. Even if he were away, we could perhaps look out of one of his windows. Later, Mr. Abend was hit by a bomb fragment in front of the Wing On Department Store on Nanking Road, and his assistant, Mr. Billingham, was seriously wounded.

On this particular night Mr. Abend was still in Tientsin, but his Chinese (Continued on Page 56)

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boy admitted us. We went to a window looking north. Three blocks of buildings were on fire about half a mile away. The fires were spreading visibly in the high wind. We marked down about where they were, left the apartment and got into the car.

For the next hour we drove about in Hongkew. At all the street corners on the edge of the district were piles of sandbags behind which stood Japanese soldiers on the alert with fixed bayonets. Almost invariably, a little group of Chinese would be standing a short distance off, just to have a look-see. We would drive along a street leading north until we came to a sentry. He would tell us to go back, pointing his bayonet at us. We would go back for a block or two, turn west, take the next turn north and go along until stopped. We did this over and over again, until we finally got to within a block of the North Station, which had been the object of shelling that afternoon. The whole sky was red with the reflection of fires. Occasionally we passed some small Japanese tanks. Not a soul was in the streets but the soldiers and ourselves; other people having more sense. No lights were visible in any of the houses. The whole district, usually jammed with human beings, was as deserted as a country churchyard at midnight. A high degree of nervous tension existed and the troops were on edge. It would not have been surprising if sentries had fired first and told us to halt afterward. If anything had happened to us, we could have claimed no redress whatever. We would have deserved what we got, as we were where we had no business to be.

As Eliab said to David, "I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

A large part of Hongkew was policed by ronins, Japanese muscle-men, usually from Osaka, sent over to relieve the regular police. One doesn't argue with ronins. It is wiser to avoid them. In fact, we moved very warily whenever we saw them in their white shirts, khaki trousers and red arm bands. Generally we turned back without being told, when we came to them. They have nasty ways with foreigners.

We were slightly disappointed that we had not seen any firing. Bill said: "This is a fine war! You go out to see it, and it stops." We drove back to the house, and were having some lemonade before turning in, when suddenly we heard the sound of shelling. We went straight back to the Broadway Mansions. As it was almost three in the morning, we did not like to ring Mr. Abend's bell. Instead, we found a window on the stairs where we could see by crouching. The fires had grown considerably, and there were several new ones. Otherwise there were no developments, and the shelling had stopped. After a time we drove home, passing hundreds upon hundreds of refugees asleep in the public gardens, and got to bed about five in the morning.

The Dragon Grows Wings

On Saturday, August fourteenth, the Chinese for the first time in history used bombing planes against a foreign enemy. About ten in the morning we heard the sound of the air raid. We felt sure the chief objective would be the Idzumo, the Japanese flagship, moored in the Whangpoo River beside

the Japanese Consulate, but apparently small damage had been done.

Later in the morning I went downtown in a taxi to get some money from the American Express. The city was in an intense state of excitement. Every street in the International Settlement was massed with moving refugees. We hoped to sail the following Tuesday, and I wanted some presents to take home, but decided not to tarry in that crowd longer than I had to. Besides, most of the shops were shut.

When I reached the house at lunch-time, I found a letter from Donald.

It read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE GENERALISIMO
NANKING, August 13th.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt: This is Friday the thirteenth. If you hear the diapason of a cannonade some hours after you get this, climb on the rooftop. If you have a good pair of glasses and have a good range of vision, you will see something that you have never seen before (or the like of which you have never seen before) and certainly something that will make Shanghai hum for some time to come.

Chiefly, I hope you will keep out of harm's way.

I was very glad to see you and Quentin. I think, if everything goes well, your visit will be something to be remembered, especially the last few days of it.

Will you please give my best remembrance to Mrs. Roosevelt, Senior, and to your husband? I hope you have a good trip home, and that you will find everything there as it should be.

Very sincerely,

W. H. DONALD.

As I read this letter now, I think it is obvious that Donald was warning us to keep out of danger, but at the time I didn't take it that way at all. I was so grateful to him for letting us know things were to happen, and afraid I had missed something that morning by not having received his letter earlier. Determined to be on hand if anything further should occur, Quentin and I went down to the Bund and stationed ourselves in a window in the grill on the eighth floor of the Cathay Hotel. We had a magnificent view. When we got there, the river was quiet. It was a gray day. To the north lay the Idzumo, to the south a group of other foreign warships, two British, one French, one American and one Japanese, their flags spots of flashing color. Two Japanese seaplanes were circling in the sky, at times hidden by the clouds. The Bund, that great avenue along the water front, was as packed with people as the beach at Coney Island on the Fourth of July. Refugees were pouring in a solid stream from the north on foot, in carts and rickshas, laden with their pitifully meager belongings.

Suddenly we heard cries, deepening into a sullen roar. Directly below us the entire throng had become an infuriated mob and, giving tongue like hounds, were chasing five Japanese. Four managed to escape by jumping into busses. Oddly enough, the Chinese did not try to pull them out. One tripped and fell. They got him. As he lay in an ever-widening lake of blood, they kicked him, beat him and stoned him until his ribs were crushed and his face a bloody pulp. At last the tall, white-turbaned Sikh traffic policeman, armed with a whip, pushed his way through from his corner on Nanking Road, and the mob scattered like rabbits. The Sikh went to call an ambulance. Instantly the mob closed in

again, apparently taking vengeance on a corpse. I was certain the man was dead, but when he was finally lifted onto a stretcher I saw him move his hands. Less than forty minutes later the tall Sikh was to be killed by a bomb.

Meanwhile the signal light on the Idzumo had started winking. The seaplanes had evidently reported that the Chinese bombers were on their way. I said to Quentin: "Watch! It's going to begin." The anti-aircraft guns on the Idzumo broke loose with a terrific racket. Little puffs of black smoke showed against the clouds. One Japanese seaplane slipped down sideways, straightened out and landed in the river. The other went north at top speed. Every soul in that great crowd on the Bund began to run. Blind panic spread. One ricksha coolie with three women in his ricksha stumbled and fell. The women were thrown on the pavement, face down. They lay stunned for a moment, then got up and ran without a backward look at their belongings scattered on the street. One of them left a tiny slipper behind.

Just then the manager of the hotel came and asked us to leave the grill, saying we would be far safer down in the lobby. That, of course, was out of the question, as we could have seen nothing. On the way down in the elevator we decided to go to Doctor Gardiner's on Canton Road, four blocks farther south on the Bund. We stopped for a moment at the door of the Cathay, to leave a large tip with the telephone boy and a note for Bill Hunt, telling him where we had gone. Twenty minutes later, Bill Hunt, coming to look for us, stepped over the boy's dead body.

Missing the Grim Reaper

Quentin and I found Bill's car waiting for us in Nanking Road, between the Cathay and the Palace Hotel, jumped in and told the chauffeur to drive down the Bund. Nanking Road was jammed with traffic. We were held up for several minutes directly in front of the Cathay. Finally the Sikh traffic policeman, now back on his corner, let us through. Eight minutes after we got away, two bombs fell precisely where we had waited. Six more fell simultaneously on the roof of the Palace, gutting the three top stories. More than 250 people were killed. The Sikh policeman was decapitated. Part of his head was later found inside his white turban, six feet from his body.

When we reached Canton Road, the whole world seemed full of shooting. We got out and told the chauffeur to go straight home. He said he was not afraid and wanted a look-see. We ran into the building and took the elevator to the top floor, the sixth. We tried the outer door into Doctor Gardiner's office. It was open. We tore through the apartment and got to a window on the Bund just as the first flight of six Chinese bombing planes came over. Two bombs fell almost instantly into the water at the very edge of the Bund, 150 feet away. Two monstrous geysers of mud and water rose toward the sky. Something pierced and broke the window. The water went much higher than the building, and drenched the window as it came down.

Doctor Gardiner was attending to a dog bite in another room, but soon came hurrying in. He said it was

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suicidal for us to stand there, and tried to make us go downstairs. Just then we caught sight of the second flight of six more Chinese bombers. Doctor Gardiner entirely forgot his wise counsels and we all three stood and craned our necks. I had never thought I would see bombing at such close range. Another bomb—this time across the river—hit some stored oil drums and caused a most spectacular fire. Another made a direct hit on a Japanese anti-aircraft battery at Pootung. In the distance we could hear more bombing without being able to tell where it was. Someone came to tell Doctor Gardiner that an American had been brought in with a piece of shrapnel in his back, and he left us.

When we decided to go home, we could not find the car. The chauffeur, wiser than we, had driven away. After looking for him in the streets, we sat and waited for some time in the lobby of the building, surrounded by a crowd of terrified Chinese. Finally Mr. Max Polin, representative of an American airplane company, came across us and very kindly gave us a lift. This delay probably saved our lives again. Our invariable route home lay along Avenue Édouard VII, past the Great World amusement resort at Thibet Road. That afternoon, half an hour before we got there, two bombs fell. Thirty-seven truckloads of dead were later removed. It was as if the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street had been bombed at the noon hour. The scene was beyond description. The crater made by the bombs was twenty feet in diameter. The streets were covered with mangled bodies. The final official count was 1053 dead. All the cars in sight had been charred and riddled with small holes like cheese. People in the cars had been caught and burned beyond recognition. One of them, Mr. H. S. Honigsberg, was identified only by the fillings in his teeth. It was necessary to use watering carts and hose to clean the streets of blood and fragments of flesh.

"... and there is a multitude of slain, and a great number of carcases; and there is none end of their corpses; they stumble upon their corpses."—*Nahum*.

Death in the Nanking Road

When I reached home, I thought I was exhausted, and got right into bed. Quentin went out to dinner with some friends. A short time afterward Bill Hunt called me on the telephone and told me that he had been unable to reach us by telephone at the Cathay, and while the air raid was still going on, he and a friend had gone there to get us, not knowing that Nanking Road had been bombed. Near there the crowd was so dense that they left their car. On the corner of Jinkee Road they passed a coolie woman, tears streaming down her cheeks, carrying a child. The child's face had been blown off, and blood was running down to the mother's knees. When they reached the Cathay they had to leap over the bodies on the sidewalk and enter through a broken window. The telephone boy, who had known where we were, was lying dead across the entrance to the lobby. The people at the desk told them we must have perished in the bombing, as we had left the hotel just before it occurred. Bill then searched among the torn bodies for us. A car, charred, warped, as full of holes as a sieve, was exactly like Bill's own. The occupants had been removed, but Bill was certain we had been in it. The one

thing he could not face, he said, was sending a cable to Ted. I was very contrite at having given so much trouble, until he told me that if they had not stopped to look for us, they could not have escaped the bombs on Avenue Édouard VII. As it was, they were within 200 yards of that disaster and saw the whole thing. Bill asked me to dress and come to the Country Club, where he and some other friends were going to have dinner.

The Country Club is outside of the French Concession. It took me a longer time than usual to get there, as the end of the Concession was newly barricaded with barbed wire and sandbags, and it was necessary to make a long detour. Bill's Chinese chauffeur did not like it at all, and kept up his courage by describing to me in voluble pidgin English his adventures of the afternoon. When I finally arrived I was greeted as one risen from the grave.

Bill suggested that I send a telegram to Madame Chiang Kai-shek asking her to withhold further bombing in the

BUT ALSO YOUR OWN PEOPLE STOP TODAY WITNESSED WITH MY OWN EYES CASUALTIES AND DESTRUCTION TERRIBLE BEYOND REALIZATION AMONG THESE PEOPLE STOP I APPEAL AS YOUR SINCERE SYMPATHETIC AND GOOD FRIEND STOP

ELEANOR B. ROOSEVELT

I also sent a cable to Ted, telling him we were safe, but could not add that we were definitely sailing on Tuesday. All navigation on the river had been stopped.

While we were at dinner that night, Doctor Gardiner spoke to me across the table: "Mrs. Roosevelt, what is your religious belief?" I was a little taken aback. "I have a special reason for asking," he said. "Tell me what your faith is."

"First, tell me why you want to know," I said.

"Well," said Doctor Gardiner, "I want to prove a theory. I think that no woman who was not born and raised a Presbyterian could have stood in my office this afternoon and watched those bombs fall!"



© INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS
When Sincere Department-Store Bombing Left Body of Shanghai Traffic Cop Hanging From His Tower Twenty Feet High

Concessions until foreigners and non-combatants could be protected. We were all so shocked by what we had seen that it had not occurred to any of us that these bombings were, as a matter of fact, entirely accidental. After much thought, we sent the following message:

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK
HEADQUARTERS OF THE GENERALESSIMO
NANKING
APPRECIATE CAUSE OF EXISTING CONDITIONS
STOP ENTREAT YOU WITHHOLD FURTHER
BOMBING WITHIN CONCESSIONS PENDING AR-
RANGEMENTS FOR THE SAFETY NOT ONLY
OF FOREIGNERS WHO ARE CONTINUALLY
FRIENDLY TO YOUR CAUSE AND OBJECTIVES

The funny thing is that I was born and raised a Presbyterian!

I got to bed shortly before midnight, and this time fell asleep at once. At two-thirty A.M. the telephone rang. It was my friend Mr. J. B. Powell, a newspaperman. Trying to clear my brain of sleep, I heard him say that, as I had sent a wire to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, I ought to send one to someone in Japan. It was not fair to ask one nation to hold off without asking the other. I was so sleepy that I couldn't make any decisions whatever, but told him I would think it over. I hesitated to send a wire to Japan. It seemed to me that I was getting rather involved,

and putting myself in a false position of importance. I got up and went to wake Bill to discuss the matter, but he was still out. I went back to bed. Fifteen minutes later the telephone rang again. It was Bill. He suggested the same thing, and said he would be home shortly to talk it over. I told him I would rather he sent the car for me and let me join him.

A Plea to Tokyo

"All right," said Bill. "The car will be there for you in ten minutes. I'm at the hospital with Bill Gardiner. You can pick us up there. When I say ten minutes, I mean ten minutes!"

I felt like Alice in Wonderland. "How the creatures do order one about!" I scrambled into my clothes, and was ready by the time the car came. After leaving the hospital, Bill, Doctor Gardiner and I went downtown to Mr. Powell's office. They all said that, in view of the killing of nearly 1300 innocent men, women and children, anything that might help must be done. With this in mind, I got a pencil and, with Bill's help, drafted the following telegram to the Premier of Japan, whom I had known on his last visit to the United States:

SHANGHAI AUGUST 15TH

HIS EXCELLENCY PRINCE KONOYE
PREMIER
TOKYO

I HAVE TODAY WIRED MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK URGING THAT THE BOMBING BE WITHHELD UNTIL ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE IN CONCESSIONS STOP ON ACCOUNT OF PRESENCE WITHIN AND ALONG BOUNDARIES OF INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT OF EXTRAORDINARY NUMBER JAPANESE MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCES CHINESE CLAIM THEY MUST TAKE NECESSARY MILITARY MEASURES AND PRECAUTIONS STOP I URGE YOUR EXCELLENCY DEVISE WAYS AND MEANS TO NEUTRALIZE SITUATION AND PERMIT SAFEGUARDS FOR NONCOMBATANTS STOP I FEEL I MAY CABLE YOU ON ACCOUNT EVIDENCES OF FRIENDSHIP SHOWN US IN THE PAST BY THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES STOP

ELEANOR B. ROOSEVELT
(MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT JR.)

We then went to the Cathay Hotel to see the damage. It was appalling. All the smart little shops on the ground floor were a shambles. All the merchandise was destroyed. Not a piece of glass was in any of the show windows. Fragments of bodies had been removed from Gray's Yellow Lantern, and a head from the Clarke Jewelry Store. Directly opposite, the watchman at the Palace Hotel said there were still forty bodies that had not been removed from the top floors. In the streets were twelve or fourteen wrecked cars. We were let into the Cathay through the iron-grille gate, guarded by United States Marines, and saw in the lobby some friends who worked for the United Press. We sat down and had coffee with them. Presently I noticed that it was starting to get light. I told Bill I had an uncomfortable feeling that there might be another raid at daybreak, and thought we should be getting home. We had just got into the car when we heard a plane overhead. I had no idea I could move so fast. Bill has long legs, but I kept right up with him as we dashed into the hotel. I had just selected a good substantial archway to stand under, when someone shouted that it was only one of the smaller Japanese seaplanes. Back we came and started off, with Doctor Gardiner driving. We had persuaded him to leave

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his apartment on the Bund and join the colony at Bill's house for the present.

When we reached the corner of Avenue Édouard VII and Thibet Road, Doctor Gardiner stopped the car and insisted on our getting out to look at the devastation. It was daylight by now, and raining. I was still in evening dress, and tied my little black velvet cape over my head. We walked around over heaps of blood-stained debris, through crowds of Chinese as curious as we. The bodies had been removed from the Avenue, but some were still piled in the side streets.

After lunch on Sunday, Bill and I were sitting in the garden when a shell exploded quite close. It had hit an apartment house behind the garden. Bill has the proper idea of helping people run. Instead of taking hold of them, which always is a hindrance, he shouts at them to hurry. We got into the house like streaks of lightning and met Quentin, leaping downstairs, his hands covered with lather, carrying a piece of soap. The Seitzes followed on his heels. For a moment we thought the shell might be one of several, and gathered in a cozy place of safety in the hall away from the windows, but soon decided it was a stray.

A Wire From China's First Lady

That night all Shanghai went under martial law, and everyone without a pass had to be off the streets by ten o'clock. It was an excellent excuse to go to bed early, although by then I—and, remember, I am a grandmother—was doing fairly well without much sleep. I kept waking up at intervals during continuous shelling. A little after midnight the telephone rang. A telegram had come for me in care of the American Consul General. It was as follows:

MRS THEODORE ROOSEVELT JR.
CARE THE AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL
SHANGHAI

NONE DEPLORE MORE THAN WE TERRIBLY TRAGIC ACCIDENTAL DROPPING OF BOMBS FROM TWO DAMAGED NORTHROP AIRPLANES STOP GENERALISSIMO SHOCKED GRIEVED WHEN NEWS CAME STOP IMMEDIATELY ORDERED INVESTIGATION SINCE HAD SPECIFICALLY ORDERED NO BOMBS BE DROPPED SOUTH OF SOOCHOW CREEK STOP OFFICIAL REPORT STATES THAT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERY HAD WOUNDED BOTH PILOTS AND DAMAGED BOMB RACKS WHICH CAUSED BOMBS EVENTUALLY BREAK LOOSE STOP BOTH PILOTS IN HOSPITAL SHANGHAI STOP INCREDIBLE THAT BELIEF EXISTS CHINA DELIBERATELY BOMBED INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT STOP WHAT FOR THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST STOP WE SHARE GRIEF OVER SUCH AN UNFORTUNATE DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT STOP
MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Of course this fully explained both those hideous disasters.

I spent Monday packing, and hoped to be able to leave next day. The Consul General had been working day and night to get the first lot of American refugees safely off on the President Jefferson. Of course, there was no chance of the ship coming up to her usual wharf in the Whangpoo, but a truce was said to have been promised by both Chinese and Japanese, so that a tender could get to Woosung, twelve miles down at the river's mouth.

We dined at the Country Club. After dinner we went to Doctor Gardiner's apartment. The Bund, the Public Gardens and all the streets were absolutely deserted. The great mass of refugees had disappeared. Where those thousands of people had hidden themselves, I don't know.

Directly across the river on the Pootung side, a battle was raging. Chinese machine guns, using tracer bullets like streaks of flame, were being pounded by Japanese artillery. On the horizon were flashes, like lightning in the sky, of the great guns on the Japanese battleships anchored at sea off Woosung. We could count twelve seconds between a flash and the shattering report, and although we could not tell just where the shells were falling, we knew the guns were pointed in our general direction.

While we watched, the machine guns were temporarily silenced. I had never expected to see fighting at such close range. As we stood on a balcony overlooking the Bund, a heavy French window slammed behind us with a crash. All four of us jumped as if we had been really shot.

The tender was to start at ten o'clock Tuesday morning to take us to the President Jefferson. At quarter to ten we went down to the customs jetty on the Bund. The tender looked very small to hold the stream of 410 Americans, practically all women and children, that was going aboard. The women were all smiling bravely as they waved good-bye to their husbands and friends. The majority carried babies in their arms. Many were pregnant. One woman had a baby two days later on the President Jefferson. Several came with babies a few days old, one in an incubator.

Some United States Marines were on the tender, and an American flag was stretched in front of the funnel. The

State Department mean about protecting U. S. citizens when, in a case of real danger like this, nothing is done? If the National Administration takes the attitude that Americans should stay at home and need expect nothing if they travel even in peacetime, then why the Asiatic Fleet? And in the name of patience, if our ships are not used to guard us, why are they kept at anchor in the Whangpoo River, where bombs and shells are falling like hailstones? The Augusta, our admiral's flagship, was hit by a shell on August twentieth. One American sailor was killed, and eighteen others wounded. Did this make any difference? None that could be noticed. For weeks the Augusta was kept there, doing nothing, and for all I know she may still be there.

People will argue that the United States does not want to be embroiled in a foreign war. All right. No one agrees more heartily than I do. My husband and my three sons would have to go to such a war. I have seen one war in which my husband was gravely wounded and my youngest brother-in-law killed. I hope never to see another. But at this moment there is, actually, no war between China and Japan. No formal declaration has been made or seems likely to be. Apparently anyone can do anything without being committed or involved in any way.

And yet the United States Government sits by, so afraid of offending someone that it lets a boatload of 410 American women and children go twelve miles down the Whangpoo

we were tossing about like an eggshell. Those river tenders are not built for anything but rivers, and are not supposed to carry half the number that were on board that day. There was a strong ebb tide and quite a heavy sea. As we drew near the ship we rolled so much that several times I thought we were gone. People watching from the Jefferson thought so too. Why no one was seriously hurt, I don't know. We were hurled around so much that there was grave danger of broken bones. All the children were screaming. Some of the women fainted. One or two had hysterics. Ever so many were actively seasick. It was due to the valiant courage of most of those American women, clinging to their babies, that there was no panic.

The Devil and the Deep Sea

We had the greatest difficulty reaching the Jefferson. Once alongside, it was next to impossible to stay there. We were on the lee side, but the ship was swinging around. The captain of the Jefferson said those people could not be transferred from the tender under conditions of such danger, and at first refused to attempt it. The ship was supposed to come into the river for us, as the Rajputana had done, but later had been given orders not to get between the Japanese ships and the fort at Woosung. No one had bothered to transmit any orders or information to the tender except to go and meet the Jefferson.

We were between the devil and the deep sea. We could not go back to the river to wait for the ship to come in and then transfer the refugees. That little overloaded tender could never

Finally, because no other course was open, the captain of the Jefferson decided to risk it. He had a gangplank laid between the deck of the tender and a port in the ship. A row of Marines stood on either side of it. We were literally handed along at the double. Minutes made all the difference between life and death. Could we be held in the lee of the ship, and would the ship stay there? It was just done, but only just. In thirty minutes all the 410 were through the port. By means of skillful seamanship on the part of the officers of the Jefferson, and expert handling of the refugees on the tender by the Marines, a major disaster was averted.

Soon after we were all safely on board, orders came to the Jefferson to go into the river to pick us up!

Now, having ordinary curiosity, I want to know why. The Japanese warships had not changed their position, nor were they firing at any time. The Rajputana was not held back. Why did we have to run that ugly risk? Why were the lives of those women and babies so lightly considered? Would anyone have been held responsible if we had drowned?

Who? I don't suppose the truth will ever be known.

When we got on the Jefferson, the relief was so great that my knees were shaking. At first all was confusion. There were not even enough cots to go around. Five other people slept in the suite we were supposed to have. Women with children were naturally given cabins. Then it was catch as catch can. Rows of cots were slapped into the lounges. Many slept in deck chairs. Quentin and I were fortunate in being assigned a cabin. Then we found that Mrs. Frank Havelick, wife of our

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INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS
"When We Reached the Corner of Avenue Édouard VII and Thibet Road . . . Over Heaps of Blood-Stained Debris . . ."

Marines ordered everyone to take cover. Quentin and I found ourselves in the tiny, overcrowded cabin, jammed in so that it was literally impossible to move. He was standing up, holding on to a projection on the ceiling; I was sitting on the floor. As we left the jetty there was a burst of anti-aircraft fire at a Chinese plane. For the first time I felt real terror. If a bomb had fallen near us, or a shell had hit us, we would have died like rats in a trap.

All the way down the river we heard firing, sometimes shells, sometimes snipers' bullets. The trip took several hours, and gave me time for some bitter thoughts. What were those American battleships there for? Why did not one of them convoy us as a visible guard that could be plainly seen by both sides? We were American refugees, getting out of trouble at the very first opportunity, because our Government wished it. Under these circumstances, what does all the talk from the

River under fire, while its ships stay at anchor, their guns covered, in the heart of the fighting. It does not make any sense.

It seemed an eternity before we got to Woosung, but all things come to an end. For what happened next there is no explanation. Because of lack of coordination our lives hung by a thread, quite unnecessarily. I have no idea whose fault it was. I have no idea who was giving orders. All I know is what occurred.

At the mouth of the Whangpoo we passed the Rajputana, the British P. & O. ship, coming in for her refugees, but the President Jefferson, some eight miles out at sea, looked like a speck. Nine Japanese warships were anchored near her. She might easily have been mistaken for a Japanese transport and bombed by Chinese planes, as the President Hoover was a week later. We left the smooth water and started to cover those miles of open sea. Soon

YES, I'M STILL SINGLE

DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH

MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...

RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

COLGATE's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

THREE MONTHS LATER— THANKS TO COLGATE'S

AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much.
35¢

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

(Continued from Page 62)

friend, the pilot, had nothing, not even a cot. Quentin gave her his bed and slept on deck on a blanket. Later she found this out, and insisted on his coming back and stretching out on the sofa in the cabin. Volunteers sorted luggage. I went into the baggage room and climbed over piles of trunks like a wild goat until I found our bags. In a surprisingly short time, order was established.

Many of the young mothers had depended entirely on their Chinese amahs to care for their babies. They were bewildered at having to do this under such trying conditions. They seemed to learn fast however. It was a pretty sight to see a group of them sitting on deck, the babies freshly tubbed, in crisp little white dresses.

I sent a radio to Ted, saying we were all clear. No answer. I knew how he felt. He had been so alarmed about us that, now he knew we were safe, his fright would turn to rage. I had seen this happen before. It was lucky for us that we did not have to face him at that point.

Instead of going to Seattle, as scheduled, the Jefferson was evacuating the refugees to Manila. I had not wanted to go there. There is an old saying, "Never revisit scenes of past glory." I had left there with Ted at the end of his term as Governor General of the Philippines. We had had such a good time. Now, four years later, it was so different. Of course, I had no choice.

When the first of a batch of radiograms arrived from friends, asking us to stay with them, I began to feel better about it. We stopped just off the Manila breakwater late in the afternoon of August twentieth. Quarantine officers came on board. Nearly all the passengers, including Quentin and me, were given inoculations for typhoid, cholera and dysentery. After this was over, some people came on board from a launch. The next thing I knew, my hands were seized and nearly shaken off by two old friends, Secretary Jorge Vargas, who came to welcome us on behalf of President Quezon, and Dr. Victor Buencamino. They had arranged, with some ceremony, that I should be the first to walk off the ship. Huge crowds had assembled to see the refugees arrive. Cameras clicked. Flashlights blinded us. As we went through the crowd, my hands were grasped again and again, and my shoulders patted.

Only an Earthquake

A cable from Ted was handed to me. It read as follows: "Hereafter you stay home." Good! His anger was fading, but he didn't know yet about our wanderings in Hongkew, or our being on the Bund during the bombing, or anything. I shuddered to think what he would say when he heard the whole story.

We drove to the Manila Hotel. Our rooms were a large suite on the third floor, full of flowers. Before leaving the ship I had been asked to broadcast to the United States at midnight. I had written my piece that morning and had just taken it out of my bag to read over when the floor began to move.

"Goodness, mother!" said Quentin. "What a wind! Why, the whole building is shaking."

"It's an earthquake, Quentin!" I grabbed his arm. "Get into a doorway!" The room was tossing so much that we had the greatest difficulty keeping our balance, let alone moving about on the slippery waxed floor.

Finally each of us managed to get to a door. The great wardrobe with its three mirror doors crashed onto the bed.

Quentin and I, clinging to the door frames, were overcome with helpless laughter. It suddenly came over both of us that we had been missed by bombs and shells, and escaped drowning, only to perish in that haven of refuge, the Manila Hotel! Presently the floor quieted down enough so that it was possible to walk.

"Oughtn't we to get out?" asked Quentin.

"We certainly should. That's a good idea!" I grabbed my smallest bag and we started downstairs, holding to the banisters. On the way we saw an American woman clinging to a door-knob and crying. Quentin herded her along, saying: "This is no time to dawdle. Come on!"

A Voice From Home

Everyone in the lobby was in a great state of excitement. Large cracks had appeared in the walls. We ran out and sat down on the curb at a safe distance from the hotel. I was sure there would be a second shock, possibly worse than the first. After a time we got tired of being out there, and re-entered the lobby. We ran across the woman Quentin had helped downstairs. She was still crying. I went up to her and said: "It's all over now. There is nothing to worry about. We are all safe and sound."

Between sobs she said: "Oh, those poor people from Shanghai! All this must be so dreadful for them!" I said: "Madam, we are two of them!"

We sat in the lobby, prepared to run if another quake should come. It did come, ten minutes later, much less severe than the first. This time all the lights went out. My Shanghai training stood me in good stead, for in two shakes of a lamb's tail we were outside and well away. After waiting for a while, we came back to the hotel, but decided not to go upstairs before going out for dinner. Then I remembered my radio notes. They were on the bureau in my room. I told Quentin I was going up for just a minute to get them. He protested, saying he preferred to go alone.

"You can't keep up with me, mother. If another shock comes, I can look after myself, but you can't make good time down those stairs. I should have to carry you, and that would only hamper me."

Quentin got a candle end and went up the stairs three steps at a time. My radio talk seemed less than unimportant at that stage. I sat on pins and needles until he reappeared.

About two hours later I had another cable from Ted, who had had news of the earthquake. It said: "I repeat! Hereafter you stay home." At dinner Joe Stevenot did the nicest thing in the world. He said: "I have arranged for you to talk to Ted on the telephone at 11:30 tonight." Quentin and I were thrilled. The operator found Ted in Vermont, where he was with my mother. We heard him perfectly. All his wrath vanished when he heard us. Quentin said: "Father, of course we're all right. We've had a grand time. We've bounced off everything!" Ted replied: "Of course you have, you old villain. I haven't been worrying about you at all. I've been worried about your mother. I was afraid she might not be able to bounce!"

Well, mothers—and even grandmothers—bounce sometimes.