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FLIGHT FROM CHINA

BY EDNA LEE BOOKER

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FLIGHT FROM CHINA

BY

EDNA LEE BOOKER

In Collaboration With
JOHN S. POTTER

DECORATIONS BY PEGGY BACON

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
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First printing.

▪

To two women who remain steadfast in "this time of ours": my mother, Jessie Livingston Booker, and my cousin, "Aunt" Carrie Chapman Catt.

▪

▪

**This time of ours
Is like a strange, confused dream : . .**

—LI T'AI PO.

▪

Foreword

ONE CENTURY spans the period from the signing of the trade treaties between China and the Western World to the momentous events of the present.

While those hundred years form but a day in China's millenniums, they have written modern history for an ancient nation in a drama whose rising tempo has rushed it headlong into the world tragedy which is today.

That one century, that era born of Western Imperialism and force, of Chinese prejudice and isolationism—is now ended—forever. Ended in a crash of war, even as it began.

But in what contrast! The Western nations, which one hundred years ago shelled the gates of China in an effort to open her coastal and river port cities to foreign trade and culture, today send their men to fight and die with the Chinese: allies in the cause of democracy.

But those international settlements, which America and England have now returned to China, and those institutions of the modern age built up during the century by Chinese and Westerners together, are for the moment held by Japan. All the things which we together have striven for and accomplished during the past hundred years—industries, wealth, cultural institutions—are now gone.

The flight of China's millions before the Japanese invader, those great waves of humanity fleeing pitifully on toward the refuge which China's free West offered, is heroic drama. It is the greatest flight of a people in recorded history. And in their flight they bore with them what they could: books from a college library—machine parts from a factory—a crucifix from a church altar—equipment for an arsenal—treasured belongings introduced from the West.

And those Westerners who had contributed so much to the rebirth of China, who had worked toward real understanding between the East and the West—they, too, were caught up in the Flight.

They, like the Chinese, saved what little they might from the upheaval—and left the rest.

The thousands of Americans, Britons, Dutch, who could not or would not flee, remained to face they knew not what fate at the hands of the Japanese; remained in most cases on advice from the home office or the mission board in London, New York, or Amsterdam. Even as a sea captain smells a typhoon, the Westerners long resident in the East had sensed trouble. Even before Japan's seizure of Manchuria in 1931, they had lifted their warnings to governments which would not hear.

Japan's aims are clear: the enslavement of China, and the eradication from the Far East of every vestige of Anglo-American interest; in time, the end of *all* Western influence.

But that forced flight of Chinese and Occidentals, who had together built up the past only to lose it for a while, shall be made good in a deeper relationship between the Westerner and the Chinese—a relationship treasured by both alike, and to be preserved by the Peace.

There will be many versions of the Flight—told by us who shared in it, and by historians who will sum it up as one phase of the Pacific struggle.

To me the larger picture narrows into the personal. My husband and I were caught in that cataclysm; and our daughter; and friends, Chinese and Western.

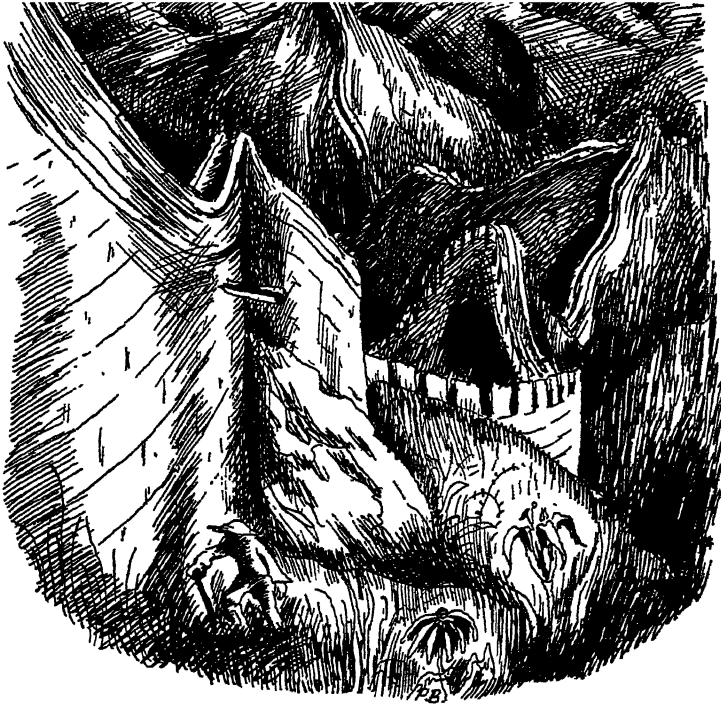
"Flight from China" narrates the experiences of one American family whose home was in Shanghai for some twenty years. The story, with variations in its high and low lights, is that of hundreds of Americans stationed in China.

NEW YORK CITY

January 1945

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PART I

Before 1940

DURING THE EARLY 1920's Shanghai with its impressive sky line, its crowded, bustling water front, its growing industrial districts, and its teeming blue-coated multitudes, was a great metropolis, a city of the East and West. World War I was over and Shanghai was riding on the crest of one of the recurrent booms and periods of expansion which had followed every crisis in its history. The Westerner lived well, enjoyed security and prestige.

Here was a bit of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and New York set down amidst the luxury—and the poverty—of the Far East. At nightfall the cabarets, with their beautiful Russian girls and exotic

Eurasian dancing partners, blazed with lights; the luxurious gaming palaces, where champagne and caviar were "on the house," drew famed adventurers, big-scale gamblers, smart men and women from all the world; and the sordid dives of Hongkew, known the length of the China Coast as "The Trenches," welcomed long lines of rickshaws bearing foreign sailors on China Sea duty and tourists on "boat day," all in search of local color, as did "Blood Alley" not far from Nanking Road.

And it was at night that the throb of the Orient seemed to quicken, that a languorous, sensuous spell cast its enchantment. There was strange magic in the heavy fragrance of incense smoldering at the feet of great golden Buddhas, in the cloying scent of opium—black gold—cooking over little lamps, in the minor cadence of a lute wafted on dank river air, in the haunting melodies of singsong girls at festival feasts, in the clash and bang of gongs and drums of the Chinese theater. For me there was enchantment even in the garish red and gold signs that swung above the shops and open-faced bazaars lining the crowded Chinese streets.

In reality I had little contact with Shanghai's famed night life. The pattern of the foreign social world was set by the British along most conservative lines, at least for the wives and daughters of the British, Americans, Europeans of standing in the community. Life centered in the homes, clubs, the Astor House, and the Old Carlton. Later the Little Club and the Majestic Hotel—and finally the Cathay—were considered to be smart. There was only one apartment house at the time. Foreigners in comfortable circumstances lived in high-ceilinged homes, amid spreading gardens with old-fashioned English flower borders, perhaps a tennis court and stables, always a sheltered back garden for tea. Others found quarters in terrace houses or in compounds. And the heads of certain long-established hongts lived in the great brick houses built in the days of the taipans—days that were near their end. Chinese servants, soft-voiced, soft-footed, in long white coats, sometimes topped with short sleeveless jackets of brocaded satin in rich henna, gold or blue, ran the establishments. They delighted in the large tiffins, teas, and formal dinners given by their missies, and gained face accordingly.

The Shanghai foreigners played expert bridge and mah-jongg,

danced the night away, rode cross-country in the paper hunts, and raced their ponies in the fall and spring meets; they delighted in houseboating and shooting trips "upcountry," took part in amateur theatricals, competed for first place in the annual flower and dog shows, and attended the brilliant, colorful balls sponsored by the nationals of the various countries. There was Ladies' Night at the Shanghai Club—the one occasion in the year when that stronghold of Empire, with its magnificent library and the longest bar in the world, received feminine guests. It was a function: diplomatic ribbons, gold braid and decorations, jewels and ultra gowns imported from Paris. The Red Dog party at the Columbia Country Club was reminiscent of the days of the Forty-niners. All Shanghai sought invitations. It was the only informal affair of the season—sawdust on the barroom floor, hotdogs and Mexican beans, costumes of the period. To many of the British and Europeans whose ideas were based on films of the Wild West, this gay party typified the United States. The American ball honoring Washington was formal in contrast. Then there was St. George's Ball of the English, where the Beef-Eaters, paying homage to a great roast of beef, ceremoniously paraded through the halls of the Country Club; the St. Andrew's Ball of the Scotch, with bagpipes and reels and haggis; the elaborate Madame Pompadour costume balls of the French in the casino-like Cercle Sportif Français and the spectacular ballet at the Russian Charity Ball. On Sundays the foreigners marched their families to church.

At that time there were few contacts between the Chinese and foreign women of the business community.

The men, on the other hand, found that it furthered their personal and business understandings to meet at dinners—generally Chinese dinners, convivial affairs of many courses, where all would grow merry as they downed thimble cups of hot wine and glasses of brandy and beer. According to old custom they would play Chinese finger games which called for a certain skill, and at which a loss meant the penalty of *gambei*, or "bottoms-up" to another cup of that hot wine. Beautiful singsong girls, with their chaperons and fiddlers, would usually entertain. Sometimes the party would settle down to a poker game, for which the Chinese had a natural skill, or for games of mah-jongg and bridge. Strong friendships, with real understanding and

mutual appreciation and liking, grew out of those stag parties. Those contacts were important in developing business.

But the Chinese women never took part in those functions, whether the feast was in a Chinese restaurant or in a pretentious home. Mrs. Edwin S. Cunningham, wife of our consul general, because of her sincere liking for the Chinese and her desire to further friendship between the two countries, was striving to break down the traditional barriers. Later when Mrs. Milton J. Helmick, wife of Judge Helmick of the United States Court for China, arrived in Shanghai, she possessed that same gift of friendship.

I had come to Shanghai as the guest of California family friends and as foreign correspondent (although my limited California newspaper experience did not rate such an honored title) for the International News Service of New York. Locally I was on the staff of the Shanghai *China Press*.

Mrs. Robinson, my hostess, turned over to me a comfortable bedroom, study, and bath on the third floor of her home, and assigned a Chinese woman to take care of the new missie. I liked Old Amah at once, but with no thought then of the part she was to play in my life. She was sturdy, looked as dependable as a round Chinese teapot, the strong earthenware type that withstands the elements. She was neat in a tight-fitting black jacket and trousers, and her hair was lacquered into a smooth chignon. Her full face was still unlined, and her dark eyes were keen and alive. Old Amah took over at once. My trunks were unpacked, clothes pressed and hung, dresser drawers arranged. I was settled happily—for a year, as I thought it might be—and was eager to become a part of the exciting city.

"Missie," Old Amah said quietly that first afternoon, "My think so you no got so many dress. Any Shanghai missie have got plenty piece. Wanchee tennis dress, ridee-horse dress, tea-dancee dress, plenty more dinner-party dress. My can talk one ver-ry good tailor come sew-sew."

I was surprised and annoyed. "Nonsense!" I said firmly. "I have plenty of dresses; maybe later you can call a tailor."

Old Amah smiled serenely. I was wrong: there was to be no argument. The next morning, even before I was up, an underwear tailor was waiting in the study. Smiling, bowing, the jovial, round-

faced man showed me his wares—piles of the most beautifully embroidered negligees, nightgowns, pajamas, and slippers.

They were the loveliest things I had ever seen—luscious silks, satins, chiffons trimmed with handmade lace. While I was exclaiming, Old Amah chose with care the garments she had decided I needed. The tailor came from a shop on Yates Road. This, he explained, was “Underwear Street”—a whole avenue of shops where men and their boy apprentices embroidered garments for the “foreign missies,” and especially for the tourists who swept in like the tide on every cruise ship.

My bill? Old Amah dismissed the thought. Missie could “sign chit,” pay by and by, “maskee” (never mind).

Even as Underwear Tailor bowed out, a dress tailor entered and greeted me.

“How you, Missie? Happy see you, Missie.” He was slim and refined, in a long dark gown, and offered me a bundle of fashion books from Paris and New York, and samples of Chinese silks. By this time I was carried away by the usual feminine urge, and found myself leafing over French designs as if suddenly intent on acquiring an entire new wardrobe.

The luncheon gong announcing tiffin broke the spell. I suddenly realized that there had been no argument over clothes, yet I already possessed new lingerie, and had ordered a “tea-dancee” dress and a dinner gown. I looked upon Old Amah with increased respect, only dimly realizing the effectiveness of that methodical, gentle pressure of the Chinese in gaining a point.

And during the delirious days which followed I found that she was right. She usually was. Any Shanghai missie needed “plenty” clothes. Although the city then boasted its millions of people, the foreign (Western) diplomatic and business community was comparatively small and everyone knew everyone else, or at least who was who; and people met again and again at the many affairs through the long fall-winter-spring season.

Old Amah cared not at all how I looked when I left each morning for the *China Press* office, but she was most solicitous about my dress for a tea dance at the Astor House. She could not be persuaded

to wake me for work if I overslept, but she would have me up at early six when I was to go riding with friends. From the first she voiced her disapproval of my job. To her a woman's only career was marriage: the security which home and sons offered.

"Foreign-man custom belong velly funny," she commented one day. "How fashion American mamma, papa, no makee number-one goodee marriage for he children all-same Chinese mamma, papa do?"

Old Amah, I learned after a time, was very practical. There were many eligible unmarried men in Shanghai—more men than there were acceptable young women. They represented their various governments in the consular and diplomatic services, were officers on the British, American, French, Italian warships anchored in the Whangpoo, were sent out by the banking, trading, shipping, missionary, professional interests of the world. Let a man send me flowers, come for tennis and tea, escort me to a dinner party at a bachelors' "mess," and Old Amah and the Robinsons' other servants would discuss him in detail. By the Chinese grapevine they would soon know *all*.

"This master no so plopper," Old Amah announced one day as I dressed to go to a Sunday tiffin party. "He have got one, two, three piecee Russian girl."

Another time she volunteered that a Frenchman I thought particularly dashing was "no so honest, Missie, have catch big opium squeeze," and she approved a chap frowned on by the dowagers. He secretly gave large sums of money to the Chinese poor. She casually told me that a man with whom I liked to tango called on a certain married woman on the evenings when her husband was in Hong Kong on business. She judged a man on two counts: money and character. A man was either a "goodee man" or a "no so goodee man." He had "plenty money," or "no so muchee money."

After a time I realized she fancied herself as matchmaker. She blandly spoke of being my "baby amah" after "Missie have marry number-one husband, buildee number-one house." I was not interested in marriage. My newspaper ambitions ran high. Eventually I hoped to be sent on to the Paris Bureau of I.N.S. But Old Amah had a gleam in her eyes. I was vaguely worried. Also there was a man in California who was "goodee" and had "plenty money," but—

"What about love?" I asked her.

"Love?" she exclaimed. "What thing belong love?"

I tried to explain. But Old Amah dubbed my explanation nonsense. Her formula for a successful marriage was mathematical: all things being "plover," love would come after the first night in the marriage bed—love and, even more important, sons. It was the family rather than the bride that counted in the Chinese scheme.

I met the wealthy compradore (Chinese business partner) of an American importing and exporting house, who was well educated in a foreign school in Shanghai, but clung to many of the old Chinese customs. He supported a wife and three concubines. His wife had given him a daughter and a sickly son. He took a concubine. She was barren. The second concubine produced only girls. He wanted a strong son, who was bright, clever, could carry on the family name and fortune; so a third concubine was selected, and she soon was with child. He was complacent, confident.

"America breeds at the bottom of the social ladder," he pointed out. "Your large families are found in the homes of the poor, the uneducated, often among the mentally and physically unfit. China breeds at the top. It is her strength. Because of economic pressure, it is not the coolie who has the large families, but the man of means, whether in the city or on the farm."

My conservative, traditional ideas were being tossed about.

Old Amah might scorn the *China Press* office, but to me it was the most colorful, exciting place in Shanghai. It was in a dingy building and had a city room which might have stepped out of Dickens—a down-at-the-heels, intimate place with cracked walls, a huge potbellied stove, papers all over the floor. Chinese office boys served steaming tea or whisky-soda at any hour. The clatter of the old-fashioned presses, the noises from the streets, the *walla-walla* (talk) of the Chinese and foreigners who dropped into the cluttered editorial room, were distracting, but a part of its fascinating whole.

The cases in the various courts, the gossip, scandal, intrigue of the China Coast were threshed out there; but a story seldom made the headlines if American "face" were involved. An account of the importer from Chicago who sold to a Chinese war lord bullets which did not fit his guns was banned in Shanghai; but I sent it to New

York. And there was the case of the Shanghai American who was caught smuggling opium in tombstones. The murder of a beautiful American girl of college education from San Francisco in one of the glittering "houses" on Kiangsi Road, the upper stratum of the red-light district, was given only a conservative death notice. Our press—under no pressure whatsoever—censored news which tore down American standards. Many stories which made headlines when cabled to New York were tossed into the *China Press* waste baskets. As "Dinny" Doyle, city editor, explained, there was no point in flaunting our crimes before the Chinese and the British. And among the papers of other nationals there was also a certain *esprit de corps* which protected the face of the foreigner living in China.

It was days, weeks, before Shanghai as a city began to fall into a pattern for me, to take on meaning.

Its complex structure was confusing. An International Settlement policed by stunning Sikhs and run most efficiently and honestly by a Municipal Council elected by the ratepayers, where each nation with extraterritorial treaty privileges tried its nationals according to the laws of the home country, and where nationals of other countries, such as Germany after the war, Russia after the Revolution, came under the Chinese courts. A French Concession of comfortable foreign-style homes and tree-lined boulevards bearing the names of French war heroes, policed by Annamites, was ruled by appointees direct from Paris. Adjoining was the old "Native City" of Shanghai, and to the north and east, and across the river in Pootung, flourished the newer Chinese and foreign factory districts with heavy Chinese population. Across Soochow Creek—in the Hongkew district, once the so-called "American Settlement"—a rapidly growing "Little Tokyo" was rising.

To me all this did not make sense.

It was Mr. Li of the *China Press* staff, with true Chinese respect for the past in understanding the present, who suggested that I join the Royal Asiatic Society and read Shanghai's history. In its fascinating library I delved into out-of-print books on China written by early sea captains, diplomats, missionaries. Mr. Li also took me into the original Shanghai, the Native City. Its ancient moat and wall had given way to progress; otherwise, he assured me, the city had changed little

during the past four hundred years. I was enchanted as we left the modern French Concession to be closed in by narrow, picturesque streets of old China. Here was my storybook Cathay even to the willow-pattern teahouse of the blue-and-white plates, and the graceful Lunghua (Dragon Flower) Pagoda which to the west rose tall against a lapis sky. I could not know that a day would come when I should see the streets of the Old City red with the gore of beheaded victims, and incendiary bombs putting its unwarned multitudes to flight. . . .

The story of Shanghai began to unfold; and in the unfolding I glimpsed old hatreds, seething undercurrents which reached out to the Seven Seas. Also I began to understand something of the age-old enmity between China and Japan—an enmity raised then to white heat by Japan's Twenty-one Demands and her claim to Tsingtao, Shantung Province, as part of her spoil from World War I (a claim denied her at the Washington Conference of 1922).

— 2 —

Two thousand years ago the brilliant Han Dynasty ruled from the magnificent Dragon Throne of China. To these highly cultured Chinese, the inhabitants of the islands of Cipango (Japan) to the east were barbarians who lived in rude huts, ate raw fish, could neither read nor write.

Through the centuries, however, China's culture reached out, began to trickle into Japan. The warring Japanese clans gradually drew together into strong feudal families; and about seven hundred years ago Chinese architects aided in laying out Japan's first great cities, Chinese scholars introduced the art of writing and reading. Japan copied, adapted, envied, resented. By the fourteenth century relations between the two countries were strained, and China refused to enter into trade negotiations.

Japanese pirates, then the terror of the China seas, carried on a reign of violence along the China coast. Thousands of peaceful Chinese farmers and fishermen were forced to flee inland before the "sea robbers"—the first mass flights of Chinese before Japanese aggressors; and the nobles of Japan made little effort to stay the pirates. Through two centuries they strove to capture Shanghai. But that well

protected city, clearing house for the rich Yangtze hinterland, continued to sprawl in her abundance, unwalled, unconfined—a voluptuous, uncorseted lady who lived well. In 1543, however, the Japanese hired armed “black slaves and white devils” (Indian and Portuguese raiders) who had begun to ply the China Sea. With a fleet of three hundred war junks, they moved up the Wangpoo, on Shanghai. They killed, looted, burned. When their boats headed down the river, loaded high with silks and other rich spoils, the city flamed red against a night sky, a pyre for her massacred thousands.

This first gutting of Shanghai by the Japanese took place four hundred years ago. One day I heard a blind Chinese story-teller recount it in a temple courtyard in the Old City. Mr. Li translated. It was as if the burning of the city had happened but yesterday. (Thus, by wandering story-tellers and blind singers was handed down from generation to generation the account of Japan’s vandalism.)

There was no money with which to rebuild Shanghai. The magistrate put his chop (seal) on strips of cotton cloth as guarantee, and with these the thousands of workmen were paid. A massive wall with watchtowers and heavy gates and a deep wide moat was built around the ruined city, and, like the phoenix of Chinese legend, Shanghai rose again.

One touch I delighted in. Although faced by the ever present threat of Nipponese pirates, the Chinese dismissed the danger with a gesture. They planted flowering peach trees by the thousand in the open country along Soochow Creek. When the delicate pink blossoms turned the countryside into a fairyland of beauty, the pleasure-loving people with their children and pet birds went by boat and sedan chair to *beh-siang*, play, in the sunshine, and poets and sages to write and meditate in the midst of such loveliness.

In Japan, ambitious Regent Hideyoshi subdued and united the clans of Nippon, then in 1598 set out to conquer Korea and China. He was unsuccessful; but from that time on Japan held to one purpose, restated through the years by successive leaders—the conquest of her neighbor, China.

(One summer when I was in Kyoto a guide led me to a mound marked by a sign in Japanese characters. With a great intake of breath he explained that some three hundred years ago “Honorable Hi-

deyoshi-san" had chopped off the ears and noses of several hundred Chinese soldiers captured during this attempted invasion of China through Korea. The ears and noses were sent to Kyoto where with pomp and ceremony they were buried under the mound.)

One hundred years ago Shanghai again knew drama. In the swashbuckling days of windjammers and clipper ships, of opium running and tea racing, the West entered the Shanghai story.

Following the signing of the Treaty of Nanking between Great Britain and China at the close of the Sino-British opium and trade war Shanghai became a treaty port, a city open to world trade. The United States and then France hastened to profit from Britain's war and secured similar treaties.

When the British Consul and his staff arrived in Shanghai to open a Consulate-General, the Manchu officials announced that there was not even one house available. But a keen Chinese businessman, eager for trade with the West, courteously offered Consul Balfour a house. It was a large, richly furnished place, the family residence of the House of Yao, wealthy merchants who had had profitable dealings with the clipper-ship captains at Canton.

Thus, from the first, the keynote of the relations between the East and the West at Shanghai was trade.

Some one hundred British merchants arrived, together with seven ladies. Missionaries followed. The alarmed Manchu officials took steps, and 150 acres of land without the walls were leased to the British. Here foreigners might buy land through perpetual lease and the payment of a small land tax.

So it was that outside the city walls, in the marshland and fertile fields which fanned out along the river front to the north, those early British sent down roots—deep roots. There modern Shanghai, destined to become the fifth largest port in the world, was born. Just upstream the French laid out their Concession; and downstream, around a bend in the river, where a group of American missionaries had built their homes, a church and a school, the so-called American Settlement rose. From the first the Chinese people cooperated. Under the direction of the foreigners they assisted in laying out the wide

streets, turned a towpath along the river front into a pretentious Bund, put down a drainage system, built the substantial banking, trading, shipping hongs. From the time of the T'aping Rebellion, when the Chinese sought and received protection in the Settlements, they too built their rows of Chinese-style houses and set up their shops; their sons entered the firms of the foreigners to learn the business, to act as middlemen, as compradores. Ships from all the world began to call at the port. And Shanghai, built up by the Chinese and the Westerners, survived periodic political upheavals and depressions and grew into a great metropolis. Unfortunately, with shocking lack of foresight and justice, some seventy-five years were allowed to pass before the Chinese were granted a voice in the international government of the city, through seats on the Shanghai Municipal Council.

The Japanese had little part in the building of early Shanghai. It was only in 1895, following the Sino-Japanese War in which China lost Formosa and the Pescadores, that China—forced by defeat—granted Japan rights similar to those held by Western Powers. They came avid for trade and a large cut of the wealth of the port, also a place in the life of the International Settlement. They came with their kimonos, clacking getas, geisha girls, small shops, *sukiaki* houses, their dried fish and *daikon*; and they set up their courts, their Shinto temples, their political clubs, their mills and factories. They anchored their warships, their freighters and round-the-world liners off that section of the city which the first Americans had built. By the turn of the century they were deeply entrenched in Hongkew. And they continued to arrive in ever increasing numbers. . . .

It was during and shortly before the early twenties that the White Russian refugees came, some twenty thousand of them. They settled principally in the French Concession. I liked to walk along Avenue Joffre where signs in Russian were side by side with those in Chinese and French. Even as the British, American, French, and Japanese, the White Russians transplanted their homeland to China. Their shops offered sour cream in great vats, barrels of pickles, red and black caviar in bulk, vodka. Russian Orthodox churches, with sky-blue Byzantine domes were built, and priests who had fled the Revolution ministered to their desperately poor, uprooted people.

(Some years later, following the rise of Hitler in Germany and his

terrible war on the Jews, I was to watch European refugees by the thousands arrive at the docks, seeking haven in Shanghai. They too brought their bit of home, blended it into the great heart that to me, more than any city in the world, is Shanghai. They opened their Viennese restaurants, built their synagogues, published their newspapers, started their very small industries. In one of the pitifully poor secondhand shops they opened I found lovely old Meissen teacups. Some woman must have grieved that she must sell those heirlooms brought with such care from Vienna, but her refugee family must live . . .)

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During those first exciting months in Shanghai I had not realized that China was in the midst of revolution; that the Young China Revolutionary Society organized by Dr. Sun late in the nineteenth century for the purpose of overthrowing the Manchu Dynasty and establishing a Republic of China, was still carrying on. In 1911 the overthrow of the Manchus became a *fait accompli* and Dr. Sun was proclaimed the first president of China at a spectacular meeting at Nanking. But Yuan Shih-kai, Peking reactionary, backed by money and armies, had, by a dramatic *coup d'état*, seized the office. Dr. Sun and his followers had been forced to flee, and for a time their activities went underground. Yuan died, leaving China in the hands of eighteen powerful military governors, his appointees. The rule of the war lords ushered in a period of civil war, corruption, banditry.

China in 1923 was a divided nation, with two capitals. Diplomatically his Excellency Hsu Shih-chang, choice of a powerful northern war-lord faction, was recognized by the powers as President of China; and Peking, as the official capital. Dr. Sun and his revolutionists had set up a South China Republic in Canton.

It was through Rhoda Cunningham that I first met the Soong family: Mrs. Charles Soong, Madame Sun Yat-sen, Madame H. H. Kung, "T. V." and Miss Mayling Soong. Mrs. Soong was substantial, solid; a Christian, a patriot with deep revolutionary convictions, and a mother with a firm belief in her children and in their destiny. She

told me of secret meetings of the Chinese revolutionists, called by Dr. Sun Yat-sen and by her husband in her home, in those eventful days before the overthrow of the Manchus. Later I met Miss Tsumei Tscheng (now Madame Wei Tao-ming, wife of the Chinese Ambassador to Washington) on her return to Shanghai from Paris with a law degree. She told me much of the Revolution and of the part she, a young girl from an official family, had played. She had carried bombs from Tientsin to Peking in her suitcase—and these bombs had set off the Revolution.

It was through serious talks with women such as these that I learned to understand better the revolutionary forces which were shaping a new China. I wanted more perspective on China as a whole. I wanted to know the feel of the vast back country; to learn at first hand more of the nation and its millions.

Dispatches coming into the *China Press* office from the interior told of important events brewing. I wrote to New York, and Barry Faris cabled me an assignment for which I shall always be grateful. I was to interview the outstanding personalities of China—her patriotic leaders, her outstanding war lords, her officials; to do an over-all picture. It meant traveling thousands of miles in China: to Manchuria in the far north, inland to Honan and Shansi, south to Canton. The men on the *China Press* staff tried to discourage me: I might be caught up in civil war. What if I were kidnaped and held for ransom by bandits? I should fall down on the assignment. War lords did not receive women correspondents, never had done so—especially young women.

Unperturbed—armed with letters of introduction to foreigners and Chinese, telegrams sent in advance, interpreters arranged, and a dauntless belief in the power of the press—I set off.

Exciting months passed before I was back in Shanghai—months of high adventure, narrow escapes.* Yet during all that time I met only courtesy from China's people, whether in a war lord's great yamen, on a troop train crowded with soldiers, in the palace of the President of China, on a gunboat in Pearl River off Canton, in a village of bandit-farmers, a gathering of so-called Chinese "reds."

I returned to Shanghai with my canvas crowded, my life enriched.

* See *News Is My Job*, by Edna Lee Booker (Macmillan, 1940).

Also with a realization of the magnitude of the pledge of the Kuomintang (the Nationalist or People's Party) under Dr. Sun, to transform that vast land, still enthralled in medievalism, feudalism, and torn by many factions into a modern democracy.

During those kaleidoscopic months civil war did break out between the northern war lords; but I was the guest of Madame Wu Pei-fu, living behind the Orchid Door of the women's quarters in General Wu's ancestral home at Paotingfu and covering the news from there. The President of China, whom I had interviewed in the presence of seven high dignitaries a few weeks earlier, was deposed. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was forced to flee to a friendly gunboat when civil war broke over Canton, and lovely Madame Sun escaped from the flaming Presidential Mansion in the guise of a peasant. I was the only foreign correspondent in Canton at the time, and my "scoop" was headlined in America and in Shanghai. It was at this time that I met General Chiang Kai-shek, President of the Whangpoo Military College.

In that fast-moving drama little things stand out.

General Wu's soldiers are silhouetted in my memory against the massive city wall as they marched soundlessly by in the moonlight. They wore gray uniforms, carried their guns, had knapsacks on their backs. To many of the packs were fastened a trench pick, shovel, lantern, teapot, oiled-paper umbrella, hot-water bottle. How practical, how self-sufficient they were! Then came men carrying field pieces. Behind them filed coolies bearing wooden coffins slung from carrying poles—coffins to bring back the bodies of the Chinese dead. And this was one of China's best armies twenty years ago. I heard tales of warring generals hoisting flags of truce during a heavy rain and of relaxing into a game of mah-jongg. What a civilized way to wage war—

Another vignette I remember . . . Although shells were bursting about them a farmer and his three children carried on with the cultivation of their kaoliang. It was the season for hoeing the young plants according to the calendar of the Ancients. And, civil war or not, the mandates of Heaven would be respected. China might be without a president, be at the mercy of bandits and uncontrolled soldiers; but because of the deeply imbedded ethics of life, of daily conduct, of the

Tao (the Way), life of the masses carried on in a definite, orderly pattern. The Family was the governing power.

Again. In the lobby of the Hotel Wagons-Lits in Peking, I had watched two tables with interest. At one sat Russian diplomats who were in Peking to try and gain China's recognition of the Soviet Union. At the other table were secretive Japanese, who over their glasses of "beer-u" watched the big Russians. I have looked back so often on this scene.

Soviet Russia and Japan, each hungry for China. Each making plans.

Wherever I went during those months I felt the threat of Japan. Marshal Chang Tso-lin in Mukden was fighting, diplomatically, to keep back the Japanese who even then threatened Manchuria. Clever, powerful Chang stood solidly in their way. (As a prelude to Japan's grab of Mukden in 1931, he was assassinated.) In interior Lovang, General Wu Pei-fu told me of Japan's efforts to foment trouble between the various Chinese factions so as to keep China divided, weak. From student leaders in Peking I learned of Japan's efforts to discredit the student movement. In Canton Dr. Sun Yat-sen had cautioned:

"Japan's policy aims at the domination of China with her manpower and her natural resources. . . .

"The future of China is a vital—not an altruistic—concern to America."

The wheels on the trains seemed to warn of Japan . . . Japan . . . Japan . . .

It was on his gunboat in the Pearl River that Dr. Sun spoke of Russia. The United States and Britain had refused to recognize or support his South China Republic and the revolutionists were turning to Russia for the money, arms and advisers they so desperately needed if they were to march northward.

During those months away from Shanghai my thoughts had kept wandering back to one man there. I had been eager to get home. Somewhere in my travels I had lost my ambition for a place on the Paris Bureau of the I.N.S. Life had taken on new values.

John and I were married shortly after my return to Shanghai. We

were conservative, old-fashioned about our wedding. It was in the candle-lit Union Church, with bridesmaids and flower girls and joyful music; but our honeymoon was romantic, unconventional, on a Chinese houseboat in picturesque old Hangchow. "Heaven Below," the Chinese call this city of which Marco Polo wrote.

Old Amah and the Robinsons' staff beamed with pleasure. The "Master" met the standards set by them—as I cabled my family in America. John was no hand-kissing European, or exciting newspaperman, but an American businessman: an officer in an American organization with banking and real estate interests. His ancestors, in the church, on the bench, in the government, and on the farm, had helped build the United States—as had mine. Our early American background ideals were "in harmony," as the Chinese say.

Old Amah went with me to our new home, and she hired the servants (all family connections of hers), smoothed the way for the missie who was unprepared for the intricacies of running a house in China.

When our first child—a son—was born, I really came into my own, proved myself a wife who could produce sons to carry on the ancestral line of my husband. We laughed over the congratulations of an elderly Chinese friend. According to him our son was an economic asset. He and his brothers, who must follow, would grow into useful young businessmen; and before their father was even past middle age he could take his ease for the rest of his days. But John had no ambition to sit back and take his ease.

Few foreign residents in China were to know "ease" during the years which followed.

All foreigners, whether living in the far interior or in the coastal cities, were caught up in events of tremendous import, in sweeping movements over which we had no control.

In 1924 when John, Jr., was but a few months old, civil war between two rival war lords blazed over Shanghai. I had taken the baby inland to Mo-kan-shan, a peaceful mountain resort; but in less than two weeks had been forced to return, as the railway service was about to be cut.

For many weeks in 1925 we lived with suitcases packed, ready

to flee. A wave of Russian-inspired antiforeignism, started by the tragic shooting of student demonstrators by Settlement police on Nanking Road, swept China. The tension increased during 1926. Johnny and I, with Old Amah, were rushed off to America. Patricia was born there.

The Yangtze valley blazed with civil war in 1927, when the armies of Chiang Kai-shek defeated General Wu Pei-fu, thus ending the era of the war lords. He then battled the Leftist forces in the Nationalist Party for power. There was an exodus of westerners from the Yangtze River ports, from Nanking, Kiukiang, Shanghai. Foreign warships were rushed from Hongkong, Singapore, Manila, to protect Western lives and property.

Under the Nationalists, led by Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, China was rising in power.

The New Life era began. The Nationalists called in American advisers and sought American capital; the industrialization of China was under way. Airways opened up the vast interior; mills and factories were set up; plans for mass education, for granting financial aid to the farmers, for organizing cooperatives were made; currency reforms were accomplished, and a constitution based on the ideal of a government "of the people, by the people, for the people" drafted.

The American and British governments began working out plans to abolish extraterritoriality and the treaties which New China found so humiliating.

Across the Yellow Sea, Japan watched.

In order to realize her plan of world empire and her Tanaka Memorial, Japan must reduce this New China at once, before she should grow strong. An "incident" in 1931, and Nippon's armies grabbed the rich provinces north of the Great Wall. Another "incident" in 1932, and the Shanghai war was on.

With Karl von Wiegand and Floyd Gibbons I covered the fighting about Shanghai for I.N.S.

This time Japan's vandals did not move on Shanghai in pirate war junks as they had done four hundred years earlier, but came in screaming dive bombers and belching warships. They bombed Chapei. We lived behind barbed wire entanglements, sandbag barricades, and our men wore their Shanghai Volunteer uniforms. We lived through

days and nights of bombings, of the *rat-a-tat* of machine-gun fire. And we knew the suffering of Shanghai's millions, as countless refugees poured over the Garden Bridge from the Chinese devastated areas into the safety of the International Settlement. The "incident" was negotiated—an uncertain peace followed.

Generalissimo Chiang's prayer in 1932 was for ten years of peace—ten years in which to prepare China for war against a powerful mechanized Japan.

But Japan struck in 1937.

On the night of July 7, the "maneuvers" of the greatly strengthened Japanese garrison at Tientsin were extended far beyond the usual, and a clash with Chinese troops near the Marco Polo bridge resulted. In the weeks that followed, China made every effort to localize the trouble. A month later a planned "incident" occurred at Hungjao, a suburb to the west of Shanghai. That incident set off the Sino-Japanese War, now in its ninth year.

Shanghai's sky flamed red. Americans were evacuated to Manila under most hazardous conditions. A tender, crowded with women and children, was caught in cross-fire between the Japanese and Chinese armies as it made its way down the Whangpoo River to a rescue liner.

The children and I were in California. We had taken a long leisurely trip home by way of French Indo-China, the Dutch East Indies, Europe. My husband, who expected home leave, was to join us for Christmas. Instead, he and hundreds of other foreigners in Shanghai put on their Volunteer Corps uniforms and went on guard duty in the settlement. In 1938, when the fighting had moved inland, we returned to a frightening Shanghai.

The International Settlement and the French Concession were intact, but about them was desolation. In the industrial sections there was much destruction; Chapei had been bombed and burned. And the Old City?

The section bordering the French Concession had been spared, turned into the Nantao Refugee Zone, upon the insistence of international groups. Father Jacquinot of the French Mission was in charge. My husband secured a pass from the Japanese military admitting us into the Old City. Our feet echoed along silent, empty streets which

led past the Willow Pattern Teahouse to the Temple of Mercy, refugee zone headquarters. It was the hour of morning rice. The Chinese moved slowly in long lines to receive the daily ration of Red Cross grain and the blessing of Father Jacquinot. They were gaunt-faced, silent. From an upper room of the temple we looked out on the Old City beyond the Zone barriers. A desolate scene: a drizzle of rain, a heavy, dark sky, and ruins seemingly without end. The Japanese had once again turned the Old City into a "haunt of robbers, where the stillness was broken only by heart-rending moans, and where vengeful ghosts roamed."

From those vast, destroyed areas surrounding the settlements, a million starving, homeless Chinese, many of them sick and dying, had fled to the Settlement and the Concession. They had planted themselves and their pitiful possessions, there in vacant lots, doorways, sidewalks, alleyways. Hastily constructed mat-shed centers housed hundreds of thousands; even so, many homeless and hungry refugees were on the streets.

War reports coming from the interior were bad. Nanking had fallen. The Japanese were fighting their way up the Yangtze Valley toward Hankow, acting capital.

I went to Hankow to interview Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek for a *Cosmopolitan Magazine* article. The Japanese controlled the Yangtze, obliged foreigners to go to Hongkong, then by rail via Canton. It was a harrowing trip as our train, overcrowded with women and children, was attacked by Japanese bombers. Hankow was a gripping experience. It was here that I watched thousands of refugees passing through the city toward Free China. Day after day they came; a blue-coated throng without beginning, without end—

Madame Chiang received me in her private apartment. She was lovely in a Chinese gown of soft blue brocade; her only ornament, the large diamond-studded "wings" which the Generalissimo had given her for her work as Minister of Aviation. Madame Chiang was intense, and in her seriousness she warned America against Japan—

"Japan is openly insulting the Democracies," she said. "She is deliberately working to oust their trade and interests, and always has endeavored to stir up Asiatic hatred against them. My prayer

is that the women of America will never suffer as are the women of China.”

Groups of unkempt women, gangs of ragged, half-wild children trailed by our house. Such mass misery was overwhelming; yet Shanghai did provide. Chinese families took them in. Chinese hotels, apartment houses, warehouses, shops, partitioned rooms into cubicles. The Municipal Council, charity organizations, Chinese and foreign companies, individuals, gave and gave . . .

Downtown Shanghai was a no man's land. Japanese gangsters had moved in: terrorists so bold that extra municipal police patrolled the Settlement streets with revolvers drawn. "Specials" manned armored cars and tanks which bristled with machine guns. They were on duty day and night. Cement pillboxes were built at strategic crossings. Even more lawless was the Western District of Shanghai: a once orderly, prosperous section of Chinese and foreign business, factories, homes, schools, parks, had become the "Bad Lands"—hell-spot of the Far East.

Japan's New Order in East Asia was in control. The riffraff of the China Coast and of the world had descended upon Shanghai. Profligates, big gamblers, opium barons, munition runners, spies, smugglers, white-slavers, killers, kidnapers, anti-American and anti-British agitators, gangsters, political terrorists . . .

The Japanese military and their puppets gave this district over to vice. Big money, fantastic sums, was to be had under the protection of Japan's New Order. The roulette and fan-tan houses operated twenty-two hours a day.

Our house now looked into a corner of the Bad Lands, into what had previously been quaint Fah Wah Village. Formerly we had only to cross the street, walk over the stone slabs which bridged a shallow creek, to be in a Chinese village little touched by the modernism of Shanghai.

Before the Japanese war, John, Jr., and the other boys living in Columbia Circle had wandered through its narrow streets at will. A cousin of our cook sold noodles on the main crossing, and he kept an eye on the fair-haired boy who talked the dialect of the district and laughed with its people. They called him Di-di, "Little Brother." The

colorful funeral and wedding processions drew him as a fire draws a boy in America. He bought enormous dragon kites in the lantern shops during the Festival for Flying-Kites-on-High; fighting crickets in little bamboo cages; candied red apples on a stick. He knew the gossip of the neighborhood. The fan maker, whose daughter was not acceptable to the son of the maker of noodles because of her lameness, had his sympathy. And through the years of his childhood he stored away treasured memories of China.

But all was changed. The pattern of Dai Nippon had settled over Fah Wah.

It was like living on the edge of a dank and frightening jungle; like listening to the unceasing throb, throb, throb of tom-toms in the night. Gunshots often wakened us. Our windows shook to the explosion of a bomb in a gambling hell. And early one morning Patty and I, from an upstairs window, saw a next-door neighbor, a prominent Dane connected with the Great Northern Telegraph Company, shot down by Japanese gangsters as he stepped into his car. In horror we watched the two murderers, disguised as Chinese, run past our house, cross the street, and escape beyond the barbed-wire barricades into the safety—for them—of the Fah Wah Bad Lands, where Settlement police had no control.

Along the Fah Wah side of the creek had grown up a row of low wooden houses, each of which displayed at its door pictures of the girls serving within. The shrill notes of their music reached us. Other places boasted opium couches: cheap places. Little packets of white powder were sold openly, and on the street corner any one could get a "shot" for a few coppers.

Barbed-wire entanglements stretched in front of our house and on down the length of our street, a protection of sorts from the Bad Lands, and police patrolled usually in squads of six. After dark the taxis did not seek fares out our way.

One day our chauffeur rushed in, his eyes wide with fear.

"Master, Master," he cried, "more better you go catchee young Master chop-chop. He plenty trouble Jap soldier-man. My too muchee fear."

John, Jr., and a half-dozen other American boys were baiting Japanese soldiers from behind the barbed-wire street entanglements.

Another day, on his way home from school, he watched a street fight between Chinese puppets and patriots. Bullets flew, and two Chinese were stretched out dead by the little bridge before the Settlement police arrived. And this just down the street.

Old Amah came to me in a panic one morning. "Missie, my wanchee talkee you something. My Johnny and he fiend Granny Cochran wanchee lun away, join Chinese guerrilla-man. Wanchee fight Jap . . . Ai yah!"

We had been back in China less than a year; but in the face of ever increasing disorder within Shanghai, my husband and I decided it would be better for John, Jr., to return to the States. So I made a hurried trip to America, and settled him in an Eastern preparatory school.

It was desperately hard to leave our son, to put an ocean and a continent between us; but Shanghai was no longer a place for an adventurous fourteen-year-old boy with a bicycle and an intense devotion to his friends, the Chinese. There was too much hatred, brutality, and suffering about. He needed a more stable background, traditions, peace.

So I left John, Jr., in New England, came on down to New York. My first book on China was in galleys. I remained only long enough to read proofs and see it off the press, to know the joy of good reviews and a brief excitement—as guest at autograph parties, author luncheons, and radio programs. It was all new to me. But my purpose in coming to the States was accomplished, I was eager to get home, back to my husband and daughter, and to Old Amah, who was running the house while I was away.

Perhaps it was the sharp contrast with the orderly cities in America that emphasized my feeling that conditions in Shanghai had changed for the worse, even during those few months. It was like suddenly realizing that the face of a dear friend was shockingly ravaged by suffering, want, fear.

The foreign population, as well as the Chinese, was feeling Japan's relentless pressure; not only the Americans and the British, but Axis Nationals as well. All Western business was being strangled. I thought longingly of the halcyon days of the twenties and early thirties; of a

Shanghai of gracious living; of cosmopolitan smartness; of cleanness, order, safety.

We were so shut in, there in the Settlement. Shanghai lay some fifteen miles from the sea, and by that time few liners were calling at our ports. In case of trouble, we should have difficulty in getting out by the river to the China Sea. We were literally walled in from the hinterland by Japanese-made barriers. Red tape, ever changing, insulting regulations, made travel inland almost impossible for the foreigner. Houseboating up the picturesque waterways, week ends in the Shanghai hills, trips to historic Hangchow and Soochow in which we had so delighted during the years, were enchanting memories of happier days: photographs in our thick album of good times.

I had been back only three months when the problem of summer lifted its head. I put it from me—glared at Old Amah when she mentioned leaving for our summer home in North China. It seemed as if I had spent the last year shuttling in and out of Shanghai. I did not wish to leave my husband again, and he doubted that he could join us even for a holiday of two or three weeks. And even if life in Shanghai was difficult, we still had the protection of the International Settlement. Who could say what life in Japanese-conquered North China, under Japan's unpredictable New Order, might demand of us?





PART II

Shanghai Faces Chaos

OVERNIGHT, OUR SHINING spring with its lilt and freshness gave way to the turgid mugginess of a Shanghai summer. Dank, sticky heat settled over the Lower Yangtze. Only a typhoon, roaring inland like a dragon unleashed from the China Sea, could bring relief. But after three days of violent winds and lashing rains the *dah-fong* (big wind) would sweep on, leaving the city steaming as were the hundred-hundred rice pots on the charcoal stoves of the Chinese.

Normally, in peacetime, the children and I sailed for Weihaiwei, a North China seaside village, before the middle of June.

According to our Chinese staff, any "plover missie must do so fashion." It was the Old Custom established by the wives of early missionaries, diplomats, taipans. Every summer, as certain as Christmas, American, British, and smart European wives departed for the seaside and mountain resorts of China, Korea, and Japan. And every .

summer the gossip of the doings of Shanghai's "summer husbands" and the oh-so-fascinating Russian cabaret girls, whose plea was "Mon prince, ples buy little Sonya small bottle wine," floated up and down the China Coast. The sophisticated Orient—Chinese and foreign—laughed today and forgot tomorrow.

But there was no peace in China, that June of 1940, and few foreign women, except Germans and Italians, were leaving Shanghai.

The Japanese armies then, in the fourth year of war on China, occupied every seaside and mountain resort in the coastal reaches. We sensed a mounting tension over the whole Far East. Incidents, involving Americans and British, provoked by a Japan mad with powerlust, were rolling up like clouds of Peking dust on a fast darkening horizon. In Europe, country after country was falling before Hitler's mechanized armies. And we feared that repercussions from those two wars might draw America into a global struggle. Political crosscurrents of the world tangled in the Far East—crosscurrents which flowed deep, having sprung from a turbulent past.

Under an electric fan in the upstairs sunroom, I sipped iced coffee in an effort to achieve coolness and thought longingly of Weihaiwei; but, even as I dreamed of blue sea and green hills, I wondered what July, August, September would bring.

Old Amah bustled about. Scolding, she brushed spots of whitish down from our clothes and from my pumps the gray-green fungus which sprouts overnight during the Season of Yellow Mold.

"How fashion Patty-missie stay Shanghai-side summertime, Missie?" she asked. "Weihaiwei plenty more goodee, my savvy."

"I know, Amah," I answered absently.

We loved our northern summers, took up with joy the simple life in the hinterland after the sophistication of Shanghai. It was in the country that our children, John, Jr., and Patricia, came to know something of the real China. It was there that they could hear the melody of Old Cathay as sung by the wind in a hillside forest of feathery bamboo—could dream away the days on a houseboat moving leisurely along a waterway vibrant with Chinese boat life—could fish for hours from a seagoing junk with trusted Chinese boatmen at the *yulohs* . . .

From babyhood our son and daughter had known that enchanting life each summer we had remained in China. We felt it to be the heritage of children raised in the Orient: a heritage which became a very part of their lives and ever drew them back to China and her people, their people.

Old Amah was insistent.

"Maskee * Jap soldier man, Missie. He no trouble Melicanman. Melica have got plenty face. Have got more big ship, more big gun. Plenty more good can fightee. Jap soldier man too muchee fear Melican man."

Old Amah was wrong, as I tried to explain; but so deep-seated was her belief in the weight of America that my words had no meaning for her.

It was difficult to convince her that Japan had been waging an undeclared war upon America and Great Britain in the Far East ever since the seizure of Mukden in 1931, gradually strangling our interests, and that in Manchuria the "Open Door" had already been banged in our faces.

With the war moving south of the Great Wall in 1937, Japan had deliberately sunk our U.S.S. *Panay*; bombed our factories, industrial plants, hospitals, schools, colleges, and houses in her march of aggression; her military had occupied American properties, refused to allow the free passage of our ships over China's inland waterways—in many instances would not release goods stored in American-owned warehouses located in Japanese-occupied territory.

During the Tientsin blockade the year before, some Americans, more British had been searched, slapped, kicked, stripped of their clothing in front of curious crowds.

I personally knew of incidents:

An American Navy bride was pulled from her taxi in Tsingtao and forcibly inoculated for cholera although she showed her certificate. An American missionary nurse was forced to walk through a carbolic solution ankle-high, have her wrists sprayed with a liquid which burned, gargle from a tin cup used in turn by a long line of coolies when she arrived at Nanking ("So-o sorry—must be disinfected," the Japanese

* Never mind.

guard had explained). An American official's daughter who had misunderstood some minor regulation had been terrified when a Japanese sentry ran his bayonet at her as she walked down the gangplank at a northern port, the blade passing between her arm and her body. . . . Insult after insult.

Thousands of protests were presented to Tokyo. Ambassador Grew was doing what he could. A Nipponese cartoon depicted Japan, soldier, sneering at Uncle Sam, note writer.

Yes, Old Amah was sadly wrong.

Attacks upon the Stars and Stripes, violations of American treaty rights, insults to American nationals in the Far East no longer brought swift reprisals. Japanese militarists, not understanding a nation that strove for peace, thought America weak.

"No, Amah," I answered firmly. "More better we stay Shanghai." The thought of being under the Japanese military even for one summer was shattering. We would stay out of the downtown district with its unpredictable gun battles between opium racketeers and political factions, its kidnappings and bomb explosions. We would live in our garden, at the country club, and take health precautions.

But Old Amah muttered: "My no likee. Shanghai Number One bad this summertime. Plenty man makee die. My savvy."

And I wondered, vaguely upset. Old Amah had a way of always being right. . . .

The household sprang to life. Snow Pine, the Number One Boy, and Coolie moved our beds onto the sleeping porch, hung enveloping mosquito nets from the ceiling. Garden Man cut the ivy from around the windows, to discourage centipedes from working their way into the bedrooms; and stocked the lotus pool with mosquito-eating fish. Bamboo Man from a shop near by came and mended the reed awnings. And House Tailor made new summer chair covers and curtains. Overnight the rooms on the ground floor became cool and restful in soft gray, green, and jonquil.

Endless details, getting a house ready for summer in the Orient.

On the wall in the Chinese kitchen—next to the garish red and gold Kitchen God, guardian of the hearth—Ah Kun pasted a handbill of summer health suggestions. It was sent out by the Shanghai

Municipal Council in an effort to prevent epidemics of cholera, typhoid, and dysentery. The drinking water must be filtered and boiled; fresh fruits, washed in permanganate solution; vegetables, well cooked.

John brought home Red Cross posters showing dangers from flies on food, cooking with unclean hands and fingernails, using a dish towel for wiping the feet, a personal toothbrush for scrubbing vegetables. Our doctor inoculated the servants in turn against cholera and typhoid: Old Amah who literally ran the household; her brother, Ah Kun the cook; Snow Pine, tall aesthetic Number One Boy; House Tailor; Lin-sen, the chauffeur; Young Coolie; Garden-Man and his aged father who always reeked of garlic and wine. And, to my surprise, Ah Kun's eleven-year-old son.

"My no-goodee boy wanchee help Coolie do book-pidgin?" Cook explained.

Book-pidgin? In reality, Ah Kun had determined that the time had come for Small Third Brother to begin his apprenticeship as a house boy. During the summer, our books must be sunned, freed from mold and silver fish; and my weakness for books proved to be the entering wedge.

Even Chu Hsien-shing, my scholarly Chinese language teacher, agreed that we needed a book coolie. Did not the priests in the Buddhist temples always air their books on the sixth day of the sixth month, because once upon a time . . . It was difficult to argue. Mr. Chu could always polish off his point with a happening out of the past.

Small Piece was scrubbed, his ears and nostrils cleaned; his hair trimmed, then combed with a perfumed setting lotion. He was given a new blue coat patterned after his uncle's long white one, and slippers with soft padded soles, and he was forbidden to eat fish cooked in strong-smelling peanut oil.

Ah Kun, immaculate in his white jacket and starched white chef's hat, presented his son. Small Piece was most respectful, but his quick eyes, set in a face as round and shining as a Chinese bronze mirror, darted curiously about the library of the first "foreign-man" house he had ever been in.

"What about rice money? Ten dollar can do?" I asked.

"My so happy, Missie, you belong Number One goodee Missie. Thank you, Missie, thank you, Master," he answered.

I remembered the basket of red-painted eggs we had received at the boy's birth, the Chinese traditional announcement that the household had been blessed by the arrival of a son. My husband had sent the baby a gift of money. Subtly our cook had kept Small Piece before us during the years which had followed. The outgrown sweaters and shoes of John, Jr., had been saved for this boy, and feelers put out as to his schooling. It was always "My ignorant, unworthy son," or "My stupid one." And now he was to have a job even as his father had planned. Little is left to chance in China.

Old Amah had approached the question of rice money with me in the casual, roundabout way which is the custom. She it was who had gradually worked me up from the figure of four dollars to ten dollars. The wage had long before been settled in the servants' courtyard.

As a bride in China I had soon realized what it meant to come up against Chinese resistance. I had seen a friend—an efficient New England housewife—reduced to a nervous wreck, trying to conquer Old China in her cusine. I, too, had tried.

There was the battle of the chocolate cake. I had sailed into the kitchen confidently, naïvely, armed with a shining new cookbook, a wedding gift. Little knowing what I was up against, I began to explain the making of a chocolate cake.

"My savvy so fashion cake, Missie," Ah Kun informed me in his politest manner.

I insisted on reading him my recipe while he beat the eggs with his chopsticks; but the cake was flat, heavy, a failure.

Cook was most sympathetic, dismissed my cookbook with a gesture. To show his "sorrow," he made the new missie a chocolate cake that was a dream and piled it high with marshmallow icing. I went to my husband about it.

"Yes," I assured him, "Ah Kun's cake is marvelous. No, he was not rude."

"Well, then," John advised, "why worry your little head about it?" I stormed, "Is this my kitchen, or is it not?"

John explained that Ah Kun was lord of the cuisine; that he was an excellent cook and took great pride in his art. "Don't make him lose face before his small learn-pidgin," he said, "by even suggesting that he is not the master of every known dish." He advised a more subtle approach, said I would learn.

For a time I was angry at both husband and cook. . . .

The heat pressed heavy and we lived under electric fans. Pounding rains often turned our garden into a sodden waste but Garden Man would say, "Maskee Missie, my can fix." Our English-style house was built on what had once been Chinese farm land and we had transformed a bean and cotton field into an adventure in landscaping. I had expected it would take one or two years; but in time there would be a jade carpet of lawn, a lotus pool, and a teahouse with upturned roof corners. There would be gentle slopes to break the flatness, borders of old-fashioned flowers, and weeping willows, tall and graceful.

My husband had said, "Go ahead."

I made sketches, studied smart garden magazines, cut out photographs of charming nooks, of an outdoor grill, and showed them to Garden Man.

"Can do, Missie," he said.

It was April, and John and I were going on a houseboat trip into the Shanghai Hills. I asked the gardener to get the bean hills leveled, order the turf, and prepare the flower beds for planting. We would begin work on our return two or three weeks later.

There is nothing so idyllic as houseboating into a China spring, and I was sorry when we turned back toward Shanghai. But our garden called.

I shall always remember the garden to which we returned. It was all there—my sketch come to life.

Green lawns stretched to a tall, precisely trimmed privet hedge which fenced the garden in privacy, like a frame. Weeping willows, young and slender, in leaf, swayed along the borders. Tulip trees lifted their white blossoms to the sun. Masses of yellow forsythia, pink azaleas, riots of early spring flowers crowded the borders and hillsides. A teahouse with upturned roof corners stood near the pool, and in its depths I caught a flash of goldfish.

I could not believe it. John commented, "The magic that is China."

Garden Man, beaming with pleasure and pride, explained, "My have got one friend, Missie . . ." This friend's wealthy Chinese master was dismantling his gardens to build an apartment. So the gardener and a crew of helpers had literally moved his trees, shrubs, special rocks, teahouse. Almost magically my dream garden materialized.

I was never able to achieve an open-air grill, however. Garden Man did not favor such an innovation. Why mar the beauty and harmony of a garden with anything so unfitting? A garden was poetry, music, painting—contemplation, peace. We had a kitchen, everything in readiness, and the cook. Why did Missie wish to eat potatoes roasted black in ashes? She would cause the whole household to lose face. What would Missie's friends say; and what of a gardener dropping in to admire the Chinese orchids sent down from Szechwan Province? No, a grill was not possible.

He was as firm about his garden as Ah Kun was about his kitchen, and after a time I came around to Garden Man's point of view—wondered vaguely why I had ever wanted a grill.

Through the years Garden Man and I learned to talk over the planting. I talked, and he always agreed politely with a "Can do, Missie." But after a number of "mistakes" on my part, if the beds were changed and peonies blossomed where I had suggested zinnias, I always admired the peonies.

But it was vegetables rather than flowers we stressed that summer of 1940.

The food situation in Shanghai was growing serious, as the Japanese soldiers stopped the farmers bringing supplies at the edge of the Settlement. They would often confiscate all, or take a big squeeze allowing a little to dribble through. Prices soared, and the Chinese were finding it very expensive to buy cabbage, beans, chard, the greens they cooked daily to eat with rice and pork or fish. My husband leased an extra piece of farmland, and Garden Man took on a young helper. On the extra land he grew potatoes and onions to be stored

away for winter, tomatoes and cucumbers for pickling, all the vegetables we could use; and there was plenty also for the Chinese staff.

Every few days I inspected our kitchen and icebox, the Chinese kitchen and courtyard to see if the Master's instructions as to keeping things sanitary were being carried out.

One morning I noticed in the back yard a young Chinese girl and a boy about three years old. His head lolled on one side, and he looked at me with dull, crossed eyes. The girl was lovely, slim to frailness in a blue cotton coat and trousers, bobbed hair framing a pale oval face. She might have been a schoolgirl until I saw her eyes: they were old, poignant with the terror felt by the thousands of Chinese women and girls who have come in the path of the Japanese soldier. I had come to know that look.

Old Amah explained. When the Japanese seized near-by Fah Wah village in 1937, the girl had been left by the soldiers in a half-crazed condition. She had borne a child, but she had deliberately beaten the baby's head against a wall. Strangely enough, the infant lived, but it wandered about known only as Jap-Dwarf-Idiot.

Another day Old Amah brought a friend in to talk with me. I sensed the elderly caller had come to her for advice.

"Missie, please, my friend here, wanchee talkee something."

The old woman's daughter, then in the country, was shortly to become a mother, a victim of a Japanese.

When the baby was born, should the family, large and self-respecting, throw the child of the Jap pig down a well? Or should they raise him, a Chinese patriot, one day to fight the people of his father?

"What you think, Missie?" Amah asked. "Just now old uncle, old auntie, plenty man come he house countryside talkee, talkee."

A decision was to be made by family conclave even before the birth. This was a tragic situation for a Chinese woman who lived for sons. How could I, a Westerner, answer such a question, how could I advise?

Finally I ventured, why not give the baby to some workman's family where he could learn a trade, or to a farmer who needed help with his lands, and raised as a Chinese? Perhaps a marriage could be

arranged for the young mother. A baby of her own race would cause her to forget her horrible experience.

"No so easy, Missie. Chinese fashion no all-same foreign man," commented Old Amah.

In a few days the baby was born. The family decided to do nothing. The child would grow up in the large household; be fed and clothed, yes, but ignored. And the Death's Head curse would be upon him as it was on his Japanese father—and after a while he might sicken. *Mai yo fah tzu*. Whatever Heaven willed . . .

Old Amah's eyes blazed as she talked, then turned cold. She called down curses upon the Japanese and named them "adolescents," "monkeys," "sea-robbers," "dwarfs."

According to legend, the Chinese Emperor Shih Huang-ti, who dreamed of eternal youth even as did Ponce de Leon, sent a party of boys and girls to the "Isles of the East" in search of a magic herb of life. They never returned, but were said to have colonized Cipango (Japan) with dwarfed, undeveloped children, the offspring of their immaturity. Through the centuries—adolescents.

My Chinese teacher explained: Whereas the western peoples accepted modern Japan as a nation of culture and honor, the Chinese had never done so. They looked beneath the twentieth century veneer and held to the opinion of their Han and Tang and Ming ancestors: the Japanese was a barbarian islander who had the cruel, treacherous, ungrateful ways of a monkey, of a savage ape—no more, no less.

I was delighted when I learned we were to have an early June wedding in the family. For the time, at least, personal problems would be put aside.

Our Chinese house tailor, a slender young man, and the daughter of Nail Amah Mary were to be married, and everyone was pleased.

House Tailor could do anything. He could cut a dress from a picture in a New York or Paris fashion magazine, or copy a Lanvin model in all its beautiful detail. He designed wonderful costumes for John, Jr., and Patty to wear at the annual Christmas parties given by Sir Victor Sassoon for the children of his friends, in the ballroom of the Cathay Hotel. He made chair covers and curtains, pieced quilts, hemstitched most beautifully our "undies," tacked satin comforters in elaborate design, looked after my husband's clothes. Anything. He

lived in the servants' quarters and was always on hand for emergencies—a button off, a gown to be pressed, a hem shortened.

Old Amah had been the match-maker and go-between. Glowing Pearl was a full-cheeked girl, sturdy like her mother; with bangs and a long bob. She kept house for Mary, looked after her three younger brothers and their two small rooms in a Chinese compound in the Jessfield Park district—now under Japanese control. The father was dead. After the marriage an old aunt from the country would take her place.

Once a week for years Nail Amah Mary had arrived with her cheery "How you today, Missie? My hope so you plenty good."

As we talked she would arrange her manicure tools on a little table near my chaise longue in the upstairs sunroom, and set to work without a waste motion. She would chat of the doings of her other missies, grow excited over the war news, or talk of our children. Everyone liked and respected this hard-working, middle-aged woman, and when the red and gold invitations to her daughter's wedding were out, various "missies" sent her gifts of money wrapped in red paper, so that she could give her daughter a "number one plopper wedding." As the day set by the geomancer drew near, Mary radiated happiness. She talked of the pairs of basins, of the chopsticks, of the sets of rice bowls, of the pillows and quilts, of the dresses for the four seasons, which she and her daughter were getting ready.

House Tailor's room was being redecorated for the bride. From the storeroom Snow Pine brought down bedroom pieces which had once been used in our guest room.

"This belong velly common furniture," he began, in his round-about approach. "My think so, Missie, Master, just now no wanchee so-fashion. Missie likee plenty more nicee furniture, likee new-fashion."

I hesitated. But the pieces might stay in the storeroom for years before we used them again. Can-Do Zung Kee painted the walls a warm pink, and House Tailor made the curtains from gay chintz leftovers. He "borrowed" one of our summer floor mattings. On a small table Mary placed the Goddess of Mercy: the same image which had served her and her mother before her; the beloved Goddess who grants sons. Old Amah arranged the incense sticks and red candles in readiness for lighting on the wedding night.

For days the servants' kitchen teemed with preparations for the wedding dinner. Cook's friends came in to help, and pungent odors filled the air. The feast was to be in our courtyard, and already the special *lung feng ping* (dragon and phoenix cakes), the wine and pork, the pairs of fish and of geese and ducks were ready. An awning of bamboo matting roofed the courtyard where the red banners hung, with their gold characters denoting joyful marriage. Two round tables—each seating ten, one for the women guests and the other for the men—had been rented. Strings of firecrackers had been purchased, for lighting upon the bride's arrival to scare away evil spirits, and musicians had been engaged to pipe her coming.

The bride was not to arrive in a wedding chair according to the old custom, but in a motor car like many Shanghai Chinese girls. Our chauffeur was to have the car for the wedding party. He had acquired two kewpie dolls, which Old Amah and Patty dressed as bride and groom: these, with streamers of ribbon, were to deck the bridal car foreign-fashion. Mary and her daughter were radiant.

The bride was to wear a soft pink satin Chinese gown, but not the heavy, traditional Chinese headdress. Instead, she would have a pink tulle veil, made most beautifully by House Tailor from the skirt of one of my old evening dresses; and she would carry a bridal bouquet arranged by Garden Man from flowers in the garden. It was all such fun.

Old Amah and Mary were almost boisterous in their gay chatter. They whispered and laughed and joked. Old Amah hung little mirrors in quaint silk frames on the head of the bridal bed, and the symbols of fertility: the conjugal fish, the wedding boys, the bats of good fortune, and the apples of peace and harmony. They placed the bed just so, and said it would be "bad joss" to move it from the selected position.

In spite of her almost daily contacts with western ways, Nail Amah Mary remained old-style Chinese, and held firmly to the traditions of her ancestors; and she explained the ritual of the wedding night to her daughter even as her mother had explained it to her:

Women attendants would escort the bride to the chamber, and she and the groom must sit side by side on the edge of the bed. Mary laughed when she cautioned the girl to be careful lest the groom sit

on her wedding dress or veil—if he did, she would forever be his submissive slave.

An attendant would then, for the first time, unveil the face of the bride. That was a fateful moment of suspense in most arranged marriages of Old China. To House Tailor and Glowing Pearl, it was but a formality; he had glimpsed his bride-to-be in our garden one day when she had come to the house with her mother, and she had peeped at him through a keyhole of the sewing room—one quick, shy peep, then flight on tiptoe. The women would pour hot wine into tiny Chinese wine cups. After the bride—her cup held by an attendant—and the groom had each taken a sip, the wine must be poured from one cup to the other and back again, and then drunk. This mingling of the wine, the *t'wan yuan*, or perfect circle ceremony, symbolized a happy marriage.

So it was that Mary instructed her daughter. I begged, however, that Glowing Pearl be spared the customary “teasing of the bride”—which requires the frightened girl to stand with downcast eyes in the wedding chamber and be teased for hours by the men of the family. Old Amah promised that there would be little of that. Many of the old customs must be given up because of the war, the expense, and the fact that House Tailor’s house was in the country, far beyond the Japanese lines.

On the day before the wedding I was awake early. It was hot and sticky and drizzling. Awful weather, I thought. If a typhoon should develop, the servants’ courtyard would be awash. Typhoon or no, Nail Amah Mary should have her party, even if we had to take all the guests to a Chinese restaurant.

Old Amah came in with the Master’s newspaper and my early morning tea, moving mechanically, as if her very life had been drained from her. It was not the weather, for she was crying, crying without sound.

“Why, Amah, what thing?” I had never seen Old Amah so moved. She plunged into a story of brutality:

Late the previous day Japanese soldiers on the prowl had stalked through the row of Chinese houses where Mary lived. Glowing Pearl had been unaware of them until they were in the room where she was preparing the evening rice. As she ran, terrified and screaming,

they struck her down. When they had finished with her, she lay on the floor unconscious. One of the soldiers had then whacked the body of the young girl in two, lengthwise, with his sword.

"All same cook cut spring chicken," sobbed Old Amah. "No can makee wedding now, Missie. Jap soldier man have killee Pearl."

Our happy plans for a wedding changed with shocking abruptness to preparations for a funeral. Instead of the cheerful notes of wedding flutes, we were to know the wails of mourners.

The household moved in a daze, weighed down by tragedy. The drizzling rain which had begun at dawn suddenly became torrential. The heat broke, and a rising wind brought coolness; like the chill of death, I thought. With a crash the wind caught the matting which roofed the servants' courtyard in preparation for the wedding feast, and sent its tattered lengths sailing down the street. The dreaded typhoon was upon us; but now no one cared.

Friends sent gifts of silver dollars to Mary, dollars wrapped in white paper, the color of mourning. Small comfort; but they enabled Mary to give her daughter a funeral without running into a debt which would take her years to clear. We found, however, that burial for a Chinese was difficult under Japan's New Order. Nail Amah's family lived in a village beyond Soochow, and the Japanese would not give the necessary transport permit. At last my husband arranged for the coffin to be stored in the "Hall of Heavenly Peace," a hastily constructed, mat-walled shed of astonishing proportions where thousands of lime-filled coffins of the Chinese dead were housed—until victory.

Poor little Glowing Pearl—but one of untold numbers of victims of Japanese wanton viciousness. As I think over the many Japanese atrocities which I myself have witnessed, accounts by friends, newsreels by George Fitch of the rape of Nanking, the murder of Mary's daughter fills me with the deepest bitterness. Perhaps it was because it touched our household so closely; perhaps it was because of Nail Amah Mary, who picked up her life so bravely, who still greeted me each week with the same cheery,

"How you today, Missie? My hope so you plenty good."

House Tailor carried on as usual, but his room returned to its former bachelor simplicity. We sent our one-time guest-room furniture

to auction. Only the soft pink walls remained to recall Glowing Pearl. . . .

There was little time for personal grief, however. The news which was flashed over the radio that June was staggering.

Winston Churchill in a speech before Parliament admitted the tremendous losses at Dunkirk. "But," he cried, "we shall not flag or fail, we shall go on . . ." Screaming headlines announced the German smash through Belgium. Dictator Benito Mussolini from his balcony in the Palazzo Venezia at Rome shouted to his cheering multitudes on June 10 that the Allies faced their darkest hour in nine months of war against Germany. "The die is cast," he shouted. "We salute the Führer, chief of great Germany. There is one order. It already wings over and inflames hearts from the Alps to the Indian Ocean. Italian people, rush to arms." The Congress of the United States passed a Rearmament bill totaling nearly five billion dollars. The Battle of France in its mechanized might was moving swiftly on Paris. Chungking suffered the worst bombings of the war. Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs Hachira Arita announced that, at the request of Germany and Italy, Japan had assumed "protection" of their interests in the Far East.

And then came shocking news:

Paris Falls! Extras printed in English, French, German, Chinese, Japanese, Russian were on the streets. Excited men and women of many nationalities crowded about the bulletin boards on Nanking Road, the Bund, out Avenue Joffre, and on Great Western Road. Radio announcers in different tongues urged their listeners to stay tuned in for the latest news flashes.

I joined a crowd on the Bund, stood on tiptoe to see a banner which read, "*Paris in Mourning.*"

The air was vibrant with emotion. Shostakovich could have fused these emotions into a symphony of war which would have left an audience tense, drained, but aware, awake. A *symphonie moderne* so clangorous with strife, so reverberant with feeling, that it would seem as if the very walls of the world must crash. Such a symphony was being played under the surface on that crowded street corner.

In polyglot Shanghai the reports brought reactions sharp in con-

trast. The faces of the men and women about me were raw with feeling. I glimpsed smug satisfaction—violent hatred—shocked bewilderment—wild exaltation—hopeless despair: expressions which revealed the homelands.

A Czechoslovakian woman with whom I often played mah-jongg joined me, suggested an iced coffee at the hotel just across the street.

The ornate lounge of the Cathay was crowded. Groups of British, Americans, Europeans—the smart cosmopolitan set of Shanghai—sat about the tables over their drinks. The French, however, were missing; also the Germans. The music of the orchestra was soft, calming, safe; it might have been any noontime there in the lounge, so controlled were the faces and the voices. A Chinese “boy” seated us and took our order. We plunged into the war news.

“So France has fallen,” she said slowly. “Mark my words; there will be an immediate reaction in the Far East. The backwash of Europe will engulf us even here.”

She was silent for a time. When she again spoke, her eyes were far away.

“France really fell Wednesday September 21, 1938—the day her government betrayed her ally Czechoslovakia to Germany,” she stated with impressive emphasis. “I was in Geneva at the time, attending the sessions of the League of Nations as correspondent for a Prague newspaper. Day after day I sat in the magnificent Palais des Nations praying that some voice would champion the cause of the Czechs against the Germans. But no. The suave delegates talked of the white-slave traffic in the United States, of the smuggling of opium by the Japanese, of social evils in South Africa. They talked of everything, except that which was uppermost in all minds: Germany’s demands for our historic Sudetenland.”

The waiter served our coffee, then she continued.

“During the interims I would rush to the press room to hear radio commentators in London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Prague, discuss the Anglo-French proposal for the settlement of the German-Czech incident. Incident—*Jesus, Mary and Joseph!* Out of session I asked various members:

“‘What is the League of Nations doing to save Czechoslovakia?’

“A polite shrug was the answer.

"In the dead of night," my companion went on, "the British and French ministers drove to the castle where President Beneš was in residence and demanded an audience. Before the dawn our President was forced to call a meeting of the Cabinet. My government was informed that France would not aid Czechoslovakia in a war against Germany, regardless of treaty or moral obligations; that Britain would remain neutral; that Russia was bound to give military assistance to the Czechs only if France did so. A headline of my Prague newspaper read: '*We Are Alone!*' So came the end of my beautiful country—of the Sudetenland, and then of all Czechoslovakia."

Her dark eyes deepened.

"But we are no longer alone. Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium—and Austria—are with us, the enslaved nations. Today, France—and tomorrow . . ."

In Shanghai the French Concession was prostrate. French nationals, stunned by the collapse of Paris, remained indoors. They were not seen on the terrace of the French Club or at public affairs. French municipal and consular officials, French and Annamite troops and police lived anxiously, lived only from one day to the next. The majority of the Shanghai French sympathized privately with the De Gaulle faction, but it was the Vichy government which ruled Frenchtown.

My husband and I dined that night *en famille* with a French official and his wife whom we had known for twenty years.

In their charming salon—a bit of Paris set down in Shanghai—we lingered over our liqueurs. Soft lights from a candelabra played over the gilded furniture with its coverings of finest petit point, over the rare tapestries and the window draperies of handmade lace over satin. Elegant cabinets were crowded with Chinese figurines of ivory, jade, and crystal. Mirrors set deep in ornate frames caught the rose and gold coloring of the room. Even the snapdragons on the gold-lacquered piano carried out the motif.

The conversation was disconnected, fragmentary. We talked of Dunkirk, the Maginot Line, Paris. In the silences I seemed to hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of Nazi boots along the Place de la Concorde. I wondered if the fountains still played in the sunshine, or

if the waters had dried suddenly, as does a mother's milk, from shock.

Our hostess paced the floor. Her mother and father were in Paris. What of them? Her daughter was at school in a convent in the suburbs. Was she safe? Although the night was muggy, heavy, she wore black, and her dark hair made a smooth frame for her strained white face. Her hand trembled so that she could not pour the *demi-tasse*, and a Chinese houseboy served us.

The men talked of the Armistice terms being laid down by Hitler in the Forest of Compiègne. Then our host picked up a local French daily and read aloud a news dispatch from *La Petite Gironde* of Bordeaux:

"Fighting ended in France at 1:35 A.M. German and Italian summer time, June 25, 1940.

"Thus came the end of twenty years of errors and faults. We shall not say of crimes, since we still believe that those who have brought us to this pass were merely ignorant and blind—but they have drawn us into an adventure that dumbs us with stupor."

The Frenchman's voice shook.

"Errors—faults . . . *Mon Dieu!*" he shouted. "Let us say *crimes!* We French, the people as well as the leaders, have sinned against our country. We have let the *glory* of France slip through unworthy fingers."

(As he spoke, an incident in the life of Mencius crossed my mind. Back in 371 B.C., at a critical time in China's history, a disciple had questioned the Sage: "Now that the kingdom is drowning, why is it that you do not save it?" Mencius had replied: "A drowning kingdom can be saved only by *right principles*—not, like a drowning person, by the hand.")

Our host was speaking. "Only a miracle can lift France out of the nightmare that is Hitler's Europe. We must face realities. The day of miracles is over."

Swiftly his wife crossed to the piano. "*Non, mon Henri*, the day of miracles is not over. You will see."

With her head flung high, she sounded the opening chords of "La Marseillaise." Her hands no longer shook. It was as if the courage

and determination of the women in France beat within her. And her voice was clear and vibrant as she sang, "Allons, enfants de la patrie . . ."

He stood at attention. His shoulders were erect, his faith was restored.

We slipped away with the clarion call of "Marchons! Marchons!" ringing in our hearts.

As we drove home we noticed flags flying from German homes and offices, and the great Cross of Christ of the Lutherische Kirche ablaze with neon lights. . . .

Hitler's prayer of Thanksgiving for the fall of Paris was rebroadcast on our Shanghai radios from Berlin:

"In humility we thank God for His blessing. I order the beflagging of the Reich for ten days, the ringing of the bells for seven days."

And in Shanghai, the German community celebrated under direct orders from the well organized local propaganda organization. Rousing speeches were given by party leaders before audiences which packed the auditorium of the Kaiser Wilhelm Schule during the week following.

I attended one of the meetings as a member of the press group. There was an impressive ritual about it.

"Sieg!" voiced the party leader.

"Heil!" responded the audience in a mighty cry, right arms raised in solemn salute to the Führer.

"Sieg!"

"Heil!"

"Sieg!"

"Heil!"

Three times the stirring shouts rang out; then, without pause, the voices swelled into "Deutschland über Alles" followed by the "Horst Wessel Lied." It was like a chorus which surged from the depths of the sea, from an opera of Wagner. German newsreels, official Berlin releases of the Nazi Blitzkrieg over Europe, were shown. Before the showings, however, tables loaded with cold meats, cheese, sausages, salads, *Schwarzbrot*, and *Apfeltorten* were uncovered. Barrels of beer were on tap, and Chinese boys served schnapps, whisky, and cham-

pagne on great trays. The films were masterpieces of photography, sound effect, and propaganda. Germany's mechanized might was shown through reel after reel in a fanfare of din and pageantry. The ruthless savagery of that Blitzkrieg was seen in all its inhumanity.

"Can you match us, England?" shouted a guttural voice as heavy tanks came on and on in seemingly endless parade.

Hysterical cries of "Banzai—Banzai" came from the Japanese official guests. They gloated over close-ups of corpses piled high in Poland, of half-crazed refugees being machine-gunned as they fled in Belgium, of bomb-torn docks aflame in England. The handful of Chinese puppets in the audience sat quiet, emotions masked.

Although Japan was not then officially a member of the Axis brotherhood, she outdid the Germans in her Shanghai celebration of the fall of Paris. In Hongkew ("Little Tokyo"), flags of the Rising Sun and of the swastika lined the streets. Japan's Victory Balloon, sent aloft over the city on any excuse, rode high. Japanese soldiers wallowed in "beeru" and sake, swaggered about in noisy drunkenness. Throughout the Orient they grew more openly insulting to Americans and British. At once Japan pressed demands upon the French in the Far East. A year previously the Japanese had seized the island of Hainan on the South China coast as a naval base. They now intensified their economic penetration into northern Indo-China and extended their fifth-column activities into Thailand. Japan, bold opportunist, took advantage of every successful German move. A Japanese spokesman demanded that the French in Indo-China "reconsider."

The official Italian Fascists present were suave about it all—a bit aloof from the German and Japanese exuberance.

Although the Fascist organization had been set up in Shanghai years earlier, we had heard little of its activities. The Italian community was cultured, charming; many of its leading families had lived in the city for two or three generations, and we thought of them as our own kind. But World War II and Italy's entrance into the Axis group focused the spotlight on the local Fascist movement. It was rumored that certain party leaders were draining the Shanghai Italians of funds for Italy's war effort. On important occasions, such as the celebration at the Italian Club of King Victor Emmanuel II's

birthday, Italian boys appeared in black shirts and black-tasseled caps. They were being groomed as young Fascists.

The Italian community as a whole made no public demonstration over the fall of Paris. Many Italians were frankly troubled over the influx of German soldiers into Italy and others who were deeply concerned in the Far East had no desire to be allied with Japan; one and all were watching Washington's every move.

The Axis propaganda hook-up was doing a thorough job throughout the Far East. Domei (official Japanese News Agency), Transocean News Agency (German), and Stefani Agency (Italian) distributed reports of Germany's successes with detailed completeness. Gestapo agents and newsmen worked China, Japan, Central and South America. Shanghai was headquarters, distribution center, for Axis propaganda dispatched to all points by the great weblike organization, and information from these points was sent on to Berlin. . . .

Despite the tension and insecurity which we all felt, our days had again become routine by the end of June. In the mornings Patty and I usually swam at the Columbia Country Club. The shaded terrace around the open-air pool was one of the most pleasant places in Shanghai. The Club was also a haven. There among close friends we, a group of American women far from home, could drop the pose of casualness and admit that we were living on a volcano. After airing our secret fears, we could attempt to laugh them off, and the Stars and Stripes floating from the tall flagpole always reassured us. On Sunday afternoons the United States Marine band played and, like an inspiring sermon at church, sent us home refortified.

Patty and I were becoming amateur ornithologists. Our garden with its many trees and shrubs, its bird bath and pool drew the magpies, doves, bulbuls, blackbirds, orioles, cuckoos, and we were studying a book by E. S. Wilkinson on Shanghai birds. The pet of the household was a magpie which had fallen from its nest and been caged by Cook. He had shown Patty how to feed it bread soaked in milk with chopsticks. As Maggie grew older she would scream impatiently for her food, would open her bill and wait to be fed such luxuries as strawberries, bananas, and little balls of tripe.

Often after tea we took cross-country walks. A step from our

house, and we were in the open fields of the Farmer Wongs. Although our home was on the outskirts of a teeming modern city, the farmers round about lived like their ancestors. The same low bamboo-and-mud-walled, thatch-roofed houses, the same pattern of living, the same primitive methods and tools for cultivating the land.

Once we glimpsed real tragedy. One day Farmer Wong was guiding his water buffalo as it pulled a hand-shaped wooden plow through the fertile soil. His eldest son, dragging a homemade harrow, followed. Grandpa came next and dropped the cotton seed, and on his heels a younger boy quickly trod the seeds into the ground before the hovering birds could seize them. An amusing little procession.

Suddenly two Japanese soldiers came galloping down the Hungjao Road. One jumped from his horse, cut loose the plow, ordered the older boy to get on the buffalo and drive it down the road ahead of them. When he noticed three foreigners watching him, he shouted at us, pulled out his sword while the other threatened to ride us down. That was Farmer Wong's last sight of his eldest son and his buffalo. . . .

June ended. We made plans for the annual Fourth of July celebration. There would be a review of the U.S. Marines at the Race Course by Colonel De Witt Peck, and the distribution of American flags to the children. A baseball game was scheduled for the afternoon and in the evening there would be a formal dinner and fireworks at the Columbia Club.

But hot, heavy rains ushered in July. Also there was so much suffering among the Chinese I had little interest in dinner parties. Their poverty was appalling. With the coming of the Season-of-Big-Heat thousands of homeless Chinese, who had herded into any shelter during the winter, now lived on the streets. At night they stretched out on sidewalks, fire-escapes, doorsteps; they spread their tattered mattings, bits of blankets, old newspapers in the open fields.

Each dawn the Municipal health wagons picked up those who had died during the night. They were so weakened by exposure, hunger, that only the strongest could survive. Small-pox had been the dreaded black type that year. Tuberculosis was rampant. Typhus had become epidemic and cholera was taking its heavy toll.

Lawlessness was increasing and the price of rice soared. I did not like Shanghai that summer of 1940. Old Amah grumbled.

John and I were called home from a Fourth of July tiffin party. Snow Pine met us at the door, his eyes were bright with fear.

"Patty-Missie belong sick, have catchee fever, my too muchee fear."

We raced up the stairs to the third floor, through Patty's sitting room which only yesterday had been the nursery playroom and into her gabled bedroom. It was all the soft pink of cherry blossoms, the walls, the furniture, even the practice piano.

Our daughter was flushed, delirious. Old Amah had already put a thin matting, pliable and soft as linen, under the sheet to cool the bed, and had placed an ice bag at her head. Sickness strikes with appalling suddenness in the Orient, and so does death. I put aside thoughts of typhus, cholera, smallpox, infantile paralysis—tried to assure myself that it was a touch of the sun, probably from staying too long in the pool that morning.

The doctor arrived and at once sent for a nurse, said we must wait.

My husband tried to cheer me, but my own anxiety was mirrored in his heart. Patty was his pet, his curly-headed girl-child. They had grown close during the months I had been in America with John, Jr., and he talked to me of those days as we sat at her bedside.

China was my home, had been for many years, and I should never be free from its charm; but now trouble had struck, and I longed desperately for America. I was homesick for the peace and security of my own land. America, far across an endless sweep of ocean, seemed to be a heaven on earth, a roseate land where misfortune could never stun. Strange Oriental plagues were unknown there, long separations from husband or children unnecessary, and the cataclysm that threatened the Far East could never come close.

In the still, hot tropic night it seemed as if we lived in the Far East at a heavy price.

Into my thoughts, as if out of a dream, came the chant of priests and the beat of temple drums.

"Oh me doh vuh. . . . Oh me doh vuh. . . . Hail, Great Spirit. . . . Hail, Great Spirit."

As the melody with its deep minor cadence floated into the room, I knew it to be a ritual sung by Chinese priests for one very ill. The music seemed strangely near. Suddenly came the incredible realization that the priests were conducting their service in the courtyard of the servants. I hurried down the stairs.

There under a willow in the back garden an altar of sorts had been set up. On a table covered with bright embroidery sat a figure of the Goddess of Mercy, and on either side red candles burned in tall, carved holders. Incense curled at her feet. The heavy night air was spiced with its fragrance. Two priests in long yellow robes bowed before her. Their chant was hypnotic.

"Oh me doh vuh. . . . Oh me doh vuh. . . ."

Amah stood beside me. Her eyes pleaded for my understanding. The priests had been in the neighborhood and they had been called at considerable expense by the Chinese staff. The service was for the little Missie whom they loved as their own. The servants were all there—even the gardener and his aged father, who reeked with garlic and wine. I grasped Old Amah's hand, strangely comforted.

"Foreign man Joss, Chinese man Joss, belong all same, Missie, when big trouble come," she said most earnestly. "Goodee God sure take care my Patty-Missie."

Her faith shamed me. It was as if a fog had suddenly cleared; a curtain, lifted. The Chinese have an age-old, innate faith in prayer, and I seemed to feel its very power there in that strange little group. My spirits rose. This was no hostile land of chaos in which we lived. Here was sympathy; real affection. America would have offered little more. China was once again home.

The next morning we learned with relief that Patty was suffering only from an acute Shanghai fever. The doctor urged that we sail at once for the north.

Old Amah was smug. But Ah Kun, a grapevine of information, shook his head.

"My too muchee fear. My think so Missie jump out of wolf den into tiger mouth. More better stop homeside."

But a week later, when Patty was better, Mary Jo Buchan (the young daughter of close friends), Patty and I, together with four of the servants, boarded a British coaster heading for North China.



PART III

Holiday Under Terror

RAINBOW-TINTED JELLYFISH, gay as the frilled umbrellas of a bevy of mermaids, floated lazily with the swells alongside our steamer. Following sea gulls, wings outstretched, poised in silent artistry against the cloudless blue.

My spirits lifted in the fresh sea wind, and I wondered why the decision to summer in North China had seemed so momentous.

Until well on our way, I had not realized how much I yearned for the clear bright beauty of Weihaiwei—Village-by-the-Sea. I was nostalgic for its boundless reaches, for its simple, unhurried life.

On the upper deck soft-footed "China boys" in white coats served us strong "Englishman tea" with cream from a tin, large slices of toast, the inevitable orange marmalade, and pound cake cut in generous pieces. Children raced about, under the eyes of their Chinese amahs. Their mothers settled down to their knitting, reading, or chatting with friends.

I sought a long steamer chair and, for the first time in days, relaxed. Day dreams drifted into nothingness there in the pleasant warmth.

I awoke to find that the brightness of the day had passed. It was early evening, and our ship was being blacked out. Heavy curtains enveloped the deck, shutting out the evening breeze. We were sailing under a British flag, and there were rumors that a German raider was in the China Sea.

Old Amah waddled up to inform me that our cabin ports had been closed, bolted. "Ai-yah, what thing, Missie?" she whispered. "Big wind come?"

We crept silently northward through the deepening purple. Low laughter floated through the gloom, the laughter of young girls going north to their summer homes, and of Shanghai Britishers—young business and professional men who would soon be in uniform, sailing for Singapore and duty, leaving their sweethearts and brides behind. Both groups delighted in the black-out, in its encompassing privacy.

The night before we landed at Weihaiwei, each passenger received a glass test tube and was requested to turn it in before six o'clock in the morning with a "specimen." The gongs would waken us at five. Japanese port doctors would come aboard at seven for ship inspection, and the specimens must be examined for cholera before we could dock. Every passenger on the ship had been inoculated for cholera by a Shanghai port doctor named by the Japanese authorities, and had then received a permit to sail. The British steamship company had leaned over backward in its effort to enforce *all* Nipponese regulations. But Japanese rules were ever-changing, and often a ship booked for a Japanese-controlled port on the China coast was held up for hours, and even days, before being cleared; or it might not be permitted to dock at all.

After a first flare of anger, the passengers took the order with a shrug. "More Japanese cheek!" One American mother calmly supplied a "specimen" for her three youngsters, and even for the amah. The story put us all in good humor.

We dropped anchor in the bay during the night. At dawn, hastily dressing, we hurried on deck.

The sapphire bay stretched smooth as painted satin in the sunshine, so placid that the full-sailed junks heading out to sea seemed like motionless *objets d'art* carved from amber, and the islets nestling in the

blueness like sleeping mermaids formed from the greenest jade. Now and then in the indented shore I glimpsed a fluting of white as dainty as a ruffle of Breton lace. On the gentle hills that girdled the bay generations of farmers had planted kaoliang, peanuts, sweet potatoes, wheat, and corn. In the heaven-high mountains rising just beyond, pink-walled temples and ancient shrines received the pilgrims from the valleys. A benign ceiling, blue as the lining of a Chinese bowl, canopied all.

Nothing real has changed, I thought happily, eager to be off. How little I understood just what the taking over of our beloved Weihaiwei by the Japanese meant to the people of that once happy land!

Amah hurried up to us. An order had gone out. "No Chinese permitted ashore." How could this be? . . .

Under Japan's New Order in East Asia the Chinese could not move freely over China; and my husband had endured endless red tape and considerable expense to obtain travel permits for the servants who were to go with us. Japanese regulations required of each of them smallpox, cholera, typhoid, and paratyphoid certificates, a special landing card, twelve photographs, a doctor's guarantee for eyes and skin, also for "solid and water." Our servants were not allowed to carry any money. The currency used in Shanghai, that of the Chinese National Government (backed by Great Britain and America), was not acceptable in the Japanese-controlled North, and so my husband had bought exchange for us. "More easy go round world," Snow Pine had grumbled as he packed our boxes of provisions. "More better." . . .

The passengers, especially women with babies and young children, were dismayed at this latest Japanese order. We were absolutely dependent on our own Chinese in the summer resorts of China if attempting to run a house. Few natives in the out-of-the-way places know even pidgin English, and few western women speak Chinese. Also the dialect of North China is quite different from that of Shanghai. (During our first summer at Weihaiwei, even our servants had had difficulty in making themselves understood. I remember our son's anger—he was about seven at the time—when the Weihaiwei fishermen could not understand his Shanghai Chinese. John, Jr., who lived for fishing, demanded a local teacher and avidly set to work acquiring a vocabulary: fish, boat, sail, sea shell, bait, hook, etc.)

"Ai-yah! Ai-yah!" cried Old Amah. "What thing can do, Missie?"

I was concerned as she was, and went immediately to the ship's officers; but they could do nothing. Our ship, it seemed, was in disfavor with the Japanese officials in charge of the port. Any excuse, any reason—real or trumped up, it did not matter—was used to intensify the war of nerves against the American and British. Rumor had it that the ship's officers had discovered opium on the previous run and had confiscated it.

Sampans crowded at the ship's ladder to *yuloh* cargo and passengers ashore—sampans flying Japanese flags with big red suns in white backgrounds, but manned by Chinese. We were to be rushed ashore.

Out of the melee below we located our sampan.

"*Hou, Lao Lu,*" Patty called. The old boatman we had engaged through the years beamed; but the face of his helper was unfamiliar. Where were his husky sons, I wondered idly.

Our servants stood by the rail, watching like lost souls, while we were hurried off the ship. We made our way down a swaying ladder to the lowest step, from which we jumped into the sampan as it rose on a wave. A difficult feat on a smooth sea; perilous in rough weather. Yet it was part of our landing, year after year.

With shouts and cries the stevedores lowered our baggage over the ship's rail by ropes down into a second boat. The men at the *yulohs* skillfully cleared a path through the maze of sea traffic and headed for the jetty. We sat bewildered and speechless as our boat rode the short blue swells of the bay. What could be done about our servants? Their faces were void of expression. But I knew they were tense with fear. Old Amah watched us from the deck, and the others stood close by her. I had arranged with the British purser of the ship to carry them back to Shanghai in case they could not be landed.

"Where are your sons, Lao Lu?" Patty asked, breaking the tension.

The lines about the boatman's mouth deepened. Slowly he lifted his eyes, looked about, even though the nearest sampan was far behind.

"I have no face, Missie," Lao Lu answered. "My ignoble sons have fled to the mountains. When the Japanese dwarfs come

and demand men to carry their stone, I have no sons to send. Ai-yah!"

Then he and his assistant laughed raucously. His sons were soldiers in the guerrilla army of local patriots who lived in the hills round about, and he was proud of them.

As we neared the little jetty I wondered what lay ahead.

— 2 —

Four Japanese soldiers with bayonets confronted the foreign passengers when we landed.

Savage German police dogs—half starved, mangy brutes, held on leash by squat soldiers—snarled and snapped as they strained toward the handful of foreign women and children who were arriving for the summer holiday. They tugged at their chains, twisted and charged until I feared they would break loose. Their high-pitched clamor deafened us.

One of the soldiers struck Lao Lu sharply across the face when he presented our twenty-six pieces of baggage for customs inspection. Lu's bow to his Japanese "brother" had not been satisfactory, it seemed.

The Chinese, known as Respected-Old-One among the boatmen, flushed red; but never by so much as a shift of the eyes did his face take on expression. With a grand sweep of his straw hat, he bowed low, insolently low, in turn before each of the soldiers. A seeming indifference cloaked the fear which dissolved his belly. I was helpless. If I protested, Lu might be arrested. If I expressed sympathy he would lose face. Consequently "Missie" had seen nothing; nor had the Chinese crowded about us.

Patty, however, was trembling with rage. She loved Lao Lu. He had found sea horses, hermit crabs, and sea anemones for her as a wee girl; he had helped her bag starfish and, as she grew older, had baited her fishing hooks with rock lice and squid. I pressed her hand in warning. She was muttering in patois, "a death's head upon you!" Lao Lu hissed in terror, "*An ch'ng, an ch'ng.*" (Quiet, quiet.)

Such little things "provoke incidents." I began to wonder, Had we been wise to come?

More Japanese soldiers arrived by bicycle. Piece by piece, they tore open our luggage. They poked and pulled. Dishes, pans, linens, books, provisions, clothing were scattered over the dock. I presented a pass, which permitted the landing of personal effects, to one of the more intelligent-looking of the men; hours had gone into securing that pass in Shanghai. He took the permit, turned it over several times, exhaled and inhaled over it.

"Ah-h-h, so-o, Shanghai pass, ah-h-h, so-o sorry, unsatisfactory." And he pocketed it.

"The Japanese military in the Yangtze valley aren't speaking to the Japanese military in North China," someone explained. There were four Japanese armies in China, each headed by an ambitious, grasping leader. There was rivalry for power among them.

It was annoying, yes, but my chief concern was for our servants out in the bay. Stopping the Chinese and refusing to accept our luggage permits were gestures made to annoy the foreigners, to impress them with Dai Nippon's power. After standing about for some time trying unsuccessfully to get information from the soldiers at the dock, I decided to go to the Japanese headquarters, against the advice of fellow passengers; in general, we avoided Japanese officialdom, tried never to place ourselves in a position which would bring insult or humiliation. With some misgivings I left the girls and our baggage in the care of our boatmen.

At the end of the dock Mafu Jim, the carriage groom, and Jalopy Jill, the nag, were waiting. We had engaged Jim's old-fashioned vehicle for many seasons. His usual smiling welcome inspired courage. Jill was spoiled and temperamental, and had to be coaxed up the hills and walked down. She wore a tassel-trimmed straw hat with a simpering air, and there were flowers in her mane. She gave me a leer, however, as if foretelling dire things ahead. Mafu Jim was not eager to drive to the Japanese headquarters—like ourselves, the Chinese avoided all such contacts; but finally he set off.

Finding two or three Japanese at ease in an outer room, the coats of their wrinkled uniforms thrown open, I explained my visit. They ignored me. As I talked more insistently, they eyed me coldly, went back to their newspapers. In anger I found myself pounding the desk.

Only then did a soldier speak. Rudely he demanded my address. Any veneer of the reputed Japanese politeness he may once have boasted had disappeared under the "New Order."

We had rented a house from Italian friends for the summer. Our own cottage was one of seven perched high on the cliffs overlooking Half Moon Bay—all closed, because the Half Moon district was too isolated, too far from the port, now that the Japanese were in control. The Chinese shops would no longer deliver there, and our own servants were fearful. So we considered ourselves fortunate to secure a house nearer the heart of things. The Rector-Smiths, close Shanghai neighbors and friends, lived next door; and, beyond the little valley where the Chinese Living-Together-in-Happiness village sprawled, was the old-fashioned East Cliffe Hotel with its regular summer guests. Beyond the hotel lived the Clarks, British friends who were year-around residents.

The effect of the address which I gave was startling.

Everything happened at once. A chair, two chairs were offered, and those Japanese soldiers bowed, oh, so-o politely. What hidden spring had I touched? I knew when one of the younger men gave me a slap on the back—a slap of camaraderie and equality which almost knocked me down. (A young German girl of good family had had this experience when she presented her passport in Kobe. She had been so frightened she had taken the next boat back to Shanghai.)

"Japan and Italy sisters," the soldier exhaled in my face. "So-o happy—you sister."

My passport was waved aside; my protest that I was an American, unheard. I lived in the home of the so-o distinguished Italians—"Yes-s-s." Two young ladies were with me—"Yes-s-s." His bland smile closed the matter. Japan and Italy were "sisters." Orders were given that our baggage be repacked and our servants landed at the jetty. Everyone was "so-o sor-ry, so-o happy."

Well down the road Jim, who had heard the conversation through an open window, guffawed loudly. We neared a Japanese sentry. Jim stopped his horse with a jerk. He leaped from his seat, made the low required salaam (Chinese slave to Japanese master), climbed back, and, a bit farther down the road, resumed his laughter.

The sun was directly overhead, however, before a sampan, the

personification of the Chinese Ship of Good Fortune, arrived at the little jetty with our beaming servants. Our baggage had been repacked. But there had been discussion over a large flashlight, which a Japanese soldier thought to appropriate by a clumsy stratagem of misunderstanding.

"Ah-h, hand grenade," he exclaimed, seizing upon it with joy.

But our protests finally prevailed and we got it back. Flashlights could not be bought in the town.

Soon sampans from the East Cliffe Hotel arrived, bringing the amahs of the foreign guests, also their luggage. The white-haired Scotchwoman who had run the hotel for years was a fearless fighter. Announcing that she would "stand for no nonsense," she had gone up the ship's gangway and shepherded the frightened Chinese amahs who were registered for her hotel down the ladder and into her little boats. A Japanese port official, who liked to take visiting friends to the hotel for a good meal on its open terrace, did not interfere. Later in the morning all local Chinese were cleared.

Limply we sank into our waiting jalyopy. The servants and the luggage went on ahead. The girls and I stopped at the general store to order, ice, kerosene, firewood, coal, a punt to be painted white, a fishing rod for Mary Jo, fruit, staples.

The town of Weihaiwei was aflutter with flags. The Rising Sun of Japan and the five-barred banner of old Imperial China were flying from every shop and doorway. (The flag of the Chinese Republic had been ordered burned by the Japanese, I learned later.) I did not like it.

As we entered the store, the Chinese merchant with whom we had traded through the years greeted us. His two elder sons and the apprenticed sons of his brother were standing about the room, inactive, dull. An aged uncle, thin and sear as a mendicant, sat in his undershirt at the counting table, running his still nimble fingers absent-mindedly over an abacus. Now and then he stroked with pride the three long hairs which grew from the mole of good fortune on his chin. He lighted his *yen-tai* (tobacco pipe), then joined us.

"Why are the flags flying?" I asked.

The merchant walked to the door, gazed up and down the water-

front. I noticed then that his body had taken on leanness; that his black hair was etched with white; that his eyes were curtained, lusterless.

"We must show the Japanese flags, or our business will be closed and we shall be arrested," he explained in a whisper. "Tomorrow the Japanese hold a Victory Day celebration. They have ordered us to send three representatives to the big festival. My sons will not go, nor the sons of my brother—so I have hired three coolies for one dollar each to represent us there."

Imperceptibly the shopkeeper's round face froze. It was as if an icy wind had struck. His sons faded into a back courtyard, while the old uncle relaxed at the counting table, sank into immobility.

Two armed Japanese soldiers stalked noisily into the shop. I looked about me. Only then did I notice that the shelves and showcases were half empty, barren. One of the soldiers lifted a net cover from a basket of fruit and filled his pockets. As he bit into an apricot, juice trickled down his receding chin, besmeared the carelessly buttoned coat of his uniform. The other, a talkative, well padded fellow, smiled toothily upon the Chinese, upon us, upon the world, as he helped himself to a jar of pickles.

With a cheery "Good morning," we climbed into our carriage. The driver bent like a mechanical toy to the soldiers. The soldiers bowed to us. We bowed. Everyone was so-o polite.

Throughout the summer I was to hear bitter complaints from various merchants and to glimpse Japanese vandalism. Whether we stopped in a silk or a cotton-cloth store, a pottery shop to order an earthenware and pewter tea service, a poor curio bazaar in quest of snuff bottles, or in the town market, the story was the same. Either the Japanese soldier threw down a sum but a fraction of the value of the goods, or he paid nothing. Consequently the merchants displayed little.

"Joyous Victory Celebration Day" marked the anniversary of Japan's invasion of China proper, of the Marco Polo Bridge incident.

Orders had gone out from Tokyo that Chinese in conquered areas must unite with their "brothers" in Japan and Manchukuo in celebrating Japan's "glorious victories" in China and the setting up of Japan's New Order in East Asia. Hence the flags and Victory Day.

Japan was "saving" China, according to placards which plastered the district. The Chinese must rejoice and say "Thank you" for being saved, or else . . .

The placards announced a Victory parade; a baseball game by Japanese naval and military teams; a festival in the courtyards of the Heavenly Goddess Temple; and a dragon, lion, and tiger procession, all for the pleasure of their Chinese "brothers." Chinese actors had been brought down from Mukden to perform on high stilts. Speeches by Japanese officials were promised. China's privileged position under the New Order would be described, the expulsion by Japan of all foreigners and their interests from the Far East foretold.

Victory Day, according to the signboards, would be a gala occasion. I knew how the Chinese regarded such ordered celebrations.

During a Victory parade in Peiping two years earlier, Japanese soldiers had trained machine guns on the students in order to keep them in the line of march. Japanese cameramen in taking news photographs to show the "cooperation" of the students with the Japanese invaders had inadvertently included the machine guns in the photographs. Representatives of the small shops in Chefoo had been forced into motor lorries along with armed guards, and made to ride through the streets during their Victory parade. Many of the Chinese stood with one hand on hip, thumb pointing down, to show their scorn of the Japanese. Others called down curses upon the guards under pretense of coughing. A few even put their index finger in the nostril to indicate bad odor. In Nanking, soldiers drafted coolies to carry paper lanterns in the Victory procession: Chinese whose hearts, according to Japanese news dispatches, "were filled with joy at this Heaven-sent opportunity to serve the great Emperor of Japan, China, and Manchukuo." Bombs had been thrown in Shanghai during a Japanese Victory parade, although the city had been turned into an armed camp to prevent such disturbances.

And now Victory Day at Weihaiwei.

We jogged out of the town and into the hills. The road to our house rambled through pine forests, over cliffs, through farming hamlets, down to the sea by the fishing villages and up the hills again.

As we moved along, farmers paused in hoeing the sweet potatoes

and peanuts which terraced the slopes, to call out greetings. Little children in bright blue or scarlet singlets shouted, "Hsien-Sheng" (Teacher).

There was a reek of fish drying on the rocks below. Fishermen of the Black Water Bay spread coarse brown nets caught with floater-gourds as large and yellow as pumpkins on the hard white sand to dry. Offshore, their fishing junks lay at anchor. Their stone houses climbed the steep sides of a ravine which ran down to the sea.

We passed the village well, a well such as Rebecca knew. It had a deserted look; other summers a group of pretty girls laughed there as they drew their water. Just beyond was a rushing brook where on the rocks women washed their clothes. We stopped the carriage to talk with one of the women. She looked furtively about as I called to her. She was aged, and moved slowly. Why was an old grandmother beating clothes? From her I learned that many women had been sent inland to escape Japanese lust; that in the main only the very young and the very old remained.

Our driver drew up before the red-lacquer moon gate of a picturesque house whose walls rose flush with the road. The peaked roof was gray-tiled with corners curved upward to appease the spirits of the wind and air. We could just see the black and white *yang* and *yin* symbols painted under the gables over the high stone wall surrounding the house.

The headman of the district lived there, and we wished to notify him of our arrival. We were neighbors, our house being just up the hill.

An aged gateman threw open the heavy doors leading to the first courtyard. He was polite in his greeting, but informed us that his master was ill. He had been "ill," it seemed, since orders had been received to hang the Japanese flag over his doorway in honor of Victory Day.

The attendant was bland when he returned. The headman would be honored to receive us the day following the Victory celebrations. He would recover on that day. We chatted a bit. Some sixty-five men of the village would attend the festivities, "under orders," he explained, but the headman could not go. His sorrow was deep as a well; out of heaven the sickness had struck; he drank bitter tea on

his bed ; pearls fell from his eyes, but a substitute would have to occupy his seat at the celebration.

More passive resistance.

A caretaker had opened the "Italian-man" house for us.

It was a pretentious stone place built high on a hillside. Its spreading veranda overlooked a sea as blue and limpid as the Mediterranean. Roses climbed over the columns. A garden of wild thyme, fragrant in its mauve bloom, ran down a hillside to mingle with the golden daisies which edged a tiny pool. A single lily, perfect as if carved in rose crystal, lifted its head. And beyond, in unbroken beauty, blue sea and sky met on a far horizon. We might have been on the Riviera.

"We're here at last," sighed Mary Jo, her voice deeply content.

We sank into the long wicker porch chairs, to rest a bit and enjoy the peace and beauty of the scene before us. Snow Pine served long, cold drinks.

Abruptly, like a throb of thunder, airplanes shattered the quiet. My knees melted. Since the moonlight night I experienced a bombardment in a train en route from Canton to Hankow to call upon Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the drone of an airplane has drained me of strength and courage. I want to crawl under the bed, into a cellar, to run into the open. The servants, who had gone through the bombardment of Shanghai, stood in a row and watched with expressionless faces. Old Amah kept repeating, "No fear, Missie ; no fear, Missie." The bombers circled lower and lower, landed somewhere behind a hill.

Then we noticed a Japanese warship steaming slowly through the narrows into the bay. What did it mean? Gray and menacing, the ship came on, settled its formidable length ; dropped anchor. A second ship followed. Like harbingers of evil, dark clouds floated in their wake.

The sea and sky lost their laughing blueness, became chilled, ebionized. We were caught up in its gloom.

"My think so rain come chop-chop, Missie. More better talkee boy open trunks," advised Old Amah determinedly.

Ever practical, realistic, the Chinese woman faced facts. We could do nothing about the Japanese warships or bombers. We could un-

pack, settle the house into its routine—a routine from which there would be no deviation, not even so much as a change in position of the flower bowls. So we quieted our fears and followed Old Amah as she waddled like a mamma duck purposefully into the house.

The rooms were large, with high ceilings, and each one had wide windows which framed exquisite scenes, and a deep fireplace. The house had been opened, cleaned by the caretaker, and the heavy pieces of furniture polished. We had brought everything else from Shanghai: water filter, charcoal irons, coal-oil lamps, mosquito nets, dishes, linen, cooking utensils, box after box of supplies. Snow Pine was right: "More easy go round world" than to move north for the months of summer. But the packing had become routine—there had been many summers—and the servants were well trained. We had no modern plumbing, telephone, electric lights, or motorcar; but I wouldn't trade Old Amah and Ah Kun, the cook, for all the modern gadgets dedicated to the housewife.

Life was primitive—yes. But we lived in gracious comfort and ease.

There was a large staff to look after us. Besides the servants we had brought from Shanghai, we engaged locally a caretaker, a gardener, two sampan coolies who served also as carriers of water, a carriage driver, and, most lowly of all, a coolie who came morning, noon, and night to empty and clean the *mo-doong* (boxed-in commode) in each bathroom.

Being a *mo-doong* coolie was profitable. The farmers round about bargained with him for the contents of the *mo-doongs* as soon as the summer visitors arrived—so much per household, according to the number in the family. They used the purchase to fertilize peanut and grain fields.

Although we bathed in great round pottery *doongs*, glazed green as the depths of the sea, our baths were always tempered, made fragrant with crystals. The house coolie heated the water on a big coal range. His pleasant "He—ho-oh, he—ho-oh," awoke me each morning as he mounted the stairs, a tin of hot water and a tin of cold swinging from the ends of the bamboo carrying pole.

And so it was with all phases of our life.

It was Amah who pressed our clothes. She used a primitive iron filled with charcoal which she kept alive by blowing now and then

on the coals. A coolie filled the oil lamps and arranged the candles for the dining-room table. Cook bargained with the fishermen who offered fresh crabs, sole, bass, eels at the door; trudged over the hill to buy chickens, eggs, freshly ground corn meal from a farmer friend. The actual working of the household did not touch the "Missie." The staff would have been shocked, and I should have lost "big face," if I had interfered.

By late afternoon we were settled. The flowered curtains were up, the mattings down, beds made, pictures hung, books placed, and even the dresser drawers arranged.

Full of chatter, the girls and I sat about the tea table in the living room, forgetful of the rain and even of the warships in the bay.

With the coming of night, however, the Japanese destroyers in the bay became alive. Were we never to be free from a sense of the Japanese about us? Beams of light, white and a bit terrifying, shot through the heavy blackness—Japanese naval searchlights. They roller-coasted over the heavens, threw the mountain peaks into sharp relief, followed the trails to the sea, silvered the shore line.

Guerrilla patriots made their headquarters in those mountains which bordered so closely the old walled city. Chinese smugglers of arms anchored their junks in the secluded coves of the seashore; sometimes they brought in loads of Chinese soldiers disguised as farmers.

The Japanese with their bombers, warships, landing parties were making a demonstration—a demonstration of force to prevent any untoward incidents during the Victory celebration on the morrow.

The air had grown oppressive. Rain swept in from the sea, beat upon the house, rattled the blinds. The lights from the ships became wraiths in flowing robes of mist.

We slipped under the mosquito nets early.

A fog without ceiling rolled in with the dawn—Victory Day. A fog so dense that even the horns of warning in the bay sounded as if stuffed with raw-silk wadding. We could not see beyond the veranda railing.

Amah was beaming when she brought in my morning tea. "Belong number one good day for Japanese man play-play," she announced.

"What do you mean, Amah? Look at the fog."

"Heaven savvy, Missie. Heaven savvy," she answered with a smile, sly as that of a Chinese porcelain cat.

Yes, it was a beautiful day, for the Chinese. It would be difficult for even the Japanese Navy to play baseball in such weather. As Amah moved quietly about the room laying out my clothes, she explained that the Japanese had chosen a "bad joss day" for their celebration, had not consulted a Chinese geomancer as to an auspicious time.

"Jap-dwarf velly stupid," she shrugged.

The fog lifted early in the afternoon and a heavy drizzle set in. I rushed off with Jalopy Jill to glimpse the Victory Day celebrations.

The flags of the town sagged with the rain; the square paper lanterns with their red and black anti-British and anti-American slogans which lined certain roads, were ruined. Their four sides reminded me of the faces of lewd women whose mascara and rouge have been smeared. There were few Chinese on the streets.

At the grounds where the events were scheduled to take place, long white banners hung in macaronilike strings from tall poles. They had flaunted slogans: "Receive the Japanese Soldiers As Your Blood Brothers. . . . China and Japan, a Common Glory. . . . Drive All Foreign Dogs into the Sea." But the rain had blurred the characters.

Near a grandstand where the officials and officers were to have flashed their gold braid, the stilt-walkers stood nonchalantly about, indifferent to the drizzle. Their fantastic costumes were dripping. They gloried in their wetness. It had been years since I had seen one of their incredible performances.

The fame of the stilt-walkers' guild dates from the days of the Emperor Sheng (2255-2205 B.C.) when, according to legend, China was surrounded by savage tribesmen whose legs were some thirty feet long. Word was received one day that the long-leg tribe was sending an unfriendly envoy to the Court. Emperor Sheng pondered. How could he exchange greetings with a man who towered high above him? How could such a guest be seated in the banquet halls? His legs would reach the length of the room. The Emperor acted quickly, so that he would not lose face and his empire be invaded by these fierce

neighbors. A huge palace was built outside the city walls, and all government officials were commanded to become stilt-walkers. When the envoy arrived, he was stunned to find Chinese officials as tall as he, and an Emperor even taller. He returned loaded with gifts, sincere in his respect for the Chinese. . . .

A few little girls in blue cotton cloth uniforms stood about under umbrellas. They were chattering, a bit disappointed at not seeing the puppet show advertised by the Japanese.

Like stilt-walking, puppetry was of ancient Chinese origin. And similarly, was the product of invasion threat.

Back in the Han Dynasty, two thousand years ago, Emperor Kao Chu's capital was besieged by a fierce Mongolian tribe. A resourceful concubine suggested a plan to save the city: One morning, instead of soldiers there appeared on the battlements beautiful girls who danced the hours away to the accompaniment of sweet music. The Mongol chief was charmed, and day after day he watched them, forgetting to attack; but his wife was a vinegar drinker (jealous woman), and urged her husband to withdraw his armies, pointing out that the enemy must be strong indeed if even young girls were unafraid of his armies. The Mongol's generals agreed with her; urged immediate withdrawal.

The Han Emperor and his capital were saved; but the beautiful dancing girls were really life-size puppets designed by the concubine. . . .

I spoke about the Nippon celebration fiasco to a Chinese teacher who was there with her charges.

"Heaven is laughing in secret darkness * at the *brothers* who have come to *save China*," she confided. "The Japanese call July 7th Victory Day, but the Chinese . . ."

The gray-haired woman no longer laughed in the rain. She stood tall and tense, a symbol of flame. Her dark eyes shed their deceptive softness—blazed, burned; and her gentle face, so placid in its beauty, became that of a zealot. Tens of thousands of Chinese women and children who had suffered rape, bombardment, death at the hands of the Japanese military called upon her to avenge their agonies, their tears.

* Up her sleeve.

"The Japanese name July 7th Victory Day," she repeated slowly. Then, as if seeing all the wrongs China had suffered, was suffering, from Japanese aggression, she added, "But to China's millions, whether in Occupied or in Free China, July 7th is *Remembering Day*."

During the night the storm moved on. The Japanese warships had raised anchor and steamed away.

Snow Pine served my breakfast early on the veranda. He moved quietly, so as not to disturb the tranquillity of the early morning, not to intrude even by the rustle of his starched coat upon my enjoyment of the world spread out before me.

Clear bright sunshine poured down upon the sea, upon a thousand crags and a "hundred hundred" valleys like a benediction. How intriguing were those distant peaks! They pulled at my fancy. I longed to climb a trail which led through the pines, to rest in the cool of an ancient temple and listen to the melody of the gongs as I sipped a cup of fragrant tea. Perhaps the priests would chant their morning litanies. Above those distant heights gay cloudlets floated through the shining blue like water lilies bearing the Eight Chinese Immortals to a wedding feast.

It was all so lovely—a landscape painted on a Chinese fan. After the shut-in feeling of Shanghai, the unconfined and boundless reaches were most satisfying. In the midst of such beauty our apprehensions of the Japanese seemed unwarranted.

The gardener came up the steps with baskets of flowers for the house. He smiled and bowed, then announced that he was planting a young pine tree that morning. He was a tall, strong man, and he worked in the orchard, the vegetable and flower gardens, the seed beds, and the lawn from dawn until after the sun had sunk behind the mountains. I did not interfere. His life was rooted there. He knew that northern climate and the routine of the seasons, and like his forefathers he gloried in the land. He was as dependable and as forthright as the pine he so respected.

"I may not live to enjoy the shade of my young tree," he said; "but my children and my children's children will find it refreshing."

And so it was that one generation in China put down roots for those who would follow.

There is something everlasting about this northern land and its sturdy people; a world-without-end quality; a continuance-of-life ideology. I could always appreciate the long-view philosophy of China better here than in the chaos and press of Shanghai. Families here had worked their ancestral farms through generations. One of our neighbors could trace his land title back eighteen generations.

In the peaceful earlier years younger sons of the fishermen served their fathers as apprentices, learning to launch a fishing junk in a heavy sea, and to handle the sails of ocher and rust in a strong wind; learning to bait the nets (sure almost to a day when the white bass would run), to read the clouds and the stars. And they treasured in their hearts these secrets handed down by the "old ones," which they in turn would make known to their sons. These men of the land and the sea were substantial, hard-working, independent, and I liked and respected them. In time of famine, plague, civil war, they drew strength from the very heart of Old China, and they carried on in the spirit of their forefathers.

Life for the Chinese in the spreading countryside moved very much in the pattern laid down by the Ancients.

In sheltered valleys which ran down to the sea, the fishermen and farmers lived in compact little settlements, from which they walked to their fields, or to their junks. The thick walls of their houses were of stone. The slanting roofs with corners upturned were thatched deep with seaweed, and in the summer stray flowers blossomed gayly there as they do on the peasant cottages in France. The homes with their courtyards and "heavenly wells" (patios) were grouped tightly as a protection against typhoon winds and straying robber bands. Each little hamlet was enclosed by a strong wall which climbed up the mountain sides with the houses. The hills and valleys were as green as jeweled jade, and as serene.

There was something biblical about it all—communal.

Wide-open threshing floors, made hard and smooth through years of use, bespoke rich harvest of maize, kaoliang, wheat, and peanuts. As in the days of Ruth, the women gathered at the threshing floor during the harvest season and beat the reddened kernels of grain. They laughed and chatted as they worked; fed their babies; planned for a marriage feast, or a trip into the town to buy a dress

length of foreign cloth. They ground the yellow and white corn by hand between great stone mortars. The young sons loaded the meal bags onto the backs of donkeys, and filed off over the hills toward the markets in the port. We always took several bags of this freshly ground meal back to Shanghai for spoon bread and tamale pie.

In the cool of the evening the women gathered at the village well to draw fresh water for the night. Their daughters would be with them. Those country girls were lovely, with laughing dark eyes, smooth skin the color of ripe peaches, lacquer-black hair in which wayside flowers were caught. They were like sweet peas in their tight-fitting jackets and trousers of pink and lavender. We glimpsed them as they swayed down the road under gayly painted flower umbrellas, rode by in their family carriage or on a mule pack. On sunny mornings the girls washed their clothes from the rocks at the edge of the mountain stream. Even then they were neat and attractive. Their grandmothers, whose eyes were sharp as those of Spanish duennas, watched over them from the river bank.

The large seaports of China teemed with the life of the machine age, with flour mills, silk filatures, tobacco factories, cotton mills, cement works, and assembly plants. But Weihaiwei knew no such industries, no shipyards, wharves, or railroads. There the Chinese still lived in the age of handicraft. They earned their living for the most part as had their fathers, although small shops which catered to foreign trade brought in a certain business. Some five million dollars was made yearly from the sale of fresh and dried fish. During the season for drying, the fishermen sculled sampans loaded with their haul to the rocky cliffs along the way and spread out thousands of fish to dry. The wives and children shifted the fish as the sun moved across the sky, watching over them.

Peasant families staked off the scrub-oak trees which grew over the hilltops with strips of red cotton cloth. The children gathered the leaves of the scrub oaks to feed the silkworms which their mothers raised with greatest care.

There is no creature more temperamental than a silkworm. He will live only if the temperature of the room is just right; if voices are polite; if he is handled tenderly; if the air is free from the strong

odor which rises from meat balls frying in peanut oil and garlic; if he is fed leaves of a certain shade of green, a green which denotes tenderness.

An aged countrywoman explained all this to me one day as she placed red candles in a holder before a god of the silkworms who from his wayside shrine surveyed the valley below. We had often watched her plunge the cocoons into boiling water, and then, with fingers scalded red, draw the delicate threads as from a bobbin. She performed the whole process of spinning and weaving by hand in her home. Each summer she would offer me a length of silk at a fair price. It was strong to the touch, ideal as a suit for "the master."

The silk woven there and in the districts round about was the famous Shangtung pongee. Chinese dealers collected the rolls from each house, shipped them to Shanghai, where they were graded and sent off to America and England.

In the late summer, China coasters put into the bay to take on cargoes of grapes, plums, peaches, pears, peanuts for which the valley was famous.

Throughout the "moon year" (Chinese calendar) the Chinese round about celebrated their festivals, visited the temples, made much of their weddings, special feast days, funerals; gave almost a month at Chinese New Year to visiting, feasting, gambling, and theatricals. Each youngster had a new coat to wear, and all debts were settled. It was then that the kitchen god made off to the heavens and the god of the New Year was installed in each home. Old and young joined in the merrymaking. During the summer we were a part of it all, and I there came to know the people of north China.

Back in 1895 Weihaiwei, Majestic-Fortress-on-the-Sea, ancient city near the extremity of the Shantung peninsula, was the scene of a fierce land and sea battle between Chinese and Japanese forces. The Japanese were victorious, and the Chinese commander, Admiral Ting Tuchang, one of China's heroes, committed suicide on the beautiful Liukung Island which lay at the entrance of Weihaiwei Bay. For three years the Japanese held this island and the district round about, and then Great Britain aided China in raising the 200,000,000 taels indemnity demanded by Japan. In return China leased the area to England as a naval base for the British China Squadron.

The British governed Weihaiwei for thirty-two years as a leased territory.

Sir James Haldane Stewart Lockhart, the first Commissioner, looked back into Chinese history and set up the old classical Chinese plan of government: the administration collected the taxes, which in Weihaiwei were applied to public works; maintained order and peace; and left the people to carry on their lives without interference. Britain's desire was for trade only, not the enslavement of a people. During those years of British control, Weihaiwei prospered as never before or since. Although bandits swarmed over Shantung province proper, and Chinese war lords lived in feudal splendor while the masses were burdened with taxes, and floods and famines took their toll, Weihaiwei knew peace and good fortune.

The district exported peanuts, soybeans, fruit, dried fish, yams, salt, silk, hair nets and handmade lace. The British had no tax collectors. Proclamations were posted throughout the district stating that on such and such a day taxes were due, and the country people came in by cart, muleback, wheelbarrow, or foot to pay their fee. Roads were laid out, hillsides reforested, the sea wall strengthened. During a year of famine, the government raised money by general subscription for relief; and the records show that in most cases the money was taken as a loan by the farmer and repaid.

Although the leased territory covered 285 square miles and supported some 180,000 people, there were only two hundred Chinese on the police force and three British inspectors. There was little crime, and the summer visitors as well as the British and other nationals who lived there the year round felt it safe to move anywhere for miles about.

At the Washington Conference of 1921, Lord Balfour, in response to China's demand for the rendition of all leased territory by the foreign powers, announced the intention of the British government to return Weihaiwei to China. A long series of negotiations between British and Chinese representatives followed, first at Weihaiwei, then at Peking, and finally at Nanking with the Chiang Kai-shek government. The official surrender of the leased territory took place on October 1, 1930. Britain was to retain the use of Liukung Island as a base for its China Squadron for ten years. When the news of the

agreement spread over the countryside, the headmen of some 125 villages petitioned Sir Reginald Johnston, Commissioner since 1927, that they remain under the protection of Britain; and one of the villages set up a tablet commemorating the honesty and justice of the British rule. It was an unheard-of movement on the part of the Chinese.

Nevertheless, Great Britain returned Weihaiwei.

The Chinese officials presented Sir Reginald with a bowl of clear water as a farewell gift. This was symbolic in its meaning and was the highest tribute they could pay: "As this water is pure and life-giving, so has been the government of Great Britain over us . . ."

A Chinese municipal government took over and under the British-trained officials life had moved smoothly on.

We delighted in its simplicity, a simplicity which was reflected in the life of the foreign community as well.

Old China hands back in 1898 set the pace of life on the island and the mainland. The British and the Americans who came after guarded the precedents they had established. We were as loyal as the Chinese to certain traditions.'

Perhaps our life there answered that longing for roots which is in most of us. Many had built homes, comfortable places with grounds rambling over a hillside, and expected to retire there, rather than in England, Europe, or America. Some leased the same houses year after year, others the same suites in the old-fashioned hotels. And hotel servants grew old in the service which their sons carried on after them. They always remembered from one summer to the next that Sonny must have porridge without sugar, that eggs made Mary sick.

We had our own beaches, where the same families met summer after summer and supported the same floats; we knew everyone. Weihaiwei was conservative; did not want the crowds from Shanghai and Tientsin that sprawled over the beaches at Tsingtao; neither we nor the Chinese officials wanted beach concessions, amusement palaces, dance halls, hot-dog stands; we were selfish, fearful lest newcomers bring in innovations and destroy the charm. Out of consideration for the Chinese feeling of modesty, the bathing suits were cut along con-

servative lines. Shorts were definitely frowned upon, and a combination of "bra" and shorts was unknown.

Each family had its mat shed. Enormous umbrellas made of sail cloth shaded long wicker chairs grouped hospitality near each hut. For years, each morning at eleven a certain Englishwoman would appear on the beach in a tailored suit, topped by a large hat whose deep veil was caught in a velvet dog collar. She would be followed by a retinue of servants with pillows, lotions, books, drinks, and knitting bag. She was the dowager, and by common consent her arrival marked the end of the morning swim, the time for gossip and coffee.

The houseboys and coolies from other homes would file down to the beach with hot coffee, sherry, and biscuits.

The first week or so after our arrival we usually just relaxed there by the sea. I remember one day opening a copy of *Harper's Bazaar*. It was a winter number and there were colored photographs of pretentious cabañas lining a smart Florida resort. I looked at them with disdain, content with our bamboo-and-matting hut there on the China shore.

We had our favorite trails over the mountains; our special picnic spot, a fair golf course and shabby clubhouse. At least once during the summer we would manage a trip by Chinese junk to the Golden Grotto by the Gleaming Pearl and by carriage inland to the historic Temple of the Four Winds. We knew to a day when the bass would run, when the ducks would arrive, and kept the same old sweaters and leather jackets in readiness. We could tell approximately when the last typhoon would sweep in from the sea, and booked our return passage to Shanghai late in September accordingly.

A dinner party meant black tie and dinner gown, even though we must travel by carriage, ricksha, sampan (and get splashed) or even on foot over a hill trail escorted by a servant with a lantern. Pine needles caught in our long skirts, and we must carry evening slippers to change from walking shoes. A dinner of many courses, each with its proper wine, would be served, and it would be followed by bridge, music, or conversation—about as exciting as a Trollope evening, but we loved it after Shanghai's whirl. Enchanting balls were given on "Black Fridays" by the commanding officer of the British Fleet.

From our veranda we could see the island and the British ships

anchored at their base for summer maneuvers. There was a never ending fascination in watching their comings and goings and the occasional arrival of an American ship. We always felt so safe, so protected with the gunboats in the bay.

As I stood on our veranda that first morning after our arrival looking out to sea, the sudden realization that the British gunboats no longer rode at their anchorage swept over me. Nor were American ships likely to call. The silence was oppressive. It was as if something had gone out of the morning, out of the world I had known.

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Mary Jo and Pat in bathing suits and beach coats joined me at the breakfast table. Patty began firing questions at Snow Pine.

“Have you called the bamboo men to come and put up our beach hut?” Then she looked down the hillside to the beach below. “Why, where is everyone?”

Usually the members of our little foreign community gathered early. Where were the Chinese amahs and their charges? The float should be crowded with youngsters as noisy and active as seals. Only something of serious import could disrupt the pattern adopted by the foreign community through the years; could account for the absence of life on “our” beach (ours only by courtesy of the Chinese).

Even as we wondered, a file of junks with patched henna sails blowing full appeared around a curve in the bay. Slowly the sails were lowered as the men at the *yulohs* began maneuvering the boats, loaded with great slabs of stone, toward the shore.

Abruptly our bathing beach came to life. A Japanese on the foremost junk directed the unloading of eight or ten junks; and the boatmen began piling those heavy slabs high on the glistening white sand. Why, with so many inlets along the coast, must they make a rock pile of “our” beach? But we forgot our annoyance at this gesture of the Japanese against the westerners— Down the road came a wavering file of men. Their eyes were on the ground, their heads bent as if bound with sackcloth, their bare backs shone with sweat. Japanese soldiers shouted orders. Hurriedly they fastened the stones to

carrying poles with chains and slowly lifted them to their shoulders with a labored "Ho-o, Ho-o," then staggered off up the mountain trail. Close behind rode a soldier on horseback with fixed bayonet ready to prod any who might falter on the grueling climb to the top.

"How dare those Japanese treat the Chinese like that?" cried Patty. "Why, there goes Li Sung, the son of the fisherman. Johnny used to play with him."

This was no criminal chain gang. The men were our neighbors who at various times through the years had brought us fish, sweet corn, eggs—our friends. These strong, tall men of the country round about rode the waves, fought winter gales and typhoon winds. They wrested a good livelihood from the sea and the earth of their hill farms. They were industrious, substantial men, like their ancestors.

One of the Chinese stumbled. With an oath a Japanese leaned from his horse and slashed the poor fellow across his bare back. Blood mingled with his sweat.

Old Amah hurried the girls, who were shocked to tears, into the house.

"What thing, Snow Pine?" I asked finally.

The man's eyes blazed under half-closed lids, and his face took on the color of old bronze.

"Chinese-man have lose all he face, Missie," he choked. "Just now he belong all-same *slave*."

After a time I slipped down the road determined to follow the procession of stone bearers—at a distance—as it moved slowly up a hill path. The shouts of the Japanese drivers could be heard above the labored "He-ho-o, he-ho-o" call of the carriers.

Some years earlier I had met a local Chinese commissioner at a tea—he was not much of an official, but he was a charming gentleman. He talked to me of his dream: a public garden for the country people. Later he had terraced the sides of a high hill; had planted flowering trees and shrubs; had built lotus pools and rockeries where the Spirit of the Garden would dwell, and where young poets could come and dream and farmers could rest on their way to market. He had provided swings, rings, seesaws for the children, such as are seen in an American playground.

Now all was changed. The base of the hill was fenced in by

barbed wire under which only a furtive shepherd boy ventured in search of pasture for his goats. I crawled under the wire as a short cut up the mountain; also as a means of keeping out of sight of the Japanese.

As I climbed a winding neglected path between myriads of daisies, I heard the clank of steel on stone; the measured *clang, clang, clang* of the stonecutters. On the crest of the mountain, Chinese, stripped to a scant lower garment, were chiseling and smoothing the great blocks. Japanese soldiers stood over them.

The stone carriers came laboring up the trail. A slender man with the hands and face of a scholar stumbled, fell. His load blocked the way for those behind, and sharp orders failed to rouse him. In savage rage, a Japanese soldier beat down upon the ankles of his victim with the butt of his bayonet. Beat down until the ankle bones snapped. Broke. Again and again he kicked him in the stomach, in the face. A final blow sent the cut and bleeding body over the cliff. . . .

Japan's "New Order in East Asia."

— 4 —

I was under contract to my publishers to write an historical novel, and I was excited about it. Upon my return from New York, I had put in days of research in the Royal Asiatic Society Library, reveling in rare, out-of-print books: the logs and charts of early sea captains; the travels of pioneer missionaries, government officials, and traders to Cathay. There had been many distractions since, but I hoped in the quiet of Weihaiwei to get the manuscript well under way.

Snow Pine placed a bridge table in my tower room, which commanded a sweeping view of the bay and the road, which wandered through the pines and over the cliffs toward the town. He arranged a typewriter, a stack of paper, sharply pointed pencils, a Chinese-English dictionary, and my battered Webster on the table, just so.

"More better Missie writee little-ee today," he would suggest persuasively, as day after day went by and Missie scarcely touched the typewriter keys. He had seen me through the writing of my first book, and knew that I needed prodding. He had sat up at night to bring me hot coffee and cinnamon toast when I was working late; had

silenced the telephone; had ordered Johnny, and the baseball team lining up in our side garden, to Bobby Harkson's yard near by. When the book was published and he was presented with an autographed copy, he beamed with pride. He had gained face. His Missie was a writing missie. In China this had meaning.

But I was too disturbed in mind and emotion by the Japanese impressment of this countryside to write of a lovely heroine who lived behind the Orchid Door of her ancestral palace a life in the women's courtyard that was summed up in embroidering silk, in shaping her eyebrows like a new moon, in dreaming of her wedding day.

I had known such a girl. She was a young relative of General Wu Pei-fu, the war lord, and in her peach-colored gown of softest satin, her embroidered slippers, with her pale almond-shaped face and exquisite hands, she was like a fragile maid on a Chinese scroll. Some years earlier I had visited the general's homes at Paotingfu and Loyang, as the guest of Madame Wu, and the women of the household had fascinated me. It was of this girl, Floating Cloud, that I was trying to write. But she slipped from me, elusive as a butterfly. She belonged to another era, another world. I would find myself thinking of the Chinese girl of today: brave, stout-hearted, facing the reality of Japanese invasion with the age-old strength and endurance of Mother China.

Flashes of this modern girl crowded before me as on a screen.

In Hankow, just before its fall and the departure of the government for Chungking, I had met her uniformed as a soldier, under training for combat duty—had ridden with her in a propaganda van through villages in Hupeh Province where she distributed rousing war posters and stirred the country people with accounts of Japan's cruelties.

I had watched her, a farm girl, trudging along toward Free China with a wisp of a woman, her grandmother, on her back.

Again, in her school uniform fleeing with her college books and Bible before the Japanese invaders.

In Canton, under the bombing by the Japanese, I had seen her in the garb of a Red Cross nurse, digging with bare hands in the debris to save those buried.

In one of the gambling and opium "palaces" of Shanghai, I had

watched her swaying seductively about the gaming tables, pausing here, loitering there—a spy, planted to learn the movements of puppet traitors.

And there was the painted singsong girl who escaped from a Japanese-operated “Sweetly Peaceful Mutual Happiness House” in Nanking. She told me quite calmly, after her arrival in Hankow, how she had doped the wine and then killed with her sharply pointed hair ornament the two Nipponese she served in a private room at that brothel.

In Weihaiwei I came to know the heroic girl of modern China in still another guise—guerrilla patriot; and, through her, little by little, the whole picture of guerrilla activities in that district opened before me.

Old Amah came to the veranda where we were at coffee one evening. “Please, Missie can come kitchen-side?” A bit surprised, I followed her.

A sturdy, rosy-cheeked girl, the gardener’s daughter, was there: a young woman, whom I had known three summers earlier as a fifteen-year-old.

At that time Amah’s cousin had been with us as coolie. He had fallen passionately in love with the girl. The North China country girls, in vivid pink, lavender, blue dresses, with flower-decked hair, and their natural, friendly manner had swept him into a new experience.

Every afternoon he would disappear. I thought little of this, for after tiffin the servants usually had a siesta, played mah-jongg, or went fishing. But this lad would hurry to the bank of a rushing stream, there to watch the girls kneeling on the bank, laughing and chatting as they beat their clothes. (One of China’s most delightful legends is that of a youth who fell in love with a maiden as she washed her garments in a brook.)

“My never have see so-fashion girl, Missie,” he had explained when reproved. “My likee. My too muchee love garden-man girl. My wanchee marry he. Can do, Missie?”

His eyes shone. But he was already betrothed to a girl of his dialect and district, selected by his family and a middleman according to old custom, and, like the youth in the legend, his romance was doomed.

Old Amah shipped him back to Shanghai, where, in the geomancer's own time, he was married.

And the beautiful daughter of the garden man had now become famous as a patriot throughout the district.

Writing to my publishers, I explained my difficulty, asked if the novel could wait: I was eager to write instead a nonfiction book which, in correspondence through that Japanese-censored port, we referred to as "a delightful summer by a China sea."

I began a survey of Weihaiwei under Dai Nippon.

Whenever possible I talked with missionaries, teachers, all-year residents; with Chinese educators, former officials, shopkeepers; and with the fishermen, the farmers and boatmen. I questioned any Chinese I had known, even casually. I kept my eyes open to see what was actually happening.

Before that summer was over, I was to witness Japan's wheels grinding down a self-respecting people—grinding day by day, with calculated cruelty, machinelike thoroughness. Under direction from a realistic Tokyo, they ground without mercy, like the wheels of Hitler's war machine. It was shattering to see a fine people I had known in prosperous independence reduced to slavery—literal slavery; to see their village and countryside suffer under the blight of Nippon.

As it was in Weihaiwei, so it was, in varying degrees, in the thousands of occupied villages. Weihaiwei had not been burned or bombed, and in this was more fortunate than countless districts.

The bitter cry of every Chinese with whom I talked, regardless of position, was that the Japanese had broken his rice bowl—and, in the larger sense, Weihaiwei's rice bowl. To "break a man's rice bowl" is one of the worst crimes in China: it is to take away a man's livelihood.

That was what the Japanese were doing—causing slow starvation in a fertile land where once there had been plenty. The military stationed at the port lived on the country. And the farmers with calculated resistance were growing *little*. I heard of one district where Japanese soldiers stood over the farmers while they planted the fields. After sunset, when the Japanese were in their barracks, Chinese women slipped out to the fields with hungry field mice hidden in baskets, and there released them.

After marching the farmers to the fields, standing over them while they cultivated the ground, marching them home again—the Japanese could not understand why the spears of green grain did not appear.

One afternoon while walking in the country we saw Japanese soldiers search a house for bags of grain and peanuts which they believed the farmer had hidden away for the winter. They took up the floor, dug underneath, sounded the walls for caches, poked into the big clay stove, emptied the chests and cupboards. No grain. The farmer had built a false roof. He would have to remove the beams to get at the grain, come winter.

But even when they outwitted the Japanese the Chinese were hungry. The North China winter is long and bitter, and I was told of people who had been reduced to eating bark, roots, and weeds. Often a Chinese will greet a friend on the road, "Have you eaten your morning rice?"—that is, "Have you eaten well, sufficiently?"

A greeting, meaning not literally rice, for in North China many families customarily eat kaoliang; but the Chinese in Weihaiwei were saying, "Have you eaten your morning bah-bah—"

Bah-bah was a bowl of cornmeal stirred with water, or with peanut oil by those so fortunate as to have it, and steamed. A bowl twice a day with tea was all the food that many would live on during the winter. And they said it grimly but a bit proudly—for a man who ate bah-bah had not sold out to the Japanese, was not serving the military as a puppet. Bah-bah was a symbol of Chinese resistance.

There were few local puppets.

When the Japanese Navy moved on the unfortified little port, the mayor, the police force, the students and Chinese faculty members of a large boys' school, as well as others, had made for the hills. The mayor, who was a graduate of Harvard Law School, became the Number One guerrilla of the district. Everyone was very proud of him. The guerrillas operated at night and on one occasion swooped down on a sentry post, killed the guards, stole a number of guns and a supply of ammunition. Early in the occupation the Japanese patrolled the streets at night; but this they soon stopped—while on

their beats the soldiers would be mysteriously shot. From time to time in the winter the guerrillas had been able to bring in food from over the hills to their families.

A British friend who lived in the port all the year was the proud owner of a fat white duck. With a ribbon round its neck, and little bells, it was a treasured pet and waddled over the verandas and lawns at will—a gift from the guerrilla chief at Christmas time—brought in from over the mountains. But he was not served at Christmas dinner. He was known far and wide—and the Chinese laughed when they spoke of him—a joke on the Japanese military. He stood as a symbol.

High on the hills behind our house, we would sometimes see the flash of strange lights—signals to the guerrillas. A Japanese destroyer was in port, additional troops had arrived, an expedition into the guerrilla country would leave shortly. The lights gave warning. The motor road between Weihaiwei and Chefoo, which the Japanese had thought to use, had been abandoned—guerrillas wrecked the bridges, the roadbeds. There were mysterious accidents.

Shortly before our arrival a village near by had been bombed and burned. The Japanese had seen a large crowd collecting in the town square and feared guerrillas were assembling. But the crowd had gathered around an open well—a little child had fallen in.

With the taking over of the port, the Japanese officials made a census of the town and the villages round about, listing even the unborn children. They were thorough. No part of Chinese life was too small for their attention. Their capacity for detail was unlimited. In pairs, or in groups of three or four, Japanese soldiers like ants went everywhere, into everything. They were always about, writing in little black books. They pounded by on horseback, raced along on motorcycles with cutout open, tore past our house in lorries, motorcars up the narrow, winding road over which in other days only an occasional cart or carriage had made its leisurely way. (The British had practically banned motorcars out of consideration for the country people. Not so, the Japanese military.)

I watched the officials moving in and out of the downtown market, once a thriving, crowded center where farmers and fishermen sold

their vegetables, fruits, fish. Now it was a poor place and offered little. I glimpsed officials overseeing fishermen as they hauled their heavy black nets from the junks to the yellow sand, inspecting the catch. They found their way into back rooms where the dealers in fruit sorted peaches, apples, pears. They watched the shops. Not one tin of American or British goods was to be had. The Japanese imported cases of foodstuffs, but the Chinese refused to stock them. They explained they had no money with which to buy the "wonderful" Japanese goods. We were glad we had brought large supplies from Shanghai.

The Chinese teachers in the mission schools were burdened with questionnaires as to salary, religion, families, subjects taught, and were heavily taxed. The inspectors visited every house and hut, counted the rooms; laid a tax accordingly. They listed the chickens, ducks, pigs, the heads of cabbage in the humblest garden patch, and made demands accordingly.

The Japanese even checked the number of buckets of night soil which the *mo-doong* coolies carried away from the houses of the foreign residents. An order fixed the quantity which might be expected from each house according to the number in the household, and the tax was laid on accordingly.

There were few women on the streets; occasionally we saw an aged grandmother. The younger women had mounted mule palanquins, hired carriages or carts, or trudged long miles to the interior. The Japanese at Weihaiwei had not indulged in wholesale rape as in many conquered districts; but there were cases enough, and the men were keeping their women in the country beyond the Japanese lines. It was only in the convent, under the protection of the French sisters and a foreign flag, that Chinese girls, mostly orphans, were seen, busy as usual at the embroidery frames. And they were kept within the convent walls.

We missed the pretty country girls in their pink, cerise, light blue, lavender coats. They no longer walked gracefully along the roads under parasols of oiled paper on which bright-colored scenes were painted; or pounded their clothes along the stream, bright spots of color on the banks; nor were they a part of the communal groups winnowing grain on the threshing floors.

Shortly before the time of harvest the Chinese would destroy crops rather than let them benefit the Japanese: The rain had spoiled . . . A bad animal had dug up all the peanuts and eaten them . . . Some "robber men" had stolen . . .

Their calculated resistance drove the Japanese to madness. As one Japanese said in all seriousness:

"The Chinese are conquered, but they don't act the way proper conquered people should act. They don't cooperate."

I inquired as to the meaning of the Chinese procession of stone-bearers which had so shocked us, and it was then that I learned much of Japan's policy of forced labor throughout the conquered areas of China.

Her program was twofold: labor and military service.

Since 1937 they had sent some 6,000,000 Chinese farmers to forced labor in Manchuria and Japan. Their goal was said to be 10,000,000 between the ages of sixteen and fifty, for military service, actual combat at the front as cannon fodder. The labor conscription provides workers for the construction of Japanese blockhouses, factories, fortifications, the digging of ditches, the laying of highways, the cultivating of vast acreages of foodstuffs for the Japanese Army and of endless miles of opium poppies; also the working of the seized mines.

According to Stanway Chang in *China at War*, 323,696 men were commandeered in 1937; 501,689 in 1938; 954,872 in 1939; 1,250,000, in 1940; in 1941 their reported aim was 2,500,000 workers, and similar increase in the years to follow.

The Japanese military conscription around Weihaiwei was ruinous to the district. Every house was required to supply an able-bodied worker. In some cases, where the male members of a family were enlisted in the puppet army, strong countrywomen were forced to substitute. Regardless of occupation, shopkeeper, merchant, teacher, fisherman, student, official, or doctor must go if called. Men were packed onto Japanese ships which sailed northward. Usually they were loaded at night; many of the men never returned; some came back during the winter, but their own farms had been left to the care of the grandfather, or grandmother, or old aunt or uncle. Their homes were broken up, their families scattered.

It is a terrible thing for a people when an enemy settles over the land.

In Weihaiwei district, soldiers drove men to their work each dawn, herded them back each night—slaves to the Japanese. In each village the families were divided into tens, and one man was made responsible for the actions of the other nine.

In Shantung Province proper Japanese officials tried to prevent desertion of those forced into the puppet army by a similar plan. Each small unit consisted of three Japanese, three Koreans, three Manchurians, and three locally recruited men. The Japanese were responsible for their group. And as in Manchuria, Japan enforced her exchange control laws, set up monopolies, announced regulations, and taxes. She required that goods be shipped in Japanese bottoms, and the over-all cost was more than the profit. The economy of the district was ruined. Men who had made a good livelihood by shipping peanuts, dried fish, Shantung silk, fruit, now found their livelihood gone—their rice bowls broken.

One morning we saw some three hundred Japanese fishing trawlers in the bay. They belonged to a Japanese fishing monopoly. The bass were running and the Japanese were milking the waters. In other years I had delighted in watching the Chinese fishing junks with their patched sails, their big nets loaded with a varied haul, sail into the bay; but those cold-gray, mechanized ships of Nippon brought a chill.

It was with difficulty that I secured a Chinese instructor. An elderly Chinese, teacher in a mission school, at last agreed to come. His name translated into Golden Bell—so he became Mr. Golden Bell.

Mary Jo and Patty had a Chinese lesson each morning except Sunday, from nine until ten. He brought highly colored primers such as were required in the Chinese schools.

The schoolbooks of the port had been seized by the Japanese, burned, and their own publications put in.

The first lesson ran :

The sun is bright.

The sun is high.

The sun of Japan is shining bright and high.

One, two, three,
Japan, Manchukuo, China,
Three happy brothers.
Happy brothers together,
A united family.

The three brothers
Will drive the three enemies,
England, America, Holland,
From our land.
Our sun is bright,
Our sun is high.

And the illustrations of the westerners being driven from China were gory indeed. Such was the propaganda of Japan—even before Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Golden Bell told me of subjects on which the Chinese students, in the higher schools and mission schools, were required to write compositions, to be read by the officials, such as "The Japanese Soldier—Saviour of China," and "Japan Will Drive the Foreign Imperialists from China." But the schoolboys were clever; they wrote with double meanings, using classical phrases which were over the heads of the Japanese.

Japan had begun her program to eradicate American and other western influences from the Asiatic continent.

Two women who came into Weihaiwei from an isolated district told me some of their experiences with the Japanese:

Every day at nine o'clock two Japanese inspectors would arrive at the mission compound and demand to see the church records. Day after day, week after week, month after month they came. Their questions were always the same, and the answers were written in black notebooks. "Where do you get your money?" "Why should men in America send money to run a school in China?" "You lie—you are spies." The Dangerous Thoughts department of the Japanese Gendarmerie (patterned after the German Gestapo) required the submission of all church sermons and hymns for censorship. All references to brotherly love, kindness, self-sacrifice, service to others were forbidden. Each Sunday two Japanese marched noisily down the aisle

to the front row of the church, where they checked on the sermon, the prayers, and the hymns.

Mr. Golden Bell had to be away two weeks for an educational conference the Japanese were holding at Tsingtao which all Chinese teachers in coastal Shantung Province must attend. The educational system under Japan's New Order was being perfected, and instructions were being issued. China's education was to be regimented. (But there was to be little education for Chinese in occupied China after the closing of the foreign mission schools, after Pearl Harbor.)

Each morning Mr. Golden Bell would bring the local newspaper. He did not use the main road and the front walk. No, he always climbed a hill trail and came in by a back door. We had our lessons in a corner of the veranda, but the bamboo blinds were always lowered. Even so, when the Japanese military passed, or when they came in formation and threw themselves on the ground just beyond our house, set up machine guns, and began practice firing, or when they sauntered by, gaping—I was always anxious for Mr. Golden Bell. One day when two Nips turned in at our gate, I hurried him into the house. But they didn't come on—instead they picked all our gorgeous red cannas, then walked on out and down the road.

We would translate the daily news in a paper edited by the Japanese. I was surprised to see that announcements of the meetings of the opium control board were printed, that the price of opium was quoted. Opium was sold openly by Japanese shops in the central section of the town. And there were such signs as "Sweetly Peaceful Haven"—opium dens.

Opium in clean Weihaiwei—it made me ill. I seldom went into that district. It was the hangout of the Japanese second-line men—the carpetbaggers who follow the soldiers in and "mop up." Japan's "New Order."

The silence of the countryside depressed me.

For days I could not determine what it was that was out of picture. And then it came to me: the stir of normal Chinese life was missing. There was no laughter or loud argument between farmers and fishermen along the road; in fact there was little movement of Chinese on any road. They sought out obscure hill trails. I missed

the jingle of mule bells I had formerly heard when a bride would ride by on a red satin palanquin. (I wondered about brides. I heard of schoolgirls who had run away to the hills to marry local boys to whom they were betrothed—guerrillas—but I did not see a bridal procession during the long summer months.)

Where was the chatter of healthy young women as they drove on a shopping trip into the town? No more did crowds of gay, noisy folk wander past on the way to the annual summer theatricals given on the open-air stage of the temple school near Half Moon Bay. Clanging gongs and beating drums which had always announced the opening performance were no more heard. The carnival, I learned, had been banned by the Japanese.

Summer theatricals were so definitely a part of Chinese life. Through the long cold winter people looked forward to carnival time. Relatives would cross the mountains and the bay to visit. Preparations were made days ahead. The gayest pink, lavender, pale blue cotton dresses were saved for that gala week.

A local man sponsored the productions. There was no scenery, no props, but the costumes were gorgeous; and many were needed to fill even the simplest "theater chest." Each costume symbolized a part—there were distinctive costumes and make-up for a king, a villain, an enemy ruler, a warrior, a buffoon; for a widow, a concubine, a bride, an old mother; and hundreds of such complete outfits went with every troupe of itinerant players. There were no intermissions. The drama just flowed on.

We usually arrived about five in the afternoon and stayed as long as we liked; but the din of gongs and drums drew the crowds as early as eleven in the morning, and the clatter would keep up until late into the night.

Children came with their parents. They were entranced by the high falsetto voices of the actors, the exciting costumes, the dramatic dances. Country children, they had seen these plays based on the stirring patriotic events of the Three Kingdoms, season after season.

Thus was Chinese history carried on from one generation to the next. People strolled in and out at will, talked and laughed, visited, ate watermelon seeds, drank steaming tea; had a delightful time.

Now I missed those pleasant, familiar noises of a Weihaiwei summer. I found myself talking with a certain hushed nervousness; with quick looks around.

Only the strident, harsh noises of the Japanese broke the quiet. Nerve-shattering sounds: motorcycle cutouts, bullying commands, horses pounding by, the *rat-a-tat* of machine guns during maneuvers, the drone of planes overhead, the tramp of Chinese feet in a long line—slave feet. And I had objected to the shrill song of the cicadas!

We were having tea on the veranda one afternoon when the girls noticed a disturbance at a farmer's cottage down the hill. Two Japanese soldiers were taking the countryman away. His old mother and his three little children stood stolidly watching. A gruesome pantomime—a scene in a silent motion picture. There had been a heavy wind and rain storm during the night, and a corner of his thatched roof had blown away. The farmer was repairing the damage to his own house when arrested: he had neglected to get a permit to do this work, paying the Japanese tax.

The sounds of the Invader . . .

Teacher Golden Bell arrived one morning with the paper and news.

A Shinto shrine for the people of Weihaiwei was to be dedicated on August 9 and 10. The Chinese were to be made "one" spiritually with the Japanese and the "Manchukuoans." Just three happy brothers.

The squeeze on Christianity—on the local chapels and mission schools—had begun. The Buddhist and Taoist priests had already fled. One Buddhist, very popular with the country people, a collector of swords, had only just escaped. The Japanese took his rare pieces as "firearms"; sought to arrest him. He joined the Weihaiwei guerrillas in the hills.

Handbills and placards flooded the district. The newspaper printed the program every day for some two weeks. I knew little about Shintoism and was acutely interested, as were the girls.

Officially, the "gods" of Shintoism were "to take up residence" in the grounds of the Japanese naval headquarters the night of August 9. The ceremony of welcoming the "god" to the provisional place

would take place at nine o'clock; the removal of the "god" from the provisional place to the shrine proper at 9:50; the ceremony of enshrining the "god," at ten o'clock.

The day following, there would be a ceremony of worship at the shrine by all children, Japanese and Chinese, born in the district during the year; Japanese fencing and bayonet exhibitions dedicated to the Emperor; a vaudeville performance with Japanese songs and dances; and a Japanese parade.

On the morning of August 9 a warship arrived bringing Shinto priests from Dairen and Tokyo—a party of Japanese marines landed, and bombers circled overhead.

With the clang of gongs and beat of drums, a parade of sorts—children led by a Japanese soldier on horseback—filed past our house toward the town. Soon another group, farmer folk, also shepherded by the military, and then another and another, moved silently, stoically by.

We called for Jalopy Jill and, taking Old Amah with us for a "look-see," joined the procession into the port.

The town was aflutter with flags of the Rising Sun, and the road to the Japanese naval headquarters was lined with picturesque four-faced lanterns set on poles. We dismissed the carriage, wandered with the crowds. The lanterns were anti-American, anti-British. Signs explained that the American men were weak, soft, luxury-loving and would never fight the "three loving brothers," Japan, Manchukuo, and China. Banners showing the happy three were everywhere.

Within the grounds was a most beautiful Shinto shrine, made of white wood, intricately carved, and with a sloping roof of copper that gleamed in the sun. Around its base were strips of white paper bearing the names of soldier-dead, and in front of the shrine was the customary contribution box.

Japanese of all classes were passing before the shrine, bowing low. Japanese officials in frock coats and top hats, geisha girls, actors, marines, high-ranking navy and army officers, women in their kimonos leading their children.

We moved on to the vaudeville show. A stage of sorts had been built with a back drop of the flags of Japan, Germany, and Italy.

A fan-and-umbrella dance was under way, by eight squat marines in kimonos which reached to bony, knocked knees. They wore little pink bonnets, gestured with the fans and open parasols to the accompaniment of drums. The Japanese shouted, cheered with delight. The Chinese who had been *ordered* there stood about, their faces without expression. The movements of the Japanese marines appeared gauche to them. The girls almost had hysterics. Those faces under pink bonnets—it was too much.

Along the main streets of Weihaiwei, Chinese were lined up to watch the parade. We found a spot in the shade.

Down the street came the first flagged lorry bearing Japanese marines, then geisha girls smiling and bowing.

The city itself ignored the parade. An old man sat on the curb selling peaches and plums. He did not so much as lift his eyes. At a near-by well women were drawing water. They did not pause in their chatter.

Japanese, costumed as gibbons, rolled and tumbled as would our clowns. I overheard a Chinese remark to the farmer who was standing next to him:

“Ay-ya, the dwarfs in their true garb at last, monkeys,” and they rocked with laughter.

Last of all came the great wooden barrel of sake borne on the shoulders of three men. Around the sake barrel, in true bacchanalian spirit, danced Japanese in bright kimonos wearing enormous painted heads with half-drunken faces. The Chinese did not understand the symbolism of the sake, fruit, and fish offered at a Shinto shrine. Also they do not get drunk. The whole affair confirmed their opinion of the Japanese.

The parade, which the puppet press reported as having delighted five thousand happy Chinese who had gathered to welcome the coming of Shintoism to the city, was a failure.

We looked in on the free movies shown in a temple, saw the Chinese there under orders, silent, indifferent to the films showing Hitler, Mussolini, the armies of Japan marching deeper into China, and Wang Ching-wei, the puppet head.

Thus had Shintoism, backed by a powerful army and navy, come to our little port.

We were looking forward to the Seventh Moon Festival, the Festival for Saving the Souls of Those Drowned During the Year.

To me this is one of the most exotically beautiful of all the events of the old Moon Year calendar. I remember one celebration especially.

We were standing on the cliffs among the pines that overlooked the bay.

As we waited, the bay and the hills dark and still about us, a great golden moon rose slowly over the hills. Its radiance lighted the valley, transformed the water into rippling, silver lamé. The drama had begun.

The beat of drums and cymbals echoed as children with lighted lotus-flower lanterns wound their way through the streets toward the little jetty. And all along the curving shore of the bay women and children gathered. We watched them set afloat their little lotus boats bearing lighted candles.

Their song was wafted up to us on the night breeze.

“Lotus-flower lamps—lotus-flower lamps
Guide the soul of our lost ones . . .”

As the tiny boats floated out from shore, the gently lapping water was suddenly aquiver with myriads of bobbing lights—like stars fallen from heaven.

From near at hand came the song of a lute, unreal in its minor cadence. It was eerie, mystic: we could almost sense the *kwei* (spirits) of the drowned, tossed about during the year by waves and tides, swishing by to the happiness of another world, guided by the lights from these votive lamps.

After the lights and the voices of the night had died away, and only the full round moon remained, the Chinese feasted in their courtyards, delighting in the moonlight until its waning glow told of a new day.

Old Amah brought me bad news with the morning tea.

The Japanese had banned the Festival for Saving the Souls of Those Drowned During the Year. In its place the Chinese were “invited” to take part in a glorious Festival for the Souls of Those Who Had Died Saving China.

It was too much! Even Old Amah was shaken out of her aplomb.

"Jap man velly big damn fool," she said between her teeth. "He take away Chinese-man rice bowl, now he take away he play-play."

As I thought over Old Amah's comment I realized how right she was.

Japan, with her usual lack of understanding of the Chinese, was adding this to the long list of crimes which the masses of the people—not only the modern leaders of China—were storing up against her. I had appreciated their hatred sprung from the seizure of their lands, the impressment of their man power, the defilement of their women, the burden of taxation which was breaking their rice bowls; all that, yes. And now this, as Old Amah put it, taking away of their "play-play"! Some of the ancient customs and rites were passing, in contact with a modern, materialistic world; but they were being given up voluntarily, not under orders from an invader.

Japan the conqueror, who shouts loud about "Co-prosperity" and "Three Happy Brothers," lacks subtlety.

One afternoon in late September we set off shortly after tiffin for Half Moon Bay on our last picnic tea of the summer. Two Norwegian girls and a British friend were with us.

Snow Pine and the boatmen had loaded the sampan with everything the missies might desire. Fried chicken and old-fashioned potato salad with boiled dressing, sliced hard eggs and celery seeds, a freezer of fresh peach ice cream, devil's food cake—typically American dishes which other nationals always enjoy. A charcoal stove and a teakettle were stowed away. (One might take a thermos of hot coffee, but tea, "no can do, Missie," Snow Pine always insisted. Tea, he said, must be freshly brewed, even on a picnic.) Then there were lap robes, folding chairs, a medicine ball, beach umbrella, sweaters, fishing rods, and bait.

We were lighthearted and gay as we settled ourselves in the sampan. The boatmen pulled at the yulohs and, moving close along the irregular shore line, we relaxed to the peculiar rhythm of those long oars. It was all so beautiful: each little cove with its blue-green water, so clear that we could glimpse fat red starfish, delicate sea anemones, and ribbons of green grasses in its sparkling depths. Golden

sunshine warmed the sea and the gentle hills whose pines ran down to the shore.

Soon the boatmen headed into the channel; then rested their yulohs and hauled up the big henna-colored sail. We caught the breeze and were off.

Our last picnic. It was a traditional event. Usually there were loud lamentations, for it marked the end of summer, the return to Shanghai, to school and music lessons. Everyone stayed in the water too long; ate much too much cake and ice cream; refused to leave the beach until the moon spread its silvery sheen. Every minute of that last afternoon was treasured. This year, however, the girls had little to say. The summer had been a sobering experience. But that afternoon we determinedly put thoughts of the Japanese from us. "The Nips cannot spoil our picnic," said one of the girls.

At last we rounded the Point into Half Moon Bay.

Strange. The beach seemed wrapped in primal silence, an eerie silence, void of any living thing. Sheltered by a sharp backdrop of green cliffs, it lay a lone white crescent etched against the still, blue sea. As we neared the land, we were caught in the spell of that unearthliness. A sense of foreboding crept over me.

Suddenly a scream broke the silence.

Scrambling over the boulders came a young Chinese girl, slim in a pink cotton gown, braid flying. She leaped from the rocks, fell, then was up and off across the white sand toward the cliff trail. She screamed in short, frightened gasps as she stumbled on.

Hard after her came two Japanese soldiers, squat heavy fellows. They tripped over their swords as they climbed the rocks, slipped and stumbled, then they, too, were racing across the stretch of beach. The girl was spent—they gained upon her on the hard climb up the cliff trail. At the top, she paused for a second, silhouetted against the blue sky, saw our sampan. With a pitiful gesture of appeal she reached out her arms to us, then, as the first soldier neared the top of the trail, she gave a weak cry, like that of a hunted rabbit when the dogs close in for the kill, and fled beyond the crest of the hill out of our sight.

With a cry the soldiers made the top, then they, too, disappeared.

We sat stunned. "My think so rain come; more better go home-side, Missie," Snow Pine informed me. We did not protest when the

sampan turned about, headed for the sea. I looked back as we rounded the Point.

Once again, the beach at Half Moon Bay lay silent, void of any living thing.





PART IV

Flight from China

WE RETURNED TO Shanghai late in September with our trunks, boxes of household goods and books, baskets of apples, sacks of corn meal and jumbo peanuts. The staggering odor from the coolie's bedding roll made me suspect he had brought, against orders, his winter's supply of dried fish. John met us. So strained was the Shanghai business situation that he had been unable to join us in Weihaiwei. Few men had taken holiday. They were working under an "alert," keyed high to meet any unexpected development.

As we entered the driveway and glimpsed the ivy-covered walls of our house, I said a little prayer of thanks like grace at the table. I was glad to be home. Patty dashed through the house and into the garden, the dogs barking and jumping about in their excitement.

Garden Man was waiting, his round face beaming. As we exclaimed over the profusion of autumn flowers and the beauty of the trees tipped with fall color, he was proud as an artist whose canvas is appreciated. "So sorry, Missie, chrysanthemums no so good this year," he said. But his eyes gleamed with pride, and I knew they must be unusually fine. Carefully trained, sophisticated in their beauty, his prize-winning plants blossomed in great porcelain *kongs*. Careful husbandry had forced each stock to put out many branches, each of which was headed by one perfect bloom. Some of the plants boasted as many as sixty large flowers. By twisting, wiring, and debudding, the plants had achieved definite patterns: a great ball of gold, a pagoda, a moon door. My favorite "mums," however, were those with hundreds of dainty little blossoms trained to fall in long graceful cascades of gold, pink, violet or white. During the season I was never sure if my slip showed, for Garden Man had placed four pots of chrysanthemums on a tall square stand in our bedroom before the long wall mirror. "Maskee dress, Missie," he had exclaimed when I protested. "Flowers look see vel-ly nice this side, all same Chinese scroll." The reflections were lovely, a Chinese painting on shining silver.

In the hearts of the Chinese, only the peony rivals the chrysanthemum. As Garden Man explained, when other flowers are withering, it boldly flouts the cold wind, and during the ninth moon, the Chrysanthemum Moon, heartens all China. I lost the sense of depression carried down from Weihaiwei as Garden Man talked and was back again in the China that I loved.

On a table in the sunshine white-button "mums" were drying. We liked their spicy fragrance in green Chinese tea. The gardener dried the petals of a certain red rose for a special black tea, and we bought jasmine and orange blossoms in bulk from a big tea shop across from the Race Course. When we were having guests Ah Kun would ask, "Missie likee jasmine flower, or maybe wanchee red rosee, or white mumee? Or can do Englishman tea."

At once I took up the housekeeping duties. All my friends were laying in supplies. I caught their sense of urgency, a ready-for-any-emergency sort of feeling.

We had brought down from Weihaiwei some two hundred jars of preserves which Cook had made from fruit smuggled to the house late at night or in the early dawn over the back trails. Those jars took on importance; also the hundred or so bottles of pickles, catsup, chili sauce, and chutney made in the Shanghai kitchen. We began to note that few ships were calling at our port, and there were rumors of a food shortage. Prices were soaring. We ordered cases of tinned milk, of coffee, great bags of rice, sugar, and flour, sides of bacon, Shantung hams . . .

One morning the radio broadcast announced that a Tripartite Pact had been signed by Germany, Italy, and Japan. By this pact Japan was to recognize German and Italian leadership in the establishment of a New Order in Europe, and Germany and Italy were to recognize Japanese leadership in the construction of a so-called New Order in Greater East Asia. It was to be a be-u-tiful world for the Axis.

But as Dr. Wang Chung-hui, Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, put it:

“The Pact entirely ignores and obviously attempts to destroy the legitimate positions, rights, and interests of other European and Asiatic countries, as well as the legitimate positions, rights, and interests of non-European and non-Asiatic powers in Europe and Asia. The Chinese Government will never recognize the so-called ‘New Order in East Asia,’ especially Japan’s so-called leadership in East Asia.”

From the day of the signing of the Pact, September 27, 1940, the political turmoil over the Far East gathered momentum. That September, 1940, was momentous.

I had been so engrossed in the local Weihaiwei scene during the summer that I hastened to pick up world threads:

The Japanese press predicted the defeat of England; anti-British and anti-American propoganda flooded Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies; page upon page, citing instances of bombings of United

States properties in 1940 alone, was presented to Tokyo by Joseph C. Grew, United States Ambassador to Japan; insults and indignities to Americans increased; each day brought new acts of interference with American business; Japan accomplished the signing of an agreement with France over Indo-China, September 22, which was eventually to place that land under Japanese control.

The war in Europe was beginning to have serious import in the Far East, as were events in America.

The American Import and Export Bank extended credit of \$25,000,000 in United States money to China to be paid back by Chinese delivery of tin. Back in March, the United States Government had announced the credit of \$20,000,000 to China. And there were to be other large sums of currency stabilization. All of which was distressing to Japan. An embargo on oil and scrap-iron shipments to Japan had finally been ordered by Washington. What a tardy act! For months, even years, groups in China and in America had been laboring to achieve such action by our government. It had made me heartsick, bitter, to see unloading in the harbors at Yokohama and Kobe shiploads of scrap from the United States and from the Philippines.

For many months we had been doing what we could. Back in October, 1938, a group of Americans in Shanghai, representative of American activities in the Orient, formed a small, secret organization, The American Information Committee. John B. Powell ("J. B."), publisher of the *China Weekly Review*, invited me to become a member of that group of missionary, business, and newspaper people. One other woman, whose name I shall not mention, was of the group. She was well informed, had been connected with a mission board for many years. The purpose of the committee was to tell the American people what was happening in the Far East; to awaken them to the fanatical ambitions of the real Nippon. It was decided that the best method to achieve our purpose—even in a small way—was by the publication of pamphlets prepared by committee members; factual booklets based on first-hand material, to be carefully prepared, thoroughly checked and rechecked.

"J.B." arranged for the printing to be done secretly. We followed the sailing dates of American steamers and placed the stamped (U.S.

postage) and addressed pamphlets aboard in the care of some friend sailing for the States, or for Manila. As soon as the liner was at sea he mailed them in the U.S. Post Office aboard ship. Thus we avoided Japanese censorship and confiscation.

Each member contributed a mailing list: educators, columnists, magazine and newspaper editors, radio broadcasters, ministers, women club officers, mission-board members, individuals of importance, in all sections of the States. And we sent them to President and Mrs. Roosevelt, to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, to each congressman and senator, and to the governor of every state. We wrote personal, explanatory letters.

We met quietly twice a month around a large work table in a downtown office and drafted the booklets. There was nothing illegal in our meetings—no; but American and British newspaper offices were under heavy guard. The *China Press* and the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury* buildings were banked with sandbags; police were on the alert for timebombs set in their pressrooms. A death list of foreign journalists had already been published, and many outstanding Chinese newspapermen had been murdered. Heads of some of those journalist-patriots had been stuck up on poles, displayed as warnings. We did not wish the Japanese to interfere in our efforts, so kept our work secret even from our friends.

But I was to learn three years later when I talked with "J. B." in a New York hospital, where he was under treatment as the result of the tortures he had met at the hands of the Japanese, that their gendarmerie had suspected some such organization. Japanese agents in America had mailed copies of our publications to Tokyo. How had they got them? But as there were no names given, Japanese officials could only speculate. When held in the Bridge House, "J. B." had been grilled again and again for names—names—names.

Our work was voluntary, our personal contributions paid for printing and postage, and we did a job. I remember working with two or three others over the booklet "Japan's New Order in East Asia," which told of conditions in nine Chinese cities after from eight to nineteen months of Japanese occupation. Nineteen months: that seemed a long time then. But after eight years those nine cities of Soochow, Hangchow, Huchow, Chinkiang, Hsuchow, Kaifeng, Han-

kow, Canton, and Nanking are still under Japanese control. More than twenty Americans from the interior provided first-hand material for that manuscript. It was our first effort to combat Japanese spokesmen who were wildly extolling their New Order.

We reprinted an article from the *New York Times* of December 25, 1938, on "Japan's Attack on America in the Far East," and shipped some 2000 copies back to the States. Julean Arnold, then United States commercial attaché in China, wrote with authority on "China's Fate and America's Future." And another important piece was "The Operation of the Tokyo-Berlin-Rome Axis in the Far East."

I was glad to feel I was doing something about the Far Eastern situation. Each day I grew more restless. It seemed as if we were living on borrowed time in a nightmare painted by Salvador Dali.

Each dawn was shattered by the discordant blasts of Japanese bugles. Down our street—like cocky chanticleers announcing the morn—would come eight Japanese buglers and two drummers. The rest of the household slept peacefully through their reveille, but not I. I would rise in nervous haste and leap to the window to watch them go by. Day after day it was the same. Old Amah scolded.

"Missie, more better you think so fashion, 'My no hear Jap horn, my no see Jap horn man!' True, by an' by Missie no hear, no see. My savvy."

I appreciated Amah's philosophy, but it was not for me. I saw Japanese by day—I dreamed of them by night. If I tried to count sheep, I found myself counting Japanese, whose faces leered. I dreamed repeatedly of a Japanese soldier gouging out the eye of a Chinese schoolboy, even as he would depulp a grape.

The days dragged by.

With our world crumbling about us and the security of a colorful life threatened to a point where it might mean even sudden flight from China, our household became involved in a heated controversy over a Persian kitten. So far as my husband, Patty, and the Chinese staff were concerned, the kitten was front-page news.

Strange how in the midst of colossal events small things will take on importance.

Patty read a newspaper advertisement by Madame Helen Piper,

a cousin of the famous Evangeline Adams of New York, and a crystal gazer of fame along the China coast. Besides foretelling the future, Madame Piper raised prize-winning Siamese and Persian cats. In her crystal Madame Piper saw thick blackness shot with soaring flame—she saw *war* over the Pacific and decided to sell her beloved cats, all twenty of them, against the day she might flee the Orient.

Patty drew some \$35 from her bank, and on her way home from school asked the chauffeur to stop at "Madame Piper house."

It was the afternoon when my husband's Bridge Four, the five or six men who met once a week for serious bridge at one another's homes, played at our house. When that group came, the house took on stillness. I usually went over to the Columbia Country Club for mah-jongg; Johnny stayed on at the American School for baseball practice. One of the men objected to the twitter of the canaries on the sun veranda, and so they were always moved upstairs, shut up in a bathroom. The dogs, two affectionate English setters, were tied in a distant corner of the garden. And from the servants' kitchen and courtyard there was never a sound. The Master and his friends were at *bridge*.

Along about five, tea would be served—a super-tea in which the cooks of the various masters vied. Ah Kun was proud of his tea. A hot cheese square made with chopped onions, red peppers, beer, and Hungarian paprika; a curried chicken sandwich, the filling of which took two days in making; enormous popovers with homemade jam—these and a three-layer cake piled high with an icing of shredded fresh coconut, a great bowl of hot peanuts roasted in salt and butter, and a plate of rich marshmallow nut fudge were his specialties for the Master's Bridge.

The players were deep in their game when Patty arrived triumphantly carrying a wicker basket. When Snow Pine reached to take it, the lid flew open. Out sprang a frightened kitten—a highly nervous, long-pedigreed Persian.

With one leap she landed on a Chinese blackwood cabinet, knocking over a pair of treasured blanc de Chine bowls; then she jumped onto the bridge table. Cards and cat flew around the room. The kitten streaked up the heavy satin drapes to the ceiling where she clutched at the cornice board and cried pitifully. Old Amah coaxed

her down, after the men, bridge table, chairs, side tables, and drinks had been moved into another room. Pandora—as Patty named the kitten—had got off to a very bad start. The Master referred to her as “that damned cat,” and let her stay only after persuasion and tears.

The Chinese staff regarded her with horror.

The coming of a cat to a household—unless the house was burdened with rats (and ours was not)—meant approaching trouble, Ah Kun informed me. If a family must have a cat he should be chosen not for beauty, but for usefulness. He should have a long, slim, short-haired body, sharp side-whiskers, and a pointed tail. This type cat “no steal fish kitchen-side,” also he “work plenty.”

But Pandora lived in a satin-lined basket in Patty’s room. She lapped her milk from a silver porringer. And she did no work. Her soul was a composite of the souls of nine beautiful, sly concubines who had once betrayed an Emperor—or perhaps of nine Buddhist nuns who during their lifetime failed to follow the doctrines of their order. Old Amah confided that Cook had said it was no use trying to kill this pussy, she had nine lives. And for the first time I realized that the old adage of a cat having nine lives was China-born.

The days went by, and the house was filled with discord. There was hissing—frightening twitterings—sharp barkings. The coolie demanded one dollar extra wage a month to take care of the “cat box.” Snow Pine complained because clumps of long, silken hair were shed on the rugs. Cook had to prepare special cat food, which Pandora sniffed, seldom ate. Pandora herself did not help matters. She was unfriendly, haughty, so highly bred that she would tear through a room if excited, pace about, seldom relax into a gentle purr; and she scorned everyone but Patty.

A subtle campaign to get rid of the kitten got under way.

A Chinese friend sent our daughter a beautiful scroll of a magic cat which had lived during the Ming dynasty. Snow Pine hung the scroll in Patty’s room with eagerness. This “pussy” was reputed to spring from the painting when a mouse appeared, and after the kill to return to his place on the wall, a smug smile on his face. The servants delighted in this scroll cat—couldn’t Patty-Missie be happy with this, and send back Pandora? She could not.

A friend of my husband’s—probably advised by his boy through

the Chinese grapevine—sent her a pair of beautiful porcelain cats decked with a gold necklace. It seems that fourteen hundred years ago an Emperor had favored cats, adorned those of his court with jewels. But neither these lovely creatures nor a pair of modern yellow porcelain cats, sitting high on their haunches, could displace Pandora.

Then one day a long-bodied, short-haired cat with sharp side whiskers appeared in the garden: a friendly cat without any of Pandora's high-strung, difficult ways; a cat that could fend for himself, out-of-doors or in the kitchen. Ah Kun beamed.

"Just now this house have got mouse," he explained. "Velly funny, plopper cat have come. Goodee joss. Suppose likee, new cat can stay this side."

And stay the cat did. He paid no attention to the dogs, did not stand and meow at Cook's bird sunning in its cage in the garden, nor race up the stairs if a door slammed. But, shortly after, Pandora disappeared.

"My think so this fashion pussy any time wanchee lun away," announced Snow Pine blandly when questioned. "Maskee, one piece kitty have got. Plenty more goodee."

But Patty was miserable, always suspected Ah Kun.

Little everyday things. Why should we be concerned if our daughter wanted a dozen cats? if Coolie broke one of a set of choice Meissen fruit plates bought from a European refugee? If the ice-cream freezer developed a leak and salt ruined the pineapple sherbet served at a Sunday tiffin?

I sensed their comparative unimportance; began to face—I knew not what, with the fatality of the Chinese.

During October and November a number of American business houses skeletonized their Shanghai offices and moved their head offices to Singapore and Manila. A few British concerns sold out. Chinese friends began leaving for Hong Kong, Chungking, or New York. Many of the wealthier families were concerned for their children. (The International Settlement and the French Concession were no longer havens from gangsters and kidnapers.) We went to goodbye cocktail and dinner parties given in their honor in the Cathay Hotel ballroom. The Chinese women were charming, completely at home in any international gathering, and were outstanding even among

Shanghai's smart cosmopolitans. Outwardly the parties were as smoothly sophisticated as usual; but the hearts of Chinese and westerners alike were heavy. The beautiful homes of many of our Chinese friends had been seized by the Japanese. The home of Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, just two blocks from ours, had been closed by the Japanese military as was that of the Wei Tao-mings. Many of the Chinese had rented their houses and moved into apartments. A few Americans called in packers, had their furniture crated, stored, ready for shipment. They moved into hotels—to wait the turn of events. Everyone was waiting—waiting . . .

A few months earlier, Hong Kong had ordered the evacuation of all British women and children—more than 5,000—to Australia: only registered nurses were excepted. A London report described the evacuation as due to a "food shortage." The Japanese press stated "that the evacuation proceeding elicited pained surprise."

The American Consulate had begun to send out official warnings to all Americans in China and Japan, but I had not taken the messages to mean me, personally. Ships dispatched to the Far East were to pick up Army and Navy wives and children, the families of government officials. Certain foreign mission boards and a few companies with large staffs in the Orient had cooperated with Washington, cabling their organizations to send all families home. One morning Carroll Alcott, local radio commentator, had rebroadcast a message from the States: "Washington urges all American women and children and *nonessential* males in Japan, Manchukuo, China, Hong Kong, Indo-China, Dutch East Indies to evacuate at once." Nothing, so far as I can learn, was ever said to the civilian population of the Philippines.

John was not a *nonessential male*, nor were the majority of the American businessmen in China. For two or three years the large companies had been cutting down personnel, and many smaller concerns already had just skeleton staffs. Few men would sail.

Thus the flight of American women from the Far East was begun.

Chinese of all classes were deeply concerned over this organized departure. They sensed in the directed flight a portent of things ahead. Even while the rush of evacuation was on, however, lonely British husbands at Hong Kong were petitioning the Colonial Government to

allow the return of their wives and children, already evacuated to Australia. The petition was denied.

Again, as in the British evacuation of Hong Kong, the Japanese press registered surprise; ridiculed the attitude of the United States Government; declared, "All is quiet in the Orient." The Foreign Office spokesman in Tokyo, Yakichiro Suma, could see no reason for it all. "The Far Eastern situation is very peaceful."

And then the blow fell.

John came home a little earlier than usual that afternoon. Patty, Mademoiselle, the dogs, and I were having tea before the crackling grate fire in the library upstairs. He joined us, and the houseboy brought hot scones for the master, delicious, small, and light, with crisp bacon and toasted tomato for filling. He served generous slices of English pound cake as I poured the tea. We knew something was wrong before John spoke, before he handed me a long fat envelope.

"Tickets for you and Patty on the *Monterey*," he said. "She sails for home by way of Australia. I think it best for you and Patty to get out of here before something breaks. You must be ready to leave in four days."

Then he added: "Noel Coward is on the boat. I hear every woman in town is trying to get passage."

There were only two tickets. John would stay, regardless. And so would I. I would cable Barry Faris of the International News Service in New York for an assignment to cover, from the woman's angle—come what might. I had returned from the States just seven months before and had been away from Shanghai during the summer. Now, to be faced with an unpredictable separation was unthinkable.

"I am not going. If you can stay, I can."

John glanced at Patty, and I understood. "And remember," he continued, "John, Jr., is in the States. He will need one of us if the Pacific is cut off."

Four days. . . .

I looked around the room I loved best in the house, at the shelves crowded with books on China and the Far East. Many of them were out-of-print books that I had picked up over a period of years. Some of the covers were embossed with golden dragons and pagodas, and

were lined with marbled paper; and there were fascinating steel engravings and woodcuts and maps, done by distinguished French, British, and early American map makers. We had enjoyed building up the library, wanted our children to grow up among books.

The mantel over the fireplace held Chinese bronzes, and on a wide window ledge were treasured clay figurines—Tang pieces. There were deep comfortable chairs, thick Chinese rugs, and lamps with shades of golden gauze. Similar gauze, cheerful as sunshine, draped the windows. A big carved blackwood desk, always bright with flowers, filled one corner.

When we were married, someone had sent us a pair of Chinese brass bath basins for the first baby. How amused John's bachelor friends had been! They made stunning flower bowls. In the fall, the gardener arranged red, yellow, and orange zinnias in them, and when the zinnias' time was over, chrysanthemums of the same colors had their turn. During the Christmas season the bowls held Heavenly Bamboo and holly. Graceful sprays of forsythia announced the spring-time, and at Easter they were gay with jonquils and lilies. Coolie kept the brass shining, and the firelight heightened its glow. He had a way of polishing them when Master or Missie was busiest at the desk—we could not but be impressed by such industry.

Above the fireplace hung two scrolls of bright red satin on which were embroidered Chinese ideographs in gold threads: "A long road, smooth and peaceful." They were a wedding gift from a Chinese friend. We had hung the scrolls when we moved into the house, and there they had remained, a colorful cornerstone, a symbol.

How many times through the years had our "smooth and peaceful" road been torn by events!

As we sat there, I glanced about the library. Was all we had built through the years to be swept away?

I remembered a bit of verse written by Wang Seng-ju, poet of the sixth century, to his loved library:

Ten thousand books with hanging bits of jade,
Bowls of rare Sheng and bronze of Chow . . .
I guard the perfume of uncounted years.
Come near! Come near!
Ten thousand yesterdays are centered here.

Like the poet Wang, I thought, ten thousand yesterdays are centered here.

The next morning I wandered over the house, determined to be calm and poised about it all, to pack wisely. But I moved aimlessly. Put in time on the telephone. Most of my friends were in a similar daze. It was difficult to know what to pack. In a way it seemed like a lack of faith in the future to pack anything. Some thought it foolish to send any possessions to the States—it meant only shipping them back again. Also, I did not wish to strip the house and leave it bare for my husband. He would be lonely enough.

By noon I had made one decision: I would take the big black-wood desk, my most treasured piece of old Chinese furniture. This I would not lose.

When John arrived, I was emptying the drawers, giving "Can-do Zun Kee," our neighborhood cabinetmaker, directions for crating it.

"What? Take that white elephant? Never!" my husband had exclaimed in amazement. "Can you get it into a suitcase?" I burst into tears. My beloved desk!

In the end Patty and I walked out of the house as on any holiday to the States, taking little except the personal. We left it a live, smoothly operating unit, a dearly loved home.

The night we sailed, friends dropped in from five o'clock on to say goodbye—friends of many nationalities.

Someone had said that to know is to understand, and in Shanghai we had come to know, work, and live with men and women from all the world. We had leisure there, time for friends and friendships. We played bridge and golf together, dined on the gay terrace of the French Club in cosmopolitan groups, attended functions at the various consulates, exchanged recipes for dishes special to various lands, sympathized with one another when "bad news" came from home, celebrated Bastille Day, Washington's Birthday, St. George's and St. Andrew's, Russian Easter, Chinese New Year. The men worked together in the great hong's—our sons and daughters intermarried. And more than once, as Shanghai volunteers, men of the various companies had together faced death.

As we welcomed these friends, grown doubly dear in the light

of an uncertain future, I grew bitter at the sudden realization that war must end certain of our rich international friendships—for years, at least.

It was almost midnight when we and the servants who were going to see us off started for the Bund to board the last tender. The steamship *Monterey* was docked across the river, Pootung-side. John locked our front door, gave me the gold front-door key (which a Chinese contractor had had made for him) as a good-luck charm to treasure until our return.

It seemed as if all Shanghai were crowded onto the tender: families with their children, men and women in evening clothes boarding ship after a round of parties, husbands seeing their families off, crowds of friends, boys from the florists guarding dozens of baskets of flowers for outgoing passengers. The tender was ablaze with lights, and everyone was gay with a forced hilarity as we pulled away from the Customs jetty into the blackness of the swirling river.

From a corner of the upper deck we watched the receding sky line silhouetted against the crimson glow of Shanghai's Great White Way; the Customs clock, high and imposing; and, just around a curve in the river, hundreds of junks and fishing boats anchored for the night, their masts stark and black as the lines of a Rockwell Kent etching.

A few days before, some fifteen hundred of these riverboat people had been evicted from their junk-homes by a Japanese naval landing party and left to face a Shanghai winter stranded, penniless. The Japanese method of terrorism was without frills. The fishing, junk and sampan families had been herded ashore while their boats were searched for "evidence" of anti-Japanese activities. After the search a hole was chopped in the bottom of each craft, and the river swirled in. The terrified owners, whose boats represented not only their homes, but their very livelihood, stood helpless on the shore. We glimpsed a few exposed mastheads, on which lights of warning had been hung.

The river teemed with life, mysterious, oriental. The sweet, unforgettable scent of opium, and of incense was wafted up to us from a passing boat-train. Sailors put out from shore in mat-hooded sampans for their gunboats—French, British, Italian, American--

anchored midstream. Dreary freighters, their sides rusted by wintry seas, were being loaded by a steady stream of Chinese coolies, their "Hei-ho, ha-ho; hei-ho, ha-ho" song echoing over the water.

And then we were across stream and boarding the *Monterey*. Our cabin was on the "cool side," and Old Amah and Snow Pine, who were with us, at once unpacked our wardrobe trunks and suitcases, hung our hastily acquired dresses for the tropics in the wardrobes, even arranged the drawers of our chests. They did everything they could as a last service. How we should miss Old Amah! She had made two trips to America with us, and on one home leave had gone on a long leisurely voyage around the world. When in France we had stayed for several weeks in a pension in Meudon near Paris. The children were happy and safe with Old Amah, and my husband and I were free to go about. They had roamed the pleasant countryside, made friends with everyone. There a Chinese woman in snug-fitting coat and trousers and two little American children in the big sun helmets of the tropics, which she insisted they wear, created quite a stir. The children spoke French, and it was not long before Old Amah was picking up the local patois. Back in China she never again spoke of beans or peas. It was always *haricots verts* and *petits pois*, and Snow Pine and Ah Kun had complained bitterly.

Old Amah had entered into everything on that trip, eager-eyed, excited. She had climbed the Pyramids, gone to the top of the Eiffel Tower and of the Empire State Building. She had delighted in riding on a funicular, a camel, and a roller coaster. She had even splashed in the sea in a bathing suit of black and yellow which Helen Griggs' Irish maid had given her during a visit. Her ancestors would have turned in their graves. She had cooked, cleaned, mended for us. Because of Old Amah, our holiday had been the kind you dream about.

But this time we must go without her. She cried bitterly, clung to my hand. For the first time I realized her face was thin, her hair streaked with gray. In leaving she said:

"My think so my no more see Missie. My think so Old Amah soon makce die. My savvy. Please talkee My Johnny America-side be goodee boy, any time take care Patty-Missie. Goodbye, Missie, you belong my long-time goodee fliend."

We clung to her, tried to cheer her. And then she and Snow Pine left us. Old Amah's strange goodbye worried us, added to our sadness. So often her premonitions had proven true.

The warning whistles sounded, and John too must go. He would go back—to what? Why couldn't he let everything go and sail with us? Why? I pushed the thought from me. John had responsibilities. The businessmen of the city did not leave when trouble threatened. They knew a loyalty to their New York or London firms which never faltered. They sent out their women and children and stayed on to see the "show" through. From the time of the Taiping Rebellion on through the days of the Boxers and the Revolution, they stayed. It would blow over. We American women and children would return after a few months' holiday in the States. But—in my heart I knew this was not to be. The ominous breath of Japan fouled the city; terrible conflict was in the wind. We could feel it even as an old China Sea captain can sense the coming typhoon.

Patty and I hung over the deck rail to watch the men boarding the returning tender. Along the rails other women were waving, calling quavering cheerios, sobbing into their handkerchiefs. It was all pretty grim there in the cold gloom of night. From the deck below I heard a call, "Missie."

Ah Kun's round face beamed up at us. And then out of the semidarkness of the wharf we saw Lin Seng, the chauffeur, Snow Pine, Old Amah, House Tailor, Coolie, and even Garden Man with his old father, who I was certain reeked of garlic and wine as usual.

"No fear, Missie," called Ah Kun. "My look-see Master. My all time takę goodee care he. Come back chop-chop please, Missie."

And, as he spoke, Lin Seng set off long strings of firecrackers. Our Chinese staff were wishing us fair winds and seas cleared of evil spirits, according to Old Custom. The last whistle sounded. And John waved goodbye—I shall always remember that tender crowded with American men, all waving their goodbyes. We watched its lights as it cut its way through the darkness of the river toward the Shanghai shore.

And out of the country on the Pootung side came the haunting song of a Chinese flute, a song poignant with the mysteries of Cathay,

a song lonelier than the sound of a far-off train whistle in the night.

Some time before dawn the *Monterey* sailed. Patty, excited at being under way, was on deck early. Many pupils of the Shanghai American School, as well as a number of the teachers, were aboard, and a routine of classwork and sports was soon established. The roll of the ship was restful, and I loafed away the first two or three days in the cabin, napping, thinking, trying to adjust my life to this abrupt change. Where would we live during our stay in America? My husband had left this decision up to me. We had connections in California, Virginia, and New York. Our son was in a New England preparatory school, and the desire to be near him outweighed all other considerations. I decided on New York City and at once felt better about everything—we had an objective, an address.

The *Monterey* had been switched without warning from its Los Angeles-Australia run to the Far East to pick up Americans in Japan, China, and the Philippines. The cruise passengers were carried along. Mrs. Anne Archbold of Washington, D. C., accompanied by a party of scientists was on her way to Suva, Fiji, to board her Chinese junk, *Chêng Ho*. She was heading an "expedition through Melanesia." One of the young men would catalogue shells. How beautifully peaceful shell collections sounded! Noel Coward, headed for Australia on a good-will mission for Great Britain, ventured from his cabin only for the late dinner call and for coffee and liqueurs in a secluded corner with a group of friends. Tui, an Australian music-hall star who had been singing in London, a long-haired, blonde creature, explained each morning in the bar that "the day her mother dropped her into this world, a tui bird had sung in the window"—hence her name, Tui. Mrs. Mary Sheridan Fahnestock, author of "I Ran Away to Sea at Fifty," with one of her sons and his young wife, was full of tales of exciting adventure. The Fahnestock sons, Bruce and Sheridan, had been shipwrecked on coral reefs when on a cruise making recordings of native music in the South Seas.

And before we reached Los Angeles we had picked up an amazing passenger list: an American Indian prize-fighter and his party; a Hawaiian singing and dancing troupe; members of the crew of an

American freighter sunk by a mysterious raider off South Australia; Samoans, rumored to have once been cannibals, who did startling things with knives in the upper social hall. And there were crowds of Navy and Army wives with countless children. We lived in the crowds and confusion of a carnival week in town.

Mrs. William Glassford, wife of Rear Admiral Glassford, and Mrs. "General" De Witt Peck of the United States Marines organized the children of the Navy and of the Marine Corps into classes and play groups, and they did a good job. And they cheered the young wives and mothers whose husbands were on China Sea duty, and who would face the first fire if war struck in the Orient.

A large map of the South Pacific hanging on the wall in one of the corridors drew the passengers. We were moving southward along a great circle route of the vast South Pacific. Until I studied that map and appreciated the fact that we were to call at ports in the lands "down under" as well as in the South Seas, and were to sail the seas of Magellan, Captain Cook, and the *Bounty*, I had thought of the *Monterey* as a ferry, shuttling me, against my wish, from Shanghai to Los Angeles. I had always dreamed of such a voyage—who has not? But the romance of those islands for me was gone long before we reached California, some seven weeks later. The threat of Japan had caught up with us. The coconut grapevine, which operated the length and breadth of the Pacific, was tapping out its warnings. At every port it was the same.

In Manila where we met General and Mrs. MacArthur, we learned of the Philippine army which he was training, of the urgent requests he was making to Washington for reinforcements, for appropriations for strengthening the Philippine defenses. A voice crying in the wilderness! Accompanied by a local official, I drove out to Malacañan Palace to talk of the war threat with President Manuel Quezon. He was ill and I was received by kindly Mr. Sergio Osmeña, the Vice President. He was most earnest in his concern over Japan's encroachment in the Pacific, and he warned of strong fortifications in the Bonin Islands, in the Caroline group, and talked of a great palm-ringed atoll in which the whole Japanese fleet could hide. I had never before heard of Truk. And even nearer to the Philippines were the Japanese-held Yap and Palau, which, according to the natives, were

also fortified. "Against whom?" Mr. Osmeña asked. It could not be China.

At Sydney we watched tall Australian soldiers sail out of the harbor for the North African front. But more than one Australian woman who served on the committee, which so graciously welcomed and entertained the American refugees during our week there, spoke of her concern about an undefended Australia. "But, of course," she would reassure herself, "the Japanese would never get past Singapore."

It was there that I again heard the amazing story which had come out of Tokyo. When Japan captured Australia and New Zealand, so the report went, she intended to segregate British men and women, housing the men in New Zealand and the women in Australia. Japanese men would be sent to Australia, and her women to New Zealand. Thus Japan would propagate a taller, more virile race.

As we crossed the Tasman Sea our liner was brilliantly lighted at night, and the boat drills took on new seriousness. We were in waters terrorized by German raiders, believed to be outfitted in Japan and refueled by Japanese tankers. A British passenger liner, the *Rangoon*, which had sailed from Sydney only a few hours before we weighed anchor, had been sunk before noon. It was rumored that the Japanese had mapped little-known islands "down under" for secret submarine bases, fuel storage, small air fields.

In Auckland the British were building high-powered radio stations, throwing up sandbag barricades and stringing barbed-wire entanglements along the waterfronts, and at Fiji it was the same.

Tension, and not a golden haze of romance, hung heavy over the Pacific. Anxiety, like a metronome, beat out the cause: Japan—Japan—

In 1854, farsighted Commodore Perry had urged Washington to plant the American flag on the Bonin Islands. His advice was ignored. Some fifty years later, Japan, ambitious for empire, looked out over the vast Pacific. She laid her plans. In 1894 she had acquired Formosa and the Pescadores in the settlement of a war with China. In 1898, following our war with Spain we retained only the Philippines, Wake, and Guam, and sold the other Spanish islands to Germany.

World War I yielded Japan fourteen hundred ex-German islands

in the Pacific under mandate of the League of Nations. Her island empire was growing. Beyond those islands lay the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, all Malaya. Oil. Rubber. Membership in the League of Nations became irksome as Japan's plans of expansion developed. The annual reports which she must make to the League as to what she was doing with those mandated islands gave the Japanese militarists concern. Japan resigned from the League, but she kept the islands. Gradually they were shut off from the world, became—Japan's Isles of Mystery. From time to time we in China heard that she was working feverishly to turn them into "unsinkable" aircraft carriers, into caches for oil and supplies, into camouflaged submarine bases. Following her attack on China in 1937, she seized Hainan Island off the South China coast and occupied the Spratly Reefs. Sea captains had avoided that danger region; but Japan surveyed the ninety-six islets, sounded the waters round about, got them in readiness.

In 1935 Japan began her second phase of Pacific conquest.

She launched a carefully planned, systematic penetration of the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, all the Pacific island groups south of the Equator. The South Seas Development Company of Japan was formed, heavily subsidized by the government. Into the islands of the South Pacific went Japan's colonists, her traders, her spies. I was told of pearl fisheries Japanese divers had milked, of villages—thousands of them—where the Japanese small shops had dug in, of Japanese "fishermen" who were military experts there to map the islands. Even itinerate Japanese "monks" had arrived. They were preaching "Asia for the Asiatics," striving to undermine the influence of the West. The Imperial dream was taking on fantastic proportions. Those islands "down under" were so indescribably beautiful in their natural loveliness, I could not bear the stamp of Japan's artificiality upon them; the blight of her militarists. As our liner weighed anchor at Auckland a haunting melody floated up to us. A group of Maoris on the dock, in their native costumes and garlands of brilliant flowers, were singing their goodbye. There was a lingering sadness in their song. Again in Honolulu as we sailed for California the minor cadence of "Aloha" bade us return.

All the pent-up fears and mounting worries of the past months,

even years, fell away as we docked in Los Angeles Harbor. We were home. The United States was there looking out over the Pacific.

Relatives and friends met us. They had seen me off for China only a few months earlier, and now with Patty I was back. Why? Japan. They understood. Californians were very alert as to the threat of Nippon, well informed; eager for an "inside story." We visited in the West for a few weeks, then bought tickets for New York.

During 1941 I lived for mail from Shanghai: for John's letters which came by air mail via Hong Kong and Manila, for J. B. Powell's *China Weekly Review* and the weekly edition of the *North China Daily News*, which arrived in bundles at irregular intervals by boat-mail. They were often many weeks old, but even so I read them avidly.

John had closed our house on account of transportation difficulties and lack of fuel and moved down to the Shanghai Club on the Bund. Our staff scattered. The changes that came to them were unbelievable. The routine of their day was gone, and life caught up with them. Snow Pine, our fastidious houseboy, had joined a Chinese guerrilla army which operated outside Shanghai. Garbed in the padded blue coat of a farmer, he slipped into the International Settlement to see "the Master" from time to time.

With eyes gleaming he told John and the Chinese office boys of guerrilla activities, and one day of the part he had had in derailing a train on the Shanghai-Hongchow line. At dusk he had crept through the grain fields to the tracks and, lying flat on his stomach, had managed to remove spikes from a stretch of rail, to saw each one almost through just under the head, and then to replace them. The following morning the Japanese patrol guards, on their daily examination of the tracks, had detected nothing, yet the eleven o'clock train had been derailed and the casualty list was heavy. He laughed wholeheartedly at the efforts of the Japanese soldiers to outwit the guerrillas. The patrols scattered sand along the tracks in order to preserve footprints which would show where the guerrillas had been at work. The Chinese, however, saw through this, and each one carried a pouch filled with sand under his farmer's coat. After completing the assigned undertaking they would obliterate their footprints with sand, then

pick up their loads of rice straw or ducks and move on toward a village or farm, a part of the countryside.

John wrote that Ah Ching, the fat, jolly chauffeur we had had for many years, had gone to West China to become a soldier (a steady stream of Chinese had been making their way from Shanghai by underground into Free China after the Japanese occupation of the city). Word had reached our servants that he had been killed on the field of battle.

So many amusing incidents centered around Ah Ching. His great ambition was to drive a Rolls Royce. One day he had come to me, "Missie, just now my friend's master have catchee one very nice new car. My think so Missie true need new motorcar. Plenty trouble old car. Please, Missie, talkee Master, my wanchee drive one Roll-see Roy-see."

There was a depression on; exchange had taken a bad drop, and gasoline was skyrocketing. It was no time to talk of Roll-see Roy-sees. Another time Ah Ching had been teaching me to drive. I have no ability along this line, and even now do all the wrong things. One day I drove to a tiffin party and heaved a sigh of relief—we had arrived safely. Just then, instead of stopping, I by mistake stepped on the gas. We plunged forward and broke down the cement posts that held the gate and fence to the McIntyre garden. Without a change of expression, Ah Ching said:

"Never mind, Missie, you no talkee Missie McIntyre. Missie chow, my fix. No man savvy, Missie no lose face. My no lose face."

I got myself together and into the house, through tiffin and into a bridge game; after tea the guests walked into the garden. The cement posts were erect as was the rose-covered bamboo fence. Ah Ching had rushed in a mason, a carpenter, and a gardener. He had saved his Missie's face and therefore his own. Is there any wonder we of China love the people of that country?

Young Coolie (the old coolie had been pensioned off) had, it seemed, been called back to his home in the country by his old grandmother. Convinced that she was soon to join her ancestors, she had sent for her sons and grandsons. By traveling at night and hiding during the day, he had managed to reach his ancestral village. *Lau Ta-ta*, the dominating matriarch of his family, did not die,

however, and even before she could venture out of the house she was busy arranging a marriage for her tall, strong grandson. His arrival had created something of a stir in the village. His city haircut, smooth, pale skin, neat clothes and quiet voice (due to his training under Snow Pine) set him apart from the farm boys round about. Also he had attended night school in Shanghai and had learned to read and write a bit in both Chinese and English. With little difficulty the old grandmother had married him to the daughter of an important family whose sons had been killed in the war. So Young Coolie became both husband and son and acquired not only a wife, but farm lands and a herd of seven buffalo. Tangible wealth, a buffalo. Young Coolie was known as Ling Peh-wei, a personage in the village.

And then came a letter bringing tragic news. Old Amah was dead. John had sent her back to Soochow with a pension—so many of the Americans were making such arrangements for their servants for the duration—and there in the home of an “old auntie” she had died in her sleep from a stroke. Old Amah—we could scarcely believe this. She had been with us for eighteen years; had been the backbone of our household life. We thought of her as our own; could not imagine our home without her. I remembered her goodbye the night we had sailed on the *Monterey*, and her strange premonition. Dear Amah, so many memories of her loyalty to us, of her love for “My Johnny” and “Patty-Missie,” of her innate wisdom, came to me. Story after story could be told of her.

This strong-minded, resourceful woman literally ran the men of our staff and their families. The shopkeepers feared her sharp, loud tongue and seldom sent short weight or an inferior quality of food; the curio dealers who spread their treasures on the floor usually called on her day out. She could tell if a piece of bronze was “plopper old,” or if it was a recent copy which had been buried in the ground and then treated to give it a green patina; or if a strip of embroidery was a “plopper Palace piece,” or had been made “little time before” in Nanking. Always she protected the interest of her Missie. I fear she knew little about bronzes, but she did know if a dealer was telling the truth. There was nothing she did not make her business. She allowed a “plopper squeeze,” but there was no hoarding

of coffee or butter in the kitchen to be returned to the compradore shop for cash by a cook or boy. With Old Amah around, Garden Man found it difficult to overcharge for seeds, trees, plants, or to sell any of the vegetables from the garden.

She watched over the boiling and filtering of all the water we drank, as well as the washing of fresh fruit in "pink medicine water" (permanganate). She commented on our friends. One couple from San Francisco, who arrived with letters of introduction to Shanghai residents, and who were thought charming, was declared by Old Amah to be "no plopper." Months later, when they docked in California, the husband was arrested as an opium smuggler. The framework of the comfortable wicker chairs which they had purchased in Shanghai for use aboard ship, had been filled with opium. "My savvy this Master-Missie no belong plopper," was Old Amah's only comment. Another day concubinage was being discussed. "Suppose man have got plenty money, course can havee Number Two, Number Three, Number Four Wife. Can makee plenty goodde sons. Suppose no have got money, no can do." To practical Old Amah the matter of wives was economic.

But it was her devotion to our son and daughter from babyhood that more than all else endeared Old Amah to me. When she said, "My look-see two piecee baby Missie, my takee goodee care," I knew she would do just that. And through the years, although we had a series of French and White Russian governesses, Old Amah was always there, a stanch backprop to "look-see."

I shall never forget how she risked her life to save that of our son, then but nine months old:

Rival war lords were fighting just outside Shanghai—one of the typical summer wars between local factions which took place before the days of Chiang Kai-shek. John rushed the baby and me, together with Old Amah and a cook boy, to Mo-kan-shan, a mountain resort to the south.

John settled us in a comfortable house on the mountain side and then returned to Shanghai. The baby and I lived on the wide veranda which overlooked a green valley. I had my typewriter and books there; the tea table; and Johnny's play pen was near by.

One day when Old Amah was ironing and the baby was sleeping

in his play pen, I left the veranda to get a book; was gone longer than I had intended. Then, from the window, I saw, to my horror, a snake had coiled itself in the bottom of the pen. We had been warned about the bamboo snake—a bright green fellow, swift and deadly; also about a big brown specimen. This one was brown. I heard Old Amah beside me.

“Ay-ya! Ay-ya!” she whispered, her eyes wide. “More better you stay house-side, Missie. My beforetime live country-side. My savvy snake pidgin.”

She rushed to the kitchen, returned with a lighted candle and a handful of rice grains. Noiselessly she moved to the veranda. As she neared the play pen she began a gentle chant, “Shoo-shoo; shoo-shoo.” Steady, sure, without a quaver, she intoned with monotonous rhythm, “Shoo-shoo; shoo-shoo.”

The snake began to writhe. Spellbound, I watched her move the lighted candle back and forth, back and forth, before the snake. Slowly it uncoiled its length and moved as if in a spell onto the porch. Amah dropped the rice as she backed slowly down the length of the veranda. Not for a moment did she cease her hypnotic chant or alter the movement of the candle. The snake moved forward in the path of the gleaming white grain.

Ah Kun, his face white as his apron, moved noiselessly on cloth-soled slippers from the opposite end of the porch. Gently, with both hands, he lifted the sleeping baby, cradled him for a moment, then slipped into the house by a side door and gave him to me. Through the window came the rhythmic “Shoo-shoo.” It grew softer, softer. Then Old Amah was safe inside, the door closed behind her.

“My Johnny all light, Missie?” she asked quietly.

Still clutching the lighted red candle, she stood there, a sturdy woman in tight short coat and snug-fitting black trousers. Her round face was drained of expression, but the red flowers in her shining black chignon seemed to symbolize her courage. I put my arms around her as I placed Johnny in her waiting arms. He wakened and smiled, grabbed her thumb—the only reward she asked.

Ah Kun brought tea. From a window we watched the snake undulating on down the veranda and off into the shrubs. It was only then I came to life, sent for the caretaker.

After a time Ah Kun returned.

"House Man talkee no can kill this snake, Missie. If do, bring bad joss this side."

I was up against what I have come to call the Great Wall of China: an immovable force, grounded deep in old custom, ancient superstition, religious belief. A poisonous snake was about, but I could do nothing. The caretaker had gone over the hill "more far" to a snake temple to "chin-chin joss." I was told that the snake would not bother us again—and it did not. . . .

And there was another time, a day some ten years ago when Old Amah had defied a landing party of Japanese smugglers.

We had taken a bungalow for the summer at ancient Shanhaikwan, where the Great Wall of China rises from the sea and winds its devious course across plains and mountains, and on and on west through North China. From its heights we looked out over the vast, wild plains of Manchuria. Often we would watch a camel train move through the massive gateway of Shanhaikwan and set out on its long trek to the north. We would have tea on its broad, rugged back. Tea on the Great Wall of China . . .

We constantly warned the children against venturing beyond the wall on their tough little Mongolian ponies. Japan, since her grab of the rich northern provinces in 1931, was in control there.

Late one afternoon from the wall we noticed a Japanese freighter anchoring in the bay, just offshore. Boats were lowered and headed for the beach, from which a handful of Japanese soldiers and some coolies landed. We watched them unload bags of sugar. For months the Chinese government had been protesting against such smuggling, but I had not realized it was being carried on so openly.

Johnny Chancellor, John, Jr., and Patty, before we could stop them, were racing their ponies down the beach. They pulled up to watch. Every soldier had a birdcage containing a carrier pigeon strapped on his back. The youngsters grew curious, rode nearer.

With a savage yell one of the Japanese swung at John's pony with his bayonet. To our amazement we saw Old Amah charging into the fray. On the run, she shook her fist and screamed at the soldiers, "my killee you if you touchee my children." Even as we hurried down from the wall Patty and the boys were streaking for home, their

ponies running as never before. But Old Amah stood there, a stocky defiant figure, hurling threats in her pidgin English at the soldiers. I was frightened for her—one Chinese amah had been thrown down a well for defying a Japanese soldier who had kissed the white and gold baby in her charge. Abruptly Old Amah turned and stalked down the beach, still scolding in a loud voice. The soldiers stood in stunned silence and let her go. . . .

Patty and I decided not to mention the Old Amah's death to John, Jr., until after his examinations at school. This Chinese woman occupied a very special place in his heart and life; he had always promised to take care of her when she grew old.

Dear Old Amah.

The periodicals which John sent me from China spoke of "crucial days." A Tokyo dispatch in the *North China Daily News* read in part:

With the outlook gloomier than ever, American missionaries in Japan are making an eleventh-hour effort to avert war in the Pacific.

An appeal for efforts to preserve the long years of peace between Japan and the United States is now being sent by heads of American missions to every American missionary in Japan with the earnest hope they will see their way clear to signing it for transmission to America.

The appeal reads: "While recognizing that fundamental issues are involved in the present tension between the United States and Japan, we cannot believe that basic and personal solutions can be secured through armed conflict. Rather the tragedy of war will greatly aggravate the issues and augment and prolong the present disturbed relations. We face a crisis which threatens to destroy much that is of supreme value to Christians. We, therefore, earnestly appeal to our fellow Christians in America to exert themselves anew to preserve unbroken the eighty years of peace between the two nations."

The cable was sent from Tokyo in February, 1941, to Dr. John R. Mott, chairman of the International Missionary Council, and to Dr. Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Washington was not sounding eleventh-hour warnings. But after reading the Domei dispatches in the Shanghai papers we could not wonder that American missionaries in Japan were making eleventh-hour peace efforts. Anti-American propaganda was

flooding Japan, was whipping the masses into war hysteria. Even then the newspapers and magazines were warning the people to prepare for the worst.

Cartoons ridiculed our fighting forces. Our soldiers were pictured as carrying golf clubs in place of guns, our sailors wore dancing pumps. Editorials informed the readers that Americans had become a decadent, luxury-loving people, weak and spoiled—a nation which would never fight the great Japanese Empire.

Month by month the dispatches grew more and more abusive.

A National Association was organized on February 12 at a mammoth rally in Uyeno Park as a protest against "America's arrogant attempt to interfere with Japan's national policies." A Manifesto declared in part:

For twenty years Japan has pursued a policy of reconciliation towards the United States with patience and forbearance, but the United States returned Japan's conciliation and concession with acts of increasing hostility.

It was the United States that arranged the Washington Conference to limit Japan's armaments and make Japan renounce her special interest in East Asia.

It was the United States which imposed the inferior naval ratio on Japan through the London Conference.

It was the United States that not only interfered in the Manchurian and Shanghai incidents but refused to recognize Manchukuo.

The time has come for Japan to prepare for the worst eventuality.

A dispatch of February 24 read:

The recent United States action in strengthening Guam defenses is a bold step aimed at encircling Japan. But the Japanese Navy is ready to carry out its own plans.

A February 27 dispatch quoted Chiuiichi Osaki, Foreign Vice Minister: "There is no reason why Britain and the United States should object to Japan's mediation in the dispute between Indo-China and Thailand. . . . In this respect the Japanese Government will closely watch Anglo-American moves."

On the same day Mr. Matsuoka, Japanese Foreign Minister, announced that "the white race must cede Pacific Oceania to the Asiatics." Geographical experts evaluated Mr. Matsuoka's claim as

including possessions of France, Britain, and the United States, and the islands of Hawaii, Samoa, Tahiti, and New Zealand.

An article on March 29 in the *Miyako Shimbun*, Tokyo, described weaknesses in Singapore's defense which would make it difficult for "this British fortress to check Japan's southward advance."

A Domei July dispatch quoting the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*, stated :

In order to develop the East Asia common prosperity sphere, the Anglo-American influence—the nest of the old order—must be wiped out.

Rear Admiral Minoru Mayeda, spokesman of the Navy Ministry, on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict warned Japan:

"The strengthening of naval and air bases by the United States Navy in the Pacific, as well as the expansion of the United States fleet itself, is directed solely against Japan, while no less an important fact is that the Netherlands East Indies, Australia, the Philippines, and New Zealand are attempting to encircle Japan by rallying under the United States banner."

By July the Japanese press had dropped its talk of a threat of war with the United States as a threat, and was openly acknowledging it as a certainty.

The greatest sea battle in history was predicted on July 9 in Tokyo by Admiral Takahashi, retired. "If the Japanese and American fleets avoid a decisive battle," he asserted, "a war between the two countries would be a protracted affair reaching over many years."

And on the 10th the *Yomiuri Shimbun* charged that,

without a declaration of war, the United States has actually entered the hostilities. The occupation of Iceland by the United States is President Roosevelt's realistic answer to the noninterventionists.

An August 7th dispatch announced :

Amid the tightening blockade around Japan, war fever has begun sweeping the country. The current international situation is so tense a single spark may be sufficient to cause an explosion. The United States, despite feverish war preparations, is unprepared for war. Under the circumstances, Washington will maintain its policy of watchful waiting.

The influential *Asahi*, in its most pessimistic editorial up to that time, stated that

in view of the United States' increasingly hostile attitude toward Japan, there is no room left for the two countries to attempt to readjust their relations. Now is the time for Japan to complete her preparations.

On August 4, all Japanese shipping companies announced the indefinite suspension of service to the United States. The Osaka Chosen Kaisha on August 7 announced the closing of its branch offices in Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, New York, Manila, Sydney, Mombasa, Cape Town, and Los Angeles. Thus, step by step, Japan was getting her house in order for war.

An editorial in the *China Weekly Review* of August 23 stated:

The crisis in relations between Japan on the one side and the United States and Great Britain on the other has visibly worsened during the past ten days, and appears to have received considerable nourishment as a result of the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting on the Atlantic. On August 18 Mr. Joseph C. Grew, American Ambassador at Tokyo, conferred for more than two hours with Japan's Foreign Minister, Admiral Teijiro Toyoda. It is clear that something of serious import is in the wind and that the peak of the present crisis is about to be reached.

And the *Japan Times and Advertiser*, organ of the Tokyo Foreign Office, declared, "Japan and the United States are already at war from an economic standpoint." The paper warned against foreign underestimation of Japan's fighting strength, and said that, "if foreigners had a correct idea of Japan's real power, they could never think of challenging her."

The tension I had felt for many days over the Far Eastern situation eased a bit when I learned that President Roosevelt and Admiral Nomura, the Japanese Ambassador, were in conference over American-Japanese differences, hopeful after Nomura's declaration that the gap between the two nations could be bridged. But there were so many differences: the withdrawal of Japan's armed forces from China; restrictions imposed upon American merchants in Japanese-occupied areas; Japan's expansionist policy; the right of the United States to send supplies to Soviet Russia; the recognition of "Man-

chukuo"; Japan's insistence upon her New Order program; Japan's military occupation of Indo-China. They piled higher and higher.

In the dark moments of the night when I could not sleep and only a detective story could quiet my mind, it seemed to me that the extreme differences in policy separated the two countries by an unbridgeable gulf. To meet the terms of the United States, Japan must reverse her entire New Order in East Asia program, and renounce her fidelity to the Axis alliance. I doubted if Japan would do so. She had been fanatical in her forward rush for power and was heady with success.

Back in 1932, 1933, 1934 when she was grabbing the rich provinces north of the Great Wall was the time to stop Japanese aggression; the time for the United States, Great Britain, and France to enforce the Nine Power Treaty and stand firm on the Open Door in China.

The critical weeks of conference in Washington dragged on—on into a deadlock. August, September, October, into November . . . Then with the arrival of Saburo Kurusu, special Tokyo envoy, the crucial parleys were resumed. Kurusu landed in San Francisco on November 14 and announced that, although he had a difficult task on hand, he hoped to break through the line and make a touchdown.

And yet even as he gave the interview to the press of San Francisco, the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* called on the United States to "note the iron determination of Japan's 100,000,000 people, that the nation's desire for peace does not allow for optimism if the United States persists in the attitude heretofore taken." A report issued by the Japanese Minister of Finance, announcing that a grave financial crisis was at hand, was suppressed, as were stories that mobilization within the Empire was on an unprecedented scale; and rumors that concentration camp sites were being chosen in Japan. Nevertheless the *North China Herald* published them.

Washington emphasized the gravity of the crisis by ordering the withdrawal of the Fourth Marines from Shanghai.

Even so, passports were issued to American businessmen who were returning to the Far East by plane or boat after their home leave. I gave letters and photographs of the family to Myron A. Mitchell ("Mitch") of the Standard Oil, who was flying back by plane to

Manila, then taking any coastal boat he could get on to Shanghai. Charlie Ferguson of the Shanghai Power Company was sailing on the maiden voyage of the steamship *President Polk* on December 7 from San Francisco, and so he took our Christmas packages for John. At the last moment I thought of vitamins. Julius Reese of the Manila Trading and Supply Company gladly agreed to deliver a year's supply to my husband when the *Polk* called at Shanghai en route to the Philippines.

It seemed fantastic that in October of the year previous I had sent Christmas boxes from China to John, Jr., in America and now I was sending Christmas gifts from America to John, Sr., in Shanghai. But then nothing was making any sense, and especially certain radio commentators who were blithely assuring their listeners that Japan would never dare attack the great United States.

On the morning of the 7th I awoke with a presentiment of trouble, a warning of disaster so real that I felt almost as if I could reach out and put my finger on it, and I wondered whether it could be my son or my husband who was in danger. Patty brought in my coffee and exclaimed, "Why, Mummy, you look ill." I was ill, ill with worry. "Don't be upset," advised Patty. "You are depressed because the *Polk* is sailing today without you." Just the same I put in a long-distance call to John's school, and felt better after hearing his cheery, "Hi, mum, I'm swell."

I stayed quiet, read the papers, listened to the radio at my bedside. Then it came: Japanese bombers over Pearl Harbor. Japan had attacked; had struck in the back even as her peace envoys conferred with Cordell Hull in Washington.

She had been sending out her warnings for months—the warning of the rattlesnake—and she had used the same method of striking under the belt at Port Arthur against the Russians, and at Mukden in 1932 against China. I feel a searing shame that America had been caught off guard by Japan. The ignominy of it—and its far-reaching tragic repercussions.

As the radio reports poured in, during that tragic day, the magnitude of the disaster overpowered. Even more shocking was the news hours later that Japanese planes had caught our bombers on the

ground in Manila. Within a few hours Japan had crippled our vaunted Far Eastern position. Yet, like Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, her plan of attack had been published in Japanese and translated into English, even sent to Washington. One of Japan's military strategists, Lieutenant General Kiyokatsu Sato had written that Nippon's navy and air force would first attack the Hawaiian Islands; secondly, the Panama Canal; next, California. The fourth step would be to move troops over the Rockies and march on America proper. It had all seemed fantastic then, yet J. B. Powell's *China Weekly Review* had given considerable space to the book. When I had shown a translated copy to a New York magazine editor, he had laughed.

All these thoughts rushed over me—futile thoughts. The reality was: American and Japan were at long last face to face in a war to the death.

As yet, the over-all picture of our entrance into the world conflict, and its significance, was not in my thoughts. The global scene, as I saw it, narrowed down to Shanghai—and John.

What was happening to the Americans and British there? What was happening to my husband? I sent a cable almost at once, hoping it would get through.

Japan answered no questions. It was as if Shanghai were on some distant planet. It was maddening to know that, while really Shanghai was just across the blue Pacific, what was happening behind the gun-spiked curtain Japan had drawn down over the Yangtze could not be known.

The days following passed as in a nightmare. The *President Polk* had encircled Golden Gate Harbor several times, then been ordered back to the docks, her passengers disembarked. I read every newspaper, sat for hours by the radio and talked on the telephone with friends from the Orient whose husbands also had been caught there. We went over the situation from every angle, talked and talked. We had all seen the Japanese on their victory debauches; we could not hope that our people would be spared; the suspense of not hearing was shattering.

And then five days after Pearl Harbor a cable got through: "Safe. No cause for worry. Love all. John."

I called everyone I knew. If John was safe, the other men would

be. Only two or three other messages had been received from the Orient. This was the only word I was to have for many months.

The war news was tragic—the defeats of America and Great Britain unbelievable—and the Japanese marched southward swiftly, competently, according to plan. We had underestimated, bungled.

The weeks passed, and those of us with husbands in the Far East had to content ourselves with the meagerest of reports. Fearful things were happening to our people in Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore. News of a torture prison—the Bridge House—came out of Shanghai. And indirectly we learned of prisoners in Japan subjected to the “water treatment.”

On our wedding anniversary I received a box of deep cream roses. In pleased surprise I read the card, “Pinch-hitting for Dad.” The flowers were from John, Jr. This was the first wedding anniversary since we had been married that my husband had failed to send cream roses on March 15th—but our son had remembered.

In the afternoon mail, as if it had been planned to reach me on that day, was a letter from John. We could not believe our eyes. It had been smuggled out of Japanese-occupied Shanghai to Chungking—how, I did not know—and from there had been flown over the Hump to India. The envelope was covered with postmarks of far-away places, a number of censorship chops and many stamps. (I steamed it open so as not to deface its surface—a prize for the air-mail collection John, Jr., was making.) The letter, written on a single sheet of thin paper, said little, but it said everything:

The writer was well. Although restricted, the American, British, and Dutch nationals in Shanghai had not yet been interned.

The children and I went to Plymouth, Massachusetts, for the summer; to the peace and beauty of the Whipple farm. On its rolling acres were the summer homes of the big family—the Whipples, Frys, and Withingtons, and they turned over to us a quaint Cape Cod cottage which we loved at sight.

Strangely enough, for the first time since I had been in America, I felt close to China. “You are from China?” a charming elderly resident of Plymouth would ask. “How nice! Won’t you come in for tea? Uncle Abel was captain of a sailing ship to the Orient, and you might like to see the old Canton china he brought home.” In Plymouth

they talked our language. No one said, "China! Why on earth do you live there?" Men from Plymouth had been among those first settlers of International Shanghai.

During the summer we learned that the *Gripsholm* was sailing to bring home Americans from the Orient; bringing diplomats, government officials, newspaper men, those who had been imprisoned. John's name was not on the list.

When our people landed they talked little, told almost nothing of conditions. I was assured that John was well, had not been thrown into the Bridge House, and that a second repatriation trip would be made shortly.

Every day we expected to hear of the sailing of the *Gripsholm* from its berth in the Hudson River. But the weeks passed, and still the white ship did not sail.

Without warning, our hopes were dulled. Out of Chungking came news that the Japanese had interned in prison camps all American, British, and Dutch "enemy nationals." They were behind barbed wire, under heavy guard. And with the internment came stark silence.

My life centered around China. Extraterritoriality was ended by Washington—the Exclusion Act was abolished and the Chinese were placed on a quota basis—Madame Chiang spoke before Congress; addressed a great gathering at the Madison Square Garden. How proud we were of China's first lady. I went to a dinner in honor of Ambassador and Madame Wei Tao-ming. Several of our Chinese friends from Shanghai were there. They too were concerned over relatives.

The months dragged by. No word came from the Pootung Internment Camp except a news report that it was the second worst camp in China: conditions were somewhat worse at Stanley Camp, Hong Kong. But I did not give up hope of hearing from my husband. I knew that if it were physically possible he would somehow get out a message through our Chinese friends. February, March, April, May, and June, and we were again in Plymouth for the summer.

Then one morning our rural delivery postman honked at the door. He was beaming. Along with the other mail he handed me an air-mail letter covered with foreign stamps, censorship marks. It was

postmarked Kunming and was from John. The letter was many months old, however. It had been written February 11, 1941, just before the internment. I wished we could have known its traveling adventures, that it could have answered the old newspaper questions: How? When? Where? In the friendly, neighborly way of Plymouth, the postman shared my joy. Because of his interest I read bits to him while the engine of his aged car snorted. . . .

February 11, 1943

My living quarters are in a mess now with all of the arrangements for packing up, for a large number of us will go into what is called the Civil Assembly Center the 15th of this month. The camp is located in the old, condemned godowns of the B.A.T. in Pootung.

But I must reassure you, we will get along all right and you must not be worried. Certain foods will be supplied by the Japanese, and we can supplement this. I plan to take—besides food, vitamins and medicines—a good bed and mattress, plenty of blankets, and the necessary clothing for “the four seasons,” also books, a card table and folding chair.

In the camp will be about 500 Americans and 700 British. Men only. My only happiness here is the knowledge that you and the children are out of all this, safe at home. . . .

[Later] It is now Saturday and I have been busy packing. I have one large trunk filled with food including 40 tins of milk (which you bought 2½ years ago), 25 pounds of sugar, cracked wheat, tinned meat, corn beef, 8 pounds of coffee, jams, preserves and jellies rich in sugar which you and Ah Kun put up in Weihaiwei that last summer, etc. I have plenty of money for what is needed, and in camp they will allow us “comfort” money of \$300 (Chinese—U.S. \$8) per month for tobacco and odds and ends. Do not let the news, which you will of course get through the papers long before this arrives, worry you too much. I will manage. . . .

And then in midsummer the *Gripsholm* sailed down the Hudson on its long awaited second repatriation voyage.

A letter from Senator Guffey with an enclosure from Cordell Hull was the answer to our prayers. The Secretary of State wrote:

Referring to the Department’s letter of April 7, 1942, the Department has now received, in response to its inquiries through the Swiss Government in charge of the representation of American interests in Japan and Japanese occupied territory, informa-

tion to the effect that Mr. John S. Potter has been listed by the Swiss representative at Shanghai for inclusion in the forthcoming second exchange of nationals between the United States and Japan if space permits . . .

That phrase, "if space permits," haunted. When the suspense seemed unbearable for even another second, a letter came from the State Department. Dated October 10, 1943, it read:

Your husband, John S. Potter, is included in the passenger list of persons who embarked on the Japanese exchange vessel to proceed from the Far East to Mormugao in Portuguese India, the port of exchange. From there the persons exchanged will travel to reach New York about December 2 . . .

John would be home for Christmas. After three long years our family would once again be together. We would have Christmas as we had had every Christmas and Thanksgiving since our arrival, with Aunt Carrie Chapman Catt in New Rochelle—an old-fashioned Christmas with a beautiful snowstorm and stockings hung in a row. And there would be a marvelous dinner with two or three desserts (as in our grandmothers' time) and then we would sit in the library, as always, a bit formally, and hear Aunt Carrie discuss with penetrating insight the news of the world and, for Patty's benefit, amusing experiences of her campaign years for woman's suffrage. John would pull his chair near Aunt Carrie's, and he would talk of his experiences in a Japanese internment camp, and of the Far Eastern situation. It was wonderful to be able again to make plans.

The *Gripsholm* docked early the morning of December 1. John, Jr., was down from Harvard; Patty, home from Finch; and we waited all day in a fervor of excitement. It was ten o'clock that night before a Red Cross worker on duty at the disembarkation point telephoned. My husband had just left the pier in a taxi and was on his way home.

We rushed to the street, paced up and down in front of the apartment for more than half an hour in the bitter cold. Then, as John stepped from a taxi, safe after three long years of separation, I knew that forever after I should believe in miracles.

Flight from China

I could not even attempt to write of my husband's experiences during those three years. It was only after much persuasion, however, that he finally agreed to dictate the story of those years, and to permit the reproduction of his diary. It is not only his story but, with variations, the story of hundreds of Americans caught up in the maelstrom of the Far East, a bit of the terrible drama now sweeping the Orient.





PART V

Pearl Harbor . . . and Shanghai

IT WAS HALF PAST FOUR in the morning of December 8, 1941—December 7, Pearl Harbor time. I was asleep in my room on the top floor of the Shanghai Club on the Bund, overlooking the Whangpoo River.

Suddenly I was awakened by explosions, like heavy firing. Half awake, I thought Moscow had fallen, and was sufficiently conscious to feel unhappy about it; for surely the Japanese were celebrating a German victory. In the morning we should see their captive victory balloons up over the city with long streamers proclaiming in Chinese the Axis success.

But the firing was too heavy. I ran to the window.

There on the river stretch just before the club was a vivid scene of war. Along the Bund just under the window were brilliant explosions as field pieces fired and shells struck their target up the river. Reddish streaks made by tracer bullets chased one another in low curves. Then came bursts of flame from the target.

From further downstream, at the bend of the river, flashes marked the firing of the Japanese flagship *Idzumo*.

Amazed and stunned, we on the top floor got together and watched.

We knew they were firing at the British gunboat *Petrel*. Quickly she burst into flames, was battered to pieces. She sank. Her lifeboats drifted away, afire, and floated downstream.

True to British Navy tradition, the *Petrel* went down fighting. Her hopeless resistance was the only defense Shanghai was to know.

The heavy field pieces and ammunition wagons rumbled away. All was silence again,

But what of the American gunboat *Wake* which lay midstream just before us? With the dawn we saw her, but the Stars and Stripes were gone. She was flying the flag of the Rising Sun! During the morning she moved downstream to join Nippon's sea forces.

Later we were informed that the United States Naval forces and Marines, in leaving Shanghai for Manila some days earlier, had stripped the *Wake* of arms and munitions and most of her personnel, and were keeping her there in the Whangpoo River for communications purposes. The arrival of the Japanese that morning with their demand for surrender was so sudden and unexpected that there was no time to scuttle her.

Immediately we thought of internment, quickly dressed in our warmest clothes, gathered up a few necessaries. We went down to the lobby. Men were standing around, waiting, expecting a visit of importance. Six o'clock came, but the heavy iron gates at the club entrance remained closed for the first time in many decades.

Presently a Japanese officer appeared and informed the Sikh watchman that the club might open as usual. So we drifted into the dining room to an uninteresting breakfast.

The day was bleak and cold, and the sun did not shine.

A bit anxiously, I went out on the street. From every direction Japanese troops were pouring into the Settlement.

They came in trucks, and in squads on foot. There was no confusion. Double sentries were stationed at all corners and in front of the main buildings. Soldiers stretched military communication lines, one man walking ahead with a reel of wire on his back, others behind laying the wires from post to post.

Without incident I walked the few blocks to the American Club

on Foochow Road and joined the Round Table in the bar. A dozen men sat talking about the *Wake* and the fried-egg flag of Japan.

Again on the street, I made bold to visit some of the main British and American buildings; the banks, my company's properties. They were all closed and guarded.

Already the Japanese had plastered the Settlement with proclamations in English, Chinese, and Japanese. In glaring type announcement was made, in effect:

The Imperial Japanese Army and Navy declare that a state of war exists between the Imperial Government of Japan and the Governments of Great Britain, the United States of America, and the Netherlands.

All people must proceed with their business as usual, and the Japanese will protect friends and enemies alike.

That was Japan's first, her softening proclamation. It gave us just a hope that we might be permitted to continue fairly normal lives, and our business in a way, with a degree of freedom and international consideration in that International Settlement. But the hope was vain. It was just a part of her plan to maintain order in a city of 4,000,000 and to gain time for a businesslike take-over of "enemy" affairs.

Thereafter in their notices, the Japanese referred to British, Americans, and Dutch as enemies, and we accepted the classification—gladly.

It seemed that we had permission, in fact were under direct orders, to continue with our affairs—or else. So we would continue with such of our business as did not aid Japan's war effort. Of course the Japanese seizure of our merchandise, of all Shanghai stocks which they wanted, could be only a contribution to her war economy; but that was beyond our control.

We were anxious to carry on with our businesses and professions so as to watch over our properties and the interests of the companies entrusted to us, as carefully and as long as we could. We felt that it would be just a matter of waiting until our Victory Day, when we would reverse the process and take our own back again. We could hardly foresee a war of several long years.

In some essential work, such as that at the Shanghai Municipal Council and the Shanghai Power Company, the Japanese required many British and Americans to continue on duty even after the general internment which came later.

In their good time, and as quickly as they could get around to them all, the Japanese took control of all our businesses and affairs and began liquidating those that they did not need. Only in their pleasure could we have access to our stocks and goods. But many managed to continue their private businesses and professions in a way—although much hampered by the Japanese—until their internment. Often the Japanese sealed the offices and other places of business, and they had to seek temporary accommodations with others and do their work, quietly, clandestinely.

By the break of the first day the Japanese had seized the Shanghai Municipal Building and raised their flag; had taken over the police.

I met a few foreigners whom I knew on the streets, and we talked carefully, quietly.

The Chinese, long inured to the barbarities of the Japanese soldier, remained indoors until they had assured themselves that this was not to be a second Nanking. Contrary to previous experience, the Japanese did not molest the Chinese.

Gradually the city came to life.

No one could imagine what the day would bring; but, as required by proclamation, men went to their places of business. Some Americans, British, and other enemies found their offices already sealed tight under Japanese guard. Some offices had not been molested, would not be interfered with for days, even weeks. Axis nationals and neutrals were carrying on generally without interference.

Fearfully, the Chinese shopkeepers took down their boarded fronts, always tight-closed in time of trouble. Trams and busses were moving. The big emporiums, the famous Cathay and other hotels, the restaurants, functioned. Chinese newspapers, already properly censored, appeared on the streets. Chinese, Axis, and neutral banks opened. The rickshas jogged along, as if oblivious to the crisis. Everywhere there were Japanese sentries, and Japanese flags.

I went on to my office. Japanese guards stood at the main entrance of the building, expressionless. I was surprised when they permitted

me, and all who had offices and businesses there, to pass without challenge. I found the Chinese staff gathered together, quietly discussing, wondering.

That forenoon the American government offices were taken over and sealed. The American officials and staff were interned across the street in the Metropole Hotel. Among them was Judge Milton J. Helmick of the United States Court for China. The American Consul General Frank P. Lockhart was very sick during those months, in the hospital. When he improved he also was put under detention.

The British and Dutch government offices were similarly treated.

The cable office, strangely enough, still functioned for a while. Long lines of anxious men and women waited their turns to send cables of reassurance to distant lands. My message to Edna Lee saying "All well" reached her during those first terrible days. Her message to me, dispatched an hour after the war broke, was delivered four days later, shortly before the Shanghai service was discontinued.

Already on that first day, Japanese "supervisors" were taking over the operations of the enemy-owned public utilities—the American Shanghai Power Company, of which Paul Hopkins and Roy Pharis were President and General Manager; the Shanghai Telephone Company of I.T. and T.; the waterworks; the gas company; the tramways and the bus lines; the shipping offices; warehouses and factories.

The communications, cables, radio stations were vital to their program. The oil companies and their strategic stocks, they seized immediately.

While the doors of such banks as the National City, the Chase, the Hong Kong and Shanghai, and the Chartered remained closed, plastered with proclamations, inside was activity. During several months the Japanese required the services of the British, American, and Dutch staffs to assist in liquidation. Then they took over the bank assets and moved their own banks bodily into the premises.

Japanese censorship, well known to Shanghai, was extended to cover *all* newspapers. The *North China Daily News*, British, was stopped at once; the *Shanghai Times*, British in registry, continued as a Japanese organ; the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*, American, controlled by C. V. Starr of Shanghai and New York, was taken by the Japanese as an afternoon newspaper for propaganda.

In the famous Cathay Hotel, owned by the Sassoon interests, all seemed as usual; but Japanese sat in the manager's office. And so it was with all enemy-owned hotels.

Meantime, those fifty American residents of the American Club had had bad news. They were given one hour in which to vacate, taking away their personal effects, but all furniture and furnishings must be left behind. The Japanese Army took the club as headquarters for the Central District.

We in the Shanghai Club were spared four days, receiving notice on December 12 to vacate in two hours; the Japanese Navy needed that.

Think of the American Club, its typical American architecture; the patriotic gatherings we had there; the big lounge and the bar with its Round Table, its afternoon snacks; the great banquet room with the beautiful and valuable portrait of General Washington hanging over the great Colonial fireplace; the main library room, one of the most livable and restful in Shanghai. The Japanese Army wanted that.

Think of the Shanghai Club, with its longest bar in the world crowded three deep during the tiffin hour, where men talked business and exchange, hunting and ponies, and the races. Think of Empire Day and the King's Birthday and the turnout of the old guard; of Ladies' Night and Royalty, the colorful gathering of Army and Navy and officialdom. That fine old sanctum of the Empire, now the home of the Japanese Navy.

Other "enemy" clubs went the same way.

Later the best books from the club libraries were carted away by the Japanese—probably made the journey to Tokyo, as did so much other treasure. From the Royal Asiatic Society and the International Institute (American), the Japanese selected and packed with care some hundred cases of excellent museum pieces, rare books, and manuscripts, and moved them away. Several weeks later a Japanese officer called upon Mr. Maas, the Honorary Secretary, presented his card with his compliments, and stated that he had called to inform the committee that the books had "arrived safely in Tokyo"!

We learned that their fine new building would become a Sino-Japanese cultural center. R. V. Dent of the Lester Institute told me about the taking over of that splendid scientific institution. The Japanese sent to Japan for their own scientists, to continue the work

for Japan. Some of the enemy staff remained until internment. An "improvement" made was the opening of a course in the Japanese language, obligatory for the entire staff. In fact, this step was taken in many institutions and businesses, in the city government, and the municipal schools.

How easy it all was, on the wave of war, to extend culture!

A drizzle set in late that afternoon of the first day, adding to the gloom over Shanghai.

That hour would ordinarily find the men gathering at their downtown clubs; but the American Club was gone. The lobby of the Metropole Hotel was crowded with Americans—wanting news. There was plenty of news, but all bad, by short wave from San Francisco—the tragedy of Pearl Harbor. We could not believe it; but the radio was insistent.

All over Shanghai little groups of friends gathered in clubs and homes, talking, trying to reason things out—planning to face the reality.

Tens of thousands of Japanese settled down over the city, prying into everything, seizing, knowing exactly what they wanted, fully informed: the Army, truculent and overbearing; the Navy, severe and insistent; the omnipotent Gendarmerie, cocky and insulting; the Consular officials. Hosts of Japanese, who had been trained to take over, swarmed across the Garden Bridge from Little Tokyo, the northern district of the city.

But the Gendarmerie was the real power. Organized along the lines of the German Gestapo, its authority in political and civil matters was final, and its eyes were everywhere.

And every Japanese civilian wore, not the dark kimono of Japan, but the business suit of the West.

A few days after the occupation, we were surprised to read in the *Shanghai Times* an announcement by the Japanese asking enemy nationals to a mass meeting at the Metropole Hotel, for "discussion." Some forty of us enemies attended the meeting. There in a large hall, two Japanese spokesmen addressed us. Bluntly they pointed out: "You are enemies in Japan's hands, and you must obey Japan's orders." Then they made a gesture—asked for suggestions.

The heads of the American and British associations made perfunctory responses, mainly on the subject of relief needs. One American asked the Japanese to ease up a bit on their requirements which called for so many tiresome hours daily in queues. But no one expected any benefit to come from suggestions.

The Shanghai Municipal Council and its committees had through a hundred years given the Settlement an honest and efficient government in a purely honorary capacity. International in its make-up, it had, though tardily, changed with the changing times, particularly in including a substantial Chinese representation on the Council body. The Japanese had long sought, and demanded, a larger part in its affairs, and by election trickery had tried to gain control.

Jack Liddell, the Council Chairman, soon after the occupation called a meeting of the British, American, and Dutch members of the Council and its committees. Some fifty men met with him in the imposing Council Chamber. It was our farewell. Mr. Liddell informed us that the Japanese had asked that we all resign; otherwise the Japanese would take steps.

We resigned.

A new Council was set up under a Japanese Chairman, Okazaki, its members essentially Axis and puppet Chinese—but absolutely under Japanese control.

There was plenty of bad news coming in over the radio, so tragic that our personal problems seemed trivial. No one would believe that the Pearl Harbor disaster was so terrible. We could understand a treacherous attack—even in the midst of peace talks at Washington. But how could the United States have made such a tragic failure?

A Shanghai Japanese, speaking of Pearl Harbor, explained:

“The Pearl Harbor attack was not treacherous. It was all right. I admit that the attack on the Russian fleet at Port Arthur in 1904 was treacherous: that was outrageous.”

Then he added:

“But not Pearl Harbor, for the precedent had been set at Port Arthur.”

More bad news: Japanese landings in the Philippines and the

Malay country; the attack on Hong Kong. Then the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* off Singapore—brought about by crash divers, it was said.

Proclamations ordered the immediate registration of all Japanese enemies. There were some ten thousand of us in Shanghai alone. Day after day, we moved in long, tiresome queues into the registration office in the Hamilton House to receive the questionnaires—and again later to hand them in. Every enemy and his affairs were catalogued, in fine detail as to his personal status, his business, and his possessions.

But the Japanese let it be known that all Chinese and all of Oriental blood, even those with “enemy” passports, should be classed as “friendly”: they were unfortunates who had been caught up in the Anglo-American grip. But there were many Chinese and other Orientals with such passports who insisted on their nationality and remained steadfast even to the point of accepting internment.

We filed our reports, and the Japanese soon after commandeered some of the finest cars, radios, firearms, cameras in the city. Not only did we have to give up our possessions in due course, but we had to queue up again for hours to deliver them.

One lady told me that, while she did register her effects, she took the position that “if the Japanese want them, they can jolly well come and get them.” Nothing ever happened.

Another early proclamation ordered all cars off the streets except those with Japanese passes.

Shortly the order came that all enemy motorcars must be surrendered, and delivered by their owners to the Japanese at a certain point in Frenchtown. It was drizzling, and the streets were muddy. There was no gas. All day through the slush, our cars were pushed along by coolies—and by owners—many hundreds of cars. We queued up in long lines, answered their questions and received a formal Japanese receipt.

The Japanese had the cars, we had the receipts. I later learned that my car, with several hundred others, is probably now at the bottom of the China Sea. The ship carrying them to Japan was reported sunk.

They confiscated from enemy firms, and commandeered from all in Shanghai as they needed them, chemicals, machinery, electrical equipment, metals, oils.

It was difficult to fall in with the "life as usual" program which the Japanese announced.

Over the city had settled a consciousness of the Bridge House, Japanese torture chamber. Horror tales of what was happening behind its barricaded doors spread about.

Prominent Americans, Britons, Dutch, many Chinese of all classes, Russians, Jewish refugees began to disappear. No word could be had of them. Some morning a man would be missing. Had he been thrown into the Bridge House?

Several of the younger Americans determined to escape from Shanghai into the interior. Quietly, carefully, they made their plans.

They found Chinese who knew the way, and vanished. Their resourcefulness, their preparations, their hardships on the long trail across China, on foot and by all forms of primitive transportation, carried them through. I heard of no one who was caught. But it was an ordeal.

However, a disappearance usually meant the Bridge House. The fatal hour was just before dawn. In that grim hour, the Gendarmerie, usually in plain clothes, would suddenly appear in the victim's home. He would be ordered to dress. They would search his room, throw all papers, documents, account books into suitcases. Then the unfortunate would be rushed out into the darkness to the Bridge House for—"questioning."

The Bridge House was the inquisition center for men who might know much, might give information; men who had at some time displayed unfriendliness toward the Japanese. Heads of organizations whom they suspected of having engaged in secret intrigue were arrested, as were Russian and Jewish traders, managers of banks and oil companies, individuals who had had previous army connections; newspapermen and foreign correspondents. The Japanese gathered in women, too.

We lived in constant fear of such visitations, gave thankful sighs when the dawn found us still at large.

When the Japanese stalked in to arrest a certain American oil man, a friend with him was so terrified that he rushed into a bathroom and committed suicide. He had long before declared that he would never permit himself to be taken. The Japanese, greatly disturbed, filed out; did not make the arrest.

The Bridge House, one-time apartment building, had been taken for Japanese political headquarters. The ground floor had been secretly turned into a prison. There men and women of many nationalities were herded. Often no charge was made. They might be immured for a day or a month, for softening purposes; then the ordeal of inquisition would begin, continued day after day, for weeks. Some prisoners were released in a few days, some in two or three months, many not until released by death.

One morning, J. B. Powell, editor of the *China Weekly Review*, disappeared.

Everyone knew the Bridge House had swallowed him. From the time of the Washington Conference, J. B. had fought for China's cause. The Japanese had real scores to settle.

A few days after the seizure of the city, and before he was taken away, a Lieutenant Uno who had known J. B. in Missouri asked him, "What did you expect would happen to you, J. B.?"

"Oh, the worst I thought was that I would be shot."

He was not shot; but when finally released for repatriation, he was so weak that he was given but a few days longer to live, and he was crippled for life.

Thirteen days after Pearl Harbor plain-clothes men entered J. B.'s room in the Metropole Hotel.

This is it! he thought.

He was ordered to dress; his room was searched, and all papers seized. He was rushed away to the Bridge House. There he was thrown into a vile-smelling cell, already crowded with thirty-odd prisoners, men and women; mostly Chinese, some Koreans, Indians, and Eurasians, a few Occidentals—and even some Japanese, picked up for drunkenness, for previous foreign connections, or as spy suspects. Locked into this hell-hole, Powell was forced to fall in with the deadly routine. Soon he too was to be but an unshaven, unwashed victim like the others.

They sat packed in rows, on the board floor, knees drawn up, cramped, suffering. In their thoroughness the Japanese did not forget an important routine; the lines as they sat had to face Tokyo.

And there in the same rows they slept, if they could—sitting through the night until they slumped over. There was no heat. Generally, filthy old blankets were passed around for use during the night. There was nothing to read, nothing to do; they were forbidden to talk. Occasionally the deadly monotony was broken by the cries and screams of prisoners taken out for questioning, then thrown back again, bruised, bleeding. There was rice to eat, hot in the mornings, but cold and soggy at noon and evening. Sometimes there were bits of fish—herring heads—in it. And there was a miserable tea brew—never water. Thirst was a torment.

The filth and disease were appalling—enough to break the spirit of the strongest. The stench of the crude box exposed to view in the corner was sickening. It was the sole sanitary service for the thirty-odd men and women. The diseases were even more nauseating. When they reached their most disgusting stages, a Japanese doctor or nurse would sometimes give a rough and ineffectual treatment, there in the presence of all. Boils were common. Lice were in everyone's clothing.

J. B. was questioned frequently, often late in the night, and he came to welcome the inquisition as a brief respite from that ghastly cell. He was required to sign and fingerprint the record of the questionings, without any opportunity of verifying what was recorded.

Soon his feet began to trouble him, turned purple; but the doctor laughed when he complained and asked for treatment. Then the pain became torture.

After his transfer to a newly built prison at Kiangwan—not much of an improvement—his feet became much worse. The cement floor of the solitary, bare cell on which he had to sit was still damp. He was not able to stand up, had to roll over on the floor even to reach the "box" in the corner.

Only then did the Japanese send him to a hospital. His condition was pitiable. He was reduced in weight from 140 pounds to 75, and the dry skin stretched tight over his bones. His feet had rotted away. His repatriation on the first trip of the *Gripsholm* was finally arranged.

That is a picture of Japan's torture prisons. But few of the prisoners released dared discuss their experience.

"No, do not ask me. No, I cannot speak."

Such was the reply a British Reserve Medical Officer made to me after his release from Bridge House. The Japanese commanded their prisoners after release to say no word of what had happened, on penalty of something worse.

F. J. Twogood, general manager of Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, though repatriated, died a year and a half later from vicious treatment by the Japanese in the Bridge House. J. A. Mackay, vice president of the National City Bank, was also held there for months, and the distinguished British journalist H. G. W. Woodhead, C.B.E., an old China hand.

I was not taken to Bridge House, though the threat seemed always present; but with many others I was to experience the Japanese Inquisition. Japanese inquiries into the affairs of the company of which I was manager, and into the ownership of its properties, made it clear to me that anything might happen. Besides, I had an important and rather delicate connection with a large Chinese daily newspaper; such ties were dangerous in areas which the Japanese controlled. During the months following the Japanese occupation of the city I had to expect and be ready for a serious early-morning visit from the plain-clothes Gendarmerie.

The telephone bell rang in my office one morning:

"This is Mr. Utsunomiya. You will come just now to the Navy Bureau on the Bund."

I went, and was shown into a small private room. After some delay, three Japanese entered; we sat down and the inquisition began.

"Who owns the stock of this company? . . . Is there some concealed Chinese owner? . . . You are trying to protect someone from the Japanese. . . . What did you do with that money? . . . Shut up! . . . Why was it sent to New York? . . . It was anti-Japanese! . . . Who was associated with you in this? . . . You are concealing something. . . . You have been working with Chungking enemies. . . . Why are your title deeds not in Shanghai? . . . On that special date, why did

you do this? . . . You are not cooperating with us. . . . You are lying! . . . You are anti-Japanese! . . . Shut up!"

Anti-Japanese? What did they expect?

"You tell who owned this property during the past six years." Always trying to catch someone.

"May I speak?"

"Yes, you speak!"

They had the office records, and from these they tried to build up cases. Morning after morning, week after week, I was summoned to their inquisition office, to hear their questions eternally repeated, to be yelled at, bullied, insulted. Answers must be discreet.

They tried to break the morale; and sometimes they did, as in their terrible grilling of A. W. Turner, general manager of Andersen, Meyer and Co., Ltd. He never recovered from the ordeal.

My Navy inquisitor frequently leaned back in his chair and informed me ominously that it was evident that I was not "cooperating" with the Japanese, and that my attitude might lead to serious trouble. I could only wait for the inevitable outcome; but meantime I began to plan to engage, if I should be put out of my office and if I should still be free, in the real estate brokerage business which was then rather active. But it would have to be done clandestinely.

It would be unfortunate not to be right there in my office where I could see just what was happening to the company affairs. Besides, there I had the use of the office telephone—a valuable consideration. I should not be able to get another telephone, for the Japanese supervisor at the telephone office had orders to hold all available lines for Japanese. To meet the possible emergency, I finally arranged with a Norwegian friend, who as a sort of enemy had been ousted from his office and factory by the Japanese, and had been accommodated with desk and telephone in the office of a Spaniard. I was to move in and share his accommodations.

Gradually, after a period of ranting and threats, the Japanese Navy eased up on me, and the daily telephone calls ceased.

Soon all our offices found themselves under Japanese supervisors. For the largest companies, they brought trained men from Japan. It was reported that one boat carrying a thousand supervisors for

Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Singapore was torpedoed and sunk in the China Sea.

My first supervisor was a Mr. Sekiya. While he controlled, or supervised, I was required to remain on duty as the representative of the company. That gave me the opportunity to watch over the business and follow what the Japanese were doing with the properties, the money, the tenants and the staff. Sekiya was of good family, a junior in a large Japanese bank. His father had been a high government official and a good friend of the Y.M.C.A. in Japan.

One day he asked me to meet him at his apartment. What could he possibly want me for? I had restricted my relations with the Japanese to the office and necessary contacts. It sounded like an order, and I was disturbed; it might mean even the Bridge House. I requested the friend in whose home I was living since the seizure of the Shanghai Club to inform the Swiss Consulate if I did not return in a reasonable time.

But there were only the two of us in the apartment and Sekiya seemed eager to talk. He said he was a Christian.

"But what about your Shintoism, your state religion?"

"I do not say anything about religion. But I have my books here."

On the shelves of the room were many books on Christianity.

I stayed only a short time, bowed myself out with relief. He had just wanted to talk.

Several days later he told me he was to leave, and a new supervisor would take his place. He asked if there were any urgent matters to have attention before he left.

I suggested an increase in the Chinese staff salaries—much needed because of rising living costs—and he agreed.

The supervisor who followed had little to recommend him. His chief duty was to collect as quickly as possible many detailed reports on the company's properties—ten copies of each in English and Chinese, sometimes with Japanese notes. Bound copies were sent to Tokyo.

But this Mr. Ito made a serious mistake one day and was dismissed abruptly in my presence, with great loss of face, by a Japanese Navy inquisitor who was checking up on his work.

Number three was a crude, uncouth fellow, a winebibber who spoke no English. He took off his shoes on entering the office, then his socks, and finally for real comfort planked his feet up on the desk. He lasted a month.

Finally came Mr. Takahashi, a quiet man, a former railway surveyor. With him was a Mr. Mikuria, assistant.

The latter smiled broadly when introduced and said, "Oh, just call me Mac." For thirty-five years in California, he had been a small jobber in vegetables and at times a beach concessionaire. He was unhappy in Shanghai, lonely, longed for California and his old "jitney." He said he could not stand Japanese and Chinese food, that he wanted "steak and pie."

He knew no real estate, but always explained that he acted "according to my consciousness." He wanted to be friendly, presuming on his California days, but I discouraged all efforts at fraternizing.

The head supervisor spoke no English, and none on our side spoke Japanese. So when Mikuria was not about, the arrangements for business communication between him and me were somewhat involved. The basis for arriving at an understanding was that Japan, when taking up written language some centuries ago, borrowed the Chinese characters *en bloc*. (The modern Japanese phonetic alphabet was developed as an auxiliary script, not displacing the old characters.) So Takahashi would write his message in the old characters. A Chinese assistant would be called in, and he would read the characters as Chinese, and translate to me in English. My reply in English would go through the reverse process, translated and written in Chinese characters, which Takahashi would read and understand as a message in Japanese.

(In fact, Chinese from different parts of the country who happen to know only their own Chinese dialects, but can read and write, can arrive at understanding by using the universal written characters. I have often seen a Chinese resort to written characters to explain his meaning clearly to another, when his knowledge of the spoken language of the other was rather sketchy—a Chinese from North China talking to a Cantonese, for example, or two Chinese from different provinces conversing with me in English.)

Presently orders were passed on to Japanese-controlled real estate offices for "enemies" to vacate premises which the Japanese wanted. Mr. Utsunomiya asked me, "Why do you think Japan conquered this place if our own people are not going to be taken care of?"

The number of Japanese, which was about 40,000 in 1937, probably doubled before the outbreak of war. The influx following the occupation swelled it to more than 100,000. The city was already overcrowded. The Japanese, coming in to fill posts in the new economy, wanted good homes.

But it was not easy; the Japanese found difficulties even in their own regulations.

According to proclamation, we could not move from our listed residences without a Japanese permit; and no "enemy" could move household effects along the streets without such a permit.

So crowded was the city that, even if we should try to move, we could find no suitable places. What rent should we have to pay? And we could get no telephone in a new residence.

When any of us called at the office of the Gendarmerie for a permit to move, and was asked to give the new address, he had to reply that he had not found a place. The permit was flatly refused.

So we simply stayed on, while the friction and jealousy which existed among the Japanese control bodies often led to a stalemate.

The housing situation remained tense until internment orders cleared several thousand of our homes for the incoming Japanese.

Mrs. Harry Payne had a *bête noire* in the form of a Japanese lawyer who coveted her beautiful duplex penthouse. Her adventure became the laugh of Shanghai.

The Japanese, who had a record for crookedness and insolence even when dealing with his own people, schemed through a Japanese office to get the apartment—and its valuable furnishings, which he would sell at a handsome profit. She was ordered to evacuate by a certain date. He then took a lease and made payments. She was to leave all her furniture, rugs, curtains.

When the day came for Mrs. Payne to move, she made an inspired last call on the Gendarmerie, and asked for a permit to move her furniture into a near-by garage. This was curtly refused. But when she mentioned the name of her persecutor, there was a

burst of Japanese laughter. She received probably the one such permit ever issued.

By three o'clock in the morning, with the help of friends and her Chinese staff, she had everything packed and moved except a few wicker chairs, a table, and some kitchen stuff.

That afternoon some twenty pieces of luggage arrived from the home of the Japanese. Later came baskets and pots of flowers, tokens of greeting and congratulation from his friends.

Then Lawyer Jap with his wife arrived. When he saw the empty apartment, he was dumfounded.

"The furniture?" he cried.

Mrs. Payne explained that as he had the lease, naturally she must clear the place.

"So-o-o, but—but—the furniture?"

She produced her permit. That was a setback. Crestfallen, the two departed. Their servants were sent at once to remove luggage and flowers. Later, when their Japanese friends came in on a house-warming visit, Mrs. Payne showed them the empty apartment.

There was a lot of Japanese chatter and laughter as they went away. It will take a long time for a lawyer to live down that loss of face. Gradually Mrs. Payne moved her effects back, but always apprehensive lest he reappear. We were told that after her internment several months later the apartment was taken over by a Japanese general.

— 2 —

It was one thing for the Japanese to order Shanghai life to continue as usual. The neutrals, the Chinese, the Axis nationals could carry on in a way, but it was something very different for the British, the Americans, the Dutch.

As soon as the Japanese could, they ousted our people from their old positions. Gradually as "enemy" business houses were liquidated, more and more men were without means.

By proclamation, those who had bank accounts were permitted to draw up to \$2,000 local currency a month—about \$75.00 in American money. Salary allowances were the same, regardless of

previous income. It was Nippon's intention that no enemy should have more.

Placards posted in the banks called attention to this figure. A story is told of one trusting old lady who went to the Hong Kong Bank and asked for \$2,000. She gave her name, received a brass check with a number, took her place in the queue, and waited. After a long time, a perplexed clerk told her he could find no record of her account. She explained that she had no account but the Japanese proclamation on the outside wall said one could draw \$2,000 per month.

That old lady was not the only one concerned. Shanghai faced a rapidly rising cost of living; and depreciation.

Every one took stock of his assets: How much could one borrow? How long could one last? Many sold their belongings, clandestinely. Those living in apartments sold pianos, rugs, radios to Chinese and neutrals in the same building—so that their effects would not have to pass on the streets.

But some had to fall back on relief—particularly those from areas outside of Shanghai. Through the Swiss Consulate, after Japanese permission was secured, the American and British governments made provision to give them a cash allowance. The American Association established a relief camp in part of the American School compound. The British had similar arrangements at the Columbia Country Club.

Food was a serious matter. Imported supplies could be had. I have no doubt that the godowns still have goods for people who can get them. But canny compradores were reluctant to sell their stock and put the puppet CRB (Central Reserve Bank) dollars in the bank. They would sell only as they must.

Rationing began with rice, flour, and bread, and extended later to other foods. But there was always the black market.

The rice situation was acute. Rationed rice was cheap, but there was not nearly enough to fill Shanghai's bowls. The black-market price was more than Chinese pocketbooks could stand. Substitutes helped: corn, grains from the north, sweet potatoes. But substitutes were unwelcome to the Chinese, who, from the highest and richest to the lowest coolie, want good rice.

Hoarding of food, coal, cash, anything for the future, followed orthodox lines. One Chinese gentleman told me that he had laid away a thousand tins of 555 cigarettes (very good Virginia). A Chinese lady boasted of the tins of kerosene she had cached in the garage, the attic, the pantry, and under the stairs. But no hoarder I knew had laid up enough of his pet hoarding to see the war through. How long would it last? Diamonds and gold—sovereigns and double eagles—and American bank notes, according to old Chinese custom, went into walls, under courtyard stones, in the head of the Buddha on the home altar.

People dug up their tennis courts and planted vegetables; kept chickens while they calculated how much the eggs cost; tried raising pigs.

Even before internment we began to lose weight, but not from food rationing alone: there were ailments and worries.

The ordinary Chinese had to stand for hours each day in queues to buy the rations of rice and cooking oil. The police kept them in order, chalked their place numbers in the queue on their faded blue cotton coats. Hundreds of Chinese dead were picked up on the streets each morning, victims of hunger and exposure.

Shanghai's winter is bitter; the damp cold, penetrating. The Japanese controlled the coal supplies. Most office buildings were without heat. Homes were soon reduced to "heating" one small room for a short time in the evening. After dinner families sat close to the little glow in the grate, wearing sweaters, overcoats, and furs. Some of the better apartments knew a little heat in the morning and the evening.

The tram and bus services were sharply cut, and the crowds clamored for places. Some Chinese installed charcoal burners, with tanks and pipes on the rear of their motorcars. Many of us bought bicycles. I pedaled about four hundred miles per month. The French Club and other stopping places had their bicycle "garages." Women, meeting hardship with Shanghai sophistication, continued with some bridge, mah-jongg, and afternoon teas; but they went by bicycle—or by *pedicab*.

The pedicab was a remarkable contrivance. It consisted of a bicycle attached to the front of an enlarged ricksha and pedaled by a coolie. Pedicab garages sprang up. The coolies were liveried in

cotton coats and caps of gay colors, and the seat covers matched. Hard use soon reduced their smart appearance.

Old British families brought out their carriages, relics of bygone days when the ladies drove out Bubbling Well Road even as in New York smart equipages paraded up Fifth Avenue. Carriage makers began opening shops, and the orders poured in. But the number of ponies was limited: the tough little Mongolian animals knew all about the races, but had no liking for the shafts. One morning a crowd gathered to admire a "carriage" parked in front of the Municipal Building. Its glossy blue body was that of an upholstered sedan, but in the place of engine and hood a coachman's seat had been built. Shafts and a pony completed the picture. The smartest carriage in town was that owned by Madame Garnett, leading couturière. Always beautifully groomed, that striking Polish woman with snow-white skin and golden hair worn in a coronet, created a stir whenever she appeared. Her de luxe carriage was done in golden brown, with liveried coachman, footmen, two bay ponies in elegant harness—all in keeping with her color scheme.

Shanghai was tense with eagerness for war news. Dispatches in the Japanese-run press had to be discounted. The radio was the only real contact we had with the outside. But after the Japanese confiscated our short-wave sets, they ordered all radio owners to have their short-waves altered. However, we knew exactly where to listen in. Each day we must have news.

Rumors flew about the city. According to the radio, Washington promised that big things would soon happen. There was excitement over radio news that our forces would not "inch" their way across the broad Pacific; that there were many roads leading to Tokyo and we would not overlook any.

The *Shanghai Times* promptly came out with a speech by Tojo declaring, "Many roads lead to Washington, and Japan will not overlook any of them."

And when our forces wiped out the 2,000 Japanese on Attu Island, the newspaper published a poem, ascribed to a celebrated Japanese poet, about their gallant 2,000, which followed almost verbatim Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Shanghai was thrilled at Doolittle's raid. We thought the big drive on Japan had begun, and day after day we listened in; but nothing more happened. There was some mention of the raid in the Shanghai press, but it was dismissed as of no importance. I asked one of my Japanese supervisors, who had been in Tokyo at the time, what he knew. He said there had been something of the sort, but it did not amount to anything.

"Did you not hear any bomb explosions?"

"No, nothing."

"Did you see the planes?"

"No, I did not see any. It was not much."

We sometimes stopped to look at the luridly colored maps showing the progress of Japan's arms in the south, displayed in windows along Nanking Road. Gaudy cartoons pictured the distress of Uncle Sam and John Bull. Playful sketches pictured Japanese boys romping with Chinese, Filipino, and Malay children. Propaganda posters called to arms on behalf of Japanese Co-Prosperity. Big billboards around the city portrayed Nippon's victories. One of the most spectacular showed a Japanese admiral with a beauty at his side watching a distant scene; a Japanese warship sinking squadrons of our boats, tanks plunging over our fleeing troops, and zooming Zeros hurling destruction on our battlements. Crowds of Chinese—and others—stopped to gaze. And the sad part of it is that the stories told of Japan's victories were, up to that time, essentially true.

The Russian radio astonished us with its frank news from the European theater. But mention of the Far East and the South Pacific in its broadcasts in many tongues was forbidden by the Japanese.

So it was that we followed the Tragedy of the Pacific, and came to hope with Guadalcanal.

We found other news channels. I shall not reveal them, but about one out of six letters which I sent to my wife reached her, and I had three letters from her during 1942—good newsy letters. The few innocuous words I was allowed to send at intervals through the International Red Cross took months in transit.

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In the summer of 1942, the Japanese concluded that we should be publicly tagged as enemies, and issued their proclamation.

The wearing of a brilliant red band four inches wide on the left arm does have a distinguishing effect. In my case the band, marked A 525, distinguished me as American Enemy No. 525. B 1423 meant a certain British enemy. N signified Netherlander, and X was used for the smaller nations, including the Greeks. The bands must always be worn outside the home. They were for identification and were intended by the Japanese to serve as a stigma in the eyes of the Chinese. They did distinguish, but not in the manner the Nipponese intended. Clerks in shops would caress the red band: "Nice, very nice. I like."

But the orders went further. "Red Bands" were excluded from theaters, cabarets, or restaurants with music. We were allowed to go to church, and the minister was excused from the red armlet while in the pulpit. The attendance of the Red Bands at the French Club irritated the Japanese. They had begun to establish themselves as members in increasing numbers. Protests to the French against the predominance of Red Bands brought the reply that they were old members, the club's main support. The Japanese had an answer: They would provide Japanese members to replace all the enemies. But the Red Bands stayed on, and through the year the lounge, terrace, and card room were a haven for us, the dispossessed. There the afternoons would find us, and although there would be tables of Japanese about, so far as we were concerned they were in a world apart.

It was not the Japanese who actually closed the French Club to the Red Bands, however.

The landing of the American forces in North Africa had repercussions in Shanghai. After this event a notice appeared at the entrance of the French Club, inviting the Red Bands to refrain from using the club further. It was Vichy giving the orders.

Neutrals—and Germans—were sometimes wary about walking along the street with a Red Band; they preferred to walk on one

side of the street, with the Red Band on the other. But the Chinese didn't care.

The attitude of the Axis nationals showed inconsistency. Except for a very few, their feeling toward the Japanese was the same as ours. Some of their nationals were frank enough to admit that their treatment in the Co-Prosperity Sphere would be just the same as ours.

The German view was at first one of anticipation of the fine world which would follow their victory. Later, after the Russian and African campaigns progressed, the Germans spoke in warning of a Communist Europe. They wanted an Axis victory in Europe while fearing an Axis victory in the Far East.

The Russians, Reds and Whites, stood almost united in acclaiming Russian success. "Just now what you think Russia, ch? Russia strong, yes?"

In the midst of the confusion following the seizure, when we were deeply involved in the new problems which had been suddenly thrust upon us, tens of thousands of racing fans began to speculate on the annual spring races. The stewards of the Race Club, through their Norwegian secretary, A. W. Olsen, conferred with the Japanese authorities and decided to hold the races.

Great crowds turned out for that race week; thousands of Chinese, a handful of Japanese, the usual continentals, and the British and American stable owners. But the old race spirit was gone. The gay flags and buntings, the stirring music of the band, were missing. The tiffin parties in the members' boxes were subdued affairs compared with the cheer of other years. The fashion parade of the smart Shanghai women was not a feature of the spring races of 1942.

But the Japanese did not neglect the races long. A Japanese supervisor was installed in the secretary's office, to "run" the races and take care of the money. By autumn of 1942, the stewards were asked to resign—a fine group of British and American businessmen, sportsmen, who had carried on the high traditions of the club. The Secretary was retained to do the work.

The Japanese presented to the club a large silver shield, on which was inscribed a motto to the effect that in good fellowship they would continue the race meetings in everlasting sportsmanship.

Then suddenly the ponies of enemy stables were seized by the Japanese and sold at auction. They brought fantastic prices. Here was something in which the Chinese could invest their uncertain CRB dollars. But the British and American stable owners did not receive the money; the proceeds would be deposited for them—until after the war—in the Yokohama Specie Bank. It was not long before all enemy members were barred from the Shanghai Race Club.

Happily for the ponies, some of the owners had arranged with neutral friends to bid them in, give them good care, and run them in the races, until Victory. "Billy" Coutts Liddell and her racing partner Vera McBain, owners of "We Two" stables, had been warned, and had given their ponies to Chinese friends. Even before Pearl Harbor, Sir Victor Sassoon, who under the name "Mr. Eve" owned the biggest stable in the Far East, had sold his ponies—Christmas Eve, Dewy Eve, and all the other Eves.

Under the Japanese, racing became a serious money business. Races were held every Saturday and Sunday, and the turnover would run for \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 (CRB) each day—\$100,000 or so in American money. For the first time in its history, the Shanghai Race Club knew Sunday racing, and the sportsmanship and the spirit of our Shanghai races were gone.

Shanghai's night life turned hectic, sordid, and inflation money was tossed about. New places opened: Ella's Bar, the Argentine, Hungaria, the Russia Balaklava. The ballroom of the Park Hotel continued to be the rendezvous of the Germans, but the formality and smartness of the closed Cathay Ballroom were missing.

Japanese parties thronged the night spots. The underworld "big shots" moved in. There were the continentals as usual, and many, many Russians. In some cabarets outside the Settlement, such as the luxurious Farren's, the little ivory ball spun merrily around the roulette wheel until the dawn.

For some months men of American, British, and Dutch nationality, whose wives were in their homelands, took part in the night-club life—then the Red Band proclamation barred them from the cabarets.

The Japanese embarked on a wave of social life. Officialdom gave receptions and banquets. When Okazaki assumed his post as Chair-

man of the new Shanghai Municipal Council, he and Madame gave a great cocktail party at the Cathay Hotel. According to the Japanese-controlled press, a good Co-Prosperty time was had by all. The Axis, particularly the Germans, were very much present.

Theatrical troupes and cinema stars were brought over from Japan, to tour the occupied areas. There were parties and receptions, and stars made personal appearances, patterned after Hollywood. American films were banned, and Japanese stars replaced Hedy Lamarr and Veronica Lake. Clark Gable should see the Japanese prototype to whom he gave place, as pictured on the billboards. But of course, wearing the Red Band, we were barred from the movies.

The Japanese disbanded the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra, and produced their own "philharmonic." The personnel remained much the same, and Maestro Mario Paci, the Italian director who had built up the Municipal Orchestra, was sometimes invited to conduct. But the Japanese introduced their own "world-renowned" conductors.

Business died in Shanghai on December 8, 1941.

Behind the scenes was only such business as it takes to exist. Our city of 4,000,000 was living on its own substance. There was no more than a bit of Japanese shipping to bring something from the south to prevent general starvation, a little coal from North China, a few odds and ends from Japan—tinned salmon and sake.

Products from the interior had to pass through Japanese hands, and little reached the city markets. No longer did Shanghai streets throb with the activity of busy and picturesque crowds. Those crowds thinned out, and with interment the streets took on emptiness.

Those who saw them just before the last repatriation spoke of their run-down condition, the filth. The Bund, with the public garden, the trees and flowers along the river front, had become a shanty town. Beggars were everywhere. Starving Chinese families crowded into huts thrown together with old bamboo matting, rusty tin (once five-gallon oil cans), patched sailcloth, sticks and mud. Weathered sampans huddled along the shore line, and the sampan families clambered up over the Bund.

Yes, business died on December 8—all except real estate.

I had been engaged in real estate in Shanghai for twenty years,

and at the outbreak of the Pacific War was manager of an American company which owned many large properties in the city. People in America seem surprised that an American should find himself in the real estate business in that Oriental land, actually seem amazed that real estate should be an orthodox calling there. Why not? Shanghai had developed into a modern city, and our practice was much the same as in any city—but with some features that are at first strange and confusing.

Our first skyscraper—of seven stories—was built some forty years ago. At that time foundations in Shanghai's soft alluvial soil were not well understood, and that building on the Bund soon began to settle, and not evenly; it leaned a bit toward the south. But it still stands, like Pisa's Tower, clearly a bit askew, but one of the sights of the Bund sky line as seen from the river.

Our skyscrapers of today are from fourteen to twenty-four stories high, and, set on piles and concrete floats, they stand firm. But the intermediate steps to such engineering success saw much settling. For example it is now necessary to go down several steps to the "ground" floor of the Cathay Mansions. In one apartment building in western Shanghai, the original ground floor had to be given up as such, and a new main entrance made through the floor above.

A view of the city from the top of a high building shows acres and square miles of two- and three-story terrace houses, some very old, the usual Chinese residence and shop compounds which make up the bulk of the city. The fine residences are in the western areas, the factories in the east and north; and there are the office buildings, stores, schools, and all that make up a modern city.

In the financial part of the real estate business, in trading and mortgages, we have had to deal in all the currencies of that international community, and with the brokers of twenty nationalities. Most of the business was Chinese, or had a Chinese side to it.

A decade or so ago, the tael of silver was the standard and usual unit of business currency. It was a weight of silver of a certain fineness. The Chinese yuan, or dollar, which evolved from the old Mexican dollar, was a smaller unit of silver figured in mace and candareens based on the tael.

But the system, if it may be so called, was not so simple; for the

tael and the yuan differed in their exchange value and silver value among the principal cities of China. It was necessary to specify the tael or dollar used. Also, the final silver value of those units fluctuated with foreign exchange—as compared, for instance, with the American dollar or the pound. To know the exchange for the day, as announced each morning by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, was a prerequisite to that day's work. The exchange brokers spent the hours visiting their clients, conveying their latest quotations and talking business. Their one-horse traps were a familiar sight in the business district. Exchange brokerage was a profitable business.

After the revolution of 1926-1927, the currency was standardized in the Chinese yuan, or dollar. This cleared up a measure of the currency uncertainty, though exchange still remained of paramount importance.

In 1935 the government withdrew silver from circulation, except for small token coins, and a controlled paper currency came into use. That was the time when the American government was purchasing so much silver. The subsequent rapid advance in the value of silver had much to do with the Shanghai depression of that period. It reacted on property values, and on mortgages which had been contracted on a silver basis and were then declared payable in paper currency; for the paper depreciated.

The moderate depreciation of the paper dollar in the late thirties gave way to serious inflation as the Sino-Japanese War advanced, and this has been a spectacular feature of life in China ever since.

Complicated as was the financial picture on the real estate side, exchange was but a minor issue in the business. The important feature of the work was the handling of documents of title—especially those strange old Chinese papers which seem so complicated to the uninitiated.

The basic title up to a few years ago, still valid, was a mysterious-looking sheet of thin paper about six inches by eight, with printed and written Chinese characters on it—the Shanghai *fan tan*. This document became standard about eighty years ago, just after the Taiping Rebellion, during which many of the older documents of title were destroyed or lost. In the intervening decades the flimsy *fan tans* have become yellowed and stained, worn and torn; but they are still genu-

ine and valid—subject to verification. The fan tan was often inaccurate in boundary descriptions and areas.

To divide a piece of land into two or more portions, the Chinese had recourse to the simple, rather naïve method of cutting the fan tan into pieces—one piece, large or small, for each new owner. The *cut* fan tan, as it was called, was then pasted on a thin sheet of paper similar to the original, and the writing of the original was reproduced on the new document. Each owner then had a piece of the genuine fan tan as his evidence of ownership.

The fan tan was registered in the books kept through the years by the local *tipao*, a land official, and in the books of the Chinese land office. In making a transfer to another party, that fan tan was accompanied by a bill of sale which gave full particulars, and this was also registered.

That is only a part of the story of property title. The extraterritorial privileges of foreigners under the treaties gave them the right to acquire land and register it with their own consular officials in the form of a perpetual lease by the Chinese authorities in exchange for the fan tan. So came the foreign title deeds—British, American, French, Japanese, German, Italian, and all the others.

The foreign title deeds entered into the trade, and they were simple, accurate, and inexpensive in transfer, as against the heavy fees charged for transfer of fan tan ownership; they were useful in arranging loans, appealed to the Chinese. But the Chinese could not hold foreign title deeds in their own names. So a method of trust ownership was evolved, foreigners registering fan tan documents in their own names as foreign title deeds, and giving declarations of trust to the actual Chinese owners. The system worked very well, and it is in this form that most of the land in metropolitan Shanghai has been held for decades.

The reverse process has been used for many years to provide for foreign ownership of land outside the city proper, where foreigners have not been permitted to own outright, the Chinese banks generally serving as trustees for foreign owners.

After the revolution of 1926–1927 the Chinese land office instituted a new document of land title, the *tu di jen*, which was good—simple, accurate, inexpensive in transfer. Much headway had been

made in converting the old fan tans into tu di jens when the Sino-Japanese War broke in 1937.

The Japanese, in occupying Shanghai, at once ordered that all "enemy" title deeds should be presented for transfer into Japanese title deeds—permitting some of them to go into other Axis deeds or into tu di jens.

The new treaty between the United States and China abolishing extraterritoriality contains provisions which will probably later call for the conversion of all title deeds into tu di jens. The tu di jen is also known as a Chinese land certificate, or a Chinese title deed. This move would be good, and should simplify real estate matters further.

But the fun of real estate business in Shanghai is the trading—buying and selling, brokerage. It touches human nature, gets down to the fundamentals of ownership—be it a big estate or a garden patch. It touches all Chinese classes, and foreigners of every nationality in the city. In real estate brokerage, one comes face to face with all the uncertainties of good business times, and of depressions. Each new deal is a new experience, an adventure.

Sometimes a transaction in assembling several parcels of land for a special purpose would involve fan tans, tu di jens, and title deeds, and the negotiations would lead up to a grand finale with perhaps twenty interested persons—men and women—present. There would be Chinese and possibly foreigners on the selling side—an old country matriarch with poise and dignity, whose chop was a first essential, and her relatives and friends, among them country bumpkins who exuded a garlic atmosphere that was authoritative. Brokers of different nationalities would sit in, all eager to have the chops affixed. Both buyers and sellers might have lawyers, though this was not essential; the main broker or company officer handling the whole deal would generally draw up all the papers with the assistance of his compradore, would have everything in order, checked and verified, both Chinese and foreign documents. There would probably be one or more Chinese land officials, certain guarantors and middlemen interested in the deal and in a share of the profits. There would be sheaves of agreements, documents, guarantees, translations, Chinese checks and foreign, receipts, leases, and supporting papers in several languages.

Hours would be taken up in discussion, argument, explanation, a

very hubbub of excited, questioning, and even threatening voices. At times it would seem that the whole deal would fail because of some trivial difference; or a difficulty about the proper disposal of a hitherto undisclosed ancestral grave on the property would arise. Through it all, much drinking of tea. But at last everything would be settled and duly inscribed in the agreements; the papers would be chopped and signed, and handed over to the proper persons, all tense with eagerness and concern. Checks would be passed out for the property consideration, and brokerage checks dealt out.

Sighs of relief and gratitude, laughter, general friendliness, and a great walla-walla (talkee-talkee), and the party would break up tired and happy. Another of those intriguing Shanghai property transactions would be entered in the records of Business Concluded.

One morning a Russian broker whom I had engaged was waiting in my office when I arrived at nine—very unusual for him. He came to me all excited:

“Oh, I wait for you! Last night I no sleep. I have idea.”

He expounded his idea: that we purchase a rambling apartment compound on Avenue Joffre and subdivide it, selling it off in sections to a group of Russians whom he had interested in the project. My conclusion was prompt: “That’s a great idea.” And we went into it.

For several days the office was in a turmoil, closing that business with some fifteen Russian—and Chinese—buyers. But at the last moment the Chinese seller learned of our profitable venture, and changed his mind about selling, though he had given option. The seller’s broker, William Brandt, British, was always resourceful. He went direct to the seller’s old father.

“See here, your son wants to back out of that deal. Now I have known you all my life, and I played with your son as a baby. Your own business reputation as his father will not permit him to welsch on that contract.”

“You are right, my friend. I promise you, my son shall not fail. You may proceed with your business.” Just another instance of the old family obligation, family honor.

That young Russian had an idea about once a month and made a small fortune in his real estate operations, starting at zero. I remem-

ber how his hand shook when I handed him his first good-sized check.

In another deal he and I had several meetings with as many as forty buyers, Chinese, Russians and other nationals, in settling the subdivision details of a compound of a hundred Chinese houses and shops built in several long terraces.

We often encountered obstacles in the pursuit of sales, strange and sometimes final, even when there were a willing seller and a willing buyer. For instance, family graves are found everywhere. Before a grave is removed or disturbed a geomancer must be consulted to learn the feelings of the *feng shui*—the wind and water spirits. If a propitious new location and removal date can be learned, then there is only the question of the removal of the remains and the payment for the service.

Family trust agreements may hold a property forever inviolate against sale or transfer.

Back in the 1920's I became interested in the value of land in Shanghai as compared with land in other big cities of the world, and made a survey of values in sixty large cities. Values in Shanghai had been advancing steadily for about seventy years, by record. That was natural with the growth of the city. But how much further might values go? I found New York easily at the top of the value list, while Shanghai ranked with Indianapolis and Sydney, Australia.

Shanghai had a population at that time of 3,500,000 people, and stood near the top as a shipping center. I maintained that "our land prices should advance to comparative equality with the prices in other great cities." We did not fail to advertise our findings and our convictions. Land prices advanced phenomenally, and we had several years of real property boom. In 1930-1931 the city's monthly turnover in reported transactions would run to \$8,000,000 or more in American money.

But when the Japs struck at Manchuria in 1931 the picture changed. Since then there have been ups and downs, and general uncertainty.

Strange as it may seem, real estate in Japanese-held Shanghai became active early in 1942. Chinese and others who had money, and

later as they acquired the puppet CRB dollars that were always depreciating, could not sleep until they had bought something like real estate, which could not be seized as war material against Japanese "receipt."

Chinese and Russians saw an opportunity to buy, mortgage, sell at a high price, pay the mortgage in cheap money, invest again quickly, counting on the depreciating currency. Some of them made fortunes.

But by the middle of 1943 the boom had died. There were buyers; but no one would sell for the kind of money he would get.

I recall a Japanese incident in the lively real estate market shortly before the entrance of the United States into the war. The manager of a Japanese real-estate company flew into a rage when a Chinese, who wanted to sell a certain property, defaulted at the last moment on learning that the buyer was Japanese. He could not contain himself when I called at his office with the news. He turned the key in the door.

"Why do the Chinese not sell to me? Why don't the Chinese like the Japanese?" He grabbed my arm. "You tell me the name of the Chinese company. You tell me the name!"

He stood before the locked door, blocking the way out. Presently he became calm, unlocked the door.

The Japanese do not understand yet that they cannot force the Chinese to like them.

We had to expect it, and did. Without any proclamation, the Japanese began entering all our homes, checking belongings, examining papers and effects. They strutted through the rooms, nosing into everything. They put stickers on the furniture, rugs, curtains, and electrical appliances. They wanted those articles for the thousands of incoming Japanese. The tagged articles were not to be removed or sold.

Later, several new forms, a yard square, were issued for us to fill out. The first reports we had submitted about ourselves were just preliminaries; these were the real business. Broad red "enemy" bands were printed across them, and they called for minute details of everything we had, with values, dimensions, and descriptions.

But some persons outwitted the Japanese. In apartment houses, they removed the stickers from valuable pieces, which they stored in the small hours in neighboring apartments of neutrals. The stickers were transferred to cheap pieces: if they called for chairs, wicker chairs from the neighbor's porch would do. In the suburbs transfers of furniture were made through holes cut in fences and hedges—if the neighbor were not an enemy.

The arrogance and possessiveness of the Japanese began at the top with the Gendarmerie and the inquisitors, and carried down.

The Garden Bridge, which leads north into Hongkew, was the scene of many slappings and strikings and jabbings by the Japanese guards. On tramcars and busses, their attitude was overbearing, insolent, especially when they had been indulging in sake. The Japanese felt their new power. And there were occasional more serious, fatal incidents.

Almost daily, sections of the city were blocked off for hours by guards with ropes. Sometimes this was to hunt out some patriot who had thrown a bomb or fired a shot. Sometimes it seemed to be for practice. Often it was to clear the streets for a high Japanese officer or for the puppet President Wang Ching-wei. Advance guards would whiz by amid whistles and alerts, and the Big One would be rushed through the cleared streets.

On one occasion such a cordon was thrown about several blocks, including a large Chinese department store, and held for more than two days. Those who were caught just stayed there. Shanghai speculated as to the amount the store must have paid the Japanese to have the blockade lifted.

In their occupation of the areas around Shanghai in 1937, the Japanese had built up a profitable system of vice and crime that centered in the district just west of the Settlement, which became known as the Badlands. With their seizure of the city itself, those activities increased and flourished—opium, gambling, robbery, organized vice, kidnaping, and murder.

Those were the sordid rackets. The more respectable official rackets were at first in commodity monopolies, so ruthlessly enforced by restrictions and even seizures that soon only Japanese could participate in the business.

The official rackets matured in the Japanese and puppet manipulation of Chinese currency and exchange—and in the control of the essential commodities.

The Japanese had their puppet money to get rid of, and they needed the old valid Chinese currency, the *Fapi*. Besides the currency racket itself, they repeatedly exacted immense profits in exchange.

The Japanese outlawed exchange transactions in American and British currencies; but these continued clandestinely. From a rate of \$15 (CRB) to \$1 in American currency, exchange went lower and lower until at the time we left the internment camps in September, 1943, the rate was about 100 to 1.

The chance of repatriation became a lively topic right after the war broke, and was always a hope. We understood that there would be an exchange of government officials and staffs. There might be a chance for some others, but there was little hope that many could get out of Shanghai. The months dragged on, months of encouragement and of disappointment.

It was in June, 1942, that the first repatriation took place. The Japanese provided two vessels, one of them the Italian liner *Conte Verde*, the other a Japanese boat, the exchange to the *Gripsholm* to be made at Lourenço Marques in Portuguese Southeast Africa. It was essentially a diplomatic evacuation, though some nonofficials had opportunity to leave, including those who had suffered special Japanese attention at the Bridge House and other Japanese torture centers. We all had a chance to send at least verbal messages home to our families through friends.

The final decisions as to who should go brought some heartaches—and some criticism. The criticism centered on the procedure which permitted certain people—even neutrals—to accompany their spouses who happened to be eligible for repatriation. There were cases in which marriage to an eligible person was seriously considered in order to gain the coveted repatriation privilege. But the interested parties learned that the stratagem would not work.

The boat sailed away, leaving us behind, anxiously awaiting the next repatriation, which it was hoped would follow shortly.

Previous to this, there was opportunity for some Shanghai men who had been caught in Hong Kong to return to Shanghai on a Japa-

nese boat. They left Stanley Camp with joy, to face whatever Shanghai should offer.

Similarly, some transients caught in Manila returned to Shanghai in September. The Japanese announced the trip for general acceptance, but many feared the American submarines which were prowling for Japanese vessels along the China coast.

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Then in her own good time, when she had accomplished her purpose in the taking over of the city, Japan set about putting us away in prison camps—ready to complete the eradication of the Westerner and all his works.

One morning early in November, 1942, the telephone rang in my office: "They have taken Jim away this morning and are taking many others." Where, no one knew; to the Bridge House, it was suspected.

Another warning over the phone: "Don't go out on the street to-day—they are picking up the Red Bands; carting them off in trucks."

For several days the seizures continued until about 400 men of enemy nationality had been taken. They were not sent to the Bridge House, but to a camp on Haiphong Road, once the home of the American Marines, in Shanghai's Western District.

Those were the "political" internees, though why, in most cases, no one ever reasoned out.

Hollis Arnold, American engineer, was given a slip which called for H. E. Arnhold, British businessman. The two men were neighbors.

"I am not the man," he protested. "There is a mistake."

"No, no mistake. Japanese do not make mistake."

Rumor was strong that the internment of all enemies would follow quickly. We all arranged our affairs; packed hurriedly, stayed packed—ready for a five-minute notice. But there was nothing more—yet; only rumors, about general internment.

We waited, and gradually became accustomed to the feeling that it would come soon.

Then in January, 1943, it happened.

The Japanese order said that, for reasons of military necessity,

some four hundred of the younger Americans and British would be interned February 1. The rumor was that the orders for all the rest—men, women, and children—would follow quickly.

There was a long list of instructions. Certain effects could be sent ahead, and the internee could take along what he could carry. The effects included bed and bedding, clothes for the four seasons, equipment for eating, books, games, musical instruments, money.

Household effects, previously tagged and listed by the Japanese, were to remain in place; other effects could be disposed of according to the internee's wish; or, the Japanese said, they would dispose of them on behalf of the internee.

The final order was to lock the residence, affix to the door the Japanese seal which was provided, hand the keys over to the Japanese, and report at the Cathedral grounds on the morning of the date set.

The days passed, and the first group was gone, across the river to Pootung Camp, about a mile from the Bund.

The next orders came. Seven hundred Americans, British, and Dutch would be interned on February 15.

No. P-662 was called—mine.





PART VI

Japanese Internment Camp

IF I HAD KNOWN just what would be the conditions in the Japanese internment camp, I could have made even better provision for comfort. I could also have provided far better clothes for repatriation. But I expected only about two years of camp—and then some morning to wake up free! the war won.

In accordance with the instructions of the Japanese I packed with the greatest care, selecting what might be most useful and sacrificing clothing in favor of food in the limited baggage permitted.

I took our most comfortable bed and accessories—a wise decision, as it turned out. (To have left it behind would have been to make some Jap comfortable.)

One stout trunk was packed with tinned goods and jars and bags till its weight called for several men. I cleared out the reserves of food which my wife had left in November, 1940, still in the warehouse: tinned milk, coffee, sugar, lots of preserves which she and the cook had put up in the summer of 1940.

Long Russian garlic sausages went along, thin ones and thick, which would hang well for months, a slab of bacon, what I had left of cracked wheat and oatmeal, lard, coconut oil, some flour, my acetic acid for future vinegar, salt, pepper, chocolate, tomato paste, dried beans and peas, dried fruit, tins of jam, meat and fish products, baking powder which later refused to work. Cigars, cigarettes, some candy, tea, toilet supplies were packed. The medicine kit was supplied against all likely sicknesses, and included a small bottle of gin and one of rum which I hoped would get by the Japanese inspector (alcoholic beverages were forbidden). Finally I cleared the pantry shelves—the mass of bottles and tins, the condiments and kitchen supplies, vanilla, cinnamon, cloves, mustard.

Thermos bottles went in, tools, sewing equipment, some thin boards, bamboos, ropes and cords, electric wire and connections, bulbs, hot-plate, hair clippers, books, writing supplies, cooking and table utensils, buckets, basin, iron plates and cups, bed linen, a bit of table linen, towels and cloths, a small card table, a camp chair, rubber boots, overalls.

The eve of internment day arrived.

At the last moment friends gave me more cigars, cigarettes, more sausages, candy. Lin-seng, my cook-boy, prepared the lunch for internment day, and the thermos of coffee which was to meet the needs of two days until we should be established in camp.

We did not play our usual "goolash" bridge at Mrs. Payne's apartment after dinner that night, just sat and talked—she and her house guests, Mrs. Louise Washbrook, W. F. Alexander of the British-American Tobacco Company and his wife Marjorie, and myself. They also had received their internment notices, valid two weeks hence.

The next morning, a few phone calls, payment of some bills and gratuities through my good secretary who called, some final instructions and requests, the disposal of my bicycle, goodbye to my Chinese

house boy so faithful through it all, a last letter to my wife and children, to be sent through the secret channels; some words of appreciation to my secretary, a glance about the flat, then the seal on the door.

The extra pieces of baggage which I carried were heavy, but I had only to cross the street to the Shanghai Volunteer Corps Drill Hall, the meeting place named by the Japanese.

"March!" The American, British, and Dutch section captains gave the order. It was repeated the length of the drill hall. Japanese officers were out in front checking off our groups, their guards ready to conduct us to the Pootung internment camp across the Whangpoo River from Shanghai, nearly a mile away. It was about noon of February 15, 1943.

The straps and ropes of our heavy bundles were in place, a little adjustment balanced the bulks and weights, and we marched out of the big gate four abreast into Shanghai's once busy Foochow Road.

Probably until Victory we should be prisoners behind walls and barbed wires, lined up and counted twice daily, guarded by sentries with guns and bayonets. We marched, like automatons, down Foochow Road, along Kiangse to Kiukiang Road, on to the Bund and the Jetty, our awkward bundles bumping knees, swinging here and there, and growing heavier with each stage.

The streets were lined with people, many Chinese, some foreigners; Eurasian girls, and hosts of Russian girls, waving goodbye, rushing out into the lines to embrace husbands and sweethearts. The idea occurred that there were more girls saying goodbye to sweethearts than there were unmarried men in the ranks, but that is something else. In wartime Shanghai, many men were living "in parenthesis," as one man put it.

A man stumbled under his load and was permitted to bring in a ricksha to carry his goods. Men helped others who were too heavily laden.

We crowded on the waiting tender and, amid the shouts of those who had followed for final farewell, pulled away across the muddy river. At the Pootung side again we marched on up the winding narrow ways to the big compound of the British-American Tobacco Company, whose five old warehouses, condemned and abandoned many years before, would be our internment prison.

Met by Japanese guards, we were soon inside. The gates closed upon us.

Under direction from the Japanese Commandant, the camp management, made up of our own nationals, took charge. There was Newton, of the Texas Company, with his five-gallon hat and an incipient beard, the band on his arm marking him "Chief of Police, American."

We were given room and section numbers, and had to sign a paper for the Japanese in which we undertook not to try to escape or to do anything against Japan. We were herded into a big room, the dining hall, and there the Japanese Commandant addressed us, in English.

He said: "You have been brought into this camp for your own good, as this is the safest place for you. If you try to escape, you will be punished and may be shot."

True enough; and to give effect to the threat, their sentries were located day and night at several stations about the compound, with guns and bayonets, and field glasses through which they watched the walls and barbed-wire fences.

With the exception of contact men on the management committee, we internees did not come into direct contact with the Japanese, and even as we passed them in the compound there was no recognition of any kind. We gave no salutes to Commandant or sentries. However, we learned that in the so-called "political" camp at Haiphong Road in Shanghai, the internees had to bow from the waist whenever the Commandant passed.

We were made up into fifty sections of about twenty-two men each—a total of 1100 men. No women!

I was assigned to Room 13, on the top floor of a three-story building. Seventy-five of us were crowded into that room. On the wall was the legend written in chalk: "Americans, 60; Dutch, 15. Total 75 Assemblymen."

Each man had just enough room for his bed and his few belongings.

Eric Sitzenstatter of the Eastman Kodak Company was my neighbor, and at once we arranged to "camp" together. On the other side of me was a Filipino mestizo; his father, I learned, had been an

American Negro soldier in the Philippines, and his mother was Spanish-Filipino.

The Japanese provided no lunch for us that first day, so we ate what we had brought with us, and began to settle in. The bed I had sent to camp looked positively impressive in its new setting, there in the long row with so many flimsy iron and canvas cots, the average bunk.

There was camp dinner at about six in the dining hall, and after that we looked about. From the windows of Room 13 we could see the lights of the city across the river, could make out the Bund sky line. It brought on a feeling of homesickness—as it would do during the months ahead. It all seemed strange and unreal that such a group as we represented should be herded there in those old warehouses, at the mercy and whim of unpredictable Japanese.

After roll call at nine-thirty we turned in for our first night's sleep in internment.

I lay awake for hours. I could hear the striking of the big clock in the Customs Tower, across the river, but it seemed far away, on the other side of the world.

The Japanese, with their well known delight in records and data, were already calling for lists and information on the internees and the intimate details of their lives. So it became the duty of W. E. Noble for the British, and myself for the Americans and Dutch, to keep the census records of the camp.

The British numbered about 700; the Americans, 385; the Dutch, 15. The oldest man was seventy-six; the youngest, eighteen. Of the Americans, 26 were over sixty. We came from forty-two states.

Among the Americans, there was a predominance of Protestants, a good percentage of Catholics, a scattering of Jews, some Orthodox Russians, and a surprising number who answered, "None," "Un-orthodox," or "Agnostic." The Protestants early established their church services, British and Americans together. I am sure their hymns still ring out from the dining hall, with part of the camp orchestra accompanying, and will do so until some morning when the Japs are found not present, the gates are thrown open, and all the internees cross over to Shanghai again. The Roman Catholic priests

had been rationed out by the Japanese so that each camp should have a shepherd. Father Scanlon and Father Donoghue came to Pootung. They found a corner in the engineer room, which also housed library, court, workshop, and set up a little altar.

Vocations among the Americans were in about this order: Business, Missionary, Seamen, Professional, and others.

In marital status, the number of common-law wives, as the gentlemen called them, surprised us. This delicate relationship had to be determined accurately when we were negotiating with the Japs to permit neutral wives in Shanghai to visit their interned husbands. We had a subtle approach to the truth.

"Very well, you want to marry this lady. Now we have arranged with the Japs so that you can be married to her right here in camp, and—"

"No—no. Let it go—for the present. I'll see. I'll let you know."

Most of us Americans had sent our wives home; about 75 had neutral wives in Shanghai, and some 65 declared themselves bachelors.

In Room 13, besides the main group of "cross-section" Americans, my companions were: Hawaiian, Filipino, Porto Rican, Negro, Filipino-Spanish-Negro, Parsee, Cuban, Russian, Japanese-German, Danish, Austrian, German, Mulatto, and the Dutch with their mixed origins—all with American and Dutch papers.

In other rooms, the British with their colonials and mixtures, their native stocks from all over the world, multiplied that jumble of races.

The nets had also drawn in a fine group from the underworld and the beaches, what the sea had cast up on Shanghai's shores.

The faces and figures of many of the men revealed a checkered past. Their tattoos, showing their loves, hopes, fears, and humor, challenged those of the famous Tattooed Lady, up and down whose "spine the squadron stood in line," and across whose "hips was a fleet of battleships."

Steeves carried his dagger tattooed on the calf of his right leg as if punched through the skin and out again. Blackie K. advertised his wandering past with the words "Tropical Tramps" neatly curved across his chest. Another "Blackie" had the unique design of strap hinges tattooed behind his knees, lending pictorial support to legs which may often have needed it.

The dead-end boys made up a good number in Room 13. Their pet vices were whittled down in camp to a point where they were exemplary citizens. They spent hours in recounting to the younger fellows episodes in their adventurous and salty past. Their plight was terrible when they first came into camp and the alcohol had worn off. Some of them missed their dope. It was said that for a while they had a supply coming in more or less regularly through outside agents who got it under the barbed-wire fence.

But they straightened out. Presently they were directing their attention to politics and indulging in diatribes against the white-collar men, businessmen, whom they called "bamboo Americans."

The language of the sailors and of those who have come up from the underworld for internment is punctuated with those short, vigorous Anglo-Saxon words which the dictionaries do not trouble to define. I have heard one of those ill-pronounced words used by one of the Blackies three times in a sentence of fourteen words. In fact, if two of those words should be removed from their vocabularies, those men would be inarticulate.

Under the Japanese Camp Commandant and his assistants, and about twenty-five armed guards to keep us in hand, we were permitted to organize and run the camp, in our limited way, along the lines of a small town—but a town without any women in it.

Inside the camp gates, the internees had to do all the work—everything from cooking and doctoring to cleaning the lavatories and carrying away the garbage. There was work for every man. The Japanese supplied only the bare essentials of camp life.

But some of our eleven hundred gentlemen just would not work. They said that the Japs had interned them, and the Japs could damn well take care of them. This led others to feel that if some men would not work, should they work for them? So they loafed along, and ate. But as a camp we did our work well, tried to make our camp as livable as possible.

Mr. Mackenzie—and later Mr. Gadsby—for the British, and W. C. Ryan, Jr., of the Chase Bank, for the Americans, headed our camp management. Departments were organized for office, public works, police, commissary, kitchen, canteen, health, sanitation, finance,

court, parcels, library, mail, census, entertainment, grounds, education, labor.

Early in our internment the camp was thrown into a high state of excitement. Mr. Mackenzie was removed, not only from his office but from the camp itself, by the Japanese. The reason was never clear; perhaps he had been too insistent on our internee rights under International Law. When he was taken away, the passage through which he was conducted was lined by hundreds of men who cheered him on. Some of them courted trouble by booing and hissing the Japanese, by shouting "*Bushido!*" (a Japanese word—"Chivalry"). We heard that Mackenzie received hard treatment in his new quarters.

J. Frank Harris of RCA Communications, who had lived in Japan, knew the language, and was supposed to understand the Japanese, was contact man and handled the many camp problems. The British and American police chiefs turned over the occasional malefactors to the camp Court, on which Mr. Seddon represented the British and Paul Kops the Americans. Punishments were light, such as removal of canteen privileges for a few days, or duty on the coal pile.

We internees quickly fell into a routine:

- 6:00- 8:00 Rise, get water, make bed, arrange belongings.
- 8:00- 8:30 Roll call, with Japanese officer present.
- 8:30- 9:00 Go to dining hall, get tea, maybe cracked wheat, bread; clean up.
- 9:00- 9:30 General room cleaning and camp fatigue.
- 9:30-12:30 Camp work, personal work, laundry, cooking, sewing; softball, games, reading, gardening, classes, walking.
- 12:30- 1:30 Queue up for camp chow, clean up.
- 1:30- 2:30 Sit around, read.
- 2:30- 5:00 Camp work, personal work, classes, ball games, reading, cards, gardening.
- 5:00- 6:30 Bath, cooking, general work.
- 6:30- 7:30 Queue up for camp chow, cook something extra, perhaps; dinner, clean up; fill hot-water bottles.
- 7:30- 9:30 Lectures, classes, games, reading, shows, concerts, camp kitchen work.
- 9:30-10:00 Roll call, prepare for night; kitchen work.
- 10:00. Kitchen work; lights out.

Some of us had provided against the evil of lights-out at ten. We

had smuggled electric bulbs and connections into camp and tapped the wires and attached cords, well concealed.

My bed was across the aisle from the main, and I knew a wire would be seen by the Japs and yanked down. So I covered the cord with a thin layer of hemp from an unraveled rope, and tied it up to look like a clothes line, a towel draped over it. It was never suspected. A bulb inside a tin can, with a hole at the bottom, and curtained, threw a nice spot of light on a book, and yet would hardly be seen after lights-out.

For camp motto, we fell back upon "They can't do that to me." With the assistance of Father Scanlon, it was worked out in Latin: *Illud mihi facere non possunt*. The reply was naturally: *Sed faciunt*.

The internees helped to install the baths, a battery of seven showers, for which the Japanese supplied the essential materials and Chinese labor. There was hot water, for during my stay there the coal pile was fairly well supplied. The baths were open twelve hours each day, a total of 5,040 bath minutes for the eleven hundred men. In the spring and summer afternoons we queued up in the long bath line, nearly all using wooden clogs in the bath as protection against foot infections. But during the winter months there were no long queues.

The water from the taps could not be drunk for fear of disease, so all, or nearly all, came with thermos bottles for "chow" water—boiled water. The public-works section in camp had located some old steel drums, some pipes and connections, and built a serviceable hot-water plant.

On arrival at camp we found that the Japanese had made some small provision for heat in the form of little coal stoves; not enough for warmth, for the Shanghai winter is cold and damp, but it helped. Some of the men suffered. They lacked warm clothing and blankets.

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Food was the paramount consideration.

The camp food was miserable, and not sufficient.

Even with the extras we took with us into camp, or could sometimes get, the food was far short of being even decent, and lacked

essentials, vitamins. We began to lose weight, to develop sicknesses, aches, and disorders. George Bruce, American publisher, lost a total of sixty-five pounds. I asked him once, "George, how much have you lost by now?" "I figure it today at exactly one-fortieth of a ton."

Our most popular topic of conversation was food, or rather the lack thereof. For instance, during my internment the Japanese never gave us—not even once—milk, coffee, cereal, dessert, butter or margarine, oil, fruit, jam, eggs, candy; nor did any of these items enter into the kitchen cooking.

The rice was of poor quality; the bread was abominable, unfit to be eaten, had to be toasted or baked hard on a stove or in the sun to destroy the bacteria. Seldom was there sugar, and sometimes the kitchen had no salt for days. There was never a baked dish of any kind. There was no such thing as vinegar or baking powder, no seasoning except salt and sometimes curry. The meat was nearly always buffalo, the poorest quarters, not always in good condition. For frying, tallow from the buffalo meat was used. Rarely, rarely was there pork, and as rarely a mess of goat. In the cold months the diet of fish was gagging—continuous, day after day, the cheapest "ribbon" fish. The smell of fish reached far out around the dining hall.

There was no camp refrigeration; only one small home instrument in the kitchen.

I stopped one afternoon at the kitchen to ask Roberts, the chef, from the steamship *Harrison*, what was the meal for the evening.

"Same as noon," came his reply. "Stewed buffalo and vegetables. But the meat is a bit high, and I will probably have to make it curry."

The Japanese gave us, for breakfast, tea and a small loaf of their impure bread, about half a pound—which had to last the day; for the midday meal, tea, rice, a very small serving of fish or stewed buffalo meat and a bit of unseasoned boiled vegetables, such as Chinese radishes, cucumbers, cabbage, yams, or bitter greens. The evening meal was generally the same. The meat seldom exceeded two cubic inches, including the gristle. And during the fish season we had an almost continuous diet of unseasoned fried or boiled fish, the portions very small. Three or four times the announcement of beans for dinner made mouths water. It was vain. There was no pork with which to tone up the beans, no seasoning, no sauce.

The cracked wheat sent in to us by the International Red Cross was a godsend, giving us at breakfast each second day or so a good start. Some of us had tinned milk, or milk powder, and sugar. But most did not. The wheat was often scorched. Nearly always we would find several long white worms floating on the top. We picked out at least the largest of the worms that had been boiled *in situ*; we soon learned not to be squeamish about the smaller worms or the little black beetles.

There was a tall sheet of iron standing in the mess hall on which a British physician each day chalked up a few lines much to the point on waste, cleanliness, disease prevention. Once he called attention to the blue mold and bacteria in the bread, again warned us that the rice contained "nails, bits of cement, and broken glass."

The monotony of that poor fare wore men down.

In the dining hall three lines would form at the call of the mess bell, and we would make our way slowly up to the serving benches. It was a heterogeneous group from all the walks of life—men who had known ease and refinement, men whom the world had battered about, a mixture of races and colors.

The line moved along. I asked, "What's the chow today?"

Sam Broque answered, "Hebrews 13:8."

The word went about, "Hebrews 13:8." Later we looked it up in the Book and found the verse:

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

And it was so.

We presented our enamelled iron plates and cups and got our rice, stew, vegetable and tea. Most men sat down on the rough benches at the long board tables.

It did not take long after entering camp for various groups to make up private messes. The four of us in our mess, after receiving our camp chow from the pots and baskets in the dining hall, would go upstairs to the space alongside Storms' bed where we had a card table.

There were Bill Storms of Standard Oil, Billy Griffiths of National City Bank, Eric Sitzenstatter of Eastman Kodak, and myself. Three camp chairs and the edge of the bed seated us. We set our table, which boasted a cloth and serviettes that one of us had thought to put into his

trunk. Eric even produced a kitchen apron of gay design for our mess dishwashing.

Chinese contractors brought foodstuffs for the camp to the gates: forequarters of water buffalo, big baskets of fish, sacks of rice, and baskets of vegetables. From that point the work of handling, storing, issuing, cooking, and serving was for us, as well as cleaning up and removing camp refuse to the camp gates, where Chinese contractors received it and took it away.

Besides cooking and serving, the kitchen staff had a lot of unpleasant work: cleaning fish, cutting and grinding meat, chopping vegetables. The kitchen was small, terribly crowded. There were several large caldrons for boiling rice and the stews, some big skillets; the "stove" for the 1100 men consisted of iron sheets set on brickwork. There was no oven. In slack hours, private cooking could be done if one had the wherewithal.

Electric hot plates were a boon to those who had succeeded in smuggling them in. They were forbidden by the Japanese and had to be used secretly.

Walter Russell in Room 13 built a magic oven out of last winter's stovepipes. He pounded them flat, crimped them together with double sides and all, a hole in the bottom for the hot plate. When not in use, the oven stood as a table, an old cloth cover over it; and when the Japs came in, the cover quickly sprang into place over the hot "table" and all.

But I liked the little oven I made. It was based on a hot plate and an iron laundry bucket, the latter turned upside down over the former. An iron dinner plate on the top made it double at that important point, to keep heat in, and a towel hood was made to fit over the bucket. Towels could be piled on to increase the temperature. To see how the baking was going inside, I would lift off the bucket and all its works. The problem was to adjust the cooking dish so that it would not burn on the bottom before baking on top.

Sometimes from near the door of Room 13 came the quick, loud call, "Tallyho!" It was repeated around the room—"Tallyho! . . . Tallyho!"—to the farthest corner. For it would be near the dinner hour, the men busy over their hot plates, a little amateur cooking to supplement the rice and buffalo stew.

That was the warning known in camps all over the Far East, that the Japs were coming. Hastily we would pull the plugs and hurry the plates out of sight. One man had his plate in a tin-lined trunk; down went the lid. Again the room looked natural. Presently the all-clear would be called.

We who had made previous arrangements in Shanghai, or in our brief letters from camp, received every few weeks one small parcel of a few pounds, containing welcome articles of food, cigarettes. But food was getting scarce even in Shanghai, especially items we wanted, like coffee. In place of butter or margarine, we welcomed peanut butter.

A canteen was opened by the Japanese, under our management. The Commandant informed us, however, that it was not the intention of the Japanese that the canteen, or the monthly parcels from Shanghai, should "provide any substantial increase in the camp diet."

We could sometimes buy through the canteen such items as cigarettes, tobacco, a kind of peanut butter, jam, so-called honey, bean-milk powder, eggs, onions, green tomatoes, hard Chinese water pears. The canteen was open about three times per week, with three or four articles available each time; but the rations were small and our funds were limited. The canteen jam probably first saw the light of day in a carrot bed or sweet potato patch, and was often fermented. The boys in our mess called the stuff "hooch." There was also hooch honey, which had certainly never had any acquaintance with the bee, but had been concocted in some joint in Hongkew. It was sweet, yes, and flavored with a perfume which smelled a bit like heliotrope; so, "heliotrope" it was to us.

Our mess generally managed to supplement the thin camp breakfast with extras from our own supplies, and also the dinner.

For breakfast, after parcels day, we could ration out a few prunes, or Chinese dried loquats stewed; or we grated dried cumquats into the Red Cross cracked wheat when it was served. For a few weeks we had our own mess coffee each morning, with sugar and a bit of tinned or powdered milk mixed with bean milk. As time went on we had to ration it carefully, boil the grounds a second time for the remaining coffee flavor, to be added to the next brew. But finally we were content if we had coffee once or twice a week.

Bacon was one of the most useful extras. When we had bacon, we

had bacon and eggs for breakfast, if we had eggs; the old adage really worked. Bacon rind was carefully kept, though it hardened and became moldy, to be chopped up and boiled—boiled with beans for dinner when we had such a luxury. Sometimes we saved little potatoes from the camp stew until we had enough to fry for breakfast in the morning, mixed with bits of our garlic sausage.

Our real specialty cooking began with Billy Griffiths' famous boiled bread pudding—camp bread with canteen honey as sweetening and some form of milk or bean powder and chopped dried fruit. The arrival of a few pounds of flour in our parcels from Shanghai turned our thoughts to hotcakes, and also led to the invention of the oven. For hotcakes: first we had to sift out the worms. Then we added sweetening substances, eggs if available, salt and water and milk or bean powder. The first hotcakes failed because our baking powder had gone flat; but we soon discovered how to use baking soda or bicarbonate with a little acetic acid mixture to make it work. We had coconut oil for grease, or bacon fat or tallow from the kitchen. The cakes were fine with jam or "honey."

Then when the Japs surprised us with a general ration of a pound of flour, hotcake experiments became epidemic. Roy Pharis, General Manager of the Shanghai Power Company, included bacon grease in his batter, and depended on baking soda for leaven. Then, as he explains, "We beat hell out of it for about ten minutes and stood it in the sun for a few hours"—to ripen. I learned that some of the British, intrigued with the effervescent quality of Eno's Fruit Salts, used that as leaven, and it worked.

But my ideas centered on pie—thick, and brown on top. But what to use for filling? One day we got some hard Chinese water pears from the canteen, and I set to work. I shortened the dough with coconut oil, after putting in salt, sugar and acetic-bicarbonate mixture to lighten it. It was rolled out on the top of Bill Storms' old trunk with an empty bottle, and fitted into an iron plate. The pears were stewed, sweetened with all kinds of stuff, sprinkled with cinnamon, then put into the crust; the top layer was pasted on, the edges crimped, and more cinnamon dusted over the top. The result was "apple" pie.

That pie looked beautiful, there on the table waiting for the dinner hour, and in the eating it was pronounced an achievement in pastry.

It meant much to dine with a mess, to have companions at table, enjoying together those things we could sometimes prepare, talking over events, and discussing the latest rumors about repatriation.

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Hardly a day passed after we took up residence in that warehouse prison before there arose a general demand for a program of camp activities: sports and games to allay camp weariness which would surely wear us down; classes and lectures which would enable us to benefit from months and years that would otherwise be just dreary loss of time. Men who lacked the spirit to enter into the life of the camp just fell flat—like the one who sat through the days, his face in his hands, occasionally murmuring, “Oh, my God! Oh, my God!”

To the compound including the several warehouses in which we lived was added a tract of about two acres, surrounded by double barbed-wire fence, as “recreation grounds.” Here once had been a Chinese village of brick and masonry, blown to pieces in 1937 by Japanese bombs and now a mass of ruins.

That place looked hopeless; but we called it “Happy Garden,” and set to work to convert it into a softball and football field, with an area for the amateur gardeners. For weeks and months the daily call would go out: “Two hundred men needed at nine tomorrow for work on Happy Garden” (or three hundred).

That was real work. We had a few crude hoes, some old shovels and buckets and baskets which had been thrown into the scrap heap years before. For days and weeks, thus armed, we dug and broke and carried the bricks and stones, cinders and earth, all that remained of the destroyed Chinese village.

At last Happy Garden was leveled and tamped. For the final surfacing two heavy steel beams taken from the warehouses were lashed together as a scraping instrument. Two or three men sat on the beams to weigh them down, and a gang of sixteen to twenty-four men in teams of four pulled the scraper over the field. They reminded me of Pharaoh’s slaves dragging the heavy stones for the pyramids, those heavily tanned men stripped to the waist.

The field finished, lines and bases prepared, football posts erected,

we were ready for a long sports season. Place was provided for other games: horseshoe pitching, volley ball, calisthenics. But sports had to fit into the schedule of camp work.

Happy Garden and its sports were a boon. During the months from March to September, camp activities centered there. That playground, and the University, and the occasional concerts and shows we put on, provided relief from camp tedium and kept up our spirits.

Some men who had brought seeds into camp attempted vegetable gardens; but their plots suffered seriously from floods. Many arranged their plots as outdoor meeting places for the hot season, decorated them with brickwork and flowers. The tobacco men had a quiet plot which they roofed over, using old bamboos and sticks, coverings of matting and burlap in which their effects had been wrapped when brought into camp. They named their headquarters Tobacco Row. For a time castor beans were raised as quick-growing foliage, but we discovered that, as the seeds ripened, the Japanese gathered the crop at off hours to add to Japan's castor-oil supply—probably needed for aviation. After that experience we destroyed the young pods.

The Japs also liked our field when finished, and some mornings Happy Garden would be closed to us: the Japs needed it for some ceremony. Their guards lined up on the field, facing Tokyo and the Emperor. There was much military formality. The ranks bowed low again and again, the officers strutted about, looking important, their swinging sabers seeming too big for them. There were speeches and salutes.

Fortunately, in Pootung Camp were many of the best university instructors of the Far East. These men, having seen the approach of general internment, had realized the need they would be able to meet in relieving tedium and helping their associates in camp life to improve themselves; and they had prepared for the work.

The amazing University of Pootung was the result. That camp university, built up by Dr. Ellis Tucker, S. S. Beath, Dr. W. P. Mills, and their associates, was without doubt the major influence in maintaining morale in Pootung internment.

The University enrolled eight hundred of the eleven hundred men

in the camp, gave well over a hundred courses to classes running from two to a hundred, enlisted the services of eighty instructors, and during my internment carried on for six months.

Most classes were held in the dining hall at off hours. Others met in Happy Garden, some in odd corners of the main buildings. The equipment started at zero. We used what books we could find in camp, or none; at most one book for a class. For blackboards, we used chalk on green-painted walls or rusty iron plates found on the premises; sometimes on the window panes.

The University courses were as follows. *Languages*: English, French, German, Spanish, Russian, Japanese, Chinese, Malay, Greek, Latin, Italian. *Mathematics*: Astronomy, Trigonometry, Geometry, Algebra, Engineering. *History*: Chinese Culture, American, European, English. *Science*: Botany, Zoology, Chemistry, Physiology. *Business*: Accounting, Commercial Law, Business Methods. *General*: General Psychology, Abnormal Psychology, Bible, Navigation, Phonetics, Public Speaking, Sketching, Music, Commercial Geography, Physical Training, Yoga.

The splendid course given by Mr. Drake (British) in Chinese Culture will not be forgotten. A hundred of us looked forward to his lecture evenings.

There was a deluge of applications for the Russian classes. Some gentlemen were studying Russian for business reasons; and, besides, there are thousands of good-looking Russian girls in Shanghai who do not speak much English.

I was most interested in Advanced French, with the Dutch journalist, J. K. Brederode. It was a brilliant seminar. We used to bait the old sport. He was always ready to talk, and was emphatic.

"I want my liberty. I want to go to the Rotonde in Shanghai and have dinner and beer with my French friends."

"Professor," we suggested, "suppose you had your choice: on the one hand a fine big steak, well garnished with succulent vegetables, with wine and beer, and on the other hand the society for the evening of a beautiful young lady. What would you take?"

There was no hesitation: "I'd take the *bifteck*."

Several weeks later we asked him again how he stood on the question of the *bifteck* versus the charming young lady.

"I remain faithful to my *bifteck*."

It was out of University associations that the Committee of Ten was formed. We met clandestinely each fortnight for discussions on the Postwar World. As these meetings would not have had the approval of the Japanese, the group was ready for a surprise visit and upon a moment's notice could be in the midst of a conference on how to solve the camp labor situation. The men who took part have most of them been repatriated and now have a chance to let the world in on how to handle these problems.

Nearly every man took some books into camp. At an average of 10 per man, there were probably 11,000 books, many of them good reading. Several thousand books were eventually catalogued to make a general camp library, with three or four men on duty.

There were also some magazines; and if the *Trusty Detective*, the *True Lover*, or the *Final Confession* ever needs a testimonial as to popularity I can give a good one. Such reading matter circulated quickly, and was soon worn down to ragged sheets.

One man in Room 13 was known as the Horizontal; he was rarely seen in any other attitude than that, which I am told is the best for real enjoyment of the detective yarn. And a Negro named Page, a gentleman of leisure who could rarely be beguiled into work, had painted the sign "DoNt diSTuRb" on the foot of his bed, warning against interruption of his reading.

The several bulletin boards about camp, particularly that in the dining hall, carried the church, educational, lecture, and athletic notices. There would be posted the news of chess and bridge tournaments, of concerts, theatricals, and art shows, and the results of the sketching class; and personals, such as:

"I will greatly appreciate it if the gentleman who borrowed my khaki shirt when I was out last Tuesday would be good enough to return it. I need it greatly. No questions asked."

There also the poets posted their efforts. Here is a homesick theme from Chapei Camp by an old friend, Frank Cheney. "Unc" had been writing verse all his life while in the schools of the Philippines and Shanghai.

TAKE ME BACK HOME TO SHANGHAI

Oh, give me a home where the buffaloes roam,
And they don't cut them up to make hash,
Where the boy mops the floors and does all of the chores,
And looks after the garbage and trash.
Oh, give me a home near the old Canidrome,
Quite content 'neath its roof I'll remain,
And I never will scold if it's hot or it's cold,
Or the weather brings sunshine or rain.

In my slumbers I dream of strawberries and cream
And the waffles my cook used to make,
Of Virginia baked ham and roast chicken and lamb,
Real coffee and angel-food cake.
Then I wake with a jump—I am still in this dump,
And it's time to get something to eat.
So I mutter, "Oh, hell!" as I answer the bell
And come back with a dish of cracked wheat.

I've stopped using a comb on my once furry dome;
I am needing new specs for my eyes,
And my teeth day by day are all dropping away
'Cause they don't get enough exercise.
Oh, how gladly I'd change everything within range
For a platter of good Chinese chow!
Oh, how gladly I'd swap for a breaded pork chop
All the rice between here and Swatow!

Oh, let me go back to my seven-room shack,
Where my cook and my amah abide,
Where the blue-bottle flies don't crawl over the pies,
And the screens keep the skeeters outside.
For I'm tired of this range and the measles and mange,
And I'm weary of standing in line,
And I'd give the whole lot to get out of this spot
And go back to that old home of mine.

The craving for news!

We yearned for news from our families, and for a chance to get to them some idea of our circumstances and relieve their anxieties. And we longed for authentic information about the war, detailed news.

Two or three times in the seven months I was in camp, we were permitted to send to our homelands an International Red Cross letter of twenty-five words. This might reach its destination. During those weary months I received not one of the letters my family wrote to me. I had no idea what was happening to them. This was one of the worst hardships of the internment.

We were permitted to send out each month one letter of fifteen lines, on harmless topics, to a correspondent in Shanghai, generally about supplies we hoped to have sent into camp. The correspondent could send back brief replies.

The Japanese-controlled *Shanghai Times*, which came into camp with some regularity, kept us informed in the naïve Japanese manner of world and Far Eastern affairs. I recall one news item which pointed out the futility of American operations in Guadalcanal, where 10,000 marines were said to be hopelessly marooned. With daily monotony we had to read the headlines: "Nippon's Wild Eagles Smash Americans."

From the *Shanghai Times* we learned of the steps taken by the Japanese to segregate the Jews of Shanghai, but only those from Central Europe who had come from 1937 on, in a poor section of the industrial Eastern District—a ghetto. There were probably 25,000 such refugees, and they had just begun to dig into the Shanghai industrial structure.

But we did have a grapevine system for a while.

One morning the Japanese officers appeared in Room 13 in force, with several letters found on a Chinese coolie, which had been written by internees to women in Shanghai.

In this case, several men were picked up at once from their signatures, but two could not be identified. The coolie was persecuted, ordered to find those two. He said they were in Room 13. The Japs led him in, and he looked at all the faces to try to identify the men; but in vain. He said one man was short and had a chin beard, the other was tall and thin.

We knew the short one, a Dutchman. He had concealed himself for the time, but was much worried. Quickly, while they were scrutinizing the men on the other side of the room, Tommy the Barber rushed to his aid. After a few quick strokes of clippers and razor, the beard

was essentially gone. By the time the search group reached his bed, the Dutchman stood out, still short, but beardless. They passed him by.

That did not end it. The Japs announced that no more food would be served in camp until the two men were produced. Then the Dutchman declared himself. Eventually the tall, thin man gave himself up.

Seven men thus taken were removed to the Japanese office. They had to stand there for hours, from nine o'clock in the morning until after six, awaiting sentence. The Japs questioned them all day long, hoping to clear up the secret letter system; but nothing more was revealed. Then at evening roll call, they were sentenced: the next day the four most flagrant cases were to be taken to the Ward Road Jail in Shanghai for "not less than twenty-one days."

The restrictions imposed on them in the jail were far harder than in the camp: solitary confinement, no cigarettes, nothing to read, nothing to write on; the poorest of jail food, principally rice and tea.

Three hours after his return from the jail, George Bruce died.

Under the shock of jail treatment he had suffered a heart attack; and when he was finally returned to camp the climb up those sixty-nine steps to his bunk was too much.

The Chinese who took part in the letter episode was subjected to two days of torture, was beaten, starved. He was forced to kneel for hours with his shins and knees resting on pieces of irregularly shaped iron, beaten if he tried to ease the position. One Jap put a lighted cigarette butt down his back inside the shirt. If that was all, he was lucky. We do not know what his end was.

It was suspected that we had in our midst spies who informed to the Japanese; but we were never quite sure. There were two suspects, unwholesome fellows. We had to be on our guard always.

We had a radio—for a while. The Japanese canteen sold each section a long-wave set. We enjoyed the music, but listened avidly to the Russian news broadcast in English. The Russians in Shanghai, as neutrals, had insisted on their rights to broadcast the news from the Russian Front. No mention could be made of the Far East. But soon the Japs took the set away from us, no reason given. True to form, they kept the purchase money.

The radio had been used by friends in Shanghai to convey messages to men in camp. The announcer would thrill camp hearts:

"The next song will be 'Only Forever,' by special request from Olga to Jim and Sonia to Jack; from Tania and Tashia to Howard and Bob, and from Natalie, Gallia, and Lenushka, with love to the Gang."

The men named wanted those reminders of love and fidelity.

Previously, the personal advertising column of the *Shanghai Times* had been full of notes from Olga and Sonia—and many more. We always checked up on the personals with amusement, to see what was going on.

Personal: Jack—thinking of you always, darling. Take good care of yourself. Waiting for you to come back. Always, Sonia.

The Japs soon stopped that.

But I knew where to go each morning to get the real news. Even now, that must be a secret, lest the Japs learn of it and take action. We kept reasonably well informed on the war.

There were other rare contacts with the outside. On two occasions some of the wives in Shanghai were permitted to visit their husbands for a few minutes in Japanese quarters adjoining the camp, and talk in the presence of Jap inspectors.

Sometimes European girls would be seen walking back and forth along the road by the camp, trying to get a glimpse of friends inside. They waved to those of us who appeared at the windows.

Chinese also passed by the barbed-wire fence and occasionally managed to throw notes for friends in camp. That was dangerous. Some were caught and tortured. Across the river on the Bund, by prearrangement, girls would sometimes go to the windows on the upper floors of office buildings and wigwag greetings to their camp sweethearts.

The Swiss Consulate representative was permitted to visit us twice, and the International Red Cross agent, Ed Egle. Perfunctory visits. Occasionally groups of Japanese bankers called on the National City Bank internees, bearing baskets of fruit. Possibly looking to future business.

The Japanese government provided no physicians, no medicines, no supplies for our sick. Fortunately there were good doctors among our internees. Our camp management called on us to contribute from our personal kits what medicines, instruments, and supplies we could. Later we could order limited supplies from Shanghai. Dr. George Thorngate, American, with several assistant doctors, was in charge of the camp health. We crowded the cots of one room even more closely together, and set up a hospital of several beds; it was generally full. The most serious cases were sent to the municipal hospitals in Shanghai, where they were kept under internment conditions.

Most of the sickness was of the intestinal tract, and was largely due to the condition of the bread. We all had it at times. I heard that in Chapei Camp, made up of men, women, and children, at one time 70 per cent were suffering from this "campitis," as they called it.

Our first camp death was a suicide, a Russo-American. He was preyed upon by worry over his wife and children, destitute in Shanghai. In one of the lavatories he cut his throat from ear to ear—with a large knife taken from the camp kitchen.

Eventually Dr. Ralph Dunn, American, set up a dental "clinic" for the camp. It was a hard pull to get permission from the Japs to bring over from Shanghai even an old dentist's chair and some meager equipment. They preferred to send urgent cases, under guard, to the Japanese dentist in Shanghai, and to collect a fee from us for the service.

The medical work covered camp sanitation.

The drainage was bad, especially during the spring floods. The septic tanks at first overflowed and poured their contents into the compound. Even the Japanese officials could not stand that long, so they finally brought in Chinese contractors.

We took turns at the noisome duty of garbage disposal.

The lavatories required daily cleaning, and the men making up the run of the camp would don high boots and overalls or shorts, and go on duty inspecting and cleaning. It was natural that some of that large, heterogeneous group were dirty in their personal habits, and indifferent to the sensibilities of those who came after them. Dignified

gentlemen of the old school took their posts in turn with the rest. Our lavatories lacked refinements, such as seats, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of Lavatory Dan, there was uncleanliness and sometimes there were diseases. So, many of the meticulous internees constructed a sort of seat which became known as Grandfather's Picture Frame. This contrivance answered the purpose and was shamelessly carried about, and secreted under the bunk in the hope that it would not be stolen.

There was regular inspection for bedbugs, which could be depended on to appear.

Whence they came was a moot question, for in Pootung there was a new and confusing condition. At night bats flew about over our heads hunting mosquitoes. They nested among the rafters. When we were tearing off some of the nonessential boards for lumber, we disturbed several bat families and found thousands of what looked suspiciously like bedbugs. We referred to the books. Yes, bats do have bugs, but it seems that their bugs' antennae have three joints instead of four (or it may have been four instead of three). We never became clear as to whether we and the bats shared the same vermin.

We marveled at the ability of those bats to fly about in the shadows and in the absolute darkness without crashing against walls or posts or beams. Their silent, irregular flight was uncanny, and they seemed like small evil things of mystery. But we cheered them on against the mosquitoes. More recently it has come to seem that the bats probably directed their flight by a form of radar. As they flew, they would utter continuous squeaks in extremely high pitch, inaudible to human ears, which were reflected back to them by obstacles in their path, and so warned them to change their course.

The Old Dutchman was disturbed when he returned from a walk in Happy Garden one morning, to find his bed and bedding missing. It was explained to him: not only did they have thousands of bugs, but these marched in battalions. He put up a great protest: no, he would not clean his bed; the bugs did not disturb him. His neighbors? That was not his concern. The day wore on, and he became worried. "But how shall I sleep tonight?" Finally his compatriots assisted him in a general clean-up. His attitude was not unique.

We found that a little regular attention will keep the vermin away.

My bed was insulated against them: under each leg was a can of water to which a few drops of carbolic acid had been added.

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Even in camp, we the dispossessed had our money troubles. The Japanese provided so little food, of such poor quality, that we wanted money for extra items when offered by the canteen; also for such rare extras as a shirt or shorts which we could sometimes order from Shanghai, or for medicines, or for a hospital or dental bill.

They had told us to bring money into camp, but had not told us that they would promptly take it away for "safe keeping," to be doled out in small monthly payments. Men in ordinary circumstances took with them a few thousand CRB dollars—at prevailing exchange rates, \$100 to \$150 in American money.

The improvident, who had spent their Swiss Consulate allowance in Shanghai as fast as they got it, had very little in cash or extra food or clothing. Even their bedding was skimpy. Craps and poker cleaned out many pockets in a few weeks. The outlook for such persons was poor.

It took our contact men some time to persuade the Japs that we should have an allowance; but it was finally arranged—to be paid either from our own funds in "safe keeping" or by our governments through the Swiss Consulate on a promissory note: a sum equal to about \$10 in American money per month. This was not to be in cash, but in credit kept in the Camp Bank which was set up, and canteen bills, hospital and dental bills were charged against each man's allowance. Dan Keating, British, of the National City Bank, was in charge of our Camp Bank.

But the matter was not settled so easily. How could the gamblers operate? Some debts were converted into United States dollars to be repaid later—a favorite method in the more select poker games.

With no cash in our pockets, barter became necessary.

Oke Doke charged two eggs for a haircut. Betting on the ball games was in packs of cigarettes of the miserable A-1 brand which the Japs sold us.

The yarn reached us from the mixed Chapei camp that some of

the naughty girls who had been drawn in as American internees had quietly set themselves up in business, the fee being one tin of jam. And wags speculated that an offer of maybe two tins of the coveted jam might cause even some of the virtuous to waver.

Some who had no cash used their wits—among them, Kirk, who would make or mend anything, out of scraps.

There was the Britisher who had had an unfortunate experience with opium in San Francisco and had served his term in an American jail, to be released just in time to reach Shanghai for the war. In jail he had been making shoes; in camp, he took up an allied line, pedicure, for the camp elite.

One man did a small business in shoe repairs. Blackie C, during those months of enforced sobriety, brought out his old talent as pen-and-ink artist, made beautiful sketches of the camp, its nooks and bunks.

Dick Reynolds had a wife and baby “ashore” (we always spoke of Shanghai as “ashore”), and he sent them money by the Chinese coolies who brought vegetables and took the garbage away. While he could find wood and nails he made and sold tables and chairs; but his main “work” was collecting a daily rental from a big poker table which he had built for the gamblers.

Some men had smuggled electric irons in, and earned money in the laundry business.

Frank Harris and two or three others took golf clubs into camp. One of the familiar sights of Happy Garden was Kenneth Cumming, British share broker, each day keeping in form, swinging his clubs, his eye on an imaginary ball—or tuft of grass. But Norris, British golf professional, was after business. He used a little plot alongside the pool, about thirty feet long, with a backstop of patched burlap. There the enthusiastic—Chuck Culbertson, W. W. Jourdin, a dozen or so—would tee up the battered old balls and drive them into the burlap. His course of lessons was good for the duration at a fixed fee in American dollars to be paid after the war.

Finally dreary winter gave way to spring, and wonderful weather. Though summer is hot and sultry, we welcomed it too, by shedding most of our clothes. A well dressed internee would appear in shorts, socks, and shoes—except in church.

The Fourth of July found the American flag hanging in Room 13—only a small one, but the Flag. (The Japanese had taken down all the flags which they saw on display, but ours in Room 13 escaped their notice.) That day we had to celebrate, as best we could under the conditions.

At eleven o'clock a group of us gathered on the outdoor plot which Eric and Billy had prepared as their summer pavilion. They had paved it with old brick, built brick slopes, stone and brick seats, and a partial roof of old matting and burlap. The plot was bordered with castor plants, morning-glory vines, portulaca.

Presently several plates of the best food we could manage came out from Room 13. Dan Holden, colored, of the kitchen staff of the steamship *Harrison*, "baked" two cakes for us—the best we knew at that time. Later, with the invention of the oven in camp, baking became more of an art. To make the cakes, Dan had taken camp bread, sun-dried, made into a thick paste with eggs, soybean milk, sugar and "heliotrope" honey, some chopped dried Chinese fruit, Shanghai-made cocoa mixture, a bit of vanilla. Baking powder was not needed, as the bread had been previously raised in the baking. Then the well greased frying pan was put over the hot plate, and the mixture was fried in layer-cake form, browned first on one side, then on the other. Two layers of that looked pretty when decorated—top and sides and between layers—with any jam available. It looked good, but . . .

At noon the toast to the President was drunk in coffee.

The Fourth of July double-header that afternoon drew the greatest turnout Happy Garden had ever seen, and the Japs watched with field glasses from their main pavilion, the concrete landing just outside their office, halfway up the sixty-nine steps leading up to Room 13. The Tobacco boys played the *Harrison* crew, and Dud Squires matched his team against that of Billy Griffiths. There was feverish betting, and hundreds of packs of cigarettes changed hands.

That night we had an amateur concert and vaudeville show. The crowd gathered early in the open space of the building compound, placing camp chairs and benches in semicircles in front of the stage built up of mess tables, with a reflecting light overhead for the orchestra in the backstage.

The scene, beautiful and touching, will never be forgotten: dark-tanned internees, most of them bare to the waist, many bearded, seated and standing, some on the low tree branches; the orchestra and stage; the groups leaning over the stair rails; the lighted buildings around the compound; the trees, dim in the shadows. Beyond was the camp kitchen, its windows alight, the kitchen crew moving about, shadowy in the steam from the big caldrons, the *chop-chop* of their cleavers as they cut up the buffalo meat for the next day; and to the east, Happy Garden, dark, silent, and the scattered lights of the villages across the road and in the distance.

Came the men's chorus of twenty-five voices, in its masterpiece, the "Going Home" song from Dvorak's New World Symphony, that beautiful sad melody from our own darky south, "Massa Dear."

Afterward we sat and talked, R. W. Davis (British—manager of the *North China Daily News*), Storms and myself. Davis was talking of home, repatriation. When first in camp, he had declared himself ready to see the thing through, so that he could go back direct to Shanghai when the time to "take over" should come; but now he was weary of camp and wanted to get away. Bill was more cheerful, confident that one of his repatriation rumors would come true, and that he would soon see his wholesome Oregon woods again and settle down for the years ahead. But on repatriation I was skeptical, though willing to be convinced.

— 5 —

Hardly a day passed without its rumors about repatriation, generally fantastic.

The steady crop settled around the Italian liner *Conte Verde*, which could be seen from Room 13. If men moved about her deck, it meant getting ready for a trip. If several men were seen up on her stacks, certainly there would be repatriation in a few days. When they painted her stacks, men from all over camp came in dozens during two days to look, and speculate on the voyage home. When the "Roger," the water flag, was raised daily for a period, she was taking on water for the trip.

"*Conte Verde! Conte Verde!* Look, you-all! She's sinkin'!" Dan's bunk was next to the window. It was seven A.M., and he was up working.

No one paid any attention—just another rumor. Dan insisted, and people began to look, continued to look, all day. All eleven hundred men came to look. The *Conte Verde* was acting strangely, seeming to topple over. I looked, and was just in time to see her fall over on her side, her decks toward us, scuttled by her Italian crew. It was Italy's capitulation day.

We watched her crew scramble up to safety on her exposed side, saw the Japanese arrive—but too late to save her for themselves. They lined the Italian crew up in groups, and finally took them away, to some real trouble, we learned.

We heard various rumors about the Italians in Shanghai: that they were all taken into temporary concentration at the Italian Civic Center, and later granted restricted movement; that some of the Fascist leaders were permanently held.

In the *Conte Verde* our strongest repatriation hope settled to the bottom of the Whangpoo River. Many of us had practically given up hope; but, so long as the *Conte Verde* of the first repatriation lay there before us in the river, she stood for hope. Now—another winter was just ahead, and it would be cold. Our extra food stocks were giving out. There would be little more coffee or milk, very little sugar, and many of the staples we had brought with us were running low. The Red Cross wheat was all gone. Physically we were all thin, and suffered repeated attacks of intestinal trouble, rheumatism, malaria. We were tired of it all, and repatriation seemed further away than ever. Dreary days dragged by.

But the rumors persisted. The *Shanghai Times* published exciting news—that the *Gripsholm* had sailed from New York with fifteen hundred exchange Japanese repatriates.

On the morning of September 15th, Sam Broque called out to me in Room 13, "Shall we say ten-thirty?"

"O.K."

Nothing more was needed. He was just giving notice that he had located some coffee and was suggesting a morning cup. I had still

some sugar and milk. There would be a cup for Beath, and we would ask Arnold Dewar over. But, in the midst of the preparations, Jim Howes came in shouting.

The repatriation list was out, and his name was on it! September 19th!

We rushed down to the office. Bill Ryan checked through the papers. "Yes, O.K., John."

Though I had been hoping, and even expecting it, the realization that it was true was stunning.

At once everything changed. We went back and finished the coffee. Broque was not eligible, but Beath and Dewar would sail. We sat in a daze. Three days in which to get ready. It could have been done in an hour.

I closed my "residence" in Pootung methodically. The Japanese refused to allow any of our effects which had been left in Shanghai "to be forwarded," to be put aboard. We were limited in number of parcels, weight, and effects. My trunks were at once ruled out, and I turned them over to British friends, along with bed, card table, and other personal things. The Japs would not let us take any books except one *unmarked* Bible; no photographs, notebooks, address books, no writing of any sort, no games.

I heard of an elderly missionary lady who had a cherished Bible, filled with her notes. She tried to get it through, but the Japs told her to get one that was unmarked.

"If I keep this Bible, I cannot go?" She was informed that that was correct. "Then I shall stay with my Bible." But the chances are that she changed her mind.

It was dangerous to smuggle, but I did prepare one small business memorandum on thin paper, closely written on both sides, rolled tight and sealed in the heart of a cigarette. This I carefully marked and replaced in its package.

We had to leave behind medicines and vitamins; the Japanese said the *Teia Maru* on which we were to sail was a "luxury liner," and had everything.

We watched the *Teia Maru* coming around the bend of the river on the afternoon of the 18th. That night the several White Crosses painted on her sides were lit up.

We actually made cocktails for our dinner that night. Out of our medicine kits came two ounces of rum, two ounces of gin, three ounces of potable alcohol. Some one got a small tin of grapefruit juice, a dash of absinthe. Billy wangled a bit of ice from the small box in the kitchen. We had a pot of hot Chinese rice wine during dinner. I shall not say how we got it.

We plunged into our remaining supplies, opened tins of small stuff for hors d'oeuvre. Bill produced three tins of the Oregon turkey his wife had sent him before the war, treasured all those months for the Repatriation Dinner. Dan baked us a "fruit" cake. We opened tins of our hoarded vegetables, used the last of our coffee and sugar, and the one remaining tin of Dutch Baby milk. My trunk cupboard was almost bare.

After dinner we went to the farewell concert. It was sad, touching, when the chorus sang once again as farewell to us Dvorak's "Going Home" song. For only 150 of those 1100 would be "going home." The rest would remain prisoners for another year, two years—or how long?

I thought of Unc's repatriation song—but Unc had no chance to go.

GOIN' TO GOA

There's a ship a-comin' from the good old homeland
And she's due most any day;
We're goin' to Goa and we won't stop goin'
Till we hit the U.S.A.
We've stuck it out till the last call sounded,
And we ain't made any fuss;
But now we're packing for the last long voyage,
For the East is through with us.

There's a lot of prayers that we've all been prayin'
'Sides the one 'bout "daily bread."
There's a lot of things we might be sayin'
That are better left unsaid.
There's a lot of roads that a man can travel,
And they don't all lead to Rome.
But there's just one song we all are singin',
And it sure is "Home, Sweet Home."

After the concert there was work to do. We put up lunch for the next day as the Japs suggested, using the best we had left—a thermos of good coffee, corned-beef sandwiches (using some of the small white bread from yesterday's canteen), boiled eggs, some of Dan's cake, a couple of Edna Lee's dill pickles, put up years before in Shanghai.

And so to bed—but not in my own place. I had moved my bed to Sam's place, and he was in his bed in Rebel's place, and Rebel was in his bed in my place. These complicated exchanges were made so that when the Japs should come to check up and take my bed, I should be standing in my place all right, but they would get Rebel's old bug trap. My good bed would later go to a friend who needed it.

But we slept little that night.

On the morning of September 19, 1943, we were up before the dawn, and at eight went down into the compound for the Gendarmerie and Customs inspection.

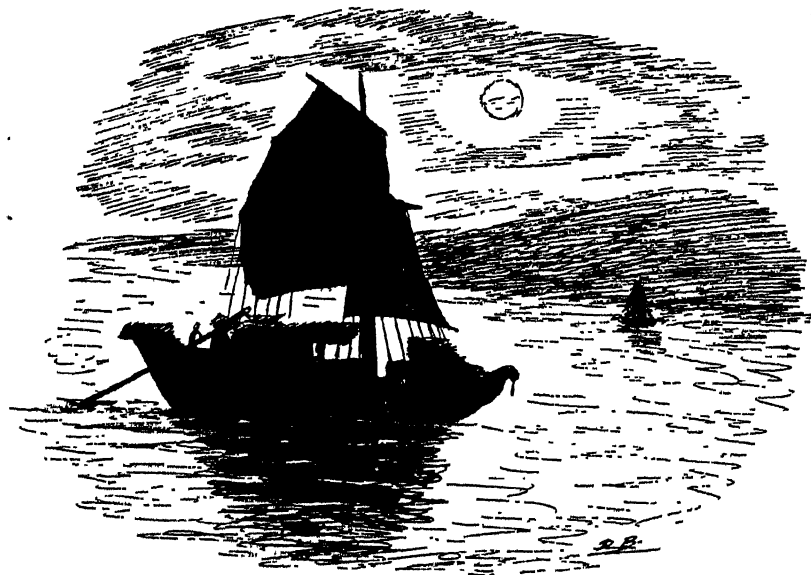
The Japanese took away all my writing paper, some cigarettes (said I had too many), and other things. I was nervous about that special cigarette, but it was spared. Then I had to be careful not to smoke it by mistake. We went into the dining hall and repacked. Tsuchiya, the Commandant, made a goodbye speech, wished us a happy return to the homeland. (In some other camps the commandants warned the repatriates to be careful in what they would say on return home; it was considered as a threat to those left behind.)

I adjusted the two heavy packages I was to carry, and we marched out of the hall, received our passports, inoculation certificates and money, in my case 2,000 CRB dollars.

The guards threw the main gate open, and we marched into the strangeness of the world outside those walls.

Goodbyes continued to ring out from the men, some of whom had climbed to the roofs of the buildings. From the windows of Room 13 our old companions were waving and shouting. The orchestra, with Sunny Lewis on the trumpet, played "Aloha." And they who were speeding us on our way to liberty had to turn and face more years of prison life under the Japanese. Indeed it touched us, that farewell.

But it was really true! We were *going home!*



PART VII

Teia-Maru-Gripsholm Diary

Sept. 19, '43. At anchor at Japanese N.Y.K. jetty in Whangpoo, off Shanghai.

MARCHED OUT OF internment camp. Followed turning road, arrived at river. Tender waiting, her two decks shut off by bunting to prevent our seeing too much.

Passed onto tender. On way down river, swung around scuttled Italian liner *Conte Verde*, also what we think was scuttled Italian gunboat *Lepanto*. Arrived at N.Y.K. dock about 12:30. Long waiting, Japanese and Swiss checking us, counting numbers, getting tickets and assignments. Then out on quay, up ladder of *Teia Maru*, and aboard. Boat was formerly French vessel *Aramis*. Japs call her their "luxury liner."

Found my place in bowels of boat, the hold, five decks down, "A" deck, Compartment II, Section 2, Bunk 3. Shall be miserable—hot, close. Around walls are built double-deck platforms, each platform

to hold ten to fourteen men sleeping like sardines side by side and end to end; each man has thin straw pallet two feet wide and hard straw pillow, very narrow sheet, one blanket. No shelves, nothing else. Long board table and benches fill center of hold, for meals. Baggage piled all about. Iron stairway leads up. No lavatory this hold, but I found dirty, smelly place on deck above.

About 2:30 saw Hollis Arnold, and later Cornell Franklin. Cornell was hungry, and I had lunch brought from camp. So we ate it, had the coffee, and felt better.

Watched for crowds from other camps. Japanese have set up a dozen camps for the fourteen thousand or so internees.

Stanley Camp, a mixed camp near Hong Kong, is reputed to be the worst in the Far East, with our Pootung Camp second. In Shantung Province some three thousand men, women, and children of North China are herded into the Presbyterian Mission compound at Weihsien. The British Legation in Peking is given over to enemies not well enough for camp. Up the Yangtze River in Yangchow (Marco Polo served as governor there under Kublai Khan) is a big camp for the British. Canton Camp is reputed to be the most comfortable. Jessfield Road and Great Western road camps in Shanghai hold chiefly British and American employees of the Municipal Council, with their families.

Haiphong Road Camp holds the four hundred "political" internees. At Lunghwa Camp, out near the picturesque old Lunghwa Pagoda, and Chapei Camp, in the Great China University compound, are several thousand men, women, and children.

Friends will be repatriated from most of these. Saw Weihsien Camp people come in—Dr. John C. Ferguson from Peking.

At 5:30, after waiting in big crowd got into one of the dining rooms, had fair dinner. Later, walked among lines of people arriving from Chapei Camp. Saw many Shanghai friends.

Went on duty, keeping people lined up on wharf and then onto the boat. Spoke to Ed Egle (Swiss) of International Red Cross, and Fontanel, Swiss Consul General. I hear we in hold—about 500 men without families—shall have to eat and sleep in hold. Walked about till 11:00. Then I turned in, but could not sleep in that bunk. Too hot, no air. Slept on chow table in hold. Three hours troubled sleep.

Best cabins given to officials, families, sick, some aged.

Sept. 20, '43. Monday. At sea.

Up at 5:30, wakened by talking, noises, lights, flies over face, feet, hands. Had early coffee and bread at \$10 CRB per throw (about 10 cents U.S.). Found dirty washroom and shaved. Hot.

Sailed down the Whangpoo on first leg of trip home, about 5:30 A.M. Breakfast at 7:00: boiled eggs, coffee, bread, butter, a bit of rice cereal with little milky juice. Worms—picked them out. Some eggs bad. All are hungry. Put things in order. Roped my canvas bag against wall for wardrobe. Studied design for living in such quarters. Thermos bottle will be handy, as no regular water supply. Must fill it at meal-times. *No bath*. Took rubdown in washbowl and washed shirts, shorts.

Went around boat talking with friends. Tiffin at 11:00, dinner at 5:30. Food same in all dining rooms, including hold. There is a bar at irregular hours, some good French wines, "lemonade," cigarettes, cigars. Prices very low. Several groups got tight.

This afternoon one group of loafers in hold began talking against upper classes. Wonder how so many of them got repatriation and many deserving men left behind. Repatriation was in classes: officials, women, children, sick, aged, then men who had sent families home in 1940 when Washington advised. Exceptions may account for some roughs included on this. Bill Storms was there, and the roughs addressed remarks to him. Finally one attacked Bill. Bill put him down on floor; then another came up in back and hit Bill over head with champagne bottle, cut him badly. Jap doctor dressed wounds. Posse-cke helped Bill in fight.

Glad Roy Pharis got aboard. Understand he was to go home on first *Gripsholm* trip but was last on list. At last minute some lady to be repatriated had a baby and this new passenger outranked Roy. Too bad she didn't hold on a couple of days longer.

Committee head is Abegg, Swiss representative. Claude A. Buss (formerly with High Commissioner Sayre in Philippine Islands) is chairman; Paul S. Mayer; N. P. Davis, American Consul; R. A. Gunnison, *Collier's* man; F. P. Sullivan; Dr. Juan Marfn, Chilean Consul General and Chargé at Shanghai; and A. Labra-Carvajal, Chilean Minister to China, honorary chairman. Miss Mary Ferguson is secretary. There are several section supervisors. Medical head is Dr. H. H. Loucks; safety, Captain Smith; welfare, Mrs. Kilbourne;

accommodations, Mr. Gunnison; public order, W. C. Ryan, Jr.; finance, W. B. Christian, of British American Tobacco Company; baggage, Eric Sitzenstatter and Pete Dorrance; entertainment, Dr. R. J. McMullen. Nobody seems to know names of Jap officers or to care.

Our doctors are not permitted to practice on board. Baggage committee has hard work—with volunteers does all baggage carrying; Japs do not arrange for any such work. Many things need attention: fire hazard, lifeboat capacity, food, water, bath, laundry. Some of these are serious—fire hazard in hold with those layers of crowded straw-mattress bunks. Surely lifeboats are not half enough.

After dinner walked on deck, then had coffee (so called) and iced tea with group in dining room. Later joined group sleeping on top of fore hatch in open air, with straw pillow and blanket. Poor sleep, hard. Must take my straw mattress next time. In best cabins there are some good mattresses. All crowded. Every cabin has one or more sleeping on floor on straw mattress.

Dr. Ferguson has one-bed cabin to himself. Am glad. He offered me use of his cabin for clothes and washing and to place my mattress on floor. His condition is such that I feel he should have quiet and comfort, alone.

Sept. 21, '43. Tuesday.

Up at 6:00. One of our tough men was put in brig for few days after negotiation with Jap captain. There is drinking and gambling—big money in some games. Craps and poker.

Mrs. Juan Marín is on board with her husband; also Karl von Wiegand of Int. News and his secretary, Lady Drummond-Hay. I introduced myself. Von Wiegand knows Edna Lee. He is nearly blind, result of bomb exploding near Manila Hotel in early days of war. He is pessimistic about duration of war and future of Europe—Bolshevism.

Children are about everywhere. One man had sudden loss of speech. After few hours began to talk again haltingly. Doctor says he will get speech back gradually; due to nerves, excitement, physical condition. All are exchanging information about people and life in camps.

Nothing to read except Japanese propaganda which they put on

board in big supply: the Co-Prosperity Sphere; Anglo-American Aggression in the Far East; "Singapore Assignment," by a Jap newspaperman who told how terrible we are and how nice the Japs are with people of East Asia—also about our "brutal" treatment of Jap prisoners; "The Coming American Revolution," by Frederick Wiehl, said to be an American, a violent diatribe against American institutions; "The American-British Challenge Directed Against Nippon." There are blank flyleaves, useful to write on. I am writing this diary on such flyleaves.

Sept. 22, '43. Wednesday.

In A.M. reached anchorage off Stanley Camp, on Hong Kong Island, several miles away from city. I slept on top of hatch, but showers drove us down or under cover in hallways. We are about a mile from shore, can see up along the hills the buildings of Stanley Camp. Saw no movements, no planes, only a couple of harbor boats.

Sept. 23, '43. Thursday.

Hong Kong repatriates came on in A.M. Emily Hahn and baby now two years old, Carola, speaks only Chinese. She knows Edna Lee. She has not been in camp. Told Japs she was married to Chinese (untrue), and so was Chinese. When repatriation came, she was allowed to go because she was American-born.

Sailed from Stanley Camp P.M. Hear American planes raided Jap quarters in Stanley Camp recently, and Hong Kong, did much damage.

Sept. 24, '43. Friday.

On way to San Fernando de la Unión, in northern Luzon, P.I. Heard Hong Kong war news from some who came on at Stanley. Food is getting poorer on this boat. Butter is now just grease. Evil-tasting stuff.

Sept. 25, '43. Saturday.

Arrived San Fernando at 11 A.M. We can see parts of town—familiar ground to me thirty-five years ago in Philippine government service. The thatched-roof smaller houses, and the iron roofs of the

bigger buildings, coconut groves along the farther shores; wooded hills. And far off to the southeast the mountains of the interior where Baguio is located.

Sept. 26, '43. Sunday.

One week since we left Pootung Camp. In P.M. lot of Filipinos who got aboard in Hong Kong, disembarked; Manila people got aboard, came up from Santo Tomás and Los Baños camps by train, with Jap officials.

Much exchange of experience. Oscar Steen, Eddie Meyerick, George McCarthy, Mrs. Paul Kops, Byron Stansfield, Woody Willson, George Lynott—many. Virgil Crowe of Ford Motors was held. They say question about spelling of name—Crow instead of Crowe—and his identity. Sam Gaches, leading businessman of Manila, did not get away.

In the Far East a dozen or more Americans who were on repatriation list were cut off by Japs at last moment, including Paul Hopkins, head of Shanghai Power Co., and R. T. Bryan, Jr., who had been prosecuting attorney for Shanghai Municipal Council. Japs substituted others of their own choice.

Manila repatriates came from three camps: Santo Tomás, Los Baños, Baguio.

Some bridge games are trying to get ahead in the small lobby, but very difficult. No tables, hard to find chairs. All public rooms have been made into sleeping warrens, but some play cards in hot dining rooms—no fans. Sixty Catholic priests are aboard, in ordinary dress, and eighty nuns in uniform, Americans, some Canadians; a couple of Spanish priests. There are twice as many or more Protestant missionaries, men and women—and children.

Sailed 7 P.M. for French Indo-China.

Sept. 27 (Monday) and 28, '43.

Had coffee (the Japs call it *kohee*—certainly it lacks much of being coffee) and cakes in one of the dining rooms—awful cakes.

Last night I slept on forward hatch. First fair night's sleep in nine days. Had my straw pallet. Some men complain hard straw pillow causes cauliflower ear.

Have been busy renewing acquaintance with Manila friends, and dozens of old Chinese hands who were caught in Manila. They are thin, unwell—one in bad nervous condition.

We are always hungry. Food is bad enough—but never enough. Wish I had some good coffee and cereal with milk and sugar. Have bought six apples from steward at \$5 CRB each.

Our brig prisoner released, has been on two-day drunk, belligerent again. They say he is half-Indian from Oklahoma, a young man with a long record.

My shoulder still troubles me much, a pain picked up in camp. I am hoping that good food and sea air will improve it; no medicine here for it. There is much of this ailment—and others—due to malnutrition.

At 12:30 in night, one of the repatriate drunks had a row. Walked up to women's dormitory (the lounge on "E" deck), sat in chair as if to sleep. Later rose, wakened four girls sleeping near by. Levy and Eric, on police duty, told him to go below. He resented their tone and asked if he were being ordered. Eric said, "Yes." He argued, used abusive language. Eric commanded him to follow downstairs, and he did. Later he came up again, and Eric went after him. He hit Eric twice hard in face. Ryan arrived with patrol and he went to his bunk muttering. Meanwhile Eric called Buss and tried to arouse Abegg. Franklin, Davis, Ryan, Russell awakened Jap purser to get keys to brig. Secretary of Jap foreign office was called and got purser up. They got the keys and put him in brig in presence of Jap purser's staff at 2:00 A.M.

A squall came up at 4:30 and drove us in. I was loaded with mattress, pillow, blanket; and with my glasses in the rain it was hard to see. Everywhere men were wrestling with their bedding, trying to get in. Some went into passageways, but I tried to go down the several flights of iron stairs. My right arm was quite lame. I stumbled and just saved myself by dropping effects down the stairs and grabbing iron rail. That frightened me. Finished an hour or so sleep with blanket on table top down in hold.

We are informed that the quarters on *Gripsholm* will be good and will be allotted according to physical condition and age. I should have better place. There is much complaint that several able young men

have good cabins while many older and prominent men, some unwell, are in the hold.

Sept. 29, '43. Wednesday.

After the squall last night, I slept on some benches in hold. Had morning *kohee* and bread, an apple. Later breakfast: usual rice porridge with worms; a small portion scrambled eggs; *kohee*.

Family of Paul Kops, Shanghai lawyer, got on at Manila where they had been caught. He was in Pootung Camp. So he leaves our long table in hold. But his place is still set there and we divide his food among us, hoping Jap steward will not discover he has left and cease extra portion.

Water situation is bad, and there are no baths; sometimes we can get rubdown. Yesterday there was water for only few minutes in the A.M., and ten minutes in P.M. I fill my thermos and small bucket whenever I can in kitchen, and I use that to drink, shave, and sometimes for a bit of rubdown.

This ship is understaffed in all departments.

We are nearing Indo-China coast, passed east and south of Hainan during night.

Our schedule is to leave French Indo-China this evening after picking up a few more people. Will then have 1,502 passengers, in addition to officers and crew.

We are probably 1,270 Americans, 120 or more Canadians, 15 Chileans, several British, Panamanians, Spanish, Portuguese, Cubans, Argentines, and nationals from other South and Central American countries. Largest contingents come from China.

We shall stop at Saïgon.

The sun rose this A.M. at 7:30; was beautiful. We still follow the Tokyo time schedule, though far west, hence the late sunrise, which should be about 6:15.

In evenings at 8:30 or 9 we can go to dining rooms and sometimes get *kohee* or iced tea, or a kind of orange-flavored drink, with small slices of plain cake or cookies made from peculiar flour mixture. One evening we could buy sandwiches with Jap cheese; good, at \$10 CRB. We bought all they would sell us. Sometimes can buy from steward in kitchen some apples, big and small, at \$10 and \$5.

At the bar 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. on certain days can get lemonade (chemical), cheap playing cards, poor Jap "Aeroplane" cigarettes; sometimes Manila cigars, and sometimes terrible black Indo-Chinese cigars; many good wines—sherry, port, white, red, champagne, DOM, peppermint, other liqueurs. No beer, whisky, gin. Plenty of drinking by some. Prices very low—\$100 to \$300 CRB per bottle, equal about \$1 to \$3 American money. Good cigars and wines limited to one each.

Talked with George Lynott, manager of American Bank Note Company, who was held in Manila, has had no word about Shanghai at all in nearly two years, and has lost much weight.

Several times we have heard the evening singing by the nuns. This evening about eight, the sea was quiet. The nuns and some of the priests formed a group looking toward the sea and sang the beautiful song "Hail, Star of the Sea"—a Latin ode to the Virgin as protectress of those at sea. I shall get the words and put down the notes. It was very impressive.

They tell stories about some people who even yet misunderstand the classes and accommodations on this boat. We are all one class, whether in cabin or steerage or hold, a one-class ship for this trip.

We are approaching the anchorage at Cape St. Jacques, near the Mekong River in Indo-China, 12:30 P.M. Just now we are passing a Japanese convoy of about a dozen ships anchored near shore. They seem to be transports loaded with troops.

Proceeded up the winding Saïgon River, about 50 miles, to a point several miles this side of Saïgon. At first there were swamps; these gave way to vast expanses of rich rice land.

Several small boats came under our portholes offering bananas, pineapples, brandy—local hooch which carries the mark that it is made of alcohol and extract, all in French; terrible stuff, the boys said afterwards. The only currency they would accept was yen, and I did not have any. The boatman below in the river passed up a basket on a long bamboo pole to receive the money, and then sent up the fruit by the same basket. We all envied the lucky few with yen, who proceeded to devour numbers of bananas and chunks of pineapple.

The Japanese river police who patrolled that country in their boats soon drove the small native boats away, confiscated one. Jap launches were running down the small craft, capsizing them.

On all that river I saw only two small boats flying the French flag ; Jap flag seems to control everything.

A priest gave me the words of the nuns' song—the first verse as follows :

Ave maris stella, Dei mater alma.
Atque semper virgo, Felix caeli porta.
Sumens illud ave, Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace, Mutans Hevae nomen.

Rained in evening, Slept in very unfortunate passageway. Big lights overhead all night. Center of midnight traffic ; drunks, scrimmages, fights.

A young woman passenger from Manila was in the middle of the row. Presently, when all was quiet and I was about asleep again, I heard a woman call, "Osatosan," over and over. She came upstairs, stood right by my "bed." I never found who was the Mr. Sato that she was calling, evidently a Japanese.

There are American women of doubtful Manila profession on board pretty close to the drunken crowd—the Dead End Boys, as Emily Hahn calls them ; one of these has been seen in quiet conversation with the Japanese in the bar in off hours. What is she negotiating? Dope?

Went down to get kohec and cakes at nine with a group. The stuff gets worse and harder to get. People stand in long lines and fight the boys to get something to eat. The biggest rush is in the afternoons about three, even to buy a couple of slices of bread.

Sept. 30, '43. Thursday.

Bad night for sleeping. Still anchored below Saïgon. Wandered about deck. Hear good news of scuttling of three German warships in Norway ; good Russian, Italian, Yugoslav news. We always call for news when new people come aboard. A few came on at Saïgon.

In morning tried to get more sleep. Had long talk with S. R. Price of Shanghai ; reminiscences and stories of old China hands.

The men in the hold are having a hard time. Five hundred of us do not have a decent place to rest, day or night. There are only 150 deck chairs, and possibly 300 people can sit on the rails, stairways,

hatch tops. Others sprawl on the decks and even play games there: cards, checkers, *hop-ching*. On deck and in lobby are crowds of milling, tired men—and women and children.

Some people sit in the dining rooms at hours when they are open, and play cards; but very hot and no fans. There is rumor, and even information, that on the *Gripsholm* the aged will have best cabins, then sick, women, children, officials, and others according to age and condition.

We sailed about 5 P.M. toward Singapore. The trip down the Saïgon was beautiful. A meandering stream, not wide, but deep. Several of us stood by the rail near fore hatch and discussed the country. Storms and Possenecke produced witty comment on how this stretch downstream would be described by us later.

It seemed so peaceful, yet war was there. And imagination would people the river and the banks with crocodiles and wild bird life. The three or four birds we saw became vast flocks of tropical bird life, and the couple of tree roots floating downstream became crocodile snouts. There are great stretches of rice fields, extending miles and miles back to the distant foothills and mountains. No wonder this is the rice granary of the Far East. This was French Indo-China; now it is under the Japanese. Later the rice fields gave way to marshland covered with mangrove and small swamp palm.

In some places the Japanese have been working with the natives to clear part of the swamp and plant to rice. We passed several tramp steamers, and saw the transports still at anchor at mouth of stream.

Oct. 1, '43. Friday.

In the open sea, headed south; choppy, strong wind, some rain all the time. I attempted to sleep *à la belle étoile* last night, but it was a failure; was driven below by rain at four A.M. After breakfast slept an hour on a long bench.

A Jap racket now makes it difficult to get change for \$100 CRB notes, and discount is 10 per cent even at purser's office. Dreary day.

An elderly missionary went into the Jap barber shop, had a shave, haircut, shampoo. After it was all done, he thanked the barber, walked out, no pay. The barber was so surprised he did not even protest. At least so the story goes. The barbers charge \$15 for haircut and rush

the customers through in two or three minutes each—clip, clip, clip—finish, pay money!

Classes in the *Teia Maru* University have been going on, but in very unsatisfactory manner because of lack of suitable class places; and there is noise everywhere. There are classes for small and large children, and for adults. Also a lot of lectures on fairly interesting topics.

Thievery is rampant in the hold. Many have lost thermos bottles—drinking cups, shirts.

One evening I had placed my pallet and blanket at about nine in the place where I would try to sleep. Later when I went to them they were gone. But I got along by “borrowing” from somebody else. Windy, hard night, little sleep on top of hatch. We all have favored sleeping corners, those who cannot sleep in the hold. Some on hatch top, on deck floor, in corridors; some take pallet and blanket to top deck. Many just take blanket and straw pillow and lie down on deck anywhere with clothes on.

Much malaria aboard, little quinine. We miss the medicines we had to give up when we left camp. The Japs said the *Teia Maru* was a luxury boat and had everything. But no quinine! In my kit I found sixty 3-grain tablets, which I gave to Dr. T. B. Dunn. The Japs had missed these at inspection on leaving camp.

Professor Charles Westbrook tells about his liver extract: he was told in Pootung that this could not be taken. He protested to commandant through our camp doctor. Commandant asked whether the professor would die before reaching Goa without the liver extract. Was told that he probably would not die. He was not permitted to take the liver extract. It seems that the commandant was interested only that we should reach Goa still alive.

Oct. 2, '43. Saturday.

We should reach Singapore—or Shonan, as the Japs have rechristened it—today. The time on this boat is still the same as in Tokyo. Evidently the Far East under the Jap Co-Prosperity Sphere is to be governed by Tokyo time. Daylight came well after 8 A.M. according to the ship's clock, when it should be about 6.

Many vegetables were put on board at Saïgon—crates of potatoes,

onions, immense baskets of pumpkins, sweet potatoes, carrots, and quantities of strange-looking hairy yams. Shall we really have some good vegetables? Or will those be for Jap return trip?

Some of us have strange sleeping places. One of Shanghai's American *taipans*, formerly dignified enough, has a corner which no one has yet disputed—on the foredeck against a wall near the rail. On one side of it is a piece of deck machinery, and on others are those big baskets of pumpkins and yams. Somewhat smelly, as the vegetables get older.

Had a talk with Claude Buss. He says there will be conferences on the *Gripsholm* as to future arrangements for the rehabilitation of American business in the Far East after the war. I am glad of that, for we shall need a lot of help in recovering what we have lost, getting settled again.

Byron Stansfield gave me a pair of khaki shorts he could spare, which I much need. I did a lot of laundry this morning; for a surprise I could get water in the dirty, smelly lavatory—tanks were filled at Saïgon. Matches are running short on board, and it becomes a matter of borrowing lights.

Yesterday was Bill Storms' birthday. I arranged a little party for 4:45—had also Eric S. and Arnold D. We opened a couple bottles of the finest vintage of Sunny France—down in the hold, sitting on bunks, with an old piece of baggage for a table. A toast to Bill. Some are laying in quite a little cellar, for future use.

I have had a busy time for several days reconstructing my personal memos, addresses, business data. This must be all from memory, except for that little memo I smuggled out concealed in the cigarette. We have literally nothing to read except the Bible, if some one will lend, and the Japanese propaganda pamphlets.

One girl repatriate had a bright idea. She changed the binding of her Shakespeare for that of a Bible. It got through.

At the present rate of spending, there will be many people broke after Singapore. I still have \$1,050 CRB (about \$12.50 in American money, and quite a lot to any one of us) of the \$2,000 I got when I left camp. Much of this has gone in tips which the Jap table stewards demanded in advance—a precaution against a future general lack.

Gambling has been centering the cash of many of the gentlemen

of the hold in a few hands, and those who get it quickly spend it on the bottled goods. Our friend from the brig is often seen roaming about deck with his bottle of champagne in hand—a beverage with the additional merit of being a good weapon, as he demonstrated before.

The other morning this man woke up after a hard night. His head troubled him, but he realized that something had happened to the big roll of CRB he had accumulated in the crap game. He declared that he had been “rolled” for \$5,000 during the night by one of his companions, whom he called a friend, besides using a lot of other adjectives. Fights ensued. Later it was cleared up: one of his girl friends had removed his roll to keep it for him.

The ship’s laundry has failed us. We have to wash everything ourselves and watch the hours and minutes when there may be a trickle of water.

Some men are taking onions, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, carrots, from the baskets on the foredeck. We are so hungry we eat the raw vegetables.

The boat does not provide towels or soap, and announced at first that we should have to supply our own toilet paper. How? This raised a big howl, as we had been deprived of our rolls by the Japs when we left camp; that was paper and might carry secret writing. They then passed out the rolls, sparingly.

Noon, nearing Singapore. Land all about, many boats here and there. No doubt we are being guided through the waters, which must be mined.

There was a show in the evening, Jap news, principally Jap officers and heroes in southern regions, taking salutes, making speeches, parading; airplanes buzzing about. Also the picture “That Night in Rio.” It was all terribly produced, on top deck, in open air, no chairs—stand up or squat. We could not stand it and went below for kohee and bread. Slept well on the top of the hatch.

Oct. 3, '43. Sunday.

Many are using the cabins of friends for sleeping—on floor; and for washing when the water is on. I keep my “best” clothes in Dr. Ferguson’s cabin, and my blanket, as protection against robbery. The doctor is resting all the time, appears on deck daily for a few minutes.

It is possible to arrange with stewards to get a clandestine bath at times, not often, by paying from \$30 to \$50 per bath. About once each ten days there is a hose with salt water on the fore deck. I am getting along with more or less regular rubdowns.

A boy about twenty at our table had a great idea; began to loot the iccboxes and shelves in the pantry during the night. Later the Japs stopped that, by use of locks. He told me that he still has ways and means.

Two weeks ago today we left camp. How long it seems!

Singapore is about eight miles away, and we see its lights in the night. It was hot today and in the P.M. came rain. Washed some cloths. Dull day.

It is said that we shall be only three days in Goa, from the 15th to the 18th. Then we should be home for Thanksgiving.

The boat rackets increase. Of course they never change our one narrow bedsheet, and there is no pillow slip. I am not going to wash that sheet ever. The stewards in the cabins are demanding and getting \$10 to wash a sheet and slip.

People are short of CRB dollars and are borrowing. Exchange rates are going higher. Some are borrowing against U.S. dollars to be paid on the *Gripsholm* or in the United States.

The health of many is now serious; we are in far worse condition and thinner than in camp. We are anxious to reach the *Gripsholm* with its doctors and medicines.

A baby was born on this boat last night. All are well. The child is Gretchen Whitaker—her father, U.S. Vice Consul at Manila. There were a Jap doctor and eight Jap nurses attending them, and the birth certificate is in Japanese and English.

I am going out to scout around for some more sweet potatoes and onions. The Japs have posted a sign on the foredeck near the vegetable baskets threatening those that steal the vegetables. Some of those vegetables are rotting and scenting up the deck so as to interfere with sleep. Why not let us have some of them at the table? It is clear that they are for the Japs who will embark when we exchange at Goa.

After our regular dinner, which was not much, Selma Payne asked Helen Burton of the Camel Bell Shop in Peking, Frank Harris, and

me to have a snack in her cabin. She had bought a pound of pretty good Japanese cheese from the steward for \$3.00. We each bought what bread we could from our stewards, and some one had real butter. Helen made coffee from her small store still left from camp, and we had bananas acquired at Singapore. We finished with Coin-treau bought at the boat bar.

Tomorrow is Edna Lee's birthday. Wish I could cable her.

Oct. 4, '43. Monday.

The sewerage system is out of order throughout the boat, or they just won't turn on any water. It is bad.

I am impressed by some of the lads of ten to fourteen years' who are housed in the hold, how manfully they struggle. One night when a squall came up, how those little fellows did tug at their loads! They reminded me of ants laboring with a mighty burden, as they dragged their mattresses along in the rain, into the hatchway down the several flights of iron stairs. In the lavatory the little fellows queue up with the men, looking for a bowl in which to wash and take a rubdown—even without soap.

Finding a place in midmorning in which to rest or nap, or in the afternoon, is funny. People stand about watching to see someone who occupies a chair make a sign that he is going to get up. Then they pounce, trying to get the place. Before the sitter has really cleared, someone slides in. He would never have a chance to change his mind.

It is noon, and we shall soon be on the last leg of the trip to Goa. I have been talking with the Portuguese Consul General at Shanghai, Mr. Melo. He has heard some fantastic rumor about Tojo being out and Nomura being the new Premier.

The Japanese papers from Singapore tell about the Russians pressing the Germans toward the frontier, and express the hope and belief that when the frontier is reached, the Germans will stop fighting and make peace; then Germany and Japan will win the war.

After dinner, went up on deck to hear the singing of Negro spirituals. Went to bed early. There was a note in a Singapore newspaper—Japanese, but in English—stating that "the Japanese *luxury* liner has arrived in port with 1,500 exchange enemy repatriates."

Oct. 5, '43. Tuesday.

We are at sea, about at the equator, going S.E. around Sumatra. This boat could not go through the Malacca Straits at Singapore. Weather is pleasant, not hot.

There were a lot of drunken rows the last two evenings among the loafer element. And many other drinking parties.

This boat carries large white crosses on front and rear and on sides, and painted on the deck, all illuminated at night. On the fore and aft hatch covers there are also painted large Japanese flags. It is forbidden to us to sit on the flags. The ship proceeds fully lighted.

The racket of the stewards is very clear now; they reduce the food they serve at table in order to sell it to us later in the kitchen. The best brew of the kohee is sold, and then it is watered for the table service. One dinnertime we had no meat, but they sold sandwiches with meat later in the evening. Our people are inquiring into this from the Jap officers. Also the sale of baths is reducing the water we so urgently need.

Oct. 6, '43. Wednesday.

This morning we had no kohee or even water at breakfast. In the washrooms there was water for only fifteen minutes. At noon we got our thermos bottles filled.

This evening several of us had coffee and sandwiches as before in Selma's cabin. Emily Hahn was there, and Chester Fritz. Walked up on deck afterward and saw the glow of the volcano Krakatao—just a big glow on the horizon. The latest eruption was the immense boom in the eighties, which was heard for hundreds of miles and filled the atmosphere of the earth with its fine dust; this was the cause of the beautiful red sunsets all over the world during the year following, I am told.

Slept on the aft hatch; cloudy; a few drops of rain warned us, and presently we had to rush to shelter.

There has been some mystery about the ship's hospital—the sick cannot get the use of it. When a really bad case needs hospitalization, he is met with a strange "No." I heard it explained that the stewards will for a sum of money make those hospital beds available for purposes which the general boat set-up would hardly accommodate.

Oct. 7, '43. Thursday.

The Japs gave dolls and balls and milk to the children today, a gift from the Jap army. They said they were going to give us all soap, but I have not seen any of it yet, and there is no water anyhow. The Japs took movies of the children receiving their gifts—propaganda.

This morning we had wash water. I am tired and sleepy, and now as I have located a chair at a writing desk in the foyer I shall take a sleep when I finish this.

The Japanese army has finally presented us each with a cake of soap, pink, of violent scent. Some men threw the soap out of the porthole, but I see no point in that. We accept their food, why not the soap?

Oct. 8, '43. Friday.

Rain today, nothing to do, no books, no place for bridge, no bed.

Oct. 9, '43. Saturday.

The purser's office has put up another big sign warning us not to touch the ship's vegetables.

Decks are crowded with people who have nothing to do, so just roam around and talk.

Later in evening made my bed on table in hold as it looked cloudy. During night, big wave flooded through the porthole and wet everything—all our clothes, our grips or bags.

Oct. 10, '43. Sunday.

Visited with Dr. Ferguson. He confided to me that as soon as he reaches New York he is going to the Grand Central restaurant to have some wonderful hotcakes and maple syrup and bacon. Now I am sure he is getting well.

There are many church services on board, Protestant and Catholic, occupying all kinds of spaces—dining room, lobby, decks, odd corners. The Catholics have set up regular altars with their figures, candles, robed priests. Songs and sermons everywhere.

Three long weeks ago today we left Pootung Camp. In five days we shall be in Goa.

Oct. 11, '43. Monday.

Cool, rains, wind. When I cleaned up yesterday, I readjusted some baggage, thinking about Goa. That canvas grip which I hung on the wall under the porthole has been good. It opens up into one long piece with a zipper flap, and serves as a kind of wardrobe.

People are still losing weight, most are in far worse condition than when we came aboard. I have lost several pounds, and my shoulder is not good. Vanbuskirk is getting worse. His joints are big bumps on thin limbs, and he cannot walk at all.

Oct. 12, '43. Tuesday.

Three days more. Then three days of waiting, and then we change to the *Gripsholm*!

Everybody excited about final arrangements for transfer, much speculation about accommodations on *Gripsholm*.

I am eager for mail from Edna Lee and children, if they had sufficient advice of my coming.

Oct. 13, '43. Wednesday.

Days pass about the same. We now have three men in the brig. Our committee has real authority to act, and we understand that several people will face charges later. So many of their drunken sessions in the hold wind up with diatribes against the "bamboo Americans"—evidences of class discontent.

The other night when I was ready to turn in on deck, I found one of our Pootung men in a drunken companionship with a Negro. He was in the worse state, and the Negro was trying to get him under a blanket to sleep it off. The Negro explained to me that his friend had invited him on a drinking party and then had gone flat. Finally I heard the white man urging his companion not to leave his side. "You promised me you would lie down beside me and take care of me." I found another corner on deck.

Food is still worse if possible; water, scarce; the meat, sometimes "high." The stewards sell bread in the kitchen at \$25 a loaf. I was too late to get a loaf last night.

Helen Burton had a party on the boat deck with the Easthams, Selma, Greene, Dr. Sheriff, myself. Cheese sandwiches, coffee, white

wine. It was a pleasant evening with nice weather, moonlight, and we talked until late.

Oct. 14, '43. Thursday.

Tomorrow we reach Goa. The boat has been swinging about in her course, avoiding the regular traffic lanes. It makes strange turns, cuts far out to sea—for obvious reasons.

Oct. 15, '43. Friday.

About ten A.M. we arrived among the islands offshore, and later we saw the buildings of the old port of Goa with its castle on the hill, built several centuries ago when Portugal was a power in the East; the harbor, port works, several scuttled German boats; the "Palace Hotel," which dates from 1628 when it was also a fort; sheds marked "American Control Office" and "Japanese Control Office," with yards fenced off for both groups.

The pilot and officials came aboard. The *Teia* pulled up alongside. Plenty of Goa officials; lots of Indian natives, many of them skinny, dirty, ragged. By the American Control Office we saw John Morris (UP correspondent) waiting, but could only wave to him.

We began to unload the Japanese cargo for transfer to the *Gripsholm*, intended for Jap internees in America: soya saucc, Jap delicacies.

Our quarters in hold have been torn to pieces to clear the cargo, and we now eat when and where we can.

In evening great excitement: telegrams from home. And there was one from Edna Lee!

Oct. 16, '43. Saturday.

There is excitement and action among passengers and baggage. Contrary to regulations, people are trying to get ashore, to go back in the country to Old Goa, Vasco, to the hotel, the old fort—anywhere ashore.

Some men got drunk last night and slid down the mooring cable to the quay. They were quickly caught by the guards, who are in a cordon around the area. Later these men tried again—threw their clothes ashore in bundles, dropped down into the water and swam to

the quay. They traveled some distance back into the country, but were caught and brought to the boat again. *Gripsholm* not yet here, maybe this evening. Mailed letters and sent wire to Edna Lee.

The *Gripsholm* has arrived! Everyone kept watching the sea to the west, and we finally spotted her on the horizon. We followed her from that first speck, and as she drew nearer we could see the crosses and the writing on her sides, "Diplomat—Gripsholm—Sverige," and the Swedish colors, and people thronging the decks.

Then we saw that the fifteen hundred Japs had been regimented on the top decks. They had mounted their Rising Sun flag on a tall pole and were waving it back and forth while the people shouted as their leaders directed, and sang their songs, patriotically, fanatically. We made no reply. She moored not far from us.

We are now set for the transfer, which will take some days.

Oct. 17, '43. Sunday.

Went ashore various times yesterday and today, but only allowed in restricted area. The regulations about going ashore are easing up. Could not go to hotel. This morning got my ticket, Cabin 132, "A" dining room, first sitting. This is good.

In evening, went down on the quay. So did the Japs.

All is excitement, movement. There are many parties, and the gentleman who had bought the ten or twelve cases of champagne to bring back to America opened many bottles, and the songs and drinking continued until long after midnight.

Oct. 18, '43. Monday.

We transfer to *G.* tomorrow A.M. early. Some men went to the *G.* yesterday, pleased with everything; but I am more patient. Two or three men arranged to get stewards' uniforms from *G.* and went on board in that disguise. Others mixed with the crew and managed to get on.

Last night was bad. Rain came at 11:30 and it was difficult to find a resting place because of the unloading, moving, yelling. Slept about four hours.

The tiffin had been poor, and the dinner worse. We thought they would give us better meals for the last days. For tiffin we had tea,

one small piece of bread, miserable macaroni, pink seaweed jelly, a boiled potato. No meat. For dinner: tea, spoiled pork (it smelled high), one small potato boiled in jacket, a bit of vegetable marrow, a small serving of tasteless boiled tapioca sweetened a little.

After the dinner, being still hungry, several of us managed to buy some bread and used the last of our cheese.

Then I tried to sleep, lay down on the floor in a corner off the main corridor with blanket and straw pillow. About 12:30 I was awakened by Cornell Franklin who asked me to come to his cabin. There the Franklins had a fine loaf of bread, a pound of butter, and a pound of cheese. There were several people to enjoy it. Some one had brought it from the G. Then I went back to my corner.

Oct. 19, '43. Tuesday.

At six o'clock, after the exciting day and night, we were up and ready to leave at eight. For breakfast the Japs surprised us: *two* slices of bread, two boiled eggs, one boiled potato, and a kind of meat hash; kohee as usual. At eight we assembled, each man standing by his bed expecting the Japs to check up the bedding as ordered. Our heavy baggage went ahead, and we were to carry our small stuff. We marched off the boat in groups of about a hundred, down the gangway of the *Teia*, along the railway tracks and up the gangway of the *Gripsholm*—to Freedom!

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October 19, '43. Tuesday (Continued).

One who has not experienced such an event could not understand the new feeling which came over us when we put foot on the deck of the *Gripsholm*. He could not know just how it would feel to sense liberty again after the hardships, restraints, fears—in the case of some, tortures—of the period which at that moment ended. The sense of release from something evil. The immense relief. True, the repatriation announcement, the march out of camp, the embarkation on the *Teia Maru*, the progress along the sea route from Shanghai to Goa had all been sure signs of the event ahead. But setting foot on the *Gripsholm* was the realization of hopes and dreams.

We moved in lines up the gangway and spread out upon the two decks which had been cleared and cleaned for us.

We wandered through the social halls, the lobbies, comfortable lounges, greeting one another with broad smiles, sat down at neat tables.

We talked of many things, expectations that had seemed far away and were now to be realized. We needed food, medicines, living space, cabins, comforts, kindness. We longed for mail, cables, books, magazines, news, writing material. We wanted beds, chairs, baths, clean tables, games. We knew there would be cigars, cigarettes, beer, lemonade.

Suddenly freedom was ours, and all those riches would follow. The Saga of the *Gripsholm* would through the weeks to come present stanzas never to be forgotten, the record of the return to the Homeland.

Tables and chairs had been placed about the two decks, and gradually the repatriates assembled, waited. . . . Parties burst out in song: "God Bless America." There was laughter; there were tears—tears of joy.

Then the Red Cross, under Miss McMechan, gave us *American* cigarettes, in war packing new to us, and *chocolate bars*. There was an orgy of chocolate intemperance.

At eleven o'clock things began to happen. On both decks, large tables were dressed up in clean linen, and stacks of plates and cutlery appeared. We had forgotten about table linen; on the *Teia Maru* the rough canvas which covered our long tables in the hold had been turned over once in the four weeks. Smiling Swedish stewards appeared bearing immense platters—turkeys, hams, chickens, beef, lamb, salads, cheese, butter, pickles, olives, eggs, vegetables of many kinds, breads, and rolls. Later came the fruits, orange squash, lemonade, tomato juice, iced tea and lemon, coffee with cream and sugar!

About noon the lines formed and fifteen hundred hungry men, women, and children milled through for hours, heaped their plates, went back again and again. Probably by 2:30 the feast was ended; then came a needed rest, in the comfort of the deck chairs.

The cabins were ready about five (there was some cleaning to do after the Japanese), and then we began the routine of our new life.

Dinner came. And that coffee!

Oct. 20, '43. Wednesday.

Last evening we went ashore again. The Japanese, now embarked on the *Teia*, were out also. A group of Japanese girls were telling some mission ladies from our boat about their internment in America. They said everything was fine in their camps. They had good food—steak, bacon and eggs, cereal with milk and sugar, fruits, ice cream, coffee, pie, candy. Some one asked them about the new songs, and they sang "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," and laughed. Many of us got the impression that the return of the Japanese to the Land of the Rising Sun was not without misgivings.

The *Teia Maru* lay along the water front just beyond us, but to me she seemed already far in the past.

About noon today we buried James H. Arthur, an elderly missionary who had spent his life in China. He had been sick in camp and on the *Teia*, but managed to make the transfer to the *Gripsholm*. A small group of his friends went ashore for the interment in a lonely little cemetery near Mormugao. There on the other side of the world, under the flag of Portugal and in soil hallowed by the labors of St. Francis Xávier, his remains now lie. Friends wrote to his widow in California that her husband had passed away in freedom after a day of happiness.

This afternoon on shore I got into the courtyard of the Palace Hotel. There I met Judge Franklin with his wife and their son Corny.

We bargained for an ancient motor vehicle, and drove several miles through the lazy Indian countryside to the old town of Vasco, named after Vasco da Gama, that early explorer who, for Portugal's glory, first rounded the Cape of Good Hope. Vasco is a small port, a part of the district of Goa which still belongs to Portugal, a remnant of her once vast empire. The port where we landed is Mormugao. We bought fruits and cashew nuts at a neat little Indian store.

The name of St. Francis Xavier still dominates the annals of Goa, as it has done through three centuries.

Oct. 22, '43. Friday.

At dawn today we set sail toward Port Elizabeth in South Africa. Mail was handed to me this morning; a red-letter day, to receive nice long letters from home.

There has been speculation as to what would happen to our boys who had been in the brig, and their associates who had conducted themselves in rather poor taste on the *Teia Maru*. This has been quickly settled by the Swedish captain. It is said that he summoned the group before him and told them firmly that as captain of the *Gripsholm* he would maintain order. He disclaimed any need for assistance from our "police force."

Oct. 25, '43. Monday.

The Red Cross has been busy since the first day. There is clothing for any who need it. Many have seen little new in nearly two years—and they look it.

The radio war news is scanty, but the dawn finds crowds already around the bulletin boards.

Oct. 27, '43. Wednesday.

The college people on board have organized classes. There are movies, concerts, lectures, and dancing. We are becoming positively gay.

Church services on Sundays.

The U.S. Government has arranged to advance to each American a small amount for general expenses. The cost of the *Gripsholm* passage, \$525, has been advanced against our notes. Passage on the *Teia Maru* was at the expense of the Japanese government, reciprocal arrangements having been made for the Japanese on the *Gripsholm*.

As soon as we cleared from the *Teia Maru*, the writers and the correspondents got busy with their papers. Cameras appeared from somewhere. Von Wiegand, Emily Hahn, Mydans and his wife, Gunnison, Covit, Cronin, Brines, and others were at work.

Oct. 29, '43. Friday.

The Rotarians are to have a dinner tonight; it would have been unwise to try this on the *Teia*. There was no place. Anyhow, people did not feel in a Rotarian mood: they were too hungry.

Nov. 4, '43. Wednesday.

We arrived at Port Elizabeth Tuesday night, and went ashore

this forenoon. The famous "Feather Market" building was given over for the two days, with committees and arrangements. There were invitations; professional men entertained colleagues—the engineers, the artists, the church people, the Rotarians. The Mayor and his wife gave a reception at the Town Hall.

And now we sail on the long trip to Rio, our next stop, tired and happy.

Nov. 7, '43. Saturday.

As the voyage progresses, it is remarkable how many of the sick begin to pick up. Everyone has put on weight and is feeling better. Many of the seventeen stretcher cases transferred from the *Teia Maru* are making good progress. John J. Brenneman, who had been so sick, beams his improvement. William Vanbuskirk, eighty-three years old, was in pitiable condition on the *Teia*, his thin limbs showing great swollen joints. Presently he could move about his cabin, then walk out with crutches; now he moves about on his own. Danny Collins, dentist of Shanghai, cheerfully continues the fight against his lung trouble.

But many, many find themselves in such condition that they will require thorough treatment and rest. Some of the ailments are insidious, not easy to detect: nerves, of course; the intestinal disorders; the teeth condition; failure of eyes—this became serious with some, leading to a tendency to stumble; loss of hair; and very noticeable has been the lingering of wounds.

• Many of us spend a part of each morning on the rear deck tanning ourselves in the healing sun.

Nov. 14, '43. Sunday.

Today is my birthday, and we should reach Rio tonight.

Last night a group of us gave a dinner to Dr. and Mrs. Juan Marín, who will disembark at Rio to make their way on to Chile. There was a pretentious dinner menu, but we were spared the formality of dinner coats because we did not have any. Anyway, no gentleman appeared in shorts.

Nov. 16, '43. Tuesday.

Early yesterday morning, through the haze which hung lightly over the city, there appeared a marvelous view of Rio. Like a fairy city, its rows of beautiful buildings emerged gradually in pastel shades, shimmered in the dawn and early sunshine, stretching for miles around the curving bays. High above the rooftops and the ceiling of morning mist, there on the left rose sharp and clear the graceful curve of the Sugar Loaf. Far away beyond the beaches, towered the Corcovado, that dominating peak which rises hard and bold, overlooking the city and its environs, crowned with the lordly Christus, standing with arms outstretched to form the Cross. Beneficent guardian of the Cariocas.

By noon we were alongside the quay. The loud-speaker boomed its welcome. Volunteers were there, ready to advise us. Mail came aboard, heaps of it.

We were met in Rio by former Shanghai friends, among them the J. E. ("Jim") Fullams of the I.T. and T., the W. H. ("Peter") Plants of the U.S. Steel, U. S. Harkson, down from New York. They entertained us at dinners and at Rio's night clubs—the famous Copacabana. We rather expected to be assailed by a bevy of Carmen Mirandas, but were disappointed. There was a large afternoon party at the Country Club. There we met His Excellency Chen Chieh, Ambassador of the Republic of China to Brazil. A full program.

Happy and content, we boarded the *Gripsholm* the next afternoon.

Our next stop will be New York. Home!

Nov. 20, '43. Saturday.

This morning a number of us met at five at the extreme rear of the boat to pay our last respects to A. W. Turner, who had passed away as we neared Rio. He was general manager of Andersen, Meyer and Co., Ltd., leading American engineering and importing house in China. He had been subjected to such harsh inquisition by the Japanese that he was completely broken.

For all of us, except perhaps one or two in charge of the burial, this was a new and sad experience. It was awesome to gather there in

the dark just before the dawn, in silence except for the swish of the awaiting waters of the wide ocean about us. The arrangements were impressive; the white-shrouded figure draped in the American flag, the assistants at attention, the serious-visaged chaplain solemnly intoning the burial service. A few moments of silence, the last reverent act of the attendants, the splash into the dark waters . . .

In hushed thoughtfulness we turned, and the *Gripsholm* carried us speedily away, leaving our friend behind.

Nov. 25, '43. Thursday.

As we near the homeland, we have been talking about the future, about returning to China.

Yes, I will go back. There will be much to do. First, to retrieve what I can. Shall we figure seriously on claims? There will be a tangle of business and personal affairs. I feel that the city will be found essentially intact. Or will there be destruction as the Japanese come to the close of their Shanghai orgy? What will they leave of her industry and business? After the years of the China War, even the best of the city will be badly worn and down at the heels—an immense rehabilitation job.

I have been reading in magazines which have come aboard about the new treaties ceding back the concessions and relinquishing extra-territoriality. It was time for those to go. The matter has been under consideration for decades, but there seemed always to be difficulties.

I am glad, too, that at last we have found a way to correct that old exclusion injustice.

Nov. 26, '43. Friday.

I cannot but wonder what effect the new treaty will have on the life of the foreigner in Shanghai, on his business. The first idea that occurs is that life will be very different. But will it? Thinking it over, I, as an old China hand, am not one of those who feel that the change will be too great, that we now lose something that was too good to last. I do feel that the opportunity will still remain for those who have something worth while to offer.

There has been harsh criticism of the foreign businessman in China during the past decades—unfair criticism, too. Those I have known during three decades have generally been about the same as good businessmen anywhere else—honest, straightforward, respected.

The grumpy old taipan of other days had his idiosyncrasies, but he was generally a likable fellow and a gentleman. His Chinese associates accepted him in that spirit. They too had idiosyncrasies, and they were likable fellows and gentlemen. Each according to his own background and culture, which happened to be different but understandable.

The foreign businessman of our day in China is not the picturesque character the old taipan was, but he is probably a better businessman. His Chinese associates too have changed with the times. Many of the younger men have been educated in colleges abroad. Both sides have benefited by their business relations; it has been mutual, friendly business, and I believe it will continue.

Nov. 27, '43. Saturday.

Even the past two decades—only—have seen such extension of social intercourse between the Chinese and foreigners as would have astonished the old taipan—and his compradore. The two groups have reached new understandings of each other. I feel that the new position of the Chinese woman, particularly in social affairs, has had much to do with this new relation. Friendships and social intercourse between Chinese and foreigners have become close and genuine.

Yes, life will be different in many ways, particularly in the big business. How different, cannot now be foreseen; it will have to be worked out, negotiated. But certainly there will be many opportunities, probably increasing with the years.

We must be realistic on both sides. There are many big Chinese problems too: unity, the Republic, the administration; currency and exchange control in their relation to the rest of the world; relief and rehabilitation—a tremendous task; and the development of industry and trade with all their domestic and foreign ramifications.

Shanghai is one of the world's very crossroads. People have come from all over the world to see. Our friends came; the great came;

tourists came—and adventurers came. They all added to the glamour of Shanghai.

I am sure that when the planes and steamers set out on their Victory sailings to the Far East, they will be crowded.

Nov. 28, '43. Sunday.

As we near the close of this voyage which has been so momentous, my thoughts turn back in reminiscence.

It has been a voyage of 21,000 land miles, over a period of seventy-two days, in the course of which we have traversed all the hemispheres, crossed the Equator four times, and passed from war prisons to freedom.

I have tried to value what the past years have meant. A group of us were talking about this today—one a medical man from Shanghai. Was it an ordeal? The doctor was positive: A life of two years or more in conditions of war and internment under the Japanese would leave its mark for life; not just a memory, but a mark.

The effects must depend in great measure on each individual's reaction, his resiliency. Could he bounce back into place after repeated trials? Could he make a sort of camping experience out of an internment camp?

The great majority entered upon the war and internment with fortitude.

For many of those who were seized and taken to the Bridge House, there were violence and torture. For all of us, there was internment. There were personal indignities and the eternally repeated inquisitions; general neglect, restrictions; malnutrition, lack of medicines and vitamins, of fruits and vegetables. The results: aches, intestinal disorders, serious sicknesses; impairment of nerves and mind; eye and teeth troubles; loss of vitality and energy; loss of weight. We had practically no communication with the outside world; and knew endless worry about family and self, personal belongings, business. We fought camp weariness as the months went by.

And what of those who have been left behind? Without doubt their circumstances will become much worse. For these there will be further want, malnutrition, cold, sickness. Will there be reprisals? The picture is not bright.

Nov. 29, '43. Monday.

Romance has been aboard. After all, this is a long sea trip and there have been tropical nights. Bengt Erik Forsblad, Swedish, Assistant Purser, and Miss Sheila Baskett, Canadian, from Hong Kong, who met on the *Gripsholm*, were married today.

The weather is getting chilly. People are bringing out such overcoats as they have, and the heavy Red Cross shirts and sweaters and scarfs.

Already I have about completed my "packing," and tried to make a suit and an old camel-hair overcoat look presentable. Unfortunately I have no hat. When I think of landing in New York with old camp clothes, I sometimes wish I had taken more clothes and less food into internment. No, I'm still glad I took the coffee and milk and sugar.

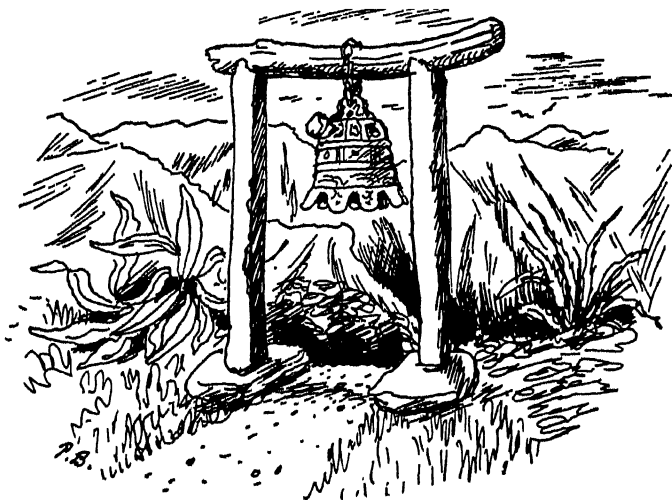
Nov. 30, '43. Tuesday.

We entered New York Harbor late tonight. It is cold and foggy outside. Far ahead in the darkness stands the Goddess of Liberty—but her light has been blacked out during these two war years. Perhaps we shall see her in the early dawn.

Tomorrow morning we shall dock!

There will be Edna Lee waiting for me, and Patty, who left me in Shanghai when she was fourteen and is now a young lady. John, nineteen, whom I have not seen for well over four years, will be down from Harvard in Navy uniform.

This evening sleep does not call; there is too much to think about.



PART VIII

A New Era

AND so John's story ended. After three anxious years of separation, our family is once again united.

My husband is home, yes; but he was hardly unpacked when he began to talk of "going back." Like so many of our Chinese and American friends who are here as refugees from the Orient, he is waiting for the day of return—waiting for the clipper ship flying westward. John has our passage engaged, and even while our B-29's bomb the Japanese-held port cities of China, he is making post-war plans for Shanghai. Here in America I realize how truly my husband is an "Old China Hand." He and many others of the *Gripsholm* repatriots now in New York meet occasionally at the Shanghai Tiffin Club, India House, and the Wall Street Club, and they talk and live China. They are convinced that the Sino-American friendship which has matured in this war will crystallize in the years which follow the victorious peace and they desire to do their part in promoting that peace.

We shall return to a different Shanghai. (Sometimes in the dead of night I think of Japan's threat to destroy the port.) The Treaty Port era is ended. We shall return to a China freed from the resentment which rose out of past treaties. I am glad that there will be no more anti-foreign student riots, and processions with Young China hurling cries of "Foreign Imperialists" at Americans. We shall return under new relations based on friendship, equality, fairness, as set forth in the new Sino-American Treaty of 1943, and in the American legislation of 1943 which puts the matter of Chinese immigration into our own country upon a revised, quota basis. China's problems of rehabilitation after long years of war will be staggering and will tax the abilities of her leaders and of her friends. The problems of trade and economic relations with the West resulting from the abolition of the treaty of 1844 and of extraterritoriality will be many, but Chungking and Washington are already at work.

A one-hundred-year cycle in Sino-American relations is ended. A new era breaks . . .

Strangely enough, when I think of China here in New York, 1945, it is to Old Cathay that my thoughts first turn, to Old China and her four thousand years, and her massive strength of people.

I remember the visit of my Chinese teacher, Mr. Chu, to our home one afternoon shortly before I sailed. He presented me with a long scroll: a chart, he said, of China's dynasties, to help me remember. I was intrigued with its blocks and dates and strange names.

There were thick blocks and thin, some irregular and broken, some dark-shaded and some clear.

As he expounded this chart to me—in China the Great Ones always expounded the Classics—I came to see how slowly China's history has moved along, how little is a century in the annals of that great race; how the ills of one period inevitably find redress in the next, and the prosperity and culture of one age give way and are submerged. One flowering follows another during the centuries, flowerings on the same old stock.

Mr. Chu began far back in legendary times, moved on down through the Golden Age of the Five Rulers, whose exploits are shrouded in fancy; on to the shadowy Hsia rulers and into the Sheng

Dynasty in the second millennium B.C. There we found the beginnings of *empire*.

But China first knew greatness under the Chou—a long rule of nine hundred years during which Pericles and Alexander flourished, and Greece began her decline. Confucius, Mencius, and Lao-tse were then giving their wisdom to the world.

Shortly after the Chou, and coeval with Augustus and the greatness of Rome, there reigned over the broadening empire of a highly prosperous and cultured China the strong Han Dynasty, which has given its name to the race—the Sons of Han.

Mr. Chu pointed out the importance of that glorious age. It witnessed the birth of Christ, and those fierce clashes in the North which hurled great masses of barbarians westward, clashes which were felt to the limits of the Roman Empire.

China's name resounded throughout Asia and the Roman world.

A period of darkness followed—the centuries when the barbarians were overrunning Europe and destroying the Roman Empire. It was a period of Romance, of the Three Kingdoms. The wise men came to the conclusion that the end of China's greatness had come. The people sought solace in religion.

But again China rose, to a brilliance never equaled either before or since. While Europe lay in the shadows of the Dark Ages, the Tang Emperors brought China to the very zenith of her greatness. She excelled in every form of human endeavor. Those Men of Tang!

Once more came retraction, in empire and in culture. But this was followed just as surely by three centuries of the Sung prosperity.

The old master became vehement.

"But the Sung Emperors lost our heritage!"

Yes, to the fierce Mongol aggressors of the North, to the Golden Horde of Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan, conquerors of Asia. It was the time of Marco Polo.

Then arose the Ming—the Brilliant—to overcome their barbarian overlords. They ushered in another period of aggrandizement—during the time of the Italian Renaissance. But this did not reach the heights of power and prestige attained by the Han and the Tang.

After three centuries the Ming, too, fell ingloriously, again to the northern aggressor, this time the Manchu.

Though the Ch'ing, or Manchu, Dynasty gave China two great rulers, K'ang Hsi and Chien Lung, its eventual corruption brought woe. But there was still hope. The Western powers were extending their contacts with China, and the people were reawakening to a new nationalism.

The patriotic movement of Sun Yat-sen resulted in the overthrow of the Manchus in 1911, and the establishment of the Republic in 1912.

"The Manchus," said Mr. Chu, "had exhausted the Mandate of Heaven.

"Our historians are now compiling the Ch'ing records. They belong to us.

"But this glimpse into our past will not be complete, nor serve well its purpose, unless we have faith: that China's aggressor of today shall too be driven out, to leave no name among the annals of our rulers. Another block will be added to our Chart—at the bottom, supporting all the rest—which will represent another long era of Chinese peace and prosperity."

He called for an ink slab and brush, rubbed the gold-lettered ink cake over the moist surface.

And with the delicate strokes of the scholar's brush, he added one more block to the Chart:

New China.

The elderly scholar seemed a mystic as he sat in the high-backed teakwood chair, dignified in his rich black satin robe and sleeveless jacket of dark blue brocade. His face was as if carved from mellow ivory, and his hands, as he lifted the lid from his fragile tea bowl, were tapering, graceful.

After a bit he said:

"This time of ours is like a strange confused dream. But it is only a day in China's ten thousand yesterdays, in her ten thousand to-morrows."

The well known foreign correspondent Edna Lee Booker here depicts Japan's tragic invasion of China as seen by a representative American family, her own, long resident in Shanghai. Her husband takes up the story from the emergency evacuation of women and children in 1940, and carries on to his final repatriation in December, 1943.

The gracious Shanghai of the 1920's, where young Edna Lee Booker went as International News Service correspondent, and where she married an American businessman, John Potter, is the background to her tale of Japan's gradual encroachment. Both in Shanghai and at the beautiful North China seaside resort where Mrs. Potter and her daughter spent the summer of 1940, they saw the brutal oppression of the natives by the Japanese, and the beginning of the end for American residents. Then, with but four days to get ready, she and her daughter were forced to flee the country, leaving Mr. Potter at his post. His description of his three years as an enemy alien, of internment, of the tedious trip home and the exhilaration of freedom once more, rounds out the story with many stirring details.

But along with the excitement and the heart-rending experiences are delightful scenes in which Old Amah, Snow Pine, and Ah Kun, beloved members of the Potters' household, play their part. The book as a whole presents a valid, informal picture of life in China under the menace of the Japanese.

EDNA LEE BOOKER, newspaperwoman and lecturer from coast to coast, made her home for twenty years in Shanghai and has traveled some 50,000 miles in the Chinese hinterland in pursuit of news. She speaks Chinese, has a real understanding and affection for the people, and has interviewed and come to know personally many outstanding men and women of China.

The wife of a prominent businessman in Shanghai (John S. Potter), she has served on the Church Committee for China Relief and the China Child Welfare Committee. Since her enforced return to New York she has worked on the United China Relief Committee. As correspondent of the International News Service, and as a wife and mother meeting the problems of raising children in the Far East, Miss Booker has had many rich experiences.

She is a member of the Overseas Press Club of America and of the Pen and Brush Club of New York.

JOHN S. POTTER, American businessman, was at the time of Pearl Harbor manager of a large American real estate company and had been in that business in Shanghai for nearly thirty years. He was also vice president and general manager of the largest Chinese daily newspaper in China.

Mr. Potter went as a young man to the Philippines in the United States Government service. He resigned from this to become secretary-treasurer of a growing American real estate company in Shanghai, where, in the years that followed, he played an active part in American and international affairs. He served on committees of the American Association, the American Chamber of Commerce, the Shanghai Municipal Council, and was Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Shanghai American School.