

Non-Combatant Deaths Are Seen in Sino-Japanese War

Following is the concluding installment of an article written by Lt. Kirk Smith, relating incidents of the present disorder in Japan:

August 21
Something happens everyday to keep things from becoming monotonous. This morning a Japanese plane fell in the river about a quarter of a mile upstream from us; there was a strong ebb tide at the time and the plane was soon washed down and caught under the large pontoon to which we are tied and was submerged so that only the tail was above water. The fuselage which has been constantly ashored across the river from us sent over a working party in an attempt to dislodge the plane but they were unsuccessful and we finally had to give them a hand even though we hated to lend any assistance to the Japanese. Our instant in helping them was anything but altruistic for we felt that the plane might still be carrying some bombs which might be jerryed into exploding and it was also possible that another ebb tide might drift the plane down the pontoon and under our propellers and make a fine article for us to get clear of in case we had to get under way in a hurry.

The Chinese coolies were standing around watching the procedure and were very much puzzled as to just why the U. S. Navy was aiding their (the Chinese) sworn enemies and persecutors. The Chinese have been very much happier since we tied up here, for they seem to feel that an American warship, no matter what type or size, is adequate protection against almost anything.

After the plane was successfully freed from the pontoon and hauled out into the stream the Japs signalled us their thanks and several of their ships which came up the river later had apparently received the word and also signalled thanks as they passed.

Today we have an opportunity to even up the score by taking care of some Chinese in distress. There are two villages on our side of the river downstream from us and about a mile back from the shore; apparently there have been some Chinese snipers concealed in that vicinity who have been taking pot shots at the Jap ships as they steam by and who have been machine gunning the Jap planes. The Japs in an effort to clean out the snipers this morning anchored about a half-mile down stream from us and let fly with their big guns at the beach and the villages.

The first inkling we had of the extent of the damage done to the villages was when someone brought me word that there was an injured youngster up at the head of the dock. I went up and found a little boy about 16 or 18 months of age lying quietly in his father's arms on a stretcher and not making a whimper; when I pulled back the filthy mat in which the father had wrapped him and lifted up an ever so little towel which was covering the injury, I could hardly believe my eyes and, for the first time in my life received a cogent lesson in what is meant by the horrors of war.

This poor little baby had received a shrapnel wound in the lower abdomen and three-fourths of his intestines had been forced out through it, although the bowel was perforated only in one place; in addition to this he had a torn, gaping wound over the left hip. My first impression (and my best one, I guess) was that it was useless to try to do anything for him except to make death as painless as possible, yet I couldn't help but marvel at the way the little thing lay there while I examined him without even a whimper and furthermore his quietness was not due to shock for he was wide awake, and his pulse was good. So after having it explained to the father that the youngster would probably die but that we would do what we could with his permission we went ahead. We anaesthetized him and then with great difficulty entered the ruptured bowel, placed the intestine back in the abdomen and closed the wound which was about 4 inches in length; but just as I got the abdomen closed, just what I had been expecting occurred; and the poor little thing died, although death probably saved him much pain, and was almost certain no matter what was done for him.

However, our unsuccessful handling of the first case was no deterrent to the other injured in the vicinity for in about half an hour they began flocking in. One of the patients was the mother of the dead baby; she had a gaping compound wound of her back and another which had carried away a portion of her right thigh; she was about 35 years of age with young children; she was bleeding from the face and through-and-through bullet wounds of the trunk to shrapnel wounds which had carried away large areas of her skin—some were women and some men. We bandaged them up and dressed their wounds as best we could, but we

plies, and, of course, we are not equipped to care for such extensive gun shot injuries so any repair work we did was of the most rudimentary and temporary nature.

The thing that impressed me most about all of the patients both men and women was their stoical tolerance of what must have been excruciating pain. Of course, some of them were numbed by their injuries, but none of them seemed to be in actual shock and they bore even the most strenuous and painful treatment better than any patients I have ever seen.

August 22
This morning I went to Shanghai on the Texaco tender with several others from here, we were on a long tireless trip as we towed an oil barge all of the way. My purpose in coming up was to replenish my supply of bandages, sutures, etc. which was rather badly depleted after yesterday's activities—so badly depleted in fact that in the event of anything happening to the crew here I would be rather seriously handicapped.

Mr. Johnson, one of the Texaco men, and I went around town together; the city sorely looked strangely quiet and deserted; there appeared to be the normal number of Chinese on the street but very few from here were evident and I don't believe that we saw more than one or two foreign women. Armed guards of all types are stationed at every crossing throughout the streets; cars were noticeably scarcer as were all types of traffic and many business houses were boarded shut; most of the firms which were open remain so only until 1 p. m. daily.

Johnson and I were eating lunch at the Y.M.C.A. on Nanking road when we heard a terrific explosion and crashing explosion which sounded as though it were just outside of the Y. We rushed to the river to see a smoke billowing up from the middle of Nanking road about three blocks from us. You will have probably read about this bomb explosion long ere you receive this; it completely destroyed one of the larger department stores here which is located just across the street from Wing On's, the city's largest department store. The press reports that about 300 were killed and 700 injured, and after seeing the shambles I can believe this is true; many were injured by shattered glass; windows for blocks around were broken. In less than five minutes after the explosion the wounded began to stream down Nanking road past where we were, some were walking, others riding in cabs, and others in automobiles. A fine testimony to the emergency organization which the Shanghai Municipal Council has built up was seen in the speed with which ambulances and emergency conveyances reported to the scene and evacuated the dead and wounded which we could see piled up on the trucks and in the ambulances as they came tearing past us; these conveyances, make-shift though some of them were, were in the ground picking up the victims within five minutes after the explosion.

There can be no excuse for the dropping of that bomb. Sincere's is a long way back from the Bund and there are no troops of any kind in that area; even the greatest inaccuracy could not account for the dropping of a shell or bomb in that vicinity—it is purely wanton destruction of human life. As usual the Japs are trying to blame the thing in the most convincing and logical manner, on the Chinese, but I don't think they are going to be able to do it this time.

When we got back to the Parrott I found several more wounded in need of attention; most of these were more seriously injured than those I saw yesterday; one man with his foot completely shot off, another girl about 15 with a shot through the spine and another with a foot badly mangled by shrapnel; I had to turn them away, but I am going to have to start doing it tomorrow, for I

Appear on Club's Opening Program



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chapek II who appeared on opening program of the Barrington Woman's club.

could only get enough supplies to day to barely take care of our crowd here on the Parrott in case anything happened. I feel so helpless and handicapped to see those poor people suffering dumbly and be unable to do more for them than to dress their wounds and ease their pain. They all need hospital care and most of them are going to Shanghai on the Texaco tender where we understand they will be given the best care possible under the circumstances, at the Lester Institute.

More wounded this morning for which I can only supply a temporary dressing and send them on to Shanghai; they are all such pitiful sights; most of them in addition to sustaining these terrible wounds have lost their homes and all of their property.

The Japs have been anchored down stream from us (about half a mile) all day and have been driving a way at some Chinese troops about a mile back from the shore on the opposite side of the river from us.

This evening things finally got so hot we had to move out. The Japs had succeeded in landing some troops in the afternoon and apparently the Chinese were on the river where they were and also got a line on the Jap ships because about 10 p. m. the Chinese started letting go with some big guns which we figured were about eight miles away. Most of the shots were in the Japanese direction, all right, but when one or two of them lit directly across the river from us the skipper decided it was time to move and he had the full cooperation of all hands.

We are now anchored at the Standard Oil dock with the Redall and it looks like a quiet night—which I think we have all earned after the having we have been taking for the past two hours.

I'm afraid that this is so long that it has become boring; I'll try to keep succeeding installments brief.

—Kirk

Continued Activity Sustains September Suburban Building

Suburban building in September in the Chicago region amounted to \$2,463,834—a substantial but not spectacular total—exceeding the amount reported in September of last year, which was \$2,421,641, but falling short of last month's very unusual total of \$4,102,379, according to a survey made by Greenbaum Sons Investment Co. Inc.

That August exceeded September may be explained without

delving very deep into facts. The August survey was increased by three great industrial jobs—the plants of the McGraw Electric Company at Elgin, the American Smelting and Refining Company in Hammond and the Acme Steel Plant in Riverdale—totaling \$1,560,000. Deduct this amount from the August total and the remainder, representing the regular run of current building is \$2,842,379. This shows that September, which

had no new industrial construction whatever, was a good average summer month and the decline nothing to get excited about. In fact excepting the August factory permits, the July, August and September figures were substantially the same.

Home building gave the same indication of a continuation of substantial building. In September 211 homes were started, to cost \$1,424,392. This runs strikingly parallel with the figures for July and August. It may be noted also that September home building was almost the same as that of the first big month of spring, March, when the total was 215 homes to cost \$1,923,475. It is apparent that home building is still the largest and most active factor in suburban building and of the most dependable. If it did not show a small gain in September as it did last year, neither is any setback in incidence in the figures. Two equally good months are apparently in store, with of course a considerable drop in December.

The remodeling and repair of homes has been emphasized by the press, the better homes magazines and the manufacturers of building materials and equipment as a most desirable and profitable activity for home owners. The result of this publicity is continuously evident in this survey. In the Chicago suburban region thus far this year alterations and repairs to homes have amounted to \$2,921,510, an average of \$331,534 per month. The September figure is \$233,137 and above the average.

Following are some comparative figures taken from the survey:

Barrington	\$ 6,000	\$ 200
Crest Hill	4,250	15,000
Des Plaines	2,702	2,250
Elgin	35,841	28,175
Elmhurst	51,020	45,533
Glenview	37,650	65,500
Highland Park	92,524	139,050
LaGrange	25,985	21,800
Lake Forest	84,568	44,323

Libertyville None 200
Maywood 25,000 12,470
Melrose Park 5,050 16,000
Mt. Prospect 59,088 None
Niles Center 59,400 43,375
Oak Park 40,315 216,245
Park Ridge 33,263 34,900
St. Charles None 1,500
Waukegan 60,224 13,425

Local Scouts Given Awards at Council-Wide Court of Honor

An audience of over 400 scouts, scouters' parents and friends of scouting attended the council-wide court of honor held at the Arlington Heights high school October 11. Ninety different awards were made to scouts and scouters from 16 troops.

The following awards were made to scouts of Barrington: troop 21, Ray Catlow, second class; troop 25, Melvin Schroeder, safety and woodwork merit badge; troop 16, Paul Pohlman, star scout award; troop 11, Ralph Benoit, star scout award.

The opening ceremony was presided by the host troop No. 7 of Arlington Heights under the leadership of Asst. Scoutmaster Edward M. Adam. A. M. Conger, principal of the high school, gave a brief message of welcome.

As a part of the court of honor program, Charles Passmore, chairman of the committee on scout advancement made a brief talk on the values of the merit badge program.

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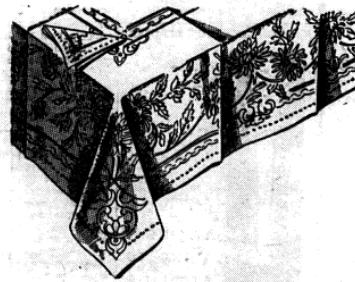
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