

United China's Tribute to The 19th Route Army

The Saga of Tsinanfu

A Document of An Immortal Episode

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THIS story really began in the year 1906, when a son and heir was born to Wang King, laundryman of New York's East side, but not until 1928 did incidents of sufficient interest take place to justify a chronicle.

In the world of our time it is rather a long sweep from New York 1906 to chaotic, republican China 1928, yet when it is the mission of evolution to accustom us to change, often swift and sensational, it is easier to ride on the crest of the wave than to back peddle starboard.

Toward the end of April 1928 the spotlight of world attention took a turn away from Europe, War Debts, and Reparations, and revolutionary China became the object of examination. There was some talk of a new force—a New China—of a Celestial land no longer inscrutable but up and doing, big yellow fist pounding on the closed doors of America and Europe. Tired of their own debates the Great Powers, thankfully turned from the morass at home, opened their back doors, and stuck their heads out.

There was, so the papers informed the nations, a first class revolution going on. The scene of operations had spread from the southern provinces to the Yangtse Valley—about Nanking, around Shanghai. The liberal papers in America and England spoke about the old, old story—the old order passing and the new coming along. A bunch of young Chinese, some of whom had been educated in America, spotted the two Western observers. They gave a joyous shout and tugged Europe by the sleeve: America they grabbed by the coat lapels. 'Take an interest in our revolution,' they cried, 'We're going to build up a new national life, but first of all we must exterminate the enemy within!'

The Great Powers were horrified. Calamity! Bolshevism! The Collapse of Trade in the East! Enthusiastic New China got nothing out of either Uncle Sam or Uncle Jonathan. 'Nothing doing!' said those two worthies. But Young Nationalist China carried on undaunted under the banner of the White Sun in the Blue Sky. The Kuo Min Tang had decided to put an end to the northern warlords who had taken refuge under the Japanese flag in Shantung. Every available battalion of the Cantonese Kuo Min Tang and northwestern Kuo Min Chun armies, so the Nationalist press averred, was ready for service.

The young patriots all over the country urged the soldiers on with cheery exhortations. It would be an immortal and ever glorious campaign! China would be free! China would be a Power. Never more under the heel of humiliating foreign dominion! Victory was in the air. Triumph had thus far crowned every feat of Nationalist Arms. The cry of Red and Communist had accelerated

rather than retarded, the progress of the Kuo Min Tang. In a few short years the whole country had witnessed a miracle. Old China was said to be on its last legs: only in far away Manchuria—the last stronghold of feudal China, was the old five barred flag of the Republic fluttering in the breeze.

Naturally, the propaganda was too sweeping to be entirely true. In many northern provinces the old order was holding out, indeed putting up bitter and stiff resistance. But of the final outcome there could be little doubt. Nationalism had reared to towering heights. Very soon every vestige of Imperial China and its puppets would be torn away and trampled underfoot. Those that loved the pomp and dignity of the past naturally tried to keep up appearances, but the new nationalism from overseas seemed irresistible. The Powers said among themselves: China is waking up. China demands the abolition of extraterritoriality. China demands tariff autonomy. We had better look into the matter and see what we can get out of it.

In the China treaty ports the Cantonese were anathema. Both in foreign and certain Chinese circles. Nationalism meant the end of many privileges, many illegal and detrimental to the nation's good name and progress. 'The Red Cantonese and the Kuo Min Tang must be stopped,' they cried. 'China is getting too cocky. Something ought to be done to show the Chinese from the south that they are only very small fry.'

The foreign diehards and the Chinese get-rich-quick class got their wish. Heaven and Japan save them! New China will one day rise in its great strength and crush them, every miserable, ungenerous foreigner, every dastardly traitor!

For in the capital of the Japanese Empire, Nipponese conceit heard the plaintive cry of the China Treaty Port foreigners and the Chinese Judas Iscariots. The Japanese General Staff, under the leadership and patronage of their old chief, General Baron Tanaka, Premier of Japan, planned the "protection" of Tsinanfu in Shantung, from the assaults of the "Red" troops under the Kuo Min Tang General Chiang Kai Shek. But a year previous, the ambitious Tanaka had submitted his Memorial to His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, calling for the conquest of China's Three Eastern Provinces, as the preliminary to the subjugation of China Proper. The Nationalist Chinese got wind of the plot, and resented it bitterly. Nationalist China vigorously protested against the despatch of Japanese troops to Shantung. They declared it to be an act of war and interference in the domestic affairs of a friendly nation. But Tanaka and his jingoistic General Staff were not to be turned away by talk. The Japanese troops were sent in thousands to Shantung. In

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Chinese defenders in the front line barricades at Shanghai North Station stoutly repulsing the enemy's attacks. These positions were most heavily bombed from the air daily for more than a month. Not once did the enemy succeed in capturing these lightly barricaded vantage points in the face of a withering automatic machine gun and rifle fire.

retaliation, a nationwide anti-Japanese boycott gave eloquent proof of the resentment of the Chinese people. Both nations developed extremely warlike tendencies—Japan in militaristic gestures, China in economic directions. Naturally, the innocents on both sides suffered, as they always suffer, for the pride of those who forge the national destinies.

Economic boycott, and the rigid enforcement of the military weapon by the Japanese further increased the crop of ill will, one nation for the other. But the Japanese, insanely angry owing to their losses in trade, failed to appreciate the fact that the way of the transgressor is never paved with roses. More and more Japanese troops were despatched to China. Shantung swarmed with Japanese: there were troop movements and stabs in the back—Japan's way of fighting since time immemorial. The Japanese General Staff were hardly content with all this. Parades through Chinese territory in Shanghai and Hankow still further aggravated and inflamed Chinese public opinion. The swashbuckling manner of Japanese engendered uncontrollable feelings of hatred. An explosion was the inevitable and expected result.

Ancient history favored China. Old wounds were opened. Both nations, though unofficially, were at war. The Kuo Min Tang issued secret

orders. The Japanese were to be boycotted and economically ruined. The Japanese army in Shantung became more arrogant and aggressive. Independent observers declared that Japan sought a quarrel with the Kuo Min Tang armies. The reason? Japan desired no interference from any third party, as North China was her especial sphere of influence. The Kuo Min Tang Party was unwelcome in the north. The Japanese Army had been sent there to bar the way. Japan feared the coming of the Nationalist influence; she was quite content to maintain the status quo: she did not desire to see the elimination of the traitors and corruption in the Three Eastern Provinces. In principle, liberal world opinion decided against Japan. The United States regarded the Japanese invasion of Shantung with disapproval, while the American press loudly denounced the attitude of General Baron Tanaka, Nippon's ambitious Premier, and the Japanese General Staff in Tokyo, who were, so the American editors said, endangering the peace of the world.

The news soon spread over the world. The Republic of China and Imperial Japan were about to renew an old controversy. An ancient feud had broken out again. The stage was set for calamity.

Calamity came.

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The Japanese showed themselves to be worse than beasts, who at least have some kind of instinctive honor. The Japanese military machine operating in defenceless China had none, and desired to acquire none. The Chinese, in their turn, were accused by the Japanese of instigating the quarrel. The Chinese, they said, had been looking for trouble and had got what they were looking for.

Let us see which nation was right.

II.

Sam Lee Wang, the American-born son of Wang King, had been selected by an old secret society, of which his father was a member, to join the chosen band of foreign born and educated Chinese youths for training in a new political organisation, which the world was later to know as the Kuo Min Tang.

Sam Lee Wang had been only eight years old when the Great World War broke out. Sam didn't know much about the world outside of his native land—America—but he knew a great deal about race prejudice and race hatred. It wasn't always a

that was as inflexible as it was insistent. He had been reared in that peculiar Eurasian atmosphere at home which was not favorable to the moulding of a firm and self-sufficient character. Yet Sam was of stern stuff. Because he had suffered defeat and humiliation as a poor Chinese lad, he was able as a rich son to exert a good and useful influence upon every action of his father, whom he adored. All Chinatown said that Sam was the soul of honor. He had the right kind of ideals; he loved his native land. But deep down in his being, Sam Lee Wang also loved, with a passion that was almost fanatical, another land of which he was almost entirely ignorant—his racial fatherland—his father's country. One day, Sam knew, he, too, like Yoshio, would return to the racial fatherland. He would fight for it—his country—and the country of his ancestors.

Perhaps it was Sam Lee Wang's destiny to see only the bitter and sad sides of life, the gray clouds that, in spite of his wealth, hovered about him, and blotted out the silver skeins above. He had always to exert muscle and strain his eyes to discover which were the genuine friendships offered him. He had seen great achievements take place—the coming of victorious American troops



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America. But now Sam knew in his heart that he had forfeited the right to her love. Just think of it! He might even be compelled to kill Americans and other foreigners. He felt noble enough to sacrifice his happiness on the altar of patriotism. How many Sam Lee Wangs there were in the world! But it worried Sam Lee Wang a great deal. Sam's love for the girl was not only a physical one, but a mental and spiritual one. If he should be killed, therefore, in the service of his country, Sam felt that she should know of it—that she should know the whole story and the exact situation. She should learn of his short life in China.....how nobly he died....a gallant American, if she wanted to think that way, as any American citizen who ever lived.

Sam Lee Wang dedicated his diary to his sweetheart. He addressed it to her, and everything in it was written only for her. He used only the pronouns I and you and we and yours. It is an intensely personal and heartbreaking document, but not one line of it is ridiculous or illogically sentimental. Sam Lee Wang could not have been sentimental or frivolous: his life was a tragedy though unassociated with the general principle of tragedy. Sam Lee Wang's tragedy was a tragedy of mind: the cruelties he suffered, the cruelties of

psychological phenomena....Sam Lee Wang gave his life for his country, as he nobly hoped.

You might think the following account from his diary to be a singularly hopeless and tragic record. It is not. He speaks of life with seriousness, of love with tenderness, and he states his hopes and reveals his belief in immortality.....that is all.

But even more than the intimate account of Sam Lee Wang's life in China, it is the story of Tsinanfu and the Japanese occupation, the Japanese murder, the Japanese atrocity. It is the real story. The story that has now become by public right the common property of the Chinese nation....and for that matter of the world. Perhaps it is not such a contribution to literature or to wisdom....let us hope it shall become more than that. Sam Lee Wang personified the self-sacrifice and unfettered nobility of patriots unknown and unsung. His document, with its human intensity, should help us all, Men of Han or Men of Other Parts, to reform our stunted philosophies and religions. It is the simple intelligence whereof we are prone to ignore... we can afford this attitude of short vision no longer, since, as Sam Lee Wang explains, there are other things besides democracy.

There to be read.....Sam Lee Wang's words.



The men of the Chinese army know how to take cover while keeping on the alert for Japanese raiding parties. A portion of the gallant defence force stationed at Kiangwan.

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III.

"The Diary of Sam Lee Wang, a Chinese who loves his country and hopes some day to die for her and for all who profess and call themselves Chinese. These daily records are dedicated to Marion Hereford, an American girl of European blood, whom the undersigned loves with all that is best within him. Begun this first day of October: 1925—Sam Lee Wang."

Sam wrote those words aboard the steamship that bore him across the broad Pacific to his racial fatherland....his "country" as he now proudly called it. The first reference of any importance to this story comes on the 14th day of the month when the vessel sailed from Yokohama enroute to Kobe and Shanghai.

He says:

"Can you beat it, Marion? Today I met Yoshio Matsuura in Tokyo. I located him after a gruelling day of enquiry, because none of the Japanese policemen can speak enough English to direct one correctly. At last, however, I found him. He has altered. He looks strange. He has gone native; perhaps in the same way as I shall. He was wearing a kimono and was really not very glad to see me. Perhaps it is his environment...not such a show place, you know,...just a little half-paper and wood house, in the typical Japanese style. About six small rooms in it. He said his father is happy. I wonder if Yoshio himself is! He's in the Japanese army. He was conscripted, you see...even though he was born in America. He's very short of course, but then all Japanese are short, but he's a soldier, at any rate.

"He has many years of enlistment ahead...I wonder if he has given up all thoughts of ever returning to America, as I have...."

On the 25th of October 1925, Sam Lee Wang arrived in Canton. Of this red letter day, he writes: "I have just arrived in Canton. I left America a month ago. Here are a few things I want to tell you, Marion. I love America...her people, her ideals, her fine generosity. I hope to make it abundantly clear in this my diary. I may say a few things which may appear to be anti-American, but I am a Chinese born in New York, and therefore cannot honestly be expected to think like a white American. For not being a white man, I have very real rights to appraise, justly, or unjustly, as the mood dictates, what America and the rest of the white nations have done for my father's country. Mine is the other side of the case, and I know, Marion, you, will give me a fair hearing. Yes, I know that you, Marion will give me that fair hearing which is characteristic of all genuine Americans. I will try to be impartial, but we both know that it is difficult to be strictly without racial and national prejudice, and my sympathies are always for those of my own color.

"With every energy, with every good intention, I shall strive to serve the New China and, if she needs it, I shall fight and die for her. God helping me, I can do nothing less than that. What is there in my world except life imperfect and happiness deferred? Because I come of a breed

that has never been wiped out, and because I was educated by an alien race that has never surrendered unless thoroughly beaten, because I come from the land of historical revolt and legendary freedom, I say with pride, Marion, I love you. I would have asked you to be my wife, if I hadn't been selected by destiny for duty over here. I have loved you in other lives, so more perfect is my love in this, so that's why I can give you up. And you, too, having loved me before, can also give up. Is it much that we give? Is it? I'll just give my version. Why did we come into this world in such odd physical forms? Why is that some, who lose things of great value cannot grieve, while those who lose insignificant treasure make of themselves objects of misery and sometimes receive the pity of their world? Why is it that you and I are not sad, why is it that we do not weep, or grieve, or wear long faces? Isn't it because we are really glad to give away our most precious possession knowing that to give is nobler than to receive? Why! That's it! Much is in store for us! Meanwhile, we are only a young man and a young woman. Some things are harder to let go than others. But two things we have which we cannot surrender even to Heaven. And they are? Your spirit, my spirit. We are no longer bodies with imperfect figures, different complexions, larger or smaller limbs. We are living a great life in the spirit, with all kinds of contentment, with every variety of happiness. We always have travelled side by side, Marion, far longer than we ever may know in this life. So, in my diary, you're by my side, and when I turn to you, I have your full attention. Between you and me there never can be futility or misunderstanding. We have achieved paradise already: the reason we are not together in the flesh is no concern of yours or mine. We bow to an omnipotent Will. Heaven does not help us when we pray. Heaven guides us to our work.....and so we are as we are, and that's that."

That is enough philosophy from Sam Lee Wang for the present.

IV.

We skip over the pages till the year 1928 is reached. The previous years are interesting, but have no actual bearing on this story.....but the year 1928. That year marked the culmination of the Chinese dream of 1925 for a reunited country under one flag, obeying one impulse—nationalism. The Kuo Ming Tang had left the days of its adolescence behind, and had grown up, in all the confidence of youth turned manhood. Nationalist China demanded equality, respect, and a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations....in other words, a place in the sun. But first of all, New China was endeavoring to be master of its own house. The Japanese did not desire it—the consummation of the Kuo Min Tang matrimonial alliance of North and South. The Japanese elected to stand in the way. In reply, Nationalist China issued its usual call to the people: "All comrades must rise to defend the national honor, to preserve the territorial sovereignty. All loyal Kuo Min Tang members must stand by the Party, the Nation, and the Race!"

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Those Western countries, used to war on a terrific scale, would regard the hostilities that broke out between the Chinese and Japanese forces around Tsinan, in Shantung Province, as a mere skirmish. However, it was sufficiently real enough to shake things up a bit for both nations. Its harvest of hatred, of contempt for the morals of the other, the loss of tolerant consideration by the masses of Chinese, not only in Shantung, but all over China, were among the most tragic results of the clash. Time alone will heal its wounds, but that Time placed so far ahead in human affairs as to be practically negligible of good to us or to our

most of her troops to allow the situation to ease off. The Chinese, however, regained their self-respect in the anti-Japanese feeling and boycott movements widespread throughout the land. China had elected to make open economic war upon Japan, and the latter suffered in consequence, leaving, please note, another crop of bitterness in human hearts. The Japanese had no one to blame except their military leaders. They were the invaders, and therefore the responsible party. But, did the haughty, swashbuckling Nipponese admit their guilt, apologise, and turn over a new leaf? They did not. Instead they childishly blamed



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Japan laughed at the world, which had not learned the lesson taught by the World War. Japan is at large today, the law-breaker and moral outcast of the nations, but the world's policemen have turned their backs on China, who, at the mercy of uncontrolled militarism, is about to be raped, and fiendishly slaughtered to appease the appetite of the great god of conquest.

There were no "serious consequences" for Japan. Why should she worry today, or spare a thought, when she may commit and get away with it, any crime in the name of "self-protection?" By the middle of April 1928, Sam Lee Wang was quartered with the Twenty First Battalion, of which he was commanding officer, at a village some twenty li from Tsinan, capital of Shantung. Tsinan had become, as the result of the triumphant march of Cantonese Nationalist arms up the Nanking-Pukow-Tientsin Railway, the last base of defensive operations for the ex-bandit warlord, Chang Tsung Chang. This burly desperado had collected an army of White Russians and Shantung peasants. The farmer corps, the "Big Swords", whom he had often tyrannically suppressed and brutally murdered, had for several days, launched a successful attack on one of his flanks, turning his once proud force into a fleeing herd of rabble cut-throats, who were terrorising the countryside in their disorderly retreat. The Japanese had at first believed in the efficacy of their tool—this big slob of a bandit chief—whom they had backed to stay the Nationalist advance, but to their bitter chagrin and disappointment, the Shantungese and White Russians beat a retreat after every engagement, which was followed by the easy progress of the Kuo Min Tang armies far into the northern province.

All the opposition Wang's battalion had thus far encountered, were a few hundred yards of torn up railway tracks which, though it served to delay matters, had no real effect on the ultimate outcome. The main arm of the Nationalist infantry was advancing hot on the heels of the enemy—the main body of the latter fleeing for safety to the zone of Japanese declared "neutrality"—Tsinanfu. In that centre the arrogant Japanese commander had succeeded in eliminating the civil Chinese administration, and the city and environs were therefore under the orders of the Japanese General Staff.

Well, what happened at Tsinan?

First let us give the Japanese version, and then we will come to the real version,—Sam Lee Wang's version, the Chinese side of the story.

The Japanese alleged that on the morning of May 4, 1928, they were systematically attacked by units of Ho Yat-tsu's army under officers trained in the Whampoa Academy, Canton. The Japanese soldiers occupying Tsinan, they claimed, were entirely under discipline from responsible Japanese officers. Their force had been thinly, if not widely distributed to "protect Japanese lives and property." They were a "mere handful" and at the "mercy" of the fierce Kuo Min Tang troops!

The Japanese General Staff, with the aid of their widespread propagandists tried to make the

world believe that not until the "mere handful" of Japanese "protectors" of lives and properties were in dire peril did they send word for the urgent despatch of reinforcements. The troops, so they alleged, were to come from Japan Proper, and were not already in readiness at Tsingtao. As reinforcements, they said, four battalions of infantry had been ordered from Dairen, together with airplanes,—thus convicting themselves out of their own mouths. In addition to those, there were the "railway guards" from Japan. They made no mention of the Japanese armored cars which arrived in Tsinan the day before the outbreak—on May 3. Again the Japanese in Tsinan clamored for world sympathy. The Tsingpu railway was so congested that help would not arrive in time. Of course, the "gentle and mild mannered" Japanese troops would not commandeer any rolling stock! Oh, no.

A curious specimen of Japanese propaganda emanated from the Japanese legation in Peking. It was felt, so the spokesman in the old capital declared, that the incident could not otherwise than be viewed as an attempt to reproduce the "Nanking Outrage" as a result of the recent diplomatic indulgence in negotiations for a settlement of that affair. He added that the world now knew of what Chinese Nationalism stood for, rape, murder and Red anarchy! That the disgraceful attack by the fierce "Red" troops on the "innocent" Japanese soldier boys closed Nanking's credit with the Powers, and marked the "end of Chiang Kai-shek's great expedition! Oh, that the wish could be father to the thought!

The Japanese communique to reach the world was to the effect that the Japanese forces had been withdrawn and concentrated in the Japanese school in the foreign settlement. Firing between Chinese and Japanese troops had lasted for an hour and a half, but later commenced again, ceasing at 6 p.m. on May 3, starting again early in the morning of May 4. At 5 o'clock fire ceased again. At 6 o'clock, the Japanese reached an agreement with the Chinese troops to withdraw from the concession, and any Chinese found in the territory under Japanese "protection" were to be disarmed by the Japanese troops. Alas for Nipponese journalism, there were at no time any Chinese troops parleying with the enemy in the foreign concession!

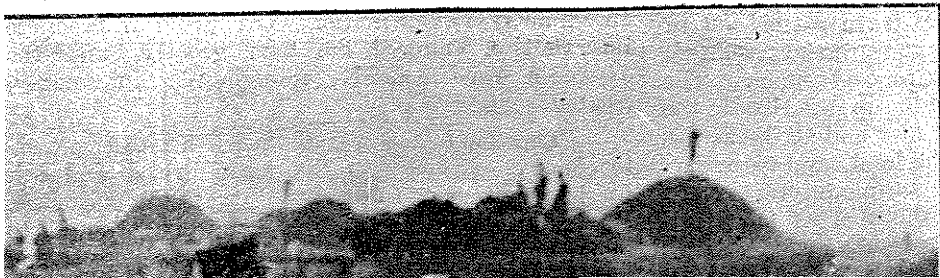
Another juicy fruit of Japanese propaganda was the report that three Hunanese divisions, under Ho Yat-tsu, were responsible for the outbreak. These "wild" and "Bolshevistic" Hunanese troops had but recently arrived from Hankow via Chengchow, and were straddling the Tientsin-Pukow Railway!

A British report cited the Chinese as arriving on the outskirts of Tsinanfu on May 3, and that Japanese irregulars (civilians of Tsinan) were carrying arms taken from Chinese troops (more likely the Chinese police of Tsinan) and were working with Japanese regulars! The Japanese countered this by excusing the enlistment of civilians into the Japanese army on the grounds that Chinese soldiers had hidden themselves in houses and were shooting at Japanese passing through the streets!

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Later reports from the same inspired source hinted that the attack was carried out by the Southern troops organically. Southern soldiers made attacks simultaneously from all directions, forcing entry into Japanese houses, looting and massacring. There were great Japanese casualties. The Southerners were generally haughty, and held all foreigners, as well as Japanese in contempt! Their forces had appeared at the Chingtao Railway

received by General Fukuda, because the Chinese, wonderful men! had destroyed the Wireless Station, wiping out the entire staff! The Yellow River Bridge had been put out of commission, and no Japanese relief parties could get through from Tsingtao! The Kiachow Tsinan Railway had been cut between Tsingtao and Changtien, thus cutting off the "mere handful" of Japanese in Tsinan from the rest of the world!



And there you have Japan's story. Truly what a story it is!

Lies, fabrications, and hypocritical sob stuff, designed to allay the fears of the world, while they set about exterminating Nationalist China.

Long Live the 19th Route Army!

thought ourselves a great one. And I verily believe that in the history of our country we will go down on the page of immortalities. I have dreamed of our victory at least a dozen times, and on each occasion I was more terrified when I awoke and gained my senses than on that real occasion when sanity and self-confidence had deserted me.

"It was at Sunset...on a day in May,—that's how I should begin, no doubt. Well, it was sunset, an ordinary one, as our troop train rattled out of Pukow...three long trains, a regiment...wellfed, well-equipped, correctly uniformed men. The Twenty-First Battalion brought up the rear in the last train...we were to alight first and strike across country to get the lay of the land, and to undertake any action necessary to subjugate reactionary elements who might menace the rear of our main army. The Twenty-First was commanded mostly by Oversea volunteers...the best blood of Overseas China...may their bones rest in peace! How proud we were! There were cheers for us at a wayside station—something new in ancient China,—when a patriotic schoolmaster brought his entire school along to render thanks. It really is sentimental nonsense recalling that small incident, but such things follow in the trail of war, establish the martial spirit, and make, or break countries. Two weeks later, we were just a mob, a controlled mob, for we had by then obtained our first taste of war, real war. You might ask, were we by any chance nothing but a lot of human wrecks, gaunt, unkempt, dishevelled? We were all that. But not us Chinese alone...the two factions, the Japanese and the Chinese. A month later but two hundred of a thousand were left...broken, bent like animals and cowed, nursing sores and wounds, succumbing to virulent disease...defeated physically, but victorious spiritually. For our greatest foe had been not the Japanese, but tradition...and that we had thoroughly broken and dispersed. We established the high fact that Chinese could fight and kill the foreign soldiery...and we could have emerged victors if our country had been behind us, backed us up, reinforced us, instead of betraying us, and cutting the ground from under our very feet, before the perpetrators of the most cowardly and unprovoked assault in the history of civilised man.

"But I am rushing these events far too quickly. Let me get my tempo. We had been ordered to clean-up the countryside of any hostile elements, as I have intimated already. Our immediate objective, after placing a strong guard over our train, which was to await our return and convey us farther north, we set out for a certain village, which the northerners had boasted that they would hold with the idea of menacing our rear when the opportunity offered. This nest had to be mopped up without delay. To cut a long story short, we captured the village by storm—our charge preceded by a bombardment from our field pieces. Our artillery being light, we had been able to transport it across the difficult country, much to the enemy's surprise...and it was the cause of their quick capitulation. A white Russian was in co-command, and from him we learned that there were Japanese among our

prisoners...wearing Chinese uniforms. They had a great many privileges, he explained, when we promised to release him for his information, such as leave at any time to recruit by means of unlimited funds, all the riff raff of the countryside into Chang Tsung Chang's forces for the purpose of harrassing Nationalist China. We found his information to be correct, when men speaking only Japanese, were brought forward, and subjected to an exhaustive examination. This proof of Japanese intervention angered the men greatly, and the Japanese were roughly, though not inhumanly, treated.

"Our next step was to detail a messenger off to convey our news to the main army, and ask for instructions as to what to do with the prisoners. Upon the messenger's return we were ordered to move up and reinforce the route army converging upon Tsinan. I therefore deemed it advisable to move the field command much sooner than originally planned, in view of the serious Japanese intervention. It was well that I did this. Arriving upon the scene of future action, we noted that our troops had already effected the manoeuvre to surround Tsinan from three sides. The troops were in sufficient strength, and I wondered why our higher command had not pushed home its advantage and occupied Tsinan. The reason was not long in dawning upon us. Many Japanese flags were flying from the parapets of the old walls—Tsinan was occupied by the Japanese military. Chiang Kai Shek's desire to avoid an armed clash with Nippon soon manifested itself in an order for the main army to withdraw and pursue some mythical battalion of white Russians in Shantung's No Man's Land. Nevertheless, we of the Twenty-First felt adequate, and believed we could see to the capture of Tsinan.

"Not only were we in a quandary what to do, but the Japanese were very shrewd. Through the good offices of some Chinese peasants, whom we supposed were Chinese enough not to be paid informers of the Japanese, we learned that the Japanese were not in very great force, but thanks to my native American intelligence, we were not deceived even by that comforting news. I knew from a study of history and the occupation of Korea, that Japan never solely relied upon courage, so my estimate that there were large numbers of Japanese troops in Tsinan was not a wrong one. Moreover, the main army had not entered Tsinan because of the Japanese command that Chinese forces should not come within twenty li of the old city. It was further intimated to us that the Japanese would resist the Chinese Nationalist occupation of Tsinan...that and such-like rumors were rife and caused some bitterness. Some of our exuberant spirits voiced the opinion that the Japanese would soon get the shock of their lives. I made a neat speech about it to the assembled officers and men, and Man Fo, as the spokesman for the officers, declared that the men would stand by what I had said to the last man. Another diehard declared that he would not lay down his arms until Tsinan had been taken and occupied by Chinese troops. I capped this with the boast that we would shortly have Japs for dinner!

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"Our boasts, of course, were hardly to be realised without a premium. The Japanese prisoners finally revealed that their fellowcountrymen were in Tsinan to the tune of fifteen thousand, with high explosive artillery, and scores of machine guns. There were armored car detachments, so our intelligence learned. These things were not, indeed, to be scoffed at. Nevertheless, we moved up on April 23. Just outside the walls in our sector, a few northerners still held out, and we closed up

that iniquitous enemy of the peasant, and swept back a hated parasite from its prey...we had driven the last element in North China which still owed allegiance to the idea of a monarchy, back into the arms of its Japanese parent and protector, and the latter had shown that protection would be forthcoming should we dare to pursue the rabble into the city of Tsinan. At all costs we were determined to conclude a most bloody page in the history of the republic, to banish the most despicable bandit from

China forever; a tyrant who had bled Shantung and allied provinces with a licentious and monstrous hand for almost a decade—to buy diamonds and furs for his Russian harem—to wit, the Bandit Chieftain, Chang Tsung Chang.

"But here we are before the walls of Tsinan.

"The weather is simply glorious. Spring in Shantung! Imagine all the most lovely feelings of life throbbing in your body and you will get some idea of how we felt. We never, I might say, felt so unwarlike. But all, officers and men, were resolved to enter Tsinan.

"After a brief conference with our officers, it was wisely decided to make an undemonstrative entrance into the city for the sake of international complications. In our minds there was never any doubt as to our right to enter and occupy the entire Chinese portions of the city. Its possession was the key to many other problems, for after this town was lost to Chang Tsung Chang, his career was definitely closed. The old northern flag was still flying from the walls, as was the Japanese flag.

"The situation, admittedly, was ticklish. We had been, of course, ordered not to fire on the Japanese "defence force," and yet we were convinced that the Japanese sheltered the Northerners from our attacking vanguard units. How were we at a distance to distinguish Japanese from Chinese soldiers? We had, and indeed we were expected to act on our own initiative. Our duty to drive the remnants of Chang Tsung Chang's bandit forces out of Tsinan and environs stood clear cut against any native or foreign impediments. We could get reinforcements,

if necessary, but not advice. Our G.H.Q. had said nothing about the Japs. We were in hearty agreement with the plan, and impatient to have it realised. Indeed I had to rebuke some of my officers for suggesting that raiding parties should be organised to follow up the retreating Northerners, and to enter the city by stealth.

"No," I said, "we'll enter the city as befits conquerors, with our flag aloft, and the enemy slinking away. We have earned the showy front. It will, any way, impress the Japs."

"My men were straining at the leash, waiting for me to give the order to advance.

"Late in the afternoon the main route army notified us of their proximity, six miles due south.



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A young soldier intent upon his deadly task. The marksmanship of the Chinese troops, foreign observers testify, was superior to that displayed by the Japanese.

on these, who offered spasmodic resistance. The Japanese also sniped at our details. Needless to say, we returned fire.

"It is well here to give some indication of the tremendous feeling of patriotism and nationalism that our armies' victories had stirred up in north China. Loyalty to a definite and unseen spirit which stood above family—to a mythical people's Government—was apparent for the first time in China's modern history. The farmers—the veritable backbone of the province,—were behind us to a man, because they believed that we were the harbingers of a new and less corrupt order than that vicious rule exercised by the bandit Chang Tsung Chang. We had delivered vital blows at

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They consisted of some eight thousand men with six to seven hundred transport coolies. They had, so the records said, about fifty machine guns and a few pieces of light artillery. Before sundown, their advance patrols were sighted, and preparations were made to unite the command. About nine o'clock their leader, General Ma, arrived for a conference. Ma did not know much about the tactics of foreign troops, and agreed at once that I should be the generalissimo. Thus on the 25th of April I decided to organise a corps of well disciplined infantry to enter Tsinan peacefully, after a truce had been concluded with the northerners to avoid any Chinese clash with the foreign military force.

"It was, indeed, the presence of the foreign army of so-called protection which had stayed the full force of our attack. We would not have bargained if the Japanese had been at all reasonably disposed towards the Kuo Min Tang. They accused us of the intention of battering the old walls of Tsinan with artillery fire. Think of it! And with our artillery! We could hardly repress a smile. So the farce went on. The Japanese flag waved arrogantly from the walls. It was a foreign gesture of contempt and annoyed us.

"I suggested to Ma that, as my men were better equipped than his, all that was needed of him was the policing and preservation of peace within the conquered city. Taking a fraction of his army, his machine guns and light artillery, I would deploy in flanking movements around Tsinan with the plan of worrying any lurking northern ambition to counter attack. The main body of northern troops had long evacuated Tsinan city, and whatever rearguard groups left had either been disarmed by the Japanese, or had fled from their posts in disorder as rumors of our approach flew round the town. Ma agreed to this, and so I had to stifle my natural ambition to enter Tsinan as the conquering general out of a proper sense of revolutionary duty. It certainly never occurred to me that Japanese minds would see in my perfectly orthodox military manoeuvre the very centre of a deep laid plot to attack them, as they afterwards so doggedly wanted the world to know. Our flanking manoeuvre, they declared, because it took place outside the walls of Tsinan, was an ominous circling movement designed to wipe out their small band of soldiers and massacre all the defenceless Japanese civilians!

"Perhaps it did establish one clear truth in their perverted military minds. Our mobility was the supreme factor in our overwhelming success, and it might have been that the Japs got a wee bit jealous. In the guerilla fighting, too, we had proved to be far superior than any northern troops whom the Japanese feared much more than us. Our coming, of course, had altered all those notions of Japanese overwhelming superiority.

"Well, Ma entered Tsinan without much show of martial spirit because of the fact that Japanese were manning the walls and all principal strategic points and road crossings. A sort of victory without the victorious feeling, if you can get the hang of the thing. Never mind, the Northerners were our meat. We could get even with the Japs some other time.

We had come on an express family and house cleaning affair, and did not intend to be baulked by any numbers of foreign invaders.

"So, after viewing Ma's entry through the old, historic gates, we pushed forward on our flanking movements. However, it was not my intention to leave the rear unguarded. Until the main army came up we would content ourselves only with occupation by outpost which could be quickly withdrawn at the first sign of enemy reinforcements. Chang Tso Lin was reported to have had already despatched an army corps, which might conceivably try to cut our force in two. On the 26th, 27th and 28th we received additional reinforcements from Mingshui and points farther south. On the 30th we were about forty thousand strong. A great amount of military supplies had come up, much ammunition and further field pieces, lorries and a couple of motor cars, much used, for the "commanding officers."

"The Japs evidently got the wind up when they saw this great host outside the walls of Tsinan. We were decidedly staging a show of force, but not for the benefit of Japanese. It was to duly impress the Northern peasant mind. But it was not an abiding affair, we could hardly afford nor justify that. Every unit that could be spared was moved up to the new front, or in pursuit of the retreating northerners. The Japs must have been jealous, here was a new sort of Chinese army. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when most of our force had departed and were lost to our view, we espied a regular commotion on one of the old Chinese watch towers where, evidently, the Japanese command was entrenched.

"Man Fo, my lieutenant, through his field glasses, saw officers come out upon the bulwarks and survey us in turn with binoculars. I then got into action with my glasses and detected orderlies dashing about at the double in the peculiar way of the Japanese military school. A group of officers were bunched in a corner, looking in our direction. Then to our surprise, we heard the dull explosion of a field gun, and a high explosive shell turned up the earth a few hundred yards from where we stood. Our amazement gave way to anger as two more shells from other batteries located on the walls, landed in our vicinity, forcing us to duck and take cover. We beat an orderly retreat for a few hundred yards all the while puzzling ourselves as to the reason for the unprovoked bombardment. Insufferable Japanese militarism!

"Surely the Japanese couldn't be so stupid as to get the idea that by firing a few shells at us we would get the wind up and run away from Shantung without settling the enemy! There was nothing else to do but to send a couple of officers who could speak Japanese to enquire the reason for the most unfriendly and dangerous action.

"They returned with a Japanese officer, who told me that his superior and commanding officer would "not permit the Chinese Red Troops to advance into Tsinan for the present." I instructed our interpreter to inform him that units of the so-called Red Troops were already in Tsinan, and that we had had no intention of reinforcing them. And also

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that if we desired to reinforce our army of occupation we could do so without Japanese permission, since we were a Chinese army on Chinese soil.

"The Japanese officer, however, refused to see our view-point, insisting that his C. O. would not understand any move around Tsinan to be anything else but an attempt to envelop and engage the soldiers of the Island Empire. He had his "orders" and that was all. According to this bright specimen of Nippon's military genius, our Chinese army had "no right" to be around Tsinan, and that the sooner we backpeddled for home the better.

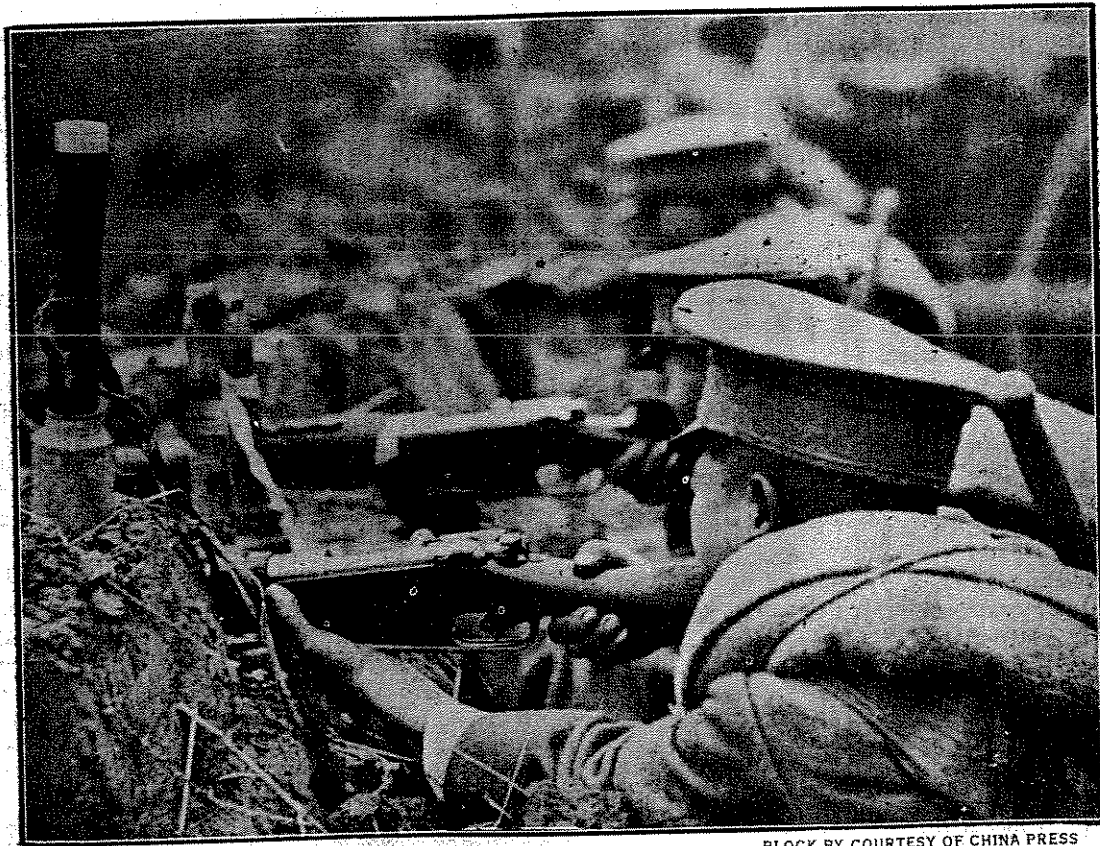
"Damn arrogant Jap!" growled Man Fo, in my ear. "Kick him out!"

"I could, however, hardly be so foolhardy, and so, with the aid of Ju Kung, a returned student from Japan, explained to the foreign emissary that

of Dai Nippon would have to be obeyed else misfortune would be our lot! Except to warn him that, if the Japanese gunners persisted in firing at us, we would be obliged to fire in return, and to stress the grave responsibilities incurred should neutrality be broken, we urged him no further, and sent him back.

"We gave this messenger ample time to get back and explain everything to his superiors, and then gave the order to march, not this time in our trek around the city, but directly towards the city, for I deemed it necessary to reinforce our units there and General Ma, in view of the serious affair just experienced.

"But no sooner had our troops begun to move when the Japanese batteries opened again. So, I thought, the Japs are determined to help their ally



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The youthful veterans of China "at the Ready", waiting for the enemy to show himself.

his commander's threat was nothing but interference in the domestic affairs of China and a friendly state. And that all the Great Powers of the world had made a solemn pledge at the Washington Conference that China's sovereignty was inviolate. I asked him, humorously, if the Japanese commander was greater than his Government, or if the Japanese Empire was above all the Great Powers of the world. I pointed out that, with the single exception of Japan, every thing in China's foreign relations was okay. Why, therefore, this inglorious interference?

He replied that he did not know what the other Powers had done, but he was quite sure Japan was the mightiest Power in the world (I suppose he meant in this part of the earth) and that the words

Chang Tsung Chang. I lost no time in despatching couriers to our main army at the front explaining the situation, and also sent a party to bring up any additional reinforcements on the way, at the double.

"Three field guns mounted on the walls were operating against us. So far there was no Japanese machine gun or rifle fire. I ordered five machine guns to sweep the walls in answer to the further unprovoked attack from the Japanese positions. Our raking machine gun fire sent the Japs scurrying for safety, until not a man could be seen on the walls. We learned long afterwards that our first bursts accounted for eight men. Our sudden and effective reply enraged the Japanese to commit those horrible, barbaric deeds that disgusted the whole world. They ran amok, as they always have done,

United China's Tribute To The 19th Route Army

and wrecked their vengeance first upon helpless civilians and non-combatants in general.

"Yes, the Japs were surprised at our quality. As day ended and night approached they fired star shells over the walls in our direction, while we swept the parapets of the walled city with a merciless hail of machine gun and musketry fire. At ten o'clock we were reinforced by eight hundred men, and directed massed fire at the Japanese artillery emplacements. Shortly before eleven, the Japs brought further artillery units into action. The night became hideous with the spatter of machine guns and the booming of cannon. The very air was charged with steel messengers of death from thousands of rifles. The front was short. The destruction tremendous.

"Towards daylight, we received telegraphic advice from Pukow to cease fire. The situation was serious. The Commander-in-Chief was in communication with the Japanese Government. He was coming as fast as air service could transport him to deal with the Japanese representatives. The case was out of our hands. With a heavy heart I gave the order to cease fire. And we had the Japanese beaten!

"The Japanese ceased fire two hours after us. In that time they killed seventy of our men. We learned later that the Japanese Government had ordered its army in Tsinanfu to cease fire an hour before we had received our instructions to the same effect! We were sore in heart, and mad to get at the throats of our unchivalrous enemy—an enemy who knew no honor, cared for no manly procedure, observed no unwritten law!

"At eight o'clock that bright morning, the Japanese sent a Chinese civilian courier to us with a communication to the effect that a *mistake* had been made. The Chinese army, so the message ran, was "welcome to occupy the city of Tsinan with the usual reservations." A rigmarole followed this about safe-guarding Japanese lives and properties, but so far we had not encountered any Japanese, let alone their properties. The Japanese "permit" was received in silence. I ordered the national flag of the White Sun in the Blue Sky flown halfmast as a parting salute and tribute to our fallen comrades—those killed by Japanese shot and shell. Most of our casualties occurred after the Japanese had received their orders to cease fire!

"The Chinese courier looked at the scene with tears in his eyes. He saw, and understood. He returned to Tsinan to spread the news.

"That was the birth

of the famous Tsinan Incident.

"At ten o'clock our main route army entered the old city amid the cheers of thousands of people, amid the beflagged streets, hearing in our ears the intoxicating word, "victory."

"We were victorious. And victors. It meant so much to us—of the Chinese Kuo Min Tang armies. For the first time in many centuries a southern army passed through the gates of Tsinan, and for the first time in history it was accorded a friendly welcome. We were makers of history. We came as saviours. Freedom and reunion would follow in our wake. The whole country would be united: provincial dissension would cease. We forgot the bitter enmity of the Japanese invaders, the insolence and truculence. We had delivered the helpless people of Shantung from the feudal reign of a predatory warlord...

"But it is important that I write more of our entry into Tsinan.

"Daylight, the next day: a sweet spring day, sweet breath of new life in the very atmosphere; a great load of care and worry has been lifted; depression is no longer with us.

"We are marching through the ancient gates again, on the official business of the day. We are to take over the police administration of the city from the Japanese. The leading Chinese merchants, bankers and community leaders have already formed themselves into a Peace Preservation Corps, and they extend us a heartfelt welcome. But we cannot help noticing, with mixed feelings, that a great Japanese army has encamped itself, dug itself in, so to speak, around the walls of Tsinan. An enemy tried and proved: one that would stick and stop at nothing; that was capable of any and every barbarity and treachery—all this history and experience taught us and convinced our fathers before us.

"The Japanese—our ancient, our eternal foe! They surround us. What are their intentions?



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Soldiers of the 19th Route Army with "dud" Japanese aerial bombs.

十九路軍戰士精神不死

They had menaced our national sovereignty during the World War, why not today? They are a menace to us as human beings, for has the world seen anything to compare with the Japanese "rule" of Korea? Where the people are ground down and down and down...till death is sweeter than life? They are here, so they say, to protect the lives and properties of their citizens, about five thousand in a population of half a million. A drop of sand in a mighty ocean of Chinese. Their citizens, who have lived here unmolested for years upon years are now strategically in danger!

"But we are telling ourselves that the Japanese must behave, because America, our champion of former days, would not tolerate any Japanese attempt to stop us putting our own house in order. America could not fail us—a Power who was now, more than ever, rich and powerful. And yet, we know these Japanese in Tsinan are no different from

the third largest navy in the world, and that for more than fifty years they have been modernising their army. We know we are no match for them. And they know how we feel. Their arrogance and contempt for us Chinese increases until there seems no limit to their insufferable lust for power, their unbridled passion to oppress those weaker than themselves. A crazed, lustful, fiendish, organised gang masquerading under the name of men. Their sentries are inflicting all sorts of brutal stabs and blows upon the helpless civilian population. They know we fear them for their force...for their modern weapons that are superior to ours, but not for their cowardly hearts which prompt them to strut before us with insolent challenge to all our citizens and soldiers. Just bravado, perhaps. Anyway that is how the diplomats will excuse it. We are chagrined, we are humiliated beyond description. We will grin and bear it. Some day...



The Deed That Shocked the World

A Chinese artist of the Western style powerfully illustrates the butchery of Tsai Kung Shih, Kuo Ming Tang Commissioner of Foreign Affairs in Shantung, 1928, when the victim's eyes were gouged out, his ears pierced by bayonets and sabres in the hands of Japanese military run amok.

the ones of 1915—indeed, some are of the same clique, authors of secret memorials to conquer the world! Our distrust of them is well founded, and their hatred for us is undisguised. Their flags are conspicuous. Why? To provoke our civilians so that they may justify an assault upon us? We make a mental vow that after we have dealt Chang Tso Lin a knock-out blow, we will try conclusions with Nippon. When the revolutionary program has been realised, then...we will have time to talk to foreign soldiery of any brand.

"It was not the Chinese Kuo Min Tang soldier who believed in high purpose and discipline, the job-keeping diplomats of all nations helped to spread around the world. We...the soldiers of China, knew the Japanese for who they were. We were not deceived, but betrayed. We were the ones who retreated when we should have been the offensive party. Our high officers were the betrayers...or those that believed non-resistance the safest way out. What did the self-complacent world know of our problems, of the great truths which raised themselves ever before us?

"The Japanese are always at pains to remind us that they are a great Power, and that we are nothing. That they are great because they have

we or ours, please God, will wipe this shame away!

"A Japanese officer came to see me in my headquarters in the afternoon. He came to return our call the day previous. He gave assurances of the neutral attitude of the Japanese army. But it was as plain as cheese he favored the northerners. He urged me to disarm my troops and just use military police with small or side arms, which would have a better psychological effect on the populace, so he declared. It was a mild suggestion, but it contained all the elements of a threat, if not ultimatum. There was nothing else to do but to agree as a temporary measure. I was specific on the last point.

"It was a bitter pill. But we had to take it. We disarmed many of our soldiers while the arrogant invader's troops marched about heavily armed and wearing full field equipment. Yes, Japanese troops, armed "to the teeth" were strutting about occupying all the strategic positions, and indulging in their famous practice of terrorising the civilian population. Yes, terrorising the populace, with bayonet thrust and rifle butt, with clenched fist and heavy boot! It was too late to take back our words. Every aspect of Japanese occupation increased in volume and treachery. Our

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breasts were defenceless: the Japanese had us by the throat.

"We had to make a mental calculation as to whether there could be any danger of a northern counter attack, and decided in the affirmative. The Japanese had only to start on our rear, and the Northerners would be right back! It was unhealthy for military and diplomatic reasons for any Chinese armed force to be in Tsinan. An order for the evacuation of Tsinan by the main army group was therefore issued and acted upon without further delay. The headquarters were to be moved to a little village a few miles from Tsinan, but well behind our front. It was my intention to concentrate our battalion last of all, and repaired to the various sectors to supervise the evacuation.

"It is nine o'clock on the second day of our occupation of Tsinan under the Japanese threat. The main route army's last units marched out hours ago. Only a handful of Chinese troops remain, and they are doing police duty. Most of our military stores, including machine guns, have been moved out. This skeleton force would please the Japanese, and perhaps satisfy their lust for domination. We couldn't possibly attack them...a mere, out-maneuvred battalion without heavy armament of any description. But it takes two to make peace, we were to learn, and the Japanese had not agreed to peace...not by a long shot!

"Like a bolt from the blue, and really quite unexpected, the Japanese commander issued an order for me to quit the city with every Chinese soldier. The imperious and discourteous terms in which the order was couched flabbergasted us. Like the Huns of long ago, evidently the Japs knew no mercy, and felt no compassion for a defeated, or subject, race.

"They should be laughed in the face, of course. What else could we do? Think we were going to give up Tsinan, the key city of northern rule to an alien invader—an invader who for more than twenty years had tried to steal our provinces when the power of the nation was divided by civil war? Not much.

"Alas! we suffered from ignorance. Not ignorance of the type which did not know that the Japanese military is the most unscrupulous and dishonorable of all militarism—without chivalry, without generous recognition of the sterling qualities of any foe, weak or strong. No, not that kind of ignorance: just a lack of knowledge of what we were "officially" supposed to do. We were supposed to avoid "incidents" with the Japs, but they took good care that we didn't.

"To a Japanese mind, anything will serve as a reason for picking a quarrel. Perhaps they didn't like the looks of us; or that our rifles looked really like the genuine thing...something or other must have mightily displeased their Nipponic Majesties the Members of the Illustrious World Conquering Army of Japan! Their attack was launched in a sudden fury of "efficiency," and, before we could recover from our surprise, "general engagement" was the order of the day.

"Later, we discovered, our police had been "disarmed" by the simple process of shooting them down in cold blood and oftentimes from ambush. The civilians were "mowed down a few" by machine guns, and their remnants, screaming in terror, fled in all directions...and often again into a hail of Japanese bullets. Japanese explanation: "guerilla plainclothes men." Yes, women and children, old men and boys, coolies and clerks!

"Naturally in less time than it takes to tell, the streets of Tsinan were clear of everything except Chinese military. Soldiers of course have some understanding of the word "cover." Sniping became general. This was something which the Japanese had not calculated. Street fighting is the Chinese strong point. The Japs looked up their text books on modern war and located section 999 probably, but found no effective answer to their dilemma.

"But it is a poor military machine that can't find some kind of plan. And, sure, it was some plan. The Jap batteries, tremendous because of their good positions commanding the street intersections and on the walls, opened up a murderous barrage.

Naturally more civilians were killed than actual men under arms. Shrapnel burst in the distant streets, wiping out whole families as they crouched against the frail walls of their little homes. The part of our barracks situated near the old wall was reduced to a mere ruin. Houses and shops were blown to smithereens. Chinese of all ages and sexes were shot, bayoneted, and sabred by intruding hordes of Japanese troops.

"The men of my battalion, being scattered, mobilised with difficulty. But once together they fought splendidly. There were some glorious rallies by small parties of our troops which equalled the most heroic military feats of other wars and other nations. They were forced to scramble, as I said, but sniping with deadly intent, and wasting hardly a shot, they pushed back the Japanese offen-



Swearing The Solemn Oath NEVER TO BUY JAPANESE GOODS

十九路軍戰士精神不死

sive and drove in a valuable salient. There they stuck grimly, under Japanese shot and shell. But one by one, party by party, they were cut off by superior numbers and armament, and wiped out...

"After the engagement had been in progress a few minutes I made an attempt to communicate with the Japanese command, but the sentries shot at us, and we barely escaped with our lives. From the top of the Japanese headquarters, a machine gun nest riddled our car with bullets, the chauffeur being killed at the wheel. With my two aides, I just managed to get clear and retreated to our temporary headquarters. But that, also, had now become a first line, and firing was constant.

"Man Fo, first to take in the situation, dashed ahead of me, gaining a lead of about fifty yards. There is a sudden whining sound. A burst like thunder, and a great flash of lightning, and I know by intuition, as I fling myself face down on the earth, that a shell exploded just near Man Fo. My friend, my chum, my lieutenant and comrade, killed and buried by a Japanese shell! It halted me....that strange but ancient truth....here today and gone to-morrow. "Even in the midst of life we are in the presence of death."

"And I will remember until that day when death shall overtake me, too, the sight of that human arm hurtling to earth, for was it not another strange thing that I should look heavenwards to salute the departing spirit of Man Fo, and see a physical reminder of his life among us? It was not a hundred feet from where I stood. I walked over and regarded it as I would an object of art. Dirt is falling around me....dirt sent up from other blasts, but what care I? I can stand there, I know, amid the clearing smoke, near great gaping holes in the soil of China's sacred province....for I am now not alone.

"An indomitable spirit cares for me. I shall live yet....and beyond this combat, into another day.

"I was reluctant to go, I remember, until I recollected that was all that was left of life and hope and faith and honor. "Man Fo, old chum," I might have said, "I'll get 'em yet. But in any case, I'll never, never forget. It's got me."

"I rushed back along the way we had come (we, you understand, because Man Fo was still at my side and guiding me) Back to the enemy! To take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth! I encounter a number of my men. Hatred and the lust to kill shines in every eye. There is scarce need for commands. No need to urge fighting men with their blood aroused to fight on.

"To another party who are assembling an old machine gun, I make a mad speech. Cries of hate and approbation fill the air. For the first time in my life I am a leader. I lead my men to battle.

"Then, as I remember it....

....I tear a rifle from the grasp of a private, badly wounded, and dash madly back in the direction of the Japanese lines. The report of my rifle deafens me, but I see, from the clearing before me, and amid the smoke and carnage of the general

engagement, that our men are killing Japanese troops and they are falling to rise no more. There is no superiority here. Man is killing man. Japanese and Chinese are equal in death.

"A lot of our men are falling, now and then, a lot more than Japanese....but some day Nature will strike her average. I am conscious of the brief and noble fellowship of the men about me, who are unconcernedly slipping into position and firing with deadly intent. Each brave fellow, as he falls, topples over like an unwilling beast, with hardly a moan. They do not want to go so soon. The battle has only begun!

"Yes, brave fellows, I am thinking of their glory.

"Now and then, one drops his rifle and lies down peacefully. Another endeavors to staunch the flow of blood, but with gory hand the fallen comrade sends his friend back to the firing position. "I am done, anyway," is the hoarse whisper, "don't waste time on me, get some more Japs."

"Presently we charge a party of Japanese troops who have unintentionally wandered into our lines. I feel blood on my face: my tunic is ripped away, but I picked the hated enemy who did it right through the bowels. He sinks, in a double heap, like a beaten dog. I killed him. Another Japanese rushed upon me with fixed bayonet extended, but a comrade ran him through with a great shout of victory.

"Then he and I, turn, race through the debris and back away at a Japanese sand-bagged area. From out of nowhere, it seems, a hundred of our men assemble, and dashing to the front, one man cries out, "On for China, and Victory!" Even in the midst of that battle I stop to think about it, linking it with another famous war cry in Richard.

"But above and beyond all heroic thoughts a train of saner thoughts rallied, so that cold fear seized me. I crouched back momentarily, in that swift realisation of what war meant. The intellect is a marvellous thing. It was a relatively short space...seconds only in hours of immense life; but, in that calm, life's own sweet wisdom loosened the grip of blood and cast back into the black abyss from whence it came, the physical lust to kill.

"Yes, It came to me then...out there in the present that was the past, the knowledge that to destroy is the greatest urge of human kind. In that we are not above, but below the beasts. Whereas we kill to satisfy lust, the beasts in the forests and jungles obey an impulse at least a cut higher—that of self-preservation and self-sustenance. Was the Japanese soldier menaced that he had to kill? Were the Chinese forever menaced that they must exact vengeance? Could we both not forget and forgive in the way of the Sages? In the way of Christ, Buddha, Confucius?

"Mind revolted. "I'll sneak back," my better nature urged, "I'd be a fool to go forward and be killed for no certain good." But the devil that day was not to be denied. A rattle of machine gun-fire broke through and killed a noble thought at birth... but what's the use? How can I explain, Marion,

Long Live the 19th Route Army!

LEST WE FORGET



十九路軍戰士精神不死

Now, Marion, I am supposed to take up the tale from where? From the point where I woke up..... an't blame you for laughing at me...

Lying in a crude field hospital for a month, it was not until a doctor skilled in surgery came up and relieved me of my burdens that I was allowed to make the rail journey to Pengpu, which is a center of much comfort when compared to a field hospital, and where there is a chance for a patient to recover. From Pengpu I was shipped to Nanking, in a terrible contraption called a military train. After a few days in the well-ventilated and otherwise well-appointed Nanking Central Military Hospital, I was accorded the luxury of a car, a real automobile. You know, the kind we use in America...and so I managed to act the part of the patriot by bowing a much abused body before the tablet of the Leader of our Party, Dr. Sun Yat Sen. And so the Angel of Peace gracefully inclined to my request, for I was demobilised without delay, commended as a worthy son of Han to my glorious ancestors.

Demobilised...dismissed...not wanted any more...not for me the honor of command, for I am useless. I am useless. I can but mutely regard the others, those that have taken my place, and I wonder if they, too, will be treated the same; that they, too, will one day strive to overcome the dumb feeling engendered when it is finally realised that struggle for one is over. No more shall I have soldiers around me, my boys, my comrades and the simple and strong friendships of youth.

Yes, I can be their veteran leader, but from afar what chance have I? Can I help them dig their trenches, can I sit with them at rice, swap yarns, indulge in youthful horseplay?

What, indeed, is the matter with me?

I must spate you that, Marion. Nothing is the matter with me that is immortal: what deficiency there is shall be made up in good time. Everything we possess physically returns to dust; of what consequence, if part of that accoutrement returns earlier than the rest?

But I am telling you of that time, just when I had to adjust myself to it all. The terror of the dark night, for I was lonely and in despair. Not for loss of the physical, but for the loss of the capacity to act again in the drama of my life. All the plans, the hopes, the fond dreams, gone. How I had boasted that I would gladly sacrifice all! It was a true and sincere boast. But Destiny did not fulfil her part of the contract. My life had been spared, whereas it should have been taken. I did not want to live...like this. I would rather be dead, thus my thoughts ran.

I am remembering again my father. He is telling me of miracles: about a sword that flew through space to its destined vengeance. Is my life that sword? Am I speeding on to some unknown but nevertheless certain destination? I am on my way: on the long, much travelled road to my ancestors. They await me: there will be feasting and jaymaking when I arrive; my father bids me journey with all speed. I can see his sad smile...sorry for me that I leave him, glad that I go to join the immortal company.

But I am not to dwell on what is so close. I am writing to tell you what happened in the past. I will be as brief as possible, but not too scanty that you will not have a complete picture.

I believe in my Chinese heritage; it is the most logical thing ever in my life. I am part of this great race of men who have lived so long, if they have not always lived well. There is something in this race that cannot be subdued. It must be its spirit. Spirits there are in this ancestor-worship. You have no real idea of its truth. It is not a worship of idols, but of symbols. And the common people are symbols of the race that is past as well as they represent the evidence of the present. To the future they make no contribution. God takes care of that.

"Yes, noble ancestors witnessed my downfall. In their eyes defeat is victory. When all hope and joy was lost to my American trained sight, they patiently displayed for me the rich heritage of the soil, showing me how little is self and how big is sacrifice. In days gone by they tell me, China thought like the West...when no warrior was carried off the field merely wounded...he was taken from the stage only when dead. When I asked them the question whether it would not have been nicer and prettier to have left me there to die on the dusty parapet before Tsinan where so many of my men had fallen, they shook their wise old heads. They know better than me. They know that man, after all, is quite impotent against all the hatred there is in the world.

I am supposing it happened like this because I'd like it to have so happened if I had had any say in the matter. The sight of a valiant countryman wearing the honored uniform of New China, wounded and in distress, prompted some high-spirited girl to whisk me away to safety, took off my captain's armband and hid it reverently away. They were there, you know, our Chinese schoolgirls, searching the bulging pockets of our men for last letters to the one woman in the world, perhaps, to his...mother?

Well, I am addressing women of the world when I address you, Marion. Someday you will be a mother and common to the feeling in all mother-kind. Some day you may have, in some foreign field, a son lying helpless and wounded...if so, God Bless You!

No ancestors of mine or of yours could have thought the things I thought during those hot, terrible summer months. Yet, from my ancestors undoubtedly, come all my virtues and a great many of the vices. So, my American friend Marion Hereford, you have seen the last of Sam Lee Wang in any clothes you ever knew. You will lament his passing? He will mean something to you? I know why I was rescued at Tsinan. It was because you cared. It was your spirit in that Chinese girl...why, it was a girl that attended me first after I regained consciousness. All the good in you came to the surface...I...swam to life on it. Once again you re-established me with faith unshaken and idealism renewed. Where is that American education and culture? Is there no sign? No, my race is older than yours. I take your love, but not your trappings. I have no use for those. There is left not a vestige of my American affluence; why should there be? In mind and estate I am Home. He that was once rich but weak, is now poor and strong. Pride is gone, wisdom is here to take its place. I see improvement everywhere in the things of the spirit. In things of the flesh, in material comforts, nothing here can compare to America.

Yes, all these points my American friend shall

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see. You shall see the difference, for I am where I ought to be. I have remade my life; I have bettered it. I have found within myself the things that go to make a gentleman, and these have amazed me. I possessed them all my life in America and knew it not! I find that real power is not expressed in money or influence, but in the elusive quality of true gentleness: in courtesy springing from genuine affection: in easy approach for all seekers after advice and companionship; these, and these alone, are the elements of power. What is the use of trying to expand in a world of equality, to be that incomparable leader whom everyone is expected to look up to?

"You might think I have no right to these opinions. Yet I came by them honestly. By every right they are mine, belonging as they do to my race as a whole. Having been tried in peace and found nothing lacking: having been tested in war and found sufficient, who shall say, Marion, that Chinese inherent qualities fall short of American ideals of humanitarian and national service? In what way is our egotism inferior to American confidence when both are sure it can overcome everything. To be proud is one thing, to be snobbish with an ill-nurtured boasting is never excusable and certainly never can be found in real American or Chinese gentlemen.

"So America and China have a great many virtues in common. Then let us also have sympathy. And why not? Underneath, are we not all of the same blood, crimson in every man? With, as Shakespeare's Jew remarks, the same passions, affections and dislikes? Shall it not dawn upon us miserable misfits wherever we may be, that there is a Being whose name is Destiny: whose will is definite: whose conception is infinite? And that the workings of that Infinite Destiny are not altogether beyond us, and that, if we would, we can rise to better lives, do finer, nobler work?

"The mob, however, refuses to grant tolerance, and so we struggle on, doing that which is contemptible above all earthly utilities: I, with my hatred of the Japanese, and you, most probably, with a complex equally foolish. We are thus only half civilised. We spend our blood and might out-rivalling our neighbors and turn friends into enemies.

"Once, in the field hospital, they told me there were some Japanese soldiers, badly wounded, in our ward. Their uniforms had been taken off, naturally,

and as they were the same colour in complexion to us Chinese, they looked the same to me. And they were the same.....I mean Japs are just like us Chinese. Why, indeed should we have fought them, why do we hate them? Do we hate them as men, or as a nation of men? Supposing they are better men than we are, which they are not, or supposing they are a militarily more powerful nation than we are... is this matter of physical excellence, then, the only reason why we regard them as the enemy? Of course not. There is explanation enough, and we are often blind to it.

"World trade, the fight for markets, they say, is the cause of our misfortune. Envy and greed, those elements of disaster, are abroad throughout every land, rearing their bloody hands aloft in order to precipitate another world tragedy. It is a Machine: indifferent alike to broken hearts and flagrant injustices. And I have done my best to help spill blood, cause hatred and stir up feelings of revenge... results on which the Machine can batten, and, without doubt, wax strong upon. I had a Japanese friend once: he is now my enemy. Were we to meet right now I would scorn him. For what reason? Because his people have taken advantage of my people in order to raise themselves in the world of Powers.

"We humans are but puppets after all. There is the Great Spirit that broods over us, laments at our futile blunders, and who merely asks us to be like Him if we would be true. There is the Satan in every one of us pulling strings of hatred and envy, and if war should come again for your country, Marion, why, your brothers will be turning out to fight with the light heart

of first love and in the spirit of adventure. With my people it would be exactly the same. Shouting slogans and flaunting flags aloft the flower of China's manhood would march away for glory and love to the men of old. Yes, in this war spirit all nations come face to face with life's grim irony and deceit. God is reported on everybody's side: and we wonder why it is that God so often repudiates us—all of us, for the cowardly spirits we are. The longer we hide for the existence of Satan, or as Chinese say the Evil Spirit, the longer we and ours shall suffer. It is not a crime to be afraid; it is a crime to be ashamed of one's fears. On this score I would proceed.

"And with every bit of sincerity in the world, I would say that it is time that you and I, Marion, came to the parting of the ways. Ahead of us lies a

Chapei Defended

A desert of homes destroyed,
Which bomb and shell had wrought,
Gaunt walls of blackened brick,
Grey ashes, debris heap.

Marching dark spectres haunt the place,
Agony, Outrage, Bloodlust, Fear,
Child-eyes have seen these awful forms,
Were glazed when Death brought up the rear.

A slight grey figure clad
In cotton thin and drab,
He boasts no outward show,
No costume brassy bright—

Fighting undaunted 'gainst bitter odds,
(Courage thy shield O heroes all)
Gallantly thrusting back the foe,
Still faithful at thy post to fall.

O men of the Nineteenth Army brave,
Proudly we salute thee.

Thy sacrifice is not in vain,
Thou liftest our heads from out the dust,
Through death all glory, honour regain;
Thou pointest the way to greater life,
Heeding not the cost nor pain—

Thou hand'st on to us a Heritage,
Humbly we receive it.

"ANONYMOUS"

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full life; each for itself, not all for one. In this imperfect world we must bow to average rules, there cannot be for you or me any golden future of enlightenment away from our own people, or any safe haven of refuge isolated from the world that is, or any paradise preceding our demise on this tortuous planet of eternal struggle.

"I do not care to be certain that you are race-conscious; after all it matters so little. What loomed as insurmountable is after all but an object of insignificance in a newer world of tremendous possibilities. I hope you will cling to any race-conscious feeling that can uplift you: that can effect a permanent and lasting cure to any one of your many ills—the ills of the mind as well as of the body. But for the wounded spirit, dare any mortal offer solace? We both understand what is unspeakable. Be it glorious or ignoble we, at least, understand perfectly. Why must I lecture to an audience that knows as much, and probably more, than I know? Because twilight is approaching... I must complete what I set out to do.

"The high watermark of culture in China is the ability to discriminate. It is called the process of elimination: as in Chinese painting only the essentials are drawn carefully, the rest being left to the unseeing spirit of man as it is developed in those who come to study. Those, we say, who select their friends with care and thought, are the happiest. If it were not for this sense of selection, this greatly developed science of caste, the world would be a dull place: our minds would be hopelessly confused, and, perhaps paradoxically, strangely contented. That must not be for us.....such utter content, such unwelcome peace!

"We must carry on in the roisy world in which we find ourselves. We are part of the people, how dare we disassociate from them? We have to notice the feeling of communal democracy, what an insult to our mothers and fathers should we pose as superior to the herd! We've got to wallow in the sunshine of convivial spirits, the preachers, the orators, the politicians and the law-makers. After all, what right have we to consider personalities? We are bound to tell ourselves how great a contrast we are. We are called upon to repeat other superfluous observations and slogans. We must, because we have grown older but not better, discount the purity of youth and exalt so called maturity. Distracted by ignorance, we are forced to applaud our deficiencies in every respect, until we stand in danger of exploding or bursting through self-esteem. If a friend has power, influence or wealth, we make any and every allowance, if he is insignificant in his trade and profession, lacking in impressiveness and command, we are justified in tightening the muscles around the heart, and presenting to him or her the coldest of bleak countenances. We are told that all this gets us *somewhere*.

"Now let us suppose we have *arrived*. Considering prices we paid for every inch gained, the friendships we have abrogated, and the hatred we have engendered, we discover to our faked surprise, that we are not in heaven or on the earth. If we look out of our elevated windows we are still as far from the summit as we were on earth, and if we descend to lower regions we find we have lost our skilled touch and every hand is against us. We stand non-plussed, so we imagine, when all the time we are confronted

by irrefutable facts which together comprise the mighty word TRUTH.

"For instance, there might have sprung up between us two a very sincere friendship which would have ripened us both for the tremendous experience of unselfish and undefiled affection. But the thread of our intimacy is snapped: we are both losers in a game in which we both stood to win—but none are losing more than our respective countries.

"However, it is not with our patriotic duties I would deal. Honesty compels me to record my thoughts so that I may establish an equality between us that shall last as long as time. Even when I am gone, there will never be room for doubt, or mild complaint. I can, and will, make complete the story of our lives in what is left of time and energy. So I ask, what power in mankind can extinguish suspicion? With its by-products, envy and greed, as I have said, it rules the minds of the nations, and the individuals who compose those nations. For in all our ways that are dark, in all our hopes that are brightest, we yet have something ethereally sad and divine—a false sympathy really surprising our very selves. It comes to us, we often humorously say, but yet with conviction, in a flash. This is the divine spirit in man and in woman: it comes to us in our intuitions, our peculiarities and fancies.

"It was this spiritualism of the damned that came to me when, hovering between life and death, the thought of you created greater agony of the mind than any wound could have tormented the body. After that passed, I was terrorised by the imagination; for hours and hours a fevered mind sought solutions which had nothing to do with recovery from physical wounds. To have been through a hell on earth isn't much to boast about, but to seek the comforting rest of an earthly paradise—that is unbearably potent to disaster of revelation or disclosure. To sink a man's ship of ideals is tantamount to revealing the truth of Santa Claus to a four year old child—leaves nothing to hope for. This is what you, unknowingly, have done to me.

"But you did to me, and have done, what I wanted, and what I still crave for. You lifted me away from self and taught me to thinking of others, through thoughts centering around you. If a man can love one ideal, he can just as well love another. It is introduction that he needs, not control. I sought ever more for the higher truth; I exercised my intellect to grasp all there was to grasp. In unravelling truth I found myself almost content.

"I sought, among other things, explanations for Japanese policy in China. My world was crowded and full. The men and events were never too much. How great and fine was this life that kills men in millions and breaks up human happiness and world peace!

"On and on my fevered mind raved. It is wonderful, is it not, that the flame of life didn't depart from the miserable shell, at any rate so spake the doctor. He disposed of me, while you would say God did. The doctor, being merely human, bowed to the inevitable. "You should have died," he said, shaking his head, "it isn't often a practically dead man gets a new lease of life." That is all he said. A lease..... of life. He said, physical strength never pulls anyone through. You were doomed, unless...you had the will to live.....

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"I had not that will alone. I called upon you... and you, nobly responded. - You came to me out of the blackness, you turned out to be what I believed you to be.....and I have lived on, my life more full of noble aspirations than ever. It is to you, Marion, I owe this lease of life.....this full joy that is mine today. I wanted only to live to tell you these things, and these solutions I found, and the end of most troublesome matters.

"But I know now that it required something more than the will to live to keep that life spark of mine a red glow in the void of unconsciousness. Where and when had this other, this invincible protector come to me, when the logical direction lay in surrender to the beckoning arms of death: to pursue that dream of a life eternal in the land overflowing with milk and honey, and where there is peace, perfect peace? I have no idea. I must have said, long ago, I would not die unless I had told you May you live as many years as you will, you will die in spirit if you forget me.....that I know.

"Something finer than you or I, a strong, purposeful and masterful nature, inspired it. That inspiration came only to me.....from Man Fo, my lieutenant and comrade... through his self abnegation alone. You know well enough that it is not in the spirit of despair I say it. If there is any despair, it is because I lack the words with which to tell you. I am sincere. I am speaking on the blood and by the direction of my departed comrade. He can bid me stop, and will, when it is ended. He, not you or God, will cut short my life: I will be brought to the council of the ancestors by him alone. For he is the Christ Spirit of the crucifixion. My savior and friend!

"Even as I was matter of fact in the morning, now in the twilight I wish to be serious and thoughtful. I wish to go back to those days of long, long ago. When I wanted to live a life full of "sweet dreams and quiet breathing," when I wanted to be an artist, perhaps a poet.....and those other desires that were legitimate to Sam Lee Wang, American.....as a returned patriot to China they were not acceptable. To be a tricky diplomatist, a propagandist, and a deceiver...a swashbuckling officer and an imperious commandant.... these...were the things that counted.

"And so, obedient to the spirit of the age, I have given my best for my country as many better men have done before me. I, that wanted the world, have nothing but a country. Gained a nation, lost a soul: in the same way as he who achieves the world misses, with me, the common goal. A certain

amount of self shame is left for me as an individual of civilisation and refinement. I have preserved honor but stained it. I have been a brave man and yet a craven. I have been worthy but am worthless. What more can patriotism have demanded than these? Is it true of other men in other parts of the world? It is the same everywhere. We are all alike. Our Fates are similar.

"All the way up from Kwangtung, Man Fo taught me and I knew it not. How gently he transplanted those beautifully conceived ideas of his into my garden of thoughts. Yes, beautifully conceived ideas of his poet mind, implanted tenderly in an odd moment when all was not unhappy gave me that which was to conquer over death. Among those invaluable gifts was love. Love for me...until we became bound in the bond indestructible, stronger than the tie of death. It was not the heat of the sun, or the coolness of the night under the sweeping stars that brought it about.

"It started first when he asked me about life in America. Sombrely he listened to my tale that included not a hint of you. I want to know, he said, about the girl, the white girl that you love. My astonishment did not move him. He surely could never have heard of you. In youth, he said again, it is a girl, and a woman when it is manhood. I am so certain in my belief, so positive that your denial is worthless. I am humble. But I know you. I do not read anything about you, but your voice—its strange sound is history. It is deep, it is burning, and sometimes tender and sad. What we in China lack in book learning we make up for in nature-study.

"In life, our wise men have recorded, there is

always unhappiness for one, sometime for two. For life is not singular but plural. Man and Woman are One. Without disappointments and sadness there can never be a chance for Man or Woman to tell some burning secret, or find some luscious truth. Because I have loved...also you. I wanted to die on many occasions. Because my affection seemed so hopeless. But then came my duty, and I thought for a time that it had replaced love in my heart...but it was only an illusion..."

"How true those words describe us, Marion! For, I, too, thought duty in China had replaced you and America in my heart. And I have no excuse now that I love you, Marion, there is no shame within me.

"And then, Marion...were I to live for many years instead of for a few weeks, it would only be as a broken man. I have not given of my best for those who have done most for me. I have served those who

"During the first few days of the battle when our troops had only a few thousand cowered and beaten Japanese marines before them. I could have walked my troops into Hongkew and the North Szechuen Road sector. That this is no empty boast, every foreign military man would be able to confirm. Nevertheless, we obeyed categorically the orders of our government to remain strictly on the defense and not to occupy any portion of the Settlements. As a military man, I must say that this restriction prevented us from developing our victory and throwing the Japanese into the sea, for I would then assuredly forthwith return the occupied portion of the Settlements to the International Defense force provided they would undertake not to allow the Japanese in future to use the Settlements as their base of operations. Nevertheless, orders are orders, and I cannot but feel that the decision of the government was based on larger political wisdom, because the Settlements contain much of the wealth of our own people that would be irreparably destroyed by fighting. Quite frankly also, China's fight against the Japanese, whether on the field of battle or in diplomacy, would last for years and even scores of years, and to secure eventual victory we must win the support of the world by a solicitous regard for the interest of foreigners."—Gen. Tsai Ting Kai as reported by the "China Press" after the Evacuation.

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stood in no need, attended those who did not ask for aid. Those who have loved me I have scorned, and some who have aided me when aid I sorely needed, I have passed by. If it could be that love were unrequited it would be penance and not redemption. Having absolved myself in you, I await your coming. If our friendship can pass the last barrier and remain the one thing noble in both our lives, then I say, Marion, we have by no means lived in vain. You shall preserve. You shall guard it. You can carry it on in life with rejoicing and happiness accruing therefrom...they, are the things I want for you; they, are the things I would have loved to have given you. You can, with this magic in your life, transform men from snivelling hypocrites to purposeful men who will do their utmost by their creed and race for the betterment of all living.

"No lurking spectres of the past will drive you: only fond remembrance. Nothing will crush the joy of your life except that it cometh from my life and I will that not. All honorable associations remain for you, as I will provide. Fear of convention, of what cowards might say or think will not for years narrow your soul in paltry limits and set a leash on every ambition to overthrow it. That is negative for you, but it was for me; I, having rid myself of them, free you. How could a mind reach that great breadth of universality when the judgment is warped, and affection is stifled? When I doubted my ability to beat others, to physically crush others? My country can overcome these for you, since I suffer them still. One day China will be free. On that glorious day you, Marion, can also lift up your head in honor.

"I die, after all, as I wished...for my country. I die to consummate my country's freedom. For in the brutal act of warfare alone can China give birth to a new, mad freedom that shall electrify the world. That glorious freedom will be achieved amid slaughter that reviles religion, amid carnage and destruction that shall tear away the veil from chaste civilisation and fling proud tradition to the dust. It will be customary in that age to kill first and debate afterwards; when the lust to kill will have given back to the Chinese heart the fearlessness and ruthlessness of their forefathers. Then shall their nation be called a Power. Then shall all countries seek her friendship based upon equality.

"But China must not falter: she has but one answer to give, and must give it without fear or favor. "You that in past struck us down stand in History to be struck, as ye lived by the sword so ye shall perish. I will stand by as solemn "neutral" while ye disintegrate within and crumble away without. I will not face your enemies as you would not face mine. I persevere with you in equality and stern justice, as in spite of your taunts and sneers your Destiny is written in the stars which do not

change as does the world. Neither scorn or ridicule I spare you, while you are down I plead preoccupation...this is justice.

"Marion, I present to you my beloved country. It will go beyond all others so long as it is true. In its classics you can find explanation for the ills of mankind, where man is good if he is serene

"You can find in those olden pages many things of which you are familiar. You will see there, described in elegance, other folk like us...who in spite of family and tradition struck unusual friendships that endured beyond delays, distractions and disappointments. You will see how they commenced as diplomatically as ours: as platonic and intellectual, and how they ended tragic, passionate, and elemental. You will trace the events which led to the time-honored question being asked and answered in the affirmative; life is history repeating itself. You can almost see walk out from the page the haughty youth who dared the Mandarin that there was no name in China more honored than the clan to which he belonged. You will hear him tell his beloved that on his part it was never a friendship with reservations. Passion, you see, as tumultuous as the ocean. How could it be averted? It could not. But they parted.

Underneath her indifference the lover heart knows there is a great vein of emotional loyalty, which will grow stronger as absence is prolonged. There is endless charity for him, and unceasing love. The prodigal returned will be feasted and made much of.

"It was never my purpose when I knew you to exploit this. Did I ever try to embarrass you? You quite understood. You pitied me then; perhaps you scorn me now, but I shall never know. Life is too full of disloyalties for a dying man to care. It would be too late when words such as I have must make

their influence felt. I can never forget that to me. Marion, you were always fair and good. I thank you, for it.

"You were not an ordinary girl, Marion. I saw that. Your mind was well attuned to serious things, to fine things. And now that you have become a woman I foresee a full and splendid life: a life, perhaps, that would have matched mine...it promised to be fuller than most...I hope it has not faded. If it has faded if means that you love without hope of attaining the ordinary and expected goal. I shall rejoice in your honor, for honor it will be to me: You and I have to live as we want, not as others desire. We are both free agents. No greater proof of that is required than your friendship with me. Foolishly, I thought to delude you; to let it go on until it would languish and die through ill-nourishment. I thought we never could be anything to one another. And from that point, we would hence conduct our lives according to convention.

"How absurd! When you already know through a

Why United China Was Not Published During February and March

Owing to the Yah Shing Press being in "No Man's Land" it was impossible for us to publish United China during the period of hostilities. The Publishers again take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation to the Management and Staff of the Yah Shing Press for their sterling services in setting up by hand and producing this number.

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thousand and one mistakes of mine, and by my silly tongue-tied presence before I left America that, for you I had conceived the deepest love it is possible for man to know he can bring forth.

"Even a year ago I would not have written this. But war has a way with men: in changing them from the timid to the bold; from the weakling to the strong. What though a soldier's days be numbered—and that definitely—shall he give up every ambition; the ambition that is closest to his heart? I am not always likely to be weak and beaten, nor is my country fated ever to be humiliated and despised. If there are nothing but dreams and fancies today then, in a great tomorrow there shall be truth multiplied from those fancies and dreams which shall satisfy even my mental lusts and out-reachings. When we have enough money, for instance, we are confident and conscious of our power; but when we are a backnumber, poor and broken in spirit, though still a man or woman, we have little manly or womanly dignity because we would give almost any spiritual treasure for the transient satisfaction of temporary affluence.

"What, indeed, may I hope to gain from these revelations? Could I, even a year ago, have rightly hoped all things? Why is it that I appeal to the heroic and noble qualities of your nature? No, I do not beseech. You would wrong me greatly should that be your reaction to my action in writing this diary. It does my soul good to tell you that I love you, Marion, even as it is a clean manhood that bids me speak ere I depart this life.

".....It matters little that you first encouraged me. I loved you from the first. And still to me you are the sweetest and best girl on earth. How this has tortured me! How evil tongues have slain my faith in the good there is in the world: how I have hated where there is no reason to curse.....But when you looked upon me kindly, and permitted me—what were they?—a few boyish, dumb kisses, why.....the whole world looked good. But it explained nothing, achieved nothing. Quite futile, wasn't it? Futile, and really not a little prophetic, now that one comes to think of it.

"I have written at length to assure you of my resolve to live as I want, and not as others decree. In the statement of my love for you, I bestow a blessing. I would not have given up; I would have demanded and fought for reciprocation and your esteem had not duty shone on high a brighter and more perfect star than our own mortal happiness. Nevertheless, I did think then, that I would come through as I went out, for youth is pitifully optimistic. I had a career in front of me in China boundless enthusiasm for study and research

into the history and literature of my country—but these further glories are not for me...Some day I may be able to serve my country again and, on that day, I shall taste my sweetest triumph; I shall have swept away all bitterness from heart and doubt from mind...for that day, too, will be in your honor.

"For you, my sweetheart, there is everything to come. There is that full life. And for me, too, on this side of the world, there is hope. Let us work our ways, then, and, in spite of the unkind Fate that brought us together, let us pray that some day we shall meet again...when we are old and gray-headed perhaps, but any way, when we meet again let us say one to the other: "Your's was a good and happy life devoted to high service...your triumphs, though few know of them, are yet immortal

"In this life, I know, all things are possible if we have faith. You, who love me for the things I have

tried to do and failed, you...will remember my country and my struggling countrymen, and you...will do your best to help and succor them. They are on a long road, longer than ours, and longer than that which was mine alone. You can be their guiding star and spirit...you can stand up there in glory and await them, united at long last in peace everlasting. Yet, perhaps I have transgressed; perhaps I have supposed wrongly; if so how shall I ask for forgiveness? Perhaps you do not love me, after all, Marion. Then I can say, I never expected you to. And from there I can ask you to forgive me for my pride, for my blood that is prouder than yours, for my heart that is nobler than yours. For I, I will love you always, Marion. In that I shall not change...But if it is still

truer that I should have given you up long ago as unattainable, I bid this past experience serve for the last time:

"Long ago in my passion to impress you by a display of mental and cultural superiority, I once overstepped the mark. You said, you wrote me, that I was lacking as a gentleman...because in your veneer of Anglo-Saxon pride you overlooked the conditions which made me write the things I wrote or say the things I used to say. It was a grievous error and truly have we both suffered. I took our friendship from that time, so seriously that it deepened into love. I knew all the while it would come to that: also, I was afraid of the outcome. However, you understood the paradoxes of my nature.

"You might have turned me down after the first familiar greeting: you might have snubbed me and cut me dead, for what was I but an alien Chinese boy in White America? You did not. You were not ashamed to go about with me occasionally, and that

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,

The United China Publishing Syndicate,
Shanghai.

Dear Sir,

Do you not think that we should try to form a party, a party for all China, to bring the nation together for mutual interest and protection?

The least you can do is to form some sort of public opinion. We must try to arouse the people's interest and patriotism, and Nationalism. If the people are not behind such a movement, I fear very much that China is doomed.

But I am sure if such a movement is started, and by enlisting the support of the Merchants and Students, the movement will have some measure of success.

Do you think that it is worth while?

Yours faithfully,

J. J.....

Hong Kong, January 15, 1932.

十九路軍戰士精神不死



"BIG SWORDS"

Who

"DID THEIR BIT"

act of yours alone soothed my inferiority complex greatly. You realised I loved you for it. At the same time, the pride of race and the bigotry of Chinese tradition were in me...many were the fights I had with conscience.

"When I left America, I realised I might never see you again.....a great sorrow seemed to be borne to me and I was cast down into utter despair. I knew then I loved you more than life, family, reputation. And so you have done for me what has been the mission of every pure woman on earth. You have inspired me, given me courage and hope and dignity, when I lacked all. For you I have succeeded in things I should never have attempted otherwise. You....made me a man; and you, Marion, made me a leader of men for a short space so that I could create a new spirit of daring which should strike the chord to begin the anthem of a mighty chorus of New China. My ancient land is coming once again to the front rank of nations through deeds of heroism, sacrifice and self-abnegation on the part of her willing sons and daughters—and these latter include all such as you. In the name of my country, I thank you.

"Here is the domain of freedom where formerly was tyranny; here is now justice where before was oppression, and here is flowering the vine of love which for long had scorned to bear fruit. And when I.....come to the last..... I shall be thinking of you... as of no other being, for you, although you may never hear it from my lips, are my beloved, my sweetheart... and this I have claimed because I am a man worthy of your love though I shall never have it.

"It may be that you will feel an intense repugnance for me, but I had to tell you. It may be that you dislike the thought of loving me, of caring for China and the Chinese. I cannot help you should prejudice have so much damaged our pure relationship. Our destiny decides for us. We may be as wide apart as the poles, but distance cannot conquer love or subdue hatred. You must understand me, Marion, no matter what it may cost you, however it may hurt you. These are my secrets. No one else in the world knows them; and none may ever suspect I love you, or that you love me, perhaps. But say, it is good for you, too, that you should, when you read these lines, say aloud to yourself and to the spirits of me and of my ancestors: "You were not wrong, Sam Lee Wang. You did not hope in vain."

"For me, these lines are living after my physical presence, and being a man, writing a last message to the woman he loves. I never meant to disappoint

you. If I have not always pleased you, if I have not always appeared to be conventional and proper, it is because I am incapable of running like clockwork, and that I have moods peculiar to my kind. But always you are enshrined in my memory as the very meaning of life.....but I am getting confused.....my heart and purpose is faltering. I cannot end this diary..... because it means the last of you, and it seems, I want to go on writing to you forever. It seems that I cannot part, after all, as I wanted.....I have become weak, I think I have said.....the long delay I am furious at, but now it is ended you will be wonderful enough to overlook.....and so good-bye, Marion, I will sleep now, and perhaps dream of you....."

Author's Note: "The Saga of Tsinanfu" was written in 1928 after the famous Tsinan Incident, and has not been published previously owing to the nature of the contents—V. Y. C.

MILITARISM RUNS AMOK

Additional "arrests" and brutality were alleged against the Japanese marines in Hongkew yesterday (says the "North-China Daily News" of Feb. 19). A senior Municipal Police Officer described an incident which he witnessed. After searching a Chinese pedestrian on Seward Road, a Japanese marine brutally butted him with his rifle and kicked him on his way, after striking him with his fists.

HOW JAPANESE DEAL WITH CIVILIANS

On Wednesday night parties of Japanese searching for snipers as they indicated, broke into a number of shops on Yangtsepoo Road, near Baikal Road, in the Wayside district (International Settlement of Shanghai). With rifle butts and clubs, the searchers violated Chinese premises. No snipers were found, but the uniformed men arrested about 20 Chinese and took them off to parts unknown.

Some malicious damage, according to reports of official eye-witnesses was done but the financial loss has not been ascertained. ("North-China Daily News," Feb. 26).

A W A K E ! C H I N A !

An Appeal by a Hong Kong Chinese

It does not pay for the Chinese people to look forward to the League of Nations or to any individual nations for the solution of China's troubles. China's troubles must be solved by the Chinese themselves, or else when even solutions are arrived at, the trouble will surely recur again.

China has Korea for a dependency, and now Korea is governed by the Japanese. Manchuria will most likely share the same fate. If the loss of Manchuria will not bring China together, or give the leaders of the people, (or rather the Kuomintang) like Chiang Kai Shek, Wang Ching Wei, Chang Hseuh Liang, Hu Han Min, etc., and others, food for thought, to come together and put the Nation's interests before their own interest, then I say China is doomed.

Is there no heart that beats faster, when they feel and think for China?

Band yourselves together, Brethren, we cannot wait for the so-called leaders! They are elected, and yet they refuse or hesitate to come forward to serve the country. If they will not come forward, then I say to them. GET OUT and leave China to the real patriots who put China and China only before all and self.

Why, why, cannot the so-called leaders bury their differences for China's sake, and work together for China's welfare? Must they squabble all the time? Are they the men for China, or are they traitors?

Brethren, now is the time to band yourselves together and think and act for China! If everyone will do their own little bit, by working a little for China, then China is already on her way to becoming strong.

Lose Manchuria! Well, it seems that we must. We can lose it for a while and it is up to our boys to recover it. How are we going to do it? Well, here's how.

No doubt about it, we cannot be a match for Japan now. But there is no reason why we cannot be a match for her in the future.

The aim of the movement should be

"CHINA FOR CHINESE AND ALL CHINESE FOR CHINA"

You cannot expect China to be a strong nation when her army, navy, and her people are but a class C3 or 4th or 5th rate people. What we want are A1 men and women to populate China.

We will start by instituting physical culture in schools, so that every scholar will become sound and healthy.

Encourage Boy Scouting so that our boys may learn discipline and patriotism.

Encourage military training and the volunteering spirit so as to have good and fit men when the call comes.

In a few years time, we shall have a great number of men, fit and sound, to help China.

Who says that China cannot come together, that China cannot be strong?

Wait and see.

By J. Jsai.

Editorial Note. The above contribution was received on January 20th last, but on account of the Japanese invasion publication has been delayed.

UNITED CHINA

Magazine



AWAKE!

Long Live the 19th Route Army!

JAPAN LONG PLOTTING AGAINST CHINA

LONDON, March 9.—(Reuters).—"Japan has long had her eyes on China" said Colonel Etherton, addressing a meeting of the English speaking Union in London today.

Colonel Etherton has traveled extensively in Asia and was at one time assistant judge of H.B.M. Supreme Court for China.

Over 100 Japanese staff officers traveled all over China for 12 years, he said, cataloguing the country like a crowd of inventory men for a sale.

"The world is ignorant of this," he added, "but I saw them."

Henry Pu Yi, who when an infant was dethroned by the Chinese Revolution of 1911, today is the Japanese puppet ruler of the so-called state of Manchoukuo in which Tokyo is seeking to include Mongolia and Manchuria. Henry is the last of the royal line of the Manchus whose decline into degeneracy in the early years of the present century was a major factor in sweeping the ancient Dragon Throne of Cathay into the discard. After his dethronement Henry maintained a ghost-like court in the Forbidden City of Peking for many years. A restoration was attempted on his behalf in 1917, but failed. In 1924 he was driven to Tientsin by Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang and lived in retirement there until taken to Manchuria a few months ago by the Japanese.

CHINESE VIEWED AS WORLD'S MOST HONEST PEOPLE

SYDNEY, March 2.—(Reuters).—The appearance of a Chinese in the police court here today on a charge of theft has been given much publicity because it is stated that such a crime by a Chinese is practically unknown in Australia.

The police state that there are no Chinese criminals in New South Wales. In their opinion the Chinese are the most honest people in the world.

DR. EINSTEIN URGES BOYCOTT OF JAPAN GOODS

PASADENA, Feb. 29.—(Reuters).—Professor Einstein in a message broad-cast today urged an economic boycott of Japan in order to force her to cease hostilities against China.

JAPANESE MILITARISTS OVERRIDE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT AUTHORITIES

Seven arrests by Japanese marines of Chinese pedestrians in the Hongkew district (in the International Settlement of Shanghai) were witnessed by foreign police yesterday, the authorities believing that as many more were unwitnessed. One of those taken into custody was severely man-handled by his captors. ("North-China Daily News," Feb. 24.)

The January Issue of United China Has Been Circulated All Over The World

the

NUMBER OF COPIES PRINTED EXCEEDED TWO THOUSAND—MORE THAN HALF BEING SOLD IN CHINA

This issue will circulate wherever Chinese reside; it will go north, south, east, and west—to every corner of the earth. If you have anything to sell to our countrymen in those far flung outposts of our commercial empire, if you have some message to deliver, or some relative or friend to find, just reserve space in United China, and watch results.

Every issue of United China carries with it the guarantee of genuine circulation, to all Kuo Min Tang Party Branches, to important import and export companies, commission agents, manufacturers representatives, wholesalers, retailers, and principal buyers. United China at all times offers you at one cost a complete and permanent coverage.

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UNITED CHINA



UNITED CHINA CALLS THE COUNTRY TO ARMS

United China believes in the principles of military training and pure, unadulterated nationalism. United China acknowledges only authenticated leadership backed by the might of signed affidavits and sworn testimonies by reputable persons. United China stands squarely behind the old revolutionary party, the one, true Party that stands above all for the good of China and her people: the only revolutionary Party, the Party to which our fathers belonged and to which we owe our only allegiance. We pledge that bribery and flattery shall never close the mouth of our journal or silence our writers who are the accredited representatives and the true

UNITED CHINA

MAGAZINE

