

CHAPTER II

CHIANG KAI-SHEK was kidnaped by China Reds. He was kidnaped by China Reds at the instigation of the Russian Reds. "The Young Marshal" whom the Japanese, to the ecstasy of the Manchurians, had kicked out of Manchuria, figured in the headlines as the kidnaper. "The Young Marshal" had gone Red, Red against Japan, cast his lot with Communism of both his own country and Russia that war might be made on Japan and Manchuria and his plunder be won back. Manchuria had been a rich plum for both himself and his father. It maintained his private armies. On the backs of the coolies he had lived like an imperial potentate with his concubines and his opium. Now, an outcast, an exile, fighting with Chiang, he had secretly made peace with the China and Russian Reds and they used him for the coup that was in so short a while to bring on the undeclared war between Japan and China.

At Sian, while the world wondered, and the Generalissimo's wife and her family trembled and the Generalissimo's military commanders nibbled at their finger nails and held their peace to see how it would come out and which way they were to

jump, the China and Russian Reds put their program up to Chiang Kai-shek, take it or leave it, like it or not, a bold throw of the dice in the game of international intrigue with Asia as the stake.

Chiang Kai-shek who jumped out of a back window on the night he was surrounded, jumped out in his night dress and lost his false teeth in the jumping and injured his back at the time, was hauled unceremoniously into the presence of his kidnapers. He was told he was kidnaped for his own good, to save himself from himself and his friends and with that delicate courtesy with which the Chinese are noted on occasions, Chiang was given the choice of leaving his head in a basket, which meant having it cut off, or of turning his government Soviet and Communistic and making war on Japan with the promise, note, that the Soviets of Russia would come in openly as a military ally and fight side by side with the Chiang forces.

The bait was also held out that Manchuria was to be the prize and that the "Young Marshal" who had taken so prominent a part in the kidnaping was to be given his old territory back in Manchuria.

It was a bitter and a hard pill for Chiang to swallow and he was quick enough not to make up his mind or to render his decision immediately on the plea that he had lost his teeth and could not talk. Thereupon, a diligent search was made for

Chiang's teeth, but hunt as they did, these teeth which some day may turn up in a museum and be history, could not be found.

Chiang needed at this vital moment the company and advice of his wife whom many credit with being the Generalissimo's brains outside of his actual military operations. Madame Chiang has been immortalized in the Western world by clever press agency, much of which I will go into detail in later chapters, press agency so clever that she is regarded in many quarters as nothing short of a goddess—that is outside of her own country where she is cordially hated by not a few.

With the general refusing to talk without his teeth, Madame was sent for and flew to the scene—carrying, history will some day solemnly record, a fresh set of teeth for the general. With the arrival of Chiang Kai-shek's store toofies, his last alibi not to talk and say something and make his choice between his head and changing the color of his Nanking government was gone. But he at least had the comforting and consoling presence of his wife along with her advice on what to do under the circumstances.

No wife, I take it, wants to see her husband's head lopped off into an old basket just for a little thing like changing the color of one's government and going to war with a country one had been teaching their subjects to hate, but the Madame was not to be rushed. She drove something of a

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hard bargain which made some of those present wince.

It was to be explicitly understood, Madame Chiang held, that if her husband, the Generalissimo, agreed to turn his government Soviet, that the Communistic idea of taking everything away from the rich was not to be imposed on either Chiang, herself or her family; the Soongs as all the Orient knows, have plenty. Also Madame made it clear her husband must be allowed time to turn the trick to save his "face" which is a most important thing in the Far East. If one loses his "face" in China they might as well be done with it and lose their head.

All this required days. Meanwhile, the world was filled with news that the Generalissimo was bearing up bravely, that he was saying nothing, that he was making no promises and demanded his unconditional release—"face saving" here—that Madame had flown courageously to his side and—here was the great laugh in the Orient—"The Young Marshal" was so heartbroken over what had happened and the fact that he had been the cause of it that he wanted to kill himself or stand trial and standing trial—this borrowed from his Russian friends—would demand on his plea of guilt that he be given the worst punishment possible for so heinous a crime.

Before the party adjourned, the Russian gentlemen present along with "The Young Marshal" in-

sisted that Chiang start war with Japan with no loss of time, using his own private army, German trained, which incidently, was in line with some of the tactics Chiang had been employing on his own enemies or too popular aides—when a war lord's army goes down by a chance of bad luck the war lord is out of the picture too. Chiang promised quite heartily and with his head safely on his shoulders, departed for Nanking. He had made the best of a bad bargain. He was at least alive. Anyway, his "face," for the time, was saved and the world didn't have an inkling of what had taken place. Many things could happen between now and the morrow.

When Chiang and his wife got back to Nanking, they found they had arrived none too soon. Most of his generals, war lords with private armies of their own whom Chiang in the past had bought or beaten into line from outlying provinces were about to bolt and set up a government of their own. A lot of wire pulling had been used to keep one or more of them bolting before Chiang's release. The Red inclined among them, however, had been informed to sit tight and await orders while outside word was sent from Sian and Moscow to the Communist armies in China that the day for action had come and that they might join forces with Chiang against Japan. Also from Sian and before that from Nanking had gone Russian advisers to Moscow with news that Chiang was

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signed, sealed and delivered and that the armies he had at his command, including his widely publicized iron brigades, were in condition to face Japan, both in numbers and equipment. Chiang, with his war lord allies, had quietly been building up one of the largest standing armies in the world.

However, when Chiang sat down with his German military advisers and told them what had taken place at Sian, how he had been forced to pledge his government to go Soviet and make war on Japan to save his head, the Germans flew into a rage. They admitted that they had given Chiang a fine army, but they also declared that Chiang did not have enough troops, that he was not ready to fight Japan and that he would not be ready to fight Japan for at least two years.

“Give us two more years and we will have enough men and arms to whip Japan,” they said. “Under that, we warn you, we cannot answer for the consequences.”

The Generalissimo had great confidence in his German military advisers. They were soldiers every inch of them, veteran commanders of the great war and Chiang knew that they knew what they were talking about. Therefore, he sent word to Moscow and begged for more time, in fact insisted on it and, strange to say, overnight it seemed, the Soviet was willing to give it, for at home the Red Russian Bear that walks like a man was on his knees and in

trouble. Stalin was beginning the first chapter of the vast purges that since have cost him the lives of thousands, among them many of his first commanders and officers of the Red armies. The Soviet was facing revolution. The Soviet, as a matter of fact, could not afford to fight now, could not keep its promise to Chiang to go ahead and join him in a war on Japan.

Also, Japan knowing what had happened, knowing that Chiang's kidnaping had brought him under the influence of Moscow, swiftly made agreements with Germany and Italy to exchange information regarding Communistic activities. The Soviet had this to worry about too. Hitler and Mussolini, in the anti-Communist pact, were at Russia's back door. Chiang was delighted that Russia would give him more time. He did not know at that time that Stalin was at secret war with his own people in their homeland, wiping them out by the thousands in prisons and dungeons by the firing squads or that the structure of the great Red armies was weakened and must be strengthened before they could help. He was to learn later, too late, and to his sorrow.

Now over China, the young Reds hailed with joy the first news from Sian and Moscow that the kidnaping of Chiang had brought him under Soviet control and that Chiang had agreed to make war on Japan. The word later, from Chiang at Nanking, that this war was to be delayed, was received

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with anger and distrust by them. Some of their leaders were taken into the confidence of Nanking and told and warned that even with his great armies, Chiang did not have enough men to whip Japan and that the war with Japan as a consequence must be postponed. Nanking told these young Reds, numbering thousands, and many hundreds trained and educated in the Red colleges of Propaganda at Moscow for this event, that instead of war, actual war, their efforts must again be turned to propaganda among the masses in a campaign to further the hatred of Japan among the people in preparation for the fighting which was ultimately to come.

The young Reds, however, were hot bloods and wanted immediate hostilities. They demanded immediate war on Japan. Had they not seen the great armies of the China war lords marching and drilling and even the police corps of the cities at bayonet drill at night? This was a trick they thought to cheat them of their day, of the hour of blood and revenge, of the time when the rich were to be made poor and the poor made rich and the Red flags of the Soviet to fly from their cities.

All right, they reasoned, if Chiang was stalling, if he was trying to trick them they would take matters in their own hands and force war, force Japan to come in and fight. This was easy of accomplishment. There were tens of thousands of Japanese nationals living with the nations of other

countries in China. Many of them were isolated, civilians, men living with their wives and children in Chinese cities and towns, away from the protection of soldiers; merchants and traders, easy to reach and as easy to be done away with. Foreigners had been massacred in China before. It was nothing new. It could be done again. And besides this time it would be Japanese men, women and children and Japanese had been made unpopular with the other nations in the world by skillful propaganda from Moscow and from certain nations in Europe, one of them, in particular, which had much at stake in China and feared Japan's rise as a commercial power. These other foreigners could be taken care of later. The China Reds would deal with the Japanese first and who would care, other than Japan, if a few thousand Japanese died. Their killing would anger Japan. No nation, to save face, could afford to have its civilians killed without taking action. The killing of Japanese nationals would force war with Japan, would make Chiang fight too.

And so, while Chiang strained feverishly at Nanking to build anew his war machine, there was begun, over China, a series of wide scale massacres of Japanese nationals, men, women and children, Koreans among them, defenseless men, women and children, butchered in their homes and shops, mobbed to death on city and village streets. Countless hundreds of Japanese and Koreans died

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this way, many slain in isolated communities. Within 150 miles of where I lived in North China, there were 200 men, women and children put to death by Chinese Communists, 20 of them little Japanese girls, mere children, dragged from their homes and hot wires pierced through their throats and in the village street they were hung alive, dangling in torture in mid-air, while the Chinese Reds howled savagely about them and then riddled their twisting bodies with bullets.

The massacre of Japanese men, women and children at Tungchow by Chinese soldiers who had pretended to be their friends and their guardians will go down in history as one of the worst butcheries of ancient or modern times. It began before daylight on the morning of July 29th, 1937, and it continued on through the day. Japanese men, women and children were hunted down by the Chinese soldiery like wild animals, dragged from their homes, the women and children assaulted by gangs of soldiers, then, with the men, their bodies put to slow tortures. So badly mutilated were the Japanese civilians that when their countrymen found them in many cases they could not distinguish the men from the women. In many cases the victims, as they died, were thrown into ponds where the waters became red with their blood. For hours the screams of women and children echoed from homes as the Chinese soldiers ravished and tortured them. This was at Tunachow, the

ancient city whose name will go down the centuries as one of the blackest marks against China. Of 380 Japanese nationals in that bloody episode, but 120 escaped. Many of the ravished and dead were children. In numerous instances the unhappy Nipponese were not mercifully relieved by death until 24 hours after their tortures began. The Chinese used hot wires to pierce their noses and throats, punctured their ear drums that they might not hear their own cries of suffering, gouged out their eyes that they might not see their own tormentors. The Iroquois and the Sioux of early America's West never devised greater cruelties.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. on her return from China, gave an enlightening view of this sort of conduct on the part of the Chinese in "The Saturday Evening Post" of Oct. 21, 1937.

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

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The Sikh went to call an ambulance. Instantly the mob closed in again, apparently taking vengeance on a corpse. I was certain the man was dead, but when he was finally put on a stretcher, I saw his hands move."

While this was taking place, and later, some 60,000 Chinese were living peacefully in the Japanese Empire, their lives and property protected while they mingled with the Japanese in friendly business and social relations. I have walked through the Chinatowns of Yokohama and other Japanese cities and watched the Chinese children at play without thought of fear or danger and while in China their countrymen were mobbing and hunting down Japanese children like themselves. Those of us who have lived and traveled in The Orient smile when we hear on this side of the world of the "ferocity and inhumanity of the Japanese in contrast to the peacefulness and humanity of the poor Chinese." The very Chinese soldiers who perpetrated the massacre of the Japanese innocents at Tungchow were fed by the Japanese troops when captured and under the Sumarai code which condemns the offense but forgives the offender they were told to go and kill no more. The Japanese officers placed the blame for the massacres, not on the ignorant soldiery of China but on the War Lords of Nanking and Moscow and the propaganda against the Japanese that had been drummed into ignorant ears.

The world did not hear of these outrages. If they had happened to the nationals of any other nation, the news would have been flashed to the world and the world would have shrunk in horror and the nation whose nationals had been murdered would have taken immediate action. But the Japanese are poor propagandists. As adept as they have been at adopting the ways of the Western nations, in commerce and in war, they have neglected propaganda despite the fact that they have been up against the most powerful propaganda agencies on earth.

Japan, to the surprise of the foreigners in China, did not act quickly. She knew butcheries had been perpetrated by Reds. She knew that since the Western nations had closed the markets of the world to her products she must do business in North China and she frankly did not want to war on China. China's government, Japan knew, was lost in the web of Bolshevism from Russia, yet she did not wish to fight the people of China because China was her neighbor and must be her customer if she, Japan were to live.

Japan had been watching both Nanking and Moscow narrowly. She was first to know that the Soviet was wobbling at home, that given time Communism and the Third Internationale would crash of their own weight. She also knew that Chiang Kai-shek and his rule were unpopular

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with the Chinese people, that the masses knew of Chiang and his generals' great wealth stored abroad and that given time the Chinese people would sicken of them and follow a new leader who would oppose the Bolshevik as Japan opposed him and who would give Japan an even break in the trade mart of North China.

The massacres of Japanese nationals continued. The pillaging and murdering went on. And then at Marco Polo bridge the Japanese army was fired upon and when the China Reds did this they touched off the spark that lighted the flame, for the uniform of the Japanese soldier is sacred in that it represents the emperor and the Japanese people love their emperor with a deep and undying affection that is like the burning of a bright spiritual light.

Japan struck swiftly now and the Reds recoiled and the people of Peking who had suffered under Nanking war lord rule were glad to open their gates to the Japanese. They knew Chiang Kai-shek planned Peking's effacement; they knew also now, what every one in China seemed to know, but not the world outside, that Chiang had made peace with the Reds of Moscow, that the Reds in China were climbing into the saddle of empire.

The China Reds had forced Chiang's hand against Japan and brought Japan in for war as they had intended to do, but when the people of

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Peking turned against them, when the city was so easily taken over these Reds now turned to Nanking and cried for help and for armies of the war lords against Japan.