

UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS

MANCHUKUO

MONGOLIA

SINKIANG PROVINCE

TIBET

CHINA (PROPER)

INDIA

BURMA

SIAM

FRENCH-INDO CHINA

FORMOSA

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila

Hong Kong

Shanghai

Sian

Lanchow PROV.

Peking

Vladivostok

Tokyo

KOREA

JAPAN

Buriat Tribes

Lake Baikal



Young Love in Tibet.

HORIZON HUNTER

*The Adventures of a Modern
Marco Polo*

BY HARRISON FORMAN
Author of *Through Forbidden Tibet*

*Illustrated with Photographs
taken by the Author.*

NATIONAL TRAVEL CLUB
New York

HORIZON HUNTER

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FIRST EDITION

To

BRENDA LU

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HORIZON HUNTER

The Adventures of a Modern Marco Polo

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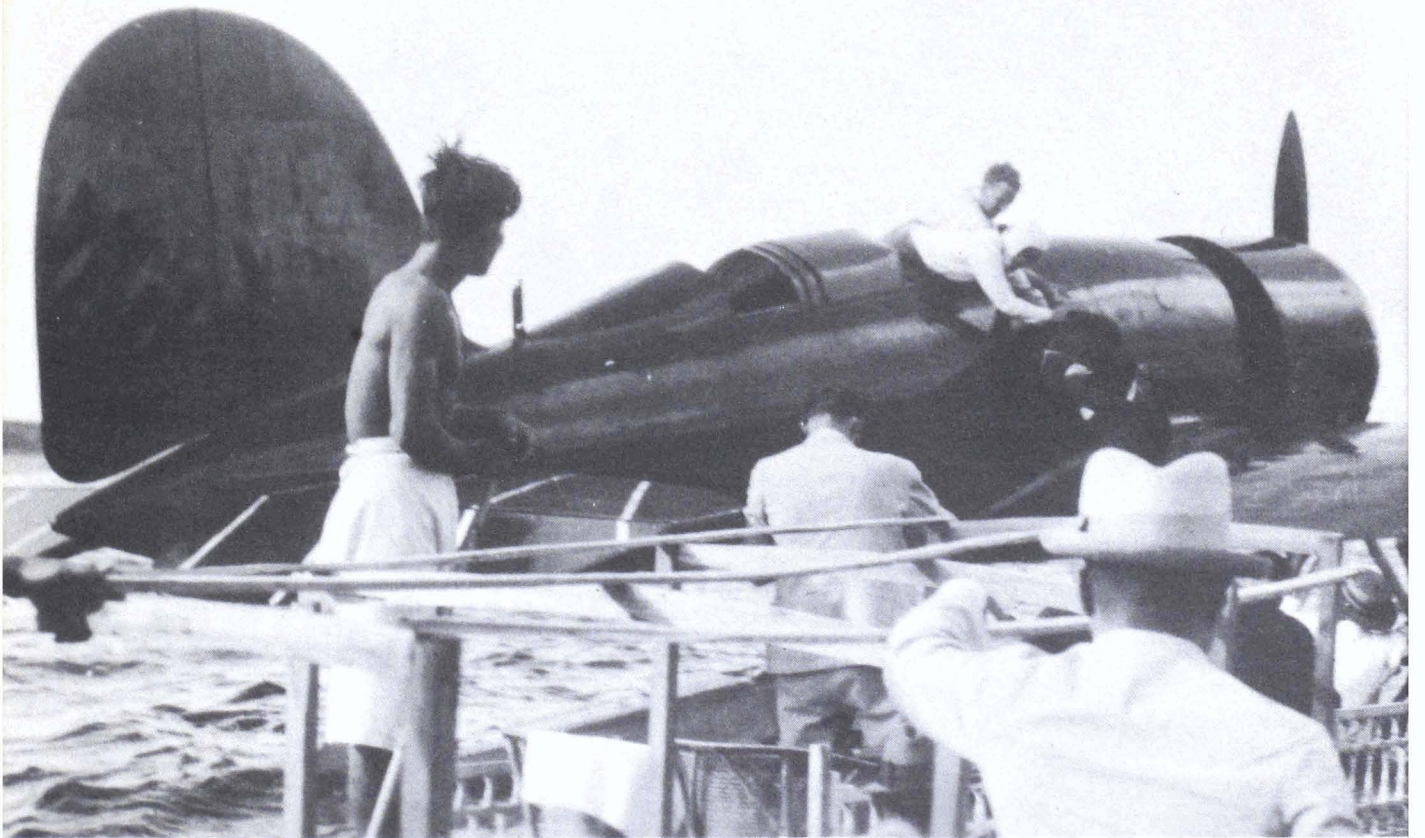
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美國
紐約

The Author's
Chinese calling card



Opium—China's Curse. *Upper*—Poster in the campaign to stamp out the opium smoking evil.



*Upper—We crack up the "Feng Wang".
Lower—The Lindberghs land at Nanking.*

PROLOGUE

EXPLORATION. ADVENTURE. THE FAR PLACES. MAGIC WORDS TO most of us.

Well, what makes an explorer? How does he get that way?

Exploration, in my definition, is simply a manifestation of that insatiable desire in all of us to see what's over there . . . beyond . . . on the other side. For most of us never grow old. Underneath the responsibilities and dignities of maturity we are still kids in our fanciful romancings—still fighting pirates, exploring mysterious caves.

But some of us kids refuse to grow up, refuse to be restrained by responsibilities and dignities. And under the conscience-salving flag of “science” or this or that “-ology,” we sally forth to challenge the sea dragons, search for the legendary “Fountains of Youth.” Decent Folks frown upon us. Label us vagabonds, wanderers—or sometimes just plain no-good bums. Unless, in the course of our rainbow chasing, we discover Americas or fly over Poles—and we are immediately acclaimed “explorers.”

At heart, however, the explorer and the vagabond are brothers. Both are in the game essentially for its promise of ever-new and exciting experiences. The explorer, if he's honest with you, will readily admit that. It's what keeps him ever youthful, ever eager—and ever broke!

It's not an easy life. It's full of hardships and dangers. Long, monotonous days of scorching heat and nights of freezing cold. Bad food. Filth. Disease. Nostalgia. Loneliness.

But there are compensations, fascinating compensations. Particularly in retrospect. There is the satisfaction of knowing we've lived life fully, intensely. And, if we've been fortunate

enough to contribute something significant to the world and its store of knowledge—through writing, lecturing, photographs, sketches, maps, notes, recordings—the glow of satisfaction becomes even more comforting.

If not, we're vagabonds. And so what? So you stick to your respectability—and we'll go on doing the things you've secretly always wanted to do!

CHAPTER I

“YOU WEREN’T SCARED, WERE YOU?”

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY THAT STRANGE FEELING I HAD AS I LEGGED over the cowling and slid into the cockpit.

Something was wrong. Something. Just what, I couldn’t for the life of me say.

“Switch on!” called the prop-swinger.

Something. Something. Not the plane—the mechanics had had hours to check it and get it warmed up. Not the weather—clear skies in all directions. Not . . .

“Hey,” I said, “switch on!” Came a shout from up front.

“Okay, okay. Keep your shirt on. Contact!”

I shrugged. “Come on,” I said to myself. “Snap out of it!” But the feeling persisted as we roared down the field, pulled off and pointed her nose westward, to Nanking.

I started to reason with myself. “Look here, Harrison my boy. You should be pretty pleased with yourself. Here you are flying up to Tsingtao to close a deal (you hope!) for a half million dollars’ worth of warplanes and spare parts—your commission on that deal alone is nothing to sneeze at—and you’re sitting here worrying about nothing at all. What’s more, Bob Williams riding with you swears he’ll get an immediate order from Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang for at least twenty Waco ‘F’ trainers like this demonstrator ship when we get up to Mukden in Manchuria.

“And as a topper (and what a topper!) you’ve just closed another deal for about two hundred thousand dollars’ worth of military planes with the Foochow folks. That is . . . Well, dammit, that deal is as good as in the bag, and you know it! Say, mebbe that’s what’s eatin’ you? Well, you had Colonel Shen’s word for it, didn’t you?”

Colonel T. S. Shen was the Commandant of Shanghai's Hungjao Airdrome. He was a quiet, unassuming fellow; a man who inspired confidence in any business transaction. We were just getting ready to take off for Nanking when he had walked up and, as calmly as you please, said:

"By the way, Mr. Forman, what is your price on a half-dozen Vought Corsairs?"

He might just as well have been saying, from the tone of his voice: "How much are eggs today?"

Vought Corsairs at the time (1931) were the finest of fighting ships in the world. They were standard equipment in the United States Naval Air Corps. And they sold for about \$30,000 each. Not much of an order as warplane orders go; but then nothing to get uppish about. I hopped out of the cockpit, grabbed his arm and walked him over to his office.

Now Colonel Shen had lived in the States for many years. He did business like an American; I mean that he wasted little time in dickering and general procrastination.

It seemed that an associate of his in charge of the Naval Air Service at Foochow had just obtained an appropriation from the provincial governor, and had come up to Shanghai to buy some first-class fighters as a nucleus for a modernized air force. (Up to the early thirties it was the custom to do business direct with the Provincial Governments. We required only that they furnish us with an import permit issued by the Nanking Government—indicating they were in the good graces of the "established government of China.")

Colonel Shen was an old-timer, one of the best flying men in China. So the Foochow commandant had come to ask his advice and recommendations as to what ships to buy. Shen recommended the "Corsair."

Over tea and cakes we talked prices, deliveries, payments. The afternoon wore on, but I paid little heed. I was extremely anxious to get this business: though the order was comparatively small, it was an entirely new market. And it gave promise of

much future business once they started to build around this nucleus.

Suddenly, the Foochow commandant, quite satisfied with Colonel Shen's recommendations and my terms, leaned back in his chair and said:

“All right, it's a deal. Make out the contract.”

Not to let the thing grow cold, I dashed back to town and the office, got the stenographers busy, and worried them along until they had finished. When I returned to the airport the Foochow fellow was still there. He signed the contract—\$200,000 worth of planes and spare parts.

But . . . Before he would give me the signed contract, he thought he'd better take it back to Foochow for a final okay by his governor. The contract never did come back. The Japanese had begun their invasion of Manchuria in the meantime. And the Foochow folks delayed the plane order for fear the ships would be intercepted and confiscated by the Japanese.

It was five o'clock before I returned to our plane. So engrossed had I been in the negotiations that I had not realized how the time went by. Curiously, neither did Bob Williams, who had spent the time tinkering with the Waco. We climbed in and were off.

Almost due westward we flew, straight into the late afternoon sun which played queer tricks with the propeller as the light beams pierced the arc of the flashing blades. Off on the right the yellow of the heavily silted Yangtze took on an almost golden hue. And below us, stretching to the far horizons, the placid waters topping ten thousand irregular-shaped rice paddies reflected the warm flush from the sunset skies like ten thousand tiny mirrors.

With a sigh I settled back to enjoy the cool relief from the hot dust of the airport. My thoughts began to wander. It was almost two years now since I had first come to China—which was a long way from Milwaukee, my birthplace, and the University

of Wisconsin, where I had majored in Comparative Literature and Oriental Philosophies. Excellent qualifications, no doubt, for the field I went into immediately thereafter—aviation.

But aviation had gotten me around. First to Mexico, where I sought to join the air force of a brewing revolution. But this soon petered out. So I went treasure hunting for some of Pancho Villa's supposed buried loot, and for three weeks cussed a pair of cantankerous Mexican burros through Chihuahua's scorching heat.

Next I became instructor of navigation and meteorology at the United School of Aeronautics in San Francisco.

Then one day in a blue mood, as I walked along Frisco's famed Embarcadero, I saw a three-masted schooner. I went aboard for a look-see. She was to sail for arctic waters at dawn for a six months' sealing voyage. I perked up. Could the skipper use another hand? The skipper squinted at me through a blue cloud from his corncob and 'lowed he might. I signed on.

That night my friends threw a big farewell party for me. It was a truly big party—so big that I passed out and didn't come to until broad daylight. I dressed hurriedly and rushed down to the wharf. The ship had sailed hours ago, I was told.

I was mad. And a splitting hangover didn't help matters any. I walked about aimlessly for a while. It was going to be tough to face my friends now. I was in for a good deal of razzing. I had lost face.

Presently, I found myself before a seamen's agency. I made a quick decision. I went in and took the first thing offered—a boat to China.

I liked China—and Shanghai. And after a period of indecision as to what proposition offered the most in action, in travel—and in money—I turned to the business side of aviation and joined the L. E. Gale Company, the largest (American) organization engaged in the sale of military and commercial aircraft to the Chinese Government. We represented a group of the most important American aircraft manufacturers: Boeing,

Chance Vought, Sikorsky, Stearman, Lockheed, Ryan, Waco, Fairchild, and others.

We had eleven offices, strategically spotted from Canton, in the extreme south, to the Manchurian metropolis of Mukden and as far west as Chungking and Chengtu, the two big cities of Szechwan Province bordering on Tibet, perhaps two thousand miles up the treacherous Yangtze River from Shanghai.

But we had only one customer; that is, officially. The Central Government at Nanking—the “recognized” government of China.

Since the 1911 Republican Revolution, China had been festered with periodic civil wars; with self-centered, warlord-headed governments rarely lasting more than a year at a time. Anxious to carry on trade in China, and annoyed with persistent chaotic conditions, the Western powers got together and decided to select one of the warlords, set him up in business with both moral and financial support, and “recognize” him as the head of the “established” government of China.

The Number One warlord selected was Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang, however, had many jealous and disgruntled rivals. In the winter of 1929-1930 he found himself with his back to the wall, facing a strong coalition of the powerful Northerners, Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-san. His troops were badly beaten and actually in retreat, when just in the very nick of time there arrived twenty American warplanes (Vought “Corsairs”) which he had purchased from us some months previous. These were hurriedly set up and sent out to bomb the Feng-Yen Coalition troops. This was the first time truly modern warplanes in mass formation had ever been used in China, and the northern Coalitionists were caught completely unprepared. Their victorious march was quickly turned to a wild rout—and the war was over.

Recognizing immediately the potential power in the modern warplane, Chiang moved to stymie any attempts on the part of rival warlords to buy planes and threaten his advantage. He effected this by notifying the signatories to the Nine-Power

Treaty that he would insist upon a strict adherence to a clause in that treaty which stipulated that no planes or war supplies were to be sold to any faction in China other than to, or by permission of, the "recognized" government. And he was the "recognized" government.

But Chiang had more moral than financial support in those days. And his rivals, who had been in the warlord business for many more years, seemed plentifully supplied with money. Yet, as so often happened, when some hinterland warlord sent his representative down to my office in Shanghai to negotiate a warplane deal, we politely had to refer such individuals back to Nanking for a *hu-chao*, an import permit, before we could even begin to talk business. No order could be placed with any American aircraft manufacturer without first sending this import permit to the State Department in Washington. The State Department then conferred with the Chinese Legation in Washington for a confirmation of the import permit. If the warlord-purchaser was still in Chiang's good graces at that time, the Chinese Legation would endorse this import permit. Our State Department then passed it on to the War Department. If the War Department saw no objection to the deal, it recommended that an American export permit be issued to the American plane manufacturer. Only after this was issued could the manufacturer ship us those warplanes.

Of course, if we really wanted to, we could get around these restrictions—that is, if the warlord offered enough of a premium to make it worth while. A shipment of warplanes could leave America for, let us say, Costa Rica. There they would be resold and reshipped to China, where previous arrangements would have been made to land them "somewhere on the China coast." However, we scrupulously avoided any connection with plane deals not handled through the proper official channels, both Chinese and American.

There was, for example, that time in the spring of 1931 when an order for twenty fighting planes came up from Canton.

Planes with spare parts amounted to approximately \$700,000. The Cantonese had long resented Chiang Kai-shek's rule from Nanking. And they had just called upon him to give up his dictatorship, or they, the Cantonese, would come up to Nanking to kick him out.

We had a pretty good idea, therefore, as to the destination of the planes in this sudden order. Of course, the Cantonese could furnish no official Nanking hu-chao. But then, \$700,000 . . .

We called upon Harvard-trained T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance and brother-in-law of Chiang Kai-shek. We laid the cards on the table. Soong admitted that the Cantonese order for twenty warplanes represented quite a temptation for us. He was frank, too, in admitting that, were we so minded, we could get those planes to the Cantonese crowd—hu-chao or no hu-chao. He “would appreciate it,” he added, if these planes were not sold to Canton. And, though he made us no promise to that effect, there was an implication that Chiang Kai-shek would soon be in the market for a similar order of warplanes. We decided to gamble, and tore up the Cantonese contract.

Chiang *was* in the market for a similar order. But the order was placed with a competitor. And we could do no more than smile and take it on the chin, if we wished to continue in business in China—legitimately.

This Foochow deal, I told myself, would not fall through. It mustn't fall through. We needed that business. But, then, there was no sense in worrying about it. Relax!

I glanced at the instrument board, and checked our course. The clock said six o'clock.

And then suddenly I knew what was worrying my subconscious. The time, of course! The sun set at about six-thirty this time of the year—and it was at least a two-hour flight to Nanking where we had planned to make our first stop. It was too late to turn back now. We must go on—and hope for the best.

About half an hour from Nanking the motor developed a

mysterious little knock. We had to cut our speed. The sun went down, and we were still in the air—with an engine that might quit at any moment. We looked about for a place to sit down. Nothing! Only rice paddies as far as the eyes could see, and even they were mostly under floodwaters. (This was during the great Yangtze flood of 1931.)

It was getting dark quickly. And over on the horizon was the soft glow of the lights of Nanking just beginning to be lit. Twenty miles away—less than fifteen minutes of flight! Yet, in fifteen minutes it would be completely dark. Then what?

We looked around again, and suddenly I had an idea. We headed for a range of mountains a couple of miles to the southward. Sure enough, there was a likely landing spot on the hillside. Rocky, yes; but in another couple of minutes we wouldn't be able to see a thing below.

Well, there were more rocks than we had supposed; and up she went on her nose.

"You hurt, Bob?" I yelled.

"No," he said. "How about you?"

"Oh, just a couple of scratches." Yet it was a miracle I wasn't killed, for the whole control business had come up through the floor of the cockpit between my legs and looked a helluva mess.

"Come on, let's get out of this thing," I said.

We climbed out and surveyed the wreck. We took stock: a cracked motor, two wings busted, washed-out undercarriage.

Some shouts from across the field attracted our attention to a new danger. Foreigners out of reach of foreign warships or government troops were always exposed to violence at the hands of bandits and Communists who overran the country. We pulled our Colts. It was dark by then. We tried first to keep perfectly quiet, hoping they would not find us in the darkness. But as the voices came closer and closer, I suddenly turned the powerful beam of my flashlight in their direction. There was a quick scurrying of retreating feet. Then an authoritative shout came

from the darkness. My torch picked out a uniform, a gladdening sight. Soldiers!

I told the man to come closer, but he refused. Nor would any of the others approach. Quite apparently they were all afraid. And no wonder, for most of them had never seen a white man. Especially one who dropped in on them from the skies. And at night too. China is poor; so poor that many millions are born, reared and die without ever venturing more than a few villages distant from their birthplaces. We must, indeed, have appeared like demons from another world.

In my meager Chinese I tried to make them understand our plight. We were no more than human and, what was more, we were hungry.

They merely kept at a little distance and watched us closely, the while keeping up an incessant jabbering. At length an old woman, a bit braver than the rest, came forward with a pot of native tea and some fruit.

That broke the ice. After that they crowded about us, with the native curiosity of the Chinese asserting itself to an annoying degree. In fact, we were hard put to keep them from tearing the ship apart in their curiosity.

After a while we curled up under a wing for a night’s sleep. I had noticed before that the natives were terribly scared of my flashlight. They jumped away from its beam as if it were something alive and searing. Therefore, whenever I saw one of them approaching too close to the ship, I flashed a strong beam of light right onto him without so much as turning around, and apparently ignorant of what had transpired. The effect was wonderful. Even the soldiers came to regard the mysteriously appearing and disappearing flash from my midriff as something to be wary of. To cover their own discomfiture, they took it out on the peasants and threw a ring of guards around the plane and us—at a respectable distance, of course—and we relaxed into welcome sleep.

By morning the crowd had multiplied many fold. There were

literally thousands of them. The word must have spread like wildfire through the night.

Again we surveyed the damage to the plane. No hope. She'd never fly again; she was good only for salvage. Leaving Bob with the ship, I secured a guide to take me to the nearest village. I returned later in the day with some coolies and wrecking gear, and we tore the ship apart to salvage what we could. The next morning I continued my journey alone to Tsingtao by train and boat.

At Tsingtao, I found that the deal was, indeed, "almost ready to go through." They were just waiting for the admiral, due there in a couple of days, to put his final chop on the transaction.

"Fine and dandy," I said. "I'll wait for him. And, in the meantime, shall I make out the contract?"

"Oh, no, no! Never mind it just now. Don't trouble yourself. There'll be plenty of time for that when the admiral arrives."

Well, if that was the way they wanted it, that was the way it would have to be.

I waited three weeks for the admiral to show up. It was a sizable deal, and I was going to stick with it. Besides, it was too hot down in Shanghai.

Assisting him, Colonel Hwang had two White Russian instructors. These were Captain Elias Pankoff, an excellent technician, and Captain Paul Homiakoff, World War ace. Homiakoff, incidentally, had been associated with Igor Sikorsky, the builder of those giant transoceanic clippers, when the latter was designing warplanes for the Russians during the World War.

One day Homiakoff and I went up in one of those queer-looking French "Schrecks" they had there at the time. It afforded me one of my grandest sights from the air—the beautiful curve of the bay and beach of the "Riviera of China." Also, one of the biggest scares!

We were up at about two thousand feet enjoying the cool-

ness of the upper air when suddenly the motor coughed. “Phut . . . phut-phut. Purr-r-r. Phut-phut . . .”

We headed quickly for the airdrome ramp. I held my breath, hoping she’d make it in that long flat glide before she stalled and spun in.

“Humph! That’s nothing,” said Homiakoff as he climbed out. “She always acts up like that. You weren’t scared, were you?”

“But she’ll quit you cold one of these days,” I protested.

He shrugged his shoulders. “Nichevol!” That expression of fatalism is so characteristic of the whole Russian people.

I got the story of those “Schrecks” from Pankoff. It seems that the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin, fiery father of Chang Hsueh-liang, was a true product of the old school of warlords. But he had some spirit of progressivism in him. Some smooth-talking Frenchman had sold him on the idea that he could rise to much greater heights in the warlord business—perhaps even to that of Emperor of all China—if he only had an air force. This was back in 1924, when there were few planes in China.

He fell for it. And they rooked him! Thirty-four of those old hybrid wartime “Schrecks” they dumped on him. Think of it—flying boats for an air force that was to operate solely on land! What’s more, the ships weren’t even military jobs, though Pankoff and Homiakoff eventually rigged machine-gun mounts in their front cockpits.

Lucky for those Frenchmen that they took their money in advance and were well on their way to gay Paris before the crazy things began to arrive—some of them minus motors, some minus wings, some minus this and some minus that. That old buzzard was so mad he would have strung them up by the toenails and peeled the hide off them—inch by inch! He had a genius for devising horrible tortures, as his record well attests.

Those “Schrecks” were death traps, I insisted. Homiakoff and Pankoff agreed with me. And they were doing their best to help through a new-plane deal.

NO BED OF ROSES

I WAS STILL IN TSINGTAO WHEN WORD CAME THROUGH THAT Lindbergh and his wife had arrived in Japan, having flown across the Pacific en route to China. I hurried back to Shanghai, and then left immediately for Nanking to be on hand for their arrival.

A great crowd of officials and diplomats gathered on a specially constructed wharf fronting the Yangtze River. Long tables were spread with the makings of a sumptuous feast, and plenty of champagne on ice—all under the watchful eyes of a guard of honor decked out in brand-new uniforms. Colorful streamers and pennants flapped and fluttered from rooftops and mast-heads. Everything was set for a truly gala welcome.

About noon a sudden burst of whistles and sirens announced the sighting of the Lindbergh plane. He came in flying high, circling gradually lower and lower while he surveyed the landing conditions. A strong current and cross wind apparently did not appeal to him. Three Chinese warplanes took the air and, in follow-the-leader fashion, swooped down toward the river to indicate the best angle of approach for a landing.

Eventually, he decided to chance it. As he nosed down into a glide, two ancient Chinese junks began to mosey lazily out into the stream. There was a screeching of sirens from every vessel in the river, from warships down to the lowliest of tug-boats. Three speedy motorboats shot out after the crazy junks, just as Lindy zoomed upward—missing the junks by inches! Fifteen minutes were spent, while the water police cursed and shoed the coolie-manned junks back to shore.

Once more the plane went into a glide upwind. And, would

you believe it, two more dilapidated tubs swung directly into his path!

More screeching of sirens, while police boats again raced junkward from the shore.

That was too much for the Colonel. He turned inland and came down on Lotus Lake, just outside the city wall of Nanking. Lindy placed safety before the kudos of handshakings and backslappings.

Frank Cole and I anticipated Lindy's intentions when he veered away from the river, knowing that Lotus Lake was the only place near by that might offer a safe landing. We hired a couple of rickshas whose pullers splashed along the knee-deep flooded side streets to the shore of the lake where we hired a boatman to row us out to the huge low-wing monoplane riding easily in mid-lake.

Frank Cole represented Curtiss-Wright, the manufacturers of Lindy's engine, while I represented Lockheed, makers of the rest of the ship. We introduced ourselves and offered our services.

"Well," he began, "glad to hear some English. That'll make things easier. I take it you boys speak Chinese, at least enough to keep those sampans and things away from the plane." We yelled to the boatmen to stand off. We then detailed four of the sampans to form a square around the plane and string lines between them. Only foreigners were to be permitted inside the roped enclosure.

Anne Lindbergh looked quite pert in her jodhpurs as she slipped out of her parachute and was helped from the cockpit by her tall young husband. She smiled sweetly to us, and looked as fresh as if she had just stepped from a taxicab.

Official receptions and such took up the rest of the day. Next morning Frank Cole and I went out to see if we could give Lindy a hand at servicing the ship. Frank set to work immediately checking and tuning up the motor. There wasn't much I could do other than talk. And I found Lindbergh, in spite of

the picture painted of him as a reticent sourpuss, quite a talkative fellow with an excellent sense of humor.

In the course of our talk he asked where we were from. I told him I was from Milwaukee.

"You didn't attend the University of Wisconsin, did you?" he said.

I told him, yes, whereat he threw back his head and laughed heartily. I didn't get the point at the moment, and he had already changed the subject before the cause of that haw-haw did dawn on me. Lindbergh had been an engineering student at the University of Wisconsin back in the early nineteen-twenties. Not a very brilliant student, however, by the University's scholastic measuring stick. It's been said that he spent too much time tinkering with automobile engines, motorbikes and such—at the expense of his regular studies. So they flunked him out at the end of his first year.

A few years later he made his spectacular solo flight across the Atlantic. Home from Europe he was not only hailed as a hero by the public but showered with honors by dignified educational institutions. One of these was Columbia University which conferred upon him an honorary degree. Subsequently, he barnstormed around the country dedicating airports. In time he came to Madison, where the Wisconsin University authorities found themselves projected suddenly into an embarrassing predicament. Columbia University had singled him out for an honorary degree. Could they, the Wisconsin powers-that-be, do less for him—this fellow they'd kicked out only a few years before? If they refused to follow Columbia's lead, the New Yorkers might become highly indignant. "Who were these Wisconsinites," they might declaim, "to place a higher value upon their honorary degrees than ours?" And, too, what if Lindy *refused* to accept a Wisconsin degree?

Lindbergh must have had quite a laugh over that. Fortunately, he was tactful enough to accept the award.

Though Lindbergh had skillfully avoided crashing into

those junks on the Yangtze, and safely landed on Lotus Lake, his ship was hexed by the Chinese gods. A few days later, upon his return from a survey flight over the flooded area, his plane was dropped by a warship's crane as it was being lifted aboard. The Lindberghs escaped disaster, fortunately, but the plane sank in the river, and when salvaged had to be knocked down, crated and shipped to the factory for repairs.

The China National Aviation Corporation, an air-mail and passenger service owned jointly by Pan American Airways and the Chinese Government, was not so lucky as Lindbergh. The C.N.A.C. had boasted up to 1931 that it was "the safest air line in the world." In its several years of operation it had had not a single accident. Then one day, as Pilot Baer was taking off from Shanghai in one of the old Loening amphibians, a big seagoing junk with a sixty-foot mast suddenly swung across his path. Baer attempted a sharp bank-and-turn—but too late. His wing hit the mast and the ship spun in, killing him, his copilot and four passengers.

No, flying in China in those days was no bed of roses. If it wasn't natural hazards—lack of proper landing facilities—it was bandits, or deliberate attack, or sabotage. There was a natural hate of foreigners, and the airplane was the symbol of the foreigner's domineering influence. So, frequently, when you landed after even a short flight and made a routine inspection of the plane you weren't too surprised to find a few bullet holes in your ship. There was nothing you could do about it, either.

Two German pilots flying the first leg of a projected Shanghai-to-Berlin air-mail route were shot down by bandit troops in Mongolia, and held prisoners for many months. One of the boys had been wounded in the leg. For lack of proper medical treatment, gangrene set in, and eventually the leg had to be amputated at the knee.

Julius Barr, our special demonstration pilot, whom we had brought out with a beautiful Boeing pursuit ship, had a better break than his near-namesake. He blew an oil line while flying

from Shanghai to Peking, and cracked up—simply because he could see nothing but rice paddies for miles and miles around.

And there was the “Young Marshal,” Chang Hsueh-liang, warlord of Manchuria, with all his generals waiting for him in Peking, and my man up there standing alongside him with a contract for twenty Boeings—nearly three-quarters of a million dollars’ worth of business. The Young Marshal had promised to sign it the moment he was satisfied with a demonstration.

Well, we cabled to America for another Boeing to be sent out immediately. But before it arrived the Japanese had started their messing around in Manchuria—September, 1931—and the Young Marshal was out on his ear.

“HELLUVA WAR THIS IS!”

CHIANG KAI-SHEK IN 1931 WAS NOT YET READY TO MEASURE strength with Japan. He was impotent in the Manchurian conquest by Japan, for Chiang ruled there only through the real warlord—Chang Hsueh-liang. And the Young Marshal had elected not to resist the Japanese in the Manchurian campaign during the winter of 1931.

The Cantonese in the extreme south, however, not only called the Young Marshal a coward and a traitor, but accused Chiang Kai-shek of complicity with the Japanese because of his failure to take an active part in the halting of the invasion. Demanding Chiang Kai-shek's head as the Number One traitor, the Cantonese mobilized and started to march on Nanking.

The plan of attack was twofold. An army was sent overland from Canton, while another army was sent by boat to Shanghai. The two were to close in on Nanking like pincers. The overland army, however, ran into the Communists in Kiangsi Province, who considered any non-Red a natural enemy. And they went at it tooth and nail.

Meanwhile, the army that had been sent up to Shanghai by water (later identified as the Nineteenth Route Army) found itself in an embarrassing situation. The leaders didn't feel strong enough to move their men on Chiang Kai-shek's Nanking stronghold alone, so they proceeded to bed down their troops comfortably in the Chinese suburb of Chapei until their comrades should free themselves of the Communist obstacle in Central China.

At this juncture the Japanese handed General Tsai Ting-kai an ultimatum to gather up his troops and beat it—or else. This

put the Cantonese on the spot. They dared not move Nankingward for fear Chiang Kai-shek would send his troops to meet them. And they'd lose too much face going back to Canton, especially after all their warlike protestations against both Chiang and the Japanese. Lastly, the foreign settlements offered no haven, for these were ringed with blockhouses manned by the Shanghai Volunteer Corps and regulars from the various foreign warships at anchor in the Whangpoo River.

So they did the only thing left for them to do—they dug in and prepared to fight.

Now, Shanghai is governed by a sort of "League of Nations," the Shanghai Municipal Council. This authority is backed up by the warships of the various nations riding at anchor in the Whangpoo River, under the single command of the senior naval commander in Shanghai at the time—no matter what his nationality.

Thus, at the outbreak of hostilities, the senior naval commander was an American rear admiral. He immediately took charge of the defense of Shanghai with the forces from all the war vessels in port—French, British, Japanese, Italian, German, as well as the Americans—taking orders directly from him.

But the Japanese found that his orders cramped their plan of military operations in the Hongkew section which directly adjoined Chapei. So they promptly sent out an admiral who outranked the American. And he, immediately upon taking over command, issued new "emergency orders" permitting the Japanese to operate as freely as they pleased in Hongkew.

They were quite sure of themselves, these Japanese. They felt only utter contempt for these coolie Cantonese. But they failed properly to consider two important factors: the Cantonese were in a desperate fix and they were entrenched in substantial buildings—warehouses, factories, and such—which offered natural fortifications for defense, and from whose protected heights machine guns could sweep the streets of even the doughtiest attackers.

But so cocksure were the Japanese that they announced in an afternoon publication exactly how they intended to proceed. In effect they said: “At 11:00 P.M. tonight (February 28, 1932) we will land marines in Hongkew. At 11:09 we will take up the march. At 11:27 we will reach Range Road (Chapei-Hongkew boundary). At 11:28 we will take the North Station. At 11:34 . . .”

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, word went out for the Shanghai Volunteer Corps to mobilize. A State of Emergency had already been proclaimed by the Municipal Council. As a member of the American Company of the S.V.C. I donned my uniform, collected my kit and reported for duty. In the inspection line-up considerable stir was caused by the Thompson submachine gun I carried over my shoulder. Volunteer troopers in the line were equipped with rifles, while pistols were issued to officers. Just what my status could be—the only man in about two thousand with a submachine gun—no one could guess. I offered no explanations. In addition to aircraft, my company represented a number of munitions manufacturers. And this “Tommy” gun was merely a demonstrator we had brought out to China.

We took our posts along the boundary line between the International Settlement and Chapei. With magazines loaded, we waited tensely—hoping for action.

Shortly after 11:00 P.M. we heard rifle firing and the rattle of machine guns several hundred yards off to our right.

“At your posts!” I ordered. If the Japanese were right, we could expect the retreating Chinese troops to rush our lines into the International Settlement. Our job was to stop them.

Midnight came. One o'clock . . . two . . . three. The firing continued unabated. A light drizzle had begun to fall.

About four o'clock I heard a familiar drone. I couldn't mistake that sound: an airplane motor! Gradually the sound grew in volume. Soon I distinguished another, and yet another. Through the dripping blackness of the night there suddenly

appeared six tiny lights—wing navigation lights. The Japanese warplanes were up.

The first light of dawn was heralded by a terrific *whoo-oom!* Another followed, and another, in quick succession. The planes were actually bombing the Chinese from the air! The Chinese troops would surely break and run, now.

As if hypnotized, we sat in the wet dawn and watched the great tear-shaped bombs as they were loosed from their racks and began their slow, deadly descent.

Dozens of machine guns rattled desperately as each plane swooped toward the North Station. The building caught fire. We chafed. Five hundred yards away was war—and we could hardly see it!

Morning brought our relief squad but we remained at our post, lying down for an uneasy sleep so we'd be right there if anything started.

At noon I awoke. Michel Harriz sat near by, munching sandwiches, a cup of coffee in his hand. He was scowling.

"Helluva war this is," he muttered. "Why do we have to be left out of it?"

I didn't like it either, and said so.

"Poke Smith over there, and put on your tin hat," I said. "We're going places."

We tramped a half-dozen blocks and piled into my parked roadster.

"What's that they say about Mohammed and the mountain?" I asked. "Well, boys, we're going *to* the war!"

We rode down Nanking Road, across the Szechuen Bridge, past the post office and on to Range Road, where we were stopped by a Japanese patrol. "You no can go more far!" the corporal commanded.

Argument was out of the question; so we turned around. But I knew my Shanghai. Swinging toward the Whangpoo waterfront and following various routes, we finally came out on Szechuen Road near the rifle range.

Down the street we went, an American flag and a Shanghai Volunteer Corps insignia fluttering from my radiator cap. The houses on either side were full of Chinese snipers. At every corner was a sandbag emplacement protecting a detachment of Japanese marines.

We began taking photographs and movies of the havoc done in the night's fighting.

Suddenly I heard a hoarse shout and looked up to see six Japanese civilians running toward us. Six bayoneted rifles were poked menacingly close to my face.

“No can take pictures,” said the leader excitedly. “Give camera—quick!”

We were in a tough spot, particularly I, with six bayonets a dozen inches from my nose. I looked at Smith: he smiled. I shot a quick glance over my shoulder: Michel in the rumble seat looked bored.

“Hey! What's the big idea?” I said suddenly, pushing the nearest bayonet upward. “What do you mean, ‘give you the camera’? Go on, beat it.”

The sheer abruptness of this left the Japanese speechless for the moment.

“Now, look here,” I continued. Their hesitancy gave me the upper hand temporarily, and I meant to follow it up as long as it would last. “We are Shanghai Volunteers, in full uniform. This is an S.M.C. road. We have every right in the world to be here. You are civilians. *You have no right to carry those guns!*”

Their jaws dropped. Their nationals at war—they themselves targets for every sniper in the streets; and they are told they may not carry guns! The leader began to splutter and fumble for his English.

I heard a cough from behind. I followed six pairs of eyes as they moved toward the rumble seat. Michel had nonchalantly brought out my Tommy gun, significantly pulled back the cocking bolt, which automatically drew a cartridge from the

fifty-shell drum magazine, and jammed it into the chamber with an ominous click.

Bluff? Yes! But people do crazy things when actuated by the exigencies of the moment. We knew we really didn't have a chance—with the whole Japanese army only twenty yards away. But . . .

The six rifles slowly lowered. The leader looked back at the entrenched marines who, understanding no English, looked on in bewilderment. Then he began:

"But . . . but . . . no want you should take pictures!"

"Oh! All right! If you say so, we assure you we won't take any more pictures," I replied. That would save his face and also my two cameras. He hesitated. Then:

"We will escort you to Range Road," he said curtly.

"Thank you," I replied. "But we will go back the way we came."

But he mounted the running board beside me, signaling to one of his companions to get up on the other side.

I protested. As Volunteers, with our American flag and S.V.C. emblem we were more or less safe. But with a couple of Japanese "escorting" us . . . But my argument fell on deaf ears. With our hearts in our throats we started to run the gantlet.

It seemed that we drew the fire of every sniper on the street. Courageously, defiantly, the two Japs fired their pistols back at windows and doorways. Smith and I were somewhat sheltered by their bodies as they stood beside us on the running boards. Michel had ducked down into the rumble seat—until a bullet crashed through, missing him by inches.

He let out a stream of oaths, bobbed up and was all for blazing away with the Tommy gun. He was mad!

Eventually, we reached Range Road. The two Japanese bowed and scraped politely. We did likewise, to return the compliment. They did have nerve, those fellows. We had to admit that. And we? Well, we'd had our fill of adventure—at least for the day.

“HURRAY! HURRAY FOR CHINA!”

UNABLE TO ADVANCE OR RETREAT, GENERAL TSAI TING-KAI AND his men hung on as best they could. Their bravery and tenacity under terrific punishment from Japanese superior arms from land, sea and air elicited a tremendous sympathy in their behalf throughout the world. In a few weeks, Chiang Kai-shek could no longer ignore this overwhelming public opinion in favor of these besieged Cantonese. And lest the world definitely accuse him of complicity with the Japanese—forgetting that these Cantonese were his enemies, the real issue at point so far as he was concerned—Chiang was eventually forced to send some of his own troops to reinforce the beleaguered Nineteenth Route Army.

So the fighting dragged along, with neither side making much headway, while the once-thriving community of shops, factories and warehouses that constituted Chapei was steadily being reduced to ashes.

Sympathetic as we foreigners were to the underdog Chinese, we did not for a single moment relax our vigil along the Settlement-Chapei boundary. For there was a nasty rumor afloat that the Cantonese coolie troops had been promised unchecked looting of foreign banks, shops and homes in Shanghai—the “Pearl of the Orient”—if they would drive back the Japanese. There was an easy though grim plausibility in this rumor, as anyone who has lived for any length of time in China well knows. The Chinese simply hate all foreigners. They never did like foreigners, and I don’t believe they ever will learn to like them. So, then, with the foreign forces at the time totaling a mere few thousand—even though augmented by the guns on

our war vessels in the Whangpoo—we were certainly no match for a horde of a hundred thousand or so armed Chinese, aided by a possible three million suddenly rising civilians in Shanghai.

The biggest scare which I and nearly all the foreigners in Shanghai experienced came on the day the Chinese began their retreat from Chapei as a result of an encircling strategy of the Japanese. There were many irresponsible, alarmist “mosquito” newspapers in Shanghai which thrived upon deliberately manufactured news—usually proclaiming sweeping Chinese victories without the slightest basis of fact. On this day, with the Chinese forces actually in full retreat from Chapei, this press came out with screaming extras that the Japanese had been completely wiped out and the war was over.

I was off duty and in my apartment on the top floor of a high building in the French Concession. We Shanghailanders had by that time become quite accustomed to the sounds from Chapei of sporadic rifle firing and machine-gun bursts, punctuated by artillery or aerial bombardments. About eight o'clock that night there began abruptly a prolonged outburst of confused rapid firing that seemed to break out simultaneously throughout the foreign-controlled areas, and continued without let up, like machine guns in action. I rushed out onto my terrace which overlooked most of Shanghai, but I could distinguish nothing in the darkness.

A dread thought flashed into my mind: Was this it? Were the civilian Chinese actually rising to massacre all foreigners?

I grabbed my Tommy gun, strapped a bandoleer of extra magazines around my waist, and rushed down to my roadster. There wasn't even time to consider whether I could get through to my troop alive. But I knew that if I did get through I'd have a much better chance in the end than alone in my apartment on the edge of town, miles from the waterfront.

Down deserted side streets I raced my car, involuntarily ducking what seemed to be machine-gun fire from all sides. My heart began to sink. I'd never get through; the odds were too

great! Any moment, now, one of those machine-gun bursts would find me, and . . .

Then, like a switched electric light, everything became startlingly clear. Those weren't machine guns crackling, they were firecrackers! Firecrackers! Of course!

This was a celebration of some sort, not an uprising. The Chinese always celebrate with firecrackers. I stopped the car and relaxed completely, as I wiped the cold perspiration from my brow and threw back my head for relieved laughter.

Firecrackers! Firecrackers, not machine guns! What a joke! A grim joke, but a good one. Wonder how many other thousands in town had been as scared as I was, before the truth dawned on them?

I wheeled the car to the right and headed for Nanking Road, Shanghai's "Main Street," to see what it was all about. In a block or two people began to appear in the streets in increasing numbers. Soon I found my car surrounded by a yelling, half-hysterical mob. They were shouting:

"Hurray! Hurray for China! We've beaten them! We've driven the Japanese dwarfs into the sea! Hurray! Hurray!"

My car was stalled. Chinese began to climb all over it. I tried to keep them off, but didn't dare be too rough, for they were flushed with the heady wine of victory.

Acting upon impulse, then, I rose to my feet and began to shout along with them:

"Hurray! Hurray for China!" And clapped my hands over my head.

The crowd thought this was pretty swell. Those around me joined in the shouting and handclapping. Soon the whole block took a hand. Presently, as I had hoped, a few responsible individuals elbowed their way to my car to investigate the center of this mass concert. They seemed so pleased at what they saw that when I leaned over and requested they help me through the mob they good-naturedly pitched in. In no time at all I had got through to Nanking Road, where Volunteers and police

patrols had already appeared and were clearing the thoroughfare for traffic.

The significance in all this was ominously clear: the ease and spontaneity with which a mass rising of Chinese civilians in Shanghai could occur. It later became known that all the warships in the river had trained their big guns on the city and that the Japanese, who were the most scared of all, came within an ace of letting fly with a naval bombardment of the Settlement.

Little or no business, of course, was transacted in the city during these hectic weeks. Besides, many of us had little time for even office routine; before regular troop reinforcements arrived to take over our posts, we spent many long hours in concrete blockhouses or behind sandbag emplacements.

Most of the Shanghai police posts, especially those somewhat removed from the actual front-line trenches, were concerned principally with the handling of refugees. Literally tens of thousands of these terror-stricken simple folk jammed against the steel gates and barbed-wire barricades, half crazed with fear as they clamored for entrance to the foreign settlements and their questionable security, while bombs and shells continued to explode so close that the earth shook as in an earthquake. We admitted them in batches; and the wild-eyed, hysterical expressions on the faces of these innocent victims of ruthless warfare seared themselves upon my memory.

After the arrival of foreign reinforcements—Americans from Manila, Britishers from Hong Kong, and Frenchmen from Saigon—we Volunteers took it easier. Many of us were relieved from active duty to enable us to spend some time at our offices. Of course, we continued to wear our uniforms and were ready for instant call.

One day I had a bright idea on how to combine business with pleasure. The Japanese had built an emergency airport in Yangtzepoo, just beyond the extreme tip of the panhandle of

Shanghai's International Settlement. No one was permitted to visit this airdrome—and that intrigued me. What kind of place was it? What type of ships did they fly? What did their pilots look like? I was no agent of the American Intelligence Service, or that of any other power. I was curious, that's all. “Don't,” “can't,” “mustn't” have always offered challenges to my contrary nature.

In the corner of my office lay a parachute recently imported as a demonstrator. That gave me the idea. Why not go out and try to sell the Japanese a bunch of parachutes? Sure, why not? Tossing the chute into the rumble seat, I headed for Yangtze-poo. As I approached the Settlement boundary I took in the situation at a glance. Two Japanese sentries stood on the curb, keeping back a handful of foreigners, whom I guessed to be newspapermen. I knew that if I stopped there the sentries would demand that I produce a pass, without which there'd be no getting by.

I made a quick decision. I'd take a chance. Speeding up as I approached the sentries I roared past them, ignoring their orders to halt. I fully expected them to fire after me; but as I had hoped, they must have taken me for some important official—too important to waste words with mere sentries.

At the entrance to the airdrome, a half mile beyond, I skidded to a stop in a cloud of dust. Before anyone could make a move toward me, I was out of the car with the chute over my shoulder and heading straight for a squadron of pursuit ships on the line a hundred yards to the right, as if I knew exactly what I was doing and where I was going. For a few moments I tried conversation with the mechanics pattering about the ships; but not a one of them spoke English or Chinese. The planes, I noted quickly, were Japan-made hybrids. The Japanese seemed to have purchased a sample plane from every important manufacturer in the world. Distinguishing characteristics were plain to me. One, for example, had the fuselage of an American Boeing, the tail section of a British Gloster, the engine of a French

Nieuport, the undercarriage of a German Junkers—a hodge-podge of the supposed best of all of them.

Out of the corner of my eye I noted a considerable disturbance at the airport entrance. Some officer, no doubt, was wondering who this foreigner was and how he got in. I wheeled and strode across the field to a line of big trimotored bombers, just as a brace of sentries started for me with bayonets fixed. By good fortune, one of the pilots standing beside a bomber saw me about this time, and started toward me. In perfect English he asked:

“Is that a parachute you have there?”

“Yes,” I replied. “Would you like to see it?”

I noted with satisfaction that the sentries had quickly halted. They looked at each other, visibly puzzled. Then one started back for the office to report that the foreigner seemingly did have business here. I learned later that the pilot was the chief flight officer; and, of course, his apparent vouching for me by engaging me in conversation was not to be questioned.

We talked at length about parachutes, new-type flight instruments, new developments in American aviation. I found him an intelligent and engaging fellow. And at parting he saved me a possibly embarrassing moment by walking with me to my car and bowing me a hospitable good-bye.

Sometimes in retrospect I am amazed at the crazy things I did during this period. One day, while poking around in one of the areas which had been the scene of a bitter battle two days before, I picked up three or four unexploded “pineapple” hand grenades. The pins were still in their proper places, so I thought there was no danger if I used reasonable caution in handling them. They’d make nice souvenirs for my mantelpiece—after they were unloaded. Wrapping them in newspaper I drove up to the American Marine Corps barracks and called upon my old friend Captain Moriarty.

“Mo,” I began, “look what I’ve found. Nice, aren’t they? Can one of your experts here unload them for me?”

Moriarty took one look, and let out a whoop that brought the sentry at the door with leveled rifle.

“You blinkety-blank-blank! What the hell do you mean by bringing those things in here? Get the hell out of here with those things before I . . . before you . . . before we . . . Get out, do you hear?”

Not until that moment did I really begin to appreciate the fact that, while the pins might not have been pulled in the throwing of the grenade during the battle, they might well have been loosened enough so that the least bit more might set off the infernal things and blow up me and everything around me.

You never saw such a scared guy as I practically crawled my car down to the waterfront with those damned things on the seat beside me. I hired a sampan to take me out to the middle of the river, and then let the pineapples slip gently over the side into the muddy waters. This war business had suddenly become very real and very personal to me!

After many weeks of muddling blunders, resulting from an overcontempt for the Chinese defenders, the Japanese one day sat down and took stock of the situation. Then by a single simple act of strategy—the landing of troops at Liuho, behind the Chinese—they so seriously threatened the Chinese line of communications that Tsai Ting-kai was forced to order a general retreat from the Shanghai area. Had the Japanese done this in the very first few days of the conflict, much blood and property might not have been despoiled.

For the present, at least, there was little prospect of any substantial amount of business with the Central Government. I began then to turn my attention to other horizons—the interior.

THE MARCO POLO TRAIL

CHINA'S INTERIOR, DESPITE ITS VENEER OF MODERNISM, IS STILL much as it was in Marco Polo's day, seven centuries ago. Transportation, particularly, has advanced but little in the passing centuries. To be sure, modern transport—trains, motorcars, airplanes—have come to China. Yet in all China today—a country so like the United States in area, climate and topography, though with a population four times as great—there are but 7,000 miles of railroads as compared with 250,000 miles in the United States. And while as recently as 1920 there existed in the whole of China *less than 100 miles of improved roads*, exclusive of the foreign concessions, this figure was raised to nearly 40,000 miles by 1930, and an additional 10,000 miles by 1940. Extraordinary progress, when considered alone, but still a figure hopelessly dwarfed alongside the 3,000,000 miles of roads in America. As for air services, even with the stimulus of the Sino-Japanese hostilities, there are a mere 3,000 miles of air lines in China compared with the 30,000 miles or more in the United States.

The backbone of transport in China is today as it was in Marco Polo's day—the slow-but-sure coolie- and mule-pack, wheelbarrow and lumbering cart, camel and riverboat. "Slow but sure," yes; but surprisingly expensive when compared with the most modern of transport costs. Julian Arnold, then American commercial attaché in China, estimated that the human beast of burden in China is fifteen times as costly as the most luxurious railway train in America; that our trains would haul a ton of wheat as cheaply as coolie-pack would transport one *picul* (133 1/3 pounds); that our rail transport costs are about one-fifth those of Chinese transport by pack animal and cart.

From a wide personal experience in the hiring of most forms of transport—human, animal and boat—in the course of my travels in the interior, I can easily confirm Mr. Arnold's conclusions.

Thus, in my opinion, a lack of proper and sufficient transportation facilities has been the primary cause of the economic isolation of vast interior areas and has contributed largely also to political disintegration since the overthrow of the Manchu Emperors and the establishment of the Republic of China in 1912. Chiang Kai-shek, from the very beginning of his rise to power in 1927, realized this crying need. With all the means at his disposal he pushed forward his vast program for national unity through physical linking up of the segregated, veritably autonomous, areas as a corollary to his supreme ambition of achieving political coherence for a Central Government in China.

But road building, no matter how cheap available manual labor may be, requires money, a great deal of money. Chiang dared not divert too much of the finances which came within his control with the establishment of his Central Government in Nanking. The lion's share of his budget was necessary first to build up his military forces, to ensure his security from the jealous aspirations of not a few powerful rival warlords.

Happily, American philanthropy came to his assistance. In recent years China Famine Relief has poured literally millions of American dollars into China. Through the centuries China has been afflicted with periodic and disastrous famines—famines which caused as many as twelve million deaths in a single year. For some time these philanthropic American dollars were distributed to individual victims in the famine-stricken areas, but it was observed that all too soon these millions trickled back into the coffers of the various local warlords.

Considerably annoyed, but not discouraged, the American relief authorities made an exhaustive survey of conditions. It was quickly determined that these periodic famines could be

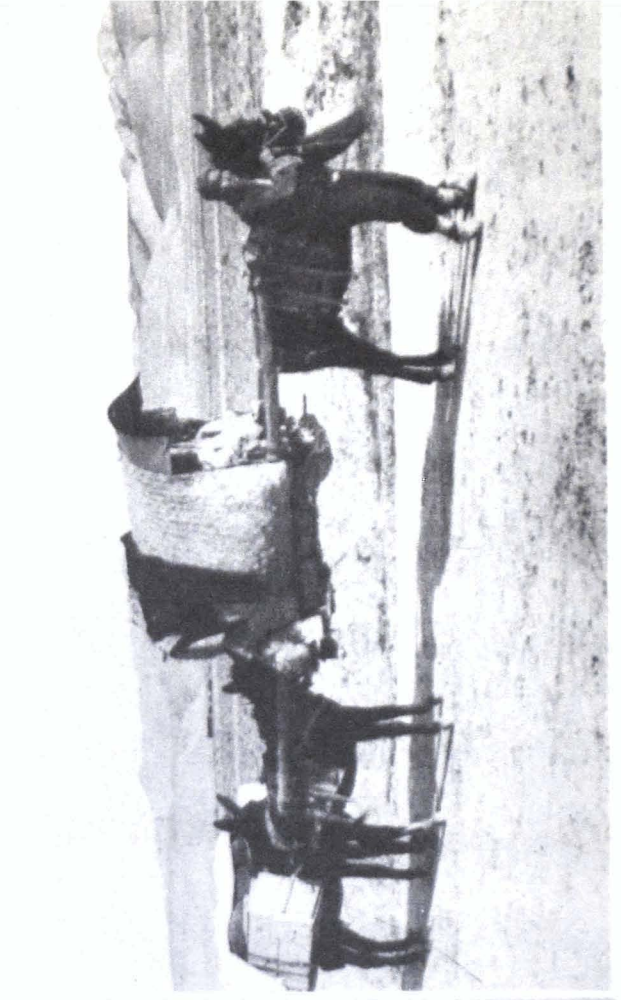
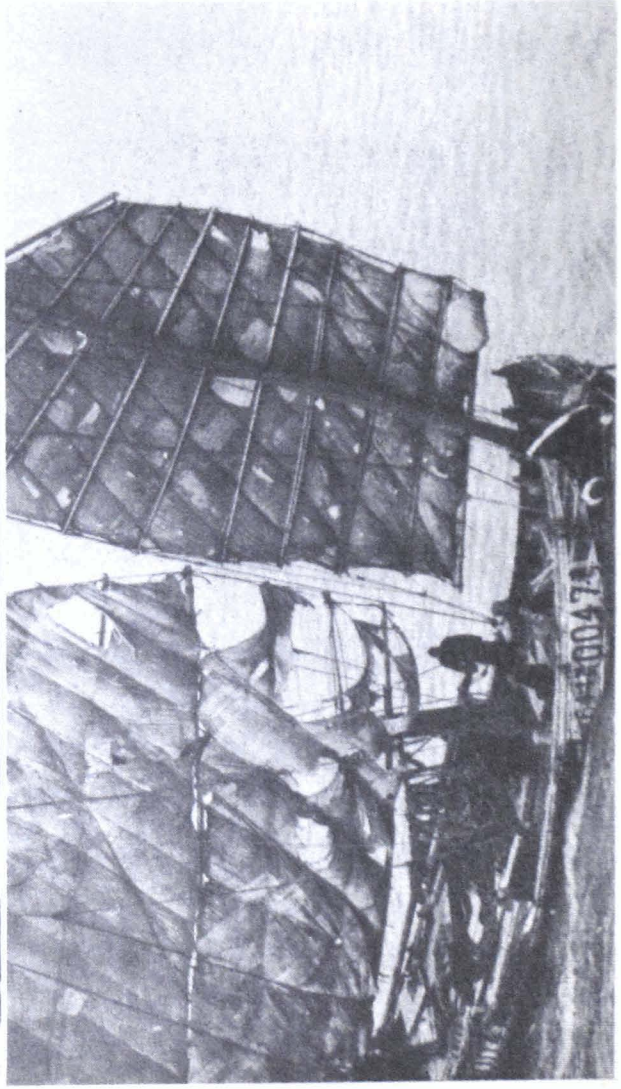
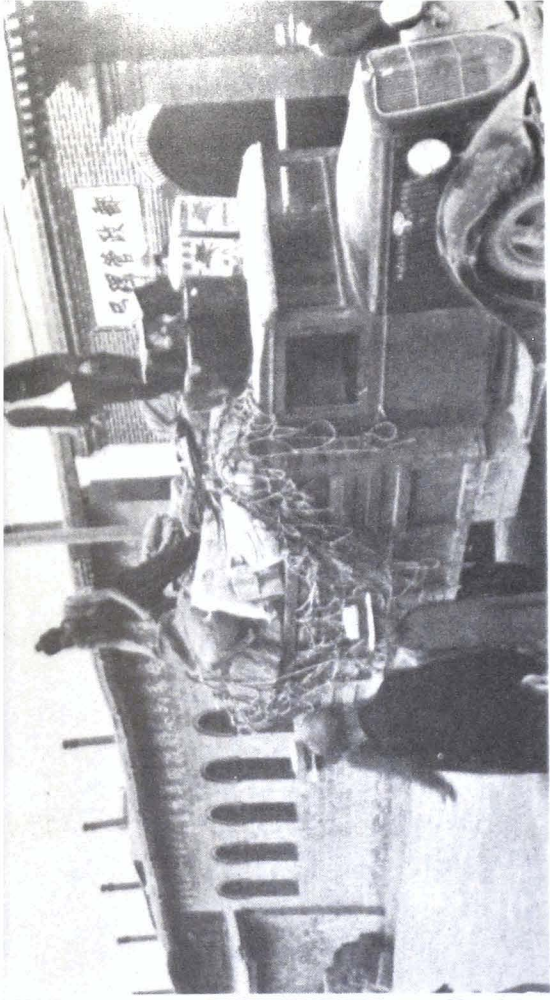
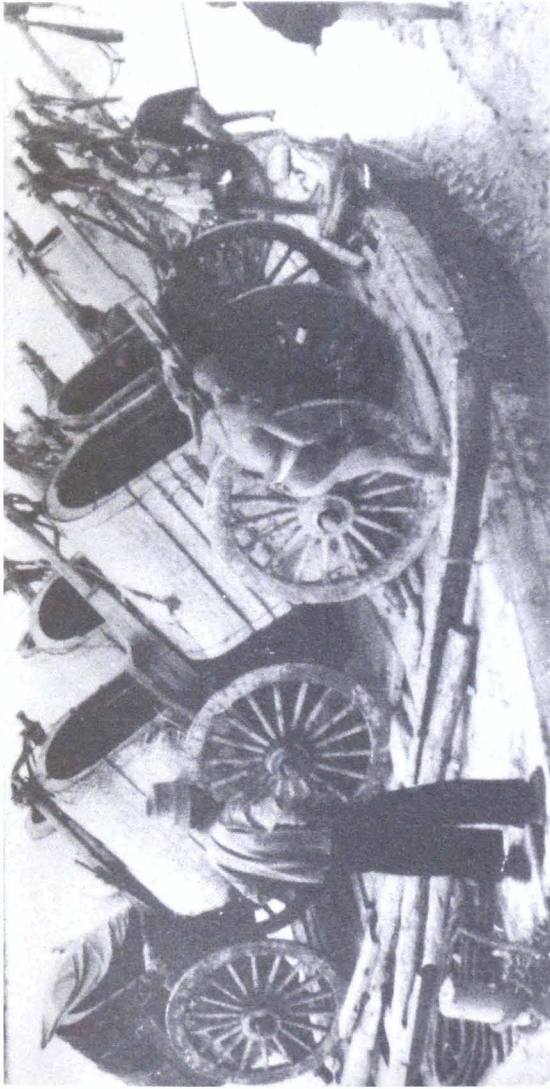
traced to a crying deficiency in its transportation system, for the famines were always localized. Areas only a few hundred miles distant might even contain a surplus of food; yet there would be no available means of transporting this surplus to the stricken districts.

Instead of portioning out famine relief funds in the form of actual cash to the heads of families, it was decided to build roads, employing the famine victims in this effort and paying them with food instead of cash. In this way, not only would these unfortunates be afforded relief, but a substantial step might thus be taken in the direction of prevention of future famines in the same area.

Basically, the relief authorities were on the right track, but they lacked co-operation from the various local bigwigs. With the passing of famine conditions from a certain area and the completion of a particular road-building project, the relief authorities naturally moved out. Logically, then, one might expect the local civilian or military authority to take over, and concern themselves with the continuance of this progressive step, at least as to appropriation of necessary funds for the repair and upkeep of these roads. Their negligence was disgraceful, to say the least.

To be sure, the immediate result was a rapid motor-mindedness of small tradesmen. Bus lines sprang up as if by magic and were heavily patronized. First touring cars, then crude bus bodies on truck chassis, made their appearance. They were always overladen, sometimes almost invisible under their load of passengers and freight, crazily careening along deeply rutted dirt roads. The owners knew little and cared less for mechanics. As long as the car ran, that was enough. And they took a childish joy in rapid, reckless motion. Bus drivers would bowl along at hair-raising speeds; and incidentally quickly pound their rolling stock to pieces.

But "*Maskee!* . . . So what!" Even if rolling stock collapsed



Transport in China. *Upper left*—Two-wheeled springless cart. *Upper right*—Freight and passenger "bus". *Lower left*—The ubiquitous junk. *Lower right*—"Shien-sze", a mule-litter.



Five coolies are equivalent to one mule. Note the rubber-tired wheels. A modern innovation, and excellent outlet for second-hand tires.

completely in six months, it didn't matter. Business was so good that replacement represented only a small item.

It seemed to me, however, that the essential significance and potential value of motor roads was missed entirely by the Chinese. Bus lines and small freight transport services, even though they made considerable profit for their operators, hardly warranted the expenditure of the huge sums necessary for road building and upkeep. These highways should have been utilized for a more intensive development and exploitation of the natural resources and for trade with the hinterlands.

For too many centuries China had depended upon her ancient transport systems for contact with the outer world, thus commensurably limiting the scope of trade. In the thirteenth century Marco Polo contributed a notable acceleration in this direction by pioneering a caravan route from the Orient to the Occident, to the mutual profit of both by the increased markets thus created.

But natural limitations were not overcome by Marco Polo. Merchandise could still travel no faster than the plodding caravan; and even the caravan has in recent years been almost completely halted by Russian imperialistic ambitions in Sinkiang, Chinese Eastern Turkestan, astride the old highroad from China to Europe.

A vast potential wealth in trade only awaited suitable outlet in the form of developed transportation facilities for profitable exploitation. Rice, wheat, furs, silks, musk, valuable ores and minerals—all products of the far interior—could be developed into highly lucrative trade items in exchange for foreign products if they could be made available to foreign markets.

The foundations for such facilitated trade arteries were already established by China Famine Relief. But official, or at least substantially responsible, authority was necessary to get behind and promote such an ambitious program. Chiang Kai-shek, to be sure, was fully cognizant of the situation. His horizon in the early nineteen-thirties was still too limited, how-

ever. In the main, warlords in the hinterlands had only somewhat vaguely acknowledged him as the head of the Central Government. Actually, this meant little outside the Nanking-Shanghai area. In the course of a conversation with one of these provincial governors, he said, a bit derisively, "Nanking? Nanking? Where is that place?"

What could I, personally, offer as a part to play in this program? Analyzing the various factors, it occurred to me that these hinterland bigwigs might be approached and sold a bill of goods on a purely dollars-and-cents argument. If I could only see and talk with them I was certain I could show them how, by the expenditure of a modicum of effort and money in the upkeep of roads and the purchase of fleets of motor trucks to be operated on efficient military lines, trade would be stimulated and wealth should begin to flow naturally and in a steady stream into their respective bailiwicks. Of course, I must admit that there was in this argument an implied suggestion that the influx of wealth to the big one's subjects might be reflected in increased taxes pouring into his own moneybags.

Accordingly, Gale, who had the Dodge agency for Central China, furnished nine motor trucks with which I organized an ambitious motor caravan in Shanghai. My plan was to push this expedition through to the northwest of China, along the ancient "Marco Polo Trail," all the way to Sinkiang, and beyond if possible. This was in March, 1932—immediately following the termination of the Sino-Japanese War in Shanghai. Simply expressed, it was my intention to pioneer a motor trade route to the northwest; though in a larger sense I planned to re-establish trade communications between China's hinterlands and the Occident. Marco Polo had done this centuries ago. His was an overland route. Mine would be an overwater route—eastward by motor transport to Shanghai and other treaty ports, and thence by sea to the far corners of the earth.

Ambitious? Yes, but it has always been my philosophy to ask

the apparently impossible—from myself as well as from others. It's just as easy to aim high as it is to aim pretty high!

Naturally, my motives were not entirely altruistic. There was the prospect of sizable profits and commissions from the sale of motor trucks. In the far interior second-hand and third- or fourth-hand motorcars were already commanding prices two and three times the original factory list price. We, however, were prepared to sell brand-new trucks at regular prices, plus freight, import and any other necessary charges, with a reasonable profit for ourselves.

Just before we started from Shanghai I decided to add a motion-picture unit to the expedition. I would make a motion-picture record of our progress, as well as film background and travelogue material. The movie unit, consisting of a stranded trio of cameraman, sound technician and director, proved later to be the expedition's undoing. Undoubtedly qualified in their technical fields, they were nevertheless Hollywood-trained men. The hardships and discomforts of expedition travel were just too much for them, complaining pettishly, for example, when we ran out of mustard and ketchup.

There was considerable hard work attendant, for it was necessary literally to build our own roads in many sections; all the while keeping a watchful eye out for bandit attacks. So that after several weeks' travel the whole lot of them had had all they wanted of this business of expeditioning, and clamored to return to Shanghai.

Reluctantly, I had to admit failure and for the time being give up my ambitious plans. The trucks were sold up there, and the men returned to Shanghai. I remained behind.

I gleaned some satisfaction, however, in the realization that after all my expedition and its ambitious plans were not a complete failure. So far as I could learn, mine was the first organized motorcar expedition to traverse this route. I had blazed a way, and the blaze must have been clear and significant. Only a few years later Sven Hedin, the famed explorer, was

subsidized by the Central Government to survey more completely this motor route to Sinkiang. And now this route has assumed the tremendous importance of being one of the beleaguered Central Government's last supply links with the outside world.

In Lanchow, capital of Kansu Province in northwest China, I heard of a mystery mountain, the Amnyi Machin, located near the headwaters of the Yellow River in near-by northeastern Tibet. It had been reported as being possibly higher than Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world. The report had first been made a decade earlier by General George Pereira, a Britisher who, on his second attempt to reach the mountain, died of privations on the border. Again, some years later, Joseph F. Rock had approached the mountain, and his report to the National Geographic Society in Washington had asserted his belief that the peak might truly be higher than Everest.

That was something, I thought. Why didn't I attempt to reach the mountain?

I heard that a missionary by the name of Simpson was headed this way en route to his station at Minchow, in western Kansu near the Tibetan border. I decided to go down the line to Sian to meet the missionary, for I had learned that his son, William E. Simpson, had been associated with Dr. Rock on the recent Amnyi Machin expedition.

“OR WE SEND HIM BACK TO YOU
IN PIECES!”

THERE WAS SOMETHING WEIRDLY SUGGESTIVE ABOUT THAT blood-red setting sun as it rested tangent to a sea of milk-white poppies. Opium. Miles upon miles of opium poppy fields, stretching away on both sides of the dusty Shensi road as far as the eye could see. No wonder famine raged in China, when ruthless warlords forced the peasants to grow more highly taxable opium instead of wheat and rice.

And somehow it gave me a strange sense of foreboding, as if something was about to happen. I recall the feeling distinctly. I remember trying to figure out just what might “happen.” The carburetor, that was it. We’d been having trouble with it. Perhaps it was going to fail us before we reached Sianfu and a garage—still about seventy-five miles ahead.

Or maybe we’d be unlucky enough to find the road washed out somewhere by yesterday’s rain, as so often happens with these Shensi dirt roads. And we’d have to scare up a brace of oxen or mules to drag us through the mire.

Or . . . Well, something was bound to happen. And soon.

So, I wasn’t too surprised when suddenly the side windshield shattered, peppering me with bits of glass. Something pinged past my ear, uncomfortably close. And the speedometer on the dash exploded for no apparent reason at all. While from somewhere near by came the staccato sound of firecrackers.

Instinctively, I jammed my foot pedals and reached for the emergency. A screech of brakes, and the car skidded to a stop in a cloud of lung-filling dust.

Through the clearing haze a few seconds later our worst apprehensions were confirmed. A score or more of ragged coolie

bandits had lined themselves across the road, firing as fast as they could work their rifle bolts. spurts of dust kicked and spat all around us.

We were three against—we couldn't guess how many. There was nothing for it then but to remain quietly seated upright with our hands above our heads, hoping we wouldn't get hit before they were convinced that we offered no resistance.

Firing spasmodically as they came, the ragged band reached the car.

"Lai-la! Lai-la! Quai-quai-tee-a! Come out! Come out! Hurry up!"

We got out clumsily, hands in the air; gray-haired Mr. Simpson, who had spent forty years in missionary work in China, and buxom Mrs. Simpson, being roughly handled when she didn't move quickly enough to suit one of them.

A vicious-looking lot they were. They worked fast, hustling us around, stripping us of our valuables and ripping open our baggage. Just then I felt my shirttail being pulled out from behind. I looked around to see an undersized little punk, bristling with two pistols and a rifle, scowling at me.

I was puzzled. Was he trying to kid me?

"Nee yao shemo?" I asked. But instead of telling me what he wanted, he waved a pistol menacingly, flung me an oath, and shuffled off.

I shrugged. It must be some old Chinese custom. I turned to watch the looting.

Suddenly I felt a pistol jabbed into my ribs from behind. *"Quai-tee-a! Quai-tee-a!"* hissed the persistent little villain with the shirttail-pulling complex. *"Gee wo! Gee wo!"*

I got it then. "Oh, you want my shirt? Well, why the hell don't you say so?" I took it off and handed it to him.

As he reached for it, a bundle of loot began to slip from beneath his arm. In an effort to save it with his gun hand, the weapon went off—the bullet grazing my shin and burying itself in the ground between my legs.

Instantly, I became the focus for a score of gun muzzles. Quickly, I threw my hands into the air and smiled blandly. It was a tense moment; I dared not move. Silence.

Somebody laughed. Others joined him. The leader spoke a sharp word to the youngster, and I lowered my arms.

A few minutes later I discovered Mrs. Simpson in a serious predicament. In searching her person for possible secreted valuables one bandit was puzzled no end by the “hardness” of her underclothes. He had never seen or heard of corsets. Was this some sort of bulletproof undergarment? he kept asking. She was red in the face and getting madder and madder. I was beginning to be afraid she might clout the fellow in righteous anger, forgetting his gun. Fortunately, just then one of the others interposed and confirmed the lady’s explanation that this queer garment of steel strips and laces was one of the foreign devils’ ideas of beautification in wearing apparel!

Loaded with loot, like a pack of gorged ghouls, they started away, dragging Simpson along with them. I called to the leader for an explanation.

“Go back,” he said, “and say that we want a hundred thousand dollars ransom for your friend—or we send him back to you in pieces!”

To plead or reason with them was, of course, out of the question. Mrs. Simpson was on the verge of hysterics. Hastily I examined the car; nothing vital had been hit. We got in and started for help. Five miles down the road we came to a town. After much impatient remonstrating with the commandant of the garrison—he insisted that the men we had met were only scouts of a band of several hundred bandits reported headed this way—he finally gave the order for pursuit.

With the colonel and myself at the head of five hundred troops, well armed with rifles, pistols, submachine guns and hand grenades, in addition to the usual blanket rolls, tin cups and umbrellas—it looked like rain and the Chinese soldier hates rain—we set out.

Hours later we picked up their bloody trail. Whole villages in the path of the main body of bandits had been raped, burned and nearly annihilated. The shrieks and wailings of the few survivors filled the air. Women, young and old alike, lay about in confusion; some unspeakably violated. Men, simple peasants hearing the cries of their womenfolk, had rushed in from the fields with hoes and pitchforks in their hands to offer feeble defense. They, too, lay about, horribly mutilated by bayonet thrusts and slashes from the wicked Chinese curved swords.

My blood froze. Mr. Simpson in such hands! Perhaps he had already been murdered.

Our advance scouts returned and reported the bandits entering a deep canyon a few miles ahead, apparently unaware of our pursuit. Heavily laden with loot, they moved slowly.

They were mounted. We were infantry, except for about twenty horsed scouts. Yet if we moved quickly it was possible to trap them in the canyon by a flanking movement to the left. I explained my plan to the officer and asked for the twenty horsemen.

"Pu-ko-ee! Pu-ko-ee!" he said. "No can do! That is impossible. There are too many of them. You will all be killed."

I insisted, and at length he gave his consent. We hadn't gone far along the trail when just around a bend we saw Simpson walking briskly toward us. He seemed unharmed. With a chuckle in his voice he explained that he had simply talked the *too-fay* out of ransom intentions. Forty years in China had given him some insight into the Chinese character. As a matter of fact, Simpson had become really more Chinese than Occidental.

It seemed that first he had put them at their ease by a few judicial words and suggestions here and there. Then, after stimulating an occasional laugh with a few choice vernacular jokes he chided them casually for the mistake they had made. Why, he asked, had they taken him, a poor missionary, to hold for ransom and overlooked the real prize—the younger foreign devil? He was truly the wealthy one. They had missed that

opportunity. Now they had saddled themselves with a gray-haired old missionary, and a penniless one at that. If they persisted in their futile hope that he might be worth a ransom, they would have to feed and care for him in the meantime. If they killed him, well, his government would bring much pressure upon the local authorities.

My platoon of horsemen were visibly relieved to see Simpson. They apparently had little stomach for an encounter with the bandits. We returned to the camp of our main column. I was greatly annoyed that the colonel showed little intention of taking up immediate pursuit.

“We must hurry,” I said, “or they’ll get away.”

“No,” he replied in his damnably overpolite way. “One doesn’t rush into a thing like this. A plan of attack, a regular campaign must first be devised.”

We gave up in despair, and decided our only recourse for satisfaction would be to report the matter directly to the authorities at Sian.

Simpson and I returned to Sian and called upon his Excellency, Yang Hu-chen, the warlord-governor of Shensi. Until a few years ago, Yang was one of the most notorious bandit chieftains in the northwest. So strong and so bold had he become that he stormed the city walls of Sian. Sian, with a population today of nearly a million, is the ancient capital of the Chin Emperors of China, founders of the Chinese Empire and builders of the Great Wall. After a bloody battle he finally killed the governor and took over the reins of government.

In China things are done just like that. Chiang Kai-shek’s Central Government at Nanking was as yet too weak to do anything about it. The best it could do, to save face, was to “appoint” Yang Hu-chen as the new governor of Shensi, at the same time giving him the high-sounding title of Commander in Chief of Bandit Suppression in the Northwest.

In his sumptuous palace at Sian—the communications bottleneck for the whole of northwest China—Yang sits even today,

lord of all he surveys. He is an Oriental potentate in the true sense of the word and ranks next to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in the troops and supplies at his disposal.

He is a harsh ruler, and his troops have frequently rebelled and deserted—sometimes whole companies at a time. Taking their arms with them, they roamed the countryside, pillaging and looting until they were either captured or pardoned and taken back into his army.

At Sian we called upon Warlord Yang. We were graciously received and after the usual first hour or more spent in the Chinese polite custom of talking about everything except what occasions one's visit, we told him of our experience. He showed surprise and indignation that banditry should exist within his domain. To impress us, he called in his adjutant and gave orders that the bandits who had attacked us be pursued at all costs and "annihilated."

He offered his personal apologies and invited us to a banquet in our honor for that next evening. We hesitated, but dared not refuse. Yang had a none too savory reputation. Some years before, a missionary whom he had invited to dine with him had disappeared shortly after.

What were we to do?

I must say the banquet was a good one. We were treated like visiting royalty. All his staff and the merchant princes of Sian were present. Course after course of dishes so delicious that we soon forgot all our misgivings of the possibility of being poisoned or drugged. Bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, hundred-year-old eggs, fish from the tropics, rare mushrooms, snails and shrimps, shellacked duck. Where he got all those dishes at such short notice I couldn't for the life of me guess. No doubt he kept his larder stocked for just such occasions.

Besides *samshui*, Chinese rice wine served hot in tiny cups, we were plied with rare Spanish vintages, excellent Scotch, and golden cordials from France.

Simpson, of course, wouldn't touch a drop because of his religious scruples. His Excellency was in fine spirits. Repeatedly he would lift his glass to Simpson for a toast; and when Simpson would weakly protest that he didn't drink, the warlord offered profuse apologies—only to forget a few minutes later and repeat the action. There was no doubt but that he “forgot” intentionally, for he would invariably follow this with a sly nudge and a knowing wink to me.

Coronas were passed and we settled back to enjoy the entertainment he had arranged for us. The singsong girls, two to each guest and sitting just to the rear of his seat, had by this time become quite annoying with their falsetto screechings. They were dismissed, much to the relief of Simpson, and the show began.

A short one-act play was given, with actors in gorgeous robes and long beards, performing with much noise and much waving of ancient Chinese beheading swords. Then a troupe of jugglers, performing marvelous feats. A magician, a sword swallower, a fire-eater, and so on.

His Excellency turned to me and began in a whispered confidential tone: “*Nee mai fei-ting, shih-dee?* . . . You sell airplanes, don't you?”

“*Shih-dee,*” I replied. “Yes. I sell airplanes.” I wondered what was coming next. I knew that he could not get airplanes through legitimate channels, even though he was willing to pay well for them.

“And what would it cost me to organize and equip an air force for my army?” Yang lacked only a well-equipped air force to make himself warlord of all China.

I did some quick mental calculations. Allowing for initial cost of equipment and personnel expense, I had to add sufficient “squeeze” to take care of contingencies and lubrication of palms all along the line. With first-class fighting ships selling at around \$25,000 each, at the factory, to equip and train a substantial

air force is quite a financial undertaking. I named a seven-figured price.

It fazed him not in the least—that is, not visibly.

“Some time I should like to talk more with you on this subject,” he said. “Just now let us enjoy our entertainment in your honor.”

CHAPTER VII

“GO BACK! GO BACK! THEY’LL KILL YOU!”

PROMISING THAT HE WOULD RECOVER OUR LOST ARTICLES FROM the bandits, or reimburse us fully for our losses, his Excellency gave us a truckload of twenty soldiers for escort, and we started up the road the next morning in two Dodges.

Most of the first day our escort stuck pretty close to us, which gave us a sense of security. We crossed the Wei River at Hsien-Yang, about eighteen miles from Sian, by a rickety ferry.

The river was so shallow that the ferry was pulled by a dozen boys wading to their waists and assisted by coolies poling behind to the accompaniment of an ancient chant. Late in the afternoon, just as we topped a rise, we came suddenly upon a group of about a dozen mounted bandits. Without warning they opened fire on us.

Whether the soldiers were cowards or the chauffeur got scared and sped up his truck to get away, we could never get straightened out. The soldiers blamed the chauffeur; the chauffeur insisted somebody stuck a rifle in his back and ordered him to “step on it.”

At any rate, we were left behind at the mercy of the dozen bandits. But before they could dismount from their scraggly ponies, I jammed the accelerator to the floorboard and glued the palm of my hand to the horn button.

You never saw such bucking broncos in the best rodeo. Those bandits were no broncobusters, either. All we could see was a tangle of horses and men as we roared past like a screeching bat out of hell.

And I gave that sergeant and his men plenty hell when we came upon them blithely smoking opium at the next village.

He shrugged his shoulders and offered to shoot the chauffeur right then and there, but protested that he had no one else to drive the truck.

I ordered a squad of the troopers to ride with us on our car, took a Bergmann submachine gun from one of the men and placed it across my lap.

Next morning we passed through the country of cave dwellers, whose hovels were dug into the vertical side of the loess cliffs. The openings to the cave dwellings were about ten feet wide and fifteen feet high. The entrances were walled up with packed mud—much like the adobe buildings of the Indians in our Southwest—with allowances for a window and a doorway.

It is the barren, monotonous yellow of the loess-covered soil of northwest China that gives its name to the great Hwang Ho or Yellow River.

A few miles beyond Pinchow, a thriving trade center, we came upon a huge sandstone cliff, high up in the face of which were a number of tiny temples. Ladders hanging down the face of the cliff indicated the method of access for the devout.

A little farther on we came upon the Big Buddha Temple—*Ta Fo Ssu*. This contained a stone Buddha about fifty feet high, seated cross-legged on a lotus, flanked by two lesser Buddhas of about twenty-five feet in height. They are beautifully sculptured, and are covered with a heavy coating of paint and gold-foil. The rock chamber in which they are set is shaped almost like a perfect hemisphere—being about seventy-five feet in diameter.

These are all of great antiquity and were described in detail by Marco Polo who saw them in the thirteenth century.

At Pingliang we heard rumors of a big band of too-fay who had recently passed close to the city and were headed north-westward. The sergeant suggested that it was dangerous to proceed. But we were determined to continue. We traveled about forty miles without incident until we came to the tiny village of Wu Sheng Pu at the foot of Liu Pan Shan, a mountain which

must be crossed by a pass of about ten thousand feet elevation. Marco Polo speaks at length of the difficulties he encountered at this place.

We were surprised to find the village almost entirely deserted. At the end of the single street we came upon an old man who sat moaning piteously on the steps of the village idol house.

“*Lao-shen!*” I called. “Old fellow, where is everybody? What has happened?”

He continued to wring his hands pathetically, while his shoulders heaved and shuddered with his sobs. “Oh, that I should have lived to see this day. I am old and I have been robbed many times by bands of too-fay, but the gods might have spared me the humiliation of seeing my own son, whom I believed to be with my brother in Honan, a too-fay, dishonest and dishonorable. He should have let his companions kill me. I am old and ready to go to my ancestors. But now, after this terrible disgrace, how shall I face them, my honorable ancestors? *Ai-yah! Ai-yah!*”

Only a few hours earlier the town had been raided by a large force of bandits who had headed eastward after crossing the Liu Pan Shan. Fortunately, the villagers had been warned beforehand and had fled to the hills. They were only now beginning to return.

The street was littered with overturned carts and debris tossed out of houses as they were looted and searched for hidden valuables.

Just then came a hail in English:

“Hello, there!” Two foreigners appeared, carrying shotguns. They were Gustave Tornvall, a Swede, and Leonid Horvath, a husky young Russian. Horvath was the son of white-bearded General Horvath, lately deceased, who was managing director of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria prior to the Soviet Revolution, and subsequently beloved head of all the White Russians in China.

From Tornvall and Horvath we got further details of the

raiding. There were over six hundred bandits, apparently deserter troops, out on a spell of marauding before they made overtures to some other warlord to join his army.

Tornvall and Horvath had been employed by the China Famine Relief, which was building a road over the historic Liu Pan Shan with philanthropic American dollars. The thousand or more famine refugees that they had working for them on the road had fled at the approach of the bandits.

Since we were headed northwestward, in a direction almost opposite to that reported taken by the raiders, we decided to continue on our way. While a team of twelve oxen was being secured to each of our two cars to help us over the rough mountain road, Horvath excitedly asked question after question of my plans to enter Tibet. He had long cherished an ambition to penetrate its forbidden borders and had done a great deal of reading on the subject.

"You must take me with you," he insisted. He seemed determined and would listen to no argument. He was a husky fellow, of many years' residence in the Orient and of a pleasing personality, a distinct asset on an expedition. I consented.

Just then I heard a commotion among our military escort. The sergeant came running up looking much concerned.

"No can go more far," he began. "Have got too many too-fay other side mountain. Soldiers no wantchee go. Have got 'fraid."

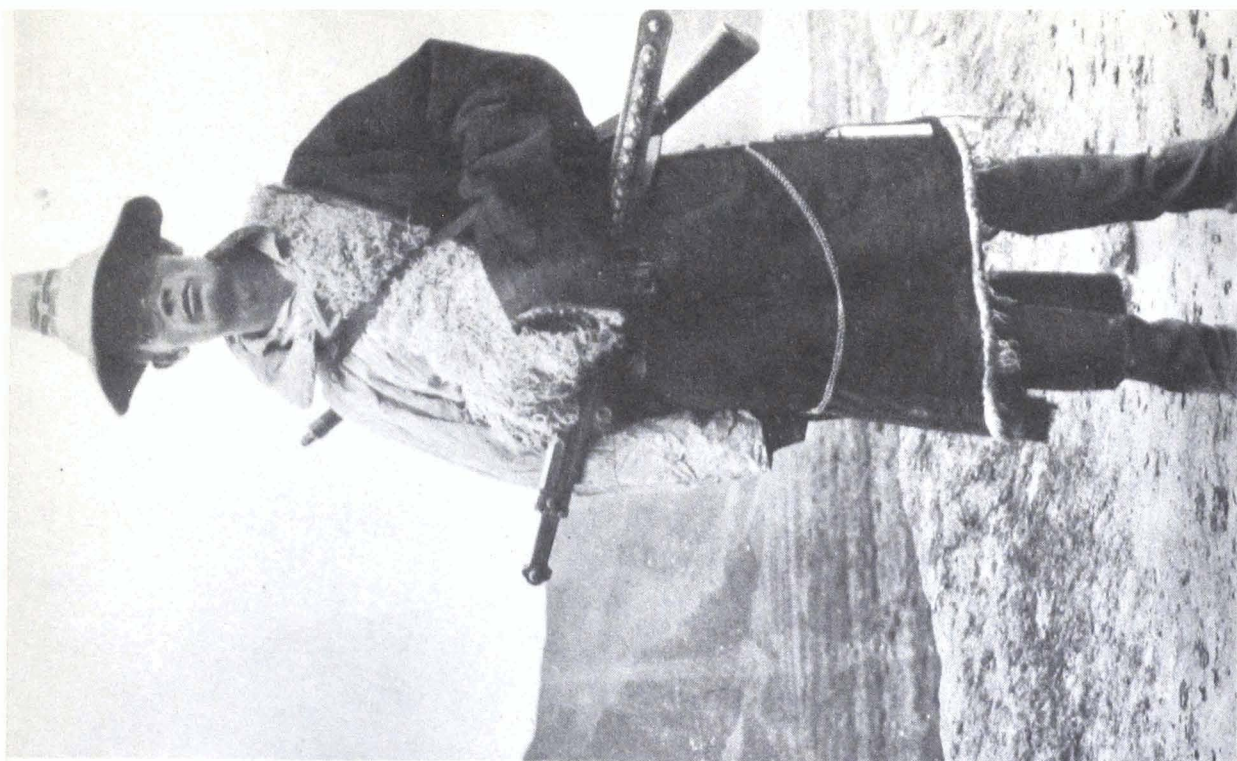
I went back with him to the troopers who stood sullenly grouped beside their truck. Reasoning, argument and even pleading were all to no avail.

"The too-fay have gone off to the northeastward—away from us. No belong same way we go. You have got 'fraid? Huh! We go too; and we no have got 'fraid. You belong cowards?"

It was useless. They only continued to mutter among themselves. Meanwhile, the oxen had been secured to the cars. I took the sergeant aside. We held a hasty conference. Then Tornvall and Horvath, who knew best how to handle such a situation, grabbed their shotguns and advanced on the soldiers.



"As far as the eye could see, the treeless yellow hills were terraced right up to their very tips with grainfields."



They never returned. Both my companions, Horvath (*left*) and Simpson (*right*), were instantly killed that night—literally riddled with bullets when attacked by bandits.

“*Chee! Chee-la! Quai-tee-a!*” they commanded. “Get a move on! Quickly!”

They glared at us in silence. Obviously, they were worried. Finally, they turned and started along the road.

“They’ll bear watching,” whispered Simpson.

“No fear,” said Horvath. “They’re too scared to be alone and afoot in this district. And I’m driving that truck of theirs until we reach Chingning, on the other side of the mountain.”

It was a long, hard struggle up the tortuous, zigzagging road to the 10,000-foot pass, with the oxen pulling and straining patiently, urged along by the long whips in the hands of the *ma-foos*. At the top we paid them off with a sack of rice, which they preferred to currency, and started down the other side. The roadbed was soft and loose from the work of grading; and we had a number of narrow escapes from skidding at the hairpin turns.

We had a magnificent view over the rolling countryside for many miles about. There was no sign of the bandits, which seemed to cheer the soldiers somewhat.

As far as the eye could see, the treeless yellow hills were terraced right up to their very tips with grainfields. Wheat is the staff of life for the Chinese of the northwest, as rice is for China south of the Yangtze. I would venture to say that if the sparsely populated northwest China of today were made politically habitable, and modern irrigation and transportation facilities introduced, it would easily fill the world’s breadboxes.

At Chingning we turned our escort over to the garrison commander and were given another escort of about twenty men and a military truck. We climbed steadily until we reached the razorback of a range of mountains which we followed for almost seventy-five miles, most of the time 7,000 feet above sea level, until we reached Anting, near Lanchow, capital of Kansu. Here we were met by young Will Simpson, who had come up from the Simpson mission station at Minchow to lend a hand.

Since we believed we had passed through the worst of the

bandit territory, we allowed the soldiers to return to their post at Chingning, while we continued westward toward Minchow over an old unused cart road.

After three horrible days of heat, precipitous grades and muddy-bottomed rivers, literally building our own road as we went along, we arrived at Kungshang, a distance of fifty-odd miles from Anting—a good horse could make it in less than a day and a half. As we turned a sharp corner and the massive gates of the city wall appeared before us, we were confronted by a ragged squad of a dozen coolie soldiers and their sergeant. Though visibly almost petrified with fear of the never-before-seen iron monster, they nevertheless had guts and stood their ground bravely—bayonets fixed and ready for action.

We called upon them to open the gates, but they merely continued to stare in speechless wonderment.

“*Kai men! Kai men!*” I shouted in a still louder voice. But they just stood there.

I had an idea. I turned on the lights and blew the siren. Instantly pandemonium broke loose. There was a mad scramble for the gates. Two of them stumbled, their rifles discharging, while they yelled wildly to their companions not to shut the gates before they got through.

The sergeant, made of somewhat sterner stuff, stood his ground at first, ashen-faced; then he retreated slowly, slashing his curved sword wildly before him, for all the world like a knight of old in an encounter with the monstrous dragon.

It was some time before matters were straightened out. An official from the yamen appeared. He had traveled somewhat and the *chih chia* was nothing new to him. We exchanged *pien-sze*, the calling card being the universal passport in the interior, and he invited us all to tea.

The whole population of the city turned out to see the monstrous “iron horse” as it stood before the mandarin’s yamen. They were mystified by the ominous rumble of its motor, the

shiny polished metal body, rubber tires, and burnished “silver” fittings.

The headlights held a particular fascination for them; and they stood around discussing the how-comes and wherefores of this heatless light that shone so brilliantly, yet was capable of disappearing more quickly than a fire doused by a bucket of water and of reappearing as suddenly as it went out. I got some good movie footage of pig-tailed natives nearly jumping out of their skins when the horn was suddenly blown as their heads were poked under the hood looking for what made it “pant.”

We unloaded at Kungshang, which was as far as we could go with the truck. Horvath, Will Simpson and I started back with the empty truck to Pingliang for another load of supplies. Hoping to find a better route back than the one over which we had come, we swung off to the westward to Titao, and then northward over another long-unused cart road. No motorcar had ever traveled this route. It led us up boulder-strewn river beds, across irrigation ditches and over tortuous mountain roads.

Just before we reached Lanchow I turned my ankle. It was a bad sprain and swelled up quickly. We decided that it would be advisable to rest it for a few days while the boys continued down the road. They would pick me up on their return.

They never returned! Both were instantly killed that night—literally riddled with bullets when attacked by a band of mounted bandits. It was a week before the news of the murder reached me at Lanchow. I notified the elder Simpson at Kungshang. Picking up young Henry Eckvall, who had come up to Lanchow as a Ford salesman, and Mr. Keeble, a Lanchow missionary, we started down the road with a military truck and two teakwood Chinese coffins to bring the bodies back for decent burial.

All along the road the natives frantically and repeatedly waved us to stop. “Go back! Go back! You’ll be killed! It is suicide to continue! The bandits are all about. Over there, just beyond that hill. They’ll kill you!”

But the boys had been lying out there a week, and the anguished father insisted he would go on alone if we turned back. I was driving. Simpson and Keeble rode on the back with the two coffins. Eckvall sat beside me. We whistled dryly and laughed harshly to keep up our spirits. We even went so far as to shake hands dramatically at each rise or turn in the road, saying:

“Well, so long! Here’s where *we* get it!”

We were scared stiff, for we might momentarily be met with a volley of rifle shots from ambush. (Only a few weeks later Eckvall *was* to get it—murdered on this very same highway!)

The Simpson-Horvath murder had been committed on the bleak skyroad running along the dragonback of the mile-and-a-half-above-sea-level mountain range. From some of the higher points along the way one could see for many miles in all directions. The roadway stretched off to the horizons like a scrawled pencil line snaking its way through the barren, undulating loess stretches.

It was easy for a truck to be spotted many miles away as it puffed along over the hills like a roller coaster in slow motion. And if one were mounted it was simple indeed to ride across country to intercept the road and wait in ambush.

So that was how they got Simpson and Horvath! Perhaps we, too, had already been spotted. Maybe, just around that next turn . . .

Well, a fight is one thing, even if you are hopelessly outnumbered—but ambush! Without even a chance to hit back! Especially when expected momentarily!

It gives you a funny feeling in the pit of your stomach. Something like . . . Well, just imagine your sensations if the elevator boy turned to you just after you had passed the eightieth floor in the Empire State Building and told you that he couldn’t stop the car!

At long last we reached the scene of the murder. The local farmfolk were extremely sympathetic. In fact, the simple

peasant is by nature very hospitable. It is only when driven to outlawry by hunger or oppression that he becomes a ruthless destroyer.

We learned from them that the bandits, hundreds of them—apparently the band we’d missed by a few hours at Wu Sheng Pu at the foot of the Liu Pan Shan—were camped barely four miles distant. A dozen or more of the natives spread to the neighboring hilltops, watching them from afar and ready to flash the word to us the moment they should start in our direction.

We worked feverishly to dig up the bodies and place them in the coffins. The boys had been given a temporary burial up the side of the road in the Mohammedan fashion, for the natives of this thinly settled district were Moslems.

Two trenches had been made about six feet long, six feet deep and three feet wide. At right angles from the bases horizontal tunnels, of the same length and two feet in diameter, were dug. Therein lay the bodies, heads pointed westward—toward Holy Mecca. The entrances to the tunnels had been sealed and the trenches filled in with earth.

We counted at least twenty-five holes in each body. Death had mercifully been instantaneous, for the China bandit is notorious for devising fiendish tortures. Only the day before, the natives told us, a near-by family of peasants had been buried alive when an objection was raised against the taking of their stores and horses.

A shout came from one of the watchers on the hilltops just as we finished loading the coffins onto the truck.

“Ta-men lai-la! Ta-men lai-la! Chee! Chee-la! Quai-tee-a!”

They were coming! The bandits! Had we been discovered? We wasted no time investigating our watcher’s warning. I stepped on the starter, threw her in gear, and started full speed for Lanchow.

Whether the farmer’s alarum was a false one, or whether we merely had outdistanced any pursuit, we never knew. But the

expected attack did not materialize, for which we thanked our lucky stars.

We did not go through to Lanchow, but stopped at Anting, where the coffins were placed in temporary graves. Months later, when the colder weather set in, Simpson's body was taken by muleback to Minchow where it was buried in the mission courtyard. Horvath's body was also exhumed and sent down to Shanghai to his grieving mother. She had long refused to believe the reports of his death until upon my return to Shanghai I had reluctantly shown her motion pictures of his gruesome bullet-ridden body I had taken at the scene of the attack.

Believing that the much-exploited dangers of "forbidden" Tibet could surely be no worse than those of bandit-stricken Kansu, I decided to push on—even though I must now travel without companions. In another book I have given an account of my travels and experiences during the better part of the following year in Tibet.

CHINA'S MOSLEMIA

KANSU PROVINCE, SANDWICHED BETWEEN THE SNOWS OF TIBET AND the deserts of Mongolia, is sometimes called the heart of China's "Moslemia." The Western world knows little of this far northwest hinterland with its amazing population of nearly fifteen million Mohammedans. And what is even more amazing than their religion is that they are not even Chinese, racially considered. They are "foreigners," descendants of Turkis and Arabs who migrated to China more than a thousand years ago.

Briefly, these migrations were of three separate and distinct origins: Arab, Uigur, and Salar.

Menaced by hordes of wild Tibetan tribes on the warpath, the Chinese Emperor at Ch'ang-an, the present Sian, imported four thousand Arab mercenaries to assist him in driving back the Tibetans. This was in A.D. 756. These mercenaries never returned to their native homes. In appreciation for their services, the Emperor gave them generous land grants and Chinese wives. In the twelve centuries which have since elapsed they have become widely scattered, and their descendants are to be found in communities throughout China's Great Northwest.

The Uigurs migrated eastward from their home in Kashgaria in the eighth and ninth centuries. They settled principally along the borders of Chinese Eastern Turkestan and Mongolia, and intermarried freely with both Chinese and Mongols of the district.

The Salars came from Samarkand in the fourteenth century, during the reign of the first emperor of the Ming Dynasty. For generations known to their fellow Turkis as a tribe of robbers and troublemakers, they were finally offered a choice between

exile and complete annihilation. As a parting gift they were given a white camel, a bottle of water, and a bag of earth. The camel would lead them to their new home where the water and the ground would be the same as the samples they carried from their homeland. The legend goes on to say that the white camel led them across Turkestan, down around the northeastern corner of Tibet, and eventually to Shuenhwa on the banks of the Yellow River near the Kansu-Tibetan border. The morning after their arrival they found the white camel turned to stone—a rock stump supposed to be one of the legs is all that remains of the petrified animal—and, upon examination, discovered that the water and ground were identical with the samples they had brought.

The Salars still speak an ancient form of Turki. The Uigurs, on the other hand, from too much Mongol intermixture speak a dialect of Mongolian. The Arabs, having become the most widely scattered of the three divisions, have lost their mother tongue entirely and now speak only Chinese.

Though the Moslems—or *Hwei-Hwei*, as they are collectively called by Chinese—acknowledge their separate origins, they are strongly bound together by their religion. And they are almost fanatical in their Islamic zeal. The Chinese, in their eyes, are not only unbelievers but idol-worshiping heathens. And the true Moslem looks upon his Celestial neighbor with as much contempt and feeling of superiority as the white man looks upon the native in the deepest African jungle.

It is this tenacious holding to the religion of their ancestors that has saved these people from Chinese assimilation. They are still a race apart, a people distinctly different from the Chinese physically, morally and temperamentally.

And so, when the republic was established after the Revolution of 1911-1912, the Moslems were recognized by the new government as one of the five major peoples composing the Republic of China—Chinese, Tibetans, Manchus, Mongols, and

Moslems. Each of these peoples was represented by a colored stripe in the new five-barred flag.

We may note in passing that while the five-barred flag was changed a few years later to the white-star-on-a-blue-field flag of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang Central Government, the Japanese today have revived this five-barred flag as the emblem for the Nippon-sponsored puppet government in the conquered areas of China.

The "Mecca" of China's Moslemia is Hochow—a sizable walled city at an elevation of about a mile above sea level, some two hundred *li* (three Chinese *li* make one mile) west of Lanchow. The trail weaves in and out, up and over magnificent mountains with amazing Grand Canyon scenery. Cultivation is sparse and becomes more so as one goes westward. Fields are small and cling to steep-sided hills, while the people themselves live in caves dug into the friable loess cliffs or huddle together in little fortress enclosures for mutual protection from the bandits and marauders who infest the region.

In sharp contrast to all this is the splendid Hochow Valley. More glorious than the most inspired artist could depict on his canvas was the picture unfolded before my eyes when for the first time I topped a high pass and paused to drink in the beauty of that idyllic scene below.

After throat-parching days of trek through the barren drab-yellow wastelands I felt a sudden exhilaration at sight of the brilliant green of fertile fields, the bright blue of a swift-running mountain stream and the varicolored hues of an Arabian Nights city of mosques and minarets set in the valley center, the whole of which was ringed by snow-capped mountains.

Moslem pilgrims journey to Hochow from the far corners of Asia—from Yunnan and Kwangsi, in the extreme south of China; from Kashgaria, two thousand miles to the west in the very heart of Asia; and some even from India, northward across the rugged wastelands of the "Roof of the World"—to worship at its famous mosques.

In its teeming streets and crowded bazaars I could almost believe myself to have been suddenly transplanted from the Far East to the Near East. Tall, light-skinned, heavy-bearded men swaggered along with the haughtiness of an aggressive, domineering race. Women, clad in colored pantaloons and veiled, called to their children in whose play groups no Chinese child was welcome. In the food stalls I was able to purchase coffee, milk, and even leavened bread, a welcome relief from the monotony of the Chinese unleavened *mo-mo*.

From the top of the principal mosque, though its roof was made of tiles, with upturned corners in the Chinese style instead of the steepled minaret of the Levant, at the five appointed hours of the day came the mournful voice of the *muezzin* calling the faithful to prayer.

"La Ilaha Il-Allah, Mohammed ur Rasul-Ullah!"

All Moslemia seemed at once to pause, turn to the west, and perform obeisance to Allah and His Prophet.

Hochow fascinated me. It was a strange, dislocated scene, here in the very heart of China. And a strange people, too, were these Hwei-Hwei. In all the many months I spent in Hochow and Moslemia I never felt entirely at ease. Hate and contempt for their Chinese neighbors could be all too plainly read in their eyes. It was a hate and contempt inspired by religious fanaticism which naturally classed foreigners like myself along with Chinese as "unbelievers."

Compositely considered, the Hwei-Hwei is taller in stature and better developed physically than the Chinese. His features are characterized by a high nasal bridge and absence of the prominent Oriental cheekbones. And whereas the Chinese rarely wears a beard before he's forty, Moslem youths are quite proud of their beards.

In dress the men are hardly distinguishable from their Chinese neighbors. The women, however, have retained the veil of Islam. In the wealthier families the veil is of light texture and worn in the manner prevailing in the Near East. Among

the poorer classes, where the women are obliged to work in the fields and carry on other active pursuits, the veil has been forced to compromise with expediency and necessity, so that today it appears like a great hood which reaches to the shoulders with an oval cutout for the face from eyebrows to chin. Even tiny girl tots wear this hooded veil, which is sometimes brightly decorated with ornamental stitching.

Keen tradesmen and shopkeepers are the Hwei-Hwei, giving rise to a popular aphorism that "A Tibetan can eat a Mongol, a Chinese can eat a Tibetan, but a Hwei-Hwei can eat them all." The Moslems are the horse dealers, butchers, and restaurateurs. Pork, however, will not be found in their eating houses, since it is forbidden by the Koran, along with wine and opium.

Most of the skin-raft traffic on the Yellow River is in the hands of the Hwei-Hwei. With sympathy and understanding of animals handed down from their nomadic ancestors, they are more reliable as *ma-foos* than the Chinese, who are notorious for their callous indifference to the care of their animals.

Surprisingly, the youngsters learn not Chinese, but Arabic in their schools. But this schooling goes little beyond the study of the Koran. The Moslems refuse to translate the Koran into Chinese. I asked an old bearded schoolmaster about that.

"The sanctity of the Book of the Prophet must be preserved," he declared. A sudden hardness came into his eyes, and I caught a glimpse of what a bloody struggle these stubborn, unyielding Islamites must have had with their unbelieving Chinese overlords down through the centuries.

The mosque, which is to be found in every Moslem community, in contrast to the highly embellished temples and idols of the Chinese, is bare of furnishings and decorations. And yet, jealously as the Hwei-Hwei guards the purity of the True Faith, I have seen incense burning before the altars in some of the mosques—a paganism undoubtedly adopted from their neighbors.

Religious instruction is in the hands of the *ahungs*—the mullahs of China's Moslemia. The white turban is their badge of office. Although the title *ahung* is rightfully due only to those who have made the pilgrimage to Holy Mecca, it is sometimes given to those held in particularly high esteem and veneration in the community. My muleteers frequently called me *ahung*—a special deference supposed to generate a substantial bonus by the end of the trip.

Among a people whose religion rules their every thought and action it is most natural to expect their ecclesiarchs to exercise a strong authority in things temporal as well as spiritual. Playing upon the unswerving emotional faith of the True Believer, the *ahungs* are able to rouse the people to fanatical heights. When the "White Wolf," a notorious bandit scourge of China's Northwest of two decades ago, swept into Taochow, a peaceful Moslem city of the Kansu-Tibetan border, three thousand Mohammedan women and children took refuge in the compound of the mosque. The Moslem men had gone out to meet the bandits; but they had been outmaneuvered by the wily White Wolf, who circled them and took the city with little hindrance. With hope for mercy at the hands of the Chinese cutthroats abandoned as preparations were made for an attack upon the feeble walls of the mosque's courtyard, the *ahungs* set fire to the building; and while the flames leaped higher and higher, their mournful chanting droned a dirgelike accompaniment for the shrieks and screams of the dying in the human holocaust.

Chinese authorities live in constant dread of this power of the *ahungs*. Well do they know that as quickly as the Hwei-Hwei feels himself strong enough to rebel against Chinese authority, the *ahungs* will begin to preach the perennial Holy War. The Moslem hates the "heathen Chinees" with a fervency measured only by the hate of the Chinese for him. And, as a bloody history will attest, the *ahungs* have been known to inspire such religious fanaticism in the Moslems that, scorning high-powered modern weapons and armed with nothing more than a sword,

they will charge Chinese machine guns. For did not the Prophet promise a passport straight to the Islamic Paradise of voluptuous houris, bountiful feasting and rapturous bliss for the slaying of a single unbeliever?

So great is this fear of Moslem uprising that during the rule of the Manchu Dynasty the Hwei-Hwei were forbidden to reside within the city walls of any Kansu city. This applied even to Moslems in high Chinese official service.

And this Chinese fear of Moslem revolt is well justified. Periodically the Hwei-Hwei has wound the white turban about his head, taken up his sword and proclaimed a Holy War on all unbelievers. In the Great Rebellion of Tung Chih, which incidentally had its origins in Chinese interference in a Moslem sectarian feud, more than three millions were killed from 1861 to 1877. No crops were planted in eight of the sixteen years of civil warfare. This resulted in famine, followed by pestilence. Cannibalism was rampant; men sometimes hunted down their fellows for the meager flesh on their bones. Even today one may see the ruins of many great cities, ravished by Moslem rebellion.

The latest of these rebellions occurred as recently as 1928. Ma Chung-ying, an eighteen-year-old youngster, proclaimed a one-man war on all Chinese when a relative of his was executed at Lanchow by Feng Yu-hsiang, the much-publicized "Christian general." From Sining, a Moslem stronghold to the northwest, Ma Chung-ying with seven young companions and only three rifles raised the standard of Moslem revolt, with a crescent and three stars for its insignia. This was on April 12, 1928.

In a few days the eight youths appeared suddenly at Shuenhwa, Kansu center of the Salars, and brazenly held up and looted the official headquarters. As suddenly as they came the eight disappeared. Several days later they ambushed a convoy of arms and ammunition—and immediately their ranks swelled to several hundred. Branded as outlaws, despite their claim to being torchbearers for a new Jihad, Ma Chung-ying and his little army advanced toward Hochow. Local garrison

commanders, one after another, sent punitive expeditions of "loyal Moslem troopers" to intercept the outlaws' advance; only to find that the "punitive expeditions" never returned—joining instead of engaging the ever-growing Army of the Rebellion.

On May 5th, only three weeks after Ma Chung-ying and his seven companions had started from Sining, Ga Sze-ling—"The Little General," as he was now affectionately called—appeared at the gates of Hochow riding proudly at the head of more than 50,000 fanatical Hwei-Hwei rebels. Hochow is protected by a strong city wall; and the little Chinese garrison held off the rebels' siege for two weeks, when relief from Feng Yu-hsiang's Lanchow headquarters arrived.

Ga Sze-ling was defeated, and he fell back with heavy losses. But his cause was a popular one; and new recruits came from every hand and flocked to his standard. In a second attack upon the city his army numbered almost a hundred thousand. With the ahungs now in their ranks to lash them to fanatical frenzy, the Moslems charged the Hochow walls. Wave after wave of wild-eyed, besworded Hwei-Hwei was cut down by the Chinese machine-gun fire or blown to bits by a battery of field guns. Again the Moslems were defeated and forced to fall back, with appalling losses.

Many of Ga Sze-ling's rebels were volunteers whose homes were in the Ba Fang, the huge exclusively Moslem settlement outside the Hochow walls. In revenge for this the Chinese descended upon the suburb, massacred the Moslem women and children and burned the Ba Fang to the ground. In 1932, when I first visited Hochow, the place was still a shambles of blackened ruins, though the Moslems were beginning to return and buildings were being erected on the ashes of their former homes. The carpenter's hammer punctuated the cries of Hwei-Hwei shopkeepers calling their wares. Chinese rubbed elbows with Moslems again, as if "all was forgiven." But the Hwei-Hwei never forgets.

The Chinese pursued Ga Sze-ling and his rebels and, in a

surprise attack, inflicted further serious losses. With the remnants of his war-scarred troops, the Little General began a reign of terror along the entire Kansu-Tibetan border. Killing, looting, raping as they went, the Hwei-Hwei spared neither Chinese nor Tibetan; while the pursuing Chinese infantry, only a matter of hours behind the mounted rebels, perpetrated equal atrocities upon the Moslem civilians. Between them they managed practically to wipe out the entire population of the district.

“ARISE, YE SONS OF THE
PROPHET”

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF GA SZE-LING'S RETREAT, BARELY FOUR years later, I observed that Chinese travelers invariably gave wide berth to the dozens of gaunt, deserted villages which we passed. They hurried by with furtive over-the-shoulder glances and hushed voices, as if the awful terror of ruthless massacre still hung about the charred ruins like some ghostlike menacing pall.

And now and again we came upon villages where a few brave survivors had returned to rebuild their homes and till the meager soil. They must have lived in constant dread of the return of the ravaging warring factions; for they had built substantial blockhouse forts upon the highest and nearest points to their villages, wherein sentries kept ceaseless vigil ready to toll a great bell at the approach of any sizable band of strangers. These blockhouses were stocked with food and water sufficient to support the entire district's population through a long siege.

And often enough we were mistaken for the advance scouts of some predatory band of marauders, because of the rifles across our backs. The bell would ring out its warning, and from all directions men, women and children converged upon the blockhouse, arms laden with whatever articles of value they could pick up in their hurried flight. And, if they were not too sure of our peaceful intentions and we came nearer, a shot or two would be fired in our direction to halt our approach until we could reassure them of our peaceful intentions.

The saddest spectacle of all was the ruins of Choni Gomba, a famous Tibetan lamasery near Taochow on the Kansu-Tibetan border. Great chanting halls and idol houses, built centuries



Upper—". . . so that today it appears like a great hood which reaches to the shoulders with an oval cutout for the face from eyebrows to chin. Even tiny tots wear this hooded veil, which . . ."

Lower—". . . through the country of cave-dwellers, whose hovels were dug into the vertical side of the loess cliffs."



"The sanctity of the Book of the Prophet must be preserved."

ago, had been reduced to piles of charred wood and stone. Huge idols lay in broken heaps; and beautiful paintings on the temple walls, which had somehow miraculously survived the flames, were mutilated and pitted with bullet holes—for the Koran lays particular stress upon the destruction of all idols or images.

There were many Hwei-Hwei civilians from Taochow who participated in the looting and destruction of Choni. Fearing reprisals from the trailing Chinese Kuominchun troops, the whole Moslem population fled to the Tibetan grasslands to the westward. In the spring of 1929, the Moslem Rebellion having collapsed, the Taochow Hwei-Hwei refugees were officially invited to return to their homes with a promise of a blanket decree of clemency for all charges against them. Six thousand men, women and children responded. All were assembled in the great military parade grounds outside the city and addressed by the Chinese general in flowery language. He spoke fervently of the “dawn of a new era of brotherhood between Moslem and Chinese.” Though a military man, he confessed to them humbly that he shuddered at the very thought of all these many months of useless bloodspilling.

“Let us have peace!” he concluded. “Peace, and good will to our fellow man!”

As proof and evidence of all that he said, a week’s rations of grain would be given to every Moslem man and boy—from his own commissary granaries, he added, as he smiled benevolently.

The Hwei-Hwei males lined up in single file at the south gate of the city, just inside which were supposed to be the grain stores. And, as each man or boy, three thousand of them, passed through the gate, his head was neatly lopped off by a giant axman.

So quietly and efficiently was this mass execution carried out that not until the last of the Moslems in that line had passed through the gate and had been beheaded did word reach their womenfolk of the slaughter. And amid the hysterical cries and wild confusion that followed, while Moslem women sought out

their family dead, the Chinese commander observed casually to his lieutenants:

“Peace? Well, perhaps we shall have it now!”

Ga Sze-ling eventually wound up at Suchow, in that narrow bottleneck of Kansu running up to the Sinkiang border, an important city on the ancient caravan route from China to the Occident. The taxation he exacted from this traffic seemed to satisfy him for a while.

But the Little General was ambitious. His eyes were fixed upon the conquest of Sinkiang. In 1933 he advanced on Urumchi, the capital, but was defeated by ex-Manchurian troops, the remnants of Ma Chan-shun's famous army which, after its fight with the Japanese at the Nonni River in North Manchuria in 1931, had retreated into Russian territory and later entered Sinkiang from the north via Chuckuchak, Siberia.

In January of 1934 he attacked again with larger forces. General Sheng Shih-tsai, the commander of the Manchurian troops, appealed to the Russians for help. Though the Soviet sent no official army detachments, about ten thousand Russian “volunteers” were outfitted with horses, guns, armored cars, and airplanes. Faced by superior arms, Ga Sze-ling was once more defeated.¹

It was some of Ga Sze-ling's former troopers, I learned, who had killed my two companions, Simpson and Horvath. After

¹When I was in Moscow in the summer of 1939 I heard one day that a Chinese general had arrived for some secret conferences. After some discreet investigation I discovered that it was none other than the veteran Moslem rebel Ma Chung-ying, still a youth in his late twenties. By dint of considerable effort, assisted by a Chinese diplomatic representative, I obtained the promise of an interview. But for some reasons the interview was canceled. I would have given much to know why the Little General had been invited to Moscow. In speculation I might suspect a three-way deal between the Soviet, Chiang Kai-shek and the Hwei-Hwei of Moslemia: The Moslems will get their long-wanted autonomy. The Russians, as they have done in Outer Mongolia, will dominate in Moslemia at least economically while yet acknowledging Chinese suzerainty. And lastly, Chiang Kai-shek will be enabled to save face in accepting this move, which he is powerless to prevent in any case, in return for material Soviet support against the Japanese. All this, mind you, is at the time of this writing no more than speculation on my part.

the Hochow defeat a detachment of about six hundred became separated from the main body of the Little General's rebel army. Prevented from effecting union with Ga Sze-ling by the pursuing Chinese, this band of Moslems swung off southeastward. They attacked and took Tsinan, a fair-sized city in southern Kansu, and then promised to behave themselves if the Chinese authorities would allow them to rule Tsinan as if they were a Chinese garrison. To this the Chinese, of course, were only too glad to agree.

Ma Ru-lin, the leader of this band, was given a commission as general in the Chinese Army. Much impressed by his "official" appointment, Ma Ru-lin tried sincerely to keep his turbulent troops in line, but they were a bad lot. By day they were nice soldiers; at night they took to plundering the farmers in the neighboring countryside.

Ma Ru-lin took drastic measures to stop this: he selected six of the ringleaders and promptly had them executed. At this his entire garrison saddled up and left him alone with his officers. They were fed up with soldiering anyhow. It was more than three years since the collapse of the Ga Sze-ling rebellion, and they wanted to get back to their Hochow homes to help rebuild the Ba Fang.

They headed north to the Sian-Lanchow road to engage in a little highway robbery before proceeding Hochowward. Simpson and Horvath were merely unlucky enough to be the first to come along the road.

Through the American Embassy in China, we brought pressure to bear on the Chinese governor of Kansu, who ordered his troops out to intercept the march of the rebel Moslems toward Hochow. A "big battle" was fought, though we saw no actual evidences of this engagement, and we were told that the rebel Hwei-Hwei had been "completely annihilated." A week or two later I wasn't too surprised to learn that our personal effects looted from the truck by the murdering Hwei-Hwei were

being brazenly offered for sale on the open markets in Hochow and near-by Moslem centers.

Shortly after this the governor of Kansu, ex-bandit himself, was "persuaded" by the merchants of Lanchow to "resign" his post after reluctantly accepting a "present" of about \$100,000 from them upon which to retire in ease in his declining years. The new governor, anxious to keep the good will of the Moslem population as well as that of his Chinese fellows, at least until such time as he felt more firmly entrenched in his political position, officially informed the American Legation at Peking that "the culprits had been apprehended and duly punished for the crime." And with this the case was supposed to be definitely closed.

Today, except for the backwash from the current Sino-Japanese War and especially the growing menace of Soviet encroachments, there is comparative peace in China's northwest. And this principally due to the fact that Moslemia, with the exception of Lanchow, a Chinese oasis, is ruled in the main by its own leaders. And though they may sometimes be much more exacting rulers than Chinese overlords, they are preferred to the alien and hated Chinese. With the Hwei-Hwei numbers steadily increasing, and plentifully supplied with modern arms, the Chinese had begun to see the handwriting on the wall: that to purchase permanent peace in the Great Northwest it would be first necessary to allow comparative self-rule, and perhaps eventually to grant complete autonomy to Moslemia, as it had been found necessary to do in Mongolia, Tibet, and Sinkiang. Only the rapid strengthening of Chiang Kai-shek's Central Government's prestige and influence and the correlating impetus given to a Pan-China United Front against the common enemy, Japan, with the outbreak of hostilities in the summer of 1937 halted the movement toward an autonomous Moslemia.

An important step in this direction had been taken with the appointment of Ma Pu-fan, youthful uncle of the fanatical Ga Sze-ling, as governor of the newly delineated province of

Chinghai, or Koko Nor, a great section of northeastern Tibet arbitrarily marked off on the map and handed over to Ma Pu-fan and his Moslem constituents to conquer in the name of the Central Government of China.

Though his title is nominally Governor of Chinghai, his power and influence in cold fact is that of a veritable Oriental potentate—absolute and unquestioned. Yet fortunately for his Moslem peoples he is a modernist and a truly great administrator, keenly alert to things and events external to his realm, and the most progressive of all the fifty-seven varieties of tyrannical rulers in the Orient. In the scant decade of his rule from his provincial capital of Sining on the ethnographical border between China and Tibet, he has developed this hinterland province into one of the most progressive in the country. He has built roads, the finest in all China, with only the few miles of improved highways in the immediate environs of the great port cities as exception. Streams are well bridged and roads are well graded and kept in excellent repair. Since my first visit with him he has purchased dozens of American motor trucks, one of which, a Dodge, is equipped with a powerful radio so that he can keep in regular contact with his garrisons and troop movements in the field.

Sining lies about two hundred miles west of Lanchow. The road is a fairly good one, in comparison with others down-country. A representative of the governor in Lanchow was traveling on an official mission to Ma Pu-fan. He was hesitant about inviting me along since the trip was to be made in a military Ford truck. There would be room in the truck's cab for only himself, the driver and the officer in charge of the detachment of soldiers who were to act as his military escort. I assured him, however, that I didn't mind riding up back with the troopers.

So early one chilly morning we left Lanchow. We crossed the steel American-built bridge that spans the Yellow River here, and followed the opposite bank for about eleven miles. We then turned sharply up a narrow winding dried-up river bed flanked

by towering reddish and ocher cliffs. The winds of time had eroded the laminated cliffs so that they took on queer and sometimes startlingly realistic shapes. In one place there towered overhead what looked like the massive battlements of some medieval stronghold, whose sheer reddish walls were sharply silhouetted against a sky of deepest blue flecked with lacy high-cirrus cloud forms.

Almost as soon as we left the river vegetation began to peter out. The villages were few and far between and most miserable in aspect. Hollow-cheeked, listless peasants eked out a precarious existence by tilling the dry powdery loess, their fields literally covered with pebbles which were supposed to condense the morning dew and thus supply some small measure of moisture for the parched soil during the long Kansu dry season.

So careless and so callous had these unfortunates become in their extreme poverty that they allowed their spindle-legged but strangely pink-cheeked children to play about stark naked in a temperature that hovered about the zero mark. The Lanchow official told me that according to their statistics barely seventy-five out of every thousand children in this area reach the age of one year.

In the bitter cold we huddled together for mutual warmth in the open body of the truck. The corporal made himself extremely unpopular with the rest of the troopers because of his inordinate pride in his spurs, which he refused to remove despite the fact that in our cramped quarters they were constantly digging into someone's shins or catching on someone's breeches. It was a matter of face with him to wear them willy-nilly, though he lost this face, and considerably more, when upon stopping for a short rest period at a wayside inn he found one of his precious spurs missing. He was mad clear through and insisted upon a thorough search, but the missing spur never was found.

Out of the winding arroyo and up on a level stretch of plain we caught glimpses of the Great Wall which ran parallel to the road on the right. This section, almost two thousand miles from

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留難阻滯該福曼亦不得攜帶違禁物品致
干查究須至護照者

在照給 福曼 收執

中華民國二十一年 月 日

主席部

限 監印楊文源 日繳銷

Special passport issued to the Author for travel in Kansu Province, northwest China

the coast as the crow flies, is now in virtual ruins from the violent earthquakes which repeatedly rock this area. The most recent of these, in 1925, had been particularly destructive in this district. We could still see some of the results of its ravages. Village after village was in complete ruins. And who could tell what scenes of horror must have followed when disease, famine and later cannibalism became widespread.

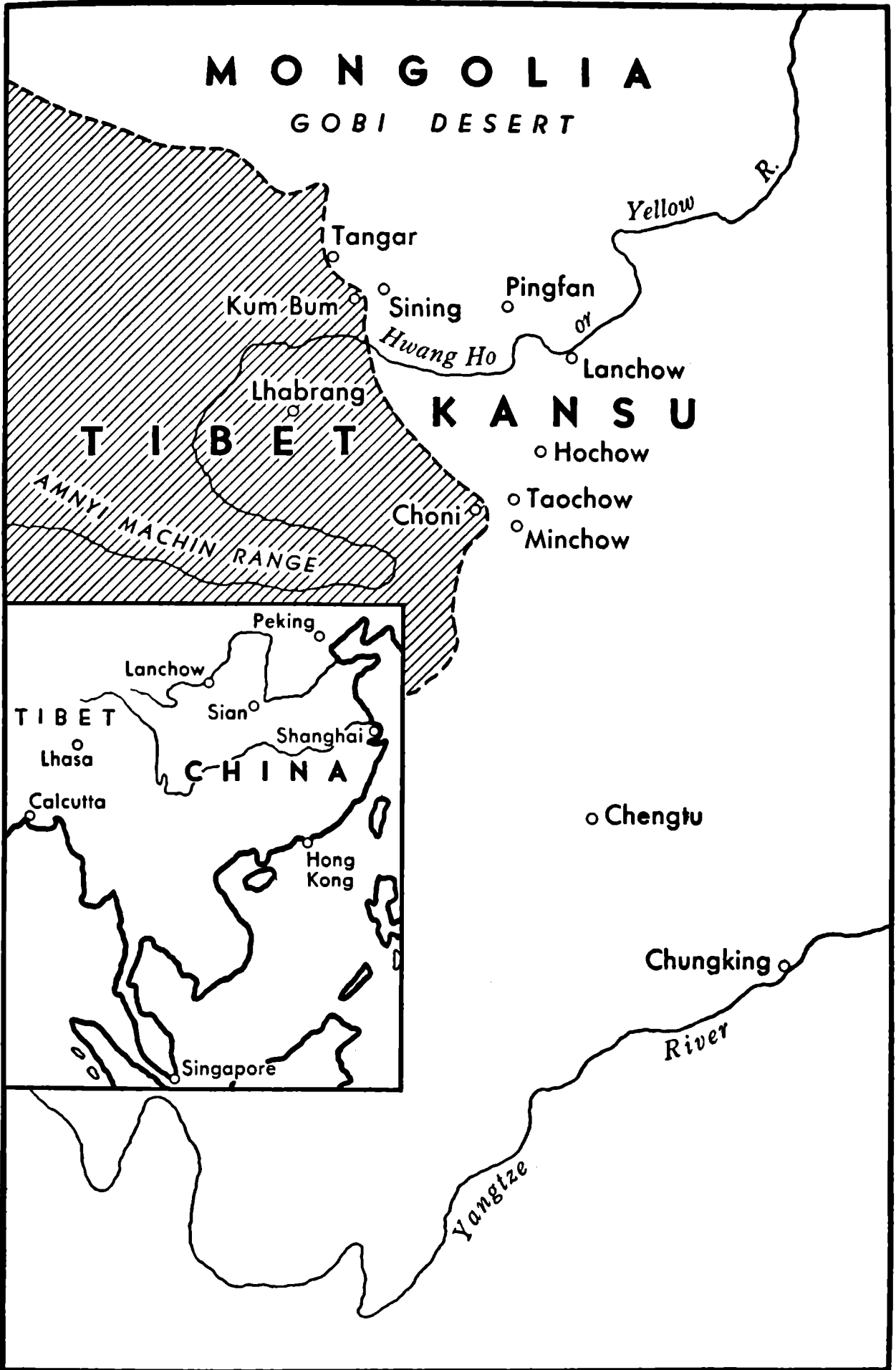
A half mile from the city of Pingfan we passed the massive walls of Man Cheng. Prior to the Revolution of 1911 this had been an important Manchu metropolis. The Chinese, rebelling after three centuries of Manchu rule, had completely sacked the city and burned it. The walls alone stood now, silent, deserted and scrupulously avoided by both man and beast. A gaunt, stark ghost of a once thriving city whose entire population of perhaps 40,000 had been massacred to the last man, woman and child.

A half mile beyond stood the, by comparison, miserable walls of Pingfan. The city was strongly garrisoned by tall, sturdily built Moslem troopers of fearsome appearance in their huge black astrakhan hats. Since they had been warned of our coming, they were drawn up in parade review as we passed through the city.

The road turned off acutely from Pingfan and zigzagged upward and over the 10,000-foot pass of the "Standing Ox" Mountains. The road had been literally cut into the sides of the soft cliffs. There was little or no roadbed in most places, with threatening landslides from the pulverizing perpendicular cliffs on the left and sheer 1,000-foot drops to the rocky riverbanks on the immediate right. Here and there the crumbling edge of the narrow roadway had been strengthened by logs and stones. But once our chauffeur had placed just a bit too much confidence in the retaining power of this method of reinforcement. Rounding a curve the right rear wheel of the truck began to slip ominously downward as the rock-and-log support on the edge gave way under the weight of the truck.

MONGOLIA

GOBI DESERT



TIBET

KANSU

CHINA

Chengtu

Chungking

Yangtze

Yellow R.

Hwang Ho

River

R.

AMNYI MACHIN RANGE

Peking

Lanchow

Sian

Shanghai

TIBET

Lhasa

Calcutta

Hong Kong

Singapore

Like a bunch of scrambling rats we leaped from the truck. We were certain the truck was doomed to slide gently off the edge to be smashed to smithereens in the valley far below. Fortunately, the support held enough to stop the truck from leaving the road. Much walla-walla and much talk-talk ensued, while it was argued just how we were to free the truck from its predicament. Eventually a stout rope was attached to the front bumper, and we all fell to with a heave-ho to pull the car back onto the road. Immediately, all began to climb on, ready to resume the journey.

“Why don’t you take time out to repair the danger spot?” I asked.

They all laughed heartily at this. Why, it was silly even to think of such a thing. We got over safely, didn’t we? Well, then, “maskee”! Let the next fellow worry about it. If he toppled over and was killed it was his own fault. Why should we take the time and effort to fix it for him?

About forty miles from Pingfan we came to Ta Tung, the border between Kansu and the newly delineated province of Chinghai.

Crossing the blue, swift-running Ta Tung River, we began to climb in earnest. The way led upward and upward until we reached the top of a long winding mountain ridge of about 12,000 feet elevation which we followed for some twenty-five miles.

We were now in Ma Pu-fan’s personal bailiwick. And this was evident all about. In sharp contrast to the road we had come over thus far, the highway here was wide, well graded, and showed evidence of constant upkeep. Small but sturdy bridges spanned the numerous streams along the way, all freshly painted in brilliant hues.

After the depressing picture of poverty, it was almost unbelievable now to pass through village after village permeated with an air of distinct prosperity and progressiveness. It would seem that the Occidental capacity for energetic optimism in-

herently instilled in these Moslems would not permit them, even in the face of the most severe natural calamities, to resign themselves to the deadening fatalism of their Chinese neighbors.

Stern and exacting as his rule must be over his peoples, Ma Pu-fan offers them substantial compensation in the matter of security. I heard of no banditry in his domain. His land is well policed. And I observed that it is almost impregnable to outside attack. Every two hundred yards or so we passed a blockhouse commanding all road approaches. These were in the shape of truncated pyramids, twenty feet at the base, tapering to fifteen feet at the squared battlemented top thirty feet or more above the ground.

I was agreeably surprised at my first meeting with Ma Pu-fan. He received me with all the politeness of a polished Chinese gentleman. But essentially a man of action, due no doubt to his distant Occidental heritage, he soon forgot his Chinese veneer. His talk became curt and to the point. To the numerous interruptions of his equally businesslike lieutenants—one of them, I learned later, educated in America—he gave instructions and made decisions without an instant's hesitation. It was truly a refreshing experience after long association with Chinese beating-around-the-bush methods.

He was intensely interested in Western inventions. Airplanes, for example, held a particular fascination for him. We talked at great length about them, both military and commercial. He had already built an excellent airport near Sining against the time when the Nanking Government would permit airplane purchases for his domain. And he had built a road southwestward from Sining which already reached the vicinity of the Amnyi Machin mountain district, and I learned he was financing his government with the gold his troops dig out of the mountains there for him.

Meanwhile, he had quietly woven a tight military network over the whole of China's Great Northwest. Though he spent most of his time in Sining, devoting his personal attention to

Chinghai, he had nevertheless strategically placed his relatives and trusted lieutenants in command of important garrisons throughout the Moslem provinces. And though his regular military forces might number no more than 50,000 or so, he could at surprisingly short notice raise an army of several hundred thousand trained warriors, backed by the fanatical zeal of millions of Islamites.

Just what the future may bring to China's Moslemia it is hard to predict. Prior to the Sino-Japanese War, I had heard considerable talk up there that Ma Pu-fan was preparing to create a northwest empire, an independent Moslemia embracing Chinghai, Kansu and Ningshia provinces. Only a garrison of about 30,000 Chinese troops in Lanchow stood in his way. These, of course, he could reduce at will. Yet even in the very outskirts of Lanchow I heard Moslem orators harangue their fellows with talk of the Movement. "Arise, Ye Sons of the Prophet," they shouted. "Seize the northwest. Let us break for once and for all from the yoke of Chinese imperialism."

There was considerable rumor afloat that Ma Pu-fan might be flirting with the Japanese. This carried especial weight with me when one day I saw two Japanese in the streets of Sining. They were supposed to be merely merchants on a business visit to Ma Pu-fan. However, I wonder if perhaps they may have carried a Nipponese proposition offering to support him in his Moslemia ambitions in return for trade and exploitation concessions.

Today Ma Pu-fan and his Sons of Islam sit on the fence. The Chinese quarrel with the Japanese is no vital concern of theirs. Not unless their own territory is threatened with invasion, which is unlikely because of its geographical remoteness. There is, however, a very real danger from Soviet Russia in the rear. On the pretext of supervising war supplies which they are sending down the Old Marco Polo Trail, which bisects Moslemia, the Russians are gaining a strong foothold in this area. And this

foothold may soon serve as a point of departure for their own political ambitions in China.

Will Ma Pu-fan and his fanatical unbeliever-hating Moslems be satisfied with autonomy under Soviet domination, or will the Japanese offer a more tempting proposition? Or, what is much more likely, will he play the waiting game in anticipation of the inevitable Russo-Japanese clash, and then do business with the highest bidder?

CHAPTER X

“OM MANI PADME HUM!”

IN ALL TIBET THERE IS NO MORE COLORFUL EVENT THAN THE Annual Feast of Flowers at Kum Bum Gomba.

Kum Bum is one of the largest lamaseries in the country. Normally housing about five thousand lamas, it is located in the extreme northeast corner of ethnological Tibet, just a day's journey from Sining, Moslem capital of the province of Chinghai.

I had visited Kum Bum during my Tibetan travels in 1932-1933. At that time, I had heard much of the Feast of the Flowers—or the Butter Festival, as it is more commonly called—which takes place there on the fifteenth day of the First Moon (occurring usually during the first week in February).

About Christmastime of 1935 I had a letter from a friend in China containing a casual mention of the Panchen Lama's presence in Lanchow. I guessed immediately that the Panchen Lama planned to attend the coming Kum Bum Butter Festival. This should, then, make the occasion one of especial importance, since no dignitary so august in the Buddhist hierarchy as the Panchen Lama had attended a Kum Bum Butter Festival in many decades.

Life in the two years since my return had been pretty good to me. I was doing reasonably well with my lecturing and writing. I had even added a wife unto myself, and was putting on weight in a life of comparative ease and comfort.

I made an immediate decision. A few hours later I boarded a transcontinental plane at Newark, and caught the *Empress of Canada* almost as she was leaving the Vancouver wharf. Sixteen days later I was arguing about duties on my cameras and films with customs officials on the Shanghai Bund.

At Lughwa, Shanghai's newest airport, I stepped into a German-piloted fourteen-passenger airliner of the Sino-German-operated Eurasia Aviation Corporation and in twelve hours was at Lanchow, in far northwestern China. This 2,000-mile distance which Eurasia's planes covered in a single day on a year-round twice-a-week schedule, had four years previously taken me about two months by boat, train, car, and horse.

Then almost literally stepping from the cabin of the plane to the saddle of a horse—from three-miles-per-minute to three-miles-per-hour transportation—I continued westward; and from a height, at dusk six days later, I looked down upon the hundreds of whitewashed, flat-roofed, one-story lama dwellings which clustered about the golden-roofed temple houses of Kum Bum Gomba.

Sprawled along the sides and bottom of a narrow ravine like a great amphitheater, the lamasery is set in the hollow of a range of two-mile-high mountains, backed up by snow-capped peaks of possibly twice that elevation.

The surrounding hillsides were beginning to light up with thousands of tiny fires from the camps of pilgrims who had foregathered from the far corners of Asia for this special occasion. There must have been several hundred thousand people encamped near by, together with their complements of horses, camels, yaks, and even flocks of sheep and cattle which they had brought along for barter and trade—this was a rare opportunity for the exchange of products between peoples from distant places.

From every direction more pilgrims were arriving hourly, and would continue to do so for days to come. On the fifteenth day of the First Moon I estimated that there were close to half a million of the faithful at Kum Bum, representatives of the Buddhist world from the Pamirs to the shores of the Pacific, from Siberia's Lake Baikal to the tropic climes of Ceylon.

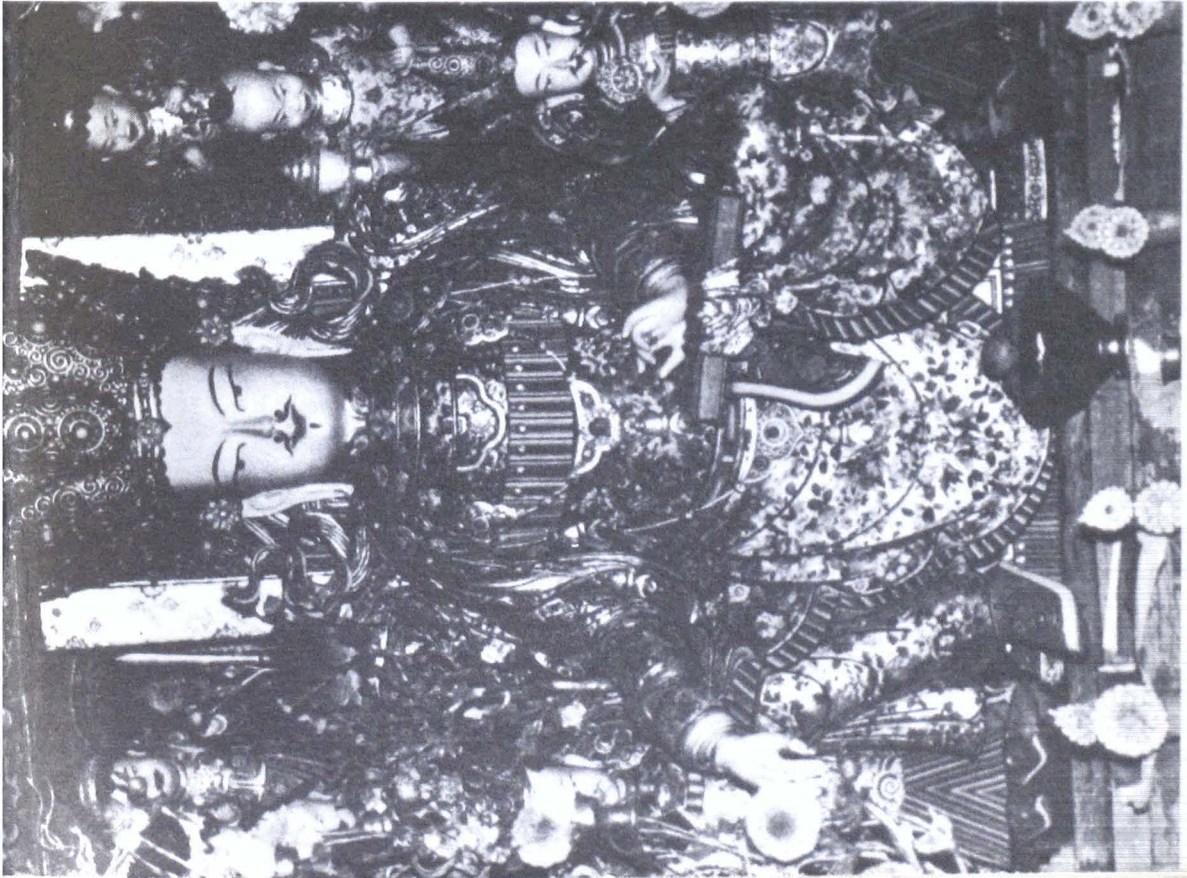
A dust cloud raised by the trudging of many thousands of rawhide- and felt-soled boots and unshod hoofs hung over the

valley like a pall, casting an eerie halo around the nearly full moon.

Those who had brought their families or had come with friends formed little groups about their campfires, sipping buttered tea and *tsamba*, a kneaded dough made of butter, tea and roasted barley flour, or huddled in their great sheepskin cloaks which were garments by day, belted at the waistline, and became sleeping bags at night merely by loosening the girdle. And all about lay gray forms in isolated heaps or in twos and threes, as if they had curled up at the very spot and the very moment that the thought of sleep had come to them.

But the strangest sight of all was that of the succession of the more devout who kept up an endless encircling of the lamasery, measuring their lengths along every foot of its several-miles-long perimeter. This they did by prostrating themselves full length, making a mark as far as the outstretched hands would reach, then getting up, walking to that mark and repeating the prostration. In places there were as many as ten or more abreast, literally thousands of worshipers in that great human ring that moved with such fantastic slowness clockwise around the lamasery. And as each one sprawled in the powdery dust he thumbed his rosary and muttered the mystic *Om mani padme hum!* . . . "O, the Jewel in the Lotus!"—the men in somber bass-voiced monotones and the women in plaintive high-pitched singsongs.

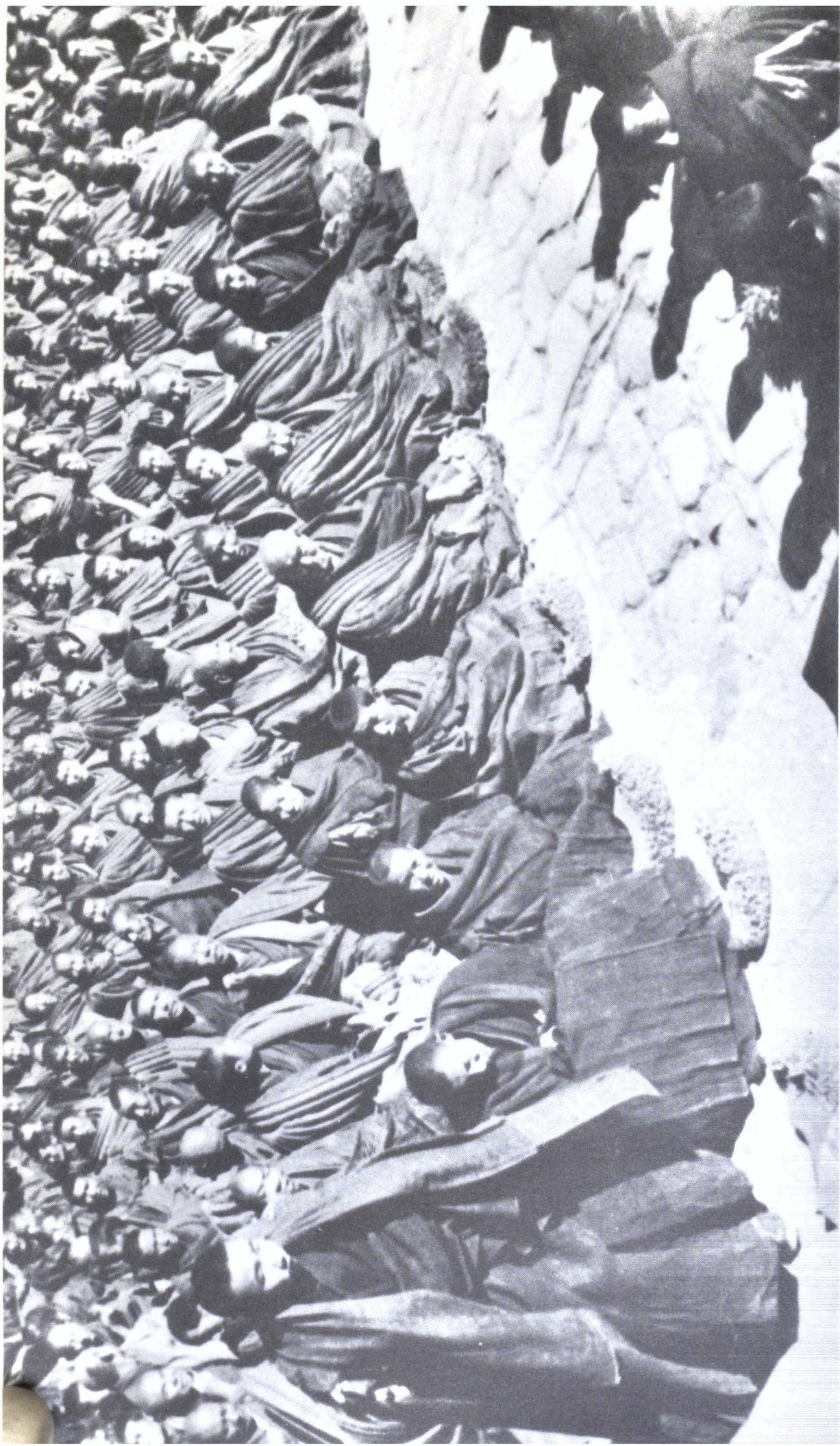
Day and night during the entire holiday week the ring remained unbroken. And within the lamasery lesser rings of the devout formed around the more important of the temple houses. Some of these buildings were surrounded by a canopy and colonnade of ten-foot pillars. Between these pillars were huge drums from three to four feet in diameter and suspended on perpendicular metal rods, upon which they revolved. Some of the cylinders were made of leather, some of papier-mâché, and still others of iron, bronze or copper. These were crammed with thousands of pieces of paper upon which prayers were written. Around each building there were a hundred and eight of these



"The principal figure was ten feet high . . . sculptured in the most meticulous detail, all in colored butter."



The Panchen Lama—"Pope" of Buddhism, religion of nearly one-third the peoples of the world.



"The lamas, young and old, hurried into the courtyard from all directions, conversation ceasing abruptly as they squatted cross-legged in their allotted places on long rows of padded carpeting."

whirled by a procession of pilgrims, old and young alike, in an endless circumambulation. The whirling of each prayer drum automatically credited the operator with having uttered so many thousands of prayers in the Account Books of the Hereafter.

Many of the pious ones had traveled hundreds of miles from their homes to Kum Bum, measuring their lengths along every foot of the way. These zealots were to be encountered at most any of the lonely Tibetan trails, many of them suffering acutely from privation, hunger and disease. But not even the specter of imminent death would swerve them from their purpose—the sight of some particularly famous shrine or holy place.

Kum Bum is the birthplace of Tsong-Kapa—the Martin Luther of Lamaism. Born about 1360, Tsong-Kapa is said to have come into the world possessed of his full mature senses and a long white beard. At the age of three his mother shaved his head; and from the hair which she tossed out of the tent there sprung up overnight a marvelous “white sandalwood tree.” The bark and leaves of this tree were marked with mystic Tibetan characters and tiny godlike figures—which probably suggested the name of Kum Bum, meaning “the hundred thousand images,” to the lamasery that was founded there later by Tsong-Kapa and his followers of the reformed *Gelupa*, or “Yellow Hat,” sect.

This tree is still to be seen at Kum Bum. The lamas insist that the characters and images appear upon the bark and leaves when the tree is in foliage.

Abbé Huc, the French Jesuit who visited Kum Bum in the eighteen-forties, states in his account: “Our eyes were first directed with earnest curiosity to the leaves, and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment at finding that, in point of fact, there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Tibetan characters, all of a green color, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf itself.”

From early dawn to dusk the milling crowds thronged the winding lamasery passageways. Some busied themselves with

trading at the numerous stalls lining the main entrance. These stalls were operated by Chinese and Mohammedans whose stock in trade consisted of metalware, cotton piece goods, gaudy silks, tea, knives, mirrors, salt, incense, matches, and knickknacks of all kinds, which they exchanged for gold dust, furs, musk, butter packed in sheeps' stomachs, hides or livestock.

Others spent their time visiting the various idol houses, gazing in fearful awe at the twenty-foot paintings of demons and devils on the temple walls, and the stuffed wild animals in their brightly decorated courtyards; or burned incense and placed little offerings upon the altars before the massive gilded figures within.

The Jo K'ang ("House of the Lord Buddha"), with its green tiles, red trimming and great gold-sheeted superstructure atop its flattened roof, attracted a particularly large crowd and three rings of worshipers. At the entrance itself barefooted worshipers spent hours on end in kowtowing prostrations; each time they stretched their lengths on the heavy wooden flooring their hands slipped forward along grooves worn inches deep through the years.

Within the Jo K'ang there sat upon a ten-foot throne an image of "Jo." It was four feet in height and said to be made of solid gold. The figure was draped with long *kadakh*, Tibetan ceremonial scarfs, of the finest silks, and flanked by priceless rugs, tapestries and rare *tungkahs*, paintings on scrolls of silk, depicting some religious subject or deity. Upon the long altar below burned innumerable rows of butter lamps beside pyramids of fruit, incense burners, decorated cones of dried tsamba.

The whole interior was in semidarkness, streaked with diagonal shafts of sickly light from the windowlike openings near the high ceiling. While three aged lamas knelt before the altar intoning deep-voiced incantations, attendants at the doorway accepted offerings from the worshipers and placed them on the altar.

Before the gateway of a large building perched upon the

highest point on the hillside I noted a great crowd. This was the temporary abode of the Panchen Lama. All day and all night these worshipers had stood shivering in their great sheepskins as they gazed ecstatically toward the building which housed one whom they firmly believed to be a living god. And the nearness they felt to his most holy presence filled them with a sense of blissful beatitude—ample reward for many a long and arduous journey.

A favored few, high lamas and dignitaries of one sort or another, were permitted to enter the courtyard, where they prostrated themselves upon the stone steps leading to the doorway—over the top of which was fixed an electric light bulb. The Panchen Lama's quarters were wired for electricity throughout, the power for which was supplied by a 120-volt Westinghouse portable generator. This plant had been presented to him by Chiang Kai-shek, together with a 100-watt short-wave radio unit and a permanent staff of Chinese radio operators.

A delegation of tribal chieftains from the Tsaidam were just emerging from an audience with the Panchen Lama. I watched them as they came down the stone steps, barefooted, to a jumbled pile of boots off at one side. It is a mark of pious servility and humbleness to remove one's boots before entrance to some especially consecrated place. Upon occasion I have seen literally thousands of pairs of boots strewn helter-skelter about the courtyard and steps leading to the main chanting hall of a great lamasery when mass chanting was in progress. Yet rarely, so far as I could learn, would a pair of boots be lost or taken by mistake, despite the usual hurried scramble at the conclusion of the chanting period.

PANCHEN LAMA—"POPE" OF BUDDHISM

I SENT WOO, MY CHINESE BOY, WITH MY PIEN-SZE AND A LETTER of introduction to request an immediate interview with the Panchen Lama. The letter had been given to me by my good friend Mr. Shou Tien-chang, linguistic director general of the Chinese Government Telegraph Administration for the Provinces of Kansu, Ningshia and Chinghai, who had been the Panchen's host during his Holiness' extended stay in Lanchow.

After a short wait, a wool-sweatered and leather-coated Tibetan came out to greet me. He surprised me by speaking in fairly good English. His name was Ming Tse Ring, and he was the Panchen's chief radio technician and, sometimes, interpreter. As a youth he had run away from home and joined the British Army at Quetta, India, where he had learned English, Hindustani and radio. He had been with the Panchen Lama for the past nine years.

The Panchen was free at the moment and would see me at once. We were escorted through several luxuriously appointed rooms and up a staircase, eventually to be ushered into the great reception room. In the far corner I perceived his Holiness seated upon a cushioned thronelike dais, attended by a dozen or more of his yellow-robed counselors. I advanced, in the Tibetan manner, with my tongue stuck out—symbolizing no evil intent in thought or speech. In both hands I offered as a present a copy of my book, written of my Tibetan travels of four years previous, over which was draped a white silken kadakh.

His vizier took these from me and handed them to the Panchen; and while I explained, in answer to that dignitary's

questions, my presence and purpose at Kum Bum, I observed his Holiness thumbing through the pages of the book, examining the photographs with increasing interest. And suddenly, perhaps in appreciation of the fact that I had more than just a passing interest and knowledge of his people, their customs, habits and speech, and that my visit was essentially a social one, with no official or political connections, he rose from his dais, descended, and vigorously shook my hand in a typical Western greeting.

His yellow-robed advisers looked on with obvious surprise and dismay. Of course, his Holiness had lived for a decade or more in China where he had been in "ungodly" contact with Westerners—diplomats, businessmen, and missionaries—who in turn had accorded him the deference due an important religious ecclesiarch without subscribing to the living godhood attributed to him by his Buddhist followers. A democratic "mortal" demeanor in his association with Westerners in westernized China was one thing; here in Tibet, the "Holy Rome" of Buddhism, with half a million worshipers gathered about, it was quite another matter.

I was entirely unprepared for this reception, but I quickly recovered and cordially returned his friendly welcome. We chatted pleasantly and informally in a jargon of my rusty Tibetan and Chinese, aided occasionally by Ming Tse Ring's interpreting, while servants brought in tea, fruit and tiny Chinese cakes.

He asked a great many questions. He was interested in the scientific and mechanical achievements in the Occident, our music, art, and literature, the extent of the Buddhist faith in the United States, our political, economic and social institutions. And I gathered from this that, despite his twelve years' exile in China and frequent contact with Westerners, there must have been few enough opportunities presented to him to talk so freely with a foreigner with no diplomatic, commercial or religious connections—an opportunity of which he was now

taking full advantage. And after a bit I realized that I was being interviewed rather than he.

But I didn't mind. I was primarily interested in the Panchen Lama as a man—a human being—rather than the supreme ecclesiarch of a great religion. I was well aware of his tremendous potential influence in Far Eastern political affairs. Though he is the spiritual head of the Buddhist world, his devotees regard him as more than a spiritual leader; more than a Pope, who is a *representative* of God, he is for them an actual *manifestation*, a Living God. And when one considers that Buddhism is the religion of perhaps a third of the peoples of this earth—principally Orientals, to whom religion is the most important motivating impulse in life—this spiritual predominance suggests the possibility that it may quickly and easily be sublimated to a significant political importance.

The political situation in Mongolia today is a good case in point. China still places her imperial borders around Mongolia—on her own maps; Russia actually rules half of it—Outer Mongolia; while Japan realistically is swallowing up the other half—Inner Mongolia. But the Mongols themselves, as devoutly Buddhist as the Tibetans, look to their religion and the Panchen Lama for spiritual guidance. Just suppose, then, that the Panchen Lama were to tell the nomad faithful in Outer Mongolia that the Japanese—generally Buddhists, like themselves—were better fellows with whom to associate than the godless Russians or the heathen Chinese officialdom. That would not only mean that the Japanese are welcomed into Outer Mongolia but also it would give them free passage right on through Moslemia and Tibet and right down to the Indian border.

Britain, of course, could never permit this. And so Britain, like China, Russia and Japan, had been seeking the favor of the Panchen Lama, realizing that to control him would be to have a spiritual dominance over all Asia which might easily be translated into a political influence of no mean consequence.

And in the midst of all this intrigue was the simple-souled

fifty-six-year-old Panchen Lama—alone, bewildered and uncomprehending. He did realize, however, that it was as much as his life was worth to cast his political lot with any of the interested powers.

The Panchen Lama died of a “mysterious bellyache” some months later.

Knowing me for an American, from a country 10,000 miles or so away whose peoples, as he curiously put it, by virtue of their geographical position could surely have “no political knives to sharpen,” he took the initiative in a discussion of some of these political problems, appearing almost anxious to get some things off his chest. And I gathered from our brief talk on this subject that he wished it generally known that he considered himself essentially a man of religion and wanted nothing of political entanglements.

But he seemed as much interested in me personally as I was in him. The photographs in my book had intrigued him greatly, and he asked many questions about my earlier Tibetan travels. Among others, he recognized a picture of Jamv Japa, the young Living Buddha of Lhabrang Gomba, whom he planned to visit in a few months.

And this trip? How had I come? By airplane? He, too, had traveled occasionally by plane in China. And what were his impressions? Well, he thought the airplane a convenient mode of travel when an emergency demanded extraordinary speed; but speed for its own sake was unnatural.

“Speed! Speed! And yet greater speed!” he continued. “The craving you Occidentals have for speed is an insatiable one. And therein lies the distinction between the philosophies of the Orient and the Occident. You seem forever to be concerned with getting somewhere in a hurry. We Orientals are more concerned with the problem of what we shall do when we ‘get there.’ ”

I recalled the reports that he had planned the modernization of Tibet on a large scale—airplanes, railroads, motor roads. I

asked him how he reconciled this intention with what he had just told me. He smiled.

"For one selfish reason or another, people are always 'quoting' me," he said wistfully. "To be detachedly interested in the mechanical modernism of your Western civilization is one thing—personally to initiate and promote your mechanical modernisms among my Buddhist followers is quite another. For this would be a direct contradiction to the tenets of Buddhism, which sum up simply to a complete negation of all worldly, material things. Buddhism teaches, instead, the concentration upon intellectual and spiritual development."

Of course, I should have known better. Motor roads and railroads would be impracticable across the rugged terrain of Tibet. And trade with our mechanical civilization would be hopeless without modern transportation facilities. The airplane? Well, the use of the aircraft as a medium for transportation on a big scale—the giant freight plane—is still a thing of the future.

So until such time as the airplane is perfected to the degree where it can operate *efficiently* at elevations of two and three miles above sea level, and the time when new agreements shall be effected between the mutually jealous bordering states of Russia, China and Great Britain, Tibet shall remain the "Forbidden Land," a political "No Man's Land," a "Switzerland of Asia."

The press of official duties cut our visit all too short. Tomorrow would be the fifteenth day of the First Moon, the most important day of the festival, and many things demanded immediate attention. Would I come to see him again on the day after? Of course, I should be more than pleased.

But I learned from his secretary on the next day that his time would be fully occupied for several days. And since I had already booked passage on the *Empress of Canada* sailing from Shanghai a week hence, it would be imperative for me to hurry back after that night's display of the Butter Gods—

the climaxing event of the festival—in time to catch the Eurasia airliner from Lanchow to the coast.

The fifteenth day of the First Moon (February 7, 1936) dawned clear and cold. The crowds seemed bigger than ever, and appeared to be more in a holiday spirit than on the days preceding. Though the peoples of all Asia were represented there, the crowds were composed principally of Tibetans and Mongolians, attired in the typical heavy sheepskin cloaks worn by both men and women of the nomadic tribes of Central Asia.

The men were barbaric and warlike in appearance. Many of them swaggered about arrogantly, their foxskin hats at a rakish slant, right hands on the hilts of the swords stuck crosswise through their girdles, and figurative “chips on their shoulders.” Not that they were necessarily a quarrelsome folk, but it was merely the natural desire of virile, hard-living people to assert their masculinity.

The women seemed a bit more subdued, as if they took the religious significance of the occasion more seriously. Most of them belonged to tribes from central and northern Tibet. One observed this from their characteristic coiffures. Their hair was done up in 108 braids, suggested by the 108 volumes in the Kan-djur—the Tibetan Bible or Canon. Attached to the end of each braid, which reached to the small of the back, was a piece of heavy cloth extending down to the heels. This was liberally studded with ornaments of silver, coral, amber, turquoise and gold nuggets—some as big as walnuts!

The backpieces were very heavy—weighing up to twenty-five pounds or more—and were “anchored” by the girdle or sash which passed around the sheepskin gown and through a loop on the inner side of the backpiece. They varied in design and pattern—each according to the tribe to which the woman belonged.

I spent much time among the jostling, milling throngs, shooting reels of motion pictures and literally scores of candid

group photographs with my tiny but efficient Leica camera. Many of these latter were taken with an angular view-finder attachment which permitted me to take pictures at right angles to the subject. In addition, I obtained dozens of other pictures—architectural long shots and close-ups, general lamasery views, costume details, saddlery and trappings, and front-and-side-view portraits for ethnographical study.

Along about noon there came from the roof of the main chanting hall three long blasts from a pair of twenty-foot brass trumpets. These were immediately followed by the mournful wail of conch shells. It was the call to the lamas to gather for mass chanting, a principal feature on the day's program. Immediately, there began a general movement in the direction of the great building and its vicinity. The chanting was to be held in the acre-size open courtyard before the hall. Quickly the surrounding rooftops and hillsides were blackened with the many thousands of spectators, noisily chattering and pushing as they vied with each other for vantage points.

The lamas, young and old, hurried into the courtyard from all directions, conversation ceasing abruptly as they squatted cross-legged in their allotted places on long rows of padded carpeting. The rows faced each other, leaving a broad center aisle. At the head of this was a cushioned dais prepared for the Panchen Lama.

Five thousand or more were seated there, including visiting lamas from distant lamaseries. All were shaven-headed and smooth-chinned; and their maroon-colored robes and bright yellow crescent-shaped hats, which looked like a rooster's comb, contrasted sharply in the brilliant noonday sunshine.

The session began with an examination in which three high lamas seated at the head of the aisle answered questions pertaining to the Buddhist scriptures or catechisms. Any lama from the rank and file was privileged to advance and propound a poser; and woe betide the learned one if he failed to answer promptly and correctly. To lose face before that gathering of

thousands would have bordered on the tragic, for these people took their learning and religion seriously.

Considering its deeply pious import, the examination was conducted with considerable noisiness and a good deal of exaggerated dramatics. The questioner would pace up and down the aisle, waving his arms wildly and shouting his question aloud so that all might hear it. Then he would approach the learned triumvirate, and singling out one of them, repeat his question the while he flung him taunts, shook him by the shoulder or playfully jammed that worthy's hat down upon his head. Only on these rare occasions were such liberties against the persons of high-ranking lamas permitted. At all other times they commanded the utmost respect from lesser lamas and laymen alike. For above all other attainments the devout Buddhist reveres learning and piety.

BUTTER GODS OF KUM BUM

AT HIGH NOON THE BLARE OF TRUMPETS FROM THE ROOF OF THE chanting hall announced the impending arrival of the Panchen Lama. Immediately, a great hush blanketed the entire valley. The route from the Panchen's private quarters to the chanting hall courtyard was lined dozens deep with worshipers mumbling in disunion the mystic "Om mani padme hum!" and lama police with long rawhide whips were stationed at intervals to lash back the fanatically devout who would throw themselves into the path of the approaching procession.

The march was headed by an orchestra of oboes, drums and cymbals, and attended by a long file of lama and lay dignitaries thumbing their rosaries and whirling tiny prayer wheels. The Panchen Lama was carried in a magnificent sedan chair lavishly decorated with gold and silver inlay which flashed and glinted in the bright sunlight.

As the column passed through the main entrance to the courtyard there arose from the massed lamas a deep-voiced chant which lasted until his Holiness had taken his place, Buddha-wise, upon the cushioned dais at the head of the aisle.

Hardly had he settled himself there when another procession entered the courtyard and started up the aisle. These were porters bearing gifts from worshipers and well-wishers from all Asia. There were rare tapestries and rugs from the Pamirs, priceless silks and laces from Peking, spices from the Indies, jade from Canton, furs from Siberia's Transbaikalia.

The most significant of these presents, because of its political implications, was the white jade "Ju Yi"—the Chinese symbol of good wishes—sent by Chiang Kai-shek. This was person-

ally offered by a smartly uniformed Chinese—a full general as betokened by his military insignia—together with his official credentials. As a mark of special recognition, the Panchen Lama took the white silk kadakh which draped the Ju Yi and placed it around the neck of the general.

I had noticed numbers of well-clothed, well-armed Chinese troops at Kum Bum. I was sure these were not any of Ma Pu-fan's Moslem troopers; for in sharp contrast to the wadded cotton uniforms and canvas sneakers worn by his men these others were outfitted with heavy woolen khaki and serviceable leather shoes. From discreet inquiries I learned that there were five hundred of these soldiers at Kum Bum—the pick of Chiang Kai-shek's own crack regiments—sent up from Nanking by the Generalissimo to escort the Panchen Lama to Lhasa. There they were to set him up as temporal as well as spiritual ruler over Tibet and the Buddhist world.

By his formal reception of the Commander and the five hundred troops the Panchen Lama took his first step toward the brink of disastrous embroilment in the Far Eastern political muddle. Of course, the Panchen had no choice but to accept the military bodyguard so “graciously” proffered by Generalissimo Chiang; though he must have realized at the same time that the British in India would most certainly never permit those troops to penetrate inner Tibet. For the British know that the Chinese would undoubtedly proclaim a suzerainty over all Tibet the moment those troops should reach Lhasa with the Panchen Lama—a centuries-old suzerainty they lost when the Tibetans drove their Amban and troops from Lhasa in the days of the 1911 Revolution in China.

It would seem that the Chinese had taken their cue from the Japanese. The Nipponese “sponsored” Henry Pu-yi's accession to the Manchukuoan throne, and then formed a “political and military alliance” with the Emperor of Manchukuo. Why, then, couldn't the Chinese do likewise with the Panchen Lama in Tibet?

A ticklish situation thus developed. For twelve years the Panchen Lama had been an exile in China, owing to the fact that he would not fall into line with certain pro-British political ideas fostered by the late Thirteenth Dalai Lama with whom, according to the ancient Tibetan scriptures, he was entitled to rule jointly over Tibet and all Buddhism. The Chinese had now definitely and officially committed themselves to the responsibility of returning him to authority in Tibet. For the British to bring pressure upon the Chinese to withdraw those troops and give up their idea of sponsoring the Panchen Lama would be next to impossible. The matter of losing face was too important a factor; and the Chinese would have gone to almost any lengths rather than risk political humiliation and ridicule.

The ticklish problem might easily be solved, of course, were the Panchen Lama suddenly to develop a "mysterious belly-ache" as was reported the cause of the Dalai Lama's death in December, 1933. This happened.

While my sympathies went out to this lonely and pathetic figure, so unwillingly involved in the passions and greeds of worldly political affairs, a most extraordinary and impressive thing occurred. At the very height of the mass chanting following the presentation of gifts and the reception of the Chinese general, with the low-toned drone of thousands slowly rising in a steady crescendo, the earth literally shook! Casements rattled, timbers creaked, bells hanging from the roof-corners of temple houses tinkled eerily. While from the many thousands there arose a fearful cry of terror.

Fortunately, the temblor lasted but a few moments, and was not repeated. Else awful casualties might have resulted should panic have broken loose among the close-packed throngs. I marveled that the Panchen Lama so admirably kept his composure. He could not help but be aware of the quake and of the commotion that it caused all about him. Yet he gave no

sign that he so much as took notice of it, nor did he hesitate in his deep-throated monotone.

And because he was a Living God to them and the natural cynosure for all eyes, the fear left the worshipful thousands as quickly as it had gripped them. The sudden stillness that fell over that valley is something I shall not forget as long as I live.

Did the Panchen Lama believe with his worshipers that he had indeed caused the earth to tremble—certainly no impossible feat for a Living God? Or was he the master showman, quick enough to appreciate the significant potentialities in the occasion if dramatically controlled? Despite my grounding in modern science and skepticism I still hesitate to make definite answer. One cannot too lightly dismiss on the basis of Western rationalities the deep-seated emotional convictions of the many millions to whom the Panchen Lama is truly a Living God. And often have I wondered since what explanation and interpretation the Chinese general might have placed upon the occurrence in his report to his superiors in Nanking.

(The quake had created quite a stir in Lanchow, where windows were broken, walls cracked and fires started. The earth shook so violently that the people had fled to the street and the military was obliged to take quick measures to avert a panic. I have had occasion to discuss this quake with Dr. C. F. Richter at the Seismological Research Laboratory in Pasadena, which is jointly supervised by the California Institute of Technology and the Carnegie Institute of Washington, D. C. I learned that this quake was recorded upon their seismograph on the 7th of February at 9 hours, 10 minutes, 23 seconds, Greenwich time; which, when converted into Kansu mean time, placed the earthquake as occurring at about four o'clock on the afternoon of February 7th, 1936.

In the Quarterly Seismological Bulletin, Vol. 4, No. 3, for January-March 1936, published by the National Research Institute of Meteorology, Academia Sinica, Peichiko, Nanking, China, the first shock was recorded at 8 hours, 59 minutes, 40

seconds. This was followed in rapid succession by series of further shocks lasting until 9 hours, 10 minutes, 54 seconds. To quote the comment in this bulletin: "First main shock causing heavy damages, casualties at Linchao (Minchow?), Hochow, and great panic at Lanchow, Kansu. Rocked by 3 quakes within 9 minutes. Epe: 35.5 N., 103 E., by Nk. Chiu, Hkg. Taihoku, Phulien. UGEGI: near 36 N., 102 E."

Quoting also an Associated Press dispatch: "Lanchow, Kansu Province, China, Feb. 8. A wide sector of northwestern China proper experienced yesterday a series of earthquakes which leveled scores of buildings in the provincial capital and were believed to have caused similar destruction to nearby areas. The populace fled to the hills when the first shock hit the city late yesterday, followed in quick succession by two others.")

Kansu and China's northwest know only too well the horrors of earthquake. One may still see the ruins of great cities leveled by the disastrous quake of 1920 with the ghostly silence of many deserted communities attesting grimly to the decimating famine which followed crop failures and spread of diseases. It has been estimated that more than a quarter million people perished from causes attributed directly and indirectly to this Kansu quake, recorded as one of the severest in modern times.

As if the quake had never occurred, the chanting session continued to its end. Then a space was cleared in the courtyard and there was begun a colorful "devil dance." The performers were attired in beautifully embroidered robes made of rich brocaded silks and satins imported from Peking, embellished with strings of pearls and precious stones of inestimable value. They wore huge grotesque masks constructed of papier-mâché and cloth, some weighing as much as fifteen pounds. When these were adjusted on the shoulders, the lama performer looked through the gaping mouth or nostrils.

It must have been the fearful appearance of these masks that has caused writers and travelers to term these performances "devil dances." In reality they are religious morality dance-

dramas which, by taking their themes from the scriptures and the legends of the sainted ones, seek to drive home theological precepts through the medium of the allegory. Parallel to these are the mysteries and miracle plays created by the early Christian Church—of which a survival is to be found in the Oberammergau Passion Play of the present day.

The positions and step-forms of the dance itself were simple. The sequence consisted of a half turn with one knee raised, succeeded by a half turn in the opposite direction with the other knee raised. This was followed by two or three short steps forward, terminated by a quick pirouette. The steps were punctuated at intervals by a series of ungraceful posturings, attended by a succession of short hops.

During the day, two huge cubical scaffoldings of slender bamboo poles were erected just outside the main courtyard. On three sides of the enclosures were hung yard-square tungkahs in triple tiers: the lowest tier just clearing the heads of the spectators, and the topmost tier all of fifty feet above the ground. The fourth side of each enclosure consisted of a strongly built framework to which, with the coming of evening, were fixed the great panels of butter bas-reliefs.

The panels were constructed in three divisions, a center section and two wings. These rested on a long, four-foot platform, upon which were placed in rows hundreds of tiny butter lamps to illuminate the displays.

The principal figure in the center section was ten feet high, and was seated on a platform or pedestal with one foot crooked and the other dangling over the side. The garment was worked in the most meticulous detail, all in colored butter, with the very "texture" of the "silken cloth" so realistic in appearance that one felt impelled to reach up and touch it. And even the floral designs down to the tiniest petal, leaf and line-width stem, as well as the most intricate arabesques in the embellishing necklaces, pendants and rings, were exquisitely fashioned.

The face and features were softly molded, with the skin

harmoniously pigmented and almost lifelike in its delicacy and smoothness. And one could not help but marvel at the patience and painstaking effort that must have gone into the fashioning in butter of each single hair in the patrician eyelashes and mustache. Even the fingernails, on hands so artistically posed, glistened as if manicured.

Flanking this principal idol were six four-foot figures who, as denoted by their costumes, represented the principal Buddhist peoples: Tibetans, Chinese, Mongolians, Manchus, Indians and Indo-Malayans. And each of these was sculptured with the same attention to detail as the main figure.

A three-storied pyramidal superstructure of possibly twenty feet in height rose from a level above the head of the central idol. On each of the floors was a theater in miniature, with twelve-inch characters fixed to turntable stages that presented a pageantry or tableau as tiny figures moved in and out of the Lilliputian building.

In the wing sections were extravagantly decorated edifices upon whose balconies swordsmen and spearmen engaged in desperate battle. Below, other warriors fought or were being trampled by horsemen. Here one might discern an expression of supreme agony upon the face of some hapless one with a spear point in his breast; there another had dragged a horseman from his saddle to deal him a mortal sword blow. The action throughout was depicted with astonishing realism.

Strangely enough, there were heavy cannon in evidence and modern rifles in the hands of warrior gods garbed in the armor and trappings of the legendary ones. And most unusual of all was a miniature motorcar loaded with these warrior gods, charging the enemy and crushing him under the wheels as an armored tank would do in modern warfare.

All this was wrought against a background of lavish architecture, from which stemmed garish dahlias, asters and zinnias in colossal proportions. Here and there a life-size fox or tiger—with fur so precise and natural—poised for a spring upon some

unwary squirrel, rabbit or lizard peeping timidly from a half-hidden nook. And there a monstrous scaly snake twined itself in and out of the turbulence without regard for proportion or harmoniousness with the play and its hand-acting players.

Fortunate, indeed, was I in having a few flash bulbs. Twilight is extremely short in these high altitudes; and it was dark before the panels were finally erected in their prepared places, and the long rows of butter lamps lighted. With the help of Ming Tse Ring, who ordered lama police to clear the crowds from before the panels, I was enabled to obtain flashlight pictures of the butter images. A fearful commotion was raised with each flash; then they scrambled and literally fought for possession of the discarded bulbs, whence came the blinding brilliance.

At intervals along the roadway were additional displays. These were much smaller than the two principal bas-reliefs and not nearly so elaborate in execution. Still, they deserved a great measure of praise for their artistry and elegance.

Scores of lamas had labored for many months on the butter images. These were supervised by a guild of artists acclaimed the finest in all the Buddhist world. And because the butter—both in the vats and in work—must at all times be kept cold and hard, the artists endure much discomfort, and sometimes actual hardship and suffering in the form of frozen hands and feet, during the many weeks of labor in the dead of winter.

The yak butter is donated entirely by the faithful from far and wide, both rich and poor—each according to his means. The variegated colors are then mixed with the butter in separate vats, and the sculptor works from these as a painter from his palette of oils. Though I made inquiries, I was unable to determine the origin of the many different pigments which produced, in addition to the richness of primary colors, the fine pastel gradations that gave so much warmth and animation to these creations.

It was nearly two hours after sunset before the butter panels

were finally fixed to their scaffoldings and everything placed in readiness for the Panchen Lama's personal inspection. Presently, the funereal sound of oboes and conch shells announced the approach of his Holiness and his train. Before the principal butter gods in the main displays he paused to kowtow and lead an impressive chanting. He remained only a few minutes before each, retiring immediately afterward to the seclusion of his private quarters on the hillside.

When he had departed the laity were permitted to view the displays. A cordon of lama police, which had kept the multitudes back from the cubical enclosures, now allowed them through the line in batches. These dashed quickly toward the panels, where they were given a few minutes to gape in awe and wonderment; then were driven out by lama police, who lashed them unmercifully with their long whips, to make way for the next group of spectators.

All night long the crowds streamed past the butter displays; and all night long there rose from the milling throngs the mystic "*Om mani padme hum!*" which from a little distance seemed to fuse and resolve uncannily into a single sound that hovered over the valley and its thousands like some enigmatic spell.

Long before dawn the butter spectacles which had taken so many arduous months to prepare were rendered into shapeless masses by the radiating heat from hundreds of illuminating lamps and thousands of perspiring spectators. And with the passing of their mortal conformation the butter gods lost also their godhood; there came lama police who callously tore down the panels and tossed them into a near-by ravine for the crows to feed upon.

With the sunrise, the valley and its surrounding hillsides, which had swarmed with life and the living the day before, were almost deserted. Gone were the restless, fervent thousands, and gone with them was the enveloping mist of piety.

To me this was perhaps the most fantastic feature of the

whole experience. And yet, in reflection, I somehow feel that those impressive pavilions and butter gods of Kum Bum—like our Western churches and iconography—served but as objective symbols for the canonical truths of a great religion and philosophy of life; and that these ethical precepts were really the focus of attention for worship and contemplation by the pilgrim multitudes.

HOLLYWOOD

IN FORCED STAGES I HURRIED BACK ACROSS THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS to Lanchow, where I arrived very late at night. Then in the chill of dawn after a few hours' rest I boarded the giant Junkers airliner that got me into Shanghai in twelve hours. That night I could hardly believe it possible that in so magically short a time from the filth and stench of the interior I now found myself in the ultra-modern luxury of Shanghai's skyscraper Park Hotel.

Nor could they believe me aboard the *Empress of Canada* the next morning when I told them that it was only a matter of days since I had left the strange and fascinating weirdness of Forbidden Tibet. The *Canada* had landed me in Shanghai barely five weeks earlier. In the time she spent in drydock in Hong Kong before returning to Shanghai for the homeward transpacific sailing, I had traversed many long miles in veritable seven-league boots. In fact, in the scant ten weeks that would elapse between my departure from New York and my return to America I covered something like fifty thousand miles—equivalent to twice around the world at the equator.

I had timed this trip nicely. So nicely, in fact, that I had but a day to spare till the date I was due to lecture before the Rochester, New York, Ad Club—the first of a spring tour. I decided to spend that spare day taking a fling at crashing Hollywood.

The *Empress of Canada* would make a brief stop at Victoria, I knew, before proceeding to Vancouver, her home berth. I wanted to catch the United airliner leaving Seattle that night for Los Angeles. If I stayed with the ship to Vancouver I could

make no train connection to get me into Seattle in time to catch that southbound night plane.

The purser told me that a light plane met the ship at Victoria. The mail for the United States was taken on and flown across Puget Sound to Seattle. No passengers were carried but he thought perhaps "it might be arranged."

It was arranged. The mail plane was piloted by fiftyish Percy Barnes, who claimed to hold Air Mail Franchise Number One from the Department of Commerce. And he must have purchased the plane about the time he got that franchise. For, as he readily admitted, the tiny flying boat was one of the first seaplanes built by the Boeing Aircraft Company, today one of the world's largest manufacturers.

As I sat on the mailbags in the tiny cabin he told me how closely he had "figured out this business"; how he could come out with a profit, small though comfortable, on the mail contracts he held with both United States and Canadian governments.

"It's just a matter of plain dollars-and-cents economy," he explained. "I don't allow any of that money to go to waste."

Once we had taken off, he didn't have to enlarge upon how and where he employed his principles of economy. He nearly scared the life out of me. In order to save gasoline, that fellow flew as close to the water as he dared—only a few feet at times. What's more, he throttled his engine down to within a bare handful of miles per hour above actual flying speed. In other words, he allowed himself such a meager margin of safety "for economy's sake" that he was in constant danger of disaster.

Next morning I was in Hollywood.

Lost Horizon, a picture with a background laid in Tibet, was about ready to go into production. That was right up my alley, so I called on Columbia Pictures. Having written a book on Tibet and having only just returned from another expedition to the Forbidden Land, I was at once ushered to the office of Frank Capra, producer and director of the picture.

He didn't talk much, though there was none of the "hurry up, I'm a busy man" attitude I had expected to meet in so important a Hollywood figure. He began with something like: "So you think you're the man I need as technical director for *Lost Horizon*." It was simple and matter-of-fact statement; even friendly, as if to break the ice.

"Of course," I replied.

"Hmm-n-n! Do you know that there are perhaps a score or more 'experts' on Tibet who have been after us for this job for quite some time now?"

"Well," I began, "first of all, I didn't know there were so many experts on Tibet. Even if there are, I'm still the man you want."

"And how do you figure that?" he asked, with smiling indulgence.

"You've got a swell story in *Lost Horizon*—a best-seller book. And, if the publicity reports are correct, you're going to have plenty of money to spend on this picture. Added to this, you have one of the best, if not the best, director—and I say that not merely for flattery. But remember, despite your swell story, your enormous budget, your fine staff of technicians and all that, you're tackling a pretty big job. The success of the book was due principally to the philosophy of life it expressed—a delineation of a much-needed utopia in our hog-wild twentieth century. That the scene was laid in Tibet by James Hilton was merely incidental. Little-known Tibet was chosen simply because it is so far away from our geographic knowledge. And because the setting was incidental to the story, Hilton bothered little to describe much of Tibetan local color and atmosphere. Besides, Hilton's never been in Tibet."

"Yes, you're right. Hilton admits that. But . . ."

"Now, you're in the picture business. And you know very well that you can't picture a philosophy merely because you like it, and think others will like it too. You must have background—the more authentic the better. Your costume depart-

ment, art department, set designers, all combine their efforts to give you this background. And what have they to work from?"

"Well," he said patiently, "we have a research department to supply these others with the necessary source material."

"Of course," I continued, "your researchers have collected everything available on the subject; including my book, perhaps. But just how much is there available on the subject of Tibet?"

"I admit there seems to be very little," he added quietly. "But just what more can you contribute than your book already does?"

"Pictures," I replied; "several thousand of them. A great many were taken from an explorer's viewpoint—details. Detail close-ups of everything from manners of dress to pots and pans and architectural designs on golden-roofed temple houses—from buttonholes to buttresses. And," I concluded, "there's a good old Chinese saying that 'one picture is worth ten thousand words.'"

"Hmm-n-n! And I suppose you have a few of those pictures in that brief case?"

I reached for a handful, and he looked through them quickly.

"You're hired. Come with me."

He took me into the studio manager's office, and left me with Mr. Holman after introductions. A short conversation, and we agreed upon salary and contract terms.

"Report for work tomorrow morning, and I'll have the contract ready for you by then."

"But," I protested, "I can't do that. I have lecture commitments that can't be so lightly ignored. I must give these organizations at least time to get substitute lecturers or perhaps arrange for readjustments in their program so that I might come at a later date. Particularly, I must keep the engagements contracted for the next ten days." I felt it would be unfair

to these organizations to face them with such an emergency on such short notice.

Mr. Holman regarded me a bit oddly for a few moments. It seemed he couldn't understand how anyone would rather keep lecture engagements than start immediately at work on a fat-salaried Hollywood job. Nevertheless, the contracts were ready and signed before I boarded my plane that night for Rochester.

Incidentally, I didn't make that date—the first and only engagement I have ever missed. It was no fault of mine, though. Somewhere in Tennessee we ran into quite a fog and our pilot decided to wait until morning. I knew then that it would be impossible to reach Rochester by noon. So I wired Glenn Morrow, the program chairman. I told him the circumstances and added my apologies for being unable to reach Rochester for the scheduled noon lecture.

Mr. Morrow later wrote a stinging letter to my lecture manager saying he couldn't understand what a fog in Tennessee had to do with a lecturer's nonappearance in Rochester. But things were straightened out when I saw him personally and explained. I've been booked twice since at the Rochester Ad Club, so I must have been forgiven.

In ten days I was back in Hollywood, and moved right into a comfortable office in "Directors' Row."

So many Oriental-background pictures have been made in Hollywood that studios think little about costuming, props, and technical details until almost ready for shooting. Then a routine call goes to Central Casting for a certain number of Oriental types and another to Western Costume Company to outfit them—and all is supposed to be set for the cameras on Stage Six at nine the next morning.

Not so with *Lost Horizon*. Not a single Tibetan was registered at Central Casting, nor had anyone ever heard of an honest-to-goodness Tibetan living anywhere in America. And Western Costume Company, who had long boasted that they

could outfit any character from a prehistoric cave man to a Buck Rogers, had to admit that they were stumped. Nor had they much idea of what a Tibetan costume really looked like.

My trunks and boxes, notebooks, and collection of several thousand photographs had already begun to arrive. I set about making prints from all my negatives—thousands of them. These were filed according to subjects. From then on my job became immeasurably simplified.

For example, when the wardrobe department came to me for costume detail I might have spent hours in careful explanation and description, assisting perhaps with crude sketches. Instead, I merely reached into file D for "Dress" and brought out dozens of pix—long shots, medium shots, close-up details, angles.

So, too, did the construction department utilize my pictures in the building of various sets including the Tibetan village—even to the log suspension bridge spanning an artificial river.

And life in the village? A smithy. A potter. A wood carver. A shepherd driving his flock of sheep through the streets.

Even the hairdressers came to me with their problem. How did the Tibetan women dress their hair? For them I had pictures of the Tibetan coiffure of 108 braids and ornamented backpieces. I had a little fun with them. One day I walked into the hairdressing department and casually picked up one of the braided wigs that the dozen girls were making out of human hair. I made a semblance of counting the braids and then suddenly stormed:

"What's this, what's this! This picture is going to be technically authentic if I have anything to say about it. And when I say I want 108 braids in these wigs I want 108 braids—and no more, no less!"

There was a great to-do and much walla-walla. In the midst of which I left in a seeming rage. It was some days before they caught on that they had been ribbed. Well, I wonder how many

of those who saw *Lost Horizon* thought of counting the number of braids in the wigs of the extras?

These extras, by the way, were quite a problem for a time. The casting department had gone ahead and hired several hundred Chinese for the parts of the Tibetan natives. I objected. They were not Tibetan types; my photographs clearly indicated that. Recalling that books have been written tracing the ancestry of American Indians to the Mongols, whom we believe to have migrated to America via Siberia and Bering Strait, I remembered also a theory that I have long held that the Tibetans are a parent stock of the Mongols. So then I had a hunch, and played it. I sent out a call for Jim Thorpe, a full-blood Indian famous some years back as the greatest football player in America. He brought in scores of fine Indian types—braves, squaws and papooses—and we hired them by the scores. And when we got them into the Tibetan costumes, by golly, they looked like honest-to-goodness Tibetans!

I didn't always get my way in the matter of authenticity, of course. After all, this picture was intended primarily for entertainment. Profitable entertainment—profitable for Columbia Pictures, that is. One could go too far in the matter of authenticity, to be sure. But the birthday-cake lamasery of the mythical Shangri-la went to the other extreme. I take no responsibility for that. It had been designed and built—costing a quarter of a million dollars—before I came to Hollywood.

There was the call for a couple of horses for one of the love scenes between the hero and the heroine. Now, Tibetan horses are very small, almost pony-size. I sent out for small horses. And you should have seen the collection of broken-down, undersized nags they brought me. Reluctantly, I picked out two of the smallest and ordered them for the set in the morning.

On location the next morning I purposely kept as far away from the cameras as possible. But I knew what was coming: "Harrison! You come right over here." Frank Capra glared at me. "What do you mean by giving me these nags?"

Before I could utter a word in defense, he continued:

"Yes, I know they are near in size to authentic Tibetan horses, but we're making pictures, not travelogues. Can you imagine Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt on those plugs doing a love scene? Get them outa here and give me some Arabian horses."

Of course, he was right. But I must say this for him, except for such rare occasions, he would lean well over backward to let me have my way in the matter of authenticity.

There was the time, for example, when we were shooting the Chinese bandit sequences. The giant plane in which the five whites had been kidnaped by the mysterious Oriental pilot comes down for a refueling somewhere in China and is attacked by a band of cutthroats.

Now, with all the many Chinese pictures that have been produced in Hollywood one would think there would be plenty of Chinese coolie costumes available. The coolie outfit is a simple affair: a pair of short, wide-legged pantaloons and a simple shirt, made of the cheapest of cotton at a few cents per garment.

I paid little attention to this item of costuming until one morning out on location in the Mohave Desert, 150-odd miles from Hollywood, five hundred Chinese extras dressed up as "bandits" lined up for inspection.

My heart sank. Those coolie costumes, so extraordinarily simple in design, were a Hollywood version of what a coolie costume should look like. It was too late to order new costumes which would hold up expensive production. I went into a huddle with Capra.

"These are supposed to be a ragged band of bandits, eh?"

"Yes," he replied.

"And I have your okay to go ahead and convert these costume-party things into something that looks like a Chinese-bandit getup?"

"Anything you want to do. But please hurry. We're wasting valuable time."

"Fine and dandy." I turned away and called out, "Has anyone a pocketknife?"

Then I set to work. Catching one fellow's coolie sleeve I ripped it halfway to the elbow, and told him to let the ripped ends dangle. I did the same to his pant-legs. And something of the same to each and every one of the five hundred. Then, for good measure, I had them roll through a puddle of mud specially prepared and splatter it all over themselves. The wardrobe department heads nearly had kittens. For they knew that the rented costumes would have to be purchased outright and paid for at some fancy price.

And to get a bit more realism out of this bunch I called for the barber and ordered him to shave the heads of as many extras as considered a double salary check and stipulated guarantee as sufficient inducement for temporary baldness.

Well, when I got through with these operations and then stuck long dirks in their girdles, swords in their hands, and rifles over their shoulders, they really looked like a villainous bunch of throat-slitters.

These extras work awfully hard for their \$5 a day, and even that work isn't steady or frequent. Of course, they always have the hope that a director may take a fancy to one of them and single him out for a bit part. I did that unknowingly one day. In a mob scene one of the Chinese was supposed to try to slug Colman. Just before we were to shoot the close-up for this scene I took the fellow aside and coached him to shout "*Yang kwei-tze!* . . . Foreign devill!" as he lifted his club.

Some days later I learned that by giving this fellow a couple of words to say I had automatically raised his paycheck from \$5 to \$25 per day! It seems that you may require \$5-a-day extras to yell and shout curses in mob scenes, but if you single out one of them and give him so much as one word to utter, he is no longer an extra. He is thereby elevated to the dignified rank

of a full-fledged actor and entitled to the minimum pay, no matter how insignificant the part.

Because of my background of Tibetan travels, coupled with my association with *Lost Horizon*, I am often asked: "Is there really such a place as Shangri-la somewhere in Tibet?"

I can answer that by saying that in the many years I've spent in the Far East, in all the traveling I've done in Tibet itself, there is—so far as I know—no "Valley of the Blue Moon" with its cult of superintellectuals living in the midst of utopian peace and plenty, hidden away somewhere in the shelter of the snow-clad peaks of the Roof of the World.

Hilton, of course, makes no claim to any basis of fact for his story. Yet, curiously, this admittedly fictional, fantastic tale of earthly paradise hidden away somewhere in the forbidding fastness of Tibet may be substantiated by considerable common hearsay and superstitious belief in the Far East. Among most Oriental people there is a widespread belief in a strange cult of supermen—Mahatmas, or "Masters," they are called by the Hindus—who are supposed to be the guardians of all the best the world had produced in intellectual achievement, literature, art and culture from the very beginning of time. And, coincidentally, these supermen are supposed to reside somewhere in the heart of Asia—in the most inaccessible portion of inaccessible Tibet.

And theosophy, a teaching that numbers many millions of adherents throughout the entire world, plainly asserts that it receives its teaching from these very Masters who reside "somewhere in Tibet."

Now, it is not my purpose here to discuss in detail my own or other beliefs or disbeliefs in the Masters or in Shangri-las. But in my Tibetan travels I have encountered many strange things and happenings: things and happenings fraught with the weird, the fantastic and the supernatural; things and happenings that pale into insignificance the abilities and accomplishments of that cult of ageless supermen and intellectuals in the mythical

lamasery of Shangri-la; things and happenings that have caused me to change from a hard-shelled scientific skeptic to a much more open-minded agnostic.

But a discussion of these things I have already undertaken in some measure in a previous book: *Through Forbidden Tibet*. Let me, however, recapitulate a salient conclusion: Do not be too quick to ascribe to the realm of the supernatural, the illusory, or perhaps even to trickery and black magic, those apparently wild tales of such “unscientific” and “unrealistic” things as levitation, body dematerialization, thought projection, longevity, which come out of Tibet—the very mention of which word alone has come to be synonymous with magic and mystery.

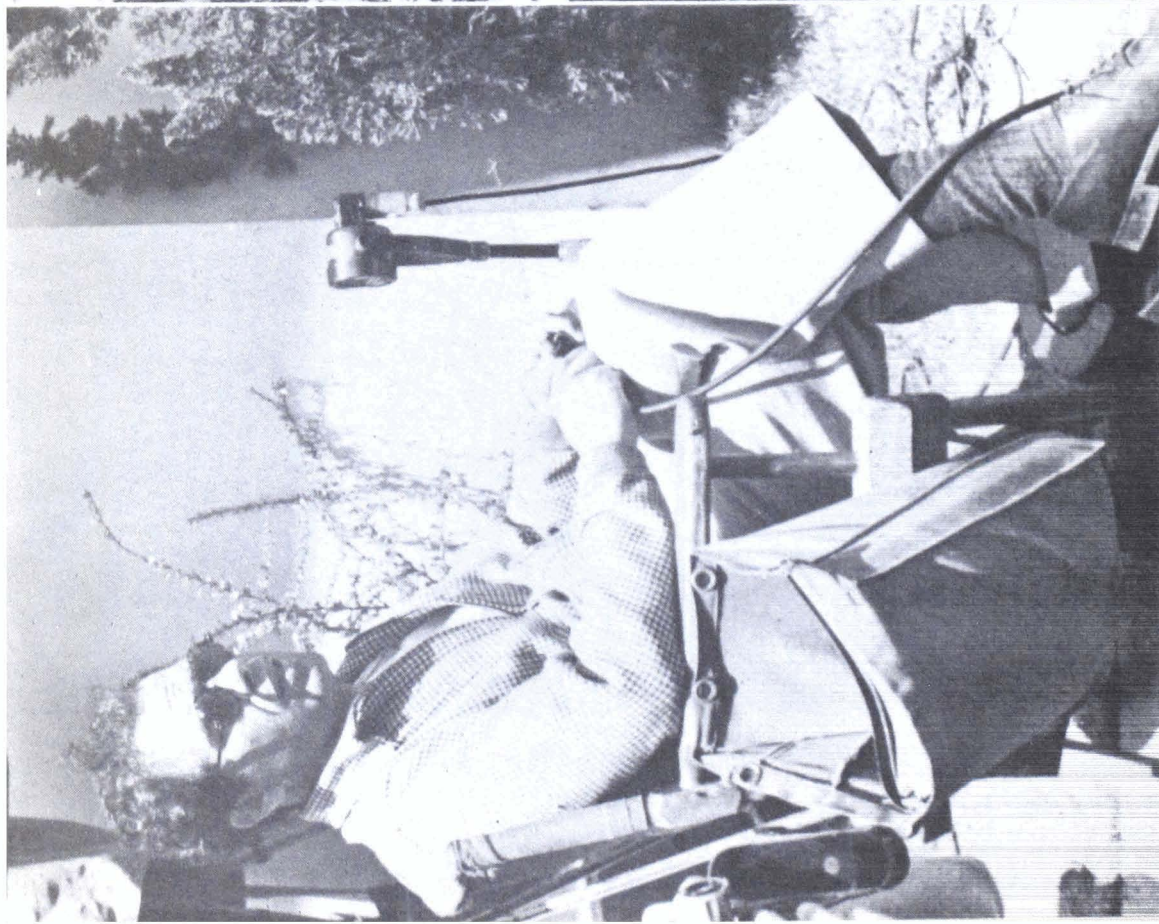
We of the twentieth century, who in our own short lifetimes have seen what truly amazing strides have been made in both intellectual and material progress, should be particularly open-minded when considering tales of extraordinary happenings—no matter how weird, fantastic or “supernatural” they may appear to be. For the fantasies of today may well be the actualities of tomorrow.

A fantasy such as the utopian Shangri-la is, of course, a bit too much to ask for realization in any soon-to-come tomorrow. Be that as it may, it doesn't keep us from hoping, a bit wistfully perhaps, for an early materialization.

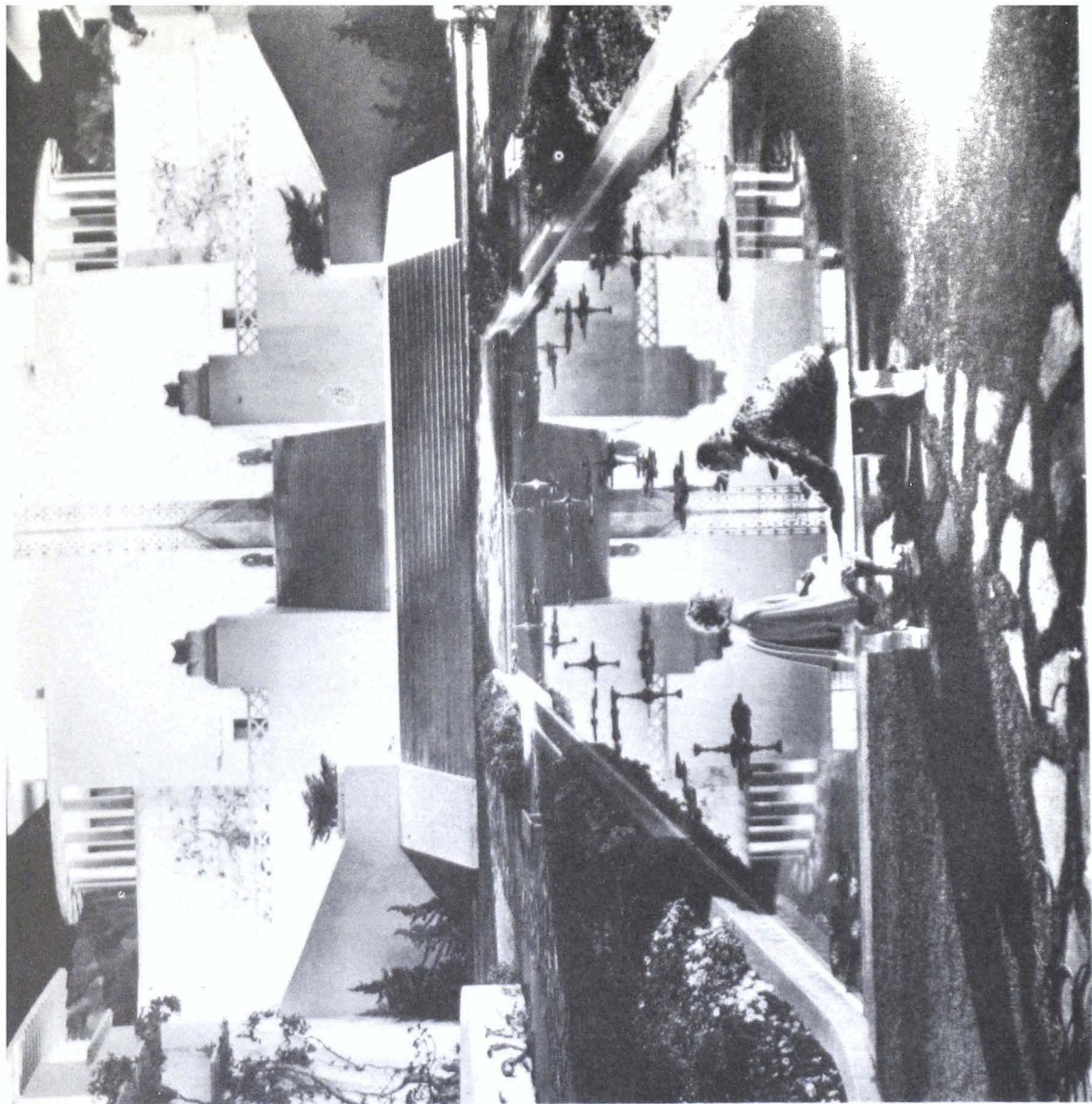
Perhaps in this thought we may discern the roots for the extraordinary popularity enjoyed by both the book and the motion picture version of *Lost Horizon*. And it is a signal credit to Frank Capra that he sensed this wishful yearning dormant in most of us. I had a fleeting vision of the true human greatness of this man Capra during the filming of one of the most important scenes in the picture.

We were shooting the High Lama sequences. The stage was darkened, except for the one far corner where a little handful of actors and technicians are grouped about a small, unpretentious set. An old man—two and a half centuries old—is speaking . . .

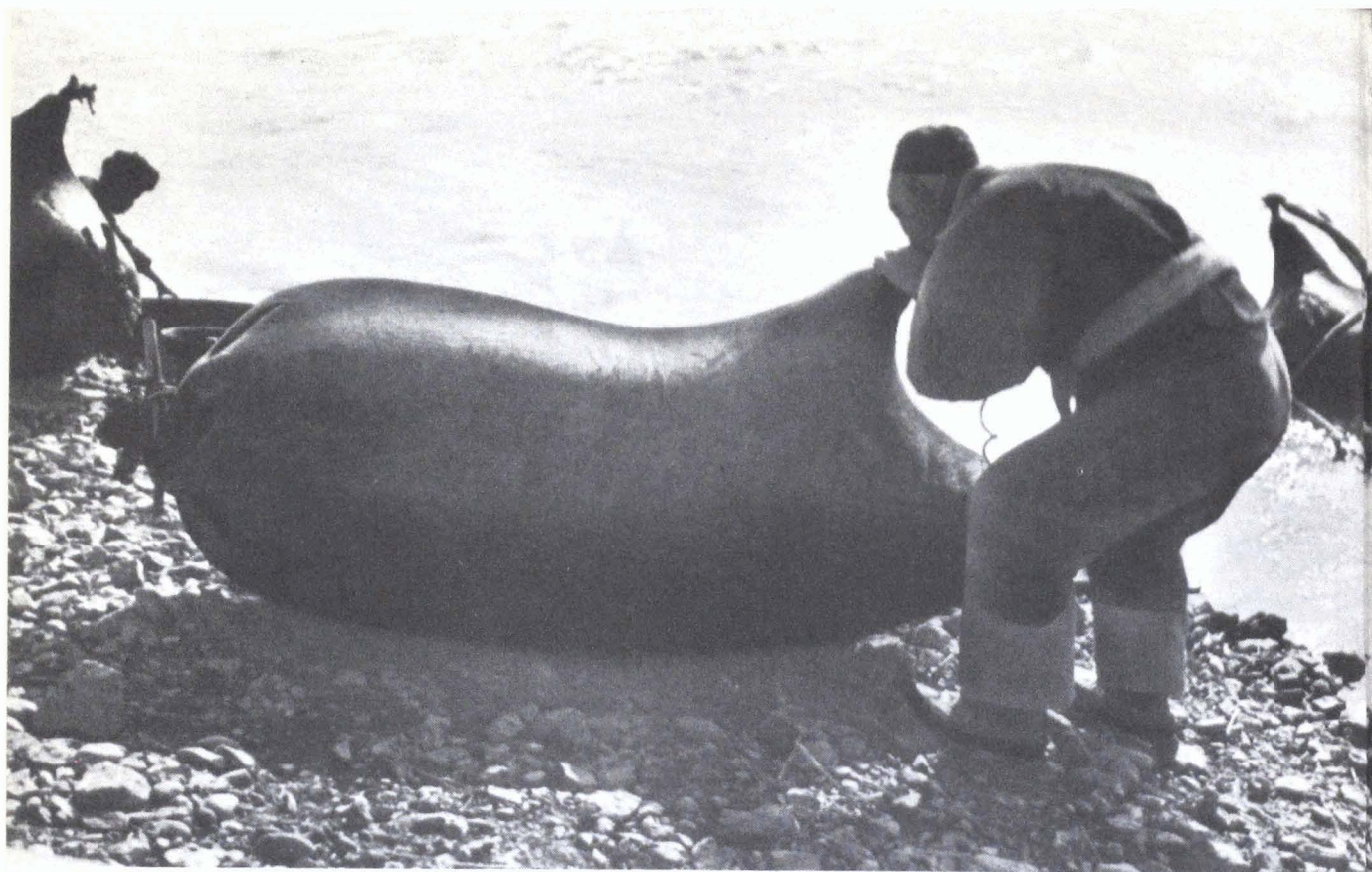
“. . . and it crystallized for me a picture of the future of the



Frank Capra, Hollywood's Number One producer and director.



"Lost Horizon's" Shangri-la—the mythical Tibetan lamasery.



Rafts made of inflated sheepskins or oxhides, in use on the Yellow River in northwest China.

world that left me sad and disillusioned. I saw all the nations strengthening—not in wisdom, but in vulgar passions and the will to destroy . . .”

He speaks slowly, almost painfully, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. His upturned eyes are misty, and agleam with fitful highlights from a flickering candle at his side. Simply robed in the classic toga of a Tibetan lama, a huddled figure seated in the dim-lit corner of a room whose walls are lined with bookshelves, he is the focus of attention for this tense little group of spectators—cameramen, soundmen, props and grips. No one moves.

Capra sits in a canvas-backed chair perched between the camera's tripod legs—his tousled black hair just clearing the camera's lens. He is bent slightly forward, his chin cupped in his laced fingers, his features twitching instant reaction to every spoken word, the tiniest gesture—while his eyes seem strangely luminous, reflecting deep emotions.

This is the death scene of the High Lama of the mythical lamasery of Shangri-la, a dramatic climax in the picture.

“. . . and I foresaw a time when man, exultant in the technique of homicide, would rage so hotly over the world that every precious thing would be in danger. A time when every book, every treasure, garnered through the millenniums, would be doomed to destruction . . . when every flower of culture would be trampled and all human things leveled in a vast chaos . . .”

The minutes tick on. Six . . . seven . . . eight . . . extraordinarily long for a single scene.

“. . . But I see at a great distance a new world stirring in the ruins. Stirring clumsily, but in hopefulness, seeking its lost and legendary treasures. And they will all be here! Hidden behind the mountains in the Valley of the Blue Moon, preserved as by a miracle—by a new Renaissance . . .”

He has half risen now. His voice trails off to a whisper. Suddenly he drops back; shoulders droop, eyes roll shut, head slumps limply forward.

A long minute of silence. Then:

"Cut!"

Impulsively applauding, Capra advances toward the player. "Good work, Sam," he says, as he grasps his hand. "And, thanks," he adds simply.

There are tears in his eyes as he turns away. Technicians are strangely silent as they move cameras, lights and equipment about in preparation for a "take" from another angle. It was unusual enough for Frank Capra to applaud an actor on a set—something he has never before been known to do. But tears . . .

The applause was deservedly earned by Sam Jaffe for his magnificent portrayal of the dying High Lama. But only those of us who knew something of the personal thoughts and feelings of Capra could have explained those tears. Something deep down in his soul had been touched by the High Lama's soliloquy of darkening fears and utopian hopes. And Frank Capra, the man—the human, sensitive visionary, had for the brief moment dissociated himself from Frank Capra, the successful motion-picture director and perhaps, in the wise words of the High Lama, had "caught a glimpse of the Eternal."

Considered fairly along with diplomats, emperors, scholars and dictators I have met in an eventful globe-trotting existence, still I count my association with Capra as one of the most stirring in my experience. And right there in Hollywood too—that tinsel home of all that is pretense, sham and insincerity. For here lived and worked a great moral teacher, in the guise of a Hollywood director. Ostensibly engaged in the manufacture of motion-picture entertainment, he merely uses this medium as a vehicle for the spreading of his gospel—the gospel of peace and sanity in a world gone completely mad. Scratch beneath the thin veneer of entertainment in the picturization of *Lost Horizon* and you will be amazed at what you will see. He mirrored there something of vital significance to the very news of the day—a glimpse of the growing specter of complete social, economic

and cultural destruction threatened by bestial international hatreds, fed upon bigotry, greed and intolerance; and a wistful glimpse, too, of that seemingly unattainable utopia for which the philosophers and humanitarians through the ages had vainly given their lives.

And, considering the wide distribution enjoyed by the picture *Lost Horizon* and the many millions he had thereby reached with this message of warning and plea for sanity and peace, I hereby nominate Frank Capra as a most notable candidate for the honors of the Nobel Peace Award!

Capra worried and fretted so over that High Lama—shooting and reshooting it dozens of times—with more delays to follow in the cutting and editing, that the picture was not ready for release until March, 1937, just about a year after the first cameras had begun to grind.

The Grand Hollywood Première was set for the 10th. In the midst of all the to-do of the occasion I drove up to the curb. It hadn't even occurred to me that I might rate an interview before the microphone, so I paid little attention to what the announcer was saying as I got out. The first thing I knew somebody had me by the arm, and there I was beside the announcer, with him all smiles and nudging me to "say something."

I mumbled briefly something about its being a "swell picture" and Capra a "swell guy to work with," and moved on—platitudes no different from what ninety-nine out of every hundred persons say. But then, these things are staged so that the public has an opportunity to ogle the celebrities in the flesh and what they say doesn't matter a cock-eyed damn.

Though I didn't see her, I was told later that Greta Garbo was slightly annoyed with me. She had timed her entrance perfectly, but somehow or other my car had slid in ahead of hers, and she had to wait for her turn before the mike. She didn't like it.

MY FLYING CAMEL

IT WAS A YEAR NOW SINCE I HAD COME TO HOLLYWOOD. THE picture was at last launched, and I was becoming pretty much bored with its atmosphere of unreality. I yearned again for the tangible things: a pesky China pony between my thighs, a rifle beating a tattoo on my spine as we jogged along, unspoiled vistas and blazing campfires in the challenging Far Places.

When the picture was about half over I quietly rose and left the theater. I caught a midnight plane for San Francisco, and a few hours later sailed for the Orient.

A brief stopover in Shanghai, then north to Peking. I was headed for Tibet again, though this time I chose a route that would take me across the Gobi Desert. Not by means of the traditional camel caravan, however. That would take too long to get anywhere, so I planned to fly. Eurasia Corporation had just established through air service from Peking to Lanchow.

In Peking, I enjoyed a brief visit with Owen Lattimore, the eminent authority on Mongolia. Little did either of us know then that we were to meet again some months later—deep in the forbidding territory of the little-known Chinese Reds.

Up at dawn and through the deserted streets of Peking to the airport. Our ship was a six-place single-motor job. Both pilot and copilot were Chinese. They tinkered and fussed about the plane for the better part of two hours. I was their only passenger for the day, and perhaps they were trying to impress me with their mechanical knowledge. They succeeded in creating just the opposite impression, however, for an experienced pilot wouldn't bother with so much face-making pish-tosh. Be that as it may, they did prove themselves good pilots once we took off.

嘔 吐 袋

FOR AIR-SICKNESS

飛機未降落以前請勿拋出窗外

Do not throw out before the plane reaches the ground

Instructions on containers supplied to
Chinese airplane passengers

Their German training must have been both extensive and thorough.

Though I was the only passenger, I didn't have the cabin entirely to myself. It was jam-packed with air express parcels, ranging from "pressed ducks," or hams, destined to grace the festal board of some mandarin's banquet, to a small cast-iron stove for some missionary's wife to bake goodies with which to woo the heathen Chinese to Sunday meeting.

It was a beautiful day, and we were soon crossing the mountains to the westward. Below us the hills were terraced to their very tops with tiny wheatfields, while every little home, as all through the north and west of China, was a miniature walled fortress attesting grimly to the status of law and order in the hinterland. Soon we came to the Great Wall which literally runs along the foot of a many-miles-long range of mountains across which lie the vast desolate plains of Mongolia. It was for the specific reason of keeping the wild nomadic Mongolian hordes from crossing those mountains and marauding the fields of Chinese farmers to the southward that the Great Wall—some-

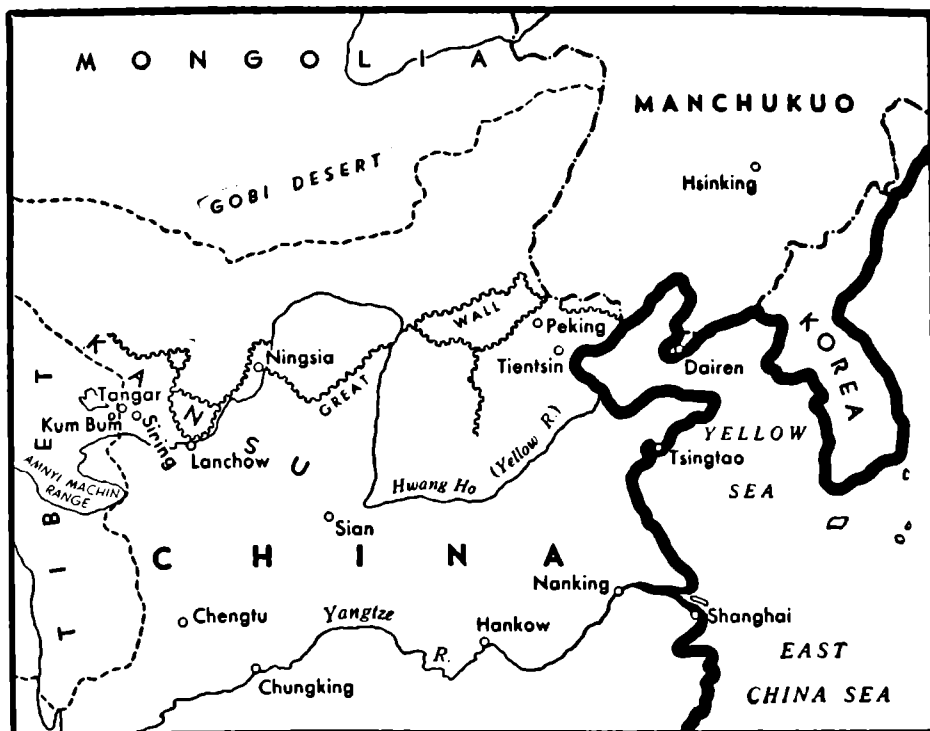
times called the Eighth Wonder of the World—had been built two thousand years ago.

Our course from then on lay parallel to the general line of the zigzagging wall. By nine o'clock we sighted the twin cities of Suiyuan and Kweihwa on the edge of Ordos. We circled once and then landed. Here we picked up two White Russian traders. From their puckered brows, wavering eyes and fumbling step, it was evident that they were terrified at the prospect of flying. Only the fact that the alternative to the 2½-hour flight to Ningshia, their destination, would be at least a three weeks' camel journey through the heat and sand of the Gobi gave them courage to board the plane.

A huge yellow cloud billowed behind us as we raced across the dusty Ningshia airfield, ending like the smoke puff from a fired Big Bertha at the spot where we left the ground on the take-off. On, up and over the crumbling walls of the deserted Ching Dynasty fortress, and we circled southwestward. That these were not altogether peaceful times was apparent by the squads of troopers stationed before each and every one of the loopholed blockhouses ringing the field. On the roadways frightened animals laden with produce or firewood reared and pitched, while their masters pulled desperately at straining lead ropes as we roared overhead like some fire-spitting dragon.

On the right loomed the Ala Shans, rearing their golden-tipped heads majestically from the purpling ground haze. As we veered away from the Yellow River, tiny village clusters thinned out to isolated farmhouses, which soon petered away altogether; and my modern magic carpet now headed out over the desolate yellow wasteland of the Gobi. Tormented by angry desert winds, the sands had been left in amazing patterns, like the frozen waves on a restless sea. Tomorrow's wind doubtless would disagree with this configuration, and after a fitful expression of temper, lay its own pattern on the subsiding sands.

Here and there we caught glimpses of the Great Wall again, its once magnificent towers and impregnable battlements now



identified only as periodic rubble heaps like lumps in the belly of a Gargantuan snake which sinuously followed the contour of the foothills.

And now and again we saw camel caravans plodding along like caterpillars in the lung-filling yellow dust. Marco Polo traveled that way centuries ago. Flying high, above the shimmering heat from the sun-drenched vastness, I was suddenly thankful to the miracle of modern science that made possible this flying carpet out of the very pages of my childhood storybooks.

Soon the scene changed. From the desert's flatness sand dunes began to emerge, rising higher and higher with increasing frequency. Gradually I became aware that the dunes appeared more and more solid. And then, before I realized it, we were in the mountains. The cabin's altimeter climbed and climbed. It reached close to fifteen thousand feet in some stretches over these ranges.

A tremendous change had taken place below. The desert sands had been replaced by razor-ridged yellow-brown loess hills, whose steep, eroded sides were gashed and torn as if by the angry clawing fingers of some Asiatic Paul Bunyan. Around the whole sweep of the horizon those ranges stretched, like a wrinkled apple under a magnifying glass, hopelessly snarled and inhospitably dismal. An awe-inspiring sight, indeed, in their forbidding loneliness and uselessness.

I knew then why this expanse on the world's maps is so blank, so lacking even of detail in the matter of roads and villages. For traffic scrupulously avoids the area: the main caravan trails were far to the northward. And as for habitation, the answer was apparent. Even the doughty Chinese—the world's hardest and best farmer—could find no foothold there. A few brave souls must have tried it from time to time, goaded no doubt by famine times or periods of political upheavals in neighboring districts. But their fate was pathetically written in the ruins of mud-brick hovels which now and then appeared.

No life was evident in all this barren expanse, with a few rare exceptions along the banks of some stream which must have paused for a breathing spell in a little valley before continuing its breath-taking cascade through steep-sided canyons. And here the amazing tenacity of the Chinese farmer was plainly in evidence in the tiny green patches which seemed so pitifully inadequate to provide sustenance for even a few mouths.

Approaching Lanchow we crossed a bend of the Yellow River which unheedingly gashed through all this great desert of mountains. We were following the general directional course of the river from Ningshia to Lanchow. The drab-yellow of the heavily silted waters was fringed here and there by a narrow strip of greenish fields, a strip that ended abruptly at the base of the jealous bordering hills. Bobbing along on the river's surface, I noted occasional laden rafts of varying sizes ranging from a few feet to a dozen yards in length. Later on, in Lanchow, I

had the good fortune to study these curious craft, and to make a motion-picture record of their fashioning.

From time immemorial the Yellow River has been and still is, with the exception of this airline, the only artery for travel and transport through all this great isolated section of Asia.

The Yellow River is one of the largest rivers in the world. Yet, while its sister and rival in China, the Yangtze, is navigable by ocean steamers for more than fifteen hundred miles from its mouth near Shanghai, the Hwang Ho for all its almost three thousand miles of length is navigable for only the last twenty-five miles or so by even ordinary junks! And because of the swiftness of its current, intermittently broken by treacherous rapids and whirlpools, and its shallowness with sand bars and rocks where the river does widen out, this peculiar and interesting form of craft has been designed by the Chinese for its special demands for traffic. And even today these rafts—*fa-tzu*, the Chinese call them—are the only means of transport from the Tibetan uplands, a thousand miles through mountains and deserts, down to Paotow, the railhead of a single-track line timidly probing some few hundred miles westward from Peking.

The raft consists merely of a framework of interlaced poles laid over a square or rectangle of inflated animal skins closely packed together and lashed with rawhide thongs. The size is dependent upon its intended purpose. A small one-man *fa-tzu* usually measures about six by ten feet and has three rows of inflated sheepskins—a total of twelve to fifteen. The whole raft weighs but a few pounds and is easily carried about. Some of the larger freight rafts range up to fifty or seventy-five feet in length, and have as many as six or seven hundred sheepskins or a hundred to a hundred and fifty oxhides.

The skins and hides are treated with salt and vegetable oil for curing and waterproofing. Then they are turned inside out and inflated by human lung-power, while the oxhides are stuffed with wool for bulk and filled with as much air as they will take in addition.

The smaller rafts are used mainly for local transportation of vegetables, and other produce of the truck farm. Often enough, too, they are used as water taxis. In the streets of Lanchow, for example, it is a common sight to see a raftsmen casually walking along with a small fa-tzu over his shoulder looking for a fare.

The larger rafts are used for the freightage of salt, wool, hides and furs to the railhead at Paotow. These products, mainly from the vast grazing lands of central and northern Tibet, are brought down on yaks to Sining, capital of Chinghai Province. Here the Tibetans dispose of their loads and turn back. Moslem cameleers then take part of the cargo and start their long caravan trek overland across the Gobi. The rest is loaded onto these freight rafts for the Yellow River journey.

The raftsmen are a skilled lot, and their heritage is ancient. Chinese literature of the days of Christ and before tells of them and their sturdy craft, describing them just as they are today. The raftsmen's life is a hard one. The long journey from Lanchow to Paotow is beset with hardship and danger. There is little or no protection from the scorching heat of day and the freezing cold of the desert night. Then, too, there is the ever-present danger of attack by bandits and pirates who prey upon the water traffic.

At Paotow the rafts unload their cargoes, which are forwarded thence by rail. The rafts themselves are dismantled, and the skins sold for leather or carried back to Lanchow by mules, together with purchases made in the Paotow bazaars for personal use or resale in upcountry markets.

The voyage from Lanchow to Paotow takes from three to four weeks. The same route we covered in almost as many aggregate hours in our giant airplane.

I spent only a short time in Lanchow on this occasion. After a few routine official calls, I made preparations to leave as quickly as possible for a journey toward Tibet. My first objective, as it had been five years before, was the lamasery of Lhabrang. I had heard that Alakh Jamv Japa, the young Grand

Living Buddha of Lhabrang, was planning to start his once-a-lifetime pilgrimage to Lhasa, the Holy City. This promised to be a most colorful event. Many thousands would already be gathered to give an auspicious send-off to this spiritual dignitary who, although just a youngster, rated as fourth in the hierarchy of Tibetan Living Buddhas.

Securing the best animals available in Lanchow, I set off in forced marches, hoping to arrive at Lhabrang before my young friend should begin his holy pilgrimage.

THE BOY GOD

“GOMCHOK SJUB! GOMCHOK SJUB! MY GOOD FRIEND PROTECTED-BY-the Gods! Then it is indeed you come back. Oh, how glad I am to see you!”

He descended quickly from the little thronelike dais, rushed across the room to grasp my hand and pumped it, Western-fashion, as I had taught him years before—to the audible horrification of his gray-haired counselors.

I was delighted. This was more than I had hoped for. To be sure, we had parted the best of friends—the “Boy God” and I—that winter back in 1932. But five years is a long time, and I had been half afraid he wouldn’t remember me. Upon entering, therefore, I had greeted him in the polite manner as befitted his exalted position: upturned palms outstretched, tongue stuck out, and a deep-toned utterance of “*Day-moo-ra Hla Rimpoche . . . Peace be with Thee, O Holy One.*”

But the sincerity of his warm handshaking and vigorous backslapping quickly dispelled my apprehensions.

“I will receive no more pilgrims today,” he ordered. And as his attendants bowed their silent acknowledgment he linked his arm in mine and led me off to his private quarters.

His rapid chattering increased in crescendo—in a jargon of Tibetan and Chinese, in both of which languages I was very rusty. I laughed, and said: “*Man man-ti, man man-ti shuo! Shuo Chung-kuo hua! Speak slowly! In Chinese!*”

He hadn’t changed much these past five years, Alakh Jamv Japa, Incarnation of the God of Learning and Grand Living Buddha of Lhabrang Gomba—a monastery in northeastern Tibet housing over five thousand priestly lamas. And though

he is the spiritual as well as temporal lord over all that district, he was hardly more than a youngster (now twenty-two) and still full of pranks and devilry like any other youth the world over.

I recalled with what delight he had received the presents I had brought him on that first visit: a five-cell chromium-plated Eveready flashlight with its fascinating "light without heat"; a luminous-dialed watch with its "eyes in the dark"; a fountain pen with its gold "brush" and smooth-flowing "paint"; a pocket lighter with its "magic flame" that flared and died instantly at the touch of a release spring.

I had brought with me similar presents this time for his delight. A pair of binoculars, a zippered brief case, a braided leather belt, and a copy of my book, the jacket of which was a montage of a hundred or more photographs taken on my first Tibetan expedition. Of course, he was not able to read the book; but pictures are a universal language, and need no interpreter. He exclaimed with glee when he found his own picture in the frontispiece.

As he picked up one after another of the objects, examining them carefully and minutely and asking numerous questions, I observed with satisfaction that the past five years of clerical isolation had not dulled the keenness and enthusiasm for knowledge of the forbidden mundane things he had evidenced upon our first meeting.

And when his interest in these things lagged he began to ply me with questions. Where had I been? What had I been doing? Had I acquired a wife? And children?

Talk of our Western modernisms interested him mainly: skyscrapers, motorcars, trains, aircraft, radio, telephones and telegraph. He listened in awe and wonder.

I told him also of these same modernisms now to be found in China, right next door: the skyscrapers of Shanghai, the highest buildings to be found anywhere in the world outside the United States; the motor roads, railroads, telephone and telegraph

systems crisscrossing the land from the "rice-eaters" of the South to the "noodle-eaters" of the North, and from the white-collared high-heeled moderns of the treaty ports to the simple peasant folk in the western hinterland.

When I had come up to visit him five years ago it had taken me more than two months to proceed from Shanghai 2,000 miles northwestward to Lanchow, close to the Tibetan border. This time I had come from Peking across Mongolia, a much longer and much more arduous journey, and had covered the same distance in two half days! He was amazed. So was I, and still am whenever I stop properly to appreciate the incredible transportation advances in China in the past few years.

Yet this westward march of modernism augurs none too well for the wished-for physical, spiritual and political isolation that Tibet has enjoyed these many centuries. In its almost complete isolation, as big as Mexico, all of it over two miles above sea level, a sparsely populated plateau of rolling grasslands gashed with ranges with the highest peaks in the world, Tibet has enjoyed the distinction of being the last unexplored frontier of consequence in the world. Its three million people have little or no contact with the outer world, nor do they want any. For the most part they are nomadic and pastoral, except in the extreme south, along the border of India, where they live in houses and till the soil. And while there are a few towns and villages in the south, there are no population concentrations to speak of in all central and northern Tibet.

How long will Tibet remain so? Surely not for long, with "civilized" neighboring nations greedy to exploit the mineral and commercial resources of this heretofore "forbidden land," whose "forbiddeness" will cease to be respected with the advent of giant freight airplanes to make practical the working of gold mines a thousand miles from anywhere.

But thus far Jamv Japa had done all the questioning, and I the answering. But I, too, had many questions.

"You are leaving on the morrow for Lhasa, on your once-a-

lifetime pilgrimage to the Holy City," I began. "I have come a long way, traveling hard and fast, and I am happy to find you still here so that I may extend personal good wishes for a pleasant and interesting journey."

A trip to Lhasa, the Mecca of Buddhism, had been a cherished desire of mine for years. I wanted to ask his help in the matter of arrangements, introductions, any assistance to enable me, a foreigner, to attain this desire.

Yet, before I could begin he exclaimed impulsively:

"But you must come with me to Lhasa! As my personal guest!"

That floored me. To Lhasa—as guest of a Living God. It was just a bit too much.

I should have jumped to accept this precious invitation, yet reason interposed. The trip to Lhasa with him and his slow-moving caravan would take at least six months. And I should need to spend many months in Lhasa to take full advantage of this opportunity. It might be a year before I could get back to America and I had already committed my time for the coming lecture season. More than this, I was traveling extremely light, with practically nothing in the way of supplies; wholly unprepared for a journey to Lhasa at this time.

But Jamv Japa would listen to none of my objections. He would see to it that I was properly supplied for the entire journey. As a matter of fact, he had already given these orders, and everything was arranged for the departure in the morning.

I thanked him deeply, yet I had to insist upon my stand. I pointed out that I did not question his sincerity. But that though I might feel free to accept of his graciousness for a few days, a week or so, I would undoubtedly strain the bonds of hospitality if stretched over a period of six months to a year.

He didn't agree with me, and finally we compromised. I would accompany him as far as a little monastery a few days' journey distant. I still had a long journey in prospect back to Shanghai and thence to America, and my time was growing

short. So it was settled. I took my leave of him and went to call on his six-foot brother, Ahpa Ahlo—the Minister of War.

Years ago Ahpa Ahlo, too, had been entranced by my tales of the outside world. But, being a layman, he could do something about it. He had traveled all the way to Nanking and Shanghai; had seen and verified my unbelievable stories of five years ago; had even traveled in the belly of a giant “mechanical bird,” roaring through the skies with the speed of the wind.

He was now very much the cosmopolite. He smoked cigarettes like a veteran, wore a felt hat instead of a rakish fox-skin, and possessed several suits of foreign-style clothes—though he admitted he never wore them because they were too uncomfortable. He had a battery-operated radio, phonograph, even a Leica candid camera like the one he'd seen me with, and a whole roomful of foreign gadgets and whatnots. We talked of old times, of our hunts together, of the English I had taught him and the Tibetan he had taught me, of the warring of his nomadic tribesmen against the Chinese Communists as they skirted the Tibetan border on their Long March from Kiangsi to Shensi the year before.

Long into the night we talked, our laughter growing louder and our voices more incoherent as we consumed quantities of Tibetan barley beer and Chinese samshui. Our heads were big and tongues fuzzy the next morning when the pilgrimage finally got under way.

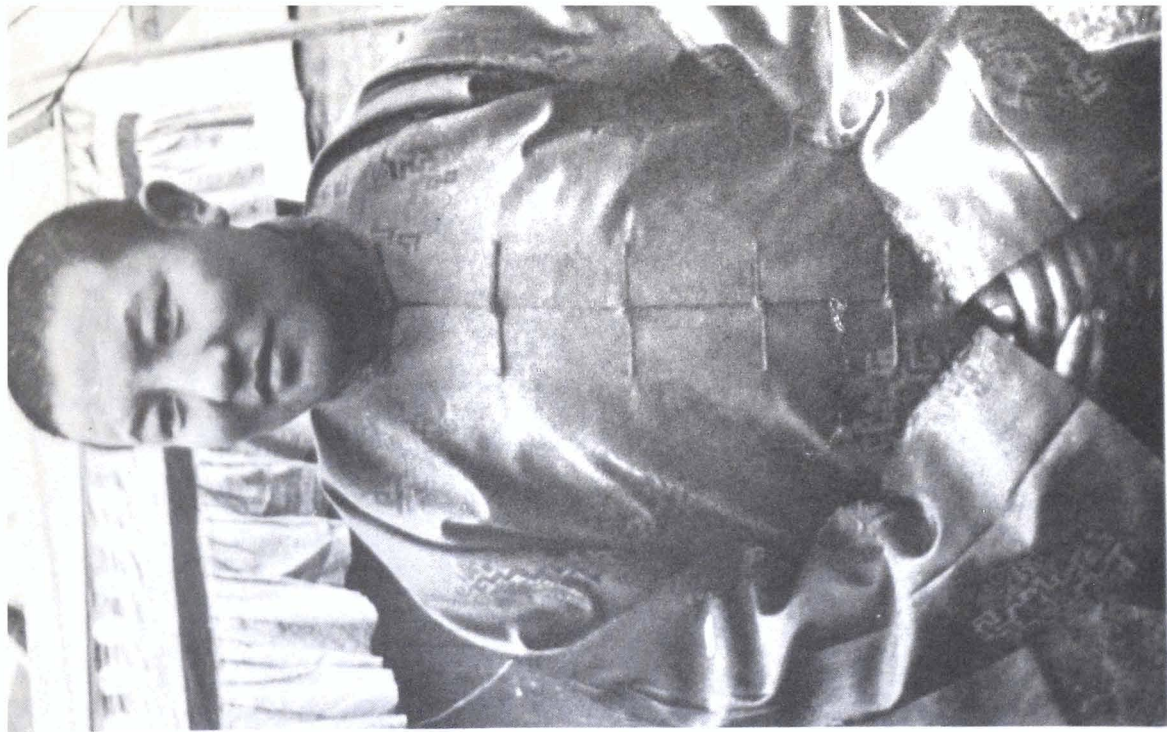
From far and wide the warriors had foregathered, strikingly colorful in their voluminous sheepskin robes, fox- or lamb-skin hats and high boots, swaggering about with rifles across their backs, swords in their girdles, and those deadly 25-foot lances in their hands.

A prideful people, these Tibetans. And how proudly they sat their horses as they took their places in the long procession headed by a body of high lamas in resplendent red robes, yellow hats and varicolored boots and saddle trappings.

The Jamv Japa himself rode in a beautiful sedan chair,



Pilgrims in prayer before entering the Idol House.



Jamv Japa—Grand Living Buddha of Lhabrang Gomba.



The rifle is law in Tibet.

ornately decorated with gold and silver inlays, carried on the shoulders of the faithful. Thousands of pilgrims lined the route with bowed heads, murmuring mystic prayers for the Precious One's long journey to Holy Lhasa. Many of the devout, in their fervor, threw themselves into his path, risking serious hurt, even death, in their devotion to the Holy One.

Perhaps ten thousand or more lamas and laymen made up the brilliantly colored procession. Half of these would be returning after a few days' escort along the trail. The other five thousand were to travel all the way, as his personal entourage.

Though both Jamv Japa and Ahpa Ahlo wanted me to ride with them at the head of the procession, as befitted an honored guest, I respectfully declined the honor. I wanted motion pictures of this colorful event. Accordingly, I would gallop on ahead, dismount, set up my camera and shoot the procession as it passed. Then shouldering my camera I mounted again and galloped ahead for a shot from some other angle or vantage point.

I had quite a problem: a heavy movie camera over my shoulder, the tripod banging my collarbone at each bound of the vicious little Tibetan pony, which I tried desperately to keep in hand as we raced across the gopher-holed valley; then I dismounted again and rushed to the top of a knoll, my heart pounding like a sledge hammer in the rarefied atmosphere of that two-miles-above-sea-level valley.

In the early afternoon we reached our first camping spot. This was a huge plain, with plenty of good grass for the animals. Though tents sprang up like mushrooms, there was a definite and set order about that camp. Tribes nursing feuds were assigned opposite sides of the valley for their tents. The tents of the higher lamas and privileged laity were given the more preferred position—in the immediate vicinity of the Grand Living Buddha's quarters. From a neighboring hillside the whole valley represented the appearance of a military encamp-

ment, even to the stacked arms before the individual tent openings.

That evening, after a delicious meal of rice cakes, boiled mutton, jerked venison, sausages, sugared pine-nuts, and *sho*-chilled curdled yak's milk, the ice cream of Tibet—we sat watching the yellow flicker of the butter lamps and talked of many things.

Somehow, they had known of my trip into Tibet the year before. I had planned then to visit these, my good friends, but my time had been limited and I had spent too much of it at Kum Bum. I had, therefore, to forego the Lhabrang trip.

"The Panchen Rimpoche is now at Jyekundo," offered the Jamv Japa. "If he has not already left there our caravans will join and we will travel to Lhasa together. Now, don't you think you had better change your mind and stay with us?"

I smiled. "You're making it extremely difficult for me to hold to my decision."

"Well, then," he continued, "tell us about your meeting with his Holiness last year."

So for pipeload after pipeload I went on about my meeting with the Panchen Lama. Throughout the account I stressed how important a factor he was unwittingly to become in Far Eastern political affairs. And I interposed a hint of what the Jamv Japa himself might anticipate should he become more spiritually powerful.

Digressing a bit, let me clarify somewhat the significance in the background and positions of Living Buddhas such as the Panchen Lama, the Jamv Japa, and Tibetan Living Buddhas in general. To begin with, Buddhism is, strictly speaking, not a religion. It is in essence a Code of Spiritual Ethics, teaching the negation of all things worldly. Perfection in mind, body and spirit is the goal of all true Buddhists. And lamaseries—a combination of monastery and university—are established to enable the true Buddhist to point all his faculties to the ultimate attainment of this spiritual ideal of Perfection.

With one out of every three males in Tibet a member of the priesthood, and celibate, one may readily appreciate the high importance attached to things spiritual by these, the most "religious" people in the world.

A strict course of training that lasts from his entrance into the lamasery, at the age of four or five, to the day he dies is prescribed for the lama. He practices the most austere self-abnegations in an attempt to banish worldly desire from both body and soul. And when a lama has at last arrived at that state of perfection in mind, body and spirit—whether it takes him one or a thousand reincarnated lives to attain—he is then entitled to Buddhahood (the equivalent perhaps of our sainthood) and may pass into Nirvana, the Buddhist counterpart of our heaven.

But if at this point he should voluntarily decide to return to earth to help his less fortunate fellows along the difficult path he is called an *Alakh*—a Living Buddha. Siddeharta Gautama (568-488 B.C.), the Hindu ascetic of noble birth, was one of the first to attain Buddhahood in one life. His life has been set up as an example for all others to follow, guided by his Enlightened Teachings. Observe, therefore, that Buddha is not a god, or the god of Buddhism, but merely an ideal of saintly perfection—a state which any true Buddhist may attain.

In Tibet there are many Living Buddhas. These are "rated" in the hierarchy of living saints according to their spiritual reverence and the number of times they are supposed to have been reincarnated since their attainment of Buddhahood.

These reincarnations are not hereditary. At the very moment of death of a Living Buddha his spirit is supposed to enter the body of a newborn babe. A delegation of his intimate friends and lamasery dignitaries then proceed in search of such a child. This search may go on for years. In all this time they look for some child whose birth had been attended by an unusual phenomenon of nature: trees blooming out of season, rain falling from a cloudless sky, and so on.

Should there be a question of choice between several babes with equal claims to legitimacy, tests are made. Personal articles, such as the prayer wheel, rosary, food bowl, belonging to the former Living Buddha are placed before the candidates—along with duplicate articles. And the infant selecting the proper articles from the lot is thereupon proclaimed the reincarnation of the Living Buddha. The spirit in the reincarnation has “recognized” his own articles.

Church ecclesiarchs then take the child in hand and bring him up in strictest seclusion. He sees little or nothing of the outer world, which might contaminate his holiness. Even his parents regard him as apart—not of their own flesh and blood, but a living saint—and are permitted to visit him only at rare intervals. More often than not these infant-reincarnations are of extremely humble birth; this is a good sign, for humility is a special virtue in Buddhism.

There is a slight variation in the procedure for determining the reincarnation of a deceased Dalai or Panchen Lama—the ranking Living Buddhas. The names of the selected last three of the candidates are written upon bits of rice paper, rolled up in little balls of tsamba and placed in a golden urn. An impressive chanting session is held and at its conclusion one of the little balls is picked out with silver-tipped chopsticks. For political reasons these procedures were not too closely followed in the selection of the reincarnation of the Dalai Lama—the six-year-old lad who was enthroned as the Fourteenth Dalai Lama on February 23rd, 1940.

Having shot my limited supply of motion-picture film after a few days, I prepared to take regretful leave of the pilgrim caravan. Jamv Japa again begged me to travel with him to Lhasa, but there was the matter of face. I would have lost face by accepting too freely of his charity—food, tents, animals, special clothing—unselfishly sincere as I knew it to be offered.

So I took my reluctant departure of him one chilly dawn. And as he shook my hand before I mounted I thought I de-

tected a trace of tears in his eyes. For though he was a Living God, the object of worship for many many thousands, he must have keenly envied my mortal freedom.

He was grateful to me for one thing: Our relationship and conversation had at all times been as between man and man, an experience he too rarely enjoyed except with members of his immediate family. And even they were obliged outside the privacy of his own quarters to regard the Jamv Japa as truly a living deity.

“RAPE BY REDS AND RESCUE BY CHIANG”

WESTERN KANSU BORDERING ON TIBET, WHICH I TRAVERSED ON MY spring, 1937, journey to Lhabrang, had only a few months before been a bloody battlefield. The Communists had swung up through here on their famed 8,000-mile Long March and were met by a stubborn mobilized Moslemia. Bitter, indeed, was the fighting between them over a period of many months, ending finally by a brilliant strategic maneuver by outnumbered Ma Pu-fan, whereby he succeeded in isolating about 35,000 Communists and almost annihilating them. This was the first and only important defeat inflicted upon the Reds since they first started from Canton in 1925, something which even Chiang Kai-shek with all his modernly trained troops, tanks, artillery and warplanes was never able to achieve in a decade of unceasing warfare.

Here was a large-scale clash between the fanatically religious Moslems and the godless Reds involving perhaps a hundred thousand men under arms, with casualties resulting to more than a third of that number—yet hardly a single authentic line about it had ever appeared in the world's press.

It had always been my belief that Chiang Kai-shek was exceedingly clever in his dealings with the Reds. Whether or not he ever was strong enough completely to wipe them out in the years following his break from their fold in 1927, he used them most admirably to his own purposes. Following his assumption of supreme authority in China, Chiang had to force allegiance from surviving rival warlords. But the hinterland warlords defied him, knowing that the threat of his powerful military machine was nullified by the lack of transportation facilities in China.

Chiang knew that, to the Communists, he and all non-Reds were enemies. So rather than spend his own strength in fighting both Communists and rival warlords, why not set his two enemies against each other? Accordingly, he cleverly set about driving the Reds from one to the other of the provinces ruled by truculent warlords. And when the scared warlords yelled for help from Chiang—the lesser of two evils, for the Reds' reputation for fighting and ruthlessness was terrible, indeed—Chiang would obligingly send troops to their “rescue.” And these troops, which now didn't have to fight their way into the warlord's territory, quietly remained in control of the area.

Most feared of all Chiang's warlord rivals was Ma Pu-fan. Not because Ma Pu-fan defied him with a powerful mercenary army, but because he ruled supreme over Moslemia, whose fifteen millions would rise to his banner should he proclaim a Holy War on Chiang.

So Chiang rubbed his palms with pleasure after the Reds moved out of Szechwan Province and headed right smack into the heart of Moslemia. In the wake of the fierce-fighting Reds sweeping through one province after another on their Long March, Chiang had gleefully gathered in Kiangsi, Anhwei, Hupeh, Hunan, and Kweichow. Szechwan, stronghold of the most powerful of the holdout warlords—Liu Hsiang and Liu Wen-hwei—was in his hands too. And Kansu, domain of the Moslem Ma Pu-fan, seemed destined to become the next victim in the grim game of “rape by Reds and rescue by Chiang.”

But Ma Pu-fan and his Followers of the Prophet were nobody's fools. To be sure, they were hopelessly outnumbered in the matter of modernly trained and modernly equipped troops, but he did have plenty of fighting man power at his command. But Moslem rifles were no match against Red machine guns and field artillery. Time after time Moslem cavalry would charge the Reds only to be mowed down by the Communists' machine guns.

At length Ma Pu-fan resorted to strategy. Initiating the now-famed “scorched earth” policy, he swept the area before the

advancing enemy clean of any possible food or shelter. The Reds suffered greatly that winter of 1936-1937 as they pushed northward along the Kansu-Tibetan border and then eastward to Lanchow. About twenty-five miles below Lanchow in October, 1936, they began the crossing of the Yellow River on a bridge made of goatskin rafts. They were headed for Mongolia where they could contact the Russians and be reinforced with arms and finances. Should they succeed in this they would become a serious threat to Chiang. Chiang decided, therefore, that the game had been played long enough. The Reds must be bogged down in Kansu and spend themselves fighting Moslems, with the ultimate result, he hoped, that both Reds and Moslems would so weaken themselves that he need no longer worry about either of them.

Three Red army commanders had combined their forces for the Long March: Sui Hsiang-chang, Ho Lung, and Peng Teh-hwai. The political councils were headed by Mao Tze-tung and Chu Teh. Sui Hsiang-chang had just succeeded in crossing the skin-raft bridge with 35,000 of his men when there appeared overhead a squadron of Chiang Kai-shek's warplanes which destroyed the bridge completely. Cut off from the others, Sui Hsiang-chang offered to hold Kansu while the rest of the Reds proceeded westward to Shensin and Inner Mongolia.

Meanwhile, Ma Pu-fan marshaled his troops to engage Sui Hsiang-chang's 35,000. Intensively employing his "scorched earth" policy, he so maddened the Reds that they walked into trap after trap he laid for them until, having nearly spent their stores and ammunition and with all help from without cut off, they fell easy prey to the stab-and-run Moslem attacks. The last major battle was fought in Kanchow, Kansu, on March 16, 1937, only a few weeks before my coming. The Reds were decisively defeated here, and hordes of prisoners were marched to Ma's capital where they were paraded victoriously and then machine-gunned. Sui Hsiang-chang himself escaped with his

personal guard of about four hundred and took refuge in the swamps of Tsaidam in northern Tibet.

It was a terrible fate for the hundreds of bobbed-haired Amazon political and propaganda workers who had accompanied the Reds. When taken prisoner along with their defeated comrades, few of these accepted the degrading opportunity to be spared as slaves or wives in the harems of the Moslem troopers. In the main these martyr-spirited women were shot along with their soldier fellows. Some must have been spared, however, for I heard that only the week before several score of them had been sent down to Nanking “for regeneration.”

One old Moslem told me a story that seemed to sum up the whole existing political mess, highlighting particularly the Moslem hatred and contempt for all Chinese, whatever their ism.

During December, 1936, when Chiang Kai-shek had been held prisoner in Sian by ex-bandit Yang Hu-chen and ex-warlord of Manchuria, Chang Hsueh-liang, the Reds had taken advantage of the opportunity and came down to Sian offering a truce with Chiang Kai-shek while a possible basis for peace between them was worked out. The Moslems, however, refused to recognize this truce and continued to harry Sui’s 35,000 Reds until their complete extinction in March, 1937. A captured Red commander brought before the white-bearded old Moslem patriarch had brazenly demanded that Nanking be notified of his capture, and that his captor then “act upon their instructions.” White Beard spat at the Red, called him a dog of an unbeliever, whipped out his pistol and shot him dead.

The Communists’ political leaders, Chu Teh and Mao Tze-tung, and the Red armies of Ho Lung and Peng Teh-hwai, were now in Shensi, north of the provincial capital. They were news. And I wondered whether I might be able to get into their bailiwick.

Booking passage on a Eurasia airliner in Lanchow, I flew down to Sian. Over the miles upon miles of desolate mountains,

skimming the top of Liu Pan Shan by an uncomfortably narrow margin, we dropped into the fertile plain which forms so magnificent a setting for the walled city of Sian.

A little flurry of excitement seemed stirred up as I emerged from the plane. Whereas a few years ago, even the year before, a foreigner required little more than his calling card for identification to travel about in the interior, by 1937 Chiang had made his authority so widespread that foreigners were required to carry their passports with them, and at every turn these were scrutinized by local police authorities. Furthermore, passports required visas issued by Nanking specifically stating that the foreigner could visit this or that place, and definitely excepting other regions deemed "temporarily unsafe for travel."

Shensi Province was one of the places "deemed unsafe for travel." Chiang Kai-shek simply wanted no foreigners to go snooping around up in the Communists' area during this period of truce, until he had made up his mind about the proposition submitted some months previously.

In Lanchow I had heard of a Texas Oil Company official having flown up from Shanghai for an ordinary routine one-day checkup of his agency in Sian. Police met him at the airport, inspected his passport; observing no visa therein, they ordered him to return immediately to Shanghai—even though he was well known not only to the police but to most of Sian's responsible businessmen.

I expected to get the same bum's rush there, for my passport bore no visa for Sian. But I had nothing to lose and counted heavily on my luck. And luck was with me. Apparently, the police were watching only the planes from the east, from down-country. Foreigners coming from upcountry would no doubt already be in possession of the necessary visas. Else how would they have been able to get upcountry in the first place?

No police met me at the airport. But foreigners and their movements are always spotlighted in the interior. And I knew it might be only a matter of hours before the police would be

coming around. Accordingly, I had to work fast. Through some friends, I learned that the Reds had established an outpost at San Yuan, about thirty miles north of Sian. Bribing a Sian taxi driver I piled my movie camera and films into his jalopy and held my breath as we passed the hesitating sentries at the city's North Gate.

We traveled along a new, but as yet unsurfaced, roadway that was paralleled by a narrow-gauge railroad. And every now and then I noted a small flat car loaded with grain and supplies being pushed along by a gang of coolies. It was apparent that Chiang's garrison were on quite friendly terms with the Reds, for undoubtedly these supplies for their recent deadly enemies were obtained in Sian with the full knowledge of Chiang's commanders.

On a plateau twenty miles out I observed a profusion of large pyramids. These were the tombs of the Tang, Han and Chow emperors dating back to the ancient days when Sian was the imperial capital of China. They appeared much like the Egyptian pyramids in size and shape, but differed in that these were built of friable earth instead of long-lasting stone. They were in a remarkable state of preservation despite the centuries of their standing.

Crossing the muddy floodwaters of the Wei River on an ancient ferryboat with upturned prows like some craft out of Biblical Egypt, we carried on to San Yuan. The 30-mile trip had taken a day and a half. I could have made it in less time by horse or mule-cart.

I dismissed my taxi and hired a mule-cart. I was passing through what I had reason to believe was something of a no-man's-land. And yet farmers were busily at work in the fields and merchants and townfolk in the little villages appeared oblivious of the fact that close to them were the dreaded Reds. But a truce existed, the first in ten years of bitter conflict between Chiang and these Reds, during which time many tens of

thousands of innocent noncombatants must have suffered untold miseries.

Then at last came the big thrill: the moment I had so anxiously looked forward to, yet anticipated with some misgivings. As I approached the gateway to what I thought to be just another little walled village I suddenly noticed the cap of the single sentry at the entrance. His faded-blue cotton uniform was identical in every respect to that of millions of other coolie soldiers in China except for one most important detail. Instead of the familiar little enamel button on his cap, the white star on a blue field, which is the official insignia of the soldiers of the Republic of China, I saw the bold red-cloth star of the much-publicized but little-known Chinese Red Army. That star quickened my breath, for it was a notification that I had come to the threshold of a new and unknown adventure. How would they receive me? Was I walking into trouble? They might . . .

To be sure, I wasn't the first foreigner to penetrate this area. Edgar Snow and Agnes Smedley had been with the Reds the year before when they were still proclaiming "Down With Chiang Kai-shek." Smedley was still with them, I'd been told. Victor Keen of the *Herald Tribune* had come up only a few weeks before. And Chiang and his Nanking officials had been extremely annoyed when they learned that Vic Keen, or any foreigner for that matter, had been able to pass the visa taboo. Perhaps now that the Reds were working hand in hand with Chiang they might with good reason confiscate my cameras, arrest me and ship me downcountry in irons, all as a gesture of good intentions to Chiang!

“TEN YEARS OF COMMUNISTS
AND NO COMMUNISM!”

FOR A MOMENT I WAS PUZZLED AT NOT BEING CHALLENGED BY THE Red sentry. He merely looked at me with a mild squinting interest as I approached, as if the coming of foreigners was a daily event. Of course, I thought, they knew of my coming; surely I must give these wily Reds that much credit for intelligence. But it was a bit disconcerting that no one came to meet and greet me. And there flashed into my mind for an amusing second a picture of my head in a lion's mouth.

The characters on a stone plaque above the gate gave the name of this place as Yun Yang. Within the walls the picture was a depressing one, indeed. At one time or other, judging from the size of the walls, this must have been a prosperous trade center. Today, owing no doubt to the decimating toll of famine and recurrent warfare, barely a third of the mud-brick buildings remained standing, most of them in various stages of decrepitude.

Over in a vacant area a group of soldiers were playing basketball. A little beyond, another group played volleyball. On the left were a series of tennis courts. The troopers were all intent on their games, whooping and howling and generally seeming to enjoy themselves immensely. And I suddenly remembered, what I had so often regarded as exaggeration; reports of the Reds in their pre-“reformed” days: they had always stipulated athletic equipment as part of any ransom they demanded for the release of some hapless foreigner they'd captured.

I paused to watch one of the games. But as soon as my presence was observed the game stopped and the players crowded about me firing questions from every side. Before I could answer

in Chinese, I heard one of them say in perfect English, "Are you from Shanghai?"

I turned to him instantly. "You speak English. That's fine. That'll make things much easier all round."

"I was born there," he offered. "And I was a shroff for an English importing house for many years before I came up here."

His name was Wong, he said. He took me by the arm and led the way to their community recreation center, where he ordered tea and a bowl of warm water to refresh myself from the dust of the road. Over our cakes and tea I told Wong simply that I had come there to visit them and to meet their leaders. Beyond that I had no definite plans for the present.

This, of course, would be communicated to the Powers-That-Be, who would no doubt chart my course to their own purpose and liking. There was nothing for me to do then but relax and let them take the lead.

Assuming the role of temporary host, Wong talked at length on various and sundry things. Polite, gossipy subjects in the main. I gathered he was not only trying to be considerate and entertaining, but also making full use of this opportunity to practice his English.

Others soon drifted in. And presently quite a group was gathered about the lacquer-top table. They were an unusual lot. Keen, earnest, intelligent faces; comparatively young, too, most of them, though with exceedingly broad mental horizons. Each one had spent considerable time outside the country: this fellow, a graduate of the Sorbonne; that one, of Heidelberg; a third had studied in Moscow. And so on. Each in turn tried me in the European language with which he was familiar, which sounded queer indeed away up there in the heart of China. And how tickled they were when they found that in varying degrees I could understand them out of my rusty knowledge of college French, German and Spanish.

From then on we got along swell. Enthusiastically Wong turned from platitudes to the subject so intensely close to all of

them—the Red Movement. I listened attentively, for I was fascinated with the seriousness with which they took their political principles. Later I was to become conscious that these political ideals were deeply instilled in every one of these Communists, and influenced the motivation of virtually all their thoughts and actions.

In addition to an intense program of military training, the study of political science and propagandizing of their Soviet ideals formed an important part of the daily program. Shelves in what they called their library contained dog-eared magazines, pamphlets, and periodicals from all over the world, and a profusion of books by Marx, Lenin, and their own revolutionary leaders.

They made no bones about admitting that their ideals could never be put to practical application without at least passive co-operation from the masses. Of course, it was necessary to be ruthless, even bloody, in their dealings with the moneyed classes, whom they considered contemptuously as cankerous growths requiring unfeeling surgery. The masses, however, were treated with a measure of consideration and respect, at least more than they had become accustomed to at the hands of the successive warlord rulers. And, as a matter of fact, to the common farmer the Communists' political ideals meant little, regardless of how much propaganda he was fed and how sugary it might taste. The peasant Chinese is a simple, passive individual. Just so he is left enough to feed himself and his family from his heavily taxed fields—a situation that he long ago accepted as a part of his fate—he is content. Though, when he is finally stirred up, he is as ruthless as a child in anger.

I observed an extraordinary number of youngsters in uniform and asked Wong about this. Yes, they were soldiers. “And,” he added with a smile, “our most ardent propagandists. Don't be surprised if some of them corner you one of these fine days and start in on you. It will be a miracle if they don't convert you to militant communism in no time at all!”

“But they’re only kids,” I said. “Where did they come from? Are they orphans?”

“They’ve attached themselves to our army as we passed through their home districts on the Long March from Kiangsi to Shensi. As a matter of fact, though we lost a lot of men on this 8,000-mile trek, we arrived here with more than we started with. In addition to both northern and southern Chinese, you will find a profusion of ethnologically non-Chinese—aborigines of western and southern China, such as the Lolos and Miaos. Also Moslems from the northwest, and even a few Tibetans.”

They treated me very well, except that they gave me little privacy. Whether it was because of their communistic no-class-distinction principles or because of their natural curiosity, soldiers constantly hung about my quarters asking innumerable questions about this or that detail of my equipment or personal effects. But much as they tried my patience, I was careful at all times to be considerate in my relations with them. I was there to observe and learn something about these Reds and I must gain and retain their confidence and friendly co-operation.

At length Peng Teh-hwai, who I had been told was away for a few days, returned and dropped in at my quarters in the most casual manner. I liked him instantly for that gesture. A man as politically important as he might easily have put on the big-shot act of summoning me to his august presence for an audience.

He came in with three or four of his lieutenants, and if it hadn’t been for the introductions I never would have been able to pick him from the others. He wore the same faded-blue unadorned cotton uniform, differing not in the slightest from the uniform of the least trooper in the crowd clustered about the table. Obviously, they believed in practicing what they preached.

The general didn’t say much to begin with, beyond observing the usual opening amenities. His attitude was not hostile; he was merely passive, a passivity that suggested we ought to



"But they're only kids," I said. Boy and girl members of the Chinese Red Army.

總理遺像



JOSEPH STALIN



V. LENIN
1870.4.22 - 1924.1.21

總理遺像
余致力國民革命
在求中國出自由
脫，深知欲達到
此，及聯合世界
，共同奮鬥。
現在革命尚未成
，依照余所建國
主義，及第一
，繼續努力，
國民會議及廢
最近時間，促



Upper—"The portraits of Lenin and Stalin (flanking Sun Yat-sen) did not mean that Soviet Russia was actively associated with the Chinese Reds."

Lower—"Whole companies of these Reds were equipped with a Tommy gun, one to each and every man in the line."

get down to business as soon as possible. So I began boldly to ask questions, to interview him. Was it true that the Reds and Chiang were negotiating a peaceful settlement of their ten-year warfare? Would this mean the dissolution of the Chinese Communist Movement? Or would some compromise be effected whereby the Reds would continue a separate and distinct entity? If so, what about their communistic principles?

General Peng was unhesitant in his replies. He began by telling me that, though actual hostilities had ceased only since their truce following Chiang's capture and release from Sian some months before, the Reds had been suing for peace with him since 1931. When the Japanese had started their excursions in Manchuria in September of that year, the Reds had immediately approached Chiang with an offer to bury the hatchet and resist the common enemy together.

Chiang had refused to believe the Reds at the time and subsequently had continued his relentless efforts to annihilate them. And when Chang Hsueh-liang, the Young Marshal, had been driven out of Manchuria by the Japanese, Chiang decided to kill two birds with one stone. He ordered the Young Marshal to lead his *tung-pei*, ex-Manchurian troops, against the Reds in Shensi. The Young Marshal obeyed, but after suffering several serious defeats he had to face an even more deadly foe: the propagandizing of the Reds' commissars.

The word was passed along in the ranks of the ex-Manchurian troops that their opponents, the Reds, were not their enemies, but their best friends—allies, in fact.

“Basically we are nationalistic Chinese, like yourselves,” the *tung-pei* were told. “We don't want to fight you, or Chiang Kai-shek, or any Chinese. Why should Chinese fight Chinese when we have a common enemy to fight—the Japanese? As a matter of fact, we've come a long way from Central China merely to be in the front line of an inevitable war with our true enemies. We have come here to fight the Japanese and recover

Manchuria for China. And you, instead of fighting us, should join us, for we are fighting for your very homes!"

This sounded logical to these Manchurian exiles, so they leaned on their rifles and refused to fight. Two divisions actually deserted and went over to the Reds.

At Nanking Chiang fumed and fretted. Order after order was sent up to the Young Marshal. Desperately, Chang Hsueh-liang tried to explain the situation to his Nanking superior. At length, Chiang Kai-shek lost his temper and flew up to Sian to "find out what all the foolishness was about."

He found no foolishness, but a situation of deadly seriousness. He was promptly and unceremoniously taken prisoner. In fairness to the Young Marshal, it must be said that the ex-bandit warlord Yang Hu-chen was responsible for the ruthlessness of the capture and detention of Chiang—General Chiang admitted this later in his published diary. The Young Marshal merely had wanted to detain Chiang for a day or two to explain his failure to make his tung-pei fight the Reds. Ex-bandit Yang, however, took advantage of the situation and decided to hold Chiang for ransom or perhaps as a hostage for his own grandiose ambitions.

It was the Reds, Chiang's enemies, who actually came to his rescue in Sian. They sent word down to Yang to lay off or he'd have to deal with their anger. Then they sent a delegation to Chiang for a walla-walla.

"For ten years you've hammered and hounded us," they began, "giving us no quarter in your avowed ambition to exterminate us. And now we should be the first here to want your blood. But in this ten-year period we've come to respect you, Chiang, for your earnestness and sincerity, and most importantly for your military ability. In short, we recognize in you the one and only man in all China capable of leading a united people against our common enemy, the Japanese. In 1931 we offered to forget our differences and help you resist the Nipponese, but you wouldn't believe in us.

“Tell you what, we’ll make a deal with you—to convince you that we mean business. If you lead us, and all factions in China, in a united front against the Japanese, we will not only take orders from you, but we will sacrifice the most precious of our possessions—our communistic principles, for which we have fought so desperately these past ten years!”

Chiang was then released to consider this extraordinary patriotic gesture of the Reds. He had not yet arrived at any definite conclusion up to the time of my visit in the summer of 1937, though there was considerable indication of the trend of his thoughts during the months preceding in his increasingly firmer stand against Japanese incursive demands. It was as if he felt stronger to stand up to the Japanese now that the Reds were on his side instead of hovering treacherously in his rear, ready to pounce upon him the moment he allowed himself to become militarily involved with the Japanese.

“And is it true, then,” I asked, “that you are actually prepared to give up your communistic principles if Chiang accepts your terms?”

General Peng hesitated a moment, and then answered as if making a confession. “We have had ten years of Communists, but without communism. Communism is based essentially upon the principle that everything belongs to the community—to the state. This is contrary to the basic nature of our people. No matter how humble, no matter how shamefully oppressed our peasant may be, he will still prefer a single patch of land that he can call his own to the prospects of glorious plenitude from community-owned and -worked fields. We have, therefore, decided to deflect and concentrate our efforts in this direction: to work for a better and more honest treatment of and relations between our workers and peasants and whatever government shall eventually be found adaptable to our way of life.”

It was a long speech for him, Wong told me later, but he must have wanted to get something off his chest.

At length I decided to bring the talk around to the question

uppermost in my thoughts and desires. I wanted to take motion pictures of the Chinese Red military machine. For a decade we have had only the most meager reports of their military organization and equipment. Nanking-inspired information gave the world a picture of these Communists as a ragged, untrained and unprincipled band of outlaws, armed only with ancient pikes and matchlocks. That these contemptuous bandit Reds were able to withstand ten years of organized campaigning against them by Chiang with all his modern troops and equipment definitely belied the Nanking picture.

A marvelous opportunity was within my reach. From what Wong and others had told me, I was the first foreigner ever to visit their actual military headquarters; the others had all spent their time principally in Yen-an to the north, the political headquarters of the Reds. What was more important, so far as I could learn no one had ever been allowed to photograph the integral divisions in the main body of the secret military machine of these redoubtable Reds.

Not wishing to chance an irrevocable "no" to a blunt request for motion pictures of their fighting machine, I decided to approach the point by some roundabout way. I began by asking a few questions about the famed Long March to stimulate reminiscences. Peng preferred to let the others about him do most of the talking. They spoke with considerable feeling of the terrible hardships and dangers of that long trek: the almost daily battles with either Chiang's men or the various warlords' armies encountered along the way; the many who dropped by the wayside from sheer exhaustion along the Tibetan border which they skirted in their northward route from Szechwan to Kansu; the many more who succumbed in famine-afflicted Kansu and Shensi ere they finally pitched permanent camp here.

I didn't need to feign interest in their stories; they truly fascinated me. This trek, of which the world heard almost nothing, must certainly be recorded as one of the most amazing

achievements in all history. A march that dwarfed even Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

And when the enthusiasm had waxed highest I leaned back and reflected:

“What a pity you had no professional photographer with you to record this event for posterity. For, as you Chinese say in one of your proverbs, ‘One picture is worth ten thousand words.’ The world, then, would truly believe and appreciate what you have done, and what your ideals have been. It mattered not whether Americans or Europeans subscribe to your ideals and principles, no more than Americans care for Russia's communism. Still, an achievement such as yours, regardless of the aims and ideals which motivated it, deserved a proper recognition in history.

“And now,” I continued, as I shook my head with a sigh, “it looks as if the last vestiges of your Movement are about to be obliterated forever from the evaluating eyes of posterity.”

“Just what do you mean by that?” came the question I expected.

“Well, I'm told that when differences between you Reds and Chiang are finally ironed out, you will be incorporated into the Central Government's regular army. You will be issued new uniforms for your troops. Your sickle-and-hammer flag will be laid aside for the Kuomintang's white-star-on-a-blue-field. In short, outwardly at least, the Red Army will have ceased to exist.”

Bold talk, but I felt sure that bold tactics would be the only kind these Reds would listen to.

“SAVE CHINA!”

I WAS RIGHT. I HAD TOLD THEM WHAT I WANTED, YET HAD MADE no specific request in terms which might demand a definite yes or no answer. I had left the matter entirely up to them as to how much or how little, if anything, they would let me photograph. Dependent, of course, upon how much my “posterity” sales talk impressed them.

One morning as Wong and I were preparing to go out for a stroll he suggested that I take my movie camera along. For a moment I wanted to ask why. Had the commander said it was all right? What would I be permitted to shoot? Something within me advised silence. If Wong suggested taking my camera along, there must be a good reason for that.

Wong swung a haversack of film cans over his shoulder and motioned to a couple of troopers to pick up my tripod and other camera gear. Down the dusty street we strode while Wong talked about ordinary things, asking me nothing of what I might like to photograph to begin with, nor offering any hint of possible prearranged plans for this mystifying photographic junket.

Soon we came to a parade ground. In one corner an unusual number of activities appeared in progress. Some troopers were playing volley ball and some basketball; some were exercising in an outdoor gymnasium of horizontal bars, high jumps, etc.

We stood and watched them for a while.

“You do believe in physical development, don’t you?” I volunteered.

“Yes,” said Wong. “For centuries we have neglected physical education. But you Westerners have taught us the value of

sound and healthy bodies. Strong bodies contribute greatly to strong thinking. And we *hung-ren* pride ourselves on being not merely soldiers but men with minds to think. So, then, physical and mental education play as important a part in our general program as military training.”

I noted that Mauser pistols swung from the belts of some of the volleyball players. I called Wong's attention to this. Did they play volleyball as we used to play draw poker in our early wild West? Wong got the point all right. He laughed.

“For ten years we have been prepared day and night for instant attack,” he said. “And though this be a time of assured peace, some of the boys just can't get out of an old habit.”

From down the street came a clatter of horses, a lot of horses. As we turned to look, there wheeled onto the field a company of cavalry. Officers barked orders while they proceeded to maneuver in formations. We watched them in silence for a few minutes while I noted with appreciation their excellent horsemanship, despite the rough appearance of their shaggy, stunted Mongol ponies.

Presently Wong turned to me and suggested casually: “Would you like to take pictures of them?”

Would I?

I set up my camera while Wong spoke to the commanding officer. First I asked for a few of their drills: wheels and turns in formation, and such. I was rather timid at first, for I didn't quite get the idea of what it was all about. Soon I grew bolder and asked for this and asked for that. Gallops and rifle firing from the saddle. Even a saber charge at the camera, while I trustingly required them to wheel their mounts away from me at the very last moment before reaching the camera lens. They even thought up some of their own pictures, as, for example, the officer who charged at full gallop for my camera, threw his horse to the ground a dozen yards away, whipping his pistol from his holster as he dropped beside the head of his trained horse to blaze away at an imaginary enemy.

While filming the cavalry, I observed another company of soldiers coming up mounted—of all things—on bicycles! The bikes were all brand new, and of British manufacture. Would I like to photograph them? asked Wong when I had finished with the cavalry. Why, yes, of course.

So, for another hour I worked with the bike riders. There were no trick riders among them, but they all seemed to possess an excellent sense of balance as they maneuvered in formations with full war kit and rifle on their backs.

We knocked off for lunch at noon. The whys and wherefores that had bothered me all morning had by this time ceased to worry me. I was jubilant. All I knew was that I was getting pictures—invaluable pictures. Undoubtedly, Wong was not taking full responsibility for all this; he must have orders from his superiors anent my photography. Else why the instant cooperation received from the company commanders?

Nothing was said about what they expected of me in return for these rare pictures. I decided not to ask. Perhaps they concluded they could have confidence in me to give the pictures fair and just treatment when I brought them out to the Western world. Perhaps—and for a fleeting moment I became worried—they were merely allowing me to take these pictures and would then confiscate them for their own use, with a smiling thank you as they kicked me out! From their reputation of the past decade I couldn't very well put that past them.

At any rate, there was nothing I could do but take as many pictures as they'd allow and trust to luck and my wits for any future problems that might arise.

After lunch, still keeping me in the dark about the whole matter, Wong led the way to another parade field. There a heavy machine gun company was gathered. They, too, performed obediently for my camera, while the hot sun wetted their uniforms with perspiration.

This continued for several days. I was neither asked nor told what the photographic subject for the day was to be. We seemed

to be playing some sort of face-game. For some reason or other they chose not to discuss the matter. And since I was getting swell pictures I played the game as they wished it played. And so I never knew what or even when the next subject would be presented before me. Wong would suggest a stroll and we'd seem to come upon a subject by chance. We'd watch it for a few moments, and then: Would I like to photograph it? Sure, I would.

The troopers were not always pleasant about the matter. Many of them plainly showed their hostility and resentment, and their antiforeignism was restrained only by strict orders from their superior officers. A photograph Wong took of me with a group of them clearly showed this hatred of the “foreign devil.” During a rest period I sat down in the midst of a group of soldiers, each of whom was armed with an American Thompson submachine gun. Photographically-minded Wong took a Tommy gun from one of the others and tossed it to me, instructing the troopers to smile in a pose with me in their midst. But bare-faced malignity was expressed on the countenance of at least one of them. He didn't like foreigners, and he didn't care who knew it.

Those guns, by the way, were not China-made copies, but genuine Thompsons. How they got them I couldn't say. But the significant thing was that whole companies were equipped with them, with a Tommy gun to each and every man in the line. In our own army corps our men are equipped with only one gun to every fifteen men in the line.

A most deadly weapon indeed is this Tommy gun. It weighs about as much as a rifle and can be fired with one hand, if necessary, at the rate of up to six hundred shots per minute, or about ten shots per second. Is it any wonder, then, that these Reds, so plentifully equipped with these handy submachine guns, have been so successful in their fighting against Chiang Kai-shek, and subsequently against the Japanese in North China? For these Tommy guns are made to order for guerrilla warfare,

in which the Reds are past masters. A single man armed with one of them, to spray hot lead at the rate of ten shots per second, can easily sneak up on some enemy sentry post and wipe out the whole guard before his presence is even suspected.

One morning Wong led the way to a thick clump of woods a few miles from the city walls. Not until we actually entered the woods did I become aware that the place was alive with men. Men, and more—artillery. No attention seemed paid to us while guns were dismantled with amazing rapidity and the parts loaded onto waiting mules—six mules to one gun.

My mouth began to water. Were they going to let me photograph these? Artillery! And brand-new equipment, every bit of it! I'll bet even Chiang Kai-shek knew nothing of these!

I tried hard to keep nonchalant as Wong and I played the game. And it seemed like years before he finally turned to me with that casual air as he asked the, by this time so familiar, question: Would I like to photograph these?

I worked two full days with this company of artillery—drills, formations, exhibitions. I made them whip the mules to a dead run, the heavy pieces on their backs bouncing up and down, as the company dashed in and out among the trees in simulated advance or retreat. Then I'd have them rush up to the camera, halt the mules and unload and set up a line of artillery batteries as fast as they could.

I worked the tar out of them, sweating as profusely as any, as I rushed about lugging my heavy equipment here, there, for close-ups, medium shots, long shots.

Once my enthusiasm nearly proved disastrous. In ordinary training maneuvers no shells are fired. The men merely go through the motions of placing a shell in the breech and then firing an empty cannon. I thought a nice realistic shot in a close-up could be obtained by setting my camera right in front of the muzzle of one of the guns with the lens pointed down the barrel. I then ordered a shell to be placed in the breech which I could clearly observe through the camera's view finder,

looking down the barrel, recording this on my film. Of course, I didn't think it necessary to warn the man on the firing mechanism to stand clear. He by force of habit reached for the firing cord and was about to pull it when suddenly everyone in view let out a simultaneous yell that stopped him just in time. I looked up from my camera to see what all the shouting was about, and a cold chill ran down my spine when they told me how narrowly I escaped having my head blown off!

These guns, incidentally, were of American manufacture. They were new and of a type similar to the French 75 mm. Recently, a United States Marine Corps colonel, seeing these motion pictures at one of my lectures, expressed his amazement, remarking that these guns were the latest type of field gun developed anywhere in the world. In the whole of American military service we had but a dozen or so. The Reds had a dozen dozen of them!

A few companies of infantry had turned out too. I made them put on a sham battle for me. They rushed forward across an open space in a long extended line, and then dropped behind a low hedge blazing away at an imaginary enemy. I came in for close-ups of them singly or by twos and threes to picture them as they dropped before my lens working their bolts in rapid-fire.

I was particularly interested in their light machine-gun equipment. No American Tommy guns here. These were reserved for the crack companies I'd already photographed. These men were equipped about one-third with ordinary German Mauser rifles, one-third with Bergmann submachine guns, and the rest with Brenn automatic rifles. These last were made by the Skoda Works in ex-Czechoslovakia, and are acknowledged the latest and most modern infantry weapons in the world. The British Government has only recently adopted them as standard equipment for its services. Somewhat heavier than a rifle, this air-cooled gun fires rifle bullets like a machine gun.

I was shown also their medical service. And a few soldiers

obligingly submitted to typhoid inoculations, to be duly recorded by my camera. They even put on a play for me in their outdoor theater. The actors were all soldiers. And the plays dealt mostly with some communistic theme, and satirized their enemies.

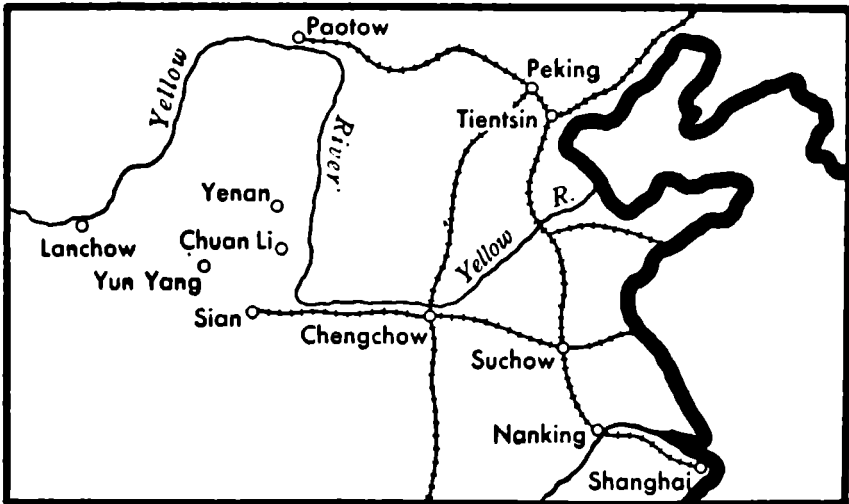
The town was literally plastered with propaganda posters: paper and cloth banners; wall paintings; whitewash lettering on fences, pillars, sides of buildings. Almost without exception they were based upon an anti-Japanese theme: "Down with Japan!" "Save China!" "Arise, and in a united front drive out the invading dwarfs!" "Welcome Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang!"

This last was most significant. For ten years the Red propaganda had been directed against Chiang. It was "Down with the Kuomintang!" "Down with Chiang Kai-shek!" Only a few months before my coming had they changed this. It was now "Down with Japan!" and "Welcome Chiang!" Even his portrait—one taken long ago, perhaps in 1925 when he was a leader in the original Communist Revolution which started in that year—was hung conspicuously in some of the classrooms, libraries, and hospital wards. And it was given equal rank with portraits of Lenin, Stalin, and Sun Yat-sen—Red heroes of the revolution. One portrait alone held a preferred position. It was of Mao Tze-tung, beloved political leader of the Chinese Communists today.

The portraits of Lenin and Stalin, however, did not mean that Soviet Russia was actively associated with the Chinese Reds. On the contrary, the Chinese insisted that they had no direct connection with Soviet Russia, aside from modeling their own aspirations on the Russian pattern. In all the time I spent with them I neither saw nor heard of any Russians in their midst. And I was inclined to believe them when they further insisted that they received no financial help from the Soviet. Instead, I found that, while the United States, England, France, Ger-

many, and others were well represented in arms and equipment, Russia was conspicuous by her absence.

Cartoons were a favorite medium for propagandizing. One cartoon, for example, showed a large map of China with a figure representing Japan in the Manchurian provinces stooping over and planting little Rising Sun flags. From Central China might loom a stern-faced Chinese with a red star on his cap charging the Japanese invader with his bayoneted rifle.



In another cartoon a battle line of trenches was shown with Chinese facing the Japanese. In the Chinese line were to be noted a succession of the Red Army and Kuomintang flags alternating one for every so many men in the line—the United Front opposing Japan. And, mind you, this was in the summer of 1937—just *before* the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War.

The whitewash lettering truly amazed me when I saw it first. The letters were in Latin script—a, b, c, etc. Alphabet letters instead of the familiar Chinese ideograph characters. Wong explained that, since the learning of reading and writing in China was based principally upon the memorizing of thousands of intricate characters, this new method of education had

been devised to simplify the language so that even the most illiterate trooper could in an incredibly short time learn how to read and write. The system was based upon Western languages: the alphabet they adopted denoted all the sounds encountered in the Chinese language. When this comparatively simple alphabet was once learned it was an easy matter to read and write Chinese. In a very few moments I could easily read the whitewash propaganda writings that sprawled boldly across whole walls and block-long fences.

Simple as this system of Latinization makes the learning of the language, its principal and most serious handicap is the lack of books and writings available in this Latinized script for a wider study beyond the mere learning to read and write. For some reason, Chiang had decreed thumbs down on this system; and it has been made a penal offense for anyone outside the Red-controlled areas to have anything to do with this system of education.

Of course, I found these propaganda posters well worth photographing. But one day I was shocked to find flung across the entrance to an old temple, which had been converted into a library, a huge banner proclaiming "Down with Japanese Imperialism"—in *English!* I turned quickly to Wong for an explanation, but he only smiled like a pleased pup. Though he never would admit it to me, I was sure it was his idea, that he must have personally supervised the making of that sign the night before.

And since I had photographed the sign so enthusiastically, including the group of boy-soldiers around a ping-pong table below the banner who seemed there only by "coincidence," more English signs appeared later. One announced, for what reason I couldn't fathom, "For Collective Security of Pacific." While the prize was a huge banner flung across one of the city wall entrances thundering "Welcome Our American Friends!" Though Wong bawled the hell out of a number of soldiers standing

nonchalantly by for having put up the banner with the letters upside down!

They seemed forever in good spirits, if their penchant for spontaneous singing may be taken as a criterion. They sang while on the march or in their drills. They hummed to themselves or in unison with their companions as they strolled along the streets. They even sang at their play. Strangely enough, they didn't sing in the typical and traditional Chinese falsetto. Many of their songs had the sound of familiar melodies—as if they had adopted Western tunes for their own use.

And instead of putting words to their songs they used the notes of the English scale—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do. For greater simplification these notes were numbered from one to eight, and then placed above the words of a written song. So that anyone with the least ear for music could instantly read the melody of any song so marked. The War Song of these Reds, both notes and numbers, is as follows:

5 5 10 11 10 9 8 7 6 3
Sol sol mi fa mi re do ti la mi

5 5 12 12 12 12 12 12 13 12 9
Sol sol sol sol sol sol sol sol sol la sol re

9 10 11 12 13 13 12 11 12 10
Re mi fa sol la la sol fa sol mi

8 6 5 12 12 11 10 9 10
Do la sol sol sol fa mi re mi

9 10 11 12 13 13 12 11 12 10
Re mi fa sol la la sol fa sol mi

8 6 5 12 12 11 10 9 8
Do la sol sol sol fa mi re do.

Two octaves are indicated by numbers ranging from one to sixteen. Length of time to hold each note is indicated by number of lines underscoring—one line means a short note, two lines means a medium note, and three lines a long note.

ALMOST A COMMISSAR

A SPELL OF PERSISTENT RAINS NOT ONLY PUT A STOP TO MY picture-taking, but threatened to block roads in all directions. We were in the very heart of the loess belt, and I had had enough experience with travel over loess roads to know that a few successive days of heavy rains would render even the best of them impassable from clinging mud and crossroad washouts.

The other half of the Red Army, commanded by General Ho Lung, was bivouacked some days' travel to the north. I was anxious to get something of his unit for my cameras. So, in case the rains should keep up, I decided to try to get through at once.

Taking my leave of General Peng and his aides I was driven to San Yuan in the general's own V-8 Ford. The ride gave me a good indication of what the condition of the roads to the north might be as we bumped and sloshed along the deeply rutted tracks, once nearly slithering off into a ten-foot ditch as we tried to avoid a particularly bad stretch.

While arranging for a cart and mule to take me north, a wheezing rattletrap Chevrolet came limping down the muddy main street. In it were five very wet and bedraggled foreigners. One of them was none other than Owen Lattimore with whom I had talked in Peking only a few months earlier. The others were Philip M. Jaffe, editor of *Amerasia Magazine* of New York, his wife, Carl T. Bisson, author of books on the Far East, and Effie Hill, their chauffeur, a China-born Swede formerly with one of Sven Hedin's expeditions.

They had just come down from Yen-an, where they had spent a few days making a survey of the Reds' political headquarters.



"So I gave a pep talk to those many thousands of former cutthroat Reds, the very mention of whom not so many months ago had struck terror into the hearts of foreign tradesmen and missionaries in the path of their advance."



The author with Gen. Ho Lung, the "Pershing" of the Chinese Red Army.

And what a tale they had to tell about the condition of the road! It had taken them less than two days to travel up to Yen-an in their car, but more than six days returning. Torrential cloudbursts had torn out most of the bridges, while chasm-like washouts gashed the road, requiring treacherous detouring with coolies hired to almost carry the car over some of the places.

Their spirits, however, were not dampened in the least, for they had been well received in Yen-an and were much impressed by what they had seen there. A short stop for refreshments, and they were off again for Sian.

Shensi north of San Yuan is today one of the most desolate and depressing places in all China. In ancient times Shensi had cradled the Chins, venerated ancestors of the present-day Chinese. Then the brilliant center of a glorious civilization, the land was now a picture of decay and ruin. It has been plagued by great earthquakes, famine and pestilence, warring armies, and rebel Moslem hordes who have periodically swept over the countryside and left it almost depopulated. Even the elements seemed to have turned their backs in disgust. For a change of climate had come about through the centuries, so that now the land was visited by prolonged spells of scorching heat in the summer and bitter cold in the winter. And sometimes there might be no rain for years on end, so that the parched and dried soil pulverized and was easily whipped into blinding dust storms by the merest breeze.

When the rains did come, they came in devastating torrents. And since the powdery loess would not absorb the waters quickly enough, for lack of restraining vegetation, tiny rivulets became roaring streams that ruthlessly rushed down gullies and valleys, gleefully chopping and shredding roads wherever encountered.

Not only was the surface of the land so horribly lacerated but swirling exploring currents swept underground to carve out subsurface caves which made a monstrous Swiss cheese of the

land all about. Great gaping holes, like meteor craters, which I saw along the way were caused by the collapse of the roofs of such caves, roofs that could not have been distinguished from the rest of the flattened landscape. In the courtyard of the inn in San Yuan where I had hired my cart and mule, there had occurred suddenly one such cave-in, with two carts dropping twenty feet to the bottom of a hole forty feet in diameter.

There was plenty of evidence that a great civilization once flourished here. I passed through a number of ghost cities, with the ruins of massive walls, and the outlines of large estates with spacious courtyards and gardens. Here and there could still be seen a carved pillar or archway, forlorn in the midst of a rubble heap of architectural fragments.

The few people who still haunted these ruins were ratlike in their furtive movements. Their pigtailed and bound feet clearly bespoke their isolation. Thoroughly beaten in spirit, they lacked the heart, or perhaps their starvation-ridden bodies lacked the energy, to resist and fight the elements of nature which weighed so heavily upon them. Faces told of general opium debauchery, which was confirmed by the few miserable patches of tilled soil where the opium plants appeared to receive more attention than the scrubby vegetables.

After days of hellish travel in the rain I came at last to Ho Lung's army encampment at Chuan Li, a little half-deserted town similar to Yun Yang. My reception here was extremely cordial, and I was immediately quartered in a nice room which had formerly been a classroom in the abandoned Middle School which served as General Ho's official headquarters. I assumed that my coming had been anticipated by a message from Peng Teh-hwai over the short-wave radio communication system by which the Reds in their various stations kept in touch with one another.

A young trooper brought me some warm water and soon another came with a tray of steaming-hot food, the main dish

being a heaping plate of Chinese ham with scrambled eggs. They already knew my nationality!

Presently came a member from the Propaganda Bureau, who introduced himself as Mr. Doo. He, too, was an English-speaking ex-Shanghaiander. Doo advised me that General Ho wished to see me as soon as I was ready. Together we went across the courtyard to the general's quarters in a classroom similar to mine.

Ho Lung had earned an even worse reputation than Peng Teh-hwai for cruelty and ruthlessness in the decade prior to this present truce with Chiang. At least a dozen foreigners were said to have been captured by him and held for ransom. And he is supposed to have actually killed some of them when the ransom he demanded was not paid.

I was not a little curious, therefore, to see what this fellow looked like. And I was a little worried, too, I must confess.

While stern-faced Peng Teh-hwai did look somewhat like the type of man who might be guilty of the crimes credited him, Ho Lung appeared quite the antithesis. He was comparatively young, fortyish, of medium height and build, round-faced with a frank and engaging smile. He put on no high-and-mighty airs, seeming rather a bit ill at ease as he greeted me. His quarters were as bare as my own, with but a single luxury—a battered old spring bed with no mattress.

Since I was the first foreigner to come here, he decided to give a feast in my honor that very night. I protested, of course, insisting that I wished no fuss to be made about my coming; but the general was adamant.

The banquet began at about dusk. Three round tables were prepared in one of the assembly rooms. In the Chinese fashion, ten places were set at each table. I gathered that the quiet, reserved men who came in and took their places at the tables after being introduced to me at the door were Ho Lung officers and political commissars.

The dinner began in a decorous atmosphere of hushed voices,

out of respect for the honored guest. Dish after dish was brought in. And it was good food, doubtless from their special stock reserved for such rare occasions. The first thing that impressed them was my knowledge of Chinese and my ability to use chopsticks as proficiently as any of them. That started polite conversation, that became more free and more animated as our tiny cups were filled and emptied with samshui.

The warm wine not only seemed to melt their reserve, but stimulated thoughts of devilry. Observing that I drank right along with the rest of them, somebody decided to start a round of *gam-bay*, with me as the target. Now, *gam-bay* is an insidious Chinese drinking game. A victim at the table is singled out and the person next to him raises a wine-cup saying, "Gam-bay!" This means "Bottoms up!" Then, hardly is your glass refilled when the next fellow raises his cup to you with a "Gam-bay!" So you bottoms up with him too. By the time your glass is refilled, the third fellow stands up and calls "Gam-bay!" to you. So, you are gam-bayed around the table—and you've downed ten drinks in rapid succession.

By this time I was feeling pretty fine and I announced that the next *gam-bay* victim was to be Ho Lung. They all laughed and thought that a swell idea. The general smiled engagingly. But by the time that round of *gam-bays* got to working inside him the smile had turned to a roistering bellow. As loudly as the rest of them, forgetting the polite air of dignity he had put on for my benefit, he pitched right into the party, which got rougher and rougher as it progressed.

Someone struck up the Red War Song, and all joined in shouting wildly at the tops of their voices—mine as noisy as any of them. Then followed some Chinese equivalents of our "Mademoiselle from Armentières." Each man around the table soloed a *risqué* verse, which was punctuated with a wild few moments of "Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!" and a lot of backslapping and rib-poking, as all joined in the chorus.

“And you, Mr. Foo, what about you?” they shouted to me. “If you don’t know this song, then teach us one of yours.”

So I did. As nearly as I can remember, considering my condition at the time, I taught them first the melody of “Made-moiselle.” They picked that up easily enough. But the words stumped them—all but the chorus of “Hinky dinky parlez-vous!” So, I sang a verse in English, which one of the linguistic commissars quickly translated, and the howls and yells that followed would be topped with a chorus of “Hinky dinky parlez-vous!”

There were a few with good ears for music who joined me in the melody after a few verses, singing in a soft undertone:

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 7 1 2
Do do do do do do do do ti do re

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 3
Re re re re re re re do re mi

5 5 5 3 4 4 4
Sol sol sol mi fa fa fa

3 3 3 1 2 2 2
Mi mi mi do re re re

And instead of singing the notes of the one-line chorus—

5 6 5 4 3 2 1
sol la sol fa mi re do

sol la sol fa mi re do—they joined the other with the words—“Hinky dinky parlez-vous!”

The party continued long into the night. The last thing I remember was Ho Lung and myself with an arm about each other’s shoulders reeling about as we yip-yipped and kai-yaied, and yowled blood-curdling Indian war whoops.

I must not have passed out completely, or perhaps I went out for only a short bit, for I have a distinct recollection of the cursing I did in refusing help with the long laces on my high boots, which seemed downright maliciously intent upon tangling and knotting and thereby keeping me from a much-

wanted sleep. A concluding record of this in my diary might be of interest:

“That I eventually did get them off, and did not go to bed with them, testifies to, well, *something*. But why the long apology to myself in my own notebook? I was disgustingly drunk—and I know it!”

I awoke the next morning with a splitting headache and a cotton-mouth. I called for a pail of cold water and doused my head repeatedly, to the great glee of a gallery of soldier spectators who crowded my doorway and windows. I had little appetite for the food on my breakfast tray and this must have caused some alarm, for in a few minutes a doctor came to ask if there was anything he could do for me.

That doctor, incidentally, held a degree from a French medical school. Later he showed me his hospital, which was surprisingly well equipped and, more amazingly, was spotlessly clean. He had a small but well-qualified staff, most of whom had been trained in the foreign missionary hospitals which spot the country.

Ho Lung was as co-operative as Peng Teh-hwai about my picture-recording, though intermittent rains caused many a delay and postponement. I was much impressed by the great number of youngsters in Ho Lung's ranks, even more than I had noted in Yun Yang. From their preponderance, one might estimate the average age of these hard-fighting Reds as possibly no more than seventeen or eighteen—a veritable “Boys' Army”!

Most of these youngsters, I was sure, could not fully appreciate the significance of their Red principles, but were carried along by their enthusiasm and a spirit of adventure. There was, however, deeply instilled in each and every one of them a dog-like loyalty and devotion to the person of Ho Lung. They liked him, and therefore liked what he stood for. It was not a worshiping of some godlike hero, but rather a personal affection for a man who was one of them—who ate, drank and slept

with them, enjoyed with them their pleasures and suffered with them their hardships and dangers.

In a playful mood one day I saw him suddenly grab a husky youngster standing beside him and together they dropped and rolled in a rough-and-tumble wrestling match that lasted many minutes, from which both arose breathless and laughing at their mud-spattered uniforms.

But I could never, somehow, completely erase from my mind the reported tales of his supposed harsh treatment of the foreigners he'd captured before the days of his present "reform." Wherefore, one day when he asked me to join him in a game of tennis, I was not a little disturbed. I didn't want to chance hurting his feelings, so I deliberately missed most of the balls he served me. But Ho Lung was the perfect Chinese gentleman and I was his guest—so he deliberately missed most of the balls I served to him!

One of the most interesting phases of the Red Movement I observed here was the way civilians were recruited, organized and propagandized into the so-called "Peasants' Army." Numerous parades and brightly colored posters proclaimed the policies and aspirations in the Reds' agrarian principles. The masses were exhorted to rise and support the Communists in their struggle for proletarian freedom. Mass meetings were held regularly, at which Red soldiers rubbed shoulders with the peasantry who were crudely armed with ancient blunderbusses, pikes, rakes and whatnot.

One day it was announced that a great outdoor mass meeting would be held the next afternoon, at which were to be present many thousands of both the Red Army and the Peasants' Army. Morning came with a bright sun and the promise of a clear day for photography. I set up my movie camera on one side of the open-air theater's proscenium, shielding my equipment somewhat with a curtain drop so as not to attract too much attention to myself as I photographed the crowds. Troopers and civilians began to gather quickly after the boom of the

noon gun, and soon there were perhaps ten thousand standing patiently in the hot sun, each and every one of them with a banner or pennant of some sort waving in the light breeze.

There came a crash on a heavy brass gong announcing the arrival of a group of speakers and officials, who took their places on the stage. One after another they stood and shouted their speeches to the throng who enthusiastically punctuated them with loud cheers and the waving of flags, banners and pennants.

Ho Lung himself was not among them, but I recognized a number of the fellows who had been present at my banquet. These were mostly the political commissars. I paid little attention to what they said when the speeches began, being intent upon my pictures of the emotional reactions of the audience, and occasionally swinging my camera around to film the gesticulations of one or another of the speakers. Communist pep talk, I figured, until one of the speakers, upon concluding his speech, turned full toward me and announced—I express it phonetically:

“Ee shen-zai ee-go wai-go-ren, ee-go mei-go-ren, ta shen-zai gee nee sho.”

For a moment I didn't understand. He had said: “And now a foreigner, an American, will address you.”

So far as I knew I was the only foreigner here. Had another suddenly appeared? An American, at that, to chisel in on my scoop!

A glance to the audience reassured me that I was the foreigner in question, and at the same time filled me with considerable apprehension. I was no Communist. And certainly I was unable, even if I had wanted, to give them a pep talk such as they expected from me. My hesitation was interrupted by a good-natured push from the wings.

Since I was in for it, I decided to say as little as possible. I began by thanking them for the distinction they accorded me.

“However,” I added, “my knowledge of Chinese might be

good enough for ordinary conversations, but certainly too insufficient to address so distinguished an audience. I thank you."

I began to walk off the stage, when out from the wings came one of the commissars. He clicked his heels and saluted smartly, saying in precise English:

"I will interpret for you!"

The audience, of course, could neither hear nor understand him; but there was no doubt in their minds as to what he had said. They roared and laughed at my obvious discomfiture. The commissar would listen to no argument, and he led me out to the middle of the stage.

So I gave a pep talk to those many thousands of former cut-throat Reds, the very mention of whom not so many months ago had struck terror into the hearts of foreign tradesmen and missionaries in the path of their advance.

I began with a few pleasant and flattering platitudes, speaking a sentence or two in English and then pausing while the commissar translated. I was much pleased and impressed, I told them, by what I saw in their midst. They were not the unprincipled bandits and outlaws that they had been pictured in the world's press in the past decade. I found them well armed, well trained and well disciplined. Above all, they possessed a set of ideals and ambitions that gave them reason for existence, regardless of how much they differed with the present government of China.

And now there was to be peace in China. Hung-ren and Chiang's Kuomintang were on the verge of merging in peaceful unity. I was happy to see that. I had always entertained great hopes for China, and I knew she could never march steadily forward to progress and prosperity until she was rid of the canker of civil wars.

"For," I continued, waxing enthusiastic, "should you continue much longer this constant fighting among yourselves you will become so weakened that you may prove easy prey to political vultures from without.

“How, for example, do you suppose a comparative handful of white men coming to the American continent were able to overcome great numbers of Indians? Not by warfare. We merely set one tribe against the other, and let them kill each other off. After which we calmly moved in and took over, easily subduing the few remaining survivors.

“Men of China,” I concluded oratorically, “if you would build a great nation for yourselves, cease your squabbling, let peace and brotherly love reign among you. Only thus, in a united front, can you ever hope to secure unity, repel the covetous invader, and march on to national glory!”

There came then an outburst of thunderous applause. I decided this was a good time to quit. I bowed, turned to the commissar, and together we walked off.

In the wings I said, “That applause at the end was certainly more than mere politeness. Was it due to something particular I had said?”

“Of course,” he replied. “Didn’t you mean what you said about ‘united front’ and ‘repel the invader’?”

“Why, yes. But I said no more than you folks have been saying for years.”

“Ah, but do you know the pertinent bearing of your remarks upon this particular mass meeting?”

“This was just another one of those pep meetings, wasn’t it?”

“No! No! Haven’t you heard the news?”

I hadn’t.

“Well, day before yesterday [July 7, 1937] war broke out between China and Japan!”

“War!” I exclaimed. “How? Where?”

He told me then of the fight at the Marco Polo Bridge outside Peking two midnights ago. The report had come to them over the short-wave radio.

“But that doesn’t mean war,” I said. “There have been lots of such incidents in recent years. And they’ve always petered

out by negotiation. Besides, Chiang can't afford to risk a war with Japan just yet."

"You're wrong. This time we mean business. One of our terms of peace with Chiang was that he take a firm stand against the Japanese—even declare war upon them. And it has come, with the Japanese themselves starting it! We have just notified Chiang that he must fight the Japanese now—or we will force him into war by moving against them on our own! This mass meeting was called to advise our comrades and the Peasants' Army of our decision." He paused a moment; then cocked his head a bit as he looked at me with a quickening smile.

"So now," he went on, "you see why your audience applauded you so enthusiastically when you spoke of a 'united front' to 'repel the invader.' You hit that nail squarely on the head!"

Another short pause, while his grin burst into a hearty laugh. "Any time you want to join us as a commissar I'm sure you'll be more than welcome!"

Now known as the Eighth Route Army, the Reds are fighting shoulder to shoulder with Chiang against the Japanese. And they are acquitting themselves nobly, especially in their guerrilla tactics, making the war exceedingly expensive for Japan.

The Reds, however, still remain a complete and distinct unit—sharply separate from the main body of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government troops. Generals Ho Lung and Peng Teh-hwai consider themselves and their men as allies to Chiang with a common enemy to fight. Much like the situation of the British placing of their generals and arms under the command of the French General Gamelin.

There have been frequent rumors of disagreement between Chiang and the Red commanders. All three were associates in the Chinese Communist Revolution that swept up from Canton in 1925. This revolution was financed by the Soviets

who sent trained military advisers to lend active assistance to the Cantonese.

By 1927 the victorious revolutionaries had set up a new Communist Government in China with its capital at Hankow, the "Chicago of China." China today might have been thoroughly sovietized had not Chiang Kai-shek double-crossed the Russians. In the bloody purge which followed, the Soviet advisers barely escaped to Russia with their lives, while the remnants of the scattered Communists later rallied around such men as Peng Teh-hwai, Ho Lung, Mao Tze-tung and Chu Teh.

Russia today has plans again about China. Of that there seems to be plentiful evidence. For the present Chiang is still the top man in China. Whether he is still figured as top man in Soviet Russian plans for the future depends upon some one factor or a combination of many factors: Will he be victorious or defeated in the present struggle against Japan? Will Japan attack Russia? Or will Russia be involved in further major military operations in Europe?

Still, regardless of Soviet plans or fateful circumstance for China, I have a strong conviction that we are going to hear a lot more of those two "reformed" Communist generals, Ho Lung and Peng Teh-hwai.

BLOODY SATURDAY

WAR WITH JAPAN! HAD IT REALLY COME AT LAST? OR WAS THIS just another "incident" which would be settled somehow like all the many others?

There was always the chance that matters were as bad as the commissar pictured. If so, my movies were in jeopardy. For one of the first things they were likely to do—and I don't know as I would have blamed them—would be to confiscate my motion pictures. For they had permitted me to photograph practically all their hitherto secret military equipment. And through the newsreels and my lecturing with these films this valuable information would now become available to an active enemy, the Japanese.

It was a time for quick decision and quick action. I called upon General Ho. I thanked him first for all his favors and courtesies. But I had overstayed my time in China and I had to get back to Shanghai, wind up a few loose ends, and then sail for America. He expressed regret that I had to go and hoped we'd meet again soon. He then arranged for an orderly and three horses to take me and my duffel to a town on the main road about a day's travel distant, where I could hire a cart and mule to take me south to Sian.

It rained almost continuously all the way down to Sian, where I arrived ten days later. It was one of the most miserable trips I have ever made.

At Sian I was met by the local police, who appeared willing enough to accept my story that I had spent my time in the study of the imperial pyramids—if I would leave by the midnight train for Shanghai. I made a feeble protest as a gesture, and

then "submitted" to the order. Two days later I arrived at Shanghai, happy that I had got through with my precious films, and made immediate plans to sail for the United States.

In the meantime, reports from the north indicated that conditions there were becoming extremely grave. Truce after truce had been broken by one or the other party, and hostilities would be resumed on a larger scale.

A cablegram from *The March of Time* asked me whether I would go north and film the shindig. I agreed. Canceling my passage to America, I booked on a coastal steamer to Tientsin. A typhoon delayed this sailing for several days, however. The night before it was announced the boat would definitely sail at dawn the local press carried headlines to the effect that Japanese marines had landed at Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yangtze from Shanghai. That presaged trouble in Hankow and I changed my plans.

At dawn the next morning I was on a passenger plane bound for Hankow. Aboard the same plane I recognized my old friend "Buddy" Ekins, crack war correspondent who had been clippered out to China by the United Press to cover the Peking squabble. He, too, had read the headlines of last night and apparently he and I were the only two in all Shanghai who gathered the real import in those headlines. We congratulated each other: if anything really popped in Hankow, we had the scoop between us.

Around noon we landed in Hankow, a city of about a million population and the most important commercial city in the interior. By treaty, or otherwise, five nations have been able to carve concessions in the business districts where their nationals enjoyed extraterritoriality, similar to the setup in the International Settlement and the French Concession in Shanghai. The concessions, each a few square miles in size, lay adjacent to one another, each controlling a few blocks along the Yangtze waterfront. Of these five—British, Russian, German, French and Japanese—three have in recent years been returned to Chinese

authority. The German Concession was taken over by the Chinese in the World War. The Russians voluntarily gave up theirs later when the Soviets were wooing the Chinese to their ideology. And the British Concession was given up when Chiang Kai-shek's revolutionaries threatened to annihilate all Englishmen there in 1927.

More than half a million Chinese soldiers were now encamped in the Hankow vicinity, constituting a definite threat to the Japanese in their concession. The few hundred Japanese marines hastily landed from Nipponese gunboats anchored in the river were hopelessly outnumbered. It was suicide to resist; so it was hastily decided to evacuate all civilians and abandon the concession.

Buddy Ekins and I arrived just as this decision had been made and we proceeded to record this historical event in dispatches and film. The Japanese were swallowing a bitter pill here. This was the first time in their history that they had given up any territory in China under threat of force. Barbed-wire and sandbag emplacements from behind which nosed ugly machine guns manned by grim-faced Japanese marines ringed the Japanese Concession. I was able, however, to slip through the lines and get down to the docks and film the Japanese civilian refugees hurrying aboard river steamers, dragging bundles and boxes of what few belongings they could hastily pack.

I grew bolder, then, and wandered off to see what else I could shoot. I spent a profitable two hours wandering about the concession getting this and that. At length I started back. Nearing the gates along the concession boundary, three Japanese civilians suddenly turned a corner and came straight for me with nasty Luger pistols in their hands. I tried to avoid them, but they stepped menacingly in my path.

"You will come along with us," said the leader in broken English.

I protested. I was an American, and all that sort of thing.

But no go. They spoke too little English to argue. They had orders, they said, to bring me in.

“‘Bring me in’ where?” I demanded.

“To the Japanese Consulate,” came the answer.

I didn’t like it. They looked more like thugs to me than the consular police they said they were. And the consulate itself had looked deserted to me. Did they think they could get away with a holdup like this, right at the time when their own lives might be snuffed out with a sudden rush of resentful Chinese hordes straining outside their flimsy defenses? But maybe they didn’t intend for me to get back to tell my story!

In any event, I had little choice in the matter. Those Lugers were better persuaders than any verbal arguments or demands they made. Either I resisted, and got shot for my pains, or I went with them hoping that they were consular police as they claimed. For as consular police they were still in authority here, and had every right to arrest me and take me to their consulate.

Into the consulate compound they led me, which from the outside still looked ominously deserted, then through a side entrance and to a reception room. Here I was received, politely enough, by Acting Consul T. Matsudaira, who advised me that, even though the concession was being evacuated, Japanese law still prevailed here. And it was forbidden to take motion pictures without proper permission.

“And now will you please hand over the film in your camera?”

It was useless even to think of refusing. They would be perfectly justified, theoretically, in any measures they chose to take if I resisted. And I must admit I secretly admired their cool nerve under the circumstances.

I made a pretense of argument. These were newsreels. Of historical interest. Nothing particularly detrimental to their national honor and prestige. Theirs was a tactical retreat, an honorable retreat—and all that.

But a couple of nudges from the Lugers brought me up



Upper—"A large shell crashed through the barred window of the jail, killing and wounding a score of prisoners."

Lower—One shell landed on the deck of the U.S.S. *Augusta*, killing one and injuring 18 American sailors.



Refugees.

short. Reluctantly, then, I opened my camera and took out the roll. Little by little I unraveled the hundred feet of film on the floor, while I kept up a running talk of complaint and grievance. When I had unrolled about two-thirds of the film, one of the Japanese grabbed it impatiently from my hands and ordered me to be immediately escorted across the concession border.

I was glad he did that, because his impatience had caused them to overlook a dozen or more already exposed rolls in a haversack slung from my shoulder.

When the last of the Japanese left their concession on August 11th, Buddy Ekins and I covered the taking over by the Chinese police. The next day we planned to take a train for the north, headed for the Chinese-Japanese battle line near Peking.

That afternoon, however, reports came through from Shanghai of the arrival of thirty-two Japanese warships there, while the 88th Division—Chiang Kai-shek's crack troops—had moved down from Nanking and taken positions in the vicinity of Shanghai's North Station. The situation was full of dynamite. The presence of Chiang's troops in the North Station—whether justified or not by events—was a clear violation to the agreement reached at the conclusion of the 1932 hostilities, at which time the Chinese agreed not to allow their troops within twenty miles of Shanghai.

I called the office of the airline. No, they had no vacant seats on the morning plane to Shanghai. As a matter of fact, they didn't know whether it would be safe for any plane to fly into Shanghai in view of the tense situation there. I told them I would go out to the airport early in the morning, and if that plane took off at all, I was going to be on it—that was all there was to it.

I called Ekins. He, too, had heard the news. I told him what I planned to do.

"Why don't you do the same?" I advised. "Together we can

put more heat on the boys than separately. At least, we've everything to gain and not a thing to lose. We'd look nice, wouldn't we, stuck up in this hole with a first-class shindig bustin' loose in Shanghai?"

"Yeah! You're right. I'm with you. See you in the morning."

Dawn was just breaking when we arrived at the airport. Officials and technicians had been there all night. They had been in constant radio communication with Shanghai and were still awaiting authorization for the flight.

At about nine o'clock word was flashed up from the Big Town to make a dash for it. If conditions worsened during the flight, they would radio the pilot to change his course and land elsewhere.

Though the passenger list had been booked solid the day before, all but one hardy Chinese had canceled. We three then—Ekins, the Chinese and myself—had the whole fourteen-place Douglas DC-2 airliner to ourselves.

We were supposed to fly nonstop to Shanghai passing up all intermediate places—including Nanking. About the time we were passing the capital the pilot, an American, turned the controls over to his Chinese copilot and came into the cabin.

"They've got me worried," he began. "Shanghai hasn't yet given me a clear okay to come in. And we're only an hour or so away. They'd better hurry up, or . . ."

He smiled as he noted our worried faces.

"Cheer up!" He added with an ironic laugh. "I've got enough gas in this hedge-hopper to fly us half way down to Hong Kong if they say we can't come into Shanghai!"

Half way down to Hong Kong! Was he kidding? Hell, we'd rather parachute down right here, than go down to Hong Kong.

Just then the radio operator opened the control room door and called the pilot. In a few moments the ship banked sharply on a wingtip. We saw the walls of Nanking, and with engines cut we came in for a landing. Was this, then, to be the end of our air journey to Shanghai?

As the cabin door opened we were greeted by Donald, ex-Shanghai newspaperman and personal adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. He told us that fighting had already broken out in Shanghai. Our plane had been ordered out of the sky to land here to pick up a British Embassy representative with dispatches of grave importance for the British military and naval commanders in Shanghai. We took the Britisher aboard and an hour or so later landed in Shanghai in the midst of much hurrying and scurrying. The airport was being evacuated. Planes were being loaded with spare parts and gear to be flown to some place of safety. Trucks were carting away engines, shop equipment, etc. Ours was the last commercial plane to come into Shanghai.

Fighting had already started in the Chapei area with exchange of machine-gun and rifle fire all morning. That meant mass evacuations from Chapei as I had witnessed in 1932. So for the rest of that afternoon I shot the throngs of wild-eyed Chinese rushing across from Chapei to the sanctuary of the International Settlement and the French Concession.

Next morning—August 14th, sometimes called “Bloody Saturday”—I got some fine street scenes of rioting, mobs manhandling suspected Chinese spies, beating up merchants who still dealt with Japanese goods which were under boycott, and even the lynching of Japanese civilians in one of the busiest thoroughfares of the city. The war was definitely on, and nothing could stop it before a lot of blood was shed.

I had planned to ship my films of the Reds, Hankow, and what I had already taken in Shanghai on the S.S. *Kulmerland*, a German liner scheduled to leave for Hong Kong that afternoon. The vessel lay at anchor down the river from the line of Japanese warships, which had just been bombed by Chinese warplanes and were being intermittently fired at by Chinese riflemen and machine gunners entrenched on both shores. If this kept up the river would be closed for good, and how would

I be able to get my precious films out? I called up Mr. Bixley of Pan American Airways.

"You're not the only one worrying about how to get to that boat," he replied. "We have a passenger here who is extremely anxious to make that Hong Kong clipper. She's got passage booked on the *Kulmerland* to Hong Kong—if she can get to the *Kulmerland*."

I had an idea. "If I get her down to the German liner, will she take care of my films and see that they are turned over to your representative in Hong Kong for shipment on that Tuesday clipper?"

"I wouldn't know whether she'd care to risk it. Why don't you call her and see?"

I did. Sure, she'd risk it. If I was game, so was she. Yes, she'd meet me at the Customs Jetty in about an hour.

She was Mrs. Ray Murphy, of New York, socialite wife of one of America's most prominent surgeons. Vivacious, intelligent and with a courage that commanded instant admiration and respect. She had just come down from Peking where she had been in the thick of the squabble.

A small group of people stood beside their trunks and bags on the Customs Jetty. The tender that was to carry them downriver to the *Kulmerland* hadn't arrived. And there seemed little chance that it would come now. The whole river was deserted, and tense thousands lined the waterfront awaiting the return of the Chinese air raiders.

I finally found a boatman whose greed for the munificent bonus I promised was greater than his fear. I brought him back up to the Customs Jetty; and to the astonishment of the waiting passengers, Mrs. Murphy hesitated not a moment to get in. A cough and a wheeze as the boatman started up his engine again, and we were off on our foolhardy attempt to run the gantlet of cross fire down the river.

As we swung away from the wharf and headed our chugging little boat downstream we became the immediate focus for

thousands of eyes. Who were we? Where were we going? What were we up to?

Blithely unheeding, the only moving craft on that whole river—a river normally choked with all manner of water traffic—we held our course. Nearing the *Idzumo*, flagship of the Japanese Shanghai Naval Squadron and first in the long line of anchored Nipponese war vessels, there came shouts from her deck ordering us to keep clear. We became gradually aware of a charged, ominous silence, in the midst of which our tiny put-put engine sounded thunderously and outrageously strident.

And there came then the first questioning thoughts as to the sanity of this venture. After all, considerable real danger was present. Suppose those Chinese planes came back before we had passed the line of 32 Japanese vessels and reached the *Kulmerland*? Suppose Chinese troops and artillery were suddenly to open fire on the warships from their entrenchments on shore? We'd be caught in a swell mess, wouldn't we?

I turned to Mrs. Murphy. "Scared?"

"Well, not exactly," she began.

"You needn't pretend," I said. "I guess I'm a bit scared myself. Still, sometimes the closer you are to a target out in this part of the world the safer you are!"

She smiled politely at my attempt at humor; but followed this immediately with a spontaneous laugh at my involuntary cussing as I sat down on a wet seat. I apologized sheepishly.

"She's all right," I thought. "Plenty of nerve and what-it-takes." I liked her.

We had passed the last of the warships and were heading straight for the *Kulmerland* a few hundred yards beyond, when Mrs. Murphy suddenly called, "Look! Planes!"

Chinese warplanes! Lots of them! Like a swarm of tiny gnats far off on the horizon.

Hurriedly I put Mrs. Murphy aboard the *Kulmerland* and turned back to my motorboat. German sailors in the meantime had started to haul up the side ladder. I fought my way past

them and down the half-lifted ladder and hopped into my tiny boat. Fortunately, I had not yet paid the *laodah*, or he might have deserted me and left me aboard the German liner to be carried all the way to Hong Kong.

The planes had come much closer. Japanese aboard the warships opened up on them with anti-aircraft fire.

My *laodah* immediately nosed the motorboat for the nearest shore. I yelled at him. "Keep her straight upstream, or I'll . . ." Then, on second thought, I reached into my pocket and drew out a handful of bills. "Triple fare, if you take me through to the Bund." The bills did the trick.

Suddenly came a terrific explosion from behind. The *Kulmerland*! I thought as I turned. No, but on shore just opposite the liner rose a mountain of flame. A bomb or a fallen plane had hit one of the Standard Oil gas tanks.

And then all hell broke loose. Bombs began dropping all around us. Anti-aircraft guns popped, machine guns rattled desperately, while the air seemed full of falling shrapnel and water drops from bomb-geysers. I shall never quite understand how I escaped being hit by even a single shrapnel fragment during those eternal few minutes.

In the center of the boat I stood, crazily exposed, as I filmed what seemed in that moment like the end of the world. Then a sudden lurch of the boat nearly threw me into the river. I looked forward. The *laodah* had let go the wheel and lay huddled on the bottom as he stared up at me in speechless fear. The boat had begun to zigzag crazily, now heading for the shore, now pointing directly at one of the Japanese warships.

I dived for the wheel, just in time to be greeted by a handful of splinters tossed squarely into my face. The tip of the boat's prow had disappeared—sliced off by machine-gun fire from one of the warships! Now I found myself not merely in the line of fire, but actually a target of fire!

Could I blame the Japanese? How did they know but what

my caroming launch might not be a suicide-torpedo boat in disguise?

Frantically I clutched the wheel, forgetting all thoughts of picture-taking. I must get to shore before they get me! It was not much farther. I had passed the *Idzumo*. Grimly I held the boat's nose straight for the Cathay Hotel at the foot of Nanking Road and the Bund, only a few hundred yards away.

I breathed more easily with every moment. I was now within the limits of the International Settlement; another few moments and I should be safely ashore.

Suddenly came a roar that nearly burst my eardrums. The waters of the river itself seemed to heave, until I thought that my tiny boat would capsize. When the boat settled back on an even keel, I looked shoreward—a matter of yards—and beheld a queer sight. A cloud of smoke and bits of debris seemed to fill the street between the Cathay Hotel and the Palace Hotel across the street. The Bund and waterfront both seemed strangely deserted, in sharp contrast to the tense and expectant thousands there when I left a little while before.

In another moment my boat was alongside the wharf. The laodah, still in a semistupor, moved automatically forward to make fast. I thrust a roll of bills into his limp hand, gathered up my camera equipment and hurried up the inclined ramp of the landing pontoon. The moment my eyes came level with the street I stopped stock-still.

Jehoshaphat! Was I seeing things? The skyscraper Cathay Hotel bombed! The "Waldorf-Astoria"—the holy of holies of the white man's "face" in Asia—in the very heart of the inviolate International Settlement. Bombed! This was sacrilege!

But more than face and political prestige was concerned here. There were realities—stark, tragic realities. The shroud of haze in the street between the two hotels which I had seen from the river had cleared. And I beheld a spectacle that seared itself upon my consciousness so deeply that even as I write

these lines I am for the moment possessed by a sense of nausea and horror.

Death was here, in its most gruesome form. Bodies. Bodies everywhere. Scores of them. Shredded torsos, arms, legs, heads, strewn all over the pavement. A pavement red with blood which queerly formed in rivulets to fill the hollows of the streetcar tracks, or to finger their way toward the curbs.

Rickshas, window glass, debris from the shattered hotel marquee, littered the street. While squarely in the middle of the road a brand-new Lincoln Zephyr was enveloped in its own flames.

Automatically I unslung my camera and began to grind away. Shooting the general scene of wreckage. Close-ups of the carnage, with its frightful details. Then, as firemen and volunteers came up with trucks and vans, I shot the rescue operations of those who still lived and the cleanup which followed, with corpses and limbs callously picked up and tossed into heaps in the trucks, like so much slaughtered beef.

“And now, now what do you think of the business of selling airplanes? Huh?”

I looked around. It was Philippe Messalier, a young Frenchman I had known for many years in Shanghai. There was censure in his voice though he knew I had been out of that line for more than five years. Nevertheless, I could see no point in defending myself then and there with the usual stock replies by nations as well as individuals, which summed up, “If I didn’t the next fellow would.”

I tossed back a “Hi! Philippe!” a bit offhand perhaps. And promised myself that I’d look him up later and talk over old times.

John Morris, Far Eastern manager for United Press, came over to watch me for a moment or two. His white linen suit was blood-spattered from lending a hand here and there, while he gathered details for his eyewitness story. This story, inci-

dentally, he told so graphically on the cables that he was later given an award for the best news reporting of the year.

The place quickly filled with dozens of cameramen, all clicking away. There were, however, only two others besides myself with movie cameras. George Krainukov, a veteran Russian newsreeler shooting for Universal, and "Newsreel" Wong, an ace Chinese cameraman for M-G-M. I scooped the pair of them, though, by getting my films into New York a whole week ahead.

It was dusk by the time the street had been cleared and the firemen had begun to hose down the bloody pavement.

It wasn't until I got home late that evening that I learned of the second bombing that had taken place about half an hour after the Cathay Hotel disaster. This was the aerial torpedo which had landed in the intersection of Yu Ya-ching Road and Avenue Edward VII—at the boundary of the French Concession and the International Settlement. The corner had been jammed with refugees at the time; and, although the casualties here numbered more than a thousand, the Cathay Hotel bombing held the spotlight in the world's news, because of its more sensational aspects.

“THAT SNIPER—HE MUST BE CAMERA-SHY!”

THERE WAS ACTION APLENTY IN THE SUCCEEDING WEEKS. DAILY bombings in adjacent Chapei, Hongkew and Nantao. Various fronts to visit: the Chinese one day, dodging Japanese bullets; the Japanese the next, ducking Chinese fire. Once I crossed the barbed-wire barricade of the settlement boundary I was entirely on my own. A target for both Japanese and Chinese bullets, the moment any part of me showed above cover. That I was not a combatant, merely an ambitious, perhaps crazy, American cameraman, cut no ice. Even my recognition as a foreigner would give them no pause. The foreigner's person was no longer inviolate as in 1932. In fact, the 1932 affair was a picnic compared with this show. This time they meant business. Besides, flying bullets could hardly be expected to detour whenever they neared me—no matter what my nationality, sentiments or intentions.

The Shanghai War, however, was a newsreel cameraman's dream come true on how wars should be conducted before his cameras. In ordinary wars the cameraman has to expect to face the usual dangers in the front lines to obtain his action close-ups. But a cameraman's day is over when the sun begins to set, and he's human like the rest of you. When his day's work is over he'd like to relax and take it easy. The war assignment to him is not essentially different from the fashion show or baby parade he "records for posterity." Can you blame him, then, if he grumbles about having to remain "after working hours" in a miserable dugout, eating trench rations, and ducking involuntarily with every exploding shell?

In this Shanghai fracas, however, when the day's work was

over, I would pack up my camera equipment, cross back into the International Settlement and go home to my comfortable air-conditioned apartment, where Lee—my Chinese cook-boy—had already prepared a hot bath and a fine dinner. After this, it was slippers and bathrobe and a big Morris chair, a favorite pipe, a book or newspaper, and perhaps the radio for the latest news. The incessant booming of big guns, the nightly air raids, the lurid glare from flaming warehouses and such from over Chapei way now interested me only mildly. A cameraman without his camera is merely another rubbernecking spectator.

Of course, I was up again with the dawn, and “back to work.” This work obliged me to take some risky chances. There was the story of the predicament of the Municipal Jail. The Municipal Jail, or Ward Road Jail as it is more popularly known, is one of the largest in the world. It houses normally about six thousand prisoners, both Chinese and foreign. The jail stood right smack in the center of one of the hottest spots in Hongkew, with Chinese and Japanese fighting around the very corners of the high wall which alone protected the jail and its inmates from unceasing rifle and machine-gun fire.

But when, after the first few days of hostilities, both Chinese and Japanese artillery took part in the engagements in the vicinity of the jail, things began to get awfully hot within the walls. Shell after shell began to drop inside and took a terrific toll in prison casualties. The prisoners were reported to be highly hysterical, and on the verge of serious rioting. More than that, food was running low.

Hearing that the police planned to run the gantlet of war-torn Hongkew to carry supplies into the jail in armored vans, I obtained permission from the inspector to ride with them. As we started I noted with satisfaction that neither Wong nor Krainukov was along. This was to be my own scoop.

Careering madly down the Hongkew streets, zigzagging to dodge not only dangling trolley wires and debris, but bullets

which seemed to come from all directions at once, we finally reached the high steel gates of the prison.

Conditions inside were still well in hand, but the British jailers were having a time of it. Trapped like rats, prisoners and jailers alike were subjected to a nerve-racking ordeal. We had to keep constantly under cover when moving about in the courtyards, for machine guns stuttered and rifles cracked unceasingly. There was particular danger from snipers in the surrounding buildings who, either through bad marksmanship or out of sheer cussedness, let fly volley after volley into the jail enclosure. Pitted cell-block walls and huge holes here and there plainly told their stories. And at any moment we might expect a shell to drop into our midst, so that we ducked involuntarily every time one struck close by.

Guided by a trio of jailers, I inspected some of the damage. Most of the shells had hit the upper floors of the cell blocks, leaving jagged openings. A large shell had crashed through the barred window of one of the larger wards the night before, killing and wounding a score of prisoners.

I shot the scene, showing the wrecked bunks and strewn litter with the twisted bars crisscrossing the wall opening in the background. Then I moved up to the hole itself for a look-see. The three jailers warned me to watch out for snipers, who easily commanded this top-floor block and fired indiscriminantly at anything and everything that appeared.

Their warning proved only a further incentive to me, of course, for it promised something interesting if I could get movies of a sniper in action. I looked down at the street below with its gutted, smoldering buildings and wreckage-piled pavements. At least a dozen bodies lay sprawled in awkward positions in the middle of the street where a machine gun must have caught a party of troopers attempting to cross the road. Blood still oozed from their corpses and trickled away, into the street.

The place looked strangely deserted, while the firing seemed to come from the opposite side of the jail. Then I thought I

saw someone move behind a charred doorway in one of the blackened buildings close by. I brought my camera up to the ledge and began to grind away, hoping my film would record the sniper or looting ghoul, whichever he might be.

• Tut-tut-tut-tut! A machine gun barked, spraying me with chips of concrete from the ledge, only a few inches from where I held my camera. My film showed flame spurts from the very doorway where I'd seen the sniper move.

“Hmm-m-m!” I remarked as I crawled back over to the doorway and out of the line of fire. “He must be camera-shy! Well, time marches on! Where do we go from here?”

They led the way to some of the lower floors where the prisoners were huddled together in crowded quarters. Fear and stark terror were plainly written in their staring eyes. They looked as if they expected at any moment to be mowed down by the incessant rattle of machine-gun fire. A few, I was told, occasionally became hysterical and started making trouble; perhaps a guard would be attacked or a riot instigated. For this they were severely punished. The culprits would be taken to one of the upper floors and left in a wrecked cell block. A few hours of that was enough for the worst offenders.

In the hospital ward lay several hundred wounded attended only by Dr. E. Vio, a young Italian doctor who had volunteered his services when his superior, the regular jail doctor, had deserted his post with the first outbreak of hostilities. And in the little courtyard behind the hospital I filmed the digging of graves for those killed the night before and for the wounded who were dying hourly.

The big shells came mostly after dark, for the artillery of both sides wished to hide from the prying eyes of planes and post observers during the daytime. That made hellish nightmares begin with each setting of the sun. The warden went completely mad from the strain just before hostilities finally moved away from the jail.

The day rarely passed that did not bring some exciting inci-

dent, and quite a little personal danger too. Though I rarely thought of that feature until the day's work was done and I had time to reflect upon some of the foolish chances I had taken.

There was the time I stood in the little park just below the Garden Bridge, at the junction of Soochow Creek and the Whangpoo, filming from this fine vantage point a duel between Japanese naval vessels and Chinese trench mortars and machine gunners across the river.

In my eagerness I clean forgot that I made a beautiful target in my white shirt and shorts. But I was getting some swell shots of the warships letting fly with salvo after salvo from their big turret guns and of the Chinese trench-mortar shells sending up geysers where they hit the water around the ships or made nice black clouds where they burst overhead.

The promiscuous machine-gunning that went on all this time interested me little. I couldn't photograph that. Then suddenly I heard a series of sharp reports right over my head. Crack! Crack! Crack! Like the snap of a whip.

I flattened immediately. I knew what those sounds meant. Machine-gun bullets! Close! Too close! I crawled quickly for a flower-mound. Behind it I lay still for a few moments to quiet my pounding heart. And even as I lay there another burst of bullets cracked overhead.

Someone was annoyed at me! Was it Japanese or Chinese? Well, it didn't matter, and I didn't bother to investigate. I just stayed right there until some time after the engagement had ended. Then I made a run for the park entrance.

I did not escape entirely unscathed from this adventure, for one of the bullets must have grazed the calf of my leg. Blood was running down slowly from a nasty flesh cut. Of course, it might have been caused by a thorn from one of the bushes in the park. Or something.

The gunners on the Japanese warships seemed trigger-jittery. On the least provocation they would let fly. I remember one

time when a single Chinese sniper took up a position on the Pootung shore just a hundred yards or so from the *Idzumo*.

“I don’t like Japanese,” he must have muttered to himself, as he settled himself behind a building wall. “I hate Japanese!” said he as he leveled his rifle at the *Idzumo* and fired.

He kept this up intermittently for quite some time. Whether he hit anything or not mattered little. He merely made life just plain hell for the poor Japanese sailors moving about on the warship’s deck.

“Crack! Crack!”

Peeved, the Japanese commander ordered an armed landing party ashore to ferret out the sniper. No luck. Hardly did the landing party get back alongside the mother ship, when:

“Crack! Crack!”

Mad clear through, the Japanese periodically would decide to accept the challenge of this single sniper who seemed to have declared single-handed war on the whole Nipponese navy. They would let fly with everything they had—from machine guns to eight-inch turret guns. Big guns which threw heavy shells for miles, were used at point-blank range against this single rash challenger. And not one, but the whole string of warships would concentrate their fire on the point on shore whence came the rifle shots. They’d show him!

The topper on this story is even better. Thousands of Chinese spectators would line the Bund within the borders of the Settlement watching these affairs. These Chinese fully believed (as they still believe) that Japan is financially unsound. They have been told this not merely by their own propagandists, but also by the so-called “Far-East Experts,” who from their “theoretical conclusions” determine that “Japan can’t possibly carry on more than six months to a year.”

Well, then, every time a warship would let go a salvo from its big guns, believe it or not (with apologies to my friend Bob Ripley) they would all begin to applaud!

Yes, applaud!

To be sure, those Chinese knew very well that each one of the shells might have caused considerable casualties. At least considerable property damage in that thickly settled area across the river.

Ah! But those Chinese were also good, rational business folk. Shells cost money. A lot of money! Every one of them! And, every time one of those shells exploded, Japan would get just that much poorer. And, eventually, China must win by default!

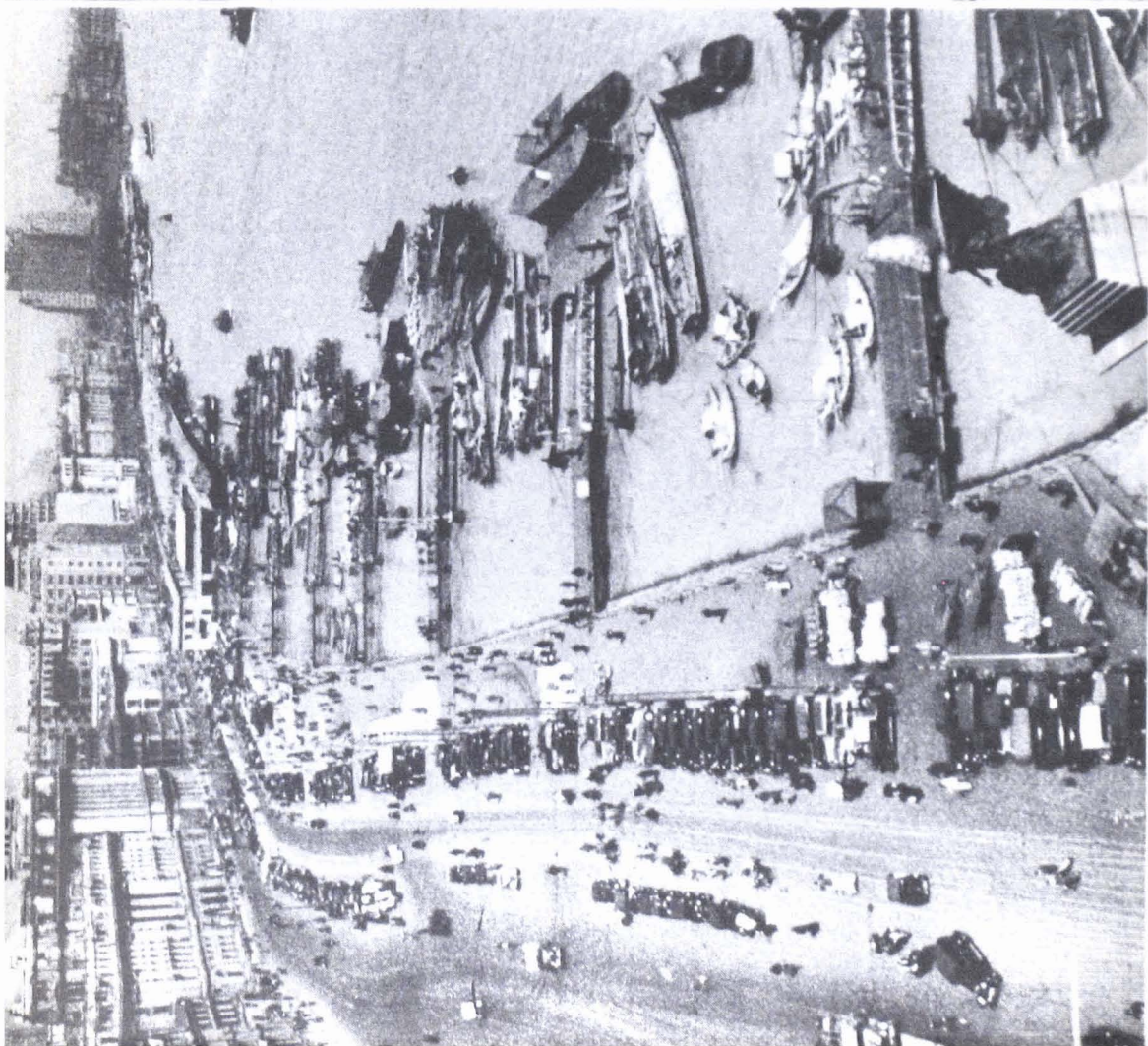
This reminds me of Will Rogers' observation of the Sino-Japanese war in 1931-32. After reading a long list of Japanese victories, one upon another, with Chinese casualties totaling several times as much as the Japanese, a Chinese friend expressed complete satisfaction, explaining:

"Soon, no more have got Japanese; still have got plenty more Chinese!"

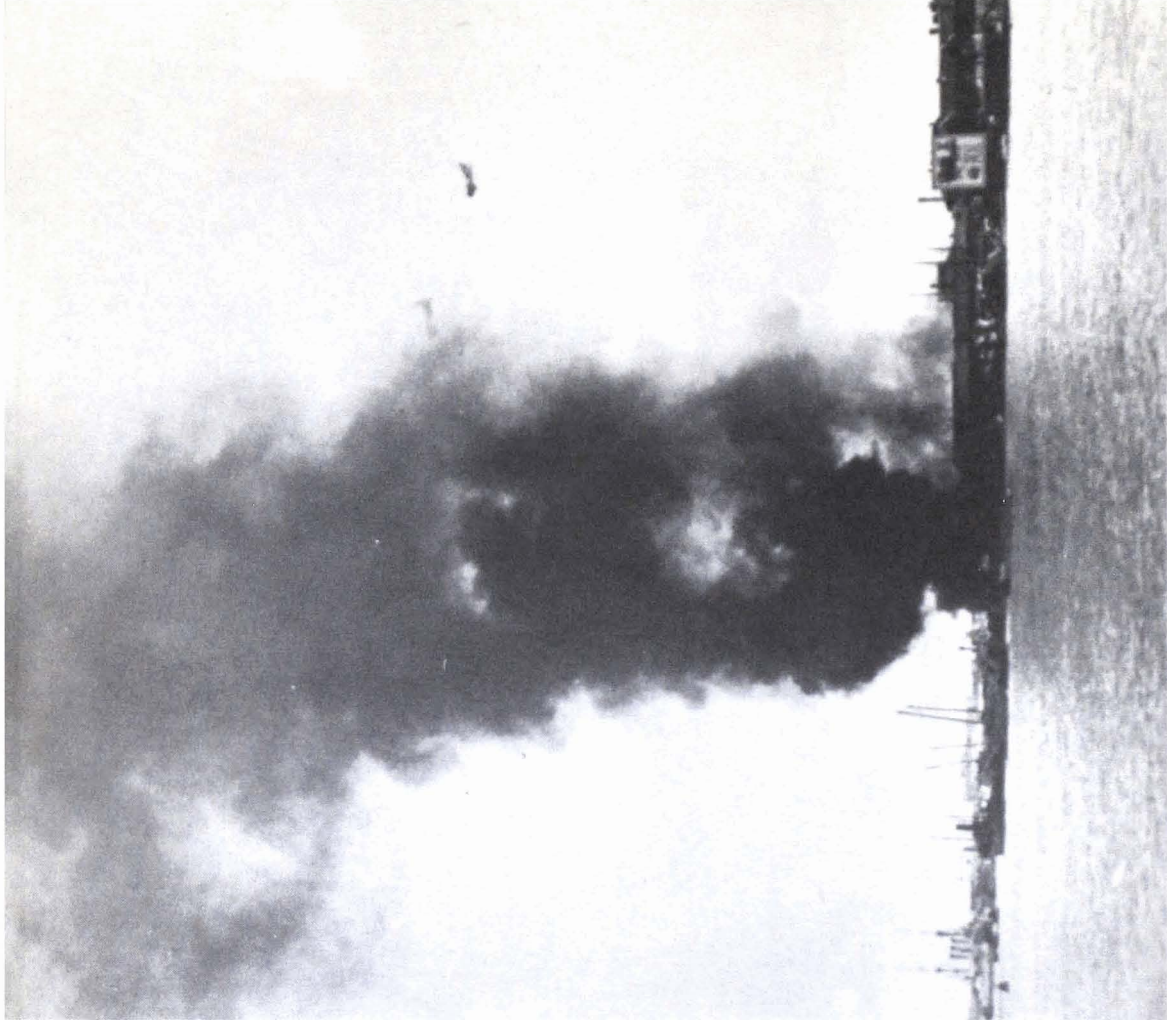
One of the most startling shots I got was that of a Japanese plane which, while engaged in bombing operations over the North Station area, exploded in mid-air. And just as I had him in the view finder of my camera! A Chinese anti-aircraft shell must have struck one of the bombs in his racks, and the resulting explosion blew him and his plane to bits.

The Japanese were pretty bad fliers during the early days of the war, though they improved considerably later on. Not that the Chinese were any better. Plane for plane, the Chinese were far better equipped, and they were supposed to have quite a Foreign Legion of the Air in their service. Still, for many weeks, even months, during the time the war raged in the Shanghai area, thirty-two Japanese warships rode at anchor in the Whangpoo River just a stone's throw from Shanghai's famous Bund. Day and night the Chinese planes came over to bomb the Nipponese war vessels, and not once—I repeat, *not once*—was a single Japanese warship hit. And there were thirty-two of them—anchored nose to stern!

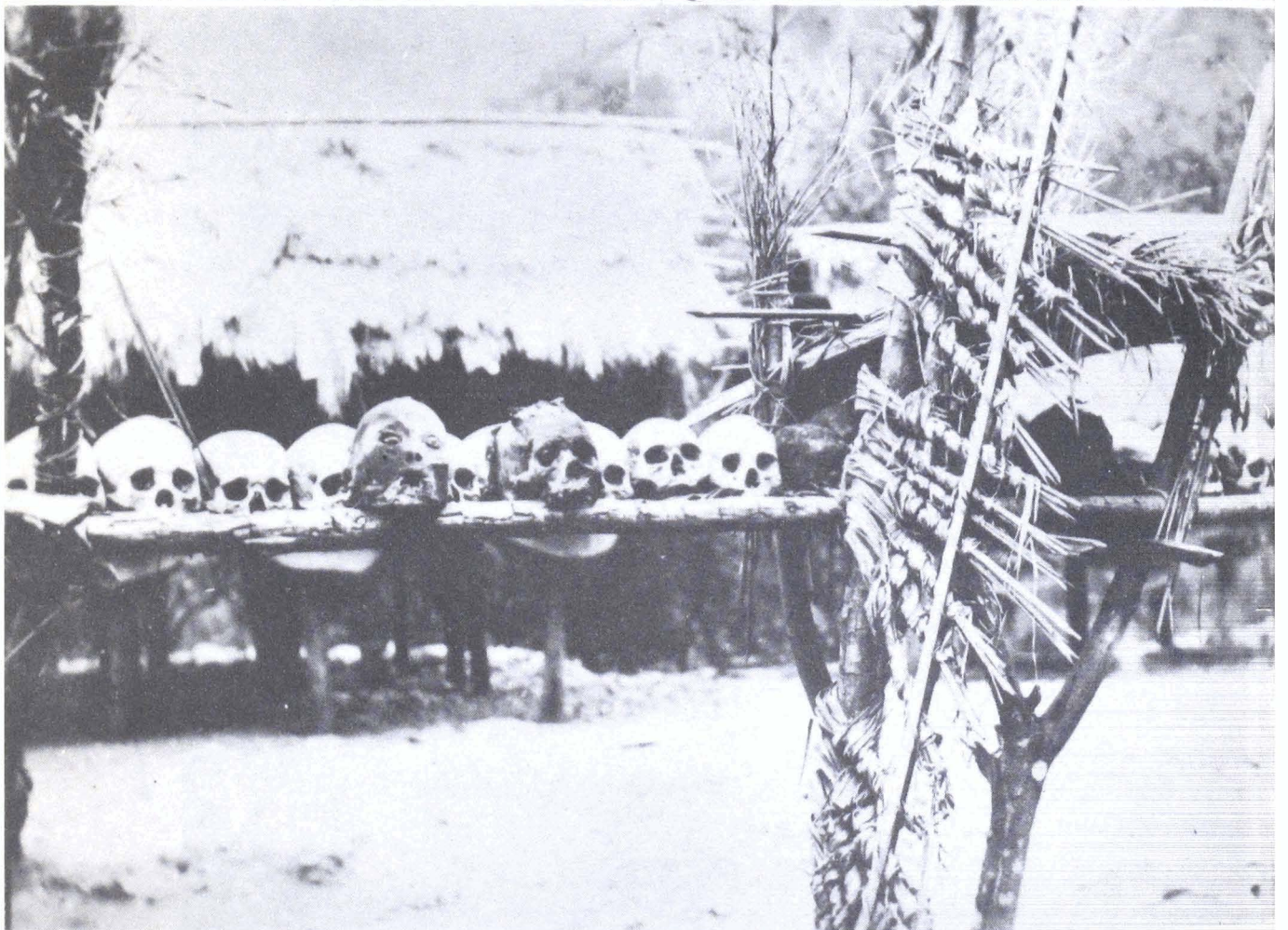
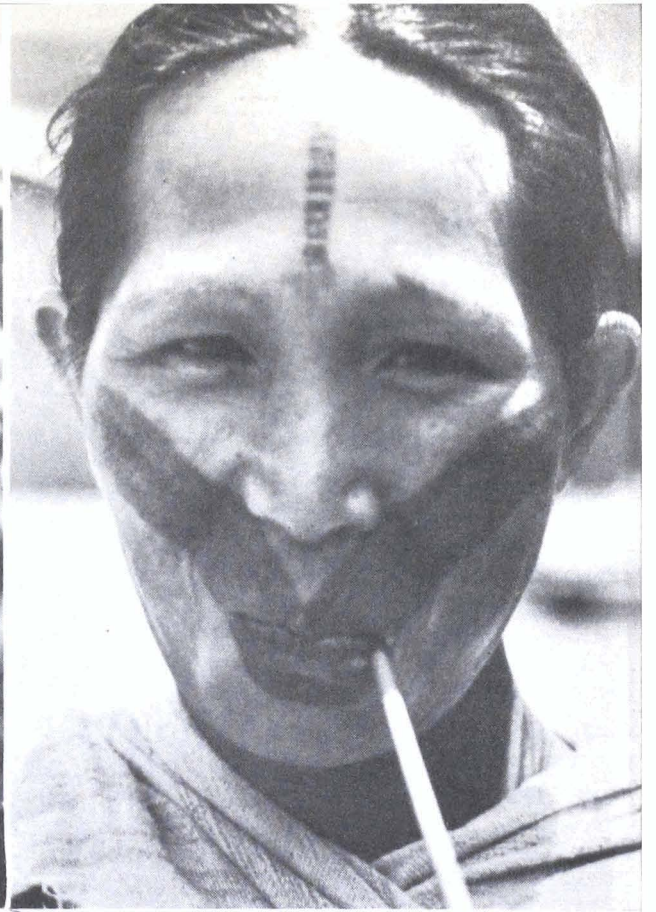
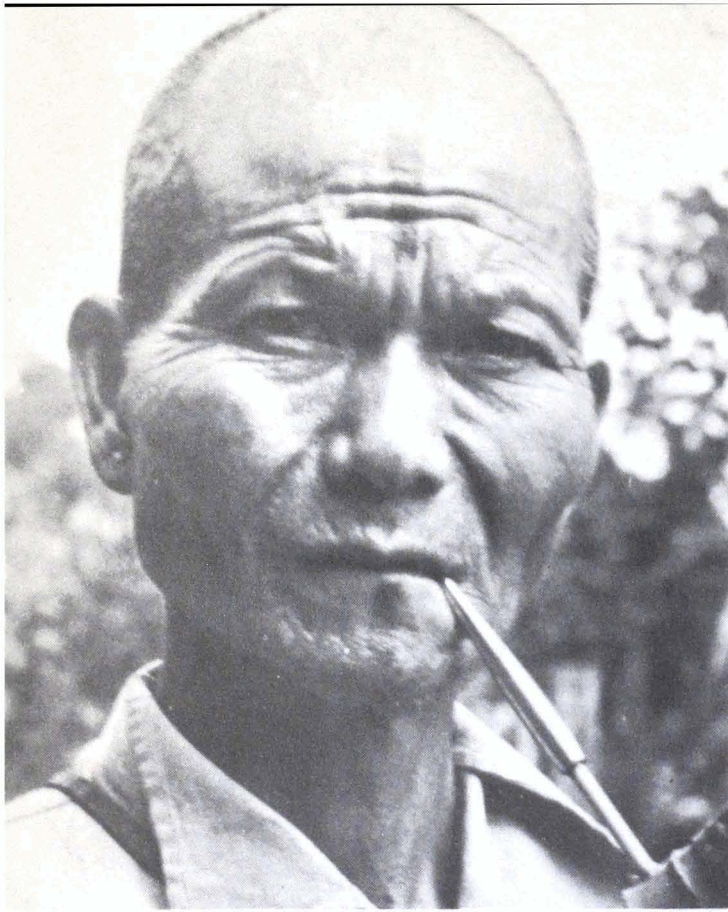
Hero of the Chinese resistance in the Shanghai area was



Shanghai's famous The Bund.



Planes bombing Pootung across the river from Shanghai's The Bund.



Formosa's headhunters. Married women tattoo "pussy-cat" moustaches on their faces from lips to ears. Lower—A headhunter's "collection".

General Chang Chih-chung, a quiet-spoken professorish man, who had been taken from his post in the government military college and placed in command of the Chinese forces. A party of correspondents were invited to interview him in his secret headquarters “somewhere near Shanghai.” In my car rode John Morris, of the UP.

We reached the secret headquarters without incident, weaving and winding our way over little-used roads some ten miles west of the city. Our cars were immediately camouflaged with long branches so that they might not be spotted from the air. We then walked across the fields until we came to a tiny farmhouse, where we were graciously received by the general and his staff. Over tea and cakes the general politely answered the questions fired at him through an interpreter. My business was pictures, so I sat back and let the others finish with him; then I would ask him to perform for my camera.

At one point the general asserted the claim that Chinese troops had pushed through the Japanese lines in Hongkew the night before and were now actually down at the river's edge—thus splitting the Japanese line. This was a highly sensational statement to make. Johnny Morris challenged the general's claim. To be sure, he began, he had heard the report the night before that a small detachment of Chinese had actually pushed through the Japanese lines. But he had gone out at four o'clock that very morning to investigate this story; he found that the soldiers had retreated again, and that the Japanese line was intact and Hongkew still in their hands.

The general would not retract, however. He stuck by his claim that the Japanese line had been pierced and divided. There was silence for a few moments, which I broke by quietly suggesting:

“General, there's an old Chinese saying that ‘one picture is worth ten thousand words.’ May I suggest that we be personally escorted to your front line? I, particularly, should be happy to

record your brilliantly successful maneuver on my motion-picture film."

The interpreter looked worried, and plainly hesitated to translate this literally. Though he did succeed in tempering the tone of my remarks, the general colored slightly, then smiled blandly as he declared that it would be inadvisable at the moment—at least until he had received further confirmation of the report.

All this while three Japanese planes were buzzing about overhead, systematically bombing each and every little farmhouse in the area. They apparently knew the general was hereabouts somewhere, and were hoping against hope that they might get him and his staff with a lucky hit.

The old boy had plenty of nerve, for he ignored the planes completely while he continued to sip his tea and answer our questions. And we? We could do little else than likewise seem to ignore the death that threatened to strike all of us at the next moment.

Attendants, however, were already packing things in preparation for immediate removal with the ending of our interview. As yet I did not have my pictures. So I asked the general if he'd mind. Not at all! Come outside here—in the bright sunlight. That warplanes were dropping bombs, some of which struck so close that chairs and tables danced, mattered not at all to him. Nor did the fact that I wore a white shirt and white shorts!

I still believe it was the general's droll idea of punishing me for having put him on the spot at the tea table!

Those three planes had been disporting themselves all afternoon. And they had played havoc with the district. They didn't confine their bombing entirely to the farmhouses, but took pot shots at the tiny road bridges, or playfully dived and machine-gunned some hapless coolie foolish enough to venture from cover for even the briefest moment.

We saw two of these casualties, a young fellow with his wife or sister beside him, lying very still at the roadside. Harmless,

they were; simple, peaceable farmfolk. But both were now quite dead, with the blood dripping out of dozens of holes in their bodies.

A basket of eggs lay beside the woman. Strangely enough, none were broken, as if she had just slumped slowly when struck so suddenly that she'd not even had time to start running. The man lay close by, a sickle, held in a limp hand upon which he had fallen, protruding from beneath him. And pitifully, both still clutched in their other hands single stalks of corn which they somehow had believed was sufficient camouflage.

And I wondered just what the airman's eyes saw in these two miserable folk on the roadside as he dived upon them with his machine guns spitting fire and death. Did he see a deadly enemy who must be exterminated lest he himself be killed by some magic in their cornstalk weapon? Or, knowing these defenseless two for the poor farmfolk they were, did he still believe their extermination worth the expenditure of so many dollars and cents represented in the machine-gun bursts he directed at them?

Aside from purely political or even humanitarian considerations, it just doesn't seem good business sense to me to spend so much money in developing a flying machine, then in training a pilot and equipping his plane with expensive armament, just to order him out to kill a couple of poor innocent peasants. But, then, what sense is there—business sense or otherwise—in any warfare?

A line of barbed wire and sandbag barricades indicating the Settlement boundary was already in view ahead of us, when suddenly three small bombs exploded in rapid succession, all within fifty yards of us. We hadn't noticed the return of the planes up to then. And now it was too late to abandon the car and hide in the adjoining fields. We were spotted, and we were in for it!

“Hang on!” I shouted to Johnny. “We’re going to make a run for it. It’s our only chance.”

“Give her all she’s got!” yelled Johnny in return. He leaned out the window for a look-see. “Here he comes again! Look out!”

Look out? Look out for what? There was nothing to do but hold that Ford straight in the middle of the road. Our only hope was their poor marksmanship.

Two more bombs dropped somewhere to the rear of us. We didn’t bother to look back. The boundary was now only a few hundred yards ahead. We were safe; for by the time the planes could circle around and attack us again, we would be too close to the Settlement border for them to attempt this.

Johnny Morris is an old newspaperman. With the story of an exclusive interview with the commander of the Chinese forces under his belt, and a harrowing tale of our own escape from Nipponese planes to tell, he nevertheless insisted we go directly to my apartment where we fortified our shaken nerves with a few generous swigs—raw—from a bottle of scotch, before he called his office and dictated a report to be put on the cables.

We were scared! Both of us!

“NO HEADHUNTERS IN FORMOSA?”

REPEATED URGENT CABLEGRAMS FROM NEW YORK REMINDED ME OF lecture commitments scheduled to begin in late October. In the meantime the war had hit the doldrums, with the contending armies apparently stalemated. At least they were stalemated until the Japanese brought up more troops for their long-heralded Big Push.

The people back home, however, had tasted blood in the gruesome stuff Wong, Krainukov and I had sent them on the Cathay Hotel and other bombings. They wanted more of that, and refused to get excited about anything less dramatic.

So we more or less killed time, waiting for the Big Push, which promised plenty of photographic excitement if either Japanese or Chinese retreating troops attempted to force their way into the International Settlement. Wong, Krainukov and I had had everything beautifully to ourselves in the first few weeks of the Shanghai shindig. Now newsreelmen and correspondents from all over the world began to appear.

Actual invasion of Shanghai, such as was threatened in 1932, was really too much to hope for. So far as I could see—using the 1932 squabble as a criterion—the only real story left was the eventual retreat of the Chinese, who had already shot their bolt in Shanghai as they had done five years before. This would come when the Japanese brought over more troops. The Chinese would be obliged to retire before superior Japanese military might. A truce would be declared, and the war would be over. (I was wrong!)

Accordingly, I booked passage for America on the S.S. *President Coolidge*. A peaceful two and a half weeks' transpacific journey, and I was back home.

The Chinese did pull up stakes from before Shanghai as I had predicted. But, dammit, the Japanese double-crossed me. They followed the Chinese—and are still following them!

A few winter months of lecturing was about all I could stand. In late March, 1938, I sailed again for the Far East. Casting about for new and distinctive angles on the China war, my attention fell upon Formosa.

Formosa, a large island about 200 miles off the coast of China directly opposite Hong Kong, had figured twice in the world's headlines recently. First, the S.S. *President Hoover*, America's queen transpacific liner which had been bombed by Chinese warplanes in the early days of the Shanghai hostilities, ran upon the Formosan rocks on her return trip to the Orient. She was totally wrecked. Again, Formosa, which was taken from China by Japan as spoils of war in 1895, was now reported to be the base for all Japan's aerial and naval operations against South China.

One day in a bold venture the Chinese sent a squadron of planes across to bomb the Japanese military airport at Taihoku, the capital of the island. Headlines screamed across the pages of the world's press that the Chinese had finally decided to carry the war to Japan's own territory. The attack was not very successful, however, nor was it ever repeated.

In Tokyo I learned that a commercial airline operated a regular daily flight from Japan to Formosa and decided to make the trip—if it were possible. Foreign friends in Tokyo pooh-poohed the idea.

“There's a war on in these parts, haven't you heard?”

Yes, I had heard, and I also knew of the Japanese reluctance to sell air tickets to foreigners, especially to strategic Formosa. But I was determined. I set friends to work pulling wires, seeing So-and-so and So-and-so. It really wasn't so difficult a thing to put over as had been anticipated. Assured I was no foreign spy, there suddenly appeared to be no obstacle in my path.

Tokyo's Haneda Airport is more than an hour's drive from

the Imperial Hotel; that is, with an ordinary taxi driver. But there are no ordinary taxi drivers in Tokyo—they're all race-track drivers, particularly when an opportunity is presented to prove to the airport-bound passenger a kinship in daredevilness with the pilot of the waiting plane. But then . . .

There is a “local” and an “express” service from Tokyo to Fukuoka, the jumping-off place at the lower tip of Japan proper. The fare is yen 55 for the local and yen 65 for the express—about equal to first-class train service in Japan. The express plane is a fourteen-passenger Nakazima-Douglas DC-2, Japan-built, engined with American 710 h.p. Wright Cyclones.

My Douglas was scheduled to leave at 7:00 A.M. It's a three-hour-and-forty-minute nonstop flight to Fukuoka. And a beautiful flight it was, too. Hardly out of Tokyo we picked up peerless Fujiyama on the skyline, and what an unforgettable sight was this extinct volcano rising nearly two miles high, almost from the very shore of the sea, its snow-capped cone a glistening white silhouette against a deep-blue sky.

Mountain ranges alternated with broad fertile valleys of irregularly shaped rice paddies, which from the air resembled huge stained-glass windows. We followed the Inland Sea below Osaka, each of its numerous islands a bright green spot in a setting of unruffled blue.

Fukuoka is as modern as any airport in Europe or America. Planes arrive—from Tokyo, from Formosa, from Manchukuo, North China, Shanghai—with surprising regularity; and are dispatched again with clockwork efficiency.

There was a thirty-minute stop here for us while our DC-2 was refueled and groomed for the long overwater flight ahead. At 11:10 a smartly uniformed girl approached and handed each one of us a lunchbox. “*Dozo*,” she then said politely, “please,” and motioned to our plane.

Good pilots are these Japanese. But their general propensity for reckless showing-off is disconcerting to one who has any knowledge of flying. It's the only thing to which I can attribute

their, to say the least, annoying actions. For certainly they know better, or should know better, than to cock a planeload of passengers and express over into a thirty-degree bank, with barely fifty feet altitude. Still, it is amazing how, in spite of this, they maintained an accident record (1935-1936) of 1.3 per cent fatalities per 10,000 flights, and 2.1 per cent fatalities per 10,000 hours.

We headed due south from Fukuoka. Our pilot climbed: 5,000—10,000—15,000 feet. Perhaps he was worried lest some wandering squadron of Chinese warplanes might spot us. Our plane was garishly camouflaged. Or perhaps he was merely cautious—wanted plenty of visibility so as not to miss Naha, which is a pretty small spot in the immensity of the China Sea.

Pretty soon I began to get hungry and investigated my lunch-box. It contained some slices of raw fish—a Japanese delicacy—rice-balls wrapped in pungent seaweed, tiny portions of unidentifiable vegetables, two plums and a little bottle of flat-tasting distilled water. Admittedly, the food was clean and was most artistically arranged in the box. Chopsticks were provided, and even a toothpick to complete the service.

The sea was calm. Occasionally we sighted a steamer appearing like some tiny child's toy floating in the park pond. It was cloudy ahead, and didn't look so good. I hoped we'd get into Naha before the stuff closed in. But the stuff did begin to close in on us, and we were steadily forced down to nearly five hundred feet, as raindrops began to streak the windows.

About 2:30 P.M. we picked up a tiny coral island—tropical green with a halo of pale blue-green shoal water. Another, and still another. And there was Naha ahead. We circled once and shot the field. Obliging, the pilot taxied the big Douglas out of the rain and into a huge steel hangar, where the plane door was opened and we got out to stretch our legs. We'd made the 575-mile flight from Fukuoka in three and one-half hours.

Without doubt full information about me had been telegraphed ahead, in the customary Japanese manner of keeping

tabs on all foreigners traveling in the Empire. (I was the first foreigner, as far as I could learn, to make this flight.) Nevertheless, a funny little policeman buzzed about me excitedly asking numerous questions—in Japanese, of course, not a word of which I understood.

I handed him my passport, which meant nothing to him—he couldn't read English. Eventually, one of my fellow passengers spoke up in flawless English.

“May I be of assistance?”

“Oh, thanks, yes!”

“He merely wants the routine police information: your name, address, profession, destination, purpose of travel. If you wish, I'll fill in this form for you from your passport.”

From our exchange of calling cards I learned that he was a representative for M-G-M Studios, traveling to Formosa to explore the potentialities of developing a moviegoing public there.

For that matter, with the possible exception of a petty official or two, all my fellow passengers were businessmen or commercial representatives. The Japanese look upon Formosa as a golden field for commercial exploitation, and the government does all it can, with regulations and subsidies where necessary, to encourage this.

It was raining lightly, and I had taken it for granted that we would be remaining overnight. But after barely twenty minutes we were ushered back to the refueled ship. With some misgivings I took my seat. Still, the pilot must know what he was doing. Perhaps he had had a report of good weather not far ahead. I hoped so! The prospect of a 450-mile blind flight was none too pleasant a thought.

But doggone it if the soup didn't get worse instead of better as we continued Formosaward. Soon we were wave-hopping. I mean that almost literally, for we could not have been more than twenty feet above the water for long stretches at a time,

until I began to fear that the very next big wave would reach up and grab at a prop tip . . .

And, would you believe it, that fellow hit Taihoku Airport squarely on the nose, and right on schedule! Two hours and forty minutes from Naha.

Fortunately, the clouds had lifted a little as we approached the Formosan coast. We had about five hundred feet ceiling there—barely enough to permit us a margin of safety to come in over a city with a quarter-million population. We landed on the military airport—right smack in the midst of squadrons of pursuits and big bombers, all heavily loaded and lined up ready for a China “egg-laying” expedition. My hunch was right—Taihoku airport was Japan’s base for all aerial operations on South China!

You can guess from all this what a brass-band reception I, a foreigner, received from the military authorities there. Particularly, when they discovered that my baggage consisted of little more, figuratively, than a toothbrush and a movie camera.

They didn’t mind the toothbrush. I had to do some fast talking, so I took the initiative.

“I hear you have some headhunters in the interior. I’ve come to photograph them.”

“Headhunters? We have no more headhunters here,” replied the officer impatiently. “And what do you mean by coming down here with motion-picture cameras? Don’t you know . . . ?”

“No headhunters? But the books all tell of the headhunters of Formosa. I thought . . .”

“Oh, we’ve civilized them all.” He made a petulant gesture. “Besides, what do you mean by . . .”

“Civilized them? Gee, that’s swell! Then I shall be able to get some grand movies of them, won’t I?”

The officer scowled. He couldn’t decide whether to order me thrown in the hoosegow while my status was “investigated”—which might mean weeks or even months before instructions came through from Tokyo under pressure from Washington.

Or it might be more advisable to take this crazy American at his word and shoot him up into the interior—well escorted, of course—to take his silly pictures of aborigines, and thus have him out of the military’s way, and still under surveillance.

Luckily, he chose the second course.

My every move was closely watched, my every action minutely registered. Even my thoughts and sentiments were probed. I was constantly subjected to inspections and questionings. They seemed to send in succession every member of both uniformed and secret police who had any knowledge at all of foreigners, to practice their atrocious English on me.

I received them patiently and tried to be courteous, though I almost did lose my temper at one fellow who persistently tried to trick me into some incriminating admission, using the crudest methods. He would ask me out of a clear sky:

“Why did you take those photographs of our military headquarters?”

I would quietly remind him that I hadn’t so much as removed my cameras from my room, much less ventured near the military headquarters—wherever they might be.

“Oh! So sorry, good-bye.” But he’d come back the next day with another such silly trick.

One morning Ando-san appeared. Ando was a youngish-looking Japanese, though he had a wife and six children. He had heard I needed an interpreter. Whether he’d been sent to me or came of his own accord, I didn’t propose to question. His regular job was a translator in the government railway service. He seemed a willing chap, and capable as well as intelligent. And in the ten years he’d been in Formosa he had studied and learned a great deal about the country and its people.

He proved a perfect traveling companion. Quietly but efficiently he arranged all transportation, accommodations, and answered the million and one questions from what seemed like a million and one inquisitive policemen, secret-service men, and whatnot. It was quite apparent that every moment of the

day or night I was under observation by both military and civil authorities.

The Japanese have developed a good railway service almost completely encircling the island, which is about 400 miles long and 200 miles wide. We took a night train to a tiny town half-way down the west coast, where a rattletrap car waited for us in the misty dawn. Heading inland over a bumpy road which crossed the plain skirting the coast with its pattern of rice paddies and picturesque little villages, we began our climb up into the mountainous interior.

It became increasingly clear to me why the Japanese called Formosa the "Treasure Island of the Empire." The rich soil and the tropical climate would grow almost anything: pine-apples, tea, sugar, spices. And, as we climbed higher and higher, these gave way to the camphor industry. Camphor was once the most valuable of Formosa's exports. Ninety per cent of the world's camphor supply once came from here. It was used for medicines, celluloid and explosives. But in recent years satisfactory and cheaper substitutes have been made from turpentine, and the camphor industry in Formosa has dwindled to a mere fraction of its former importance.

About noon we came to a beautiful little Japanese inn perched on a hilltop overlooking an idyllic lake. Lake Jitsugetsutan lies at an elevation of 2,400 feet above sea level, in almost the geographical center of the island, surrounded by towering mountain ranges. On the far side I noted considerable activity. I questioned Ando about this, and learned that the Japanese are building a huge dam and powerhouse, which when completed will generate a 60,000-kilowatt current to bring cheap electricity to the island's homes and industries.

The inn was typically Japanese, of the resort type. Clean, comfortable, and tastefully decorated. There were many of these little inns throughout the island, so Ando told me. Japanese come down from Tokyo and Osaka to spend their holidays in these beautiful mountains, just as New Yorkers travel to the

Indian country in our own Far West. For the Japanese regard the native aborigines in the mountains much as we do our own Indians. And they are governed and controlled much like the Indians on reservations.

One such reservation was a tribe of former headhunters who lived across the lake. In the afternoon we took a boat over to their principal village. Here Ando persuaded the women to put on a dance for my cameras in their bright-hued native costumes. The unique feature of this occasion was the Pestle Song they performed for me. Ages ago, so the story goes, a woman pounding millet in a stone basin with a large wooden pestle, found that her pestle gave a musical sound when it struck the stone. The slightly smaller pestle of another woman near by made a higher note. From that they devised a means of making music. A large flat rock was placed on the ground over a shallow depression. A group of women then gathered around the stone slab and with their various-sized pestles ranging from four to ten feet in length they performed a complete program of unique music by tapping the rock in rhythmic chords and plaintive cadences. The pestle music was accompanied by a chant in which the spectators joined.

In the morning we proceeded farther up into the mountains. We were headed for the home of the Musha tribe. I had heard a good deal about these Musha people. They were noted as one of the fiercest fighters of the island's aborigines. Living high up on the mountaintops at an elevation of about 6,000 feet, they had long defied Japanese authority. At length, when superior Japanese arms forced them to submit, they allowed themselves to be "civilized." In their efficient way the Japanese began with cleaning up the villages, building roads, hospitals and schools.

The Musha folk seemed to take all this civilizing quietly and meekly enough. Proud of their achievement in taming and civilizing these fierce headhunters, numerous parties of officials and tourists would come for a look-see. One day a party of

Japanese school children together with their teachers and a few officials came up from Taihoku for a visit.

This was just too much for the proud Mushas. To be gaped at by children like animals in a zoo stirred them to a remembrance of their former independence. Without warning, the entire group of Japanese—187 of them—were surrounded and decapitated! And this happened only seven years before my visit.

Knowing full well the vengeance that awaited them, they fled to the forests. Japanese military expeditions sent against them were unable to do anything, though their machine guns and light artillery were matched by only the swords, spears and poison-dart blowguns of the natives. Eventually, the government sent warplanes to bomb them. And, when they found that the tall trees screened and protected the gleeful natives from aerial bombs, the government resorted to dropping poison gas. That did the trick.

At Musha I was, therefore, not too surprised to observe few able-bodied men about. Most of them, no doubt, had been executed when captured. Ando-san insisted, however, that when peace was declared no retribution was exacted from the survivors. "They were merely scolded," he explained. "For since they were savages, living according to savage codes, Japanese laws could not be applied to them until they became educated."

The few men we did meet were exceptionally polite in their greeting, removing their hats as they bowed and said:

"Ko-nee-chee-wa!"

Ando explained: "It is the Japanese greeting meaning something like 'Fine day!'"

Though they demanded this polite greeting from all the natives, I noted that even the local Japanese policeman who accompanied us bowed slightly and replied in turn, *"Ko-nee-chee-wa."*

The Musha folk lived in a cluster of tiny villages separated by patches of cultivated fields. The police station, tiny Japanese

inn, school, and hospital were concentrated in the largest of the villages.

Dominating this principal village was a huge stone shrine erected to the memory of the 187 Japanese massacred on the spot. Near by I saw another monument in the form of a ten-foot stone slab standing on end, with two small round stones flanking its base. Ando-san translated the policeman's explanation. When quarrels between two tribes are settled, the occasion is commemorated with a little monument of three stones—one for each of the parties, and a third for the god, or Great Spirit, who acts as both intermediary and witness. The vows there taken are held inviolate, and are broken only at the dread risk of incurring the displeasure of the witnessing god. This particular monument represented the peace treaty between the Japanese and the Musha tribe.

While the government's policy until recently has been one of ruthless extermination when its authority was resisted, the Japanese today are seriously intent upon bettering the life and lot of the natives. This they are doing principally through the children, by affording them excellent schooling, even extending opportunities to continue their education in higher schools in Japan.

The problem of pacification of these wild peoples is, nevertheless, still a big one. For centuries Formosa has been as famous for its fierce headhunting natives as for the treacherous rocks which only recently claimed as a victim one of the largest liners on the Pacific. In the seventeenth century Dutch and Spanish had settled in Formosa. Both were later defeated and driven out by the half-Chinese, half-Japanese adventurer Koxinga.

In subsequent years tens of thousands of Chinese crossed the ninety-odd miles that separate Formosa from South China and settled in the plains along the coast, driving the aborigines into the mountainous interior.

When the Japanese acquired the island in 1895, they found the land all they had anticipated in potential wealth, but the

problem of how to exploit this wealth was a serious one. The Chinese, though they dominated the island's population (about ninety-two per cent of the population even today is Chinese, with Japanese representing only about five per cent, and the aborigines about three per cent) were easily enough subdued. And the rice, sugar, tea, tobacco and allied lowland products came readily under Japanese control.

But the products of the interior, such as gold, oil, coal, copper, sulphur and camphor, were difficult of access because of the fierce resistance of the headhunter tribes. Successive military expeditions against them were repulsed with heavy casualties, losses over a period of years totaling between fifteen and twenty thousand.

At length the Japanese hit upon a brilliant idea. A high steel-mesh fence was extended for hundreds of miles around the core of the island. Within, the hostile tribesfolk were imprisoned, while the fence was charged with sufficient electricity to kill instantly anyone who touched it. The brush was cleared from the vicinity of the fence and blockhouses constructed at intervals, which were manned by Japanese guards armed with machine guns.

When a tribe living adjacent to the electrified fence signified its intention to behave and become "civilized," the fence would be opened and bowed around their territory, thus putting them on the outside and in direct contact with Japanese authority. The Mushas had recently been taken in, and the fence is not far from their principal village. The process is a slow one, with a considerable portion of the interior still fenced in, a land where no Japanese dares to tread.

It wasn't easy to get the natives to talk, but they seemed to have confidence in the young Japanese policeman who acted as my interpreter. The policeman would translate the native tongue into Japanese, and Ando would retranslate this into English.

After some maneuvering, I invariably brought the conversa-



U. S. S. R.

MANCHUKUO

SEA OF JAPAN

YELLOW SEA

EAST CHINA SEA

PACIFIC OCEAN

JAPAN

FORMOSA

TRANS-SIBERIAN R.R.

CHINESE EASTERN R.R.

SO MANCHURIAN R.R.

Peking

Tientsin

Dairen

Mukden

Rashin

Changkufeng

Seishin

Harbin

Hsinking

Vladivostok

Antung

Keijo

Fusan

Kobe

Shimonoseki

Fukuoka

Tokyo

Nanking

Shanghai

Naha

Taihoku

Yellow R.

Yangtze R.

tion around to their custom of headhunting. "*Shuttsusu*," they called it. They didn't seem to think there was anything wrong in the custom, even though the Japanese had forbidden skull collecting under threat of dire punishment to the whole tribe to which the offender belonged.

I learned that there is no lust for blood involved in the custom, not even for the heads of their enemies with whom they might be feuding. The reasons which prompted them to this custom were curious ones. For example, two natives might become involved in a serious argument. And where we "civilized" folk would more often than not square off to settle the matter in a physical encounter—swords, pistols, or fists—the Formosans declared a headhunt. And whoever brings back first the head of some member of another tribe is declared in the right. The head of any man will do; never the head of a woman, which is considered cowardice and despised. And in the ceremonies which follow the bringing in of the head, offerings are placed before the victim's skull, praying forgiveness for this act and hoping he'll understand that there was nothing personal involved.

Other reasons for a headhunt might be to break the spell which the hunter believes some witch has placed upon him. Or, an accused thief might prove his innocence by bringing in the head of some hapless traveler. A lady's hand might be won by the winner of a headhunt engaged in by a pair of rivals for her affections. Mind you, it's *not each other's* heads they hunt.

All in all, shuttsusu may be summed up as a manly custom. It is their belief that cowards, crooks, or those in the wrong will be sure to fail in the headhunt. And I wonder whether these people are really so "primitive" by comparison with us. We still decide right and wrong by fist-battles or dueling, with nations no better or different in principle than ourselves.

The successful headhunter is quickly denoted by a long narrow tattoo mark from the hairline to the bridge of his nose, and another line from the lower lip to the tip of the chin. And,

since the headhunt tattoo is a badge worn with considerable pride, young bucks will as soon as possible find some reason for engaging in a shuttsusu. For a man's not considered completely mature until he's taken at least one head.

This, of course, would be bound to lead to rivalry for the greatest number of heads collected by any one man. I was told that one old Musha buck had collected as many as five hundred, which he had had beautifully arranged upon a shelf in his home. And it had broken his heart when the Japanese authorities recently decreed the destruction of all such skull collections.

The tattoo is indulged in by the women as well as the men, though not for the same reasons. Women tattoo their faces for beautification, as a sign of maturity, and as insignia of their tribe. The tattoo is a painful operation which may take as much as four or five days to complete. In appearance the finished tattoo is much like a mustache that extends from the base of the nose to the chin and tapers off as it sweeps in a curve along either cheek to the ear.

A girl's face is tattooed about the time she is to be married. And there is an extra charge for this tattooing if she's not a virgin. The surcharge is for "purification."

It may be interesting to note here the story told me by an old native woman as to why they tattooed their faces.

"Once upon a time," she began, "there was a big stone on the top of a high mountain called 'Pappaqwake.' One day this stone broke open and a boy and a girl stepped forth. They grew up happily enough together, until one day the girl got ideas of sex. They were lonely, she told her brother, because they not only had no others like themselves to share their companionship, but also no hope of perpetuating themselves as they grew older.

"So one day she told her brother that she had discovered a beautiful girl living in a rocky cavern near by. 'I have talked to her about you,' the sister said, 'and the strange girl is anxious for you to visit her and marry her.' 'Fine,' said the brother. 'I

will go to her immediately.' 'No, you must wait. I will go first and tell her that you are coming soon.'

"The sister then went to the cave, where she disguised herself by painting her face with clay pigments, and thus completely fooled her brother."

The old woman who told me this story seemed puzzled and a bit annoyed when I asked the obvious questions as to how the sister was able to continue the deception; and, if she was able to continue it, what did the brother think or do about the disappearance of his sister? This logical analysis was too much for her. And, upon reflection, I wonder if perhaps I wasn't a bit hard on her, for our own mythologies most certainly contain stories aplenty based upon as little reason and logic.

The Formosans are ordinarily monogamous, except for the headman, who may have as many wives as he can afford. Both parental and individual choice prevails. And I noted that one of their customs was quite similar to that of the Tibetans. A young warrior who has been refused permission to marry the girl, may gather a few of his friends and kidnap her. Then negotiations are entered into with the girl's parents, and a decision is arrived at—dependent mainly upon the girl's wishes in the matter.

Frequently, a young bridegroom may enter the home of the girl's parents and remain there as one of the family until the first baby arrives. The young couple then leave and set up housekeeping on their own. Illegitimate and deformed babies are usually killed, and so is one of a pair of twins.

The food is principally millet and sweet potatoes, augmented with whatever may be obtainable in the way of fresh game. Both men and women smoke considerably—a habit inherited from their Malayan ancestors. The women, in fact, smoke even more than the men. My old woman storyteller told a good one about that.

"Once there was a young couple who were very happy together. One day he fell ill, and his wife shed copious tears as

she saw him sinking deeper and deeper. He felt very sorry for her. ‘Do not grieve, my dear. Have courage. My time is come and I must go. However, after I am dead, bury me on the top of yonder mountain. After a while a big-leafed plant will grow all around my grave. Take the leaves of this plant, dry them, and roll them like a short stick. Light this and inhale the smoke. And the pleasure thus derived will ease your sorrow and keep you ever mindful of our love.’ ”

“SOMEONE SHALL PAY FOR THIS!”

THE JAPANESE PRIME PROBLEM IN FORMOSA IS NOT THE pacification and civilizing of the headhunting tribes. It is, rather, the pacification and political conversion of five million Chinese representing about 92 per cent of the island's population.

Five million Chinese, outwardly quiet but seething with unrest and hatred for their overlords, are becoming a bigger and bigger bogey to the Japanese. For it is not merely their countrymen against whom the Japanese are waging war, but something much closer—their own relatives on the mainland, particularly in the coastal province of Fukien whence most of Formosa's Chinese originally came.

A vigilant eye, therefore, has to be kept open for the first sign of active revolt. And the Japanese authorities are in a perpetual state of jitters—spy jitters, mainly. For, especially before the fall of Shanghai and Canton which gave Japan a mainland foothold, Formosa served admirably as a base of operations for the navy and the air force in the Central and South China campaigns. But, whenever a squadron took off from the Taihoku military airport for a China raid, it would seem only a few minutes before Chiang Kai-shek's government radio blared forth a warning of their coming. This annoyed the Japanese no end. Intensive searches were constantly made in an effort to locate the spy headquarters with its broadcasting apparatus. Without warning a whole city block might be suddenly surrounded by troops, and thorough search made of every person and place within. The stations, so far as I could learn, were never found.

The high point in all this came one day when a flight of

Chinese planes appeared over Taihoku and bombed the Japanese airport. While the damage and loss of life was comparatively slight, the moral effect was tremendous. Five million Formosan Chinese felt increasingly heartened, and a handful of Japanese grew all the more worried as they listened and prepared for the worst. That nothing happened was due simply to a realization that flesh—in no matter what quantity—cannot hope to prevail against the guns and bombs of the Nipponese navy and air force.

Everyone in Formosa is suspect, especially the foreigners. And there are few enough of them there. For years the Nipponese have been steadily pushing them out with refusal to renew leases, subsidized competitive businesses, even resorting to ruinous “special taxes”—levies which sometimes taxed a firm’s profit to the tune of 100 per cent—against those foreign enterprises which insisted upon remaining. So, today there are perhaps a total of fifty foreigners in all Formosa, of whom thirty-five are missionaries and the other fifteen almost all foreign consular representatives.

Every act and every movement, almost every thought, of these few foreigners is brilliantly spotlighted. Servants are obliged to make detailed reports to the police on the conduct of their foreign employers. Who were the guests the evening before? What did they do? What did they talk about? What did they eat and drink? What time did they leave? What time did the household go to bed?

It is true, the Japanese are getting some remarkable results from their development of the island’s natural resources. But everything is kept so mysteriously hush-hush. Pineapples from Hawaii have been introduced. An American pineapple plantation owner was invited to Formosa to help the Japanese start the planting. Yet, when he wished to visit Formosa a year later to inspect the results, perhaps to offer valuable advice and assistance, he was told that the Japanese plantation owners were conducting some new and secret experiments; it would not

be possible for any foreigner to visit pineapple plantations in Formosa. It is so also with cotton plantations, sugar fields, tea growing—all hush-hush. “Secret experiments.” So secret that one might suspect the Japanese are hesitant in admitting possible failure, shielding this under the guise of secrecy. In their favor, however, and on the basis of their past achievements, one must admit that the Japanese are among the best agriculturists in the world.

The cloak of hush-hush and secrecy envelops even the air transport. There is a daily round-the-island air service, linking the important cities along the coast. To save time, I flew from port to port, and then struck inland to visit one or another of the seven major nations of aborigines living in the interior. The ships are neat-looking little craft, “Made In Japan” entirely, except for the British engines. There were accommodations for a single pilot and six passengers, with seats so small and so narrow—made for the average Japanese, probably—that I could barely squeeze into one of them.

Though photography is strictly forbidden from the air, the Japanese cleverly provided even against the “photographic memories” of trained military observers. The west coast being most heavily fortified, all the curtains, which had steel strips along their edges, are drawn and padlocked from the time the ship leaves one airport until it lands at the next.

I am a fairly hardened air traveler, but I got quite a scare on one of these Formosan flights. The 240-horsepower engine for that ship was none too much for a pilot and six passengers, plus mail and express. But it seems a fetish with these Japanese pilots to handle their loaded passenger planes like high-powered pursuit ships. Hardly bothering to warm up the motor, our pilot gunned the ship off the ground, banked sharply and headed straight for a range of mountains whose elevation required a steep climbing angle if he was to clear them.

He must have changed his mind, however, when we reached

them. For he leveled off at least a thousand feet below their tops and began a nerve-shaking snaking in and out of one winding valley after another. Just what his idea was I couldn't guess. There was no sense in heading for the mountains in the first place. He should have circled them, following the sea-coast. However, the mountains themselves weren't too high, perhaps no more than 5,000 feet. But clouds had settled down well over the tops of some of them, at times so low that twice we actually had to wing-over sharply and hightail back when forward vision was completely obscured. Eventually he must have thought better of his foolishness; coming to a big valley he circled for altitude and then headed for the coast.

Exactly two weeks after this flight, the fellow cracked up, killing himself and four passengers!

I had made quite a few motion pictures of the life and customs of the headhunter tribes in Formosa, and was patting myself on the back by the time I got back to Taihoku. So far as I could learn, these were the first motion pictures taken in Formosa by a foreigner in nearly fifteen years.

Though I had been constantly under the eye of both military and police officials, there was quite a disturbance when I arrived in Taihoku one afternoon and announced that I intended to fly back to Japan the next morning. It seemed they just couldn't be positive that I might not have taken some forbidden pictures on the sly. Be that as it may, a permit was issued to me to take my films with me in the plane. And that, I thought, was that.

But it wasn't. By some freak circumstance, the telegram which the Formosan officials sent ahead to Fukuoka, where I was to be met and taken in hand, arrived too late. My plane had come in, and I had left immediately for the railway station to take train to Moji and Shimonoseki, where I intended to cross over on the night boat to Korea. I was headed up through Korea to Manchukuo for a look-see.

The next afternoon as I was passing through Keijo, formerly

known as Seoul, I decided to drop off for a bit of a visit. At two o'clock the next morning there was a knock on my hotel room door. Two members of the Japanese special police were calling. One spoke a poor, but serviceable English.

"You have films of Formosa?"

"Yes."

"You must give us. We must send Tokyo for development and censoring."

I got mad.

"To begin with," I said, "I was told by the Formosa authorities that there was no objection to my taking these films, or to taking them out without development and censorship. That was why my filming was so closely supervised—the films were censored on the spot.

"In the second place, I don't like this way of doing things. Why in hell didn't they insist on taking the films from me in Formosa instead of treating the matter now as if I were trying to sneak away with them, and that you've finally found me like a fugitive from justice here at two A.M., in a hotel in Korea a thousand miles away?"

But they only looked blankly at me. Perhaps that was just too much English for the fellow to assimilate. He could only reply:

"Very sorry, please. You must give film."

"You fellows get the hell out of here," I exploded, "and come back in the morning, at nine o'clock, a decent hour. I'm no criminal, and I refuse to be treated like one."

They looked at each other for a moment, jabbered some Japanese, and decided that perhaps they'd better not get too rough with this foreigner, as long as there was no serious charge against him. He couldn't get away, that was certain. Better let him alone till morning. They bowed politely and left.

Promptly at nine they were back again. "You must give up film. We demand." He had apparently had some fresh orders from his superior.

“Okay,” I replied. “You may have the film to send to Tokyo. But, just to be sure about the legality of all this monkey business, I’m taking the films over to the American consul here in Keijo. You may obtain the films from him upon giving him a receipt which he will recognize as official and proper.”

They looked at me with frank amazement and dismay. Calmly I got up, tucked the cans of films under my arm, and marched down to the lobby where I called a taxi.

The consulate was only about ten minutes’ ride from the hotel. I was received by Mr. Marsh, the consul, and had just about begun to tell my story, when his telephone rang.

“Who? What? Films? Films of Formosa? He may what? He may go ahead . . . take them with him? I don’t understand.”

I interrupted. “I guess that must be about me and my films.”

“Just a moment, please.” He turned to me. “You are Mr. Forman? And you have some films of Formosa?”

“Yes. That’s what I’ve come to see you about.”

“Excuse me a moment.” Into the phone he said, “Mr. Forman is here just now . . . in my office. . . . Yes, thank you. I’ll tell him.”

It appeared that the two cops had rushed back to their superior with the report of my going to the consulate. Some quick thinking had been done in official quarters, and it was decided to call the American consul immediately and advise him that a “mistake” had been made, that it was perfectly all right for Mr. Forman to take his Formosa films with him on the afternoon train for Manchukuo.

We laughed and joked a bit about the incident. “Some sort of face-saving business,” the consul said. And I added, “Well, I thought the whole thing sounded a bit queer.” I took the afternoon train.

At about midnight we arrived at the border. Customs inspectors came aboard and began their usual inspections. When they came to me, the Number One said:

"You have with you some exposed but undeveloped motion pictures of Formosa?"

"And how the hell do you know that I have 'exposed but undeveloped motion pictures of Formosa?'" I was beginning to see the light, and I was getting pretty mad about the silly little trick.

The inspector tossed his head with important impatience. "It doesn't matter. You have such pictures. You must hand them over to me."

"Why?"

He looked up quickly at me. "Well, because it is illegal for anyone to bring exposed but undeveloped motion-picture films into Manchukuo."

"It is, is it? Well, I'm not taking them into Manchukuo. I'm not entering your damned country. I'm getting off this train and going back. Yes, all the way back to Tokyo, where I'm going to raise some holy hell!"

"But . . . but . . ." sputtered the inspector. There had apparently been nothing in his instructions as to what to do if the foreigner refused to give up his films and got off the train. There was nothing "illegal" in such an action.

I piled off the train, bag and baggage, and waited until about four in the morning for a train back. About every hour, some special police or secret-service man came into my compartment, and in halting English would follow a foolish routine of passport inspection with a plea that I get off the train and go back to Manchukuo. A serious mistake had been made. And everything was all straightened out now.

But I was mad.

In the early afternoon we arrived in Keijo. I decided suddenly to get off and have it out with the officials there.

I called upon Consul Marsh, and told him the story.

"I insist," I added, "that a definite stand and investigation be made in this matter." After all, a government official in Keijo had officially informed the American consulate that Mr.

Forman could take his films with him wherever he wished. To be sure, the Keijo authorities had no official control over the acts of a Manchukuo customs inspector. But it was quite apparent that the Keijo officials had stooped to petty trickery.

Marsh was considerably annoyed. He took the matter to heart. Did they think him, as well as all Americans, such fools? Though it was Sunday afternoon, he got on the phone immediately. And what a stir-up he caused. There were apologies from all sides: “It was exceedingly regrettable”; “We are mortified”; “Disgraced”; “Someone shall pay for this.”

The upshot of the whole business was an assurance from some big shot that everything would be smoothed out. And would I please take the afternoon train back to Manchukuo again—with my films.

I agreed to take the train; but I insisted the officials take over my films.

“By this time,” I said, “the Japanese are dead certain that I have motion pictures of their secret fortifications of Formosa. And I’ll never get out of the Japanese Empire alive with those films in my possession. I insist, therefore, that they be taken over and sent to Tokyo for development and censorship.”

Consul Marsh agreed with me. I gave him the films with instructions to obtain a receipt for them, and left on the afternoon train. At the border the inspector studiously avoided my compartment, and I entered Manchukuo.

And what happened to the films? For weeks Consul Marsh had tried hard to get the Keijo authorities to take them over. They stalled and stalled. Eventually, upon his insistence, they came over to the consulate, sealed up the cans with lots of official thingamabobs and sent them by special post direct to the American Embassy in Tokyo. There they lay for quite a while. I heard about this down in Shanghai. I wired the embassy to insist that the Tokyo Foreign Office take those films

and develop them. Eventually, after repeated urging from the American officials, the Foreign Office sent over for the films.

Six months later a parcel was handed to me in New York. The Formosa films! They had been brought over to America in the diplomatic pouch of one of the consular representatives. The films were still undeveloped!

“CHINA’S SORROW” ON THE RAMPAGE

DOWN FROM KOREA, MANCHUKUO AND NORTH CHINA I ARRIVED in Shanghai in late June of 1938. There I learned that the dikes of the Yellow River had been breached, and “China’s Sorrow,” which for centuries had taken its awful toll of life and property in periodic floods, was on the rampage again.

In the best of Shanghai’s journalistic “informed circles” the question of “who done it” was still a much-discussed one. The Chinese had reported that the dikes were breached by Japanese artillery fire—part of Japan’s “ruthless policy of unbridled destruction in all China.” The Japanese pooh-poohed this, claiming that it would be foolish for them thus to halt their “victorious advance” upon Hankow. The Chinese retorted with the bravado that the Japanese had deliberately flooded the area to save themselves from an imminent crushing defeat from an overwhelming Chinese army. Ignoring this, the Nipponese announced that they had halted all military operations in the north to devote their immediate efforts to rendering assistance to the “many thousands of unfortunates trapped by Chinese utter callousness.”

But the facts? What were they?

I learned that not a single foreign newspaperman or cameraman had eyewitnessed the event. What’s more, not a single one of them even bothered to try to get up to the area in question and obtain the true picture of what had happened there. All of them appeared to content themselves with merely filing reports from their treaty port offices which summed up the situation as a “big flood” in Central China now adding further miseries to a war-stricken populace.

I was amazed at this lack of appreciation for the true significance of this event. Couldn't they see that this represented for the Chinese the greatest single victory in the entire Sino-Japanese War? This was surely obvious, when one considered the configuration of military maneuvers at arm's length.

To begin with, following the retreat from Shanghai, Nanking, the heavily fortified capital of China, fell to the Japanese only a few weeks later. Hankow, 400 miles farther up the Yangtze, whither Chiang had moved his capital, was unfortified and should reasonably have been expected to fall only a matter of weeks after Nanking.

The Japanese plan of attack on Hankow, however, was different from that on Nanking. There being no roads or railroads beyond Nanking, the Nipponese army could not feasibly keep pace with their advancing warships as they had from Shanghai to Nanking. It was decided then that the navy would proceed alone up the river, while another Nipponese army was to move down from the north—the two converging on Hankow.

Out of their supreme contempt for the Chinese, the Japanese anticipated no serious delay or obstruction to the northern army's overland advance.

The Chinese first proved their fighting mettle by delaying the army annoyingly at Suchow, the junction of the north-south Tientsin-Nanking Railroad and the east-west Lunghai line. After a bloody battle at Taierhchwang near Suchow, which the world's press emblazoned as a signal Chinese victory, the Chinese suddenly began to withdraw. The retreat was so apparently disorganized that the Japanese truly believed they had broken the back of Chinese resistance. Throwing military caution to the winds the Nipponese pursued the fleeing Chinese to deal the final crushing blow. And walked nicely into the Chinese trap.

That single act of dynamiting the Yellow River dikes just as they had maneuvered the unsuspecting Japanese into position must unquestionably be accredited a brilliant piece of

military strategy for the Chinese. It resulted specifically in a many months' setback in the Kwangtung army's advance on Hankow, and necessitated a complete change in Japan's war plans. The brunt of the Hankow campaign now fell upon the navy and air force operating on the Yangtze, which had to blast its way up the liberally mined and well-fortified river. And unfortified Hankow held out for nine months! And the cost meant another hitch in Japan's financial belt.

This, then, indicated a most important story to me. A difficult one to get, to be sure; for it meant a trek across a thousand miles of war-torn China, with the prospects of messy trudging about in flooded areas when I did get to the scene. That the assignment was a difficult one merely served as an added inducement, rather than a deterrent. My business is essentially exploration; and one of the prime qualifications of an explorer is to be able to get into places which others find difficult of access.

I decided, too, that the story could be much more comprehensively covered from the air. That, of course, raised the problem of transportation. Well, it is my philosophy never to hesitate to ask for something if I want it badly enough. So I blithely approached the Japanese military in Shanghai and said, in effect: “I want an airplane!”

Well, doggone it, if they didn't give me an airplane!

But I sometimes wonder if the Japanese didn't have their tongue in cheek when they made this plane available to me. The ship was a ten-year-old Fokker with a put-put engine that had a top speed of perhaps ninety miles per hour. A fine thing to be flying around the interior, with Chinese warplanes buzzing about at two and three hundred miles per hour top speed! And as if the crawl of that flying junk-pile were not enough to give one pause, it was brazenly painted on both top and bottom of its antiquated wing with huge red disks—the Rising Sun insignia—which made beautiful targets for the rifles, machine guns and whatnot in the hands of a few tens of thousands Chinese troopers and guerrillas over whose heads we flew!

Frankly, I had entertained little hope that my request for a plane would even be given serious consideration. But one night, about a week after I had called upon the military, I received a telephone call: Would I be ready to fly in the morning? I would. At dawn, then; we will send a car to your hotel.

With a bearded wild-driving soldier at the wheel of a battered military Ford, we tore madly through scarred, blackened Hongkew and Chapei. With me in the back were an officer of the Japanese Press Bureau and Mr. T. Kumazawa (Michigan B.A. '26, Columbia M.A. '27) who was to act as my interpreter.

It was raining lightly. Observing my apprehensive skyward glances the officer remarked casually that we'd fly, rain or no rain. Cheerful thought!

Arriving at the Tazang military airport in Yangtzepoo, I was greeted by Major T. Koike, an amiable fellow, who addressed me in flawless English.

"Your pilot," he said, as he introduced me to a serious-faced fellow in coveralls. "One of our best for you," he added, suggesting that the authorities were taking few chances with their responsibility for my safety. The pilot saluted smartly. I was told later that he'd been decorated with the Order of the Golden Kite—the highest decoration in the Japanese Air Force.

Our plane, crazily camouflaged, was already warming up on the runway. A cup of tea, a parting handshake, and we were off.

It was still drizzling, and the clouds hung low. Hedgehopping along at about 200 feet, I was able to obtain an excellent picture of the ravages of war in the Shanghai-Nanking sector. Odd-shaped rice paddies were interspersed with scattered patches of tiny green and brown villages, usually lining the banks of some little creek or canal—the highways of China. Not a single one of these villages had escaped at least one aerial bomb—no doubt dropped as a reminder and a warning against harboring guerrillas. And every now and then a village

thoroughly bombed and burned out, mutely alone in the midst of rice paddies.

An hour and a half later we were flying over the beautiful \$2,000,000 Sun Yat-sen Memorial, sorrowfully overlooking the battered walls of Nanking from its setting in the slope of Purple Mountain. I noted that it appeared to have come through the war miraculously unscathed—a credit to both the Chinese and the Japanese in avoiding the site as a battlefield.

A brief stop at Nanking to refuel, and we were off again. From the air as we circled the city, Nanking looked a pitiful sight. A sharp contrast to the crowded, bustling, humanity-choked streets I had seen on prewar flights. Now it was almost completely deserted, a tangled mass of blasted ruins. Along the waterfront, however, there was plenty of activity. Numerous ships were lined along the wharves, with thousands of coolies working cargo.

Frankly admitting thereby that they held only the railways, with the flanking countryside still dominated by guerrilla soldiery and miscellaneous bandit gangs, the military authorities ordered our pilot religiously to follow the railroad north from Nanking to Suchow, our next stop.

Everything seemed peaceful enough below. The pattern of water-covered rice paddies was like some huge mosaic. But as we drew away from the great Yangtze River Valley and approached higher land to the northward, varishaped rice paddies gave way to rectangular wheat and corn fields. The Yangtze River Valley may be considered the dividing line between the “rice-eaters” of the south and the “noodle-eaters” of the north.

Clear, specific evidence of China’s “scorched earth” policy became increasingly apparent: for miles and miles wheat and corn fields were flattened.

Hardly a single town along the railway but was in charred ruins—whether due to avenging Japanese conquerors or to the “scorched earth” policy of the retreating Chinese will probably never be told. Destroyed steel and concrete bridges were

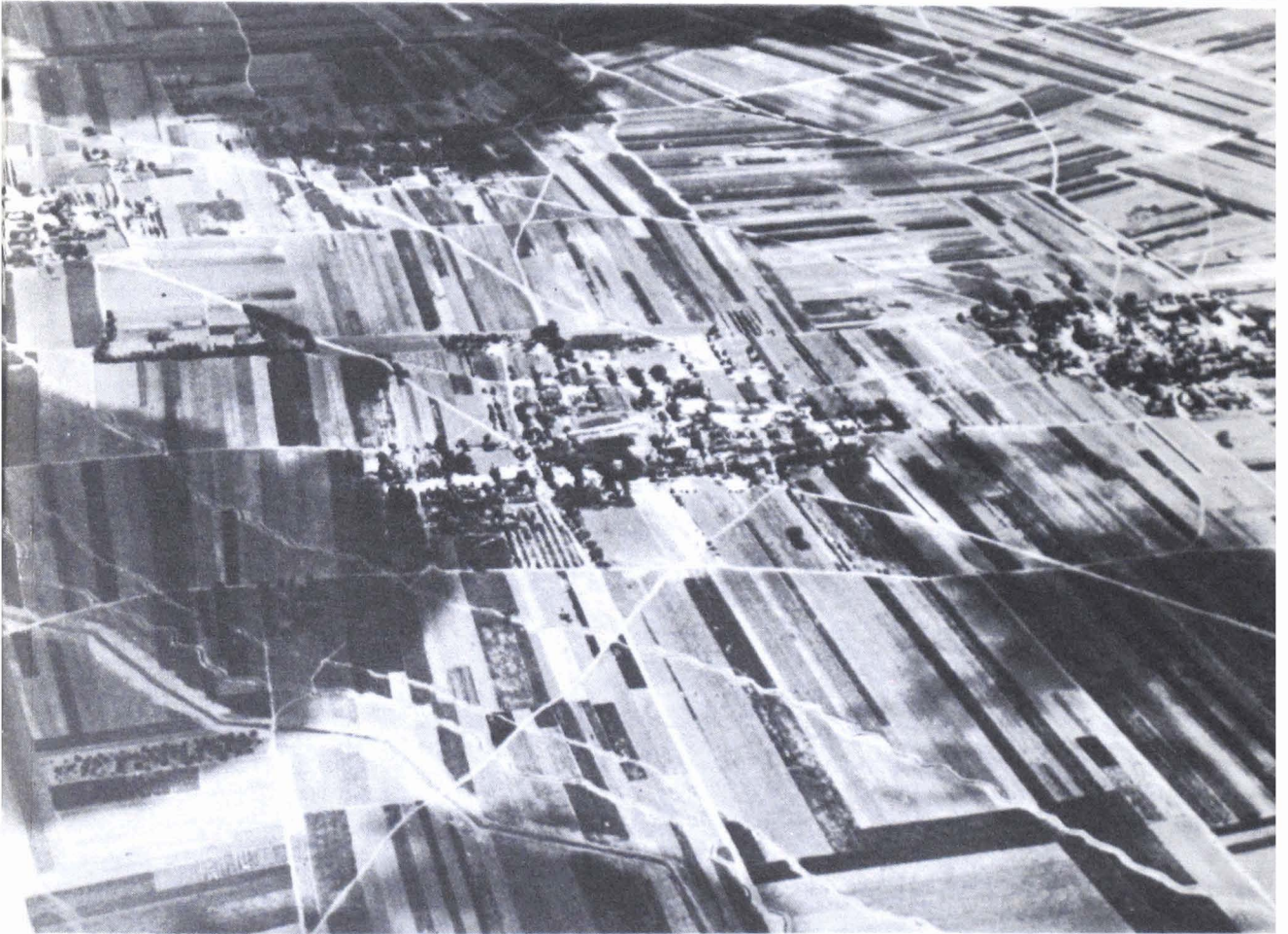
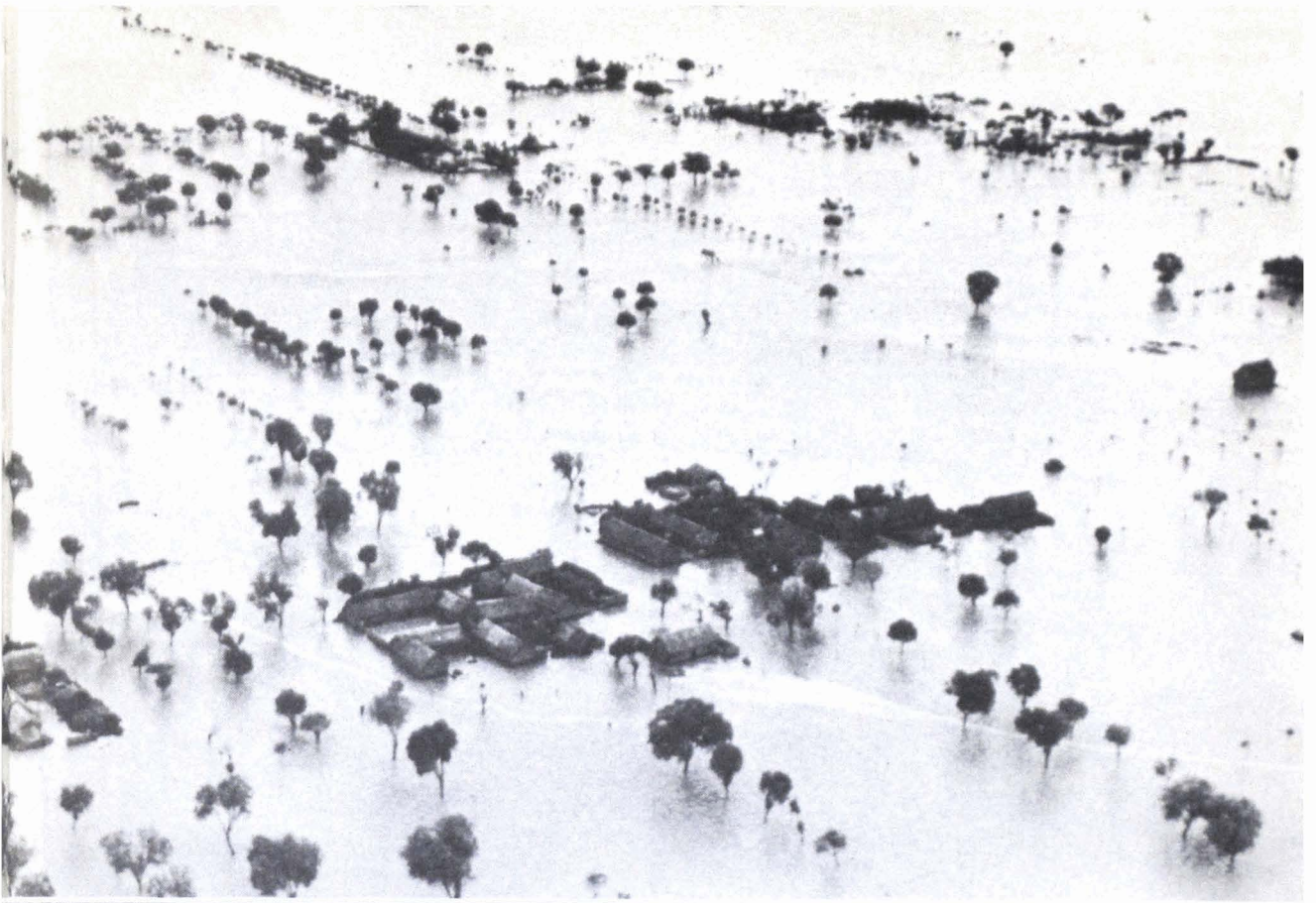
paralleled by temporary wooden military bridges. Occasionally, we passed over slow-moving northbound supply trains. Southbound trains for the most part seemed to run empty. Though I did notice the wreckage of two airplanes on one of the flat-cars.

The vastness of China and the problem confronting Japan's war machine became more and more apparent as we continued our flight northward. Merely to garrison each and every little town and village along the railroad must require an army of occupation, more or less permanent, of considerable proportions. And as long as the Chinese persist in their resistance, the best that Japan can hope in her China venture—the control of transportation facilities and the trade that must follow these channels—bids fair to become an expensive proposition. Possibly not worth the investment she has already made when measured in dollars and cents.

But then there's the matter of face. And Japan probably feels it is better to continue with a bad bargain, recklessly ignoring the mounting cost, than to draw out and admit a misjudgment.

As we circled over Suchow preparatory to landing, I observed that except for the eastern section and the railroad station with its immediate environs, the city had not been "devastated," as press reports had it. I wondered at this. It had been reported that Suchow had been the scene of the most bitter battles in the war thus far. More than half a million men had been engaged on this front—Suchow, junction of the two strategic east-west north-south railroads, had been ballyhooed as a Sino-Japanese Waterloo.

I was, then, not a little surprised to find no signs of the bloody street fighting that should have taken place here. As a matter of fact, I learned subsequently that the Chinese regulars had evacuated Suchow *two days* before the entry of the Japanese, and that the heaviest aerial bombardment subjected to Suchow took place on the morning of the Japanese entry of



Upper—"On and on we flew—sometimes skimming nearly-submerged rooftops . . ."
Lower—"For miles and miles . . . the elaborate systems of trenches—zigzagging, twisting . . ."



Upper—Bell-tower in Kaifeng with slogans and posters proclaiming the "New Regime" in China.

Lower—Gen. Kasaba (seated 3rd from right), commander of Japanese North China army, in Kaifeng headquarters.

infantry and tanks—a bombardment that almost resulted disastrously for these detachments when mistaken for Chinese by their own bomb-dropping aviators.

My authority for this was Philippe Coté, bishop of the Suchow Catholic Mission, who with his vicarage of nine fathers bravely remained in the city throughout its siege and eventual capture, caring for the 4,000 refugees who had sought protection within the high mission walls. But this sanctuary nearly proved a collective coffin for those trusting unfortunates. For on the 14th day of May, five days before the fall of Suchow, the mission was subjected to an intensive aerial bombardment lasting nearly two hours. Nine bombs in all struck within the compound—one within ten yards of the storeroom where huddled nearly a thousand terrified women—with not a single casualty.

“A miracle, it must have been,” Bishop Coté said. And added with an apologetic smile, “At least we believe it so.”

A brave, kindly soul was the bishop, and his nine confreres too. It seemed almost incredible to them that we should have brought with us the morning papers from Shanghai. Shanghai—a thousand miles away—whence came no news for many months past.

The bishop told me of a curious rumor current about the Suchow countryside on May 12th that the Catholic mission was to be struck by bombs on the 14th. And so it was. Yet he never was able to trace the origin of this rumor.

We learned that there were two other missionaries in Suchow—Rev. Frank A. Brown and Dr. (Mrs.) Grier, of the American Presbyterian Mission. Both were near the seventy mark, with forty years or more of unselfish service in China. They, too, could hardly believe that we had left Shanghai only that morning. As with the Catholic fathers, we talked for long hours of their refugee efforts, the events leading up and subsequent to the city’s capitulation, and Suchow’s eventual prospects.

While the sudden giving up of Suchow after so long and stubborn a resistance may have been part of the Chinese strategic plan to trap the Japanese with the opening of the Yellow River dikes, the necessity for this maneuver might possibly have been avoided or at least considerably postponed. The Chinese had plenty of troops in the area, mainly from Kwangsi and Szechwan—400,000, it has been estimated. They were also fairly well armed and well supplied. Antiaircraft guns commanded the air from surrounding vantage points, though not a single Japanese plane had been shot down.

It may have been overconfidence in their strong position that forced them to give up Suchow sooner than planned. The Japanese had feinted an attack to the east of the city. General Li Tsung-jen sent numerous divisions to engage the Japanese. The fiercest battle was fought at Taierhchwang, where the Chinese did emerge victorious—but at what a cost! Local Chinese officials at the time in speaking of the “stone wall” of Chinese regulars that stopped the Japanese there, admitted nearly 100,000 casualties. Said one, “The bodies were so many and buried so shallow that the ground felt spongy to the step!” The Japanese had machine-gunned them in sheaves, until they just lost heart and retired. With considerable losses on their own part, of course.

The victory so elated the Chinese that they failed to pay proper attention to a column of Japanese tanks advancing from the south; until around midnight on the 14th came the sudden amazing news that the Japanese had cut the Lunghai Railroad at Hwangko, thirty miles west of Suchow, severing the line of communications with Kaifeng and Hankow, and threatening annihilation by surrounding Japanese.

Japanese military spokesmen jubilantly announced that they had trapped the 400,000 Chinese at Suchow; but they were a bit premature in this. Li Tsung-jen ordered an immediate evacuation of the city, driving through the numerically weaker Japanese at Hwangko before they were able to entrench them-

selves. So hurried was this evacuation that the Chinese did not stop to destroy fifty-two precious locomotives and some ammunition stores, to the gleeful surprise of the invaders.

Japanese troops there, mostly forty-year-olds, since Japan was keeping her young first-line men in Manchukuo, in reserve against the ever-present Russian threat, appeared fairly well behaved on the face of things. More than half the city's 350,000 population had already returned. Meat and vegetables could be purchased more or less freely in the markets.

I observed, however, that, except for a few old hags, there were no women in the streets. And there was good reason for this. The appetite of the Nipponese trooper for Chinese women, most disgracefully reported in the rape of Nanking, had traveled before him like the specter of some awful plague.

Refugees who were given sanctuary within the walls of the mission stations, not only in Suchow but throughout the war areas, were in the main unmolested. That there may be some saving grace in this may be appreciated when one considers that tens of thousands of refugees were given sanctuary in the compounds of foreign missionaries; and there exist no treaties—except the universality of humanitarianism—to demand from the Japanese conquerors this respect for foreign-flag protection for enemy nationals.

The compounds sheltered not only women and children, but often their hospitals were filled with wounded Chinese soldiers. There were more than a hundred of these in Dr. Grier's mission hospital, presenting an embarrassing dilemma for her with the sudden flight of the Chinese military. But Dr. Grier told me that the Japanese officers who came to visit the hospital seemed more than considerate under the circumstances, trying hard to allay the terror which filled the Chinese troopers with promises of good treatment when they should be well. No doubt these wounded were intended for labor corps upon recovery.

Until about eighty years ago the Yellow River bent around

the north and east of the city. This was evident as we flew over, circling a good-bye over first the American mission and then the Catholic cathedral. The Lunghai Railroad runs westward in the old river bed for the first twenty miles or so. The level of the bed itself was considerably higher than the city. For centuries the heavily silted waters of the Hwang Ho have raised the river bed higher and higher with yearly deposits. Chinese engineers merely kept pace with this by building the dikes higher and higher; until from Chengchow 300 miles eastward toward the sea the Yellow River actually runs on top of a diked wall—a sort of gigantic viaduct. The city of Kaifeng lies about twenty-five feet below the bed of the river, with the surface of the water nearly fifty feet above the city's rooftops.

It had first been the plan of the Chinese to divert the Yellow River waters into the ancient channel near Suchow to flood out the Japanese there, if, as, and when the city fell. Their flight from Suchow was too sudden to permit them to carry out this plan. They were clever enough, however, to give their fairly orderly retreat the semblance of an utter rout—thus luring the Japanese westward in an uncautious pursuit.

For miles and miles as we flew westward we observed the most elaborate systems of trenches—zigzagging, twisting, doubling back one upon another, some yards, some miles in length. From the few battle scars, except for demolished towns and villages, I gathered that the Chinese had made little use of these extraordinary defenses. All the more evidence to the elated Japanese pursuers that the Chinese were in wild flight.

Only at Lanfeng, a rectangular walled city halfway to Kaifeng, was any organized resistance offered. Here General Doihara—"Lawrence of North China"—was nearly trapped, and his ten thousand troops threatened with annihilation by surrounding Chinese. This might have been consummated, I learned in Kaifeng, had it not been for the defection of one Chinese general commanding a sector of the surrounding Chinese

troops. He disobeyed orders, thereby allowing a loophole in the strangling circle and enabling Doihara and his men to escape.

The Chinese had brought up some extraordinarily big guns, and bombarded Doihara mercilessly. In one night from midnight to three o'clock more than five hundred Japanese soldiers had been admittedly killed by shells from these guns.

With his dramatic escape, and with the support of the main body of Japanese which came up from the east, Doihara turned pursuer as the Chinese continued their retreat.

Kaifeng had been heavily fortified. Sandbag barricades and machine-gun parapets were erected everywhere—in the streets, on the rooftops, along the city walls. The military announced that they were going to fight for Kaifeng to the bitter end. Yet when the Nipponese appeared within rifle range, the Chinese fled the city without so much as firing a gun in its defense.

Hardly pausing for even a rest, the Japanese steamroller pressed straight through the city, on to within almost fifteen miles of Chengchow itself—the capture of which would have cut China's connection with Soviet Russian supplies coming from the northwest and placed the Nipponese in a position to deal a deathblow to Hankow by coming down the Peking-Hankow Railroad.

And then the trap was sprung. The date was June 23, 1938. At Chungmou, twenty-five miles west of Kaifeng and many miles to the east of the Japanese vanguard, the Yellow River dikes were suddenly dynamited, loosing the rushing yellow waters upon the flat plains fifty feet or more below the river level, hopelessly bogging down whole caravans of supply trains, armored cars and heavy tanks. The loss of such enormous amounts of supplies was a particularly heavy blow for the Japanese, who could better afford the loss of men than expensive supplies.

The war on this northern front was thus brought to a complete standstill—a stalemate. The opposing armies faced each

other across the largest of the three dike-breaks, a mere three hundred yards or so apart. Yet each was perfectly secure in the protection afforded by the torrent of yellow water pouring through the breach between them.

From the air this curious stalemated front line looked like a narrow breakwater with the sea rushing through an opening in its length.

Purposely flying high to remain out of effective rifle and machine-gun range my pilot circled lazily about the vast area while I ground away with my movie camera. When I wanted some closer views I sent a note up to the pilot's compartment. He took me a bit too literally! Cutting his motor suddenly, he nosed the ship down into a tight spiral. He dived, and he dived, and . . . he dived! Not bringing it out of it until we were hardly two hundred feet above the main dike-break. I saw Chinese troopers running madly in all directions from what they believed to be an aerial bombardment. Machine guns spit flame as they bravely challenged us. Antiaircraft guns went into action. Fortunately, we were not hit nor had we dropped any bombs, for our craft carried no complement of armament.

For several hours we surveyed the huge area—at a respectful distance from the Chinese lines. Sometimes skimming nearly-submerged rooftops, again flying high for a more complete simultaneous picture of the extent of the flood. The waters did not appear to be very deep. And I gathered that they must not have caught the countryside by surprise. It is my guess that the farmers had ample time to get out. At least with dry skins—if not much else.

General property damage was beyond estimate and, of course, all crops were ruined. And it was doubtful whether the peasants had sufficient time to cart away any stores before the inundation. So, with no prospect for relief in sight, with military monopolization of all transportation facilities, the future is a bleak one for this great area.

The breaches might have been closed if work had been

started soon after the dynamiting. The Japanese Engineer Corps were prepared to spend yen 6,000,000 on this effort. They were, however, prevented from this by Chinese machine-guns sweeping the dike-breaks—a justifiable follow-through for the Chinese from a military standpoint.

The river was not yet in flood flow, which usually comes in August and September. The breaks kept getting larger and larger, and flood authorities gloomily predicted that, if repairs were not made in time, China would be visited by one of the greatest flood catastrophes in all recorded history.

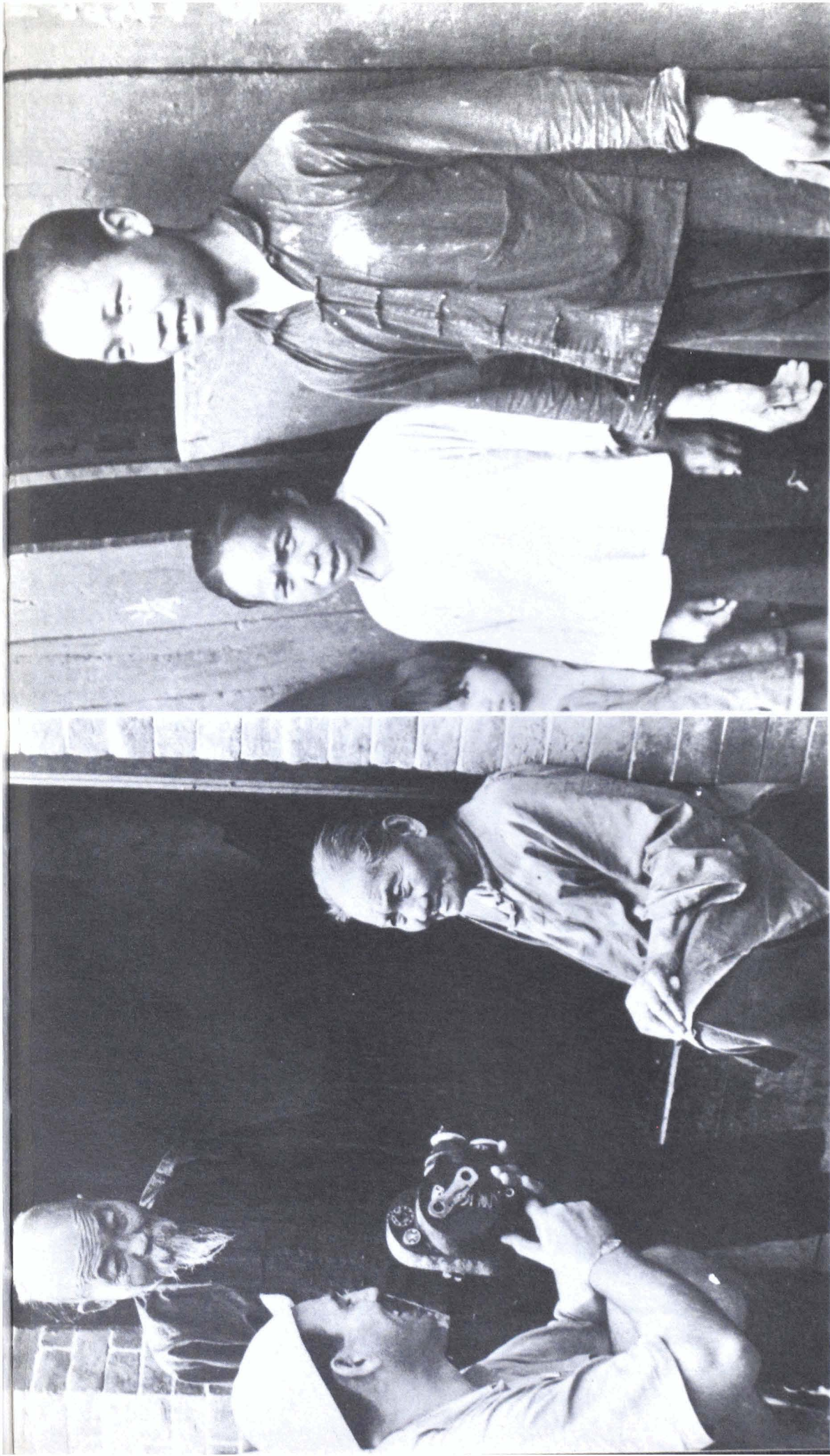
But, fortunately, an exceptionally dry period followed, enabling the Japanese engineers at least to keep pace with the rising waters, and eventually—months later—to effect temporarily satisfactory repairs to the dikes.

WAR ON THE SIBERIAN BORDER

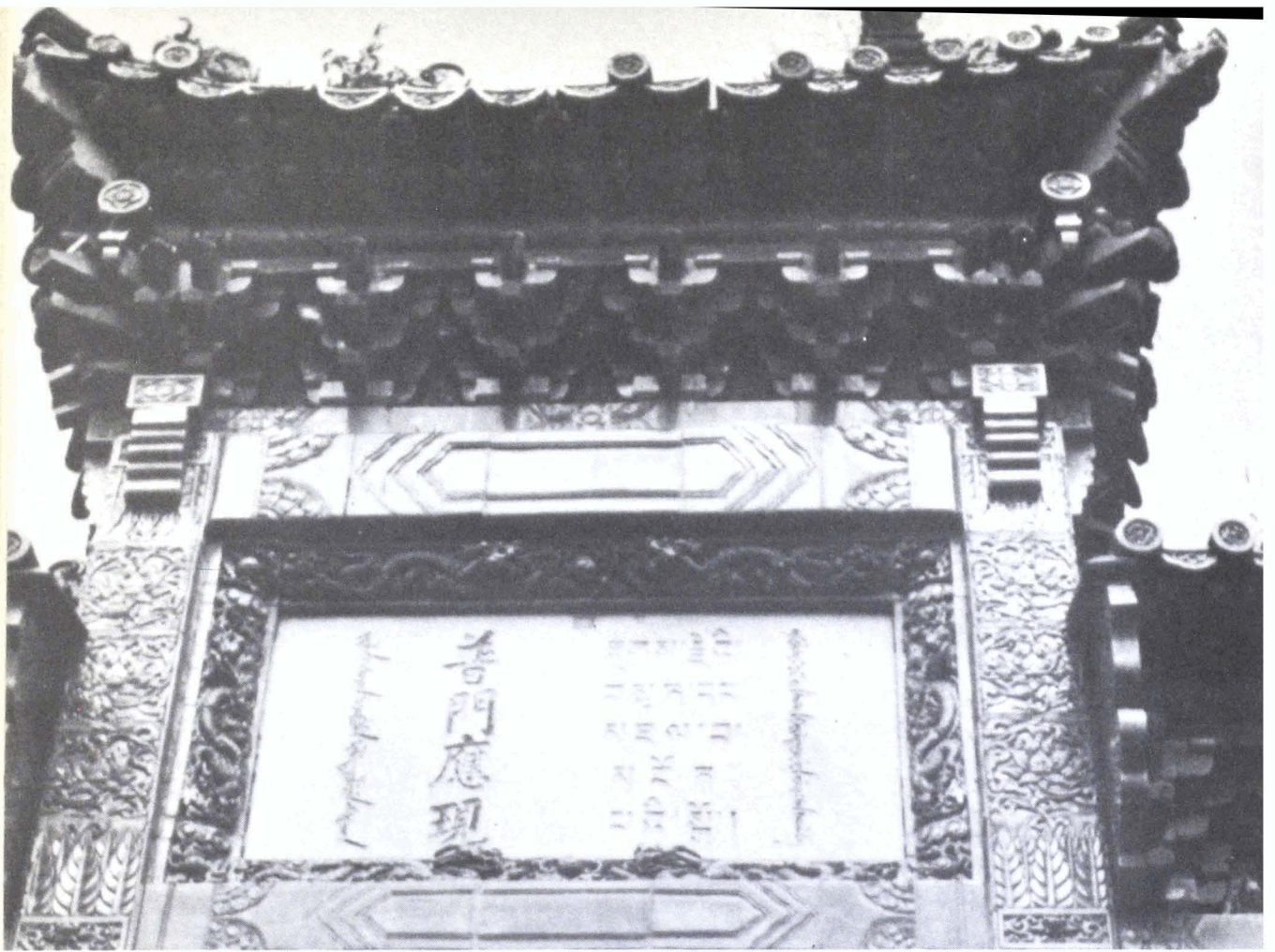
COINCIDENT WITH MY RETURN TO SHANGHAI FROM THE YELLOW River flooded area, reports began filling the press of a clash between the Japanese and the Soviets on the Manchukuo-Korea-Siberia border. The ownership of a certain hill, Changkufeng, appeared in doubt. Tokyo claimed it lay within the boundaries of Manchukuo. Moscow offered an old map, affirmed by treaty with the Manchu Emperor of China, that the hill was in Russian territory.

The hill itself was of little intrinsic value—at least until the past few years. For this hill dominated the newly constructed Korean ports of Seishin and Rashin, a hop-skip-and-jump from the Soviet's Vladivostok. Now, these ports had been developed only since the establishment of the "Empire" of Manchukuo in 1933. They were primarily intended, together with the modernized railroad extending westward and skirting Changkufeng hill and the border and on into Manchukuo, to add much-needed outlets for the produce of Manchukuo. Secondly, the twin ports were strategically important from a military standpoint, when that much-talked-of Russo-Japanese War broke out.

Naturally, then, the Nipponese just couldn't allow the Russians to occupy that hill, and thus command Seishin and Rashin as well as be in a position to cut this commercial access to Manchukuo, no matter what price Tokyo had to pay. Accordingly, when the Russians one fine day sent a military party which promptly began to build fortifications on the top of the hill, the Japanese felt obliged to take immediate action. They attacked that very night, took the hill from the Soviets, and then dug in.



The author and the Jews of Kaifeng. These are some of the last descendants of a colony of Hebrew traders who came here a thousand years ago when Kaifeng was the commercial capital of China. They are now almost completely assimilated.



Upper—Four scripts—Mongol, Chinese, Tibetan, and Manchu—represent the four major peoples of Buddhism.

Lower—Mongol lamas in a Jehol lamasery.

In the following weeks the Japanese continued to hold the hill in the face of terrific punishment from Russian infantry, artillery, tanks and aircraft. There was absolutely no natural cover for them on this bald, uninhabited hill. And once the Soviet artillery got the range, there was nothing to do but to dig in still deeper and hope.

They were still at it when I got up there, and I was the only foreigner to witness the show with a motion-picture camera. The most spectacular feature of the whole affair was the almost daily aerial attack by Russian planes. Though the Japanese did get two of them with their anti-aircraft guns, the Russians still had a pretty easy time of it. And they played hell with the entrenched Japanese with some good bombing.

The curious thing about it all was that not a single Japanese plane appeared to challenge the Russians. I wondered considerably about this. When I tried to get some explanation from Japanese officers, the answer I received was a queer one:

"All our pilots and planes have been strictly grounded by order of our High Command."

Later, when I had more time to think about the whole problem and the various factors to be considered, this action did not seem so strange. To begin with, had the Japanese pilots been permitted to challenge the Russians, the matter could not have been confined to mere aerial engagements over the hill. Japanese pilots would venture beyond to attack the Soviet air bases and supply bases—Soviet towns and cities in Siberia.

The Russians, of course, would retaliate. They'd fly south and west to attack important centers in Korea and Manchukuo. They might even dare to send a whole fleet of planes to bomb Tokyo—only a matter of five or six hours from their flying bases near Vladivostok.

Once Tokyo was attacked, the war would be on, and nothing could stop it.

From what I observed of their temper, the army folk on the Changkufeng scene seemed ready and anxious to allow the affair to flare up into a final full-dress showdown with Russia.

These army hotheads were restrained only by the exercise of considerable effort from Tokyo.

Not that Tokyo feared a war with Russia. Japan's not afraid of Russia—or anyone else. Those are big words, I know. But suppose we digress a moment, and seek an understanding of this in the psychological makeup of Watanabe-san—the Mr. Jones of Dai Nippon. Especially, Watanabe-san in uniform.

He's a curious fellow, Japan's collective soldier, be he shaven-headed buck private or blustering general. I've camped, I've tramped, I've drunk and talked with him all up and down the way—from the bottle lines in Tokyo's cafés to the battle lines in China.

In our own press we've heard a lot of him lately. Much about his penchant for raping Nanking, his ruthless bombardment of civilians in Canton, his like-it-or-lump-it attitude toward foreigners in Shanghai, Tientsin, Peking and Hankow. But personally I don't think he's much worse than some of the pale-faced boys in the big shindig in Europe. You must give him credit for one thing, at least. He may be ruthless and cruel, take no prisoners to speak of, shoot you—or maybe only slap you, if you're a foreigner—if you don't tip your hat as you pass his sentry post. But the bullets and bombs he uses (though granted they kill you just as dead) are utterly humane compared to the poison gas, the flame throwers, and such used in the World War I—and readied again for World War II.

To understand Watanabe-san one must consider first that he's been taught and trained from babyhood that his life is not his own. It belongs to his Emperor, who's name is awesome even to think about. Even with Western-educated Japanese the mention of the Emperor's name is taboo; he is usually referred to as "Charley."

Make no mistake about it. Watanabe-san truly believes that to die for the Emperor is the highest mortal honor he may be so fortunate to attain. There's nothing fanatic in this worship; nothing of the wild-eyed Moslem's belief that to kill any un-

believer is to earn a passport straight to a blissful heaven. Watanabe regards the sacrifice of his life for his God-Emperor as merely a taken-for-granted duty. He is ever ready for the opportunity to prove this; but calmly and determinedly.

There is none of the fanfare and flourish of volunteering for war service, with the heady emotional stimuli of flag-waving parades and catchy slogans. The supreme honor of the call to the Emperor's service must be equally distributed among his faithful subjects. So, there is only conscription in Japan—conscription confined to the fittest.

There are few exemptions. That a man has a wife and three or four kids warrants no exemption. If, as, and when the call comes, he makes no protest. Away down deep he may be somewhat apprehensive for the welfare of his family, now left suddenly and wholly dependent upon his friends and his community. But he has been "called." And that is a proud day for him, and for his family and friends too.

I had heard a great deal about this, and it sounded like good propaganda talk. Propaganda, no doubt, designed primarily to bolster the national spirit and the morale of the men called and yet to be called for service. But over a period of many months I have seen many a Watanabe-san go off to war. I have watched him go singly, in small groups, or one of a whole regiment, all decked out in brand-new uniforms and kits. I remember very keenly my impressions the first time I saw him on a railroad platform, a broad red ribbon across his left shoulder and a tiny canvas bag in his hand. He was the center of a big crowd, men in front and women behind. Big send-offs are the rule, not the exception, when Watanabe goes to war. Huge banners with good-luck symbols floated from long poles. And every man, woman and child held a flag which they waved in unison as they sang one song after another.

In the short intervals there were elaborate successions of bowing. One after another of Watanabe-san's relatives, friends and well-wishers approached him, and then began what looked

like a bowing competition. Both jackknifed stiffly from the waist, heads almost touching, and stayed there as if each wished to hold the pose longer than the other. They did this for four or five times, until both straightened up at the same time. And that seemed to satisfy things. The individual took a few steps backward, and another stepped forward—to go through the same ceremony again.

All were silent during this formality, while the two mumbled polite nothings to each other in the course of the bowing.

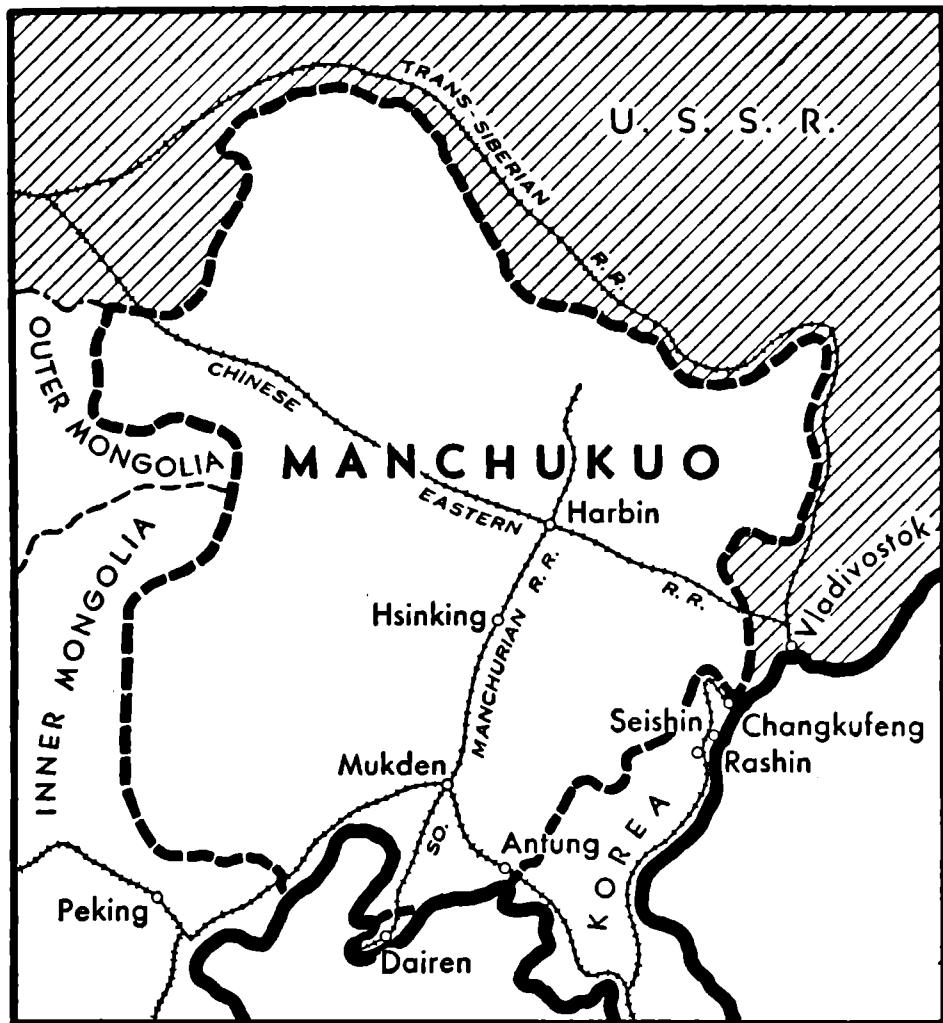
To the sophisticated Westerner, especially an American, the scene seems almost like something out of a slapstick comedy. But there is a deadly seriousness in all this to the Japanese, though the participants may be a nineteen-year-old conscript and a bearded village elder.

But of much more interest to me than this was the expression on the faces of the womenfolk on the outskirts of the crowd. Or perhaps I should say the lack of expression. For surely among them were the lad's mother, sisters, or maybe wife and kids. Yet—and this is the most amazing of all my experiences in Japan—there was not a tear on the cheek of a single woman in the crowd! In fact, their faces registered even joy!

I couldn't quite figure that. Something was wrong. Surely, with all the flag-waving propaganda of "God-Emperor," "selfless service," "duty," and all that, at least when it came to the real thing—when Watanabe-san was actually leaving for war from which he might never return—there must be a breakdown somewhere. People are human, after all. And mothers and wives will at least shed a few emotional tears. But, damn it, I mean just that—not a single tear among the lot of them!

I was sure the first time that this was an exceptional case. But I have since seen many Watanabe-san send-offs. They were all the same. Not a tear, not even a lingering, wistful flag-wave as we pulled out of a station or drew away from a dock.

Are these Japanese, then, a stonehearted, a completely unemotional people? Many readers will immediately jump to con-



clusions and exclaim: "Most certainly! Look at their inhuman rape of China." But if I had not already said I was going to let the armchair "Far Eastern experts" go into that matter, I'd probably begin with: "Who the hell are we to throw stones?"

That untearful send-off is the result of neither coldbloodedness nor heroic masking of suffering. It is truly a genuine thing. The rejoicing in the honor and distinction brought to the whole family by the selection of a member for war service seems

far to outweigh any sense of grief or sorrow at his leaving. At least that's the only way I, and many an old Japan hand I've talked to about that, have figured it out.

Is it any wonder, then, that the military can so completely work their will upon the people and the country, driving it dangerously close to bankruptcy and ostracism among the nations of the world—yet with absolutely no fear of revolt or uprising? For they—all of them from general to buck private—are merely “servants” of the God-Emperor. And He can certainly do no wrong!

But wars are wars, you say. Yet not such an “inhuman” war as these “barbarians” are waging against the “poor, suffering bleeding Chinese.” Before I go on, let me get this off my chest: You can't convince me that a man doesn't die just as dead from a “humane” steel-jacket, rifle bullet as he dies from an “inhuman” dum-dum. So, we must either outlaw war altogether as a bullying carry-over of cave-man days and substitute a civilized universal respect for impersonal justice, law and order—President Wilson died of a broken heart trying to “civilize” us—or forget all our mawkish squawking about “defenseless noncombatants,” “rules of warfare,” “rights of third parties” and all that. If you let little Willie have that .22 rifle you must be prepared for a lot of dead chickens, birds, broken flowerpots and windows in the neighborhood. If you didn't expect him to fire the damned thing, why let him have it in the first place?

So, give a gun to Watanabe-san, Hitler-san, Stalin-san, or Anybody-san for that matter, and by golly he itches to hear the thing pop. And if you call him a name or two, instead of complaining to the police as sensible, civilized people would or should do, he'll run get his gun—and, well, there you are.

But then, the next time you raise your fist in anger against the “barbarous” Japanese who “ruthlessly bomb poor innocent Chinese women and children—and that goes for European nations at war, too—pause a moment. Let us remind ourselves

that the gasoline used to operate those bombing planes, not to mention the planes and bombs themselves, came from the good old U.S.A. And that Japan purchases from us as much as 85 per cent of her special aviation gasoline—aviation gasoline which she cannot purchase in such commercial quantities anywhere else in the world!

What a crushing accusation this places upon our hypocritical sentimentality! A dollars-and-cents sentimentality, if you please!

A child, then, can tell you how to stop Japan's "barbarism in China." And, if our holier-than-thou conscience still demands that we "do something about it," for goodness' sake let's do it! Fooling around with boycotts of silk hosiery, toys, and such is, in the light of the above, downright silly.

To be sure, the boycott of silk hosiery and toys is ruining small business in Japan. But the Nipponese warlords are not even annoyed. So long as they can continue to secure war materials from America, they'll go blithely along their merry way toward "Japan's Place in the Sun." And are we letting them have what they want here—for cash, to be sure? Well, recent official statistics establish that in 1938 Japan obtained 54.5 per cent of all her essential war materials from the United States. And in 1939 this figure went up to approximately 70 per cent now that warring European nations won't sell her any. We, then, are Japan's *major partner* in her Asiatic ambitions!

It is no wonder, then, that Japan didn't fear Russia in the fall of 1938. She permitted the incident to be settled diplomatically—even with some loss of face—merely because she wants to start the inevitable war with Russia when she's good and ready. Or, more specifically, when she's found some solution to this perplexing China problem.

In the meantime, she's gambling for high stakes. She feels, and with good reason, that the Western powers are blocking her conquest of China. This Occidental interference is based in the foreign concessions out there. Beset by pressure from

within as well as from without, she has decided to strike boldly, to defy the Westerner, and drive him out of the Far East.

The United States and Great Britain alone can effectively meet this challenge. But Japan knows we'll do nothing about it, for the Nipponese are one of our best customers. And Great Britain can't do anything about it, for Britain dares not let her fleet leave European waters.

But the Nipponese warlords, with all their blustering bravado, still don't sleep well. Too well do they know that they are utterly defenseless against a sudden Soviet air attack. They are haunted by the specter of a horde of planes coming some dark night from Siberia and loosing awful death and destruction upon highly inflammable Tokyo, Osaka, Kobe and Yokohama.

What could the Japanese do about it? Practically nothing. Even were the word flashed to Japan by spies the moment those planes took off, nothing could be done to prevent them from performing their terrible mission. For with Moscow 6,000 miles away, there is no threat of retaliatory air attack on the Soviet capital to give the Russians pause, as is the case between Germany, France and England in Europe today.

Capitals and population centers may be attacked, but are not taken by bombing planes—as was proven in Madrid. That's still the job of the army, and the man in the line. A decade in Asia had told me something of Watanabe-san, his abilities, his aspirations, and those of his country.

But what about Russia? How did she feel about Japan as the probable master of Asia? How did this affect her own plans for political and territorial expansion in the Far East?

And what's most important, was Soviet Russia able to do anything about it?

There was only one way to find out—go to Russia. So in the summer of 1939 I went to Russia.

THE GREAT FAÇADE

HER NAME IS TANYA. TANYA WORKS AS AN INTERPRETER IN THE Intourist office in Moscow's Metropole Hotel.

Tanya is quite a presentable girl. Tall, blond, full-breasted, even-featured, with a ready and infectious smile. She's about twenty, married five years to a young Soviet engineer. She earns 500 rubles a month and he 1,500; 2,000 rubles together. "That's lots and plenty," she tells you. Not with pride, but merely in gratitude for sufficiency.

They live together in a modest two-room flat, sharing a kitchen with a small family in the flat next door. "But we don't cook much," explained Tanya, "and so the other family has the kitchen mostly to themselves."

"Don't you like cooking, Tanya?" I asked. "Or is it that you don't know how to cook?"

"Of course, I can cook." She laughed. "But it's so messy, and you waste so much time at it. It's much easier to eat in the Union Commissary. That doesn't take long, and when we're through we go off somewhere together, to a park, the gymnasium, or a theater. We have good times together, my Alexei and I." And you couldn't help but laugh with her, she was so frank and sincere about their free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky existence.

They'd been married five years, and still spent every penny they earned. Always having a good time. "And why not?" said Tanya. "Why should we save any of it? For what?"

"Why" and "for what," to be sure. To begin with, as long as they did their jobs reasonably well, they couldn't be fired. They worked for the government. Everybody worked for the government in the Soviet—the greatest employer in all recorded history.

"But, Tanya," I began, "suppose one of you gets sick? Then what?"

"Get sick!" She smiled. "Well, so we get sick. And if we do we get hospitalization and all medical services free."

Of course. I remembered reading something about that. Also, about children. Something about being allowed a month's vacation with pay both before and after childbirth, in addition to several hours off each day for nursing the baby after the mother returns to work. So, although abortions are legalized and free, Soviet women don't mind having babies. Two months off with pay. No doctor bills. Even a bonus of 2,000 rubles for every child over seven. Moreover, if you didn't want the responsibility and nuisance of taking care of them, the government obligingly relieved you of most of this through its state nurseries.

It was never like that in the old days. Tanya's mother had had thirteen children. Her father had deserted the family after the birth of the thirteenth. "And you, Tanya, are you going to have thirteen children?" I ventured.

"Me? No! That's foolishness. Five, six . . . enough."

"And when do you intend to start?"

"Well, in a few years, I suppose. Right now I'm having too much fun."

She laughed gaily at that, like a child. They all laugh like children in Russia when they laugh at all—the youth of Russia, I mean. Like children on a big party, a monster party. For truly, as long as you are willing to do your fair share of work *and not ask questions*, life in the Soviet today is really something like a bowl of cherries.

To be sure, the cherries aren't of the best quality; but they mean a lot to a people who for centuries have tasted little or no cherries. There's no doubt of it, however oppressed and exploited by their Soviet overseers, the successors to the czars, the masses are much better off today than they ever were. Working

hours are shorter—a six- or seven-hour day and a holiday every sixth day; compensation is better, with opportunities afforded for recreation and education that their parents never even dreamed of.

The lot of the masses, however, has been bettered at the expense of the intelligent, thinking class. For a dictatorship is something like the old-time religion. It demands complete, unreasoning faith. And he who so much as dares to question this faith is a heretic, and doomed to the fires of a Soviet hell. That's just about the situation in Russia today. Merely to question a Soviet decree stamps you automatically as an enemy to the will of the people, a traitor. And there is only one punishment for treason—the firing squad!

Not even the big shots themselves are exempt from that firing squad. And when 80 per cent of them are "liquidated" in a purge, one might perhaps speculate as to whether the 80-percenters were the traitors and the 20-percenters the patriots, or whether vice versa might really be the case.

So, if you're smart you take what is given you, believe what is told you, and shut up. Or else.

Otherwise, things were swell. The youth of Russia knows and cares little for intangibles such as freedom of thought and freedom of expression. They know only that they are not called upon to shoulder the responsibilities and cares that burdened their parents and kept them in perennial poverty and misery. Yes, things were swell. Work? You could do just about what you pleased, according to your ability. And flit from job to job too, until the government recently put the brakes on this when it learned that there was more than an 80 per cent labor turnover in industry. You could even go to college, at the government's expense, if you had a sufficiency of brains. What's more, the government paid you a substantial monthly salary for going to school.

And as for marriage, a home and kids? Shucks, that was all old-fashioned stuff and nonsense. Nowadays, you could skip

from wife to wife, or husband to husband, as easy as pie. As for homes and kids they were too much of a bother and nuisance. To be sure, there'd been some hullabaloo raised about this business of easy marriage and divorce. So the government, to satisfy critics abroad, recently cracked down on the marry-tonight-divorce-tomorrow scandal. They've made things tougher. It now costs 50 rubles for the first divorce, 100 for the second, 150 for the third, and so on. You see, the Soviets still believe in the principle that a man and a woman who do not want to live together—for no matter what reason—should not be compelled to do so.

If I've painted a picture of utopia in the Soviet where life, for its youth at least, is carefree and gay, unfettered by both moral and material responsibilities, I must caution you to back away a bit and apply as a yardstick the standard of life in America. Granted, it's still utopia for the youth of the New Russia; but to us it's utopia on relief.

But for all its irresponsibility, its irreverence toward tradition and the hidebound customs of the old folks, youth has boundless enthusiasm and enterprise.

The youth of the Soviet is proud of its achievements and reforms. Day after day parties of tourists are escorted through factories, clubs, courts, museums to view the tremendous progress under communism in the past twenty years. Frankly, one must admit they've come a long way from what Russia was in the old days. Starting almost from scratch, particularly in industry and education, the Soviets have bettered working conditions, allotted more time for leisure, and afforded social, physical and medical services which never existed before.

Sometimes, in their youthful enthusiasm for modernism, they move too rapidly in one or another direction, and factors pointed to some specific objective don't seem to co-ordinate. For example, most factories have nurseries for the children of employee mothers. The Soviets are proud of these state-run free nurseries, and Intourist urges you to join one of the daily escorted tours

and visit one of them. I joined one of these parties. After a circuit of the factory, during which time our girl guide proudly compared "these ideal workers' conditions" with the "sweatshops" she'd read so much about in "your capitalistic America," we were taken to the factory's clinic. Here, among other things, was a series of brightly colored drawings and sketches graphically picturing the disease-carrying danger from flies. An important feature of the display was the listing of suggested measures to combat this menace.

Very commendable, I thought. No matter what the results, at least they're in there trying.

From the clinic we were escorted to the nursery. At the entrance all fifteen of us were given white nursing gowns—the same gowns, I learned later, which the worker-mothers wore when they came in to nurse their babies—and in we trooped. That we brought with us germs from all over the world mattered not to the bored attendants—even when some over-enthusiastic tourists insisted upon picking up and kissing "the little darlings."

In an adjoining room five two-year-olds sat around a tiny table eating mush. I noted flies buzzing around the bowls, and I called the attendant's attention to this. She puckered her brows, walked over to the windows and inspected the screens. Presently, she came back and said, "There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with the screens." According to the graphic instructions in the other room, screens on a window should keep flies out of a room. The screens were up, and in good repair. The flies simply had no business being there!

When backed by almost unlimited funds—the very treasury of its collective employer, the government—the enthusiasm and enterprise of the Soviet youth sometimes takes fantastic expression, especially when unrestrained by the tempering guidance of older, wiser and more conservative heads. Young Soviet engineers, architects, economists, agriculturists, all seemed to have gone hog-wild. Living in the largest country in the world, the

Russian by nature thinks only in grandiose terms. So everything he undertakes must be the biggest, the best, the finest. And since the government pays for everything, the hell with the cost.

So he sets up the biggest farms in the world. He digs the finest subway in the world. Builds the biggest dam in the world. The biggest airplane. The most sumptuous exhibit at the New York World's Fair. And the tallest building in the world. At least he's started on that building, the Palace of Soviets in Moscow. It's to be 1,365 feet high, about one-fourth of which will be the statue of Lenin, which itself will be more than twice as big as our Statue of Liberty. The framework of this building will take 360,000 tons of steel, which may be compared with the 57,000 tons of steel used in the construction of the Empire State Building.

To be sure, the biggest farms don't seem to operate as efficiently as they should. The finest subway is only a handful of stations long. The biggest dam, despite its frequent breakdowns, still produces a tremendous amount of electrical energy. But the Soviets haven't yet got around to the building of the factories and industries in its proximity for which the dam was put in. The biggest airplane in the world crashed. But that didn't faze them. They built an even bigger one, and it's still flying—though not much. The biggest building in the world is still mostly blueprints. But the site in the heart of overcrowded Moscow has been already cleared. Hundreds of buildings were torn down and their occupants moved to "temporary" quarters in the suburbs. Some of them have been in these "temporary" quarters for several years. And it looks as if they'll be there for several years more, for the Soviets have suddenly discovered that it will cost a good many millions of hard cash to erect that "tallest structure in the world," and they've called a "temporary" halt on construction.

Meanwhile, there's a real need for practical, down-to-earth effort. In the housing field, for example. A dozen years ago there were something like two million people in Moscow. The popu-

lation today is over four million. Now, building construction has been almost at a standstill since revolutionary days, and even existing real estate has been allowed to fall shamefully into disrepair. One day, a few years back, the government became self-conscious about all this. Things had to be done; and when the Soviets once decide to do something about something, they just can't wait to get it done. Moscow needed housing, and needed it badly. Well, there was no time to build new apartment houses, so they simply ordered two or three stories to be added to nearly every apartment house in Moscow. This was swell—except after they'd feverishly built a lot of these superstructures they discovered that most of the buildings were already fitted with inadequate light, heat and water facilities; and when the new tenants moved into the top floors they found they had lights that didn't work, radiators that gave off no heat, and sinks and toilets without water.

Well, that wouldn't do. So the bright boys decided to tear down some old buildings and put up brand-new ones. This they did. They were nice-looking places. And so much did they admire their handiwork that they decided these beautiful new buildings must have the proper setting. So they promptly knocked down whole blocks of tenements and laid out wide boulevards fronting the bright and shiny apartment houses. However, in knocking down these blocks of tenements to make the boulevards, they plumb forgot to make provision for the de-housed tenement dwellers. So they hurriedly had to erect a flock of "temporary" shelters for them in the suburbs.

That wouldn't do. They thought the matter over for a while, and then somebody hit upon a brilliant compromise. Why knock down the tenements in the first place? Why not build brand-new apartment houses around whole blocks of tenements—like a huge shell? And in Moscow today Intourist guides will proudly point out the "splendid" new business and apartment buildings fronting Ulitsa Gorkova and other superwide

streets. Get out of the sightseeing car for a close-up look and you'll observe a few amazing things.

To begin with, the impressive marble fronts are not made up of great blocks of solid marble at all, but some kind of stone polished to look like it. Well, that's not so bad. But get up real close, and you'll be amazed to find you can dig mortar out from between these blocks with your fingernail! I almost got run into the hoosegow by a policeman when I did this once too often for some skeptical tourist "pink."

Halfway up the street of a block-long super-superbuilding erected two years ago in Moscow's "Times Square" is a little arched driveway. Walk in and you'll learn a great deal about modern Russia. You'll find that this tremendously impressive structure, the pride and joy of the "New Moscow," is only a false-front façade about thirty feet deep. It screens a solid square block of ramshackle tenements huddled together and piled one atop the other.

Façade. That's it, façade. The Great Façade—the keyword description of the Soviet today. Everything is false fronted, dressed up, worked over. Everything for show, a great show.

The All-Union Agricultural Exhibition which opened in Moscow on August 1, 1939, was the biggest show of all. Here Soviets come to gape at how the world is supposed to think they live, through the enthusiasms of Kremlin propaganda. Dominated by a huge sculpture titled "The Tractor Driver and the Woman Farmer," the exhibition is truly a wonderfully planned place. Comparing not at all in point of size with our world's fairs, it is nevertheless a magnificent architectural gem. There are fifty-two gleaming white pavilions artistically grouped, each distinctively different from the others, and all reflecting a decided Oriental appeal.

Tremendous crowds jam the place daily. They come from all over the Soviet Union, many still wearing their colorful racial costumes. Hawk-nosed mountaineers from the Caucasus, with their fur hats and brightly striped robes, swagger along rubbing

shoulders with bearded Ukranian Jews and slant-eyed, long-gowned Asiatics from eastern Siberia.

I saw little hilarity or holidaymaking. No midway or amusement section. This was a serious business. And the people stood about in little groups dazzled and awed by all this splendiferous spectacle. Our glorious Soviet must truly be something, to build things like these—also to make it possible for us to come and see them.

They went inside the pavilions and were immediately herded into little groups, to each of which a lecturer was assigned, and then escorted from exhibit to exhibit showing them “what was” and “what is.” The exhibits were much like those at the Soviet Pavilion in the New York World’s Fair, only on a much larger scale. There were the farms, the homes, the industries of the old days compared graphically with those of “our New Soviet.” There were the sheaves of wheat, vegetables and fruits in artistic exhibit depicting them “before” and “after” sovietization.

I don’t know much about the wheat situation; but in all the time I spent in Russia I never saw such vegetables and fruit in the flesh. I’m particularly fond of apples, and those luscious, red-cheeked, grapefruit-sized things I saw on exhibit made my mouth water. Yet even in the swank Metropole Hotel restaurant, which was patronized by Moscow’s “best people,” the only apples anyone was ever able to buy were green, pulpy, sour, golfball-size things which we wouldn’t dare feed to our pigs. I asked a Soviet official about this. Blandly he explained that these fruits and vegetables are grown mostly in the warmer south of Russia and were not available here in Moscow.

“But,” I said, “this warm south of yours is no more than a day or two train travel from Moscow. Refrigerator cars and storage houses would hardly be required, considering the tremendous consumer demand here for such fruits and vegetables which many Moscovians have never so much as seen before.”

He shrugged. "We need the railroads for more important things."

That's it—they need the railroads, and just about everything else, for "more important things." I wondered if those masses truly understood and approved this need for "more important things." I watched them stand silent and impassive before one after another of those glowing exhibits. The leather goods exhibit, for example, showed them the wonderful boots and shoes now turned out in Soviet factories. But nine out of every ten of those onlookers wore rubber-soled canvas sneakers, or "leather" shoes made from a paper composition. And the tenth fellow's "genuine" leather shoes looked as if they'd been handed down from grandfather to father to son. Yet the exhibit placards loudly proclaimed that leather boot and shoe production in the Soviet had increased over 2,000 per cent since the Revolution, and 500 per cent in the past ten years alone.

A chart on the knitted goods industry display declaimed with pride that the production of knitted goods had been multiplied by 900 per cent in the same decade. But I noted that none of the spectators wore knitted garments. The wool industry exhibit bragged that its production had been increased three and a half times. But there wasn't a single wool dress or suit of clothes in the lot. And if cotton goods production had really stepped up the 300 per cent they claimed, it still had a long way to go to provide 176,000,000 people with a sufficiency of proper clothing.

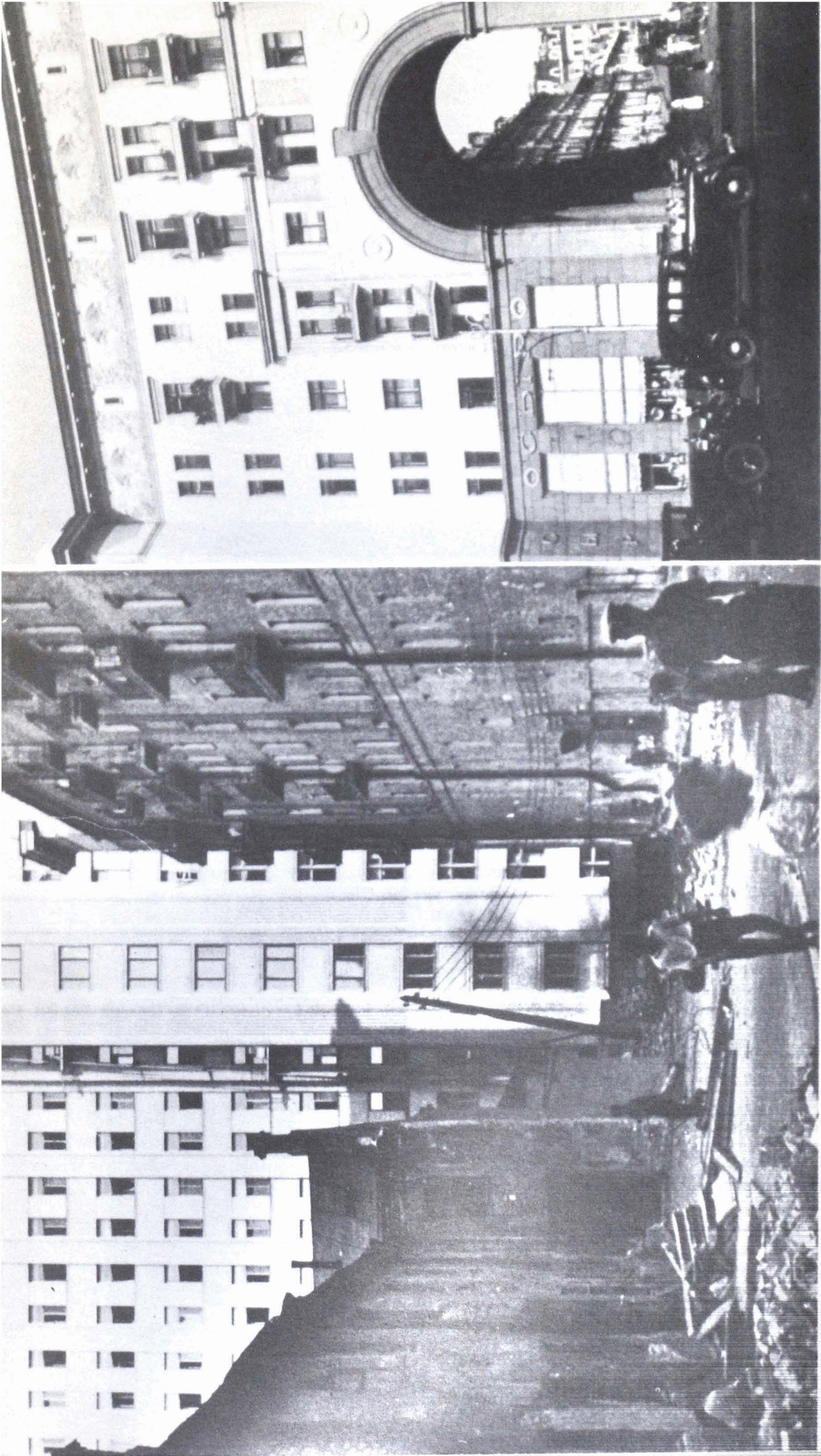
For one of the first impressions that the visitor to the Soviet Union gets is the general shabbiness of people's dress. I don't mean they look like beggars. But everyone seems to be wearing his old clothes—like a nation in workclothes. Not that people don't have the money to buy things. There simply are none of these things to be bought at any price—these things which looked so swell in the exhibition's showcases, but which are needed for "more important" purposes. Still, whatever the Russian may think about this state of affairs, he's sure of one

thing: bad as things may be in Russia today, they are worse on the Outside. His Soviet leaders have repeatedly assured him of this, though there was one time when the government was just a bit too overzealous in this assurance. In the Moscow press one day appeared a photograph of a breadline in Cleveland. The papers were bought up avidly. Crowds gathered around readers and jabbered excitedly. The propaganda significance of breadlines in capitalistic America misfired miserably. "Look! Look!" the Russians exclaimed amazedly to one another. "They all wear overcoats and good shoes!"

MOSCOW'S MILLIONAIRES

NOW, THE EVERYDAY MAN IN MOSCOW MAY LOOK LIKE A BUM TO you, but chances are he's got a wad of a thousand rubles or more in his shabby pants pocket. For many of the Soviet's industries are now on a piecework basis, and there are plenty of rubles to be earned by the fellow who puts in some extra time and effort. But there he is. Plenty of money in his jeans, and nothing to spend it on. He can't buy property with it, because there is no such thing as private ownership of property in communistic Russia today. A motorcar perhaps? Well, they do produce automobiles in the Soviet; but with a few rare exceptions—those who have been decorated with the orders of Heroes of the Union, Honored Artist, etc.—nobody may own a car. Cars are purchased collectively by industrial trusts and factory syndicates, and are for the collective use of all workers in such a factory or industrial organization. Of course, few of the members other than the commissar directors and such get to use these cars.

Incidentally, they make two types of cars: the Molotov, a small one which seems to have been copied from a 1935 Ford, and a limousine-type, the Zis, which looks suspiciously like a 1934 Buick. A General Motors expert estimated from the extraordinary wastage and inefficiency in the manufacture of these cars that it must cost something like \$75,000 per car to put one of them on the street. And waggish foreign correspondents in Moscow will add that "it takes four Zises to keep one Zis running." They're always breaking down. So that no Moscow street picture is complete without at least one Zis or Molotov with its hood up and a puzzled chauffeur poking its innards.



"You'll find that this tremendously impressive structure, the pride and joy of 'New Moscow', is only a false-front facade, screening a solid square block of ramshackle tenements huddled together . . ."



"Coarse-faced workers now sat at the same tables surrounding the dance floor."

But they look good and run well—most of the time, that is. And the new Russia is pridefully happy with its new toy, the “all-Soviet-built” automobile.

But to get back to our friend with the pocketful of rubles. If he can't buy property or cars with his money, what can he buy? Clothing? Furniture? Knickknacks? Suppose we follow him on a shopping tour through Moscow's Times Square. To begin with, our friend is tremendously impressed with the great new structure which houses Mostorg, the government department store. He's proud of that building—he's been told it belongs to him and to his fellows. And there's no exploiting capitalist operating that department store, either. No, sir. The government—his government—operates it on a non-profit basis. Of course, up to a few years back he was just a bit dubious about all that talk when everything was being doled out with ration cards, but now there are no more ration cards. You can walk into any shop and buy, if you have the rubles.

Well, he had the rubles. Lots of rubles. You see, this fellow is no ordinary worker. The average earnings of the ordinary worker, according to official figures, has increased from 450 rubles per year in 1924 to 3,047 rubles per year in 1938—more than six times in fourteen years. That sounds awfully impressive. But 3,047 rubles per year amounts to about 260 rubles per month. They're careful, of course, to point out that the official value of the ruble is approximately twenty cents in American money. It has an actual purchasing value in the Soviet, however, of only about four cents. The 260 rubles per month income, then, really resolves itself into a trifle more than \$10 per month. But then our young man is a shock-worker; and he earns a thousand or more rubles per month. So let's follow him along to Mostorg on Petrovka Street and to neighboring shops—all government owned—and see what he can buy with his pocketful of rubles.

He's in no hurry, so he thinks he'll do some window gazing before he gets around to his shopping. And since the window

displays give a fair index of the type and quality of merchandise for sale in the various shops, suppose we record a few of the articles displayed and their prices:

Here's a window of ladies' wear. Prices:

	rubles
Ladies' corset (wood, not metal, stays)	24
Ladies' handbag (made of "paper-leather")	54
Ladies' straw hat (worth about 25 cents)	55
Eight-piece rust-stained manicure set	100
White cotton "Mother Hubbard" dress	100

Of course, if the lady had plenty of rubles, close by was a fur-shop window with:

	rubles
Caracul fur coat	8,828
Silver fox neckpiece	1,931
Brown fox neckpiece	997
Persian lamb collar (about 30 x 12 inches)	686
Gray squirrel collar (same size)	453

Only actresses and the wives of commissars could afford to buy these.

Actors and artists, by the way, are among the highest paid "workers" in the Soviet Union. They are paid by the performance; and some are said to make as much as 50,000 rubles per month. It is these people who can afford to patronize a furniture shop carrying these items:

	rubles
An ordinary wooden chair	1,555
Chair with brocade-covered seat	7,106
Plain wardrobe (5 x 4 x 2 ft.)	4,411
Wooden tea table, unadorned except for imitation marble top (18 x 24 ins.)	8,565
Wall mirror (about 4 ft. high)	1,262

But our friend isn't interested in these. He wants, among other things, some new clothes. In one of Mostorg's windows he sees the following:

	rubles
Suit (cheap cloth, worth about \$5)	1,000
Shoes (made of suspicious-looking "leather")	200
Felt hat (worth about 50 cents)	44
Starched collar	4
White cotton Russian-style shirt	68
Necktie	15
Cloth cap	30

"Just about everything I need," our friend says to himself. And in he goes, bent on a buying spree.

The great department store is literally jammed with people milling about in the aisles. Lots and lots of people—and almost nothing on the shelves. A handful of things here and a handful there, with queues of purchasers avidly snatching up the first thing offered by the clerk regardless of quality, size or color. The supply is limited, and the impatient press of those in the line behind permits no hesitation. It's take it or leave it, and be glad to get any at all. Russians think nothing of waiting in line for hours and hours to make a purchase, only to find the stock sold out by the time their turn comes. It doesn't seem to discourage them. They're right back again bright and early the next day, hoping for better luck this time. A housemaid for one of the foreign correspondents said that on her free day the week before she had waited in line from 2:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. to buy some cotton cloth for a dress; only to find the supply completely sold out long before her turn came. "But I'll be there earlier on my free day next week," she said resolutely.

We tag after our friend as he passes department after department with empty shelves and idling clerks whose meager stocks had been sold out an hour after the store's opening. This begins to worry him. He's lost his confident smile by now and his brow is puckered with concern as he hurries along to the men's wear department. He finds the place packed and immediately takes his place in the long line. Russians automatically fall into line

for any and everything. Even when waiting for streetcars and buses, before a newsstand or a street vendor of carbonated water.

After several hours' wait in line his turn finally comes. But there's no more of this item, and they're all sold out of that. "Perhaps tomorrow we'll have some shoes," says the clerk wearily. "Next week for certain," he adds.

No shoes, no shirts, no this, no that. What makes him particularly sore is the knowledge that there had been about half a dozen suits of clothes on sale today—the first in a week or more. Of course, they didn't last long. He was sure that one on display in the window would fit him; but he knew without asking that articles in the window are not for sale until the display is changed—and that isn't often. Somewhat blue, he leaves the Mostorg and shuffles slowly up the street. He did so much want to buy himself a new outfit. He had the money to pay for it too. This was his free day (Soviets have a "Sunday" every sixth day) and he had planned to spend the whole day shopping.

On a side street a few blocks from Mostorg he observes considerable activity before a little shop. Entering, he finds this to be one of the several government "commission stores" spotted around Moscow. Because of the paucity of wearing apparel available for purchase in the department stores, people have been forced to resort to the sale, barter and trade of secondhand clothing among themselves. So notorious had this state of affairs become, with people buying and selling secondhand things openly in the streets of Moscow, that the government established these commission stores to afford protection to both buyer and seller.

To one of these shops you might bring anything from a pair of down-at-the-heel shoes to a moth-eaten dinner suit. Appraisers in a back room quickly evaluated the article; and if the figure was satisfactory, you were given a receipt. Fifteen per cent was added to this figure and the article sent out front, where it was snapped up almost immediately by the crowd of buyers who

hung around the place all day. You then turned in your receipt at the cashier's window and got your rubles in exchange.

All of which was all right in its way, but too often people were not satisfied with the appraiser's estimate, and they went out to the street—to be immediately surrounded by a flock of buzzing buyers, each trying to outbid the other. The *militza* came around every now and then in an effort to discourage this street bargaining, but they didn't put much threat in their warnings. And hardly had the police turned the corner, when they were at it again.

The greatest excitement takes place when a foreigner appears. Even though he may be traveling third class, he still looks like a successful capitalist compared with the average Russian. The foreigner rarely gets inside the door of the commission store, unless he's a strong-minded individual—or a fool. Street buyers immediately crowd around him bidding for whatever article or articles he's brought along for sale. And almost without regard for condition, as long as the things are of *estranski* or preferably *Amerikanski* manufacture, they're soon disposed of at fancy prices.

Back he rushes to the Metropole Hotel, buttonholes a friend and gleefully tells him all about it. His friend, no doubt, has a story equally good. So has about every tourist who stays in Moscow more than a couple of days. It's the favorite subject of conversation whenever a group of tourists gather in the Metropole lobby. Each has a wad of rubles amounting sometimes to several thousand. They're rich! Millionaires! And though some of them may be good conscientious Communists back home, who have scrimped and saved for this pilgrimage to the land of the Great Unexploited, now they join with the others in recounting their experiences on a capitalistic selling spree.

Prices are compared: An ordinary white cotton shirt, costing originally about \$1 brought 350 rubles. That is \$70 at the official rate of exchange! An old faded necktie went for 100 rubles—\$20! A pair of three-for-a-dollar sport socks were bid

up to 50 rubles—\$10! A well-worn \$9.95 dress, 600 rubles—\$120! A better one, though still secondhand, 900 rubles—\$180! A man's suit of a popular \$22.50 brand, 1,200 rubles—\$240! Topcoat, 1,500 rubles—\$300! A \$5 chromium-plated wrist watch, 700 rubles—\$140! Though an old pocket watch, with gold case and 18-jewel movement, once costing about \$75 brought only 300 rubles. The wrist watch had modernistic swank—which was worth more to the Russian than gold.

I had an old lightweight two-piece summer suit which four years ago in Shanghai had cost me about \$5. I got 900 rubles for it—\$180!

Rich! Millionaires! The fever of sudden wealth seizes the newcomers, and they rush right out to sell about everything they have except the clothes on their backs. Such fabulous prices! Money! Lots of money! But what can they do with it?

To begin with, all travelers to Russia must book directly or indirectly through Intourist, the official government tourist agency with offices throughout the world. Intourist sells you so many days of all-inclusive travel in the Soviet, and your visa is good for only that specific number of days. You pay for these days, from three or four to the limit of thirty, in foreign currency—in advance. There are three classes, called “categories” by the proletarian Soviets: First class, \$15 per day; second class, \$8 per day; third class, \$5 per day. It really doesn't matter much which class you pay for; they're all about the same in Russia. If there's any favoritism at all, it's certainly not with the first-class folks—the “capitalists.” All classes include rail and sleeper fares, hotel accommodations, three meals a day plus afternoon tea, and escorted sightseeing tours, all from the day of arrival in the Soviet Union until the day of departure. Even porter and guide charges are included. Tips, of course, are insulting in this communistic state, but it's been my experience that Soviets don't mind being liberally “insulted.”

Just about everything is prepaid in whatever category pur-

chased. The food is plentiful and not bad. Trains and hotel rooms are not so good, but there are no better to be had even for extra money. There are no curios of any worth to buy. And if you should pick up some article of value from a private source, they'll tax it sky-high at the border when you leave.

About the only thing you can spend money on is taxi rides. A short taxi ride across town will cost fifty rubles or more. That's ten dollars, if you had to exchange your traveler's checks for rubles, but being ruble-rich, it would cost only the equivalent of a pair of socks or a handkerchief. Even so, you couldn't begin to spend all those rubles in your pocket that way, unless you rode taxis from morning to night—and the GPU would probably come around and ask a lot of questions about it.

But you just had to spend those rubles. It was forbidden to take any rubles out of the country. They were pretty strict about that in their frontier examinations. Besides, the rubles were worth about next to nothing outside, anyhow. Spend them, then. But spend them on what? And the "capitalistic" tourists suddenly wake up and find themselves in the same boat as the Communists they came to gawk at—millionaire paupers, with plenty of money in their jeans and nothing to buy with it. Only, these tourists were a bit worse off; for no matter what the condition of the secondhand junk they unloaded, for many of them it means replacements just that much sooner.

But our shock-worker friend, disappointed and disillusioned as he might be about what he could buy with his rubles, always had one place where he could splurge in a big way. He could stuff himself with food—good food—at the Metropole Hotel. It was awfully expensive to eat there, but he didn't mind. What else could he do with his rubles? Ironically, even this spending pleasure was denied the poor ruble-rich tourist. For it was nullified by the little book with the perforated meal-ticket coupons which he'd bought with good dollars from the local Intourist office back home. And it was a lucky thing he had it, too. Why, the meal he got for one of those tickets would

cost our shock-worker friend at the next table almost a hundred rubles—\$20.

The Metropole restaurant was always crowded, liberally patronized by shock-workers, engineers, artists and artisans—Moscow's "millionaires." A strange and queer lot they were. Nine out of ten of them in shirt sleeves or peasant garb. Some with unwashed faces and arms. They were workers, and they were proud of it. Yet it was all so unexpectedly fantastic, and here in the midst of them you felt almost as though you were in another world. For the Metropole Hotel restaurant in pre-Revolution days was famous as one of the show places of Europe. Built by a French architect, its glittering crystal chandeliers, marble columns and exquisite stained-glass domed ceiling had for decades formed the jeweled setting for the splendor and elegance of aristocratic and diplomatic Russia of the old days.

Coarse-faced workers now sat at the same tables surrounding the dance floor. The service was notoriously bad, as if the waiters deliberately wished to impress the customers that they were on an equal social footing. The food, when it did come, was pretty good; and was served in the wasteful plenitude and elegance of an earlier day, on the same expensive dishes and silverware. Though a Soviet-made champagne could be had for about thirty rubles per bottle, the Russian worker still preferred his vodka, or more often the cheap soda-pop, which was always served chilled in solid silver ice buckets.

A girl orchestra, average weight 170 pounds, played popular and semiclassical numbers from 5:00 P.M. to midnight. A male orchestra came on then and played to about four in the morning. The girls had a repertoire of music that was fixed and unchanging from one week to the next. And their music was not very good. When I first saw the boys appear for the after-midnight shift, they seemed right in keeping with the rest of this strange communistic picture. They were in shirt sleeves just as I expected them to be, and looked bored and listless

as they took their places on the rostrum. Then, without fanfare, without audience applause, seemingly without notice, the orchestra leader appeared. And, believe it or not, he wore correct, impeccable evening dress—immaculate from his well-pressed tails and gleaming patent leather pumps to his spotless boiled shirt, white tie and gloves.

He looked wholly unreal, like an anachronism from the hated capitalistic Outside. And while I puzzled whether this was some sardonic joke at the expense of the tourist guests, he raised his baton.

"I'll bet this is going to be good," I chuckled to myself. It was good—good music, I mean. They began with a rendition of "Tiger Rag" that for sheer rhythm, swing and technique would have done credit to any Princeton Prom. Ben Bernie and All the Lads had nothing on these boys. They could play! And play they did, one popular number after another in the same tempo.

Surely, some American band on a European tour, I decided. I walked over during a short intermission. No, they spoke no English, no German, no French—only Russian. What's more, they'd never been out of Russia. They'd learned their music from phonograph records.

A few Russian couples got up to dance; but they weren't very good at it. Mostly, the guests sat and listened and watched young capitalistic tourists jitterbugging; with what thoughts and emotions, their faces did not betray. Perhaps they conjectured about the Outside, which this swing music suggested. What was it like? Was it really as bad as painted to them? Were the masses truly downtrodden and oppressed by the money-mad capitalists? Somehow, two and two didn't seem to add up to four, if you watched the tourists here. Most of them were obviously comparatively poor folk, of the "oppressed" masses.

What if they did wear good clothes? They were still slaves of capitalism. The Soviet Union was the only true haven of

peace and freedom. The leaders have said so—many times. Personally, I have my doubts about “peace” and “freedom” in the Soviet today. If this be truly so, if the people and their leaders honestly believed this, tell me: Why is the death penalty imposed upon any Soviet citizen attempting to leave this haven without permission? And permission is granted to very, very, very few Soviet citizens even today.

And what happens to those ardent Communists from the Outside who come to live in this Soviet paradise? Those few who had sense enough to hold on to their Outside passports quickly discover it to be the most valuable thing in their possession. It represents a guarantee that the holder may leave Russia whenever he so desires, if he can afford it.

And the others? Those rash idealists who foolishly gave up their passports for citizenship in the Soviet utopia? With but two or three exceptions, every one of those I met—a doctor, an engineer, a worker, a scholar—seemed utterly disillusioned. And I had the distinct feeling that they felt themselves self-condemned to a life imprisonment. To be sure, they spoke little about themselves and conditions, except words of praise. But somehow I sensed—perhaps because of a note of overenthusiasm—that they spoke not from the heart. For as Soviet citizens now they were as muzzled with respect to criticism of the “will of the people” as the next fellow.

The Soviets and the Japanese were at it again in the Far East. In Mongolia this time. I spent weeks in Moscow trying to contact someone with authority enough to give me the proper permits or credentials to visit the fighting front. I could find no one who would take that responsibility. As a matter of fact, you can find few people in the Soviet Union who will take any responsibility at all, for anything. You never saw so much buck-passing! Ask anyone who’s visited the country lately. Soviets have a wholesome fear of making a mistake in judgment, especially in matters concerning foreigners. For a

wrong judgment may easily be construed as a sabotage of the "will of the people." That's treason, whether intentional or otherwise. And treason means liquidation—a favorite Soviet term that is too often a synonym for the firing squad.

Permits or no permits, I decided at length to take the Trans-siberian Express and try my luck with local commanders near the scene of action. And if I didn't succeed in getting down to the fighting front I might at least get some picture of the Soviet strength in the Far East, and some idea of its chances in that inevitable large-scale military showdown with the Japanese.

I had planned to leave right after Aviation Day, August 18, 1939. There had been much ballyhoo about the big air show that was to be held in Moscow on that day. More than a million people had turned out for the event. They put on a good show, too. Though with 360 degrees of clear skies in which to perform, they *would* pick the only spot they should have avoided—right up in the sun. So a million people patiently squinted and were duly impressed.

The highlight of that show was a mass flight of perhaps a thousand warplanes coming up over the horizon and roaring over the heads of the spectators like some swarm of monstrous bees. And it was an impressive sight, a terrifying sight. It made the flesh creep to think of what hellish death and destruction might be loosed from their lewd bellies.

The guests of honor at that show were the members of the British Military Mission, at the time in Moscow for staff talks with the Soviet High Command. That night in a gathering of Moscow's foreigners the subject turned naturally to the political situation in Europe. It seemed generally agreed that now that the Soviet-British Pact was effected, Hitler would certainly dare no war. The pact, of course, had not as yet been officially announced, but the presence of the British Military Mission in Moscow would seem to confirm its existence. For diplomats

make pacts. Military men follow the diplomats to put pacts—military pacts especially—into practical application.

I had a wild thought. I voiced it, I confess, for no earthly reason other than perhaps to inject a note of amusement into the conversation.

“You know,” I began, “I wonder if Stalin and Hitler may yet get together and surprise everyone with a neat little bit of double-cross before that Soviet-British Pact is officially announced.”

Everyone laughed. And I laughed too, just as heartily as the others. It did seem a bit fantastic.

At that moment I suddenly recalled that flight of warplanes of the afternoon. A magnificent sight. A good show. But there was something not right about that show. Something not right about the whole thing. These Britishers were military men. They had not come to be impressed with shows—no matter how good they might be. They wanted information. How many planes have you? What types? What equipment? What training for your men? What reserves and what resources? If you're going to be our military ally we should, we must, know all these things.

I had a hunch. I played it. I canceled my Transsiberian plans—and went the other way. To Warsaw, Poland.

The morning I landed in Warsaw the papers carried big headlines: “Soviet Russia Announces Nonaggression Pact with Germany!”

“That settles it,” I said to myself. “Things are going to happen here—soon!”

They did!

BLITZKRIEG IN POLAND

A SIREN SCREAMED. ANOTHER JOINED. AND ANOTHER.

Air raid!

Warsaw's streets, a few moments before filled with people on their way to work this bright September 1st morning, now quickly cleared. Air raid guards herded them into the nearest buildings. Taxis, streetcars and busses stopped in their tracks, their fares scattering to join the pedestrians.

It was the real thing this time. Everyone knew that. And those of us who had them, grimly readied our gas masks, which all too few of Warsaw's populace carried slung over their shoulders these days.

Morning extras had carried flaming headlines of the bombardment of Katowice, Poland's vital industrial center in Silesia. And that had been only three hours ago. Details of the Katowice attack were naturally lacking, but we would soon know what happened there. For those squadrons of German bombers roaring in from the west were perhaps the very same that bombarded Katowice, and were now repeating their attack on the capital.

Antiaircraft guns barked defiance at the enemy overhead. And as the smoke puffs of their exploding shells blossomed in the vicinity of the raiders, squadrons broke formation and planes went their separate ways, to dissipate the target.

Yes, this was the real thing. At any moment, now, all hell would break loose. What awful death, or worse, was about to be disgorged upon us? A million people waited, completely helpless. Was it to be merely bombs, or would there be gas, or something even more ghastly if that were possible?

In a flash I recalled all the writings I had ever read on "The Next War." Whole cities wiped out in a single air attack, dealing in mass massacre. It was to be the "twilight of civilization." The ruthless wholesale destruction not only of life and limb, but of all that the centuries had accumulated in art, architecture, literature and culture.

The attacks would begin suddenly without warning. With no foolish time-wasting with ultimatums and declarations of war. *Blitzkrieg* the Germans called it. Lightning war. The idea was to nullify the other fellow's threat of retaliation by delivering the first blow—suddenly and destructively, stunning him and destroying him before he could even get started.

Blitzkrieg. The first blow. Mass massacre. No fooling around. Bombs, gas, bodies, blood, destruction. The thoughts began to whirl and jumble confusedly, as I craned my neck upward.

Certainly, I was scared. And I wondered how many others of those thousands in the buildings and doorways up and down the street squinting skyward were just as scared? To be sure, this was none of my personal affair. I was an American. But China wars had taught me that bombs and bullets do not detour for American passports. I was in for it as much as the next fellow.

I tried to imagine the holocaust that was to envelop Warsaw at any moment now. I had seen something of modern war, in perhaps one of its most horrible phases. That was in Shanghai, almost two years ago to the day. A single aerial bomb had killed hundreds of innocent refugee men, women and children. Had literally torn them to pieces, so that arms and legs and torsos were picked up and callously tossed into trucks like so much raw beef. And then firemen came along and hosed the clotting blood and shredded flesh into the gutters and down into the sewers.

Horrible, gruesome, never-to-be-forgotten sight. Unbelievable if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. A sight I was to see repeated here in the very next moment.

Calmly, utterly unmindful of anti-aircraft shells bursting all around them, the planes circled and zigzagged overhead. They seemed so maddeningly deliberate, as if they were not merely making certain of their targets below, but wished to prolong the agonizing suspense of hovering death in sadistic glee.

And then, as we watched, we saw them—black egg-shaped things—drop from their evil bellies. And we heard the explosions which followed. Explosions which meant death and destruction—ruthless, unwarning. They were big bombs—500-pounders, many of them. Bombs with delayed fuses, so that two or three stories of a building might be pierced before the bomb exploded, blowing the place apart from within.

Scores were killed and injured in that first air raid. And scores more in the raid a few hours later. And in the succeeding raids that day and the hellish days that followed.

At eleven A.M. on the 3rd of September, the third day of the attack on Poland, both Britain and France declared war on Germany. There was wild jubilation in Warsaw. Air raids were quickly forgotten, while mobs jammed the streets before the British and French embassies, cheering and singing "God Save the King" and the "Marseillaise." They even gathered before the American Embassy where they shouted "Long Live Roosevelt!"

Well, the British and French were in. But what help were they going to be to Poland? Just how much help they really were was evidenced when two days later the whole Polish Government and all the foreign embassies—including the heroized British and French, fled from Warsaw in the wildest of panic. The Germans in just those few days of warfare had hammered through to the very suburbs of Warsaw. That was September 5th, the day of the Big Scram.

When the news of the government's flight leaked out, panic seized the people. Everybody wanted to get out before the Germans surrounded the city and cut off escape. But this was not so easy. There were no trains running, and though there

were plenty of cars in Warsaw, there was no gasoline to be had. All gasoline had been commandeered by the military after the flight of the government. There was none for civilians for love or money—no matter who you were or thought you were. The problem, then, quickly simplified itself to this: walk or stay behind. So thousands packed suitcases and bundles on their backs and streamed from the city. All roads soon became jammed, seriously complicating troops movements and supply transport. In consequence, the military immediately decreed that all civilian refugees were to be stopped and turned back.

This caused consternation in Warsaw. So suddenly deprived of all prospect of possible flight, people began to feel trapped. And as the days went by, with air raids intensified and repeated four and five times a day, a growing terror came into the eyes of Warsovians. People no longer laughed, or even smiled. They talked in half-whispers, looking scared and bewildered. They were trapped—trapped like rats.

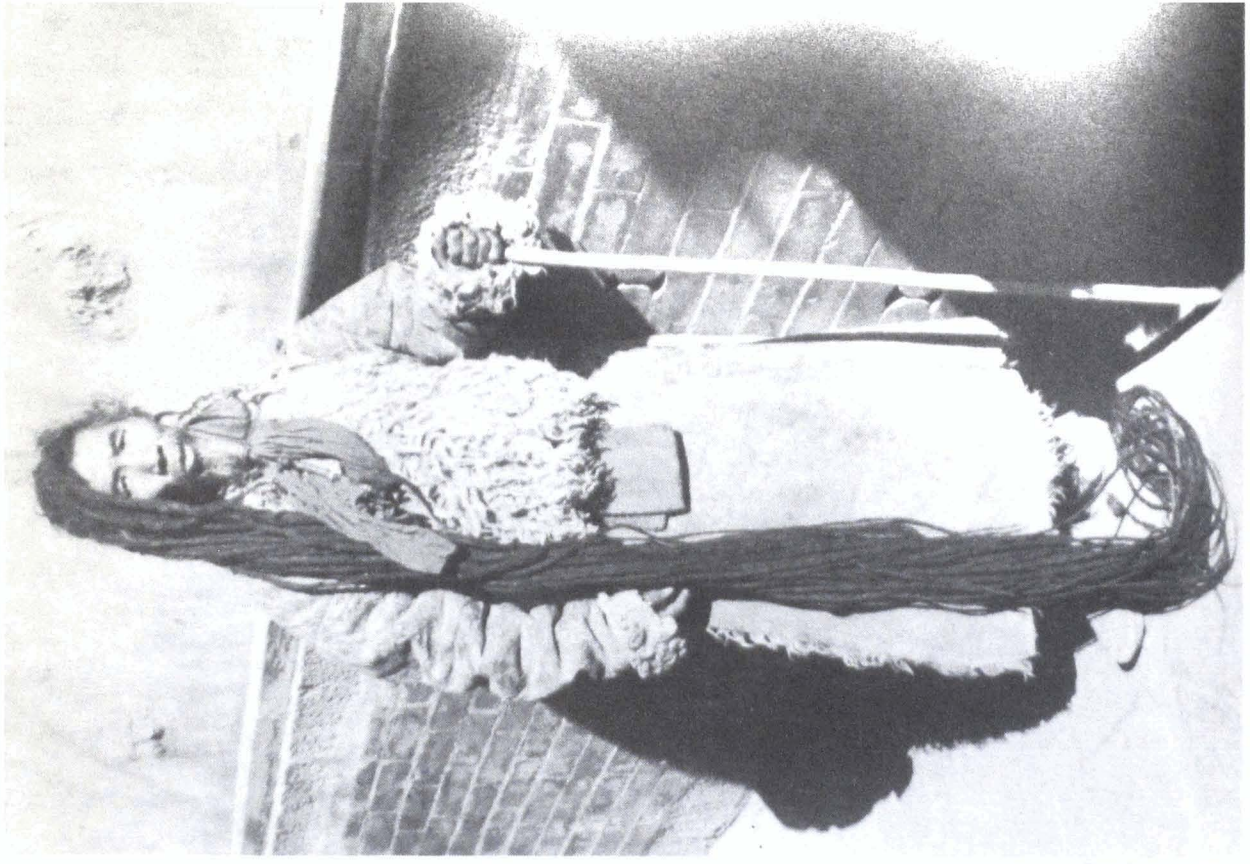
Between air raids everybody dug trenches. This was required of men, women and children; the number of hours each wielded a pick or shovel being duly recorded on a card which everyone carried and had to produce upon demand. And when the sirens suddenly began their piercing screams, the trenches quickly filled with breathless people scrambling from all directions, like monstrous frightened mice. And little better than mice they were, for in their panic men forgot they were human as they pushed and jostled and jammed their way into trenches always overcrowded. And to me it seemed little short of miraculous that not once was one of these trenches hit by a bomb, which would have instantly converted it into a collective grave for its quota of frightened flesh.

These were civilians, mind you, not soldiers with weapons to fight back. Civilians—women and children. Helpless and gripped by a terror that was stark and naked—as I saw it in that young mother's eyes. The siren had shrieked its alarm. Men, women and children scampered for shelter. And then I saw



Upper—"At the twilight of Polish Independence."

Lower—"Bombs with delayed fuses, so that two or three stories of a building might be pierced before the bomb exploded, blowing the place apart from within."



A Nukwha—Tibetan priest of Bönism. He is always identified by his long hair—sometimes ten feet or more in length.

her, a young mother frantically tearing at the harness clamps in the baby's carriage—a carriage too large to be taken into the dugout. I dashed down the street to help. By the time I got there she had already abandoned hope of unsnarling the harness and was trying to fit a gas mask over the wailing youngster's face. She was nearly hysterical by the time I had cut the straps so that she could grab up the child and run for shelter.

A gas mask for a baby! A baby! A hysterical mother! A rat-hole dugout, and poison gas to seek out the mother in its depths, kill her and let the baby suffocate in its mask! That's modern war. Women and children first.

Bombs were bad enough, but what we all feared most was gas. With the outbreak of the war all stocks of gas masks had been suddenly withdrawn from public sale. They were needed for the army. Those comparatively few of us who had masks were envied. And those masks became more and more precious with every day. You no longer checked it with your hat and coat when you entered a restaurant or office. Suppose a gas attack came suddenly and someone grabbed your mask? If he could keep you off long enough you'd soon give him no more trouble. It was a grim thought. And so your mask was never out of sight and reach, and hung on the bedpost at night.

The Germans used no gas on Warsaw, but they dropped plenty of bombs. Where was the Polish air force to fight them off? That was something we all wanted to know. I learned later that it had been almost completely destroyed by the Germans in the very first day of the war. At all times, then, the Germans had complete mastery of the air over Warsaw, with only anti-aircraft guns to challenge them. Guns which did bring down a plane or two now and then, but which on the whole were ineffectual so far as defending the city was concerned.

And when the realization of this helplessness crept into the consciousness of Warsawians, to which was added the knowledge that there was no physical escape, bewilderment grew into fear,

and fear into terror. Terror that was contagious and became almost universal.

Terror bred spy-mania, which later proved to be surprisingly more fact than fiction. There were wild rumors of spies who signaled planes with chimney smoke, or with flashing car headlights. And, of course, the usual stories of spies dropped by parachute from enemy planes.

As a matter of fact, the German espionage system in Poland was extraordinarily well developed. And through its prompt, thorough and efficient activities it became one of the principal factors responsible for the rapid demoralization and ultimate collapse of Polish resistance. For not only were communications quickly and effectively sabotaged, but factories, warehouses, supply depots and gasoline stores were hamstrung, monkey-wrenched and time-bombed. Moreover, through this espionage system the German air force was in possession of complete up-to-the-minute information about the nature and location of every one of Poland's vital industrial enterprises and her stored-up reserves. So that from the very first day of the war these were systematically and ruthlessly bombed into uselessness.

The spy-mania, then, had plenty of material support. And everyone was suspect. For example, if eyes betrayed even the slightest curiosity or interest in a platoon of soldiers marching down the street, or an armored car lumbering by, the suspect was likely to be suddenly collared and hauled off to the nearest police station. There he was immediately stripped and searched thoroughly and put through a grilling third degree. The possession of the most impressive identifying documents meant nothing. If anything, it increased suspicion. For, they reasoned, the clever spy would naturally carry with him such important-looking papers—forged, of course.

In these circumstances, naturally, I had plenty trouble trying to newsreel the war in Warsaw. Though I carried a special permit signed by the Ministry of War, I was in perpetual hot water. I believe I have been the guest, for a few hours at least,

of almost every jail in Warsaw. My spy's uniform was unique: a heavy movie camera fitted with a turret head and three lenses held in my right hand, two miniature still cameras—one for black-and-white and one for Kodachrome—over one shoulder, a heavy haversack filled with films and accessories over the other shoulder, and a gas mask dangling on my hip. The very outlandishness of the rig, though necessary in every detail, would seem to be sufficient insurance against molestation.

But it wasn't. It actually invited trouble; for somehow cameras and spies were synonymous to the Poles. Especially as nervousness increased with intensified bombings, and it seemed that all Warsaw was infected with a bad case of the jitters.

This was particularly true during air raids. Now, a newspaperman during an air raid might reasonably stay under cover, watching it perhaps through a pair of binoculars. And when the "All Clear" siren comes, he may rush out to the scene of a bombing, inspect the damage, and give a pretty good idea of what happened in his cabled report. Not so for the cameraman. He's expected to obtain a complete record of the happening on his film, and a close-up record at that. So, with the first appearance of planes overhead it was my job to hop into the car and tear down deserted streets in the direction of some bridge or district where I could see planes dive-bombing in follow-the-leader fashion as they concentrated their attack on a specific objective. Of course, I wanted to get there as soon as possible—though not too soon.

One of these bombings I had timed perfectly. I had first pulled up my car far enough away to get the whole action in the scene—the diving planes, their objective, the exploding bombs. Then, as the planes loosed their loads and flew off, I jumped into the car again and dashed up for close-ups. Flames and smoke were billowing skyward as I began to grind away. Rimming a huge crater in the foreground were blackened bits of debris and a few mangled bodies. A fire truck came clanging

up. Soldiers appeared in search of surviving victims. It was all great stuff for my films.

And then someone let out a yell. Before I knew what it was all about, a soldier made a grab for my camera. Another punched my face; and as I raised my arm to protect myself I saw soldiers rushing toward me from all directions with bayonets lowered.

"Amerikanski! Amerikanski!" I hollered. An officer to the left shouted a command just in time. My trousers were already ripped and my shirt torn and beginning to stain from bayonet scratches as excited soldiers crowded and milled about me, stripping me of cameras, haversack, gas mask.

I had thrown up my hands immediately and tried to remain as motionless and passive as possible, for I realized the intense emotional excitement which possessed those about me—an excitement which amounted almost to hysteria. The slightest suggestion of a false move on my part might instantly result in pulled triggers and plunging bayonets.

The agitation of the soldiers was bad enough, but that of the officer was even worse. For though I was ringed with bayonets, he nevertheless pulled his tiny pistol and held it a few inches from my chest. And, believe me, the way that pistol trembled in his hand gave me the biggest scare I've had in all my life.

A car drew up and I was pushed into the back seat. The officer got in beside me and jabbed his pistol into my side. A couple of soldiers jumped on the running board and we tore down the street. The crowds of people along the way had quickly guessed that a spy had been caught, and cursed and jeered as we went by.

"Amerikanski," I ventured again, turning to the officer. But he only glared back at me and jabbed his pistol deeper into my ribs.

I was taken to the military garrison where a circle of officers third-degreed me. Without exception their faces and manner betrayed their nervousness. The garrison was guarding an ammunition dump which luckily was not hit squarely. Had it

been, the whole lot of them would have been blown up with the explosion. I couldn't understand a word they said, but I could see that they were getting madder and madder at what they took to be deliberate silence on my part. Was I not a spy whom they'd caught red-handed? Speak!

Hours later, after my documents had been verified and myself identified by an officer from the Ministry of War, I was released with the most profuse apologies.

"We hope you'll understand and forget this mistake," they said. "Spies! Spies! The country is full of them. They plague us from every side."

That, to be sure, was understandable and forgivable. But when I found myself collared and jugged, and sometimes pushed and punched around to boot, on an average of two or three times a day, this became quite annoying, to say nothing of its serious interference with my picture-taking.

When the Germans began to circle around the city, threatening to cut off all avenues of exit, I decided to pack up and get out in a hurry. For two things must at all times be uppermost in a cameraman's mind: get the pictures and get them out. My decision, hard as it was to make, was justified by its ultimate reward. For, though I had several newsreeling competitors in Warsaw, my motion pictures, as far as I could learn, were the only ones which eventually reached the newsreel screens.

I met a Polish newspaperman who was leaving for Lublin. The government and foreign embassies had gone there. Lublin was 125 miles to the southeast. He had just enough gas in his tiny Fiat to make it.

It was a hellish trip. To begin with, the road was bad. And all the bridges and culverts were heavily mined, so that we crossed cautiously guided by the soldiers on guard. Darkness increased driving hazards a thousandfold. For, while the road was fairly clear and almost deserted during the daytime, at night it was packed with troops, trucks, tanks, and even big guns on tow. The darkness afforded protection from air attack,

so everything moved only at night. Though our headlights were heavily coated with blue paint, we were ordered to drive without them, with the result that we were obliged to take our place in the long procession of lumbering transport, patiently swallowing the dust of the fellow ahead, and some of the dust of those strung out miles ahead of him.

As we moved along my companion became increasingly depressed. "Why do they all go south—away from Warsaw?" he kept repeating. And then he would add gloomily, "It's not good. Not good."

Lublin was all in a dither. The government and foreign embassies had left days ago, fleeing before the news of a German break-through not far west of Lublin. As a matter of fact, the government was almost continually on the move from the time it left Warsaw. It first went south, then east toward the Russian border, and then frantically south again and out into Rumania when Russia started to mobilize.

The local government of Lublin had also packed up and fled, leaving the army to take over the administration of law and order. But the army was busy with its own troubles. It, too, was trying to get away before the relentless advance of the Germans. Military patrols in the streets were commandeering cars on sight. My military pass protected our little Fiat for a while. But we were out of gas, and the prospect of getting any in Lublin seemed hopelessly small. Moreover, my Polish friend was being repeatedly stopped and required to produce his mobilization papers and explain his presence in Lublin, and he was becoming more and more depressed. On our third day there he announced suddenly that he was volunteering for military service and turning his car over to the army before they took it from him.

Bravo for him. But it left me without even a car for which to get the unobtainable gasoline.

In Lublin's Europejaki Hotel I ran into some old Warsaw friends. They were French pilots, members of the French Mili-

tary Mission. They were leaving for Lwow, important city in southeast Poland, the next day and promised me a place in one of their cars. They admitted frankly that they were on the run. And why not? The whole country was on the run. The government and embassies were running in all directions with their tails between their legs. The General Staff were running around like chickens with their heads cut off. And the army in circles, until it would be bombed and shelled and machine-gunned into annihilation.

"Things are bad here," said one of them, "and getting worse almost by the hour." As for what was happening in the rest of the country, they knew little more than I did or anyone else did. I asked them about those fantastic military successes which the Poles claimed in their periodic radio broadcasts and newspaper headlines: "Polish Planes Bomb Berlin"; "Official Figures Report Two Hundred and Forty-seven German Planes Already Shot Down or Destroyed"; "Hamburg in Ruins from British Air Attack"; "Polish Troops in Possession of Half of East Prussia and Occupy Its Metropolis, Königsberg"; "The French Today Have Advanced Another Eighty Kilometers Beyond the Rhine."

My French friends looked at one another and smiled indulgently.

"These generals here fight wars with words," the captain volunteered. "They are like children who cannot understand why things don't happen the way they want them to happen. So they play make-believe, and then seem really to believe the conjurings of their own imaginations."

And as the evening progressed they loosened up and talked more and more freely. They told me things . . . things they hadn't even hinted at in any of our Warsaw talks.

The French and British Military Missions had come to Poland weeks before the first attack on Warsaw, in anticipation of inevitable and imminent war. They were instructed to investigate and assist in organizing the nation's economic re-

sources. Technical advice and assistance in military matters was to be freely given; and in the broader matters of policy and material aid, recommendations were to be forwarded to Paris and London for consideration.

From the very day of their arrival in Poland the missions were doomed to failure. Marshal Smigly-Ridz and his generals received them cordially enough; but told them nothing, let them see nothing. Nothing, absolutely nothing! They were wined and dined nobly. But whenever they brought up the subject of military conversations they received only vague, evasive apologies for delays. The British finally gave up in despair and the mission returned to England.

The French were more persistent. They wanted to know things. What could the country depend upon for raw materials? What was the strength of its armed forces? How many men could be mobilized, how would it be done, and how long would it take? How many guns, tanks, airplanes, and what types? What systems of communications? And what strategic plans for military action if, as, and when war came?

Vital questions to the French and English, as well as to their Polish ally. But the Poles only smiled politely and told them nothing, showed them nothing. Though when pressed a bit too hard, they would strongly reaffirm their pact and their desire and need of French and British aid. But, thank you, they needed no material assistance; but they were, they admitted reluctantly, a bit hard up for cash. And would their British and French allies please lend them some gold? ~~And~~

The Frenchmen were disgusted. But the matter was serious. France and England needed a Poland with strength enough to keep a million German troops busy in the east. So they hung on, hoping against hope that the Poles would see the growing danger before it was too late.

But even in those last days of August, when war seemed so imminent and so certain, Smigly-Ridz and his generals still strutted and shouted defiance. They talked big about their

“traditional” Polish fighting ability. And when they finally admitted to the French that they had prepared no border fortifications, nor even a secondary line to which they might fall back if the initial German advance was too strong, they blindly explained by insisting this was to be a “mobile war”:

“We don’t intend to wait for the Germans to try to break through our lines. We shall not only crush their first attacks, but we will follow them—we’ll invade Germany!”

The French were dumfounded. “Crush their attacks!” “Invade Germany!” With what? they demanded.

“With our cavalry, of course.”

“Cavalry against tanks and airplanes?”

“Of course. The tanks will bog down in the mud when the rains come, and the planes won’t be able to fly in the bad weather. And our forty regiments of mobile cavalry will then advance and cut down their sluggish infantry and artillery.”

It was as simple as all that. But when the French ventured, “Suppose the rains don’t come in time?” Smigly-Ridz and his staff refused even to consider it. “The rains will come,” they replied, smiling. Though perhaps more than one of those Polish generals probably added to himself, “They *must* come!”

But the rains did not come. And almost throughout the entire Polish campaign, the Germans were blessed with perfect weather. It was flesh against steel. Forty regiments of cavalry against five thousand tanks, and wave after wave of planes which mercilessly bombed and machine-gunned them hour after hour without letup. The Frenchmen said the Germans must have used nearly 90 per cent of their total air force in the initial Polish attack.

It was no wonder the Poles fell back, bewildered, decimated, hopelessly disorganized. It is to their begrudged credit that the Polish generals quickly realized after that first day’s warfare that they had been wrong. And that if they didn’t get help and get it soon, Poland was lost. Hurriedly, they called in the

French Military Mission, explained their plight and confessed their weaknesses and shortcomings. But it was then too late.

Frantically, the High Command appealed directly to the British and French governments to send at least a thousand planes to combat the blighting German air attack. But that was impossible. Fighting planes must have bullets, bombs and fuel to be of any continued use. And general supplies, spare parts, repair shops and trained ground personnel. The Poles had prepared little enough of these essentials for their own meager air force; and the Allies' planes, in their long flight from France and England, could hardly be expected to bring all this with them.

So it was Poland alone against a military machine that twenty-odd years before it had taken most of the civilized world to smash.

They had courage, those Poles, to be sure. But courage is not enough. Courage must have capable leadership to be of practical value. The Finns have proved this. The Finns have courage plus capable leadership, and so are able to hold off an enemy outnumbering them fifty to one. And if the Finns should fail in their struggle against Russian invasion, it will be because they lack the third element necessary to fight wars these days—weapons. For courage, no matter how capably led, cannot prevail without arms, ammunition and supplies which will at least approximate those of the enemy.

The Poles had courage; but courage alone. No leadership, and almost no weapons. Lwow (Lemberg), for example, the second largest city in Poland, didn't have a single anti-aircraft gun to defend it from enemy bombing planes. I know. I saw.

We had come down from Lublin toward Lwow. Just as we approached the city limits we were stopped by a sentry. We were ordered out of our car and into the six-foot ditch. Air raid. It had been on for hours, the sentry told us; all day, in fact. No impressive mass-formation flights. They came by twos and threes, circled lazily a few times, and then came the wham!

wham! And clouds of black smoke would blossom here or there. Hardly had these dropped their loads, when another flight appeared to take their places.

Not a single antiaircraft gun or plane to challenge them! It was maddening. A whole city—a big city—terrorized, defenseless, entirely at the mercy of a handful of methodical, robot-like airmen.

For hours we lay sweltering in the open ditch. As a matter of fact, the whole surrounding countryside was open and flat. Not a house, tree or even a bush in sight. We were getting hungry so I thought I'd get some sandwiches from the car. Up on the road I saw something that made my hair stand on end. A line of automobiles, including khaki-colored military trucks and officers' cars, stretched down the road as far as the eye could see. I took one look, and called my companions.

"Let's get out of here. Air raid or no air raid, we're a helluva lot safer in town than here."

They agreed. If a single one of those German pilots spotted this line of cars, he'd be a cockeyed fool not to come roaring down that road, machine guns raking cars and ditches alike. It was a perfect target. And a logical military objective. No, we'd be a thousand times better off in the city, no matter how bad the air raid was. So into the car we piled, and despite the shouts of the sentry I wheeled the Fiat out of line and headed toward town.

The streets were deserted as we came in. Streetcars, taxicabs, busses, everything at a standstill, with a few people in doorways staring fearfully at us as we passed.

We crossed a railroad track, and on the left I saw a string of gasoline tank cars. No camouflage. No shelter. No nothing. Just standing there invitingly on a siding.

I said to myself: "These people seem to have a genius for bunching up and making perfect targets of their most valuable war essentials." But, then, perhaps those tank cars were empty. Even so . . .

We hadn't gone more than a block across that track, when we heard it whistle. Now, when you hear a bomb go boom! you needn't duck. It's missed you, and chances are you're probably too far away for any danger from flying debris. But when you hear it whistle before it goes boom!—it's just too late to duck. Or do anything else, for that matter, except wonder what happened—if you're still able to.

It seemed as though some monster hand had grabbed our car off the road and playfully shook us—just to hear us rattle inside. Behind us a sheet of flame and black smoke reached five hundred feet into the air. A direct hit. Smack on those tank cars. A half minute earlier and . . .

Now, automobiles and gasoline tank cars are legitimate military objectives, legitimate targets for bomb-dropping warplanes. So are factories, supply depots, troop concentrations, railways and trains. And if innocent noncombatants are killed or injured in the course of such an attack—well, war is war. But I saw some targets of those German aviators that by no stretch of the imagination can be classed as military objectives. Tiny towns and villages by the scores—I saw them—bombed and machine-gunned, murderously. And it seemed fiendishly coincidental that most of the attacks took place at the height of market day, when farmfolk were gathered from all the countryside. "Military objectives?"

A train may be a legitimate military objective. But I saw one that most certainly was not. A train carrying a thousand women and children refugees. Perhaps you'll say: "How were the German pilots to know this?" You might be right—but not in this instance. I watched them—those nine big bombers—from a ditch where we had taken refuge at the first sound of their motors. And I had a clear view of them as they swooped down on that train standing in the station a scant quarter of a mile away. In follow-the-leader fashion they dived, each making almost a direct hit with his bomb. So far justifiable—from a military standpoint.

If, upon discovering their mistake when they saw women and children streaming from the train as they came down for the attack, they had then flown off, that would have been just war and a tragic mistake. Wars are full of tragic mistakes. I was almost tempted to add philosophically that war itself is a mistake—a big mistake. But then, many of you will disagree with me on that. Particularly, you women who, by your heroization of warriors, are in great measure responsible for wars down through the ages. But man fighting man for the favor of some lady, or the glory of his people, his ideals, or what have you, is one thing. But what's this world coming to when nine bombers fly up and down the length of that train and the adjacent fields, ruthlessly, sadistically machine-gunning helpless women and children—for twenty minutes!

Military objectives? Glory? Bravery? Bah!

I saw a big hospital, with a huge red cross painted atop its flat roof, attacked by a squadron of German bombers who dived and bombed repeatedly until definitely satisfied with a sufficient number of direct hits. You could almost imagine those fellows targeting that big red cross through their bomb sights. A military objective? A hospital, many of whose inmates were innocent victims of a terrible aerial bombardment of the day before.

How can I, or anyone who heard them, ever put out of mind the piercing screams of those helpless patients buried beneath the ceiling debris in the main ward? Or the abject terror in the eyes of mothers and expectant mothers in the maternity ward? I recall the horrible thought that came to me as I watched one woman gazing fixedly at her baby in her lap. I wondered whether I would attempt to stop her if she suddenly decided to snuff out that baby's life. What a warped and shameful world to be born into.

What must that little girl think of this queer world we live in—that little girl I saw standing so curiously silent and bewildered before the bloody, torn bodies of her mother and father, both of whom were killed before her very eyes?

Or that little old woman who stood all alone in the street, quite puzzled by the scurrying of people at the sound of the air-raid alarm. Then, as a policeman rushed over to get her, a bomb dropped near-by, demolishing a whole building. And when the policeman brought her into the hallway of the apartment house, I heard her ask him calmly and repeatedly: "Why? Why all this?"

Yes, why all this? That little group of old people I saw standing before the wreckage of their village church, must also have been asking why. Miraculously, no one had been hurt there. But this little church had been built as a house of God with the hard-earned contributions of these deeply religious people. It was God's abode. Who had dared destroy it? And why? Might this perhaps be some test of their faith? Or was this some punishing visitation for their collective sins? Simple people think in such terms. Simple people like these, especially. For they couldn't seem to comprehend that there was a war on, and they were not the only villagers so ruthlessly attacked. Progress had been just a little too fast for them. Wars, they still supposed, were fought on distant battlefields, by men in uniforms directed by leaders who knew what it was all about—or were supposed to know.

Whether they did or didn't know what it was all about, I certainly didn't. Neither did any of the Polish soldiers I talked with. Hatred for the Germans? Not particularly. For the German leaders, yes. I talked also with some German prisoners brought into Warsaw. They certainly didn't look like imperialistic goose-steppers to me. Simple fellows, like their Polish adversaries. As a matter of fact, not a single one of them knew that England and France were fighting Germany on another front. They'd been called up for what they thought were autumn maneuvers. And first thing they knew, there they were in Poland and ordered to fire back at the Poles who had "suddenly tried to invade Germany."

They were a gloomy, morose lot. Things had been bad

enough in Germany, what with world boycotts and Nazi excesses. Now? Of course, they'd put up a good fight against England and France, but they knew the chances of ultimate victory were slim. Hopeless, in fact; for certainly, anti-Nazi America would come in on the side of the Allies. Wasn't that so? they asked me.

They were well quartered and, as far as I could determine, generally well fed and well treated. The officers were given private rooms and accorded every military courtesy. I must admit I did think part of all this was put on for my recording newsreel camera. But this suspicion was quickly dispelled when one day I saw a squad of Polish soldiers marching up the street with two German pilots shot down in the just-finished raid over Warsaw. A howling, hooting mob trailed behind, waving fists and shouting curses. They were kept from rushing in and tearing the airmen to pieces only by the bayonets of their own Polish soldiers. I followed into the prison compound, and ground away. The feature of that certainly unrehearsed sequence was that of a Polish colonel helping one of the wounded pilots pull off a boot from his injured leg.

These pilots were seemingly intelligent young fellows. Still in their early twenties. While the infantry prisoners, commoner fellows, didn't mind talking, admitting that they knew little of what it was all about, the pilots were disdainfully distant. They were Nazis—supermen. At least the Fuehrer had told them so. And they seemed to truly believe it. Supermen, with a supreme contempt for these Polish "inferiors." A contempt that so warped their ego that they took a sadistic pleasure in wanton massacre of these "inferiors" to prove their claim to racial superiority.

Seeing these young pilots in the flesh, I somehow lost my unreasoning hate for them. I really began to feel sorry for them. Sorry for them and the others like them back in their Nazi-mad Germany. Spoon-fed with hatred and propaganda from early childhood, told over and over again that they were civilization's

elect, their boastful theme song: "Today Germany is ours; tomorrow, the whole world"—well, you couldn't much blame them. They were pathological cases. All Nazi Germany was a pathological case.

It was a Germany led by a neurotic madman, whose incoherent screamings verged on the ridiculous in their grotesque fabrications and chest-pounding threats to the whole world. He yelled for this and he yelled for that: amalgamation of all German peoples, *Lebensraum* for his superrace of "Aryans," offering "guarantees" that he had "no more territorial claims in Europe." And then blithely breaking them by swallowing up Czechoslovakia and invading Poland.

And now his unrestrained appetite is giving him a severe bellyache. For these Czechs, Slovaks, and Poles—all inferior "non-Aryans"—don't seem to be very digestible. Moreover, the Poles particularly are liberally flavored with Jews, the very thought of whom seems to turn his stomach. There are three and a half million Jews in Poland, representing about 10 per cent of the population—a greater percentage of Jews than for any other nation in all Europe. Considering Herr Hitler's much-repeated lament of the "Semite problem" in Germany where the Jews represent less than 1 per cent of the population, what's the fellow going to do now with these Poles of whom 10 per cent are Jews?

More than half these Jews live in Warsaw. Picturesque they looked in their traditional long gowns, small caps and bearded faces. But what tragedy in their faces. Poland has been one of their last havens in Europe. They've been there for centuries; for the Poles, though devoutly Catholic themselves, are traditionally tolerant toward other religions.

The Poles might suffer humiliation and perhaps considerable abuse at the hands of their German conquerors, but these Jews could expect much worse. Torture. Rape. Mutilation. Considering what their coreligionists in Nazi Germany have been suffering since Hitler came to power, there was no doubt of

this. A lost people they were; lost so long as Nazis ruled Germany.

Lost, too, were another minority people in Poland—the Ukrainians in southeast Poland, now in Soviet hands. Urged on by Hitler, these Ukrainians had in recent years talked much and loudly about Polish oppression, and their desire for autonomy and freedom. Hitler had suggested a new Ukrainian state to include Ukrainians from Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Poland and Southwest Russia. It was to be a buffer state against the advance of communism, with Lwow as its capital. We talked to many of these people as we moved eastward from Lwow deeper and deeper into Ukrainian territory. We were in search of the elusive Polish Government, the military and foreign embassies, which were supposed to have fled eastward to some secret hide-out near the Soviet border.

While breakfasting on tea, rolls and sausage in a tiny Ukrainian restaurant, we heard some disquieting news from the villagers. Russia was mobilizing troops on the Polish border. That was bad. Was Russia preparing to invade eastern Poland? If so, what would happen to these Ukrainians? We asked them:

“Suppose the Soviets should come in here. What then?”

They were all silent. Presently, one old fellow spoke the dread thought in all their minds:

“We shall be sovietized!”

I had spent enough time in Russia to gather the full import in that single sentence. Sovietized! It meant no personal rights, no property, no expression of individuality, fear of this and fear of that—fearful even to think. The future was, indeed, a bleak one for these Polish Ukrainians.

The war in Poland did not last long. It was Blitzkrieg, as the Germans had boasted it would be. But it can't all be blamed on the Poles. It was bad enough for them to fight a powerful, mechanized Germany singlehanded. But when the Soviets started moving in on their rear, it just broke their hearts. Two big fellows to take on at once and all alone was just too much.

The news that the Soviets were massing on the border pointed simply to this: The moment Stalin said, "March," Poland was done for. And if we got caught in the rush, things might not be too comfortable for us. The Hungarian border was already closed. The short piece of Rumanian frontier adjacent to Soviet Russia might be closed at any moment.

We made a bee line for it, and got over just before Boss Stalin said, "Go."

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