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**THE BOOK WAS
DRENCHED**

JAPANESE FRENZY

Japanese Frenzy

by

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PREFACE

T H E following pages are an attempt, hurried and, I fear, often superficial, to describe the events and forces which have brought the British Empire to a point of greater danger than it has probably known in the course of its peculiar history: and which no doubt have ended for ever the possibility of American isolation from the rest of the world.

In the main, it is the story of the last eleven years in the Far East, from the time when the Japanese, seizing Manchuria, showed the potential aggressors of the West that the authority of the League was nothing but a phantasm.

During the larger part of that time I was serving either in His Majesty's Legation (now Embassy) in China, or in the Far Eastern Department of the Foreign Office. Inevitably, therefore, I was a constant if unimportant witness of most of the events which I describe; and I was thus able to gain, somewhat earlier perhaps than most people, a pretty clear idea of Japan's designs upon the Asiatic world.

Far be it from me to claim for myself any particular gift of prescience. Nobody of average intelligence, given access to such information as passed through my hands in the course of my

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duties, could long have doubted what was brewing. The failure of our rulers in the United Kingdom and throughout the Empire to prepare for the danger, when the dark shadow of it fell so far ahead, was not, I believe, due to any lack of evidence, but as much as anything to a profound miscalculation of the forces that threatened us. His Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular officers in the Far East, and the Foreign Office itself, might see cause for grave anxiety; our defences, and indeed our whole Colonial system in the menaced area, might have seemed to many of us pathetically inadequate, if not dilapidated; but arrayed against us was the solid authority of British success in the East during all of two centuries. I must confess that I myself was at times overawed by it. Who would have believed, even six months ago, that the edifice was even more gimcrack than it appeared?

Recriminations are none of my purpose; nor have I set out to write a chronicle of despair; where I dwell upon what I conceive to be our blunders, I do so only in the hope that there is something to be learned from them. That strange Anglo-Indian society, to the conventions of which Englishmen were once made subject so soon as they passed eastward through the Suez Canal, has lately come in for no little abuse. But it died with the fall of Singapore; a new system must be put in its place; and I should be

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proud indeed if I could **think that this book** played any part in the building of it, if only by indicating some of the errors which we must in future avoid.

At first sight, the events of the last months give us cause for little but tears. I venture to believe, however, that they may prove our indirect salvation. If the Japanese had not struck when they did, the British Colonial and Indian Empires might have perished from sheer humiliating inanition. But with the *Prince of Wales* went down many things less noble and less useful. We now have a chance to show the world that British rule is not merely a machine for the gentlemanly exploitation of distant races.

But it is not solely a question of empires and power surviving. There is far more at stake than that. In fighting Japan, it is necessary for us to show that free men can wage war not only as well as, but infinitely better than, slaves and automata. Otherwise, liberty will become a luxury, to which few peoples will gladly run.

S. H.-S.

April /o, 1942.

"A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when single; and a nation that makes unjust war is only a great gang of robbers." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"Have you heard about the Japanese, and how barbarian?*"

(Letter addressed to Lord Simon, when Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, by a Chinese grocer in the Province of Alberta, Canada.)

THE BIRTH OF JAPANESE AGGRESSION

ONE September evening, four hundred and twenty-nine years ago, a rakehell of indomitable spirit, a certain Vasco Nunez de Balboa, halted his ragged band of conquistadores just below the summit of a peak in Darien. With only his great dog, Leoncico, for company, he staggered up the final slope; at the top he found the reward for which he had suffered years of privation and violence, persecution by creditors, the cramped refuge of a food-cask in which he had stowed away from his native Jerez. Placid and gleaming in the evening light, a vast ocean met his exultant gaze, an expanse of water upon which no European before him had looked. He whistled up his companions to see the new marvel; so moved was the entire company by its tranquil majesty, they resolved there and then to call this new ocean the Pacific.

For four centuries it has justified the name. Hurricanes and typhoons might whip up parts of it to a mad turbulence; piratical junks and war canoes might occasionally be glimpsed, slipping through the long swell on some bloody errand; but until the winter of 1941 no other ocean had ever known so little of organised war. In the Atlantic the echo of big guns has rarely died away for long. But except for the sort of Malayan sea-foray which Conrad could so incomparably describe, the Pacific and the South Seas dozed in peace.

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Climate conspired with geography to keep them untroubled. In mid-ocean the distance was so vast and the canoes so small, dreams of conquest hardly prospered. In Siam, the islands of Indonesia, and in Indo-China, the soil is too rich, the sun too fierce to suit the militaristic seed. There men's minds turn less naturally to wars and heroics than to thoughts of pleasure, dancing and glittering ceremony.

Like every other well-organised society, the great world of China lying to the north knew, of course, its periods of militarism and turmoil. But more than a thousand years ago the feudal nobility, the source of so much trouble, was broken and destroyed. The new order which lasted down to our own day—for that matter it has not yet entirely disappeared—was a democratic mercantile world, with the Emperor, the embodiment of divine and lay authority, rising above his classless subjects like a lonely tower out of the plains. Administration was entrusted to the mandarins, a hierarchy of scholarship whose ranks were constantly renewed by the success of poor but brilliant young men in the examinations.

For all its appearance of elegant petrification, this was a world of constant change, unceasing transition. Even the dynasty would be sent packing when it grew too feeble for its task. Such a society could never be externally aggressive; militarism to flourish demands rigid and traditional distinctions, and those have hardly existed in Chinese life since it took its familiar shape.

It would, of course, be absurd to pretend that

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no great conquerors strut through China's history. But her most brilliant triumphs were not won by the sword. Assimilation rather than subjection was generally the method with neighbcuring barbarians; while over the fabulous lands to the southward China spread her power by her ideographs and silks; and steam from a teacup rather than cannon smoke marked the Chinese advance towards the Spice Islands. It was, in short, an advance less of a race than of a culture. The Kachin or Miao tribesman, once he had mastered the complicated elegancies of Chinese life, could claim to be a true son of Han; while the junks weighing out of Swatow or Ningpo for the South Seas carried nothing more lethal than fireworks to barter against birds-nests and kingfisher feathers.

The Pirates

But about the time when Balboa was standing upon his revelatory peak the junks going south after kingfishers ran a grievous danger of pirates. These pirates had little in common with the tolerant scented world they plundered. The islands whence they hailed—"Jih-Pen" or "Sun-Origin Land" as the Chinese called them—lay just off the eastern coast of Manchuria. But the moon might have been their homeland, so vast was the gulf that separated these violent, stubborn little natures from the easy-going reason of the continent.

The beginnings of that obstreperous, diminutive race we call the Japanese are lost in their northern mists. According to the official story, the first Efnperor of Japan, Jimmu, was sent in

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the seventh century B.C. by his distinguished ancestress, the Sun-Goddess, to establish her chosen people in certain favoured islands. The Chinese tell a more ribald story. In remote times, they say, one of their Emperors was cursed with a consort of formidable lechery, a very Celestial Messalina. Scandalised at last by her goings-on to a point where he could bear her no longer, the Son of Heaven banished her to some islands lying off his dominions, and which he believed to be uninhabited. On those empty and wind-blown shores, he believed, her blood would quickly cool. But he had underrated the wanton's persistence; she did not take long to discover that the place abounded in monkeys; from that discovery and her enterprise, so runs the Chinese fable, there sprang the Japanese, to trouble us **all. . . .**

Ethnologists are inclined to credit the Japanese with a Mongolian background; almost certainly there were subsequent additions of Polynesian blood and of Malayan strains, brought to Japan, perhaps, by pirates. There is apt to be a fairly sharp contrast between the physical type of the Japanese people and that of the nobility. The first tends to a thick-set build and a discreet Mongolian nose; the second to a nose of almost Semitic shape, such as is to be found sometimes among aristocratic Malays, and a bone structure less uncompromisingly square. But all classes share certain distinctive traits—close-set eyes, almost inevitably concealed behind horn-rimmed spectacles, low stature (the average height is hardly above five feet) and somewhat clumsy joints,

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together with a tendency, particularly marked among the women, toward bandy legs.

The home of the Japanese—even if we include the northern island of Hokkaido, the colonisation of which has been hardly completed—is of an area but slightly larger than Italy's, and about half that of Texas. A labyrinth of mountains and sea-indentations impedes communication and limits the extent of land which can be farmed or even inhabited. The Japanese have, in fact, paid dearly for their broken picturesque countrysides, the mountain peaks they insist upon viewing through cherry blossom.

Sixteen hundred years ago a Chinese historian of the "Three Kingdoms Period" Chen Show, noted that "lack of arable land in Japan forced the Japanese to depend upon marine products and overseas trade." Nowadays the density of Japan's population per square kilometre of cultivable land is estimated by her propagandists as about 1,000 souls—the highest in the world. In these last few years statistics of national overcrowding have been used so dishonestly, the wise man draws no definite conclusion from them. But an acute sense of national claustrophobia, it is certain, pervades the Japanese mind.

Here lies the essential contrast between Japan and China. China in the main is a land of plains and fertile valleys, over which a vigorous government can easily extend its authority; and far from dreaming of foreign conquests, the Chinese have generally been hard put to defend their rich demesne against predatory barbarians. In Japan, on the other hand, geography has preserved a

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feudal spirit and has always dictated a policy of violent expansion.

Violence is the eternal undertone of Japanese life. Beneath the elaborate structure of bows and nervous giggles there simmers a Mount Fuji of dark frenzy. Little sense of humour or humanity restrains it; and calamity, disappointment, the imagined slight will detonate a fantastic charge. It may be a fury self-inflicted, or done to a neighbour, or to a foreign country; but either way, with the Japanese, violence is not, as it is for us, a lamentable interruption of life's ordinary rhythm; for them it is a harmonic of that rhythm itself.

This trait comes in some measure from the national over-indulgence in raw fish, which tends to produce an excess of thyroid. It may also be linked with the treacherous aspect worn by nature in Japan. The Japanese live, of course, under the constant menace of earthquakes; all day long the ground shifts and trembles beneath their feet; at any moment the pretty valley may engulf them, the dreaming mountain fall upon them. If the landscape be so incalculable, so careless of life, what example of gentleness is there left for them to follow?

The Beginnings of Japanese Aggression

The peninsula of Korea was perhaps the earliest object of Japanese greed. For all the native gentleness of the white-robed top-hatted Koreans, the Japanese are prone to describe that unhappy land as a dagger—a dagger pointing at their empire's very heart. If the image be exact, then this is the only recorded case of a fierce heart

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striking the luckless dagger down. Aggression has almost always sailed one way across the narrow strait of Tsushima which separates the Korean mainland from the nearest Japanese island. The first recorded Japanese expedition to Korea, undertaken, as Japanese historians hasten to explain, "in defence of the homeland," set sail in the reign of the Empress Jingo, c. A.D. 200.

There seems to have ensued a period of Japanese domination in Korea. Then the renaissance power of China under the T'ang dynasty (seventh-tenth centuries) forced the invaders back into their islands and subdued them. But not with armies: the conquest was effected in true Chinese fashion, by the sheer strength of an incomparable civilisation. The Japanese Court at Nara borrowed some of the T'ang splendours from Ch'ang-an; yet for all its beauty, the imitation was a superficial one; the young nobles who saunter through the *Tale of Genji* have learnt from China how to indite a pretty love poem and to tie it up with careless elegance; but the essence of Chinese civilisation escapes them.

A system so trivial and rootless could withstand but few blasts. Before the end of the twelfth century it had been brushed away by the feudal militarists—a class of Far Eastern Junkers. There occurred a revolution, but no change of Emperor, for in its fall the dynasty would have carried away the Sun-Goddess myth. Instead, the truculent barons adopted a typically Japanese expedient; the Mikado was turned into a holy puppet. This useful though impotent role has been little

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modified during the last seven hundred and **fifty years.**

From this time the real power was vested in the hereditary office of Shogun or Regent. But until about 1600 the authority even of the Shogunate was limited; the nobles, particularly in the outlying islands, indulged in almost perpetual civil war; the habit of violence and the prestige of militarism were then established in Japanese life.

At the end of the eighth century Kublai Khan and his Mongols twice attempted the invasion of Japan; but on each occasion the attacking fleet was dissipated by tempests. It was practically the first failure in Asia of the unbeaten Mongol arms, and though the elements had been largely responsible, this episode became the very foundation of Japanese national conceit, the doctrine of invincible Nippon.

When the Mongol danger had passed, anarchy gained a general hold upon the Empire. Incessant civil wars ate away both wealth and culture. By about 1400 there was but one school left open in the whole of Japan, and that was less a centre of learning than a library of indifferent quality. The Emperors lived in such penury, they were often dependent upon charity to meet the cost of their coronations; nor were the Shoguns in a much better case.

It was at this time that Japanese pirates became the bane of the China Seas and the Western Pacific, raiding down the quiet Chinese coast as far as the Gulf of Cambodia itself. There was no effective power to resist them; the merchant shipping fled in terror, leaving the sea to their

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brutalities. With the proud naivete of their race, Japanese historians in consequence claim that in those days Japan possessed naval supremacy over the China and Southern Seas.

The Shogunate undoubtedly abetted the pirates and used them as a weapon to force concessions from the Chinese. When for instance the Japanese were granted trading facilities on the Fukien coast, piracy would straightway dwindle. But should the Chinese again try to shut their doors, lootings and burnings would begin anew. It was the classic Japanese policy of using even criminals as the agents of imperialism—such a trick as was played with much success fifty years ago in Korea, and in North China just before the present Sino-Japanese war broke out.

The Westerners Come to Japan

Early in the sixteenth century the Portuguese arrived in India; by 1537 they had established a settlement at Macao on the South China coast. Five years later some Portuguese travellers were shipwrecked in Japan. They were treated with great honour, largely for the sake of their fire-arms; these fascinating machines of destruction excited general astonishment and admiration; factories were immediately set up to copy them. Indeed, it was largely by means of this new weapon that the Shogunate in fresh and vigorous hands was able to unify the country at the end of the century.

In 1549 that great Jesuit, St. Francis Xavier, reached Japan. It was a theory of his Society that the first step in the gaining of a country for

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Christianity must be the conversion of its ruler and court. St. Francis, however, made the mistake of imagining that the Emperor ruled Japan. Journeying to Kyoto, he found little but a ruined palace and a crumbling park wall; there the poor powerless monarch starved in neglected sanctity, eking out the household expenses by the sale of autograph poems or of needlework done by devoted ladies-in-waiting.

St. Francis left Japan without accomplishing much; but under the Jesuits who followed him Christianity made swift progress in the islands. Like the unhappy slaves of the Roman Empire centuries before, the populace, distracted by years of incomprehensible violence, seized upon the new religion with its promise of ultimate comfort. The feudal classes came to regard it as a passport to foreign trade and handsome profits, while the Shogun, Nobunaga, a man of relentless ambition, used it as a weapon to break the corrupt and powerful Buddhist Church. His attitude in the matter was typically Japanese. Unconcerned with nice problems of the soul's salvation, he would tolerate the missionaries and even the traders from beyond the oceans because they were of use to him.

Under his rule, therefore, Christianity flourished; by 1582 emissaries sent to Rome were able to edify the Holy Father with the news that they represented some 150,000 converts. Thirty years later there were the best part of 2,000,000 Christians in Japan, although persecutions had by that time set in.

The Christian triumph was not destined to be

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lasting. From the earliest times, and despite internal chaos, there had existed in Japan an authoritarian instinct, a latent nationalism which had transformed even Buddhism into an agent of the State. But Christianity refused to allow the Shogunate and the feudal system an authority exceeding that of God; it showed scant respect for the subtle gradations of class which are the very basis of Japanese society. Nobunaga's successor, Hideyoshi, therefore, who held the supreme power from 1582-1598, decided in 1587 to banish the new religion and its priests. This was the first brick in a wall of enactments which during the next fifty years were gradually to shut out the foreign world, with consequences to the Japanese character which we are feeling so tragically today.

By the end of Hideyoshi's life Japan was united. He then directed her exuberant energy towards a vast scheme of continental conquest. It was a programme which envisaged the reduction first of Korea, then of Manchuria, and finally of great China itself. But in Korea the Japanese burnt their fingers; the Sino-Korean forces routed them, and Hideyoshi died (1598) deploring his own rashness. Iyeyasu Tokugawa, who next seized the supreme power, and was appointed Shogun in 1603, nursed very different ambitions: he was intent upon making the Shogunate all powerful and turning it into a hereditary possession of his family. In both these objects he was brilliantly successful; for two and half centuries after him, until its abolition in 1868, the office of Shogun was always held by a Tokugawa, and for most

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of that time Japan was ruled with such a discipline as had not been known for a long time.

To gain his way at home, Iyeyasu was forced to sue abjectly for peace with Korea, and to abandon the continental ambitions of his predecessor. But once he was firmly seated in power, he adopted what modern Japanese call a "naval" policy; he sought to extend his power towards the South Seas and to gain the domination of the Far East by trade rather than military conquest.

In 1609 the Liu Chiu islands were reduced. In this archipelago, lying between their southern shores and Formosa, the Japanese secured the first link for a chain of bases which was one day to stretch down to the very tropics. A great Japanese commerce at the same time sprang up in the southern seas as far afield as Borneo and even India itself. In China, however, Iyeyasu met with little success. Two centuries of piratic ravages and the late atrocities of the Japanese army in Korea had inspired the Chinese with an unshakable distrust of the diminutive islanders, to whom they steadily refused to open their doors. Nor did the Japanese attempt to establish close relations with the Spanish Empire fare any better. Aided by such adventurers as the English seaman, Will Adams, who abandoned his native Rochester for a distinguished career at the Shogun's court, they built ocean-going ships on Western lines and sent embassies even to far-off Spanish Mexico. There were edifying ceremonies at Acapulco cathedral when Japanese envoys embraced Christianity; they went on to Madrid and Rome, talking as if Japan were about to enter the Christian comity.

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But the Spanish Governor of the Philippines, apparently conscious of the covetous glances thrown towards those islands by the Shogun, obstructed all development of Japanese trade; nothing came of the overtures to Mexico.

Japan Turns Against the West

Baffled and angry, the Shogun gradually turned against the Westerners. The native priesthood reminded him that "Christians . . . respect a man who committed crimes and was therefore prosecuted. They worship and revere as their Saviour this man who was the enemy of both the people and the nation. The religion thus founded should certainly be called an evil teaching. . . ." The Dutch traders persuaded him that the Catholic missionaries were but the vanguard of Spanish imperialism, and that there existed a vast plot, involving many disaffected nobles, to upset the Tokugawa power. In consequence a rigorous persecution of Christians was begun, 300,000 of them suffering martyrdom between 1635-1656. Occidental books were banned from the Empire in 1630.

Three years later there came an edict making it a capital offence for a Japanese to go abroad; the flourishing trade posts in the South Seas were abandoned; three-masted ships and any vessel of over fifty tons burthen were declared illegal, and only on lacquer screens was their image still recalled. Then in 1637 there occurred in the southern island of Kyushu a formidable Christian uprising, inspired by a sixteen-year-old miracle-working boy, Shiro Masuda, who was welcomed

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as the Messiah. The oppressed farmers fought with a mad courage, defying for months the imperial forces; they long resisted, too, the warships of the Dutch, who for the sake of the Shogun's favour did not scruple to turn their artillery upon fellow-Christians.

The Seclusion of Japan

The episode convinced the Shogun of the time that his authority would never be secure until he had uprooted Christianity from Japan. In 1639, therefore, he decreed the utter seclusion of the country from the outside world; all traces of foreign influence—save of course the firearm—were obliterated, and all foreigners expelled, except the Dutch. They escaped banishment only by declaring they were Protestants, which was not the same thing as Christians. Even then they were confined to the cramped artificial island of Deshima in Nagasaki harbour; licensed prostitutes and Buddhist priests alone of Japanese were allowed across the narrow bridge which j'oined Deshima to the mainland. During the brief week at the New Year when the Dutch were able to leave their prison they were required before entering Nagasaki city to trample upon images of Christ and of the Virgin. It was only in 1857, three years after Japan's reopening to the outside world, that the Netherlands Government secured the waiving of this shameful condition.

The three centuries of seclusion which now followed put the coping stone upon that unique edifice which may be called the Japanese national

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character. The recluse with his morbid fancies and passions is a favourite study of novelists; but the spectacle of some twenty-six million souls in voluntary isolation from the rest of mankind is a subject too large and fantastic for the pen even of a Balzac. It is, however, the clue to all that is most inexplicable in the Japanese, the savagery underlain by hysteria, the megalomania, a fanatic cult of honour which easily condones the blackest treachery, the glance, at once sly and ingenuous, that is fixed on the rest of the world. . . .

It is an almost general axiom that for society to function satisfactorily, the people must accept the obligation of obedience to the State. But it is also agreed in general (or at least it was until recently) that the State, however tyrannical in form, is fettered in its power by certain obligations towards the people, obligations which are none the less binding for being unwritten and often imprecise. Throughout almost all the world, if a State, or the men who personify it, disregard those obligations, then the people have the moral right to demonstrate their grievances. Jack Cade's rebellion, the Jacqueries in France, the peasant revolts in mediaeval Germany, the American colonists gradually pushed by misgovernment into armed rebellion: the world accepts these insurgences as the natural right to reject an authority which has grown intolerable. Even in China, with its Confucian respect for the established order, there existed in the time of the Empire individuals known as Censors, vested with the right to enter the Imperial presence as they chose, and without fear of punishment to

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express the people's resentment against the administration whenever it was generally considered to have become unjust. This right of the people to criticise inequitable government was as much a commonplace of Chinese life as the settlement of debts at the New Year.

In Japan, however, centuries before Nazism was conceived, the Tokugawa Shoguns destroyed the very memory and habit of liberty. Not only was blind obedience to the government demanded but even the rigid subservience of each class to its superiors. And the Emperor was imprisoned in his poetic studies, perched upon a pedestal higher than any invented by Victorian husband to raise his wife above temptation—a pedestal so high, indeed, the Imperial person became quite invisible to his subjects below.

It has been the fashion for Japanese historians to dismiss the Tokugawa era as an unimportant interlude in the chronicle of progress. Actually it moulded that shape of mind which could conceive the treachery at Pearl Harbour and still upbraid its enemies for bad faith; and could clap harmless citizens into gaol for "dangerous thoughts" or the reading of Voltaire's *Candide*.

The "Dog Shogun"

The discipline now imposed upon them, however fantastic a shape it took, seems to have been quite to the taste of the Japanese people. The most extravagant edicts of the Shogunate were obeyed, not to say cheerfully accepted. The policies of Tsunayoshi, for instance, the "Dog Shogun" who ruled Japan from 1680-1709,

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would almost certainly have led to trouble in any normal country. Falling under the domination of a certain Buddhist priest, this Shogun promulgated a series of laws, making it a capital offence to take any animal life. Even when stricken with rabies, dogs might not be destroyed; for presuming to defend yourself against the fangs of vicious curs, the punishment was summary decapitation. Special secret police were enrolled to spy on households who failed to treat their pets as honoured members of the family, or who did not greet the birth of a litter with proper ceremony; if your old dog died, it was advisable to obtain a death certificate signed by a vet and witnessed by the neighbours. When the stray dogs multiplied beyond all measure, four large settlements for them were established in the suburbs of Yedo (now Tokyo); there more than 100,000 of them were housed and fed at government expense.

The sale of all kinds of fish and poultry was next declared illegal, and another flock of spies were employed to enforce this law. Hundreds of thousands of people were arrested for violations of these edicts; many of them were executed; there exists a record of a samurai and his son who lost their heads for shooting with a blowgun a swallow which they needed for medicinal purposes.

Far from resenting this fantastic tyranny, the Japanese bore it with every symptom of loyalty. They outdid each other in reporting offences; and it became fashionable to make a written pledge not to kill fleas, mosquitoes, flies or worms.

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intercourse developed in the eighteenth century. Western medicine and physics, for instance, received some attention, and a certain Hiraga Gennai is credited with the invention of an electric generator in 1770. But until about 1840 the Tokugawa Shogunate was still strong enough to preserve at least the facade of isolation. During the administration of President Monroe, John Quincy Adams might declare that it was "the right and even the duty of Christian nations to open the ports of Japan, and the duty of Japan to assent, since no nation was entitled to withhold its private contribution to the welfare of the whole. For all that, American whalers were still unable to come within gunshot of the Japanese coast.

In the forties, however, the whole complexion of Pacific affairs suffered a sudden and momentous change. The Shogunate fell into decadence; the United States acquiring California from Mexico, became a Pacific Power; invincible China was worsted by England in the conflict popularly known as the Opium War, and compelled to open her doors to the foreigner. The news caused astonished fear in Japan. Elaborate decrees alone, it was clear, could no longer keep the Westerners at bay; the agitation against the policy of seclusion grew in violence; there was an increasing tendency to harp upon the memories of Hideyoshi's expeditions to the mainland and his dreams of dominating the Pacific coast of Asia.

America's emergence in California as a Pacific Power was immediately followed by determined

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attempts to "open up" Japan. The first two expeditions, in 1848 and 1849, were unsuccessful; but in 1854 Commodore Perry, with the backing of a powerful U.S. squadron, contrived to impose upon the Shogunate a treaty of amity and commerce. Within the next fourteen years the Western Powers, by continuous pressure and more than one show of force, coerced Japan into throwing wide her doors; at the same time the Shogunate, discredited by its impotence in the face of the foreigner, lost its authority over the turbulent nobility. Backed by British capital, the great clans of Satsuma, Choshu, and Tosa, combined to overthrow the sixteenth and last Tokugawa Shogun (1868); the new Emperor Mutsuhito (known to history as Meiji), a boy of sixteen, was dragged from traditional obscurity, and was declared to have been restored to his hereditary powers; while the noble clique, whose puppet he was and whose descendants still hold Japan in their grasp, set the Empire upon the course of modernisation which has led inevitably to the present tragedy.

THE APING OF THE WEST

THE merchants from the West who now forced their way into this pretty, secret land lacked the prophetic eye; in Japan they perceived no Pandora's box, from out of which the devils were all too soon to fly; for these worthies it was just another "backward" territory, where there should be good pickings for the enterprising. Little did they guess that in those demure islands there had lurked, for fifteen hundred years and more, a frenzy of national ambition, a sort of congenital jingoism, that twisted to its uses every idea or machine within its reach. In most countries the instinct to kill your neighbour and steal his goods is hardly natural. Only in the last century or so have the masses of Europe learned the need to do so, and become what we call good patriots and nationalists. But in Japan there has always existed a strong and aggressive nationalism; even in their voluntary "purdah," the Japanese yearned for foreign conquest as some sultana for the handsome stranger; and of the thousands who now went abroad, notebooks in simian hands, to study the technics of the West, how many did not yearn for a sword as a more proper travelling-companion?

Shoin Toshida

On March 29th, 1854, when Commodore Perry was negotiating his treaty with the Sho-

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gunate, two young Japanese slipped secretly aboard the U.S. flagship anchored in the bay of Shimoda and implored the Commander to take them to the United States. At that time, of course, it was still illegal for a Japanese to travel abroad. The two youths were therefore bundled ashore, where they were immediately clapped into prison. One of them, Shoin Yoshida, on his release two years later, established a school, known as the Matsushita Sonjuku, which was profoundly to influence all subsequent Japanese thought. *It was to flourish for less than three years, since in 1859 Shoin was executed for his anti-Shogunate ideas; but in that short period his lectures were attended by almost all the creators of modern Japan: Prince I to, who drafted the constitution; Prince Yamagata, who built up the modern Japanese army; Shinagawa, to whom Japan owes the beginnings of her Western industries. Propagated through this brilliant band of reformers, Shoin's theories, which he had matured in prison, became the guiding principles of the restored Empire; a shrine erected to his memory is now an object of national reverence.

Hitler's fidelity during the last nine years to the programme of *Mein Kampf* has often excited wonderment; but for three quarters of a century Japan has never long deviated from the basic principles of aggression in the Pacific which Shoin formulated. Surely such consistency is without parallel in the history of the modern world? Lord Vansittart would have us believe that in Nazism we are fighting the fundamental old demon of the German race. But at certain precious mo-

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ments in German history the international spirit **has** genuinely if shyly appeared. There **were, after** all, a Leibnitz and a Goethe. Whereas in Japanese political thought during the last five centuries nothing has appeared to redeem the steady glorification of violence and banditry, the outlook of which Shoin's ideas are the repulsive epitome.

"The sun," he wrote, "rises and sets. The moon waxes and wanes. A nation is destined to decline unless it advances and flourishes. Therefore those who know how to look after the welfare of their country should not be satisfied with maintaining and protecting that which their country has. They should also strive to gain and add that which their country has not, thereby extending the power and glory of the nation beyond its borders. Present-day Japan should first of all complete her military preparations by building the necessary battleships and by providing herself with all sorts of military weapons and ammunition."

Shoin then goes on to advocate the conquest of Hokkaido, the occupation of Kamchatka, and the establishment of control over the sea of Okhotsk. Korea is to be brought to heel; "in the north Manchuria is to be sliced off. In the south, Japan should take under her control Formosa and the Philippines. In this way Japan should demonstrate her policy of expansion to the outside world. ..."

Shoin was no lover of foreigners; his itch for foreign travel was prompted only by an impulse to know the enemy, to learn the arts which had

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made him dangerous. The thousands of Shoin's countrymen who in later generations were to hiss their way through Western factories and drawing-rooms, scattering little lacquer boxes as presents, talking gently of Bushido, and protesting their friendship, did they not always have his principles before them? For he was the quint-essence of modern Japan; his thoughts struck at once to the very roots of the Japanese character, the love of violence which centuries of civil war had bred, the inferiority-complex that the proximity of China nurtured. It is not without significance that in prison he converted even his gaolers to his theories, and that the very first edict on foreign policy of the Meiji Restoration, dated January 4, 1868, should have declared:

"The high and the low should hereafter dispel all doubt, unite in strengthening the army, and make the glory of the Empire shine throughout the world; for such is the way in which the Emperor intends to respond to the spirit of his ancestors."

So well did he respond, that only five years later the militarists, led by Lord Saigo of the Satsuma clan, nearly landed him in war with China over Korea. The "peace" party—that is to say, those ministers who considered that the moment to strike was not yet—averted the clash, but in the following year the militarists had their revenge; on the pretext that some Liu Chiu islanders had been murdered in Formosa, an expedition proceeded there, slaughtered a number of the aborigines and wrung an indemnity from the Chinese Government. Shortly after that,

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in 1876, Korea was forcibly "opened up" by a Japanese squadron, and there was inaugurated what the Japanese described as "the subtle movement of diplomatic finesse"—in other words, those tortuous and shabby intrigues which were to end in the enslavement of the unfortunate Koreans thirty-three years later.

The Transformation of Japan

Within a few years Japan had passably disguised herself as a bustling, aggressive Victorian state; there was a gold standard, Western banks, a frenzied building of railways, modern textile factories with sweated labour in the classic Manchester tradition, slums and conscription, even a constitution of a limited and conservative kind, which the ordinary Japanese voter but half understood. But it was at least a facade of democracy.

In all fairness, however, we cannot entirely censure the Japanese for the deftness with which they put on the more sordid of our clothes. It was a menacing and predatory world into which they were pitchforked, the Western plutocracy where Mammon sat enthroned, with hardly a soul but Karl Marx and Engels to defy him; and even Marx believed that progressive countries should develop—in other words exploit—backward ones.

Fear of the West

Her apologists argue, with some truth, that only by westernising herself was Japan able to escape the domination of the Western Powers. Those laborious years when Japan was learning the worst of our tricks were certainly the golden

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age of grab. The British had in 1819 established themselves at Singapore, now they were busy bringing the rich kingdoms of Malaya under their sway. Far to the north they had acquired Hong Kong on the China Coast, after the "Opium War" of 1839-42. In 1884 they conquered Burma. Shanghai was virtually a British city and British concessions, with their own municipal governments and services, were scattered along the China coast and up the Yangtze.

France, between 1857-85, had gradually subdued the sumptuous world of Indo-China, upon which she had been casting sheep's eyes ever since the time of Louis XVI. By the Treaties of Aigun (1858) and Peking (1860) Russia acquired from the harassed Chinese Empire those territories opposite the Japanese islands which are now called the Maritime Provinces of Siberia, and seemed to menace the northern island of Hokkaido from Saghalien.

All these advances appeared at the time as but a preparation for the jointing of China herself. General Gordon, by his victory over the T'ai-p'ings, had bolstered up decadence and destroyed all chances of an immediate Chinese recovery; and the West now waited with a sort of necrophilous pleasure for the final death agonies of the Middle Kingdom. The semi-colonial state to which China had been reduced was evidently the consequence, in part at least, of the *imperium in imperio* which the foreigners had established there—concessions, extra-territoriality, interference with Chinese fiscal affairs. Did not the Westerners betray similar ambitions in Japan?

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The portents loomed large for all true Japanese to see—to the high-strung young nobles of the Restoration, already somewhat dizzy from the speed at which they were driving the country, it was as plain as day—a Western project was hatching to enslave their holy land.

This morbid fear of the West has never entirely deserted the Japanese mind. Its interplay with the aggressive theories of Shoin Yoshida account for much of the apparent inconsistencies in Japanese policy—the denunciation of foreign imperialism and the aping of it at the same time. It provides, too, the modern Japanese pamphleteer with a host of excuses for aggression. Thus the attack upon China in 1937 was at the time explained away as the "moral obligation not to leave China a prize for endless international rivalries, but to rescue her from the state of a quasi-colony of Occidental Powers."¹ Nor can such statements be dismissed as plain hypocrisy.

Japan Industrialised

The industrialisation of Japan was to some extent a by-blow of this xenophobia; its origins were as much political as economic; and it was largely directed by the very clans who had effected the Restoration. A daimyo of the Satsuma was the founder of the modern Japanese cotton industry. Appalled by England's hold on the Japanese textile market, he imported 6,000 spindles from Oldham, and set up in 1863 near Kagoshima the first modern mill. Within seventy years from this time the exports of Japanese

¹ *The God of Japamse Expansion*, by Tatsuo Kawai.

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cotton goods exceeded those of **Lancashire**, where **they** were causing grievous unemployment.

The financial operations of the new **regime** were put into **the** capable hands of the Mitsui, **who were** connected with the great families of Fugiwara and Minamoto, and who had owned banks and department stores for close on two centuries. The Sumitomo clan, descended from a remote emperor, was another important example of successful aristocratic incursion into industry. Even the house of Mitsubishi, the creators of Japan's merchant marine, though they might be upstarts, were closely connected with the Marquis Okuma, one of the greatest figures in the revived Empire.

The Army an Element of Discord

Since the heyday of Venice the world had never known so powerful an oligarchy as this. Industry, the revised judiciary, the Constitution decreed in 1889, the diplomatic service and the navy were all the creations and playthings of a small aristocratic group. The one element of discord was the army; though for the first half century of its new life it was controlled in the main by nobles such as Lord Saigo of Satsuma and Prince Yamagata, it refused to fit into the general design of the oligarchs. As in the days of the Shogunate, it was largely recruited from the small Samurai and the farmers. These gentry regarded industrialisation and peaceful expansion abroad as effeminacies disgraceful to the ancient spirit of the Empire. So from the very first years of the new era there grew up in the

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army that hatred of capitalism, that itch for "direct action," which have ever since distinguished it.

As early as 1877 occurred the first military revolt, led in person by Saigo, the Commander-in-Chief. It was a revolt of the type with which the Japanese army has made us all too familiar in recent years—a murderous protest against the civilians and capitalists, who were truckling to the foreigner, sacrificing the welfare of the country to their own selfish interests. The affair miscarried, though popular sympathies were with the fire-eating Saigo, who to this day is revered throughout the Empire as a hero.

The Armed Forces become Independent

Between 1880-90 the army was vastly expanded and reformed. The Franco-Prussian War had revealed the German military machine as the most efficient in the world; it was now taken as the Japanese model. The political power of the armed forces increased with their fighting strength; and in 1891 the militarists succeeded in hamstringing the puny Constitution which had been grudgingly accorded two years before. It was decreed that the ministers of the army and the navy should henceforward be chosen invariably from the ranks of officers on the active list; they should enjoy the "iaku joso" or right of access to the Emperor at all times; indeed, in moments of emergency they should be immune from Cabinet control and directly responsible to the Throne; and the Throne would act solely on the advice of the general staffs. This reform

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was brought about so that, in the words of one Japanese historian, "both supreme military and naval commands might be placed beyond parliamentary interference and above party politics. Thus the gradual decline of the imperial military prerogative might be prevented."

To all appearance an innocuous little measure; did it not leave the civilian cabinet supreme in normal times? Was it not still their right to fix the peace-time strength of the armed forces? But in practice it meant that after a mere two years' trial constitutional government had been castrated. On but one occasion did the civilian government feel strong enough to impose a reduction in the size of the army—that was after the great earthquake of 1923, when economies were essential and the nation had been temporarily robbed of all stomach for aggression. In general, however, it now fell within the power of the militarists to turn parliamentary rule into a sorry farce, whenever the whim took them; it lay with them, after all, at any moment to decree a state of emergency and push the civilians into limbo. They could destroy a cabinet or even prevent its formation at will. No civilian statesman, however eminent, of whom they disapproved could form an administration, for there would be no officers ready to accept the portfolios of army and navy.

In short, the fighting forces, instead of being the people's servants, the agents of their will, became their rivals, and their masters, the formulators and at the same time the executors of policy. This strange system has caused first the

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paralysis and then the death of civilian authority in Japan during the last decade. It was, after all, the "Imperial headquarters" and not the Japanese Government which proclaimed on December 8th, 1941, the existence of a state of war between the Empire and the English-speaking world.

During the last few years, so long as Japan did not yet feel strong enough openly to challenge the West, the existence of two independent and sovereign authorities in the country bred a state of confusion very convenient to Japanese imperialism, and abominably awkward for the harassed foreign diplomats who were struggling to check it. The army or navy would perpetrate some monstrous act against American or British interests—the sinking of a gunboat, for instance—the aggrieved ambassador would hurry round to the Gaimusho (the Tokyo Foreign Ministry) and lodge his protest; the Minister for Foreign Affairs would explode into a cloud of apologies, explaining that the deplorable incident had been the work of young hotheads of whom nobody disapproved more violently than he. Returning to his chancery, the ambassador would report that the Minister for Foreign Affairs was quite obviously sincere in his love of peace, a sterling character at heart, whose already difficult position must not be impaired by further protests. Meanwhile, the militarists would be hatching some new abomination. . . . Looking back on those weary years of expostulation and promises, one is driven to doubt whether in our lifetime at least such a creature as your moderate Japanese has existed. Perhaps, as an eminent Japanese

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jurist, Nagao Araki, suggested two generations ago, civilians and militarists of that Empire have always cherished the same objects, and differ only in the speed with which they would attain them. It would certainly be imprudent for us to assume otherwise when the day of reckoning comes.

Korea and the First Sino-Japanese War

However that may be, no sooner had the militarists of 1891 struggled free of civilian control than they pushed their country into her first great act of foreign aggression. Korea was the pretext, and China the object of it. For close on twenty years Japan had been fomenting trouble in Korea, using an embryonic technique of violence and duplicity which in its subsequent perfection was to be perhaps his most important contribution to the misery of the modern world. An "incident" would be provoked, with the subtle use of Japanese bullies in plain clothes; an enraged Korean crowd would rush the Japanese legation in Seoul; possibly a few Japanese would be public-spirited enough to lose their lives in the scuffle that followed; immediately Japanese cruisers would storm across the Strait of Tsushima to the Korean mainland, carrying demands for reparations that grew with each occasion. It was all very ingenious, this new method of aggression, and far in advance of its day. As we read the history of Japanese encroachment in Korea, do not the ghosts of Austria and Poland rise up before us?

Japanese designs were facilitated by the im-

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tence of China to assert her claim of suzerainty over Korea. The ramshackle Manchu Empire **had** been further dilapidated by the war of **1884** with France over Indo-China; and in the following year it was compelled to grant Japan the right to send troops to Korea in an emergency. Nine years later, in 1894, a disturbance known as the Tonghak Rebellion was the pretext for the despatch of both Chinese and Japanese forces to the disputed peninsula. When the revolt was almost at an end the Japanese Government suddenly refused to withdraw their troops unless certain reforms which they had drafted were immediately adopted by the unwilling Koreans. A puppet regime that was set up at Seoul "invited" Japan to clear the country of Chinese; and despite the half-hearted remonstrance of the United States and Great Britain, a Japanese squadron on the morning of July 25th, 1894, without warning engaged some Chinese warships. The Japanese cruiser *Naniwa*, commanded by Captain Togo—ten years later in the Russo-Japanese War he was to become the hero of the English public—sank a steamer carrying Chinese reinforcements under the British flag. The readers of the London *Times*, who had been taught by Mr. Whistler to view their river through Japanese eyes, were comforted, however, when in due course two distinguished jurists, Professors Westlake and Holford, ruled that Togo's action had been justified.

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The Sino-Japanese War of 1894

The war, formally declared on August 2nd, 1894, was a walk-over for the Japanese. The marble barge which sticks up out of the lake at the Summer Palace like some relic of a submerged and forgotten international exposition, is often reviled, not only as a barbarity, but also as the cause of China's defeat. That old monster, the Dowager Empress Tze Hsi, who had no use for any foreign fallal, save cosmetics and mechanical orchestras, is said to have been so confident of China's inherent strength that she squandered on the marble barge funds designed to equip her navy with modern warships. The story is apocryphal; but it illustrates the powerlessness of the Chinese to put up a serious fight. Early in October they were suing for peace.

The peace of Shimonoseki (April., 1895) brought Japan an indemnity large enough to defray the cost of the hostilities and to implant in the minds of her people the theory that war was a paying proposition. She obtained, too, various concessions in China, extraterritorial rights for her citizens there and Chinese recognition of Korea's independence. Into the bargain, China was compelled to cede to her Formosa, the Pescadores group and the Liaotung peninsula, that prong of Manchurian coastline which impales the Gulf of Peichihli.

At this moment France, Russia and Germany intervened; concentrating strong squadrons in **the** Far East, they "advised" Japan to return the peninsula to China. In no condition to meet

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three fresh and powerful enemies, she bowed to force; in what Japanese regard as their most abject moment of humiliation, Liaotung was handed back.

The Scramble for Concessions

There now ensued as repellent a scramble for land and concessions as ever the hard-boiled nineteenth century had known. Over the supine body of China the Powers wrangled for railway contracts, and leased territories, monopolies and zones of influence. There were cuts off the Celestial joint for everyone. France established her zone in the south, near Indo-China, and secured the base of Kuang-chou-wan on the Kuangsi coast; she also was granted a concession to build a railway which was later to become of the first importance—from Hanoi on the Gulf of Tonking up to Yunnanfu, the present Kunming, capital of Yunnan province.

Great Britain extended the colony of Hong Kong by the lease from China of territory on the mainland, at Kowloon; she also leased as a summer base for the fleet the Shantung harbour of Weihaiwei; and acquired almost proprietary rights in the Yangtze valley. Germany appropriated Kiaochow in Shantung, and reserved that province for her "development"; Japan obtained vague rights in Fukien.

Russia did best of all; she wrung from China permission to build a railway across Manchuria, connecting Vladivostock by the shortest possible route with China and the main trans-Siberian system; the zone through which ran this line,

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known as the Chinese Eastern Railway, was administered virtually as Russian territory; **while in 1898** China granted her a lease of **Port Arthur and** file Liaotung Peninsula, which **Japan** still regarded as the rightful spoils of war.

The "Open Door"

At this point the United States, encouraged and supported by Great Britain, intervened to end this predatory scramble. In September, 1899, Secretary of State Hay proposed in a circular note to the Powers certain principles designed to secure equal opportunity for every nation in China. This doctrine, known as the "Open Door principle," did not admit the right of any state to establish on Chinese soil within its own particular zone of influence proprietary and exclusive arrangements. It was accepted at the time by all the Powers, including Japan; and it has formed the basis of various later treaties to which Japan was a party. It is a principle which she has, of course, consistently flouted almost from the first moment of its pronouncement.

The Militarists Grow More Powerful

Japanese "moderates," like Prince Ito, had affected to believe at the outbreak of war with China that the militarists, if given enough rope, would infallibly swing by it. But humiliation and disappointment over the Liaotung Peninsula played into their hands. Between 1894-8 the expenditure on the armed forces increased some five-fold, until it was eating up more

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than half the budget. Army men were put into many of the important places; even the difficult post of Minister in Korea was given to a truculent soldier, Lieutenant-General Baron Miura. During his mission the hired Japanese bullies excelled themselves, even murdering the anti-Japanese Empress (October, 1895). A few months later the unfortunate Emperor fled from Japanese persecution to shelter in the Russian legation.

Our Fear of Russia Leads to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance

Russia made use of this situation to gain for herself a pre-eminent position in Korea. With Manchuria already in her grasp and tentacles now stretching down towards Peking and Seoul, she was growing too acquisitive to suit the tastes either of Japan or, for that matter, of Great Britain. It is a peculiar foible of British statesmen, once they become inspired with fear of some country's policy, to cling to that fear long after it has lost all reality; they are inclined to preserve it as stubbornly, as affectionately as they would some beloved ournt-through pipe or a patched country suit. The fear that was good enough for their grandfathers is, in short, good enough for them. We feared Spain until the war of Captain Jones' ear, France until the Fashoda affair; now, at this moment the Russian bogey, which for half a century we had struggled to exorcise from the other side of Asia, popped up in Manchuria with horrible vigour. "The balance of power," trumpeted Lord Salisbury to the House of Lords. " ... is materially altered

by the surrender of Port Arthur ... to Russia." Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, at the moment of Russia's appearance in Port Arthur began with Taka-akira Kato, the Japanese Minister in London, to discuss the feasibility of an Anglo-Japanese understanding____

The foreign browbeating of China meanwhile had an inevitable result. The young Emperor Kuang-Hsii in 1898 made a hurried and unhappy attempt to bring in reforms. His pace was too hot for the conservatives at the Court of Peking; within three months the old Empress Dowager had seized power again; the Emperor was forced into a tragic, drugged seclusion, and the Empire was steered on to a course of xenophobia which was to lead fatally to the Boxer Rising of two years later.

The First Anglo-Japanese Alliance

These troubles were a heaven-sent pretext for the Russians to transform Manchuria almost into a Siberian province¹; at the same time they were secretly negotiating for an ice-free port in Korea. Lord Salisbury's administration, upset by these intrigues, and impressed by the performance of the Japanese troops at the relief of the legations, began to toy with the possibility of enlisting their support against the unknown and terrifying might of the Tsar. Kato, he who with Joseph Chamberlain had once discussed the project of an alliance, was now Japan's Foreign

¹ *Punch*, in a cartoon, portrayed Russia and Japan as mounted knights about to go into battle on the field of Peking. Japan cries, "En avant!", Russia (in an aside) says, "I hope his intentions are as disinterested as mine."

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Minister; he jumped at this chance of buttressing his country's position, and on January 30, 1902, the first Anglo-Japanese Alliance was signed in London. The parties mutually guaranteed their interests in China, and though lip service was paid to the cause of Korea's independence, Japan was given a virtually free hand there. It was agreed that if one of the parties became involved in war with a third Power, in defence of the Far Eastern interests covered by the alliance, the other would maintain benevolent neutrality, except in the event of the war spreading and involving other Powers.

The Russo-Japanese War

By this alliance Japan was secured from the danger of being called to face unaided a combination of Russia and France—there existed at the time, of course, a Franco-Russian alliance. The sequel is well known; the conflict of Russo-Japanese ambitions along the Manchu-Korean border led to a rupture of relations between St. Petersburg and Tokyo early in February, 1904. Events moved so quickly, however, that the Japanese Minister, Kurino, is said to have been dancing at a ball in the Winter Palace when Admiral Togo's torpedo boats attacked the Russian fleet in the harbour of Port Arthur; as in the Sino-Japanese war of ten years earlier, attack came first and pronouncement of a state of war afterwards.

Tsarist Russia was not equal to the task of fighting a campaign at the extremity of her Siberian empire. Port Arthur fell after a brave defence;

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an avenging Russian army met disaster at Mukden; on May 31, 1905, the main Russian fleet, which had sailed laboriously round from the Baltic, was annihilated by Togo in the Tsushima Straits. The Russian forces grew demoralised, insubordinate; there were demonstrations in St. Petersburg; at Odessa the crew of the *Potyomkin* mutinied—an episode which Eisenstein was one day to immortalise in a film (if a reel of celluloid can immortalise anything).

The Imperial Government might shoot down the unarmed demonstrators and tear to pieces the mutineers of Odessa; they could not arrest the surge of discontent, the proclamation of republics, the setting up of a Soviet in the capital, with the young Trotsky at its head. Tory England applauded the insurgents; *Punch* caricatured the ineffectual Nicholas II as a sort of Cossack fiend with the caption "The Russian Butcher."

Holy Russia was on the verge of collapse; even Witte, the Foreign Minister, was obliged to admit that unless peace was speedily concluded the very Romanov dynasty might be overthrown. It was in these circumstances that the war ended. President Theodore Roosevelt, who seems to have nursed a sentimental if somewhat ill-informed admiration for Japan, was fond of declaring that on this occasion she must not be robbed of her victory. He now convened a peace conference in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. There, in the first days of September, 1905, a treaty was signed which ended Tsarist designs in the Far East.

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interests thus exposed in China. In comparison, what mattered the enslavement of a people renowned only for their stupidity and scandalously weak in purchasing-power? At the same time the United States (1908) were squared during a visit to Tokyo of Mr. Taft, then Secretary for War in President Roosevelt's administration. The Japanese gave him a promise not "to harbour any aggressive designs whatever on the Philippines"—that new possession which had been acquired after the Spanish-American War of 1899. In return the United States virtually agreed to forget the very existence of Korea.

Between 1904-05 that unfortunate country was bullied into surrendering control both of her finances and foreign relations; Prince I to, the new Japanese Resident-General, brought in a series of reforms which were readily financed by the City of London on the security of the Korean customs. The full-blooded Edwardian governing classes had not yet been bitten by those doubts which Kipling was to sketch and Galsworthy to capitalise; in Western technique, or as they preferred to call it, Western civilisation, they still saw the remedy for every ill. Weren't the Japanese, after all, giving those benighted Koreans a punctual train service, the rule of law, and the latest thing in waterworks? What, then, was there for them to grumble about. They ought to be damned grateful to the Japs. . . . Murmuring "a wonderful little people," the English tycoons hurried off to Covent Garden, where, as like as not, Melba would be singing "Madame Butterfly."

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At the Hague Conference of 1907 there was a painful and unexpected happening. A Korean delegation, secretly despatched by the Emperor and shepherded by an American, Homer B. Hulbert, turned up there, like Banquo's ghost, to disturb the proceedings with an appeal for delivery from Japanese tyranny. The interruption was very properly ruled out of order, for Korea, of course, no longer possessed any international status. . . .

The Japanese took firm steps to ensure that such tasteless scenes should not be repeated. The Korean Emperor was forced to abdicate, and under his successor control even of the internal administration was snatched into Japanese hands. Twenty years later Prince I to, the Japanese Resident-General, was murdered on Harbin station; the crime, probably the work of the militarists in Japan who disapproved Ito's moderation, was officially attributed to a Korean fanatic and served as an admirable pretext for the annexation of the country, which was effected in August, 1910, by a treaty between the two Emperors.

It is no purpose of this book to describe in detail the subsequent misgovernment and maltreatment of Korea, with what harshness their rulers have held down the bemused and charming peasantry, how they have tried to rob them even of their language. For all this unhappiness there might have grown some practical justification if Korea had afforded an outlet to Japanese overcrowding. But the tide of emigration flowed almost from the first in the wrong direction.

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More Koreans have sought employment in Japan than have Japanese in Korea.

Many Ivoreans have been trained by the Japanese as drug-pedlars for use in China, in places where it would be imprudent for a Japanese to go. But the most useful function of the Korean settler in Japan is that of whipping-boy. In times of calamity, even when natural forces are to blame, your Japanese crowd is given to venting its spleen upon such Koreans as may be handy. After the great earthquake of 1923, some 3,000 Koreans were murdered by the mobs; Europeans fleeing from burning and still heaving towns would catch through the isolation of a country night a sound more terrible than anything they had left behind. As they crouched in the shelter of some ruined pig-stye, there would come a bobbing of torches, a scamper of frenzied feet, and a horde of farmers would race by, screaming for Korean blood, since Nature herself is too big to lynch—even in Japan.

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THE nimble ascent of their new ally to greatness was much to the liking of the English, and indirectly flattering to their self-esteem. Had not Lafcadio Hearn and Pierre Loti taught them to admire the hygiene, politeness, and aesthetic sensibility of that race which on the other side of the globe occupied a situation so like their own? It pleased them to draw the analogy closely. The Japanese were islanders living off a backward continent which they rightly despised, and periodically invaded with a pluck worthy of

Henry V at Agincourt; they were admirable seamen and fanatic patriots; the very Japanese air seemed to breathe the vernacular equivalent of "dulce et decorum"; and though they might regrettably choose baseball rather than cricket for their new national game, at least they had taken up with enthusiasm General Baden-Powell's Boy Scout movement.

Two hundred years ago our ancestors were enchanted by the civilisation of China; their descendants of the early twentieth century were even more thoroughly seduced by everything that came out of Japan. The Academy exhibition of Japanese art in 1900 and the Alliance concluded in the following year made Japan fashionable; not a library of Cadogan Square but was brightened by prints after Toyokuni or Hokusai; the brocaded walls of the drawing-room would be almost obscured by kakemono or Japanese

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plates which cunning wires kept in places while in the showcases gleamed inro or netsuke of visceral complication. Ladies took lessons in Japanese flower arrangement and gentlemen in ju-jitsu; women on the downward path wore their kimonos well into the long Edwardian afternoon and summoned their minute fox-terriers by the name of Togo. Even in the music-halls they sang:

"Only a little Jappy soldier,
Only his duty done."

In the war with Russia Japan commanded all our sympathies, and the City of London shared with Wall Street the honour of financing her war machine. When her propagandists proclaimed that they were fighting to preserve China for foreign trade, the financiers, with their pet Chinese railroads, the Lancashire cotton-spinners believed them, though the Japanese were already attacking our economic dominion in China, and their piece-goods were ousting our cheaper lines from the market there. Imperialists rejoiced to see Russia, that old nightmare of ours, exorcised and the threat to India lifted; conveniently forgetting that Port Arthur was Chinese territory, *Obriek* depicted Japan landing there in 1904, under the guise of an Oriental Britannia, and the caption "Regained", and dared to execrate almost as traitors those coal-owners who continued to supply the Russian navy with fuel. Radicals, of course, were automatically the friends of anyone who struck at Russia. For if you held "advanced" opinions you automatically detested

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that country in 1904, just as twenty years later you automatically loved it.

The public was exalted by the David-and-Goliath aspect of the conflict. Recalling that the Japanese navy had sought its pattern in ours, they took a personal pride in Togo's triumphs; and their partiality was sharpened to fury when the Russian Baltic squadron, blundering in a Dogger Bank fog upon some English fishing-trawlers, sank them in mistake for enemy torpedo-boats.

Anti-Japanese Feeling on the Pacific Coast

Pro-Japanese enthusiasm was by no means so general in the United States. After the war was over distress in Japan caused thousands to emigrate to the Hawaiian Islands and California. Californians grew uneasy as valley after fertile valley of fruit country passed into Japanese hands; the indignant citizens of San Francisco formed an anti-Japanese "Exclusion League" to banish Japanese children to a special school in China Town. Japanese were also flocking into the fish canneries of Western Canada; and up and down the Pacific Coast there was even talk of war with Japan. The spectre of the "Yellow Peril" began to take shape; the German Kaiser, who had been almost the first to see it, seems at this point to have proposed a combination of Germany, China and the U.S. against Japan. Theodore Roosevelt dismissed the scheme as "visions such as those produced by opium."

On the immigration question the President patched up with the Japanese Government a

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sort of private agreement which was to maintain with modifications a shaky validity until 1924. But Americans who did not share Theodore Roosevelt's partiality for the "Island Empire," looked westward with some misgiving to the organised and growing Japanese populations in Hawaii, and in the Philippine island of Mindanao.

In 1911 came the Chinese revolution. The Republican Government which was as a result established inherited a sadly void exchequer; it was evident that it could only survive with the assistance of foreign finance, but loans meant concessions, and in 1913 began such a scramble as had not been seen for fifteen years. Japan did well out of it; and no doubt as the situation of the young republic worsened the chance for good pickings would improve. So, though the civilian government might resign on it, the garrison of Korea was increased, to be ready for any turn of fortune.

The War of 1914-18

At that moment the first World War broke out. By the strict letter of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which had been again revived and modified in 1911, there was no call upon Japan to enter the conflict; and, indeed, Sir Edward Grey did his best to limit her ardour; by the hunting down of German commerce raiders, he hinted, Japan would be doing more than her duty, without a formal declaration of war. Given half a chance, he knew, Japan would spring at the German colony of Kiaochow in Shantung; once she was seated there, the door would be

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open for endless interference in China, with Heaven alone knew what consequences to our already hampered trade. The opportunity, however, was one which Japan refused to miss; there was not only Kiaochow to be had for the taking, but the German possessions in the Pacific, the Marshall and Caroline Islands, archipelagoes which reached down to the Equator near New Guinea. The Japanese insisted, therefore, on coming to our help; still the British entreated them not to; it was surely the first time in history that the spectacle was seen of one ally imploring another not to fulfil the spirit of her obligations.

There was, however, no restraining the Japanese. On August 23rd, 1914, they declared war against Germany. It is often claimed for Japan that throughout the ensuing four years her behaviour as our ally was a pattern of useful fidelity. Alas! History is forced to tell a different story. Japan supplied the Allies with munitions, it is true, and her fleet escorted many convoys from Australia; but as a price for those services she insisted upon our support of her claims to the German possessions in Shantung and the Northern Pacific.

At the same time she took every advantage of the war in Europe to intrigue against us in China and weaken our position there. Into Chinese ears she whispered with sibilant insistence that we were done for, the British Empire would emerge from the war, if not a corpse, at least abominably decrepit. So, in many hisses and asides the argument ran, there was nobody henceforward to oppose Japan's designs in the Far East; in her

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hands lay the fate of distracted China, and ambitious Chinese would be well advised to win **her** friendship . .

The Twenty-One Demands

The German colony of Kiaochow in Shantung was taken (in November, 1914); the Chinese immediately pressed for the conquered territory to be handed back to them. The Japanese refused, and instead, two months later, presented the notorious "Twenty-One Demands," by which China and Inner Mongolia would have been turned into something not far removed from a Japanese protectorate. After the demands came an ultimatum, and under this duress President Yuan Shih-K'ai, in May, 1915, accepted all but the most objectionable of them. Widespread agitations in China, together with the protests of the U.S. and British Governments, had the effect almost from the first of invalidating many of the concessions which China had been forced to make; seven years later, at the Washington Conference, Japan was compelled to renounce most of what she had extorted on this discreditable occasion; though to those concessions which concerned Manchuria and Mongolia she clung defiantly; one day the alleged violation of them was to be used as a justification of Japanese violence in those regions.

Until the end of the war in Europe Japan was free to lord it over China. Though foreign indignation could still put a brake upon her, and Chinese boycotts of her goods upset her, she now gave the world a demonstration, comparatively

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mild, it is true, by our jaded standards, of what a tyrant in modern times will do in a conquered territory, when strong enough to ignore the disapproval of mankind.

The Anfu Clique

After Yuan Shih-k'ai's death, in 1916, that strange scalliwag Tuan Chi-jui seized power in Peking, with Japanese help. He and his indulgent cronies, the so-called "Anfu Clique," were but the hirelings of the "dwarf slaves"; Japanese were busy everywhere, conceiving vast projects even in the remotest corners of the country. For a moment it seemed as if Japan were about to transform the enormous polity of China into her private toy; the Powers were helpless; when China in the spring of 1917 was induced to declare war upon Germany the Japanese insisted that no Chinese army should be raised for the fighting; they were terrified lest China should emerge from the conflict with armed forces under a central authority which might be strong enough to defend the honour and territory of their country. Japan, therefore, insisted that China should furnish no combatants, but merely labour battalions. In the words of the U.S. Minister to China, 1913-19:¹

"Japan has used every possible means to demoralise China by creating and sustaining trouble; by supporting and financing the most objectionable elements, particularly a group of corrupt and vicious military governors akin to bandits in their methods; by employing insti-

¹ *An American Diplomat in China*, by Dr. Paul S. Reinsch.

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gators of trouble; by morphia and opium; by the corruption of officials through loans, bribes and threats; by the wrecking of native banks and the debasing of the local currency; by illegal exports of the copper currency of the people; by local attempts to break down the salt administration; by persistent efforts to prevent China from going into the war, and then seeing to it that China was never in a position to render to the common cause such aid as would be in her power and as she would willingly render if left to herself; finally by utilising the war and the preoccupations of the Allies to enmesh China in the terms of a secret alliance. . . . The Japanese were ready to take advantage of and to aggravate any weakness which might exist in Chinese social and political life. They would fasten like leeches upon any sore spot. The tendency toward rebellion and brigandage, the counterfeiting of bank-notes, the corruption of officials, the undermining of the credit of important private and public enterprises, the furnishing of more dangerous drugs when opium was forbidden—in connection with such mischiefs individual Japanese have been active to the great damage of the Chinese. But though it would be unjust, of course, to charge up this meddling to the Japanese nation as a whole, the connivance of their military government was a fact."

I have quoted this eminent American diplomat at length, not only because of the authority which his evidence must necessarily possess, but also because there could be no more succinct denunciation and description of Japanese policy to

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this day in any territory which has the misfortune to become subject to her.

Compared to the ugly stories which filter through from German-occupied Poland at the present time, this chronicle of misdoings is comparatively mild; and it is insignificant if put beside Japan's record of evil during the past few years; but for a generation not yet toughened by totalitarian horrors, a generation that could be shocked to the core by so commonplace an incident as the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, the Japanese misdeeds in China were pretty strong meat. Not, of course, that the English-speaking Public gave much mind to them. Even in the United States, all eyes and thoughts were turned towards the war in Europe. California, it is true, saw some renewal of anti-Japanese feeling, but this was a sentiment purely local in nature; it was mainly concerned with Japanese infractions of the immigration laws by the artifice which the Press had christened the "Picture Brides Racket." On the whole, however, nobody had any time to think of the Japanese, or to become fully aware of the goings-on in China.

The Lansing-Ishii Agreement

The preoccupied mood of America is reflected in a series of documents known as the Lansing-Ishii Notes. To the State Department President Wilson had in his first administration appointed **that** gaunt and powerful character who seemed to have walked out of the Book of Prophets, the great William Jennings Bryan. The repute **of his later years may have b**

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extravagances of the Tennessee "Monkey Trial"; but anyone who was acquainted with Bryan will have seen those formidable aquiline eyes flash with hatred of other things besides the pernicious theories of Charles Darwin. Oppression was even more detestable to him than the doctrine of evolution itself; and when in 1915 the nature of the "Twenty-One Demands" became known to the world, Bryan at the State Department had done more perhaps than any other man to marshal and vigorously to interpret the world's disapproval of Japan. Had he continued as Secretary of State, no doubt his immense prestige, a Sabbatarian fervour of indignation, would have continued to restrain Japan's actions in China. But Bryan had fallen out with Wilson, ostensibly over America's entry into the war. As all the world knows, the President did not take kindly to the presence of strong characters among his collaborators; he had therefore replaced Bryan by Mr. Lansing, a smooth and affable lawyer, with a certain dun-coloured distinction, who was content to be no more than the President's voice in the State Department.

In November 1917 there arrived in Washington an eminent Japanese, Viscount Ishii. He had come ostensibly on a mission connected with war supplies, but really to "square" America, as Russia had already been "squared," for further Japanese aggression in China. With the President he exchanged some pious platitudes on the need for observance in China of the "open door" principle. Then he tried to wring out of Secretary Lansing an admission that Japan

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possessed "paramount interests in China." He failed, but he was able to return to Tokyo with among other things a recognition from the U.S. Government that "Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous." It is true that by a secret protocol attached to the Notes Japan undertook not to take advantage of conditions in China to seek special rights or privileges; but this was not published at the time, and to the general public it seemed as if the Japanese had secured American acquiescence in the sordid efforts to dominate China.

Yet somehow ultimate triumph still danced alluring and remote, within range of Japanese spectacles but not of Japanese hands. For the loans, to the tune of some Yen 180 million (£18 million at par) which Tokyo poured on to the North China dust, there was but scant reward, little in fact save the pleasure of seeing the bibulous "Anfu" clique set up in affluence for life. To the infinite exasperation of the Japanese, subsequent Chinese Governments have refused to recognise the validity of these loans, considering them rather as personal bribes, the reimbursement of which is always a matter too delicate for the attention of a sovereign government.

Japan's Mandated Islands

At the Versailles Conference in 1919, Japan maintained a precarious hold upon the possessions taken from Germany in Shantung; in the teeth of Australian opposition she secured from the new-born League of Nations a mandate over

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all former German islands in the Pacific north of the equator; this vast area of some 2000 islands in mid-ocean must have seemed of little consequence to the harassed negotiators of Versailles, who were already involved in a first-class squabble with the Italian delegation about the Adriatic. Few of them can have had the time or the inclination to notice that the Japanese Mandate came very near Australia and to two obscure possessions of the United States, Guam on the west, and Midway Island on the east. . . .

The military in Tokyo grumbled unconsciously against the mandate system, and protested against the obligations which Japan had assumed on joining the League. Not only did they probably infringe the imperial constitution, but, added the soldiers darkly, the League Covenant, by depriving Japan of her sacred right to conquer eastern Asia, if not the whole world, would end by killing her.

The Military Unpopular

It was, however, one of those precious moments in Japanese history when the fighting men go unheeded; indeed, they were almost unpopular. There had been an expensive anti-Bolshevik expedition into the Siberian wastes. The Japanese troops had penetrated eastward even as far as Lake Baikal, and seized the northern part of Saghalien with its useful oil-wells. The troops of the other Powers involved, the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy, were withdrawn in 1920, after a few months of fatuous manoeuvres; the Japanese lingered on in Siberia till October,

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1922, in Saghalien until 1925. Though the outing cost the Japanese Government some £40 million, though a Japanese consul and some 700 other Japanese nationals were murdered at Nicolaevsk in the spring of 1922, at the end there was little to show for all this trouble and expense.

Affairs went no better in China; the "Anfu" clique was swept away, and the dream of establishing a protectorate over the country faded for the time. Great Britain and the United States won back many of the markets they had lost during the war, and there was a slump in Japan.

The Washington Conference

It was consequently a somewhat chastened and reasonable delegation which represented Japan at the Washington Naval Conference of 1921-22. They were induced to accept what became known as the "5-5-3" ratio for naval strength—that is to say, during the life of the Washington Treaties the British and American capital ship tonnages were in theory to be equal, and that of Japan was not to exceed 60 per cent of either of them. The scope of the conference, however, went far beyond pure naval matters; it was resolved as far as possible to demilitarise the Pacific, and it was agreed that no new fortifications should be built by the British Empire in Hong Kong or other British islands east of 110 degrees longitude east; by the United States in the Guam, the Aleutian Islands and the Philippines; and by Japan in the Kuriles, Bonin Islands, Oshima, Formosa, and the former German pos-

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sessions. All the Powers with any considerable stake in the Far East also entered into a Nine-Power Treaty designed to preserve China from foreign aggression and to maintain the principle of the "Open Door." In particular, the treaty, of which Japan was, of course, a signatory, bound the contracting parties to "respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China." It was not to be long before Japan had violated in no petty manner her obligations under both of these instruments.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance Ended

At Washington Japan was forced to agree to a withdrawal from Shantung; and that antiquity, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, was swept away. Both the United Kingdom and Japan had proclaimed a desire to continue the association, but in the United States and Canada there was growing resentment against it, which was openly proclaimed at the Imperial Conference of 1921. With some truth the Canadian Prime Minister declared that a renewal of the Alliance would be regarded in his Dominion and in America as "implying benevolent neutrality towards Japanese aggression." Only Australia, for reasons of her own security, advocated renewal. But there could be no offending America on this score; and so, amid the yelps of the Tory Party and some Australian ill-will, the association was ended which had brought us little gain, while it had helped to raise Japan into the first rank of Powers. For rather more than fourteen years from this time she was to remain without official

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friends, and was then to throw in her noxious lot with our worst enemies.

But for the moment Japan's foreign policy under the wise guidance of Baron Shidehara (perhaps a unique example of Japanese moderation) seemed to be informed by a spirit of reason and justice. The years that immediately followed the Washington Conference formed an agreeable inconsistency in her modern history. Upon China she forced nothing more lethal than Cultural Research Institutes, handsomely endowed. For all her fear of Communism, she recognised the Soviet Government in January, 1925, and withdrew her troops at last from Saghalien. At home, liberal opinions could sometimes be aired without risk, though Voltaire's works might be kept under the same general ban as that which affected the *Pravda*, and Left-wing writers might occasionally be third-degreed to death by the police. The military man was sent to strut in obscurity, and his army shorn of four divisions.

The various international junketings in which the League was then so admirably fertile, the Assembly and Council meetings, even Conferences on Load Lines or on the Prevention of Venereal Disease among Seamen, were always occasions for a demonstration of Japanese goodwill and collaboration. When the French delegate became unduly tiresome—all French delegates save Briand were trying in those days—and the German, however irrelevantly, seemed about to raise the question of "gleichberechtigung"; and the Italian was proving touchy on a point of Fascist dignity, or hoarsely recounted

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some tit-bit of international scandal which probably concerned Madame Stresemann and General Primo de Rivera: and the Belgian sulked over some mistake in precedence: then the Japanese delegate would suddenly rise, a mouse-like, spectacled figure, with a name as rich in syllables as was his mouth in gold teeth; and he would support the British delegation in carrying the company on to the obvious and sensible course. . . .

Whatever the cause of this behaviour, so suddenly grown irreproachable, whether the earthquake of 1923 that destroyed some £500 million of property, and certainly broke the national spirit for a time; or whether the strange sense of inadequacy, that longing for popular esteem which in the most violent Japanese breast seems occasionally to win the battle with arrogance; it is indisputable that it did not last long. ...

Singapore Base

As we have seen (page 59) at Washington it had been agreed to establish no new fortifications or naval bases in certain areas of the Pacific. For Great Britain the westward limit of this self-denial was no degrees longitude east of Greenwich, which just takes in Hong Kong. Before the Washington Conference was convened, however, it had been decided to create a naval base at Singapore—that mangrove swamp which in a century had been transformed into one of the greatest ports in the world, dominating the sea-route through the Malacca Straits between the Indian Ocean and the China Seas. The **new**

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base was to be capable of handling **the largest** men-o'-war, and was designed to meet the possibility of British capital ships returning one day to the Far East.

From the first the project caused intense annoyance in Japan and indignation among Left-wing circles in England. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald described it as wild and wanton folly. When he came into power, in 1923, work on the base was stopped; a year later, with Mr. Baldwin's return, it was begun again. Thereafter the base became a sort of shuttlecock between the parties. The anomalous spectacle was seen of the Tories, who were inclined to friendship with Japan and who scouted the very possibility of war with her, pressing on with the work at Singapore; while the Labour Party, who rightly suspected her as an aggressor from early on, opposed the construction almost to the last. The fact was, presumably, they believed that the collective will of nations, exercised through the League Covenant, was a better way of checking aggression than mere force, and such conceptions as the Singapore base seemed for them to herald the dawn in England of a new militaristic day. It was a false dawn. If after 1922 the Japanese were inclined to see some reason, the English suffered from the fault of seeing too much. After the war of 1914-18 we were turned a little queasy by the conception of imperialism in its most full-blooded form. The power and brilliance of our Empire? Yes; but only by the free accord of the parties involved; **no more holding** down "the lesser breeds with-

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out the law," while radiant in the sanctity of **our** mission **we** forced the castor oil of Progress down **S**uny throats. Fifty years before the English had **S**een pricked by no doubts. They were doing God's work in dark places, even if whisky **and** syphilis arrived there soon after. But now, in the years after victory, we began to wonder whether any one nation's system were so pre-eminent as to justify its forceful imposition on others. We were no longer captivated by the prospect of a world reduced to an Anglo-Saxon uniformity, with the football-field as its temple and the Success Story as its ideal.

The "Unequal Treaties"

This liberal doubt, however, travelled no great distance beyond the English cliffs. While it inspired our policy of reform in India, and the grant to Egypt of virtual independence in 1922, it did not penetrate the Anglo-Indian or British Colonial systems on the spot. The subject races might be granted Diarchy or some similar measure of self-government; but the English overseas kept their clubs inviolate, and their minds impregnable. The result was a strange incoherence and inconsistency in British oriental policy. Liberalism at home and imperialism in Asia joined in a tug-of-war in which the one lost its meaning and the other its strength.

This sorry consequence was abundantly manifested during the attack on our special position in China which developed in 1925. We **have seen** how the West, and particularly England, **had** reduced China to the status of a semi-colony.

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The principal ports, the customs and the **bank-**
ing world were dominated by the English; most
of the coastwise and river traffic went to British
ships; and the Royal Navy sailed where it
chose through Chinese waters. Ten-thousand-ton
cruisers, known as the "Washington" type, could
be seen gliding like lovely grey swans among
rice fields as far up the Yangtze as Hankow,
some 1,700 miles from the sea. Much higher
up again, beyond the rapids, in Szechuan,
the last province before Tibet, there were the
inevitable British gunboats, shallow-draft firing
platforms with immaculate paint; the brasswork
of their six-inch guns and their bells sparkling
supernaturally from the polishing with which
their crews whiled away the empty hours. The
British merchant took heart from this gleaming
authority, and could run off with a quiet heart
to his squash-rackets and his Tom Collins. . . .
Many of the principal railways were built with
British money and inspired by British traditions;
in the fastnesses of Anhui or Shantung you came
across little country stations which with their
demure flower-beds picking out the place-names
seemed to carry you back to Wiltshire and the
Great Western. There were British troops in
Peking, Tientsin and Shanghai, and British laws
for British subjects wherever they lived in China,
complete with a Supreme Court, over which it
was, however, rare to find any jurist of distinc-
tion presiding.

The inhabitants of these virtual British colonies,
those who benefited from all this elaborate
machinery of protection and privilege to **make**

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money out of China, enhanced the colonial illusion. Contact with the Chinese, or knowledge of the language, was rigorously avoided; "otherwise," it was said, "the Chinese wouldn't respect you." The obvious corollary was no less hard to believe.

The "Old China Hand," hiccoughing with suffused face at the "longest bar in the world" where no Chinese save servants were admitted, is so naturally a caricature, that all castigation becomes superfluous. A type in any case almost extinct; in the course of the present struggle **he** has suffered for his sins and will, let us hope, vanish utterly; with his counterpart in Malaya he has done as much as the Japanese to endanger our position in Asia.

The spectacle of all this autonomy and arrogance upon Chinese soil not unnaturally incensed the young Chinese Nationalist Party—the Kuo-mintang, founded by Sun Yat-Sen. With foreign connivance their anger was beaten into a most potent weapon. The Comintern agents, Borodin and Karakhan, were the organisers of the movement which was to run like the spring through China, and make her into one country again. The military campaign which physically unified her was a brilliant achievement, due largely to the talents of a rising young general called Chiang K'ai-shek, who had married a sister of **Madame Sun Yat-Sen; but his armies' triumphant path was prepared by the detachments of propagandists and agitators who went ahead.**

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The Anti-British Campaign

It was not long before there occurred conflict with British privilege. One Sunday afternoon in 1925, when the principal British officials and merchants were at the Races, a truculent crowd burst into the Shanghai International Settlement. The flustered police, commanded by a junior, fired on the mob; there were a number of deaths, and an anti-British movement of the utmost fervour immediately swept through China. It is unnecessary in detail to describe the boycotts, the scimmages, the bitterness on both sides, how Hong Kong was half ruined. For a moment it seemed as if the exasperated Chinese would try to carry Shanghai by storm; and large forces were hurried out from England and Egypt to guard it; we were apparently about to assert our old privileges by a resort to arms. At Hankow open hostilities threatened. But suddenly Englishmen at home lost all taste for doing so; whatever their anti-Chinese countrymen on the spot might say, these privileges were anachronisms, not worth the shedding of decent blood.

Our Policy Changed

Sir Austen Chamberlain, then Foreign Secretary, was interpreting the general sentiment of such public as was interested when he proclaimed in December, 1926, a revolution in Great Britain's Far Eastern policy. Starting from the premise that the rising tide of Chinese nationalism was by far the most important factor in the Pacific, the new policy envisaged the surrender, gradually

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and by negotiation, of our special rights in China, until at last our relations with her would conform to normal diplomatic usages.

It was obviously the proper policy, and, as far as it could be carried, a very successful one. Naturally feelings still flared up here and there; grudges, too, took long to die—as late as 1935, for instance, there was at least one port on the Yangtze where British steamers still hardly dared to call—but in the main there was an immediate improvement. It became possible for Chinese and Englishmen to meet as friends again.

Nevertheless, it was perhaps inevitable that the Chinese should regard our new-found change of heart as weakness, particularly as it followed a half-hearted attempt at forcible resistance. It inspired them to believe that the passive weapon of the economic boycott was invincible against all antagonists, however armed; and it planted in the Japanese mind the suspicion that we were growing decadent. . . .

The U.S. Closed to Japanese Immigration

The phases and changes of Japanese sentiment are always difficult to follow. It seems likely, however, that about this time (1927) the moderate tendency began to ebb, the desire for international esteem to evaporate. There can be little doubt that the U.S. Immigration Law of 1924 had something to do with this change of mood. Despite the so-called American-Japanese "Gentlemen's Agreement," the problem of Japanese infiltration along the Pacific coast had

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become so tiresome that the States of California and Washington brought in laws forbidding the lease or sale of agricultural land to Japanese. Then in November, 1922, the Supreme Court of the United States decided, in the suit of *Ozawa v. the United States*, that Japanese were not eligible for citizenship.

In 1924 an immigration Bill, excluding from entry into the U.S. "aliens ineligible for citizenship," came before Congress. The United States have suffered so many wrongs at the hands of Japan, that we can afford to admit that on this one occasion some right lay with the Japanese. The new Bill, however one might look at it, meant exceptional discrimination, a gesture of far-reaching hostility. Secretary of State Hughes did his best to get it toned down, declaring that otherwise it would undo all the good work of the Washington Conference; but an injudicious protest from the Japanese Ambassador put up the sensitive back of Congress. In the Senate, Henry Cabot Lodge declared that Japan was threatening the legislature of the United States. He was only voicing a general opinion; the Bill passed both Houses and became law in July, 1924.

This open discrimination had a most unfortunate effect upon Japanese psychology and policy. Beneath the crust of arrogance, the official theory of Japan's pre-eminence and divine mission in the world, lies, as we have seen, an almost hysterical sense of inferiority, a conviction of being misunderstood and persecuted by all the rest of mankind. The closing

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of the United States against their immigration was a further example to the Japanese of how everybody's hand was against them. From that time the possibility of one day making war upon the brutal Americans came to be generally considered.

IV

THE MANCHURIAN INCIDENT

IN the autumn of 1929 that admirable body, the Institute of Pacific Relations, held a conference at Kyoto. It was an agreeable and useful meeting, distinguished as much as anything, by the pacific, one might have said liberal, attitude of the Japanese hosts. There existed, no doubt, some difficult problems in the Far East, but it was clear they would be solved in due course, quietly, in the modern manner, by arbitration. The only danger—it was one the Japanese appeared to have somewhat on the brain—the only force likely to upset the dominion of reason seemed to be Communism. True, the Chinese Kuomintang had now severed its disreputable connection with the Comintern and packed the Russian advisers back to Moscow; but there were large areas of China where the Marxian creed was said still to be revered; there were Communist mutterings in Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies, while the Soviet had recently invaded Manchuria to defend its rights over the Chinese Eastern Railway. In short, all the evidence suggested that if trouble were brewing it would take a Communist form. The days of old-fashioned imperialism, of "power-politics," were done.

An embarrassing affair, however, suddenly disturbed the high-minded deliberations of **the** conference. It became known that the Chinese delegation had gained possession of a strange

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document, a bomb likely to shatter all the accepted theories of the Far Eastern experts. It purported to be a memorial that had been addressed to the Japanese Emperor in 1927 by the then Prime Minister, General Baron Tanaka; and it gave the conclusions of an important conference where the highest officials of the Empire had discussed the future policy of Japan in the world. Those who saw the "Tanaka Memorial**"—as it afterwards came to be known—were horrified; it suggested that Japan had been deceiving mankind, feigning a reverence for equity and peace when secretly she nursed a frenzy of imperialism, an itch to dominate the world, such as had gone out of fashion long ago. But what of Japan's record since the Great War, her moderation and international spirit? It was true that Baron Tanaka was a soldier; he had stood for a "positive" policy in China, which had resulted in minor clashes between Japanese and Chinese troops in Shantung (1927-8). But, still, that did not make him a militaristic lunatic. In short, the Memorial could be nothing but a forgery; and the Chinese delegation were induced not to cause trouble by laying the noxious thing before the conference. . . .

Since that day in Kyoto, the "Tanaka Memorial" has achieved formidable notoriety. The Japanese Government have stubbornly denied its authenticity; they have pointed out that it is not phrased in the style traditionally used by a Japanese Prime Minister when addressing his Sovereign; there were, moreover, errors of fact in the text which a man like Tanaka could

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hardly have committed. Therefore, says Tokyo, it is nothing but a crude forgery. On the other hand, it is a strange coincidence that Japan in her decade of banditry should have followed almost to the letter the programme set forth by the Memorial, which came into Chinese hands at least two years before the shooting started. As the teachings of Shoin Yoshida lay down the strategy of Japan, so the Tanaka Memorial establishes her tactics.

"For the sake of self-protection," declares the Memorial, "as well as the protection of others, Japan cannot remove the difficulties in Eastern Asia, unless she adopts a policy of 'blood and iron'. . . r In the future, if we want to control China, we must first crush the United States. . . . But in order to conquer China we must first conquer Manchuria and Mongolia. In order to conquer the world we must first conquer China. If we succeed in conquering China, the rest of the Asiatic countries and the South Sea countries will fear us and surrender to us. Then the world will realise that Eastern Asia is ours and will not dare to violate our rights. This is the plan left to us by Emperor Meiji, the success of which is essential to our national existence. . . ."

Here is the Memorial speaking of the importance of Manchuria: "The way to gain actual rights in Manchuria and Mongolia is to use this region as a base, and under pretence of trade and commerce penetrate the rest of China. Armed with the rights already secured, we shall seize the resources all over the country. Having China's entire resources at our disposal, we shall

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proceed to conquer India, the Archipelago, Asia Minor, Central Asia, and even Europe. But to get control of Manchuria and Mongolia is the first step, if the Yamato race wishes to distinguish itself in continental Asia. . . ." As for the Nine-Power Treaty, it was merely an Anglo-American plot to crush Japandise influence in China. The proposed reduction of armaments? Nothing but a device to make it impossible for Japan to conquer the vast territory of China.

The Economic Crisis

Who, however, was to believe in 1929 that this sensational nonsense was worthy of the least attention? True, the stock market was breaking, and though we did not know it, the foundations of peace were slipping with it. But the facade still stood imposingly; we could not see round the corner of that graceful construction to perceive the world of deceit and greed which lived behind it.

We have travelled so fast, so far, so violently in the last decade, we are apt to forget how strong, how natural were our inclinations towards peace in those days. When our tails were twisted **l**y nations who lacked our fleet and prestige, we never thought of retaliation by force. The public of the world, the British public itself would not have approved such a course. We assumed that other nations were restrained by similar considerations; and the technique of imperialist conquest, which inspired the Tanaka Memorial, seemed to us hopeless, old-fashioned and expensive. Expensive. That is perhaps as much **the**

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clue as any other word to our sad miscalculation. As this book will seek to show, we were prepared to face no untoward expense in our foreign relations. The Conservative tax-payer refused to give the League real power to assert her authority, for he feared lest he might be asked to foot the bill; and he would not sanction a return to what he called "power-politics" for that meant increased income tax to pay for new armaments, markets lost through boycotts and world censure.

Besides, had not almost all the nations signed the Pact of Paris two years before, and thereby renounced war as an instrument of national policy? At this distance our credulity may seem merely pathetic. The fact remains that a dozen years ago undertakings formally contracted, the disapproval of the world counted for more than a little—at least in England. Those entrusted with the tedious business of preserving our interests overseas were terrified of bringing down upon their respectable heads the weight of democratic criticism—which meant the displeasure of the United States—by the use of what they were pleased to call force—an obsolescent fleet, an antique and exiguous air arm, the handful of British troops hardly capable of taking even an old-fashioned field. And they imagined that other governments would be restrained by no less urgent and worthy scruples. . . .

If they feared anything in the Far East, it was the renascent power of Chinese nationalism, with its highly organised boycotts. Before long the Japanese were to treat such boycotts as monstrous provocations, justifying the severest mili-

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tary measures. But for the British the very prospect of a clash between our armed forces and the Chinese Nationalists was a nightmare not to be contemplated; the effect upon liberal opinion not only in foreign countries, but even in England itself, would not bear consideration. They pressed forward therefore with their negotiations to end the "Unequal Treaties" as soon as possible.

To meet any danger from Japan they were quite unprepared. The very prospects of it was not worth consideration. Indeed, the reports from Tokyo suggested that if there were to come any change in the Japanese temper, it would take the form of a swing to the Left. The half-starved farmers, the dragooned mill-workers of Osaka were growing tired, we were told, of wearing out their lives and selling their children to the factory or the brothel for the benefit of the eight great clans, Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo and their ilk, who controlled more than half the wealth of the country. Before long there might occur some ugly blood-letting in Japan. As for militarism, the experts were all agreed that it had not survived the 1923 earthquake. The theory was borne out by Japan's acceptance at the London Naval Conference in 1930 of a hardly modified Washington ratio for cruisers and light craft. True, it had provoked the suicide of several Japanese admirals and the murder of two Prime Ministers. But, then, such deplorable episodes were not new to Japanese history.

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The Attempt to Turn Japan out of Manchuria

It was not only London that saw a Japanese retreat. Even in Manchuria the "dwarf slaves" were giving way before the Chinese Nationalists. Until 1928 Marshal Chang Tso-lin, who ruled that great territory, had kept the peace with his Japanese tenants. But he had been blown up in his train as he retired from Peking before Chiang K'ai-shek's advance; and his son, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who succeeded him, showed no disposition to keep Manchuria segregated from the main Chinese body politic or to acquiesce in the Japanese treating the richest parts of his demesne as a virtual colony.

The "Young Marshal," as he is called, hoisted the Nationalist flag in 1928; two years later he came down to Peking with his troops to end a ridiculous civil war which was then raging. It was his aim to bring all North China, from the Yellow River to the Siberian border, under the suzerainty of Chiang K'ai-shek, for whom he cherished a sort of hero-worship. His older generals, remembering how his father had always, as a matter of principle, kept Manchuria out of the main Chinese political stream, shook their heads; these ddings, they said, would end in trouble.

But their young leader was determined to regain Manchuria for China; and to attain this end he began to sap the privileged position of Japan in his territories. He set to work to throttle the South Manchurian Railway by a skein of new Chinese lines; they converged upon Hulutao,

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a great port he was building on the Manchurian coast, to the east of Dairen, which it was designed to ruin.

The "Young Marshal's" action precipitated a crisis in Japan which had long been fomenting. Save for a brief interlude under General Baron Tanaka in 1927-29, the country had enjoyed liberal government almost ever since the Great War. As we have seen, the strength of the army had actually been reduced in 1923, and the electorate, which had been vastly broadened by the bringing in of Manhood Suffrage in 1925, now showed a disposition to challenge the sacred rights of the armed forces. The acceptance of the London Naval Treaty by a civilian government in 1930 had been a blow to the very prestige of militarism; the officers saw the very existence of their caste threatened unless they acted quickly. Inspired by the principles of the Tanaka Memorial, they resolved to end the shameful era of civilian compromise.

The Army Resolves to Seize Control

It was only natural that Manchuria should be the scene of their stroke. The Kuantung army, as the Japanese garrison there is called, was independent of all civilian control, could ignore the Governor of the Leased Territory, and report direct to the General Staff. Its officers by tradition are among the most violent elements in Japanese militarism, and they were roused to fury by the Chinese attack upon their country's position in Manchuria, the failure of the civilians to check the "Young Marshal's" manoeuvres.

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The sound of these mutterings came but faintly to our ears in Peking. Nor did I find it easy to pay heed when our Japanese colleagues tripped round to lament the trend of the times. It was England, they said, who was to blame for the Chinese behaviour in Manchuria; by our gradual surrender of our rights to the Central Government we were encouraging the Manchurian authorities to think that the time had come to turn all foreigners out of the country. Now, if we would only see reason and return to our old alliance with Japan—then together we could knock some sense into those arrogant young Chinese. . . .

Our minds were full of our negotiations with Chiang K'ai-shek's Government for the surrender of our special rights in China. The life of privilege and uninformed ease which the British merchant had led for so long was about, it seemed, to end. No longer would he be able to remain isolated from the Chinese out of whom he made his money, despising their culture when he possessed but little of his own, and not deigning to speak their language. He would be compelled to learn Chinese, to make Chinese friends, to stand on his own feet without gunboats and law-courts to support him.

It was a momentous prospect which absorbed our attentions, so that we gave small thought to the rumours of restlessness in the Japanese army which reached us all the summer of 1931. . . .

We were looking, too, towards the West, where the economic depression was reaching a crisis. In England Ramsay MacDonald's Labour

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Government battled futilely against **the angry** tide of unemployment; in America President Hoover had declared a moratorium; there was talk of the pound leaving the gold Standard; Mr. Montagu Norman was said to wear a long face perpetually. The Treasury, however, 'were getting a certain ghoulish pleasure out of the mess; it had given them a fine pretext for docking our pay and allowances. . . .

Among all these preoccupations we hardly noticed a speech of the Japanese Minister for War, General Minami, made in August to divisional commanders, in which he violently attacked the civilian ministers, and particularly the Minister of Foreign Affairs; their conciliatory and moderate policies were, he shouted, a betrayal of the Yamato race. Then came a number of exasperating little incidents; a Japanese intelligence officer, a Captain Nakamura, got himself shot while up to some sort of mischief in Inner Mongolia; there was a scuffle between Chinese and Korean farmers over some ricefields near the obscure Manchurian village of Wanpaoshan; the Japanese Government, ever zealous to protect and further the well-being of Koreans, protested strongly; in Korea there were retaliatory riots, in which a number of little Chinese traders were torn to pieces while the Japanese police looked the other way. . . . From North Korea puzzling reports began to filter through of Japanese troop concentrations along the Manchurian border.

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The Invergordon Riots

It was the custom for the Commander-in-Chief, China station, in the month of September to pay a ceremonial visit to the British Minister in Peking. For a few days the vast Legation compound would lose the khaki air which the Guard and the soil lent it and come out in a riot of blue and gold; down the narrow enchanted lanes off Ch'ien Men Wai and Hatamen you came across parties of petty officers and marines who were not so hard-boiled as to be left unimpressed by the old capital. Then there were endless banquets in the Admiral's honour, always crowned, of course, by the Minister's dinner. That year, I remember, it was more than usually tedious. Then, just as I was about to fall asleep on my feet, the guests began to go. The C.-in-C. suggested we smoke a last cigarette in the garden; after the manufactured conversation of too many unmelodious voices, it was deliciously peaceful under the stars; then the C.-in-C. casually mentioned a signal he had received from the Admiralty as he was dressing for dinner; the Home Fleet had mutinied at Invergordon, against the new reductions in pay which the lower deck considered unjust.

The trouble at Invergordon, the consequence of a very special piece of administrative stupidity, had no sequel in Great Britain; its example was followed at no other port, nor was the efficiency of the navy impaired; but to us in China the spectacle of financial collapse in London and something like revolution in the Home Fleet portended the end of the world we knew.

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Our instinct was right. Not many hours later, on the morning of September 18, 1931, a frantic flag-lieutenant burst into my house. "The Japs," he cried, waving a telegram, "the Japs have run amok in Mukden; the army's seized the town." Though we hardly knew it that September morning, the breathing-space we had won at Versailles was at an end; a few British bluejackets, proclaiming their not unjustified grievances in a Scottish port, had screwed up the courage of certain Japanese generals on the other side of the world to cut the first small breach in the dike of peace, the breach that was to make possible the collapse of September, 1939.

But the Mukden incident was not only the end of true peace and legality; it was the first example of the totalitarian technique in modern international affairs—the device of manufacturing an incident on foreign territory which you covet, and then marching in to protect your nationals.

The Mukden Outbreak

The necessary "incident" was the alleged blowing up of the main South Manchurian railway track just north of Mukden on the night of September 18th, 1931. The culprits, according to the Japanese story, were some Chinese troops, who were immediately engaged by the Japanese forces guarding the line. The Kuantung army had then been compelled to take measures of self-defence, to forestall a fiendish plot to massacre all Japanese in Manchuria.

Perhaps the most curious aspect of the affair

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was the Japanese failure to make their story even remotely foolproof. The line was blown up between ten p.m. and ten-thirty p.m.; yet the southbound express from Changchun drew punctually into Mukden station at ten-thirty. When asked how to explain the passage of the train at high speed over the blown up portion of track, the soldiers declared that it had jumped it; and they could at least produce bent rails in evidence of their story, though of course no foreign observers were allowed to visit the scene.

As if a fortune-teller had warned them of what the wicked Chinese were plotting, the Japanese divisions concentrated along the Korean border, the units scattered in barracks up and down the railway zone, were standing to arms at the very moment of the explosion; and they were on the move before midnight. There was but little Chinese resistance, and within a few days the whole of Southern Manchuria had been reduced, save the little town of Chinchow, near the Great Wall.

The Appeal to the League

The Chinese immediately appealed to the League. Unfortunately they found little disposition there for firm action. The United States Government were probably not so indifferent to the affair as we, but they held the unfortunate theory that the Japanese military, if given enough rope, would soon swing. Left to themselves, so Secretary of State Stimson believed, moderate men like Baron Shidehara would come **into** their own again; whereas if the soldiers

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were condemned or even criticised by the world, the Japanese people would rally to them, and militarism would become permanently enthroned.

It was one of those theories that are too ingenious by half. It presupposed the possibility of driving from outside a wedge into the domestic front of Japan. But manoeuvres of this delicacy are rarely successful except in moments of such disaster as afflicted France in the summer of 1940. In this case the withholding of criticism in those first weeks of conquest had the very consequence which Mr. Stimson dreaded; in the eyes of the Japanese crowds the militarists became the very essence of national skill and daring; but at least it was an honest mistake of the State Department.

It is doubtful whether as much can be said of the British attitude. The financial crisis had brought into existence a so-called National Government, with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald still Prime Minister, and the Tories cracking a whip over a bruised rump of Socialists. In the circumstances it was perhaps unlucky that the Chinese should have invoked the assistance of the League. If the Labour Party were League-minded, believing that the authority of arbitration, with world opinion to back it, must be absolute in any dispute, Conservatives tended to mistrust the very air of Geneva, and to yearn for the good old days of straightforward diplomacy. The French regarded the Covenant as a means of enforcing the Versailles Treaty and nothing more; the monied classes of England allowed it a somewhat wider purview, but hesitated to approve its application outside Europe. They

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were morbidly afraid of League interference in British Colonial affairs; for this reason Tory Governments had long cavilled at signing **the** "General Act for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes" adopted by the Ninth Assembly of the League in 1928. To them now the Manchurian affair had all the air of a semi-colonial dispute, unsuitable for settlement by the League; a "backward" nation was trying to obstruct the work of a "progressive" one—our former ally. If the League were permitted to poke its nose into this remote Asiatic squabble, a dangerous precedent might be set; the next thing we knew, Geneva would be dictating to Great Britain her policy in India. . . . The pity of it was, the Tory rank and file could not perceive that in hamstringing League action at the moment of its first great test they were robbing themselves of the only policy still feasible in our disarmed state. Radical and Socialist sentiment had cut down the armed forces to a point where old-fashioned direct intervention became impossible; Conservative prejudice impeded international action. The two opposing tendencies cancelled out all initiative and coherence in British foreign policy.

The League Meets

When the League Council met in the last days of September, the Japanese protested loudly their lack of territorial ambitions in Manchuria; they had acted only in self-defence; even now they were withdrawing their troops back into the railway zone and the Kuantung Leased Territory;

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and they gave the most formal assurances that they would do nothing to aggravate the situation. That was on September 30. The following day Japanese aircraft bombed to pieces the little town of Chinchow, near the Great Wall, the last remaining parcel of Manchuria still in Chinese control. Our Japanese colleagues, from the Legation across the street, hissed in deprecation of the wanton business. It was all the fault, they whispered, of the mad military, who were unfamiliar with modern Western procedure. But public opinion was turning against them in Japan; soon, in three or four weeks maybe, they would be cast from power, and Reason would come into its own once more.

The League Council now made futile efforts to bring about a Japanese withdrawal within a given period. But there was no popular indignation to reinforce its efforts. The world could think of nothing but the economic crisis and money. At the British General Election of 1931, for instance, the cry that the Labour Party was after their savings stampeded the voters into returning the National Government with a vast, unhealthy majority. . . .

The Lytton Commission

It was with infinite relief, therefore, that the Powers in December saw all immediate responsibility shifted, at the suggestion of the Japanese, on to the shoulders of an international commission. The commission would proceed to Manchuria, investigate the affair, and some day make a report. But that was looking many months

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ahead; in **the** meantime much, anything, might happen.

in essence it was the shabby old procrastinating formula that British Governments are apt to adopt whenever they cannot bring themselves to look facts in the eye. It was only appropriate, therefore, that an Englishman, Lord Lytton, should have been chosen as chairman of the body. Nothing more was heard of a Japanese withdrawal by a given date.

The Chinese, of course, regarded the move with the unhopeful cynicism it deserved. In the North, at least, all faith in the League had well nigh evaporated, and confidence in China's own genius had not yet taken its place. This calamity at their very doors the Chinese tended still to observe dispassionately; as for the Lytton Commission, they would see, at any rate, in due course, what it could accomplish; and if it accomplished nothing, well, China in the long run, in a century or two, would no doubt get the better of the "dwarf slaves" as she always got the better of a foreign invader. Meanwhile, what was the use of worrying? Only among the students did there grow a national clamour to resist Japan.

Tientsin Affray

Meanwhile the Japanese militarists, though still testing the ground before each step, were beginning to walk with some confidence. Another "incident" was staged in Tientsin late in October, and there was heavy fighting all round the Japanese Concession. Into the hands of beggars and unemployed wretches rifles were pressed,

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and a little cash, with instructions to raise **hell**. **But** the plot miscarried, and the Chinese brought **the** situation under control. The unhappy traitors were executed there and then at the street corners. "This, brothers," I heard them shout to the shivering but curious crowds, "this is what comes of taking some paltry coppers from the enemy!" Their cries lingered for a long time in the shrill air. . . .

The ex-emperor of China, a gentle and charming young man, sometimes called Henry P'u Yi, was then living in the Japanese Concession at Tientsin. The Japanese put violent pressure upon him to espouse their cause; somehow they contrived to hold up his income; the electric light and the water were cut off; mysterious baskets of fruit were delivered with bombs concealed inside them. At last P'u Yi gave in; under the wing of that sinister officer, Colonel Doihara, he was spirited away to Dairen on the night of November 10, and kept there for further use.

The battered town of Chinchow was by this time, as we have seen, the last remnant of Manchuria remaining under stable Chinese control. True, up in the north, in the Nonni valley, that gallant figure, General Ma Chan-shan, was leading the Kuantung army a pretty dance, rendering their new authority in those parts a laughing-stock. But Chinchow was the only district where anything like a proper Chinese administration still functioned. The Japanese, as loud as ever in their protests of peaceful intent, assured the Powers that they had no intention of moving against Chinchow. Nevertheless, on

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December 27th the Kuantung army suddenly attacked the place "as a measure of self-defence"; the Chinese were accused of "lack of sincerity"—a phrase with which we were beginning to grow all too familiar. They were quickly turned out of the town; by New Year, 1932, there was nothing left in Manchuria of Chinese rule save some guerilla bands and the elusive, resourceful General Ma.

Mr. Stimson Intervenes

The taking of Chinchow in the face of so many promises, such warm assurances, had a most important consequence. It convinced the State Department and Secretary Stimson that it was useless any longer to deal tenderly with Japanese feelings. The civilians showed few signs of regaining control. On the contrary, the successes in Manchuria were winning for the army such a popularity as it had not enjoyed for a long time.

Mr. Stimson was convinced, too, that the League by itself would never succeed in stopping the mad course of Japan. He had agreed to take an unofficial part in the deliberations at Geneva; but what had been accomplished there in the previous few weeks inspired him with no sort of confidence; besides, the United States were not a member of the League; with the best will in the world it was difficult for them to associate their great power with any action of that body. Yet something had to be done quickly if the whole structure of peace were not to be rocked to its foundations. The League's futility, Japan's prevarications had, in Mr. Stimson's own words,

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"served gradually to bring out and make more clear the ugly probability that . . . this great post-war effort to place the world upon a higher level of international life was in jeopardy."

The need for action and to demonstrate the attitude of the United States in the dispute was accentuated by the resignation of the moderate Minseito Government in Japan and by the coming to power of the Seiyukai Party, which had always been hand in glove with the militarists. Mr. Stimson, therefore, on January 7, 1932, notified Japan and China that the United States Government:

" . . . cannot admit the legality of any situation *de facto*, nor does it intend to recognise any treaty or agreement entered into between those Governments or agents thereof which may impair the treaty rights of the United States or its citizens in China, including those which relate to the sovereignty, the independence, or the territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China, or to the international policy relative to China, commonly known as the open-door policy, and that it does not intend to recognise any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to the covenants and obligations of the Pact of Paris of August 27, 1928.. ."

This was a plain invocation by inference of the Washington Nine-Power Treaty. Article V I I of that treaty provides for "full and frank consultation between the Contracting Powers" "when-ever a situation arises which in the opinion of

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any one of them involves the application of the stipulations of the present Treaty."

Clearly, Mr. Stimson considered that such a situation had in fact arisen, and he now urged the British and French Governments to speak at Tokyo in terms similar to his. The calling of a conference of the Nine Powers to indict Japan would automatically have followed.

The French reaction to Mr. Stimson's appeal is a matter of little consequence. Aristide Briand, the only French politician of the day who might fairly be called a statesman, had from the beginning realised that this was the first great test of "Collective Security." He was, however, a dying man, and the control of France's foreign policy had been lately snatched out of his sickly hands. Those who followed him at the Quai d'Orsay were quite unconcerned with the international principles which Japan's violence had outraged. They were frightened by the danger of Communism in Indo-China; and they accepted Japan at her own valuation as the great bastion against the onslaughts of Muscovite darkness. We were not, therefore, very much shocked or surprised by rumours of secret French encouragements to Japan. It was a piece of parochial folly for which France has paid dearly in the last two years.

Very different was the position of Great Britain. It might need tears and threats to wring from the French the slightest thought for foreign events that did not directly affect their frontiers. But the English had long proclaimed the doctrine of one collective and indivisible peace; any dis-

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turbance of that peace, wherever occurring, was of vital importance to the Foreign Office, not only because of trade or imperial strategy, but also on account of principles which might be infringed.

One could reasonably have expected the British Government therefore to leap at this opportunity—the first put into their hands since the Versailles Conference—for joint Anglo-American action in the cause of peace. Had that opportunity been taken, our history in the last decade might have been a less futile one.

But unfortunately British opinion was tragically divided on the Manchurian squabble. There is a saying in the Diplomatic Service that a prudent head of mission never allows himself any sympathy for the country in which he serves. If he is mad enough to speak well of its government or people, a whisper passes down the gaudily frescoed corridors of the Foreign Office: "Poor old X is getting a bit past it." Should he, on the other hand, cry down the people among whom he lives and works as something between animals and criminal lunatics, then he passes for a very sound man. But in this sudden Far Eastern crisis, Sir Francis Lindley in Tokyo and Sir Miles Lampson in China were far from following this principle. Sir Miles Lampson's sympathies and judgment were entirely with the Chinese, as were those of his staff. Sir Francis Lindley, on the other hand, sent back from Tokyo to the Foreign Office reports which seemed to us biased in the Japanese favour to a point transgressing the normal limits of cynicism and common sense.

This conflict of attitude hardly helped the

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Government to realise what was at stake. As for Parliament, Manchuria had by now degenerated into a sort of minor party issue; the handful of members who gave any attention to the question differed on it almost entirely along party lines; if you were a Socialist or Left-Wing Liberal, you backed China and the League, talked a good deal about world opinion and moral condemnation, and refused to believe that force might ever be necessary to restrain Japan. Almost in the same breath you pressed, indeed, for further reductions in the armed forces. The Tories, on the other hand—they were by far the largest and liveliest force on the Government side—made a great play with the "backwardness" of China, and clamoured for support of Japan in her mission to restore order and to increase the possibilities for foreign trade. . . .

The new Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, was not the man to fly in the face of the Tory back-benchers. No mind as agile as his could stay tethered to any fundamental principle; well had Mr. Lloyd George said of him "he has sat so long on the fence that the iron has entered into his soul." Besides, when the idea of strong action against Japan was mooted, the Dominions were little more than lukewarm; indeed, Australia was if anything sympathetic towards her, and certain sections of the Australian press were even prepared ingeniously to argue that China, rather than Japan, had been the aggressor in Manchuria. It was, of course, a moment when Japanese purchases of Australian wool and wheat were growing at an astronomical rate. . . .

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So Sir John Simon refused to follow Mr. Stimson's lead; a fresh encouragement was given to the hotheads of the Kuantung army; all early hope of Anglo-American collaboration was disappointed. *The Times* explained the official view: ". . . the American Government may have been moved by the fear that the Japanese authorities would set up a virtually independent administration in Manchuria which would favour Japanese interests to the detriment of the commerce of other nations. It is clear that the Foreign Office does not share these apprehensions. . . ."

Mr. Stimson's attempt to invoke the Nine-Power Treaty was met by the argument that the administrative integrity of China had never been anything more than an ideal. What was there, then, to make a fuss about?

We and America are allies now; Sir John Simon's tiffs with Mr. Stimson are ten years old and no longer of burning importance. Perhaps, too, the British Government were right in thinking that the course which Mr. Stimson proposed might land us in war against Japan, with no certainty of the United States remaining by our side in that unpleasant moment. But the real tragedy was the manner in which the American advance was repulsed and the casuistry which was used to justify the British attitude. At one stroke the possibility of Anglo-American collaboration was shattered, not to be repaired until the sinister summer of 1940; and Mr. Stimson was left with the conviction, one which the State Department, I am afraid, were long inclined to share, that the English, personified by Sir

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John Simon, were hypocrites and double-crossers.

They were not so much that as selfish fools. There are times when stupidity backed by caution is the most potent force for evil in the world. Perhaps it needed a man greater than any of our leaders at that moment to realise that the rights and wrongs of Japan's action in Manchuria were not the point at issue, but the arbitrary violence of those actions, the defiance of good faith and international promises. Something bigger was at stake than control over a few millions of soya beans—the Japanese were frustrating the attempt to govern the behaviour of nations by the principles of morality and sense; and when that design was contraried all hope of peace for the world was contraried with it.

Shambles in Shanghai

Thus encouraged, the Japanese, at the end of January, 1932, suddenly pounced on Shanghai. This time it was the turn of the navy, who had grown jealous of the soldiers and their perpetual limelight. An uncomplimentary reference to the Japanese Emperor in a local newspaper, a street scuffle in which a Japanese priest was supposed to have been killed, were used to justify the flinging of Japanese marines into the Chapei district of Shanghai on the night of January 29th. In that labyrinth of alleys marines and gunmen of the waterside struggled bloodily. From the roof of the Cathay Hotel the British merchants, champagne glasses in hand, watched the fight, saw the Japanese, infuriated by resistance, set fire to

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Chapei. It was a spectacle that pleased many of those onlookers inordinately; that fatal glow in the winter sky meant that the Chinese were being taught a sharp lesson—and not before it was needed, as my Shanghai acquaintances hastened to assure me.

In the ruins of Chapei the Japanese marines were brought to an ignominious standstill, and were forced to ask the army for help. The Chinese resistance, of which the XIXth Route Army was the heart, broke attack after Japanese attack. The Chinese had no aircraft, little artillery, and no backing from Chiang K'ai-shek. He was not yet ready for open hostilities, and for reasons which were no doubt wise he left the defenders to die, as well they might, on the muddy fields outside Shanghai. At last, outflanked and exhausted, the XIXth Route Army was pushed back some twelve miles from the city, and an armistice was negotiated, largely through the efforts of the British and American authorities.

The Doctrine of Non-Recognition

The Shanghai affair at last stirred up the League to action. With the foremost city of the Far East in danger, it was no good pretending that nothing need be done until the Lytton Commission made its report. On March nth, 1932, therefore, the Assembly of the League adopted what had come to be known as the Stimson Doctrine, namely, that:

"it was incumbent upon the members of the League of Nations not to recognise any

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situation, treaty or agreement which might be brought about by means contrary to **the** Covenant of the League or the Pact of Paris."

The Creation of "Manchukuo"

Ten days before, the Japanese had set up in Manchuria their artificial state of Manchukuo. The promises to withdraw the troops were forgotten, once order had been restored; assurances that Japan had no territorial designs on the country were circumvented by a fabricated nationalist movement, at the head of which were placed a couple of venial dotards. There is, of course, no native Manchurian population, any more than there is a genuine Manchurian nationalism. The Manchus are a syphilitic, dying minority, lost among thirty million Chinese, immigrants of fairly recent arrival. But at some expense the semblance of an agitation for independence was whipped up; poor Henry P'u Yi was brought out of storage and installed as Regent of the new state in Changchun—the name of which was changed to Hsin-king, or "New Capital." An administration was created whereof Japanese "advisers" had complete control, and when the Lytton Commission visited Tokyo in July, the Japanese Government admitted that they were about to accord *de jure* recognition to Manchukuo. The step was taken on September 15, 1932, Manchukuo at the same time entrusting her military defence to Japan. It was formal defiance of the League and of the Lytton Commission, but, declared the Japanese Foreign Minister, Count Uchida, it was the only

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way to stabilise the general peace in the Far East. It was, he added airily, a violation neither of the Pact of Paris nor of the Nine-Power Treaty. Everything which had been done by Japan in Manchuria since September 18, 1931, had been done in self-defence, a right which the Pact of Paris did not invalidate; while there was nothing in the Nine-Power Treaty that forbade separatist movements in China.

The Lytton Report

Such defiance and hypocrisy put the Lytton Report out of date before it was published- Japan, it was clear, would accept nothing less than complete dominion in Manchuria. It would need force to make her accept any other solution; the ignoble history of a year's evasions at Geneva, however, hardly suggested that any force would be available. Unless, therefore, they chose to approve the Japanese *fait accompli* the Lytton Commission could be certain that Japan would cock a snook at their Report; and the impotence of the League to stop Japan doing so would be publicly exposed.

Lord Lytton and his colleagues did not allow these considerations to interfere with their opinions. Their Report, signed on September 4, 1932, recognised Japan's special rights in Manchuria, but condemned as unjustified the actions of the Japanese military there since September 18, 1931; the creation of Manchukuo was the work of Japanese officials, backed up by the presence of Japanese troops. The Report made various suggestions for the future of Manchuria.

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suggestions which never possessed more than a wistful academic interest. There was to be Manchurian autonomy within a Chinese framework; the country was to be demilitarised, by the withdrawal of both Japanese and Chinese troops; order would be kept by an international corps of gendarmerie.

This meant open conflict between Japan and the League. The prospect worked a subtle change in the Japanese demeanour. The innumerable diplomats of their Legation—Japanese embassies and legations always seem to have staffs twice as large as those of any other country—no more declared in hoarse and confidential whispers that the Fundamental Common Sense of the Japanese people was about to reassert itself. Instead, they would truculently exclaim that only Japan understood the Chinese question; a common philosophy and script had forged between the two races a bond that a few little unpleasantnesses would never break. All that had occurred amounted to a lover's tiff, and for the League to interfere now was as fatuous as a guest taking a hand in a domestic squabble. The Western mentality could never comprehend the true complexities of the Manchurian question. Then they would mumble all the old army platitudes about Manchuria being Japan's lifeline, and Japan's civilising mission in the Far East which we chose so wilfully to traduce.

It was disconcerting to watch the Japanese civilian mind shutting with a snap against the world. But there was also something irresistibly ludicrous in the process; a fanatic gleam behind

the horn-rimmed spectacles that betrayed an unhappiness, an uncertainty of spirit. Japan had committed some violent acts, then concocted 'fantastic arguments to justify them. , Having hypnotised themselves into believing them,^x the Japanese seemed to be genuinely astonished and distressed when the rest of the world raised its eyebrows. It heightened their eternal sense of persecution, so that Geneva, in December, when the Assembly of the League was discussing the Lytton Report, was treated to the curious spectacle of the Japanese delegate likening the plight of Japan to that of Our Lord in His last hours. "Humanity," cried Mr. Matsuoka, "crucified Jesus of Nazareth 2,000 years ago. In a very few years we shall be understood as Jesus was." *

Japan Leaves the League

Amid endless arguments and Japanese attempts to secure some form of recognition for Manchukuo the dispute dragged on until February 24, 1933, when the Assembly of the League passed a resolution on the lines proposed by the Lytton Report. Mr. Matsuoka thereupon flounced out of the Assembly Hall in a pet; a month later Japan announced her formal withdrawal from the League.

If ever there were a case for punitive action it was now. Japan, in the previous autumn, had

¹ *Punch*, a useful barometer of English Tory opinion, had been apt at the beginning of the dispute to suggest that there was some right on Japan's side. Now, on December 7th, 1932, there was published a cartoon in a very different spirit. It showed the League as a bespectacled schoolma'am pointing to a blackboard bearing the words "Lytton Report"; while Japan, a truculent pupil, cries: "If you go on saying I'm naughty, I shall leave the class!"

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gone to Geneva, uncertain, as we have seen, how far she could defy the United States and the British Empire; the world did not yet realise to what abject weakness we had been reduced by Treasury cheese-paring of our fighting services over "a dozen years; and the hostility of the British Empire still seemed a formidable thing, not to be lightly engaged. A hundred years earlier Palmerston had given the law to Europe with virtually no army to back him and the Fleet laid up at Portsmouth. No foreigner, least of all the Japanese, believed in 1932 that we had fallen into a relatively more wretched state of defencelessness than Palmerston's England ever knew, in a world infinitely more dangerous, through which our leaders stumbled without a Palmerston's confidence, sense and gambler's genius.

It was a situation in which Palmerston, nevertheless, might have revelled, and he would have bluffed with face as impassive as any Japanese mug; in the very unlikely event of the bluff failing, he would have been not so badly placed as we are now. He saw that a great nation cannot economise on armaments, play for safety, and remain great.

Unfortunately our leaders, and even our legislators at this moment, thought otherwise; and they were quite unable to read the portents. There was not much time to lose if Europe were to be left in peace. The sands had begun to run out. In Germany the scandals of the "Osthilfe," the intrigues of Schleicher and Papen had given Hider the Chancellorship on January 30, 1933; four weeks later the Reichstag fire enabled him

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to sweep away all opposition and assume supreme power. Here was a new and reckless force in Europe. It was certain that the upshot of Japan's quarrel with the League would profoundly influence Hitler's future policy, nor would its effect be lost on Mussolini. If it could be shown that even a first-class fighting Power could not flout the comity of civilised nations and break the peace without getting its knuckles rapped till they bled, law and equity might still be safe.

The Fiasco of the Arms Embargo

Reasonable people expected, therefore, that when Japan was censured by the League there would be inflicted on her some punishment a trifle more severe than the mere withholding of recognition from Manchukuo. Japanese aggression, after all, was continuing and, indeed, spreading. Early in the year the Japanese had invaded the rich opium-growing province of Jehol, a semi-Mongol area outside the Great Wall which had once been the imperial hunting park. The possession of Jehol gave the Japanese a gateway into Inner Mongolia and good supplies for their lately created Manchurian opium monopoly, which was soon to become one of the best sources of revenue in the new state. . . .

The inevitable League committee toyed with the idea of banning the export of arms to Japan. In the House of Commons the Labour Party, and in particular Mr. Lansbury, pressed for such a measure; while the Liberals would have imposed a financial embargo in addition. But most of the House was against such action; one Tory

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back-bencher, indeed, suggested that we go out of our way to supply Japan with arms to assist her to conquer China, "as the sooner China is settled the better it will be for everyone." Even Sir Austen Chamberlain lent his great influence to the support of Japan.

In the course of that debate (February 27, 1932) the Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, announced that "under no circumstances will this Government authorise this country to be a party to the conflict." It was a surprising pronouncement from the Foreign Minister of a country which had staked so much on the ideal of Collective Security. But it was generally applauded as a bit of sound imperial sense. Sir John Simon agreed, however, provisionally to apply an arms embargo covering exports for both Japan and China; and even that was made subject to similar action being taken by the other Great Powers. Of course, in Europe no such action was taken; in consequence the British embargo was removed after a couple of weeks of perfunctory application.

In the United States there were honester attempts to curb the Japanese. But Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, on his inauguration as President, in March 1933, had succeeded to an internal chaos which left little time for foreign affairs. Such bodies as the Dies Committee were temporarily to make any interest in external matters seem "un-American," and therefore the next thing to treachery; while the State Department was still smarting under the rebuff which they had received the year before from London.

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Nevertheless, Congress came near to passing legislation which would have authorised the President to designate a particular nation as aggressor, and then in combination with other Powers to impose an embargo on the export of munitions to that nation. The measure **was** bogged, however, in the learned opinions of jurists; while the League was accused of yearning **to** see America pull others' chestnuts out of **the** fire. Did those eminent jurists know it, they themselves were helping to build a blaze which **would be** far too hot for anybody's chestnuts. . . .

V

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WHEN nations start whining about their need for elbow-room—*lebensraum* or "co-Prosperity Sphere" to us—it generally means that their exports are not big enough to finance the purchase abroad of essential foodstuffs. The contrary has been the case of Japan. With Formosa and Korea she is well able to provide all the rice and fish needed for the staple diet of the 75,000,000 odd souls in her home territory; and during the last decade, while she has steadily encroached on her neighbours' vineyards, her goods have been invading her enemies' market throughout the world.

The great expansion of her foreign trade began soon after the Manchurian incident. Having built up large stocks of raw materials, Japan went off the gold standard in December, 1931. By means of a highly centralised industry it is dominated by eight big trusts, one or two of which are larger than anything of the kind in the world—**and a low wage standard**—the average girl millhand in Japan tends her loom about twelve hours a day for some seven shillings a week, and is virtually a prisoner in the mill—Japan was **able to** deluge the world with her products in **the** years 1932-7.

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Japan the Largest Exporter of Cotton Goods

It was the cotton piece-goods market that felt the main weight of the Japanese attack. Japanese exports of cotton cloth, which in 1931 were about 1.4 thousand million square yards or about 85 per cent of England's, increased by some 50 per cent in the following year, and in 1933 became the first in the world. By 1936 they had reached 2.7 thousand million yards or nearly double the figure for 1931. In the same year Japan became the foremost producer of rayon.

Textiles were supported by all sorts of cheap "light industry" products. The effect, particularly upon the foreign trade of Great Britain, was highly disagreeable. Markets which had been ours for a century passed overnight into those cunning brown hands; in Lancashire unemployment increased ominously. Caught in a maze of treaties and imperial cares, we could do little to protect ourselves. In Africa a wretched instrument known as the Congo Basin Treaty robbed us of all power to stem the flood; a growing Japanese demand for Australian wool frustrated until 1936 our efforts to induce the Commonwealth to show any partiality for the goods of Lancashire against those of Osaka. Australian economists would argue that we were not in a position to hurt, while Japan was; why therefore meet our complaints? Even in March 1936 Sir Earle Page, then Australian Minister of Commerce, and now Australian representative in the Pacific War Council, was declaring that "Australia has watched with admiration the rise

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of Japan to the first rank of World Powers, and we hail with hope the possibilities for extension of our trade to Japanese ports." The attitude of Australians, in fact, at this time was somewhat similar to that of the business world in the Low Countries during the first six months of this war in Europe. Terrified of being murdered, they yet cozened the potential murderer in the hope of making some cash out of him and still living to spend it. "Geographically and by natural endowment," as one Australian ecstatically put it, "the future of Japan and Australia is inseparably linked together, and enlightened trade policy in both countries should be designed to exploit their mutual interdependence." Against such fantasies it was hard to prevail.

Similar difficulties faced us in India; there British imports had suffered an ever heavier blow; the Japanese had again buttressed their position by becoming important customers as well as vendors. While in Australia it had been wool, here it was cotton. Indian cotton is largely of the short-staple type, of middling quality; unsuitable for Lancashire looms, it can find a market only in Indian mills or in Japan. The Japanese, in consequence, believed that here they had the whip-hand; when legislation was brought in to stop the inrush of their goods they boycotted the Indian cotton-crop. The Government of India saved the situation by purchasing the crop themselves; but when a triangular conference between the English, the Japanese and the Indians took place in India in 1934 to settle the vexed question, it was as much as anything

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the clamour of the native cotton-growers which prevented us from securing passable terms.

In their attack on our markets the Japanese employed yet another weapon of the greatest potency—the right of populations with a low living-standard to buy in the cheapest market. In several of our Crown colonies the clapping of special duties on to Japanese textiles caused riots—the measures were denounced as a capitalistic ramp to exploit the poor coolies in the interests of an inefficient industry. The nationalists in the Netherlands East Indies were encouraged by Tokyo to agitate against the limitation of Japanese imports as a shameful handicap put by a callous home government upon a peasantry which was never far from starvation; and so sure did the Japanese soon become of their hold upon the economy of that opulent world that their trade delegations, when they came down to Batavia for negotiations, would behave like insufferable ill-bred conquerors.

Discrimination Against the West

While always yelping at the first sign of the door being shut upon them, the Japanese in the regions over which they held sway would devise a thousand different discriminations and injustices with which to kill the foreign trader. The Manchurian affair had convinced the army, at least, that we of the West were nothing but what the Chinese charmingly call "Paper Tigers*"—fragile toys of paper and bamboo, incapable of doing more than emit a frightening noise; and they were now persuaded that without hurt to

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themselves they could chase us **all back to the West**. This conviction and their ambitions **were not yet loudly** proclaimed in public; but over a **few** cups of saki your young Japanese officer would grow embarrassingly frank. . . . His revelation was, of course, only a forecast of what is now taking place; but in 1932 or 1933 it was a trifle surprising to be told by your tipsy host that, though he was fond of you personally, the sacred destiny of his race decreed the expulsion of all Westerners from Asia and the Pacific. As like as not he would then complain that we were always misunderstanding and misconstruing Japan's true aims. All she wanted was peace and sincerity.

The War on Foreigners

The Kuantung Army wasted no time to attack the foreigner in Manchuria. The young group of officers who had created the puppet state were supposed to be violently anti-capitalistic. I have often wondered during the last two or three years whether despite all the slick semi-communist pamphlets which the army puts out, its relations with Japanese industry and high finance are really as sour as the experts would have us believe; but those fanatic officers certainly hated foreign capitalism, particularly British. Where there was no summary destroying it, monopolies would be established and laws **passed** forbidding private companies any longer to operate. Foreigners—and British here again were specially singled out—began to fall foul of **the** Japanese police who a few years back had

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been all that was courteous and accommodating. Our time was taken up with endeavours to **secure redress for** these monstrous happenings. I recall, at random, the case of a New Zealander, a teacher at some Japanese university, who was arrested for merely possessing a copy of *Das Kapital*; not allowed to communicate with his consul, he was beaten for many hours with a baseball bat just below the knee-cap to induce him to admit that he belonged to some secret Communist cell; then one of his torturers, with that hysteria which underlies so much Japanese sadism, slapped the prisoner's face and burst into tears because he still wouldn't talk. There was, too, the episode of the poor Indian tinker accused in Mukden of passing forged notes. He and his dazed, uncomprehending family were flung into a cell, beaten, starved and subjected to what is known as the "water-torture"—a Japanese improvement upon the 'peine forte et dure' of mediaeval Europe.

Torture, of course, is a commonplace of Oriental police procedure; more often than not a witness would "lose face" if he testified otherwise than under at least a semblance of physical duress. But these cases and their like were, we knew, of a special sort. They were simultaneously attempts to make life intolerable for foreigners in a Japanese controlled region, and a means of working off suppressed hatred of the West.

We hear much of Dachau, the wholesale massacre of Poles, quiet Ukrainian villages defiled by fantastic cruelties. We should not **forget, however, that in the German psychology sadism**

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occupies a place which is definitely paranoic; it runs parallel to a schwaermerei for blond hair, eyes blue as the mountains, and the old mother seated by the festal fir-tree. But your Japanese, even when he drives out of Tokyo in a motor-coach to gush over waterfalls, is living on the verge of violence and pain. Suddenly the eye will become suffused with blood, the nervous voice will change from a giggle to a shriek, and an explosion of frenzy will carry away all powers of the mind save a homicidal cunning.

Germany Learns from Japan

At the end of 1933, Germany, who had watched Japan gain rather than lose by her defiance of the League, decided to follow her example. She left the League, and nobody raised a hand to stop her. The gradual destruction of peace now became a matter of teamwork between the two rebels, by a process of trial-and-error. On one side of the globe Germany would pull away a prop from under the life we cherished; when the dust had cleared away, and the building was left to sag, then Japan at the other end would try her hand. . . . Now that Europe stood divided against herself, the power for mischief of the Japanese militarists was vastly enlarged.

Almost from the first moment of Hitler's omnipotence in Germany the reports from the embassy at Berlin were alarming. For all that the Treasury might say, rearmament became the ceaseless cry of the Service Departments and the Foreign Office. But there was general agreement among them that the arms, if ever they

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came to hand, would be for use in Europe. **The question** did not arise of looking for **trouble** in **remote** Asia, when a German menace was springing up at our very door. At the time I found this attitude entirely exasperating, but over a distance of six or seven years it becomes comprehensible, if nothing more. I tremble to consider the extremities of boredom to which my colleagues were reduced by my eternal harping upon the Japanese menace, and the danger which they constituted to our supplies of vital raw materials, particularly rubber and tin. There were many eyebrows raised when one suggested a connection between German and Japanese behaviour. . . .

The English Ostrich

This incredulity came as a shock to anyone who observed from day to day the unceasing Japanese encroachments, who heard their cries of hatred for England, their boastings of how, very soon, they would take our Asiatic Empire from us. Mr. Churchill may have been the only great voice crying in the wilderness against Germany; but at least there was a chorus of small throats with him, and many ears to listen. Whereas no Englishman of power and influence would warn the public of what Japan held in store for them. Until the attack upon China in 1937 the English ruling classes clung apparently to the belief that the Japs were a marvellous little nation who had a good deal of right on their side in Manchuria. They were the only oriental race, we were told—apart, of course, from that

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"white man" the Turk—who were endowed with a real appreciation of fair play.

Patriotism, cleanliness, seamanship, and above all a punctual train service are the qualities in a foreign nation most certain to win the English heart—it is fabulous what injustices, what corruptions of liberty we will condone in a regime that runs its expresses on time. All these qualities abounded among the Japanese; besides, didn't they stand against the Bolshevisation of Asia? Didn't they set great store by their aristocracy, families of fabulous antiquity who bore titles, Viscountcies and Marquisates, just like ours? To the average Tory householder China was a chaos of kidnappings, and tortures, subversive ideas, opium, and graft; Japan symbolised Progress ingeniously wedded to the finest traditions of the past. It was only the absurd intrigues of the Labour Party, their lack of realism, that were leading us into complications with our natural allies. Members of Parliament and retired ambassadors who professed to know Japan talked with affection of the Japanese peasantry, their courtesy and charm; they forgot that the most sinister of the militarists were drawn from this very stratum of Japanese society. . . .

On most mornings when Parliament was sitting I would find my desk littered with Parliamentary Questions about the Far East, the answers to which it was for us to supply. They were mainly put by backbenchers who nagged us to adopt a policy of friendship with Japan, in the interests of British trade. In 1934 the Federation of British Industries sent a delegation

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under the Presidency of Lord Barnby to Japan and Manchukuo, where they affected to see vast possibilities for business. They returned **more** charged with Japanese propaganda than with orders; and the clamour for a pro-Japanese policy was redoubled.

Japan's Advance into North China

Meanwhile these natural allies of ours were steadily inflating their ambitions. In 1931 they had begun to take military action, in order, as they said, to defend their legitimate interest in Manchuria. Then they had conveniently discovered that the Manchurians ached for release from Chinese oppression. They had acted, therefore, the midwife at the delivery of Manchukuo. Now they began to look further afield. The masses of North China, where iron and coal abounded and good land for cotton-growing, were surely ripe for liberation? And with North China once secured, the rest of the country might be tackled. Beyond China lay the tropics, with all their precious resources. So from the humble seed sown on a railway track in Manchuria the tree of Japan's desires had now grown till its shadow reached down almost to India.

It seems to have been about this time that Japan gave up all ideas of solving her overcrowding by emigration. Settlement in Manchukuo soon proved a failure; Japanese artisans and labourers were inevitably undercut by their Chinese rivals, who would work just as well as **they** for half the wages. Emigration **to the United States** and their dependencies was at

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an end; a "White Australia" policy closed the doors of the Commonwealth; while the dribble of Japanese settlers who went to South America made little difference one way or the other.

But her export boom had shown Japan how her millions might live without leaving her shores. This solution demanded markets that couldn't be closed against Japanese goods, and a certain supply of raw materials. Asia, if only the whites were expelled, would give Japan **all that** she needed.

The Japanese Monroe Doctrine ..

Years before, in a moment of pro-Japanese ingenuity, Theodore Roosevelt had suggested that Japan proclaim for the Far East something **like** a Monroe Doctrine. The idea was now pressed into use. It has of recent years been magnified to cover most of Asia, but it began in a fairly modest way. For instance, the then Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Koki Hirota, in his speech before the Diet of January 24, 1934, assumed on behalf of Japan "the entire burden of responsibility" for peace in West Asia. The confines of that area were left comfortably vague; but America was told that if only she "will clearly perceive the actual condition of the **Orient** and realise Japan's role as a stabilising **force** in Further Asia, whatever emotional tension may yet linger between the two peoples is **bound** to disappear." It had been a far jump **in little** over two years, from the protection of a railway in Manchuria to the assumption of a **"brown man's burden"** throughout the Far East.

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Three months later Japan showed a little more of her hand. It was a moment of great **regeneration** in China. Her currency was **about to be** reorganised, there were schemes afoot for equipping her fighting forces with modern material; the American firm of Curtiss Wright were to set up factories in China for the production of military aircraft; the Canton-Hankow railway was being completed, which would allow you to travel by train from south to north of the vast country. None of these measures were aimed against Japan. Generalissimo Chiang K'ai-shek was prepared for the moment to write Manchuria off; he wished for no more than power with the help of foreign experts to assert the Government's authority throughout the country and to safeguard China's frontiers from further foreign grab.

The Amau Declaration

Here was surely a reasonable ambition. But the Japanese were thrown into a pet by it. On April 18, 1934, Mr. Eiji Amau, a spokesman of the Gaimusho, made a statement known to history as the "Amau Declaration." By it he showed the world that we were back again in the **bad** old days of the Twenty-One Demands. He forbade China even to attempt "to avail herself of any other country to resist Japan"; other Powers were warned not to supply China with **war** planes, nor to build flying fields for her; there were to be no more foreign military instructors, nor advisers for China; **and foreign** loans to China "to provide funds **for political purposes**" were **also banned**, "as such a policy

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would obviously alienate friendly relations between Japan and China and other countries and disturb the peace and order of East Asia."

For once this proclamation of something like a protectorate over China provoked a rumpus* There were hasty explanations by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, even a slight and temporary withdrawal under cover of vague phrases about the preservation of law and order in East Asia. The trouble was, Japan, who had persuaded the world that China was a country in a state of perpetual and chronic disorder, disliked nothing so much as to see that chaos ended. Indeed, at every stage Japan now encouraged confusion and revolt. When Chiang K'ai-shek, despite these machinations, was able to bring unity to China, there was nothing left for Japan but to make war on him, protesting, as she did so, against her dear friend's lack of sincerity and order.

The Chinese Eastern Railway Purchased

Meanwhile, her hold on Manchuria had now become absolute. The last challenge to her authority was made in the northern part of the country, the Black Dragon River Province, which for forty years had been semi-Russian, with a very high percentage of Russian settlers. The spine of the Russian zone was, of course, the Soviet-owned Chinese Eastern Railway. This system Japan set out to strangle with a number of new lines to which she diverted all possible traffic. After a year or so of this treatment, the Soviet Government were glad enough

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to sell out (1935) their interest in the line for 170,000,000 Manchukuo yuan (say, £ 10,000,000), Now Japan was complete mistress of her Manchurian dependency, over which the unhappy P'u Yi was declared Emperor in March, 1934. She now turned southward to begin her conquest of China inside the Great Wall.

Japan Dominates North China

All her old tricks were employed to get her way—alleged indignities inflicted upon Japanese officers, anti-Japanese demonstrations, the murder of two Chinese stooges of the Japanese in Tientsin. In June, 1935, Lieutenant-General Umezu, commanding the Japanese forces in North China, forced General Ho Ying-ch'in, the Chinese Minister for War, to make concessions which virtually handed over Peking, lock, stock and barrel, to the "dwarf slaves." It was a moment which must have troubled the shades of Kublai Khan and Ch'ien Lung far more than had the occupation of the capital in 1900. . . .

Japanese Smuggling

At the end of 1935, puppet regimes were set up in Peking and in the demilitarised zone near the Wall. The Hopei-Chahar Political Council, as the Peking body was called, existed at the sweet will of a cohort of diminutive, hissing colonels, whose orders it took. The East Hopei regime was an even shabbier cloak for the army's rule. By them it was used most ingeniously, not only to smother North China with heroin and morphine—of that amiable Japanese trick I will

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speak later—but also for one of the most ambitious campaigns of smuggling in modern history.

The beauties of income tax are still unknown in China; times have never been quiet enough for the bringing in of so vast a reform, and the Customs Revenue is the Chinese Government's most valuable asset. The Japanese now proceeded by force and graft to drown North China in goods which paid no import duty. They ruined by it the trade of other foreigners there, and they robbed the Chinese Government in Nanking of millions which they could ill afford. It was as if some foreign Power, Germany, let us say, were without declaring war to deprive the United States Treasury of all income tax revenues from throughout New England. By these tactics the Chinese Government are said to have lost the best part of **£10,000,000.**

If one of the shabby manoeuvres of the militarists had been frustrated, we might have had less cause to be anxious. But the advance against our interests in those days was always made by small encroachments. Each of these encroachments was considered by our masters "on its merits," as the Civil Service jargon goes—that is to say, it was lifted from the general context of Japanese malevolence, and then judged not important enough to warrant a serious fuss. A protest or two would, of course, be made, but even as we were drafting them we knew they would be vain.

An Oil Embargo Nearly Applied

On one occasion, however, it really did seem as if there were a good chance of a stand being made—over the Oil Industry Law in Japan and the ancillary Oil Monopoly Law promulgated in Manchukuo. • The weakest spot in Japan's economy is perhaps her lack of native oil supplies. Some oil comes from Saghalien, where Japan exploits, not only the wells in her own part of the island, but also, by agreement with the Soviet, certain wells in the northern section; then she obtains shale oil from the South Manchurian Railway coal mines at Fushun. But all this amounts to but a fraction of Japan's needs; in normal times she is well nigh dependent upon American and British supplies. In 1934, however, it was decided that the Standard Oil Co. and the Asiatic Petroleum Co. should no longer be allowed to trade in Manchukuo; henceforward they could only supply stocks to a monopoly run by the army; their expensive equipment, the great oil tanks for storage, the pumps and all the other paraphernalia of modern oil retailing were to be taken over at a valuation. Though it meant the end of the last vestiges of British business in Manchuria, it was not as bad as the Oil Industry Law in Japan. That measure possessed a purely strategic implication. In most countries with important armaments it was by now the practice to accumulate large reserves of oil, and this would generally be done at the expense of the fighting services—it is, of course, a costly affair. But the Japanese were inspired with the inge-

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nious idea of making the foreign oil companies **foot** the bill; it was accordingly decreed that they should always keep on hand in Japan several months' supply of oil, to be stored in tanks which should be built under government supervision, but for which they should pay. The law contained other outrageous provisions in a similar style.

The Japanese would listen to no protests; we were at a loss to know what next to do. Then the State Department mooted the possibility of an oil embargo to bring them to reason. It was a bold proposal; by common Geneva opinion oil sanctions were only one step from military action. There took place feverish meetings with the oil companies,, the Service Departments, frantic telegrams between London and Washington, even Cabinet meetings on the question. Everything was finally arranged; the Russians, the Roumanians, the Dutch, they were all squared; in a very few months, we hoped, Japan would be on supplicatory knees; possibly this attack, this blow to the arrogance of her militarists might alter the whole course of Far Eastern history.

But at the eleventh hour a blow fell from America. A Supreme Court decision in a case concerning a New Jersey chicken-run invalidated a whole mass of New Deal legislation, and made it impossible for the Executive to impose the embargo on oil exports without Congressional sanction. This was obviously out of the question; and so the only determined effort to check the constant Japanese erosion of our interests came to **naught**.

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The higher rose the red sun of European trouble, the more painfully visible became our weakness. Italy, with Japanese and German experience to draw upon, in 1935 joined in the fashionable new game of tormenting the League. In that dark autumn the British army was, we know, so short of equipment that whole units lacked machine-guns, others, officially mechanised, had seen their horses taken from them—and sold to the new German army as like as not—while of the tanks which were to replace them there still showed no sign. We trembled lest the Japanese should choose this moment to rush Malaya and the Dutch East Indies.

Japar?s Advance towards the South Seas

It is hard to say why the Japanese did not move then. Instead they did no more than turn North China, as we have seen, into a virtual protectorate. But there were plentiful signs of their ambitions stretching out toward the South Seas. Information had come in of their frantically transforming Formosa and the mandated islands—the Caroline and Marshalls—into bases for attack, in defiance of the most solemn international contracts; they were buzzing about Hainan, that large Chinese island which dominates the Indo-Chinese coast and all communications between Hong Kong and Singapore; their pearl-fishing fleets, which often had a very naval air, nosed round all sorts of neglected reefs in the South China Seas, groups like the Paracels off the coast of Annam, or the Spratly Islands, about 100 coral reefs that lie midway between **the Malayan** coast and British North Borneo, **likely**

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bases for submarines and flying-boats. **Indeed,** the pearl-fishers were to be seen as far south as the Great Australian Bight; and when you came to the Australian mainland you found Japanese interests again, preparing to exploit the rich deposits of iron ore on Yampi Sound. Over Siam, still unsteady from the effects of the 1932 revolution, Japanese blandishments and threats were exerting a sinister influence. Japanese agents, as we have seen, were busy among the nationalists of the Dutch East Indies, and there was good reason to believe that Tokyo was in close association with the extreme anti-English elements in the Indian Congress Party.

All these facts, taken together with the fanatic utterances of certain Japanese generals and admirals, their assertions that we had no business anywhere east of India—if there—should have left us in little doubt of what was brewing: at some moment when we might be fighting for our lives in the West the Japanese would pounce along the stepping-stones that run south from Formosa on to that region which has been called the economic solar plexus of the British Empire, the area bounded by Hong Kong on the north, Port Darwin on the South, Fiji on the west, and on the east by the Bay of Bengal.

From there we draw in peaceful times most of our tin, important quantities of oil, and almost all our rubber; it is an area rich, too, in iron, bauxite, sugar, gold and copra. Its loss, some of us believed, would be as fatal as to allow command of the Channel to slip from our grasp.

But even now it was hard work to make our

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masters listen. If ever there were an argument for Imperial Federation and for ending the system which entrusts the foreign policy and defences of the Empire mainly to His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, it is to be found in the disregard of the Japanese danger and the neglect of our Asiatic defences during the years 1933-9. The proudest Australian would hardly suggest that it would be easy from the distance of Canberra to direct our policy in Europe. The very remoteness of the geography would rob all questions of their natural danger and urgency. Similarly, in the last years of peace, few persons of consequence in England could contrive to cast their thoughts beyond the Rhine Valley—if they got so far. Small fry like myself were morbidly fascinated by the spectacle of these reverend signiors treating the safety of Asia as a picturesque and unreal abstraction of minor importance, taking decisions which would almost inevitably involve the shedding of Dominion blood, when they were almost incapable of assessing the stakes and the hazards. Wasn't the Singapore base, they argued comfortably, nearly completed? Hadn't the Services worked out a defence plan for Malaya which should render the place impregnable. Of course, it postulated our holding command of the sea. But, then, we always did. Besides, if Japan attacked us, no doubt America would not stand idle. . . .

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The Philippine Danger

But it was by no means certain that the United States would long retain any important interest in the Far East. Sugar interests at Washington had recently carried through Congress the Tydings-McDuffie Act, which by 1946 was to give the Philippine Islands full independence. Its real purpose was to clap full United States import duty on Filipino sugar, which enjoyed free entry into the Union so long as it was the product of an American dependency. No doubt it would be highly agreeable for those sugar interests in Washington to be in the way of encompassing in 1946 the destruction of all Filipino competition. But the Tydings-McDuffie Act opened up a sinister prospect for anyone interested in the keeping of peace in the Pacific. The Philippines could not, it was obvious, maintain their independence for five minutes. The Japanese lay only some 550 miles away in Formosa, and there was a very large Japanese population in the southern Philippine island of Mindanao. From there or from neighbouring Palawan it would be an easy matter to pass into North Borneo, with its new oil fields that the Japanese coveted so fiercely. It might all be done, we argued, long before the Grand Fleet could reach Singapore. Nor did we believe that we could count always upon having our hands entirely free to parry the attack when it came.

But the very prospect of hostilities was pooh-poohed. Indeed, however truculent the Japanese bearing, hints came from on high that this was

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no moment for anti-Japanese feeling. A little tolerance, a little understanding, and all the trifling differences between the two countries would be removed. That, we gathered, was the opinion of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of Sir Horace Wilson.

The Attempt to Appease Japan

The reasons for these theories became gradually evident; the Chancellor yearned to do a deal with the Japanese on naval disarmament, and thus save the tax-payer, and particularly the City, immediate discomfort. To gain his end he was prepared to go very far along the road of complaisance; we had reason to believe that he even dreamed of a revived Anglo-Japanese Alliance, to secure our eastern flank.

The London Naval Conference of 1935

Of course, the moment had long gone by when we could temporise with Japan. Friendly advances and conciliation she might have respected from a strong and resolute Power. Sir John Simon at Geneva, however, revealed us as neither the one nor the other. And now in 1935, with Germany menacing and Italy fractious, our posture in the Far East was weaker and more hesitant than it had ever been.

Mr. Chamberlain, however, did his best. Japan denounced the Washington and London Naval Treaties, which were due to expire at the end of 1936; a new Naval Conference was immediately convened to meet in London during the

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last months of 1935. It assembled in **an atmosphere** of fantasy, under the shadow of **the** Abyssinian War and sanctions, when the *Morning Post* was each day warning the public that we **had** allowed the fighting services to fall into so low a state we could hardly risk an encounter even with the Italians. It was a conjuncture from which the Japanese admiralty were determined to profit. This time the navy were in full control; there would be no civilian accepting a shameful arrangement, as in 1930, obliging admirals to fall upon their swords and the patriots of the Black Dragon Society to murder two Prime Ministers, one from each party.

In consequence, Admiral Takahashi bluntly demanded parity with Great Britain and the United States. He clothed the request in the fancy new name of "common upper limit," but in hard language it meant that Japan claimed the right to as big a fleet as ours or the American. The consequence was a deadlock; the Japanese would not even consent to an exchange of information on building programmes unless their demands were granted; there was, they hinted, little to gain by it, since they could find out what we and the Americans were doing anyway, whereas their plans they kept well guarded . . .

So Japan withdrew from the Conference, and another link was broken with the free Western world, the world of arbitration and reason. On several subsequent occasions the United States and British Governments endeavoured to secure **from** Japan acceptance of limitations in the size **of** battleships and of big guns. **But** the Japanese

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refused to make the slightest concession so long as their demands for naval parity were not met.

The Military Revolt of February. 1936

Meanwhile, further trouble was brewing in the army. Japan was not advancing fast enough for them, it appeared. On February 26, 1936, units of the Imperial Guard under the command of junior officers mutinied in Tokyo. They assassinated several prominent Japanese including the Finance Minister of the moment, Mr. Takahashi; the Prime Minister, Admiral Okada, was only saved by a mistake of the insurgents. Old Prince Saionji, the last of the Genro or "Elder Statesmen," that brilliant group of men who had created modern Japan nearly seventy years before, was another object of their frenzy. The assassins came to the seaside cottage where lived the sprightly ancient, but he evaded them as he had evaded their like on previous occasions; and he lived on, though rising ninety, for several more years to give the Emperor almost the only sensible advice he was ever to hear.

Declaring that they were out for the skins of the Genro, senior statesmen, military cliques, plutocrats, bureaucrats and all political parties, the mutinous troops surrounded the palace and occupied a number of nearby government offices. Then they were seized with indecision; no one knew what next to do; after three and a half days waiting in the bitter Tokyo streets, the insurgents surrendered to other troops. A number of young officers were court-martialled and fourteen of them executed. But it was perhaps of some sig-

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nificance that they should have been escorted to their trials by cheering and wailing crowds, and that after their despatch they should have been hailed as martyrs in the true cause of the nation.

The military revolt of February, 1936, was one of the great turning-points in recent Japanese history. Though outwardly suppressed, its ideas were triumphant; henceforward the civilians became no more than the servants of the military. An unsuccessful rising and the execution of fourteen obscure young officers sufficed to end popular government in Japan.

In the months that followed, as the programme of the militarists was adopted piecemeal, the incident of February 26, 1936, took on more the aspect of an almost religious ceremony than of armed revolt. It seemed as if the civilians, however ripe their judgement, believed that truth lay with the fiery young captains and lieutenants; those executed were not so much martyrs to a noble ideal as a farewell blood-sacrifice to the gods of Western Liberalism, who had once been honoured in Japan, at least by some, and from whom the Japanese were now turning away. Again the thought rises to mind, has there existed in our lifetime a Japanese of any importance who believed in lawful and free government? In Germany the military have always possessed a formidable prestige; yet in the Weimar Republic there were men who could stand up to them, who believed that in a free and modern state the soldier must be the servant and the loyal servant of the popular authority.

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But in Japan, as we have seen, he is constitutionally the equal and practically the master of the civilians, as the shield of the nation against the wiles of politicians he enjoys an almost hieratic prestige. He stands, too, for a sort of agrarian Communism which is profoundly sympathetic to the harassed rice-grower, and the young girl drudging out the years in some Osaka cotton mill or Tokyo brothel. So that the harassed judge, when he sentenced the soldier for some political crime, seemed himself to be committing another.

Japanese and Germans

Thus from the spring of 1936 the fortunes of the country were entrusted increasingly into the hands of those militarists, stiff, sturdy men who in frugality and fanaticism resembled the modern German officer. Germany was the one country of the outside world they respected or knew; the German army, as we have seen, has long been the model of the Japanese; as early as the Russo-Japanese War of 1905 foreign spectators were surprised by the general Teutonic mentality of the Japanese staff-officer, most of whom had no other foreign language but German. This tradition has persisted to this day.

There is, of course, every reason why the Germans and the Japanese should gravitate towards each other. They have in common a worship of the martial arts, a divine mission constantly and noisily proclaimed, a public sense of their own majesty as "herrenvolk" and a private awe of cultures more graceful than their own.

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In both nations is to be discovered a portentous lack of wit, a love of heavy eating and drinking, together with a disconcertingly sentimental yet organised "Naturgef&hl." In Japan, as in the Reich, arrows inevitably lead you to the famous waterfall; only its special flora and the number of suicides which take place there convince you that you are not in the Frankische Schweiz. In both countries women are kept in a sort of idealised servitude, and the whine from a Berlin kitchen is matched by the smirk and giggle which is the Tokyo hausfrau's sole protection against the unexpected. . . .

The Anti-Comintern Pact

Nobody was much surprised therefore when in the summer of 1936 rumours spread of German-Japanese negotiations for what they were pleased to call an anti-Comintern Pact. It was indeed a development made inevitable by the final collapse of collective authority in the Abyssinian crisis. According to accounts which subsequently appeared in the American Press, the project was conceived by the German and Japanese military authorities, who by this time were on close and friendly terms. The affair was carried through in an atmosphere of theatrical secrecy.

The Pact, signed in Berlin on November 25, 1936, ostensibly provided for joint action against the vile machinations of the Comintern. Not even the Japanese made any serious effort to maintain this fiction; for the U.S.S.R., since her entry into the League the previous year, had abandoned

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for the moment all thought of world revolution. The true purpose of the agreement was to tantalise the democratic Powers while leaving both Germany and Japan unembarrassed by the fetters of a formal military association.

The Pact had the curious effect of at last rousing our masters to some perception of the Japanese menace. Now that it was related to the German they were growing conscious of it, and they were no longer entirely confident that we should not be called to face it alone. For by such measures as the Cash-and-Carry Act the United States seemed to be withdrawing into their continent to watch the rest of the world go hang itself; and for all their frontier skirmishes with the Japanese, the Russians showed little disposition to involve themselves in Asiatic troubles or to lift their eyes off Hitler.

The Threat to Asia

At last, then, it was decided to overhaul our Asiatic defences, such as they were. The heart of them was, of course, the Singapore base, which was to be completed in 1938. The protection of its seaward approaches had been made as nearly perfect as could be conceived; both the senior Services were emphatic that with the Japanese no nearer than Formosa, a landing in Malaya and an attack upon the base from the landward side need not be considered. Certain high officers of the Air Force, who, like all their kind, would never cease harping upon the tedious question of air power, suggested that the air defences of **the** base had been neglected; they **had** the effron-

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tery to pretend there were not enough anti-aircraft guns on the island, nor adequate aerodromes. They wanted to see the whole Malayan peninsula honeycombed with concrete flying fields that the rains would not be able to flood, and a costly establishment of fighters eating off their heads there or in India; and that at a time when there were hardly any anti-aircraft guns in England, next to no concrete runways, and not enough fighters to go round. The Treasury and the House would never, we were told, sanction the expense, particularly since the Spanish War had proved the fundamental uselessness of aircraft. The issue had always been decided and always would be decided on the surface of the earth; anti-aircraft guns and even fighters, for that matter, were a damned waste of money.

The theory was made extravagantly manifest when the question of fortifying Hong Kong could no longer be decently adjourned. Under the Washington agreement, of course, we were in theory debarred from adding a single gun to the island. But the reports of Japanese doings in Formosa, not more than three hours' flying away, hardly inclined us to stand upon legal niceties. Besides, the Washington treaties regarding the Far East stood or fell together. Japan had violated her obligations repeatedly under the Nine-Power Treaty; why therefore should the safety of the colony be any longer jeopardized by a stubborn loyalty to the other arrangements?

Nobody ever imagined that Hong Kong could be indefinitely held against a Japanese attack;

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yet there was hope of giving it a nuisance value, so as to delay a concentration of great strength in the South China Seas and to allow time for the Fleet to get out from England. It was suggested, therefore, that as a modest beginning a few anti-aircraft guns be sent out. But certain of our masters fought the proposal with all their experience, their prestige, their peerless knowledge of the administrative labyrinths in which any scheme, however important, can by a little ill-will be lost. It was illegal, they said; the climatic conditions at Hong Kong made anti-aircraft guns unsuitable for the place; there was little risk of a Japanese attack; and if it came, the bombers would do small damage.

They were out-argued and out-fought by the Service experts; it was decided that the guns must be sent. Their antagonists were young and foolish enough to think that something useful had been accomplished for the State; but the opposition had been under-estimated; it was, we found, indestructible, a Hydra; one of its specious heads bobbed up in the chair at almost every committee which was concerned with our safety. "No doubt, my boy," the Hydra said smilingly to one who had dared oppose, "no doubt you think you've scored a victory. You forget that among other things the disposal of supplies lies with us; and, of course, we must deal with urgent needs first. Perhaps we shall be able to spare something for Hong Kong in 1946."

Such was the attitude which high authority adopted towards our Eastern defences. The protection of India and Burma were the objects

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of proportionate neglect and obstruction; and the Australian Commonwealth, though frightened, only increased its defence vote to some 3 per cent of the national income. India and Australia might have become two great arsenals for Malaya. As it is, Australia today seems, in her public's opinion at least, to lack even arms enough for her own protection; while as I write, a discreetly costive announcement by the B.B.C. breaks the news to us that India at this moment is suffering from such a shortage of arms, machines and munitions as we knew eighteen months ago.

I do not, of course, suggest that the Far Eastern strategic problem monopolised all the short-sightedness, the obstruction and the incoherent thinking of which our various rulers have been lately capable; but the history of the German menace differs from that of the Japanese, in that it was recognised, at least, though little may have been done to meet it; while the Japanese danger was just ignored. The feverish buying of iron ore, pig iron, scrap and non-ferrous metals needful for armaments, the declarations of militarists that Great Britain and the United States were setting stars, and Japan the rising one which was to conquer all Asia, the truculence and dislike which the Japanese now manifested for the Anglo-Saxon world: all this might at least have warned our masters of a danger which was not to be lightly exorcised by the mere completeness of the Singapore base or by a few friendly messages from Mr. Chamberlain, who had now become Prime Minister. Nor was there any co-

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operation between the various departments, colonies and dominions to meet the situation. The Colonial Office and the local authorities in Malaya, for instance, saw nothing objectionable in large quantities of tin being furnished to Japan by that territory; nor in Malayan iron-fields being exploited by the Japanese. No doubt many of the shells fired at our troops in the last two months there have brought Malayan iron home again. Indian defences were reorganised on the strength of Lord Chatfield's recommendations, but with reference to a northern rather than an eastern threat, and after little consultation with the Foreign Office. The British North Borneo Company was not prevented from renting vast plantations to the Japanese, and little attempt was made to establish any reasonable degree of priority for war material between the claims of the Far East and Home Defence.

Nor could you obtain any decision on the line we would hold against the Japanese advance. Did we fight, we asked, when Indo-China was taken, or wait till they landed in Malaya? "Sufficient," we were told, "for the day," and then they talked of other "things." Out in Malaya life went on as usual, with few taxes for white men to pay, and all the good fellows keeping very fit—fit for what, nobody was cad enough to ask. Nor have the events of the last few months supplied any answer.

VI

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IN the long history of China there can have occurred few moments when her chances of happiness, if left to herself, were brighter than in the summer of 1937. The country had been brought to something near unity; Canton had at last come into the dominion of the Central Government; while from the great province of Szechuan, that last refuge of "war-lords," the monstrous, avaricious grasp of the Liu clan was fast being loosened. Most important of all, the war between Chiang K'ai-shek and the Communists, which had dragged on for ten years, no longer ravaged some of the best regions in the country.

Peace with the Communists

It had needed the famous kidnapping of Chiang K'ai-shek by the "Young Marshal" at Sianfu, in December, 1936, to end it. For years the Generalissimo, haunted perhaps by disagreeable memories of the Comintern's attempt to dominate China in 1925, had been harrying the Communists from province to province, though the Japanese were steadily advancing into North China. It seemed, in fact, almost as if he hated the foreign invader less savagely than he did his own countrymen, who, for all their Marxian trappings, were hardly more than what we should call agrarian reformers. In troublous times, the farmers, unable

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to **get** credits, **are** flung inevitably into the money-lenders' talons; then at the first bad harvest or flood the money-lenders foreclose. So the process goes on, until the Shylocks own half the countryside; then the farmers revolt, cut the throats of their tormentors (if they can catch them), redistribute the land, and the process begins anew. These agrarian revolts very often put on some political dress of the moment; in General Gordon's time many of the T'aip'ings had been nothing more than dispossessed peasantry; in our day Communism became their garb, but they were no more Communists than were the land-hungry peasants of Russia, among whom Lenin parcelled out the great estates in 1919.

These were the people whose brave struggles had earned for China the reputation of Chaos, which had been vastly useful to Japan. When, in 1931, she had begun her self-chosen civilising mission she had needed only to whisper the word "Communism" and the City of London was ready almost to bless her efforts.

Now she made co-operation in the suppression of Communism one of the main conditions for the re-establishment of peaceful relations with China. She was in a way right, for nobody hated the Japanese more than did the Communists; and when the Young Marshal forced the Generalissimo to hear the Communist case in Sian there was but one cry: "Let us end these domestic squabbles in the face of the common enemy; **let** us unite to save China from the dwarf slaves!"

At last Chiang heard the appeal, **and the**

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Communists were being enrolled into the central army at that moment in the summer of 1937, where this chapter begins.

There had been, too, another auspicious change; the Chinese people had been weaned of their distrust of all but immediately local paper money, and had accepted generally the **new notes** of the Central Government. The Minister of Finance, who had been away in England attending the Coronation, was coming back with a handsome loan; China's new industries were growing so rapidly, they could produce at rates so fantastically cheap, it looked as if Japan might soon be losing even her nearest market.

Fortune, it seemed, was swinging once more towards China and away from Japan. This impression was further heightened by the results of the Japanese General Election which had just taken place. The military had suffered quite a respectable setback; there was even criticism of the "*iakujoso*"—the army's right of access to the Emperor.

The Japanese Army Pounces Again

In 1931 the army, finding its power threatened by the moderate policy of Baron Shidehara and the suggested reduction in military strength, **had** struck in Manchuria and won back their popularity. Now, six years later, this new and last flicker of common sense among the Japanese masses warmed the military to fresh violence.

The Japanese garrison in North China, whose purpose was officially the protection of the Embassy in Peking, had lately been brought up to a

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strength of about 7,000 men—a force much larger than that maintained there by any other **Power.** In areas of China where Japan was enabled by treaty to station troops it was a favourite trick of hers to stage elaborate manoeuvres; experience had shown her that this was one of the best and most infallible ways of provoking the "incident" which is so necessary a part of Japanese aggressive technique.

The Affair at Lukouchiao

So, at the beginning of July, 1937, elaborate night manoeuvres were set in motion all round Peking; and where other armies would have kept well clear, the Japanese made a point of carrying out their exercises close to a Chinese camp at Lukouchiao—the so-called Marco Polo Bridge—a few miles from the city. What precisely happened on that fateful night of July 7 in the lovely Pekingese countryside will probably remain forever obscure. Some say that the Chinese, hearing a fusillade all round them, thought they were being attacked, and opened fire. According to another version, in the course of the exercises it was discovered that a Japanese private was missing; the Chinese troops were suspected of having kidnapped him, and when they denied the charge, fire was opened on them. A few hours later the missing soldier reappeared, having carried out his own manoeuvres in a local house of pleasure; but by that time a very promising scuffle had begun, and it would have been a shame to stop it. . . .

There was, of course, the inevitable sequel; an

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ultimatum demanding the withdrawal from North China of virtually all troops who owed loyalty to the Generalissimo. Hopei, the province round Peking and Tientsin, together with Shantung, and the Inner Mongolian provinces of Chahar and Suiyuan, which the Japanese had conquered in the previous year, would then have been turned into a protectorate of the Kuantung army, and while "specialists" exploited the local riches, the iron ore and coal, the fertility of the soil so eminently well suited to the growing of cotton, the military would no doubt have moved on, sharpening their knives for the next Chinese amputation.

But the operation was not this time to be as simple as usual. Five years before Chiang K'ai-shek had not budged while the 19th Route Army died so nobly before Shanghai; this time he suddenly declared the limit of endurance had been reached; and he called for a Japanese withdrawal from about Peking. The only answer was a fresh outburst of fighting, and the seizure of Peking, where no resistance was made.

On the following day Tientsin was attacked; here there was no question of peaceful surrender; as they advanced into the maze of the Chinese city the Japanese troops were badly mauled. Infuriated, they called in the bombers; and by the time they had finished, half the city and many innocent villages in the suburbs were little but ashes. The Nankai University, an institution of great importance to Chinese education and of none to the military, was bombed into rubble. It was the first of many Chinese universities to be

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destroyed over the coming years, and in a manner so systematic as to leave no doubt that the conquerors seek to deprive China of all ordinary facilities for education.

The War Spreads to Shanghai

Ten days later trouble broke out in Shanghai, just as it had done five years before. A Japanese officer tried to force his way into Hungjao aerodrome. He was challenged by a sentry and shot. Immediately the First Battle Fleet came on the scene and landed troops which attacked across the old battlefields of Chapei and Hongkew.

The naval landing parties met with no better success than had those of 1932. The Chinese troops, with all China now behind them, fought superbly; and it was not until some 100,000 soldiers had been brought from Japan to the rescue of the navy that the defenders began to give ground. As on the previous occasion, they were hopelessly outclassed, both in gun-power and air-power; but they hung on till November 9.

When they had achieved their success at Shanghai the militarists insisted upon a victory march through the International Settlement. The foreign authorities, exquisitely embarrassed, did all they could to dissuade the Japanese commander, but he was inflexible; to our infinite humiliation the columns of victorious and truculent troops paraded where they pleased in the Settlement. They then advanced towards the French Concession; at the boundary they found barbed wire and a resolute French officer, who declared he would fire if they came another yard. Though

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they had announced that they would march through the Concession as they had through the Settlement, this unexpected resolution defeated them. They turned aside and bothered the French no more that day.

The British Ambassador Wounded

In August, during the fighting, the British Ambassador, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Huguessen, was machine-gunned and badly wounded by low-flying Japanese aircraft as he travelled by car from Nanking to Shanghai. Full warning of the Ambassador's journey had been given to the Japanese military authorities; the Embassy cars were flying the Union Jack; there can be little doubt, therefore, that the attack was intentional, born of the spleen and hatred with which the young officers now regarded us. To our protests the Japanese returned a reluctant, a perfunctory apology.

The outbreak of fresh trouble between the Japanese and Chinese at first left the West indifferent enough. Continuous excesses of injustice and violence had by this time hardened our moral arteries. But the attack on the British Ambassador, the systematic bombing of British and American property down the China coast made the British public at least realise that they were no longer mere spectators of the struggle, but interested parties. There were mass-meetings at the Albert Hall, angry articles in almost every newspaper, letters to *The Times*; for a moment it seemed as if popular indignation might drive the Government to some form of retaliation, perhaps

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even the application of financial and economic sanctions. But the agitation obviously did not suit Mr. Chamberlain's harassed administration, already at their wits' ends to find a way through the reefs of the Spanish Civil War. Suddenly the damper was clapped down. No more indignant letters; no more talk of sanctions; our anger was genteelly canalised into a Relief Fund sponsored by the Lord Mayor of London.

Meanwhile, a special committee of the League was considering the conflict. Early in October it denounced the Japanese for bombing defenceless cities, declared they had violated both the Nine-Power Treaty and the Pact of Paris, and called for a conference under the former instrument "to seek a method of putting an end to the conflict by agreement." A few days later the Assembly called for assistance to China; while in a speech at Chicago the President suggested that aggressor nations be put into quarantine.

The Brussels Conference

A few weeks later there was a Conference at Brussels, under the provisions of the Nine-Power Treaty. Germany and Japan refused to attend; Italy sent a delegate who confined himself to arguing that international action was useless; Japan and China, he declared, had far better be left to settle the quarrel between themselves. . . .

Nothing, of course, was accomplished by this belated Nine-Power deliberation; in 1932 **its** consequences might have been profound; in 1937 **all** energy, all noble sacrificial enthusiasm for

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peace had vanished; there was much talk and many parties, and at last a resolution deploring Japan's behaviour; that was all.

One might have supposed that by now Japan would be indifferent to mere international censure. But the sense of inferiority that lurks in **the** shadow of her arrogance was still morbidly resentful of criticism. At the last moment an attempt was made to cajole the conference out of **passing** the vote of censure. The Japanese Ambassador in Brussels, Mr. Kurusu, he who four years later was negotiating at the White House at **the** very moment when Pearl Harbour was attacked, telephoned, asking me to come round to his Embassy urgently.

He was in a great fluster, tears in his eyes, treble voice, hands shaking. Herr von Ribbentrop, **he** reminded me, was at that moment in Rome, negotiating with Count Ciano, and the Japanese Ambassador there, Mr. Hotta; the meeting which had, I gathered, been arranged as a counterblast to the Brussels Conference, was officially to result in Italy's joining the German-Japanese anti-Comintern Pact. But, said Mr. Kurusu, darkly, there were other things going on in Rome of which no moderate Japanese, no lover of peace, could approve. If the Nine-Power Conference would but hold its hand, he could guarantee that the sinister intrigues at **Rome would** come to naught. Before many **weeks were** out the reasonable elements in **Japan would** come into their own again, the crazy militarists would be flung from power **and the** Sino-Japanese trouble would end. But if **the**

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vote of censure was passed he could not guarantee the consequences. . .

It was the old appeal with which we **had** become nauseated long since: don't criticise Japan, for fear of permanently enthroning **the** madmen! How often had we heard Japanese civilians use that plea; how often had we listened to it in England and America; and every time Japanese feelings were spared it was the military and not the civilians who profited. This time Mr. Kurusu's appeal, duly passed on, went unheeded. . .

On November 6, 1937, Italy joined the anti-Comintern Pact. Her two-year notice of withdrawal from the League, which she had given at the time of the Abyssinian dispute, was up; so, to improve the occasion, she now took the additional step of recognising Manchukuo. Germany followed suit four months later; speaking to the Reichstag on February 20, 1938, Hitler openly applauded Japan's aggression in China; only a Japanese victory there, he announced, could save Asia from the menace of Bolshevism; certainly China was in no state, either moral or material, to resist the disease.

While the Brussels Conference was labouring to bring forth its mouse a tremendous battle was being waged for the possession of Nanking, Chiang K'ai-shek's capital. In their advance up **the** Yangtze the Japanese blasted almost every human habitation within reach; the ruin which **the** T'ai-p'ings had spread over **the** same **region** **seventy years** before was paltry **compared to this new desolation.**

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Atrocities at Nanking

The scenes which accompanied the fall of Nanking on December 13, 1937, are too well known to need any detailed description here. The conduct of the Japanese army on that occasion was something which not even Hider's Wehrmacht has yet surpassed, or perhaps even equalled. Unassailable evidence of atrocities in wartime is generally hard to come by; but this was no officially declared war; there were many reputable foreign correspondents following the campaign; and some foreigners still lingered in Nanking when the Japanese arrived. The testimony of these witnesses cannot be set aside.

The battle had been a hard one; the Japanese suffered heavy losses, which had apparently flung them into one of their characteristic hysterical mass-rages—a mood allied to that which causes the murder of Koreans after earthquakes. With such excesses as the world had not known since the Turks first irrupted into Anatolia the conquerors wreaked their fury on Nanking and its inhabitants. The mere destruction of a captured city, the raping of its women, the shooting down of its men and children, have lately become commonplaces of this unhappy age; but the bayonet practice on living Chinese, the Windings, the buryings alive and the other sadistic fancies to which the Japanese now gave themselves up **are** something which not even the most callous generation can easily ignore. The Japanese made little effort to hide the traces of their violence. Four months later the beheaded corpses of

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Chinese servants were still lying about **what** had once been British compounds.

The "Panay" Bombed

On the day before the fall of Nanking Japanese aeroplanes bombed and sank the United States gunboat *Panay* as she was carrying to safety some of the Embassy staff. There had already been attacks on British gunboats, though without result; the American naval authorities were therefore at particular pains to give warning of the *Panay*'s presence and whereabouts; her flag and national markings were moreover clearly visible. For all that, the *Panay* was bombed for two hours and a half without remission, and when she finally sank beneath the sullen waters her survivors were machine-gunned in the boats; they were even harried after they had reached land and were shivering among the reeds. It was too brazen an outrage to admit of any argument. The Japanese paid some two million dollars compensation without cavilling, and uttered an apology less ungenerous than any they had ever made in like circumstances. For there could be no question of the attack being other than deliberate and premeditated.

Working-Class Action Against Japan

Isolationist sentiment by this time was so strong in America, the *Panay* incident inspired as much as anything demands that the United States forces in the Far East be withdrawn out of danger. But the desire to evade responsibilities was not general. There was an attempt to organise a

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boycott of Japanese raw silk, Japan's principal export to the Union, with which she bought American oil and cotton; the C.I.O. made a half-hearted effort to stop the handling of Japanese cargoes, and some Woolworth branches were compelled by the sentiment of the customers to banish Japanese products from their counters.

In England the Co-operative shops led a movement to cancel orders, and the dockers of Southampton refused to unload a consignment of Christmas goods that had come from Japan in a Canadian Pacific liner. But the public in general had no longer much time to heed what was happening on the other side of the world; the Japanese and Chinese had been squabbling there for so long, the whole affair seemed infinitely tedious. It was Spain that absorbed attention and excited passions, that fused the Dean of Canterbury, the Duchess of Atholl and Ernest Hemingway into one strange and angry crusade. And when it was not Spain it was Central Europe—Lord Halifax off to the Reich Exhibition of Hunting in Berlin, and seeing Hitler on the side; the Austrian Nazis waiting and training in Munich for the fast approaching moment when they would kill their country and square accounts with Dr. Schuschnigg. . . .

Apprehension in Australia

It was in Australia that popular indignation was warmest and most persistent; and it was strengthened by growing fears for the very safety of the Commonwealth itself. For there were unpleasant signs that Japan was by no means

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fettered to an "army" policy of expansion on the Asiatic continent. The navy had now joined in the fun, and were talking of a "South Seas advance." They had seized the Pratas islands, two hundred miles to the east of Hong Kong and on the way to the Philippines; Vice-Admiral Takahashi, Commander-in-Chief, was threatening to move his squadrons down into the mandated islands near the equator if America persisted in enlarging her fleet; the growing range of aircraft now invested those selfsame islands with a quality of menace that had never been envisaged nineteen years before at Versailles. For the first time in its history the Australian continent was forced to consider the possibility of attack, from the air at least; and there no longer existed any certainty that the United Kingdom would be free to furnish protection.

This predicament moved the Commonwealth Government to press for a Pacific Regional Pact; it was to supplement the League Covenant and restore that agreeable feeling of security which had existed in the days of the Anglo-Tapanese Alliance. But the project was dished by the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War; authorities at Canberra then relapsed into a morbid anxiety in no circumstances to offend their rowdy and approaching neighbour.

The Australian working classes, however, took a less inglorious course. The dockworkers of Sydney and Melbourne refused to handle iron and tin scrap destined for Japan, which, they felt, might probably be turned into munitions. The Government used first blandishments and

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then threats to sap the men's determination; **but for four** months the boycott continued, **and in the** end it was only broken by means of **doubtful** legality.

A few months later there was a further attempt to apply "working class sanctions"—this time at Port Kembla, not far from Sydney. The stevedores refused to load cargoes of pig-iron which were to be furnished to Japan by the Broken Hill Proprietary Co.; the men declared that "to supply iron in any form to Japan is injurious to the national and defence interests of the Australian people"; with a foresight not general, alas! in the British Empire at that time, one trade union spokesman voiced the fear that "if they supplied Japan with war materials, the day might not be far distant when those materials would be used to capture Australia."

The Federal authorities applied coercion; the owners of the foundry and the local steelworks tried to reinforce this coercion by shutting the works and throwing four thousand hands out of employment. The men stood firm, however, and for three months faced privation as a demonstration against aggression. They hoped to force the Government into measures which would have restricted trade with Japan, so long as the militarists pursued their evil courses in China. At last the Attorney-General, Mr. Menzies, promised that the Government would reconsider their policy in the matter, if only the men went back to work. Taking this for a hint that they had won, the wharfside consented in January, 1939, to load the disputed cargo of iron, only to learn

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three weeks later that they had been misled, to **use** the mildest word. The Government had no intention of doing anything which might bring down on their heads the wrath of Japan; in order to get their way they were prepared to interfere with the right of free speech and to close a broadcasting station by cutting the cables to its transmitters in the middle of a programme.

Thus ended the only sustained, if modest, attempt among non-Asiatic nations to arrest Japan's violent courses. It was an episode that hardly redounded to the credit or foresight of the Commonwealth Government. Nor did it eminently demonstrate their consistency. For while they were using every shift to ensure the shipping of pig-iron to Japan, they suddenly (May, 1938) prohibited the export of iron ore. The principal sufferer by this measure was Japan, who had, as we have seen, acquired an interest in the Yampi Sound iron ore deposits of Western Australia. She had hoped to get from Yampi some 1,000,000 tons of ore annually, or about ten per cent, of her estimated needs from abroad when her new iron and steel industry was going full blast. The embargo, therefore, upset her plans sensibly, and caused some bitterness in Tokyo. It seems clear, however, that to provoke Japan was the last intention of the Australian Government. They were moved in the matter only by a desire to conserve the iron ore resources of the Commonwealth; but the anomaly was seen of their virtually encouraging the export of that ore abroad, particularly to Japan, once it had been refined into pig-iron.

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They only wished, they said, to conserve supplies of raw materials; pig-iron was not a raw material, but a manufactured product. To prohibit its export would reduce Australian employment. . .

Advance on Hankow

Amid all these prevarications of those whom they already regarded as their destined enemies, the Japanese, in 1938, pressed on towards the subjection, as they hoped, of all the vital parts of China. Though in March the Chinese won a great victory at Taierchuang in Shantung, they were not able to prevent the Japanese forces in the Yangtze from linking up with those from North China. A combined advance was then made on Hankow, where Chiang K'ai-shek had established his government after the fall of Nanking.

By now, since the Japanese held the lower reaches of the Yangtze, Hankow, Canton, and the railway which joined them had become China's principal channel of communication with the outside world; it was up the battered Canton-Hankow line that came in those first fourteen months of the war most of the supplies which enabled Chiang K'ai-shek to maintain his resistance. Canton had become again what it had been in the eighteenth century, China's only door giving on to the Western world. But there was this difference; the other doors were closed, not by an Emperor who wished to keep China to herself, but by an alien invader who sought to keep her for himself. . . .

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German Help for China

There is little doubt that during the first year's campaigns China was vastly aided by the German military mission which had been training the Central Government forces since 1928. The fine flower of the pre-Hitlerian army, they went far to compensate the Chinese side for their lack of aircraft and mechanised forces. For some months Hitler, despite protests from Japan, allowed them to continue their duties, and despite his Japanese ties, he permitted vast quantities of munitions to reach Chiang K'ai-shek. But at last the Japanese got their way; all the members of the mission were withdrawn save those who chose to defy the Fuehrer and adopt Chinese nationality; while the supply of German munitions suddenly dried up. It is no reflection upon the lustre of Chinese resistance to say that it was weakened for a time by this German withdrawal.

Hankow Falls

Hankow fell in October, 1938. We hardly heard the noise of that misfortune, so deafened were we with cries of "Peace in our time," or bitter jokes about umbrellas. The Japanese believed it to be the end of Chinese opposition; but Chiang K'ai-shek moved his garrison a few hundred miles westward up the river to Chungking and continued the fight. In the same month Canton was captured by an audacious operation of the Japanese navy. It was a blow to the Chinese cause far more grievous than any other event of the war; to the Japanese it seemed now certain

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that supplies could no longer reach their enemies. But for many months past coolies in their thousands had been working on a fantastic project known now as the Burma Road—the building of a vast highway more than 1,300 miles long, running down from Chungking through Kunming (Yunnanfu) to the Northern Shan border of Burma; thence another section in British territory continued on to Lashio, capital of the Shan States, and from Lashio a railway ran down to Rangoon and the sea.

By the opening of this road to motor traffic in the first months of 1939 half the fruits of their recent victories were dashed out of Japanese hands. They bombed it incessantly; but whenever it was badly hit the repair gangs would work like mad things to bring it into service again; when the bridges were destroyed, ferries would immediately be organised. The Chinese genius for improvisation was stronger than any bomb in the Japanese armoury.

The Japanese Come South

But if the Chinese, who were supposed to lack unity and purpose, were a match for the Japanese wiles, what of us with our fine strategic sense and our long views? During those unhappy months after Munich, when Czecho-Slovakia was hourly dwindling, the Japanese moved into Hainan Island astride the route from Hong Kong to Singapore; and a little later they had come several hundred miles further south again, to the Spratly Island group. Flying boats or submarines operating from those unknown atolls could again cut

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the main sea route through the South China Sea and wreak havoc round Borneo and the Celebes. **There** can be no solid pleasure in observing **the** fulfilment of one's long-cherished fears. The island of Hainan, about which we had known next to nothing, and those obscure reefs and atolls to which shipmasters always gave the widest possible berth—they were the obvious stepping-stones for an advance into the tropics. Inter-departmental committees had pondered upon their possible fate and made recommendations, but nothing had been done; the very idea of the Japanese stretching their lines so far to the south was childish; it simply wasn't practicable; the experts were agreed about that. Now, in the first months of 1939 the impracticable had taken place. But those members of the House of Commons who took an interest in Hainan and who pressed (February, 1939) for the despatch of a British warship thither were fobbed off by the Parliamentary Under Secretary to the Foreign Office; in June of the same year he comforted them with the assurance that Hainan was but partially occupied, and that the Spratly group, to the best of his knowledge, had suffered no actual military occupation. As the average height of land in the group is about two and a half feet above high water mark, it is difficult to see how military occupation in the sense of the barrack square and the orderly room could ever be instituted there. But however ingeniously Mr. Buder might skirt round it, the fact was there, ugly and inescapable, that the Japanese had arrived almost on the doorstep of Singapore.

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Japanese Self-deception

At the beginning of the conflict, Prince Konoe, the diffident and hypochondriacal Prime Minister, declared that Japan harboured no territorial ambitions in China, and would spare no effort to safeguard the rights and interests of foreign Powers there. Japanese action aimed solely at establishing permanent peace and happiness for the people of East Asia. "Expansion on the continent," declared Tatsuo Kawai, the Gaimusho propagandist and philosopher of aggression, "is the destiny of our race. China attempted to block our path by resorting to force. This fatal miscalculation . . . has brought on the present conflict." The semi-mystical doctrine of "Musubi" was trumped up to justify the Chinese slaughter—the cosmic principle which, in case we did not know it, "brings abundance to life and magnifies truth and beauty." "Japan's advance on the continent is partly a racial movement, brought about by the operation of Musubi, and only in the light of this fact can Japan's role in the China affair be properly understood and appreciated." . . . "Following the dictate of Musubi, Japan, together with a resurrected China, will identify herself with the cosmic force that creates and fosters life and will help to promote its endless process in the beautification and sublimification of Asiatic life. . . Japan . . . does not want an inch of Chinese territory, nor does she entertain any monopolistic designs there. This policy of Japan may seem incomprehensible to Europe, which won its

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present dominant place in the world through many series of wars and conquests. Indeed, the philosophy of Musubi which underlies Japan's programme of expansion is entirely alien to European egoism and the doctrine of opposing rights and interests ... "

I quote Tatsuo Kawai at length, because he is typical of the Japanese urge to find a moral, indeed, a mystical justification for their violences. Mere gup? Sand thrown towards if not into our eyes? Self-deception? Who can say. We should remember, however, that the Japanese, believing hypnotically in the divinity of their mission, regard war as a perfectly normal method for one state to employ in its relations with another. Japan is a misunderstood recluse, and such people develop queer fancies. It may not have been mere drab hypocrisy which prompted Baron Hiranuma, one of Japan's recent Prime Ministers, to hold that "the Sino-Japanese war, the Russo-Japanese war, and the recent conflict in Manchuria furnish examples of the desire of our nation to maintain peace and stability in the Far East."

Monstrous and incoherent as these statements may appear, they represent the conventional Japanese "rationalisation" of their aggression. A society that can pretend, even perhaps to itself, that by making war it is showing its devotion to peace, and can invoke the cosmic principle to justify the torture and mutilation of thousands, could obviously see no disparity between its professions of respect for foreign interests in China and its practical persecution of them.

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From the first no attempt was made to hide the Japanese design; the foreigners were to be turned out of China and their trade crippled. A hundred different shifts were used. In the Peking area Japanese goods were no longer smuggled in, but brought openly by the army. In captured ports British and American shipping was denied wharfage facilities and forced to use Japanese lighters at vast expense. Under the plea of military necessity, the Yangtze was closed to civil traffic by vexatious regulations, never to be properly opened again, despite the repeated protests of the United States and British Governments. While our traders were cut off from the richest areas of China, Japanese goods in profusion went up river marked as "essential military stores." And the raw materials of the Yangtze valley which Japan needed, the cotton, the wood, oil, the hides and skins and eggs and tea, came down to the coast in a similar guise. Development companies for North and Central China were floated largely with official Japanese capital, for the obvious purpose of setting up Japanese monopolies of trade wherever the Japanese army were in control. Puppet administrations were created at Peking and Nanking, while recognition was withdrawn from Chiang K'ai-shek's regime in Chungking. These renegade governments, the mere office-boys of the Japanese military, obediently modified the Maritime Customs tariff entirely to favour Japanese products; into the regions they were supposed to administer they reintroduced a whole series of vicious internal tolls and consumption taxes, which Chiang K'ai-

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shek had only with difficulty **suppressed**; **under these imposts non-Japanese goods were burdened with** some 60 per cent ad valorem charges.

A new currency at parity with the Japanese yen, the "Hua Hsing Yuan," was brought in. An arbitrary exchange rate was established of \$1.55 Chinese per Hua Hsing Yuan. This meant **a** further preference in favour of Japanese trade. In December, 1939, the Japanese extorted from their servants at Nanking an agreement which entrusted China's foreign relations to Japanese control, gave Japan almost colonial rights over large areas along the China coast and up the Yangtze, and provided for the establishment of a "zone of strongest Sino-Japanese economic solidarity" in the lower Yangtze valley, Japan's "paramount position" in certain islands along the South China coast was to be recognized and established. Other provisions went far further than the twenty-one demands or the Amai Declaration of 1934.

So much for Japan's pretensions (official declaration of January 16, 1938) that she would respect China's territorial integrity and her sovereignty; we have also seen how the rights and interests of foreign Powers were safeguarded. The persons of British and Americans were the object of a similar reverence; it was no longer a mere question of slaps in the face from nervous Japanese sentries; by now it had become bayonets and the gangster's pistol. In June, 1939, Japanese marines stabbed to death a British official of a cotton **mill in** Yantzepoo; an attempt was **made on the life of the British secretary of the Shanghai Muni-**

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cial Council; the British Military Attache was arrested at Kalgan and held for several months in prison; when the authorities of the British Concession in Tientsin refused in the spring of 1939 to surrender four Chinese whom the Japanese were accusing on flimsy evidence of murder, a cordon was put about the Concession, and British subjects, even women, were stripped and subjected to various indignities. On instructions from Dr. Goebbels, the Deutsche Rundfunk broadcast an exultant little doggerel in English (August 2, 1939):

How pale the poor old chap went, that poor old Mr.
John,

When sentries stood before the British Concess-i-on.
He ground what teeth he had and stripped right to **the**
skin,

That wasn't nice for him—Ha-Ha—in Tientsin.

The whole Empire is naked—nude like poor old
honest John.

He ceased to be a mighty dude for he had nothing on;
Both big and little watched this kind of novel nudist
show.

What John exposed to his distress was not alone his
nakedness.

Oh! What a lot was lost to him, not only there in
Tientsin.

The blockade of the Concession was finally lifted as a result of an agreement concluded between the British Ambassador in Tokyo and the Japanese Foreign Minister of the time. The Craigie-Arita arrangement, whereby we turned over the wanted men to a packed court and certain execution, must always be a source of shame to us; but perhaps it was the best that

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could be obtained at a moment when Great Britain was about to engage all her meagre and neglected powers in a struggle to the death in Europe.

The Debauching of China

What of the "beautification and sublimification of Asiatic life?" It has meant, in practice the destruction of Chinese universities and libraries, the spread of banditry, famine, disease, a brave, hard-working people driven to shelter in caves against the bombs for hour after precious hour. But worst of all perhaps has been the Japanese attempt to break the spirit and the bodies of the Chinese, not only by mere physical violence, but also by heroin and morphine. The indulgence in opium, either smoked or chewed is certainly an evil of Chinese life; for years the Central Government has been endeavouring to limit its ravages, chiefly by rendering the drug too expensive for the Chinese worker except in provinces like Jehol, where the white and purple **L**appies in the month of June fill every square with a restless pretty foam. For the worn rickshaw-coolie of Peking, for instance, the "big smoke" in my day billowed well out of reach. But on liver-coloured days, when the frozen sand whipped through his rags, he could slip into an alley behind the Peking Hotel; a Japanese lived there who for a few coppers cash would sell a shot of heroin; at first it would mean oblivion; but in the end it became invariably a prison more hideous even than that into which poverty can clap you. . . .

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The "Young Marshal," fighting in the mud of the Yellow River during one of his father's more inclement campaigns, took to opium. Frightened of the habit he was acquiring, the Marshal was induced to try a Japanese "cure." It was very successful, except that he developed a craving for the "cure." On analysis it turned out to be largely composed of heroin, a drug infinitely more dangerous than opium. It would seem that the Japanese hoped by means of this patent medicine to bend the Marshal to their will.

His mentor and friend, Mr. W. H. Donald, who is now one of Generalissimo Chiang's closest associates, arranged for the Marshal to be properly cured in Shanghai. Afterwards, in Peking, where the walls were hidden beneath advertisements of Japanese medicines no less suspect than the one which the Marshal knew, he would talk of the Japanese hand in the heroin and morphine traffic; those two sinister drugs compared to which opium is but a child's lollipop, were always purveyed in China, it seemed, by "dwarf slaves" or their helots, simple soft-eyed Koreans in natty striped blue suits. The Japanese, he would infer, sought to enslave the Chinese by drugging them. . . .

It was a fantastic theory, impossible to swallow; however much you might dislike the Japanese and their ways, in those days you could not believe for one moment that any nation would use such devilish shifts to encompass its ends. The theory came out of the mad world which you can purchase off a railway bookstall. . . .

But the years have not added to one's disbelief.

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The Japanese part in the narcotic traffic can, I believe, only be explained by a design to debauch the Chinese and to make a profit out of a tragic vice. The Manchukuo Government derives an enormous revenue merely from the sale of licences to purvey opium, heroin and morphine. In Manchukuo and in the Japanese Concession at Tientsin enormous quantities of heroin are manufactured; in 1937 Kalgan, on the Inner Mongolian border, boasted a heroin factory which alone turned out enough of the drug to meet the whole of the world's normal needs. The production of heroin by then was absorbing not only the larger part of the North China opium crop but important consignments of Persian opium as well.

Wherever the Japanese have gone drug-taking and lawlessness increase; the puppet administrations in Peking and Nanking have repealed the Chinese Central Government's measures which at least went some way toward keeping the vice within bounds; and the conquered, shattered population are invited to numb harsh memories with heroin, once a drug which only millionaires could afford, but now brought by Japanese efficiency within reach of the humblest purse. A reliable American authority, for instance, has estimated that in the ruins of Nanking more than fifty thousand souls, many of them children, have recently become heroin addicts. Under the rule of the municipal "Ta Tao" or "G\$eat Way" administration set up by the Japanese in Greater Shanghai, drug dens, brothels and gangster violence have immeasurably increased;

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while within the Settlement itself the Japanese gradually established in the years immediately before the outbreak of war a sort of Japanese Concession over which the Settlement authorities could exercise no control. There, amid the rubble that recalled the battle of 1937, drug houses sprang up in profusion; and the Japanese police connived at it all, reserving their disapproval and their blows for such Chinese as happened to be walking the streets of Hongkew on innocent business. . . .

But there is neither space nor time enough to prolong the chronicle of Japanese infamy. The treatment reserved for China indicates the true nature of Japan's divine mission in the world. Let us not forget that even if the Italians are Germany's pawns, the Japanese are not; they were the pioneers in modern international banditry, and in almost all the arts of the business Hitler was once their pupil. They have a design to enslave the world, a design as abominable to us as any which Hitler may have concocted; and a world dominated by Japan might well prove to be an even more disagreeable place than one ruled by Hitler_____

VII

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THE ambitions, of Japan now noisily disclosed in a hundred public statements, her flouting of foreign interests, her vast expenditure on armaments, and the coat which her statesmen these days kept continuously trailing in the dust, left little doubt by 1939 of her design to spring in Asia when we had our hands full in Europe. The prospect drew Americans and British into closer association than they had known for a long time. The American public might not yet be prepared to fight for their outraged rights in China, but United States warships attended the opening of the Singapore base early in 1938; a few months later the facilities of the base were formally offered to the United States navy. At the end of the year, when Hankow and Canton had fallen, and the German Ambassador was using all his blandishments to push a discouraged Chinese Government into surrender, the United States and British Governments made it clear by official protests that they could not recognise changes in China brought about by force. In particular, they refused to admit the contention that the Nine-Power Treaty had been rendered obsolete by recent events. By now the Japanese were claiming that: "In the face of the new situation, fast developing in East Asia, any attempt to apply to the conditions of today and tomorrow inapplicable ideas and principles of the past neither would contribute toward the

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establishment of a real peace in the East nor would solve the immediate issues." (Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs to U.S. Ambassador in Tokyo, November 18, 1938.)

This new doctrine, of course, was a logical development in the theory of international banditry. You entered into undertakings not to do certain things; you deliberately violated those undertakings, and having brought about precisely the kind of situation which the undertakings were designed to prevent, you then declared they were out of date. It was a logical consequence, too, of the Western Powers' failure to restrain Japan in 1931, at the very beginning of her aggression. It was our reward for all the petty chicaneries with which the rape of Manchuria had been condoned. Now that we realised the size and extent of the Japanese danger we were no longer free to counter it with any aims more impressive than protests.

China Refuses to be Defeated

Nevertheless, these protests did help to put fresh heart into the Chinese, more particularly when they were reinforced by loans totalling some U.S. \$75 million; and it was a transformed resolute people who from the fastnesses of Szechuan resumed their defiance of the "dwarf slaves" in 1939. At this moment of calamity old prejudices and jealousies were cast aside; no longer was it a question of Hunan men, or Shansi men, or Canton men hating each other more violently than they did the enemy. It was

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simply the Chinese race against **the beastly invader**; each man came to feel that the task of freeing China was his own responsibility. **The** overseas Chinese sent \$800 million. With this sum new armies were raised, new factories built. A furious energy pervaded the defenders; when the Japanese bombers blew down the suspension bridge that carried the Burma Road over the Mekong, another bridge was strung up and brought into use within seven weeks; if everything else failed, rafts for ferries would be improvised in a few hours out of petroleum cans and some bamboo poles.

By the spring of 1939 the attempt to reduce China had evidently failed; and even if the Japanese armies continued their victorious progress, it was a progress that drew them further and further into sullen, irreducible wastes; and out of those wastes guerilleros sprang up directly the enemy had passed, to torment them and cut their lines.

"Greater East Asia"

As Japanese statesmen now began to talk vaguely of a "Greater East Asia," which was apparently to embrace not only Manchukuo and China as the helots of Japan, but Indo-China, the Netherlands East Indies, and Heaven knew what else, so the threatened Powers looked as they had never looked before to their Pacific defences. Only the Russians hitherto had faced they had double-tracked the Trans-Siberian Railway for hundreds of miles; out of reach of immediate Japanese mischief they had **built**

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another line running east from **Lake Baikal** to the new town of Komsomolsk, on the Sea of Okhotsk; **and** they had concentrated in their Far Eastern territories an enormous force—three quarters of a million men, it was said—an army which was largely independent of supplies from the European side of the Urals. Siberia, it will be remembered, provides some 85 per cent of the Union's coal, about the same proportion of its copper, two-thirds of its wheat, and a third of its iron ore. The Russians were consequently determined that the Japanese should not come so easily to Lake Baikal as they had done twenty years before; this determination they demonstrated in the incessant skirmishes, some of them lasting months, which troubled the Outer Mongolian and Siberian frontiers of Manchukuo in 1938-39.

America Looks to Her Defences

In America it was now suddenly realised that the fleet had been allowed to decline in strength until it was but slightly larger than the Japanese and infinitely less modern; that calculation, moreover, took no account of the huge 50,000 ton battleships, the "pocket battleships/" and a number of small aircraft carriers which Japan was rumoured to be building. Congress therefore voted in 1938-39 vast sums to endow America with a navy capable of asserting her authority in the Pacific and of guarding the Atlantic seaboard at the same time. Meanwhile, in the spring of 1939 the main American battle fleet was quietly moved into the Pacific.

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The Hawaiian garrison was reinforced; to the south, Howland Island was developed as an air base, and Dutch Harbour, among the Aleutian fogs, put into a state of defence. Wake Island and Midway, which had become important as stopping places for the clippers of the Trans-Pacific air service, were furnished with detachments from the Marine Corps.

The enthusiasm of the Filipinos for their independence ebbed as the shadow of Japan grew larger. The first Presidential election after the islands became a commonwealth was held in 1935. Manuel Quezon, who by no means stood for complete separation from the United States, then defeated the old General Aguinaldo, the "sea-green incorruptible" of Philippine independence. Aguinaldo still advocated full and immediate severance of all ties with America; Quezon not only feared for the future of Filipino sugar, but knew that the Japanese would move into the islands the moment the United States moved out. Indeed, they might try to do so before then; General Mac Arthur, a former chief of staff of the United States army, was therefore appointed in 1935 Director of the Organisation of National Defence in the Philippines. With the energy, courage and ingenuity for which he was already famous, General MacArthur had soon conjured an efficient Filipino army into being; within a few years he was proudly declaring that the islanders, aided by such small units of the American army and air corps as were left among them, could well defend themselves, were the Japanese to attack. At the time of writing

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(March, 1942) history has **not yet proved the** heroic general to be wrong.

Feeling against Japan was now rising in **the** United States; there was even talk of American women banning Japanese silk from their underclothes. Yet the export of war materials to Japan still continued. True, the State Department in July, 1938, and December, 1939, clapped what was known as a "moral embargo" on exports to Japan of airplanes, airplane parts, aluminium and molybdenum and material and plans for the manufacture of high octane fuel, such as is used in modern military aircraft. But for long the President, though he made no secret of his feelings, was powerless seriously to curtail the supplying of Japan's military machine. The question had become involved in the general issue of American isolation. In the delicate process of leading the American people to the defence of liberty the President could not, until less than a year ago, risk a challenge in Congress on any one aspect of his foreign policy; there was no telling what harm the Isolationists might be able to do if the question of supplies for Japan was brought up publicly. And so, until the summer of 1941, various precious materials for the conduct of war still went in profusion from America to Japan; and it needed the bombing of Pearl Harbour to stop the flow of American oil. The great oil companies would explain very convincingly that to clap an oil embargo on to Japan would probably bring on war, quite apart from the difficulty of inducing the British and Dutch companies to cooperate, and **that**

was not easy to obtain.¹ Nevertheless, in July, 1939, the United States Government suddenly gave notice that it was terminating the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with Japan which had been in force since 1911. This step, for a time, put a check upon Japanese truculence, and gave the Administration a card which it was to play with no little ability in the next two years.

It was in the Dutch East Indies and Australia, however, that fear of Japan was most violent. The Dutch islands, with their incomparable riches, and their profusion of cheap labour, were a prize beyond the powers of Holland to defend unaided. For at least two years before the outbreak of war in Europe the Netherlands East Indian authorities were building up an air force, largely equipped with American bombers; the navy composed of light surface craft and submarines was thoroughly reconditioned; and the land forces were increased in strength. In Australia there was an expansion of the militia, military aircraft were purchased from America, and plans were laid for the manufacture of aircraft within the Commonwealth. But in the main Australia, like the Netherlands East Indies, looked to Great Britain for ultimate protection.

The symbol of that protection was the Singapore base. But in Canberra and Batavia it was now at last realised that the base itself meant little unless there were a fleet to operate from it; and though nine new capital ships were to be

¹A few months before America entered the War, the President publicly explained that the U.S. Government had continued to permit the shipment of American oil to Japan in order to minimize the risk of a Japanese descent upon the Dutch and British wells in Indonesia.

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added to the Royal Navy, for the moment at least there was no strength to spare from European waters. It was therefore with some uneasiness that Australians watched the negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet Pact in the fateful summer of 1939; its conclusion, they felt, might well irritate Japan to a point of madness. It was with proportionate relief therefore that they saw the project confounded and a German-Soviet Pact come into horrid being instead. Now they breathed comfortably once more. For it was unlikely that Japan would start any trouble at the moment. And so, when war broke out in Europe, Australia with a fairly easy heart sent off the finest of her troops to win glory in the Western desert, in Greece and on the Cretan beaches.

The Weakness of Singapore

For all that, our position in Eastern Asia and the Pacific was now exposed to such a fantastic degree of danger as no great empire had probably known since the Concert of Europe gloated at Turkey's bedside. We now realise how utterly inadequate were our forces in 1939 to cope with a **major** war in one hemisphere; if in those early months Japan into the bargain had jumped on to our back, the disaster in the Pacific would probably have been far more grievous even than that which now confronts us. There was a shortage not only of capital ships, but of cruisers and destroyers as well; no modern aircraft worth mentioning—even in the Near Eastern theatre, let us remember, we possessed during the first year of war few fighters more modern than the

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Gloster Gladiator biplane, and through the bright air above there waddled a pathetic gaggle of antique flying-boats. Few possibilities of land reinforcements existed save from India, where the army was writhing in the travails of reorganisation and re-equipment. Thirty million pounds had been spent on the Singapore base, and now at any moment there might arise precisely the sort of emergency which was to be its justification. Yet during those strange months when the American press were wisecracking about the "phoney war" Singapore had little to protect it from a land attack save the comparative remoteness of the Japanese. Meanwhile the local forces, virtually without aircraft, would carry out exercises proving to general satisfaction that a landing in Malaya was not a practicable military undertaking. . . .

Japan, however, did not move; she did no more than press on with the war in China, purchase large quantities of raw materials from the tropics, and quietly despatch them to Germany by the Trans-Siberian. Occasionally she seems to have winked at German commerce raiders operating in the Pacific under her flag; and she probably refuelled them in her mandated islands. Now, too, that the British troops were being withdrawn from China, she exerted formidable pressure, and even employed assassins, to wrest control of the Settlement at Shanghai out of British and American hands. There was a certain poetic justice in the spectacle of the average Shanghai merchant who a few years before had applauded Japan's aggression in China, **now**

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exposed to the full fury of Japanese tyranny, with no troops and no warships to shield him. . . . But it was hard enough on the new generation of British business man in China, he who had struggled so manfully to build up his business on Chinese friendship, and not on the gunboat system. . . .

The lull was ended by the collapse of France and the Low Countries in May and June 1940. The Japanese can hardly be blamed if they thought that their great hour had struck. For the fabulous wealth of Indo-China and the Netherlands East Indies had been bereft overnight, as it were, of owners. The British Empire, too, or at least the heart of it, seemed about to collapse; while in the United States the isolationists were still noisy and triumphant.

China Cut Off

For all that, the Japanese advanced with caution. The French military authorities at Shanghai were bullied into turning over some part of their defences, so that the whole Anglo-American defence system was hamstrung from within. Henceforward there could be virtually no resisting a serious Japanese attempt to take over the whole port. At the same time (June-July 1940) the luckless Governor of Indo-China was forced to prohibit the transport of supplies for China along the Hanoi-Kunming (Yunnanfu) railway. By this French-owned line (in which the Japanese are rumoured to have acquired an interest several years before) great quantities of munitions had been reaching the

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sorely tried Chinese; now this door into China was finally shut. Worst of all, by concentrating large forces near Hong Kong, the Japanese intimidated the British Government into closing the Burma Road for a period of three months from July 17, 1940. It was an act for which Mr. Churchill has made atonement in a recent speech. It is hard to see what else he could have done at that particular moment; a Japanese attack upon our Far Eastern possessions no doubt would have met with a resistance even more paltry than that which we are now offering, nearly two years later; to temporise with Japan was the only course which nine years of evasion and self-deception had left for us.

Mr. Churchill defended as best he could this dishonorable capitulation to Evil; he expressed the pious hope that during the period while the Road was closed a peace might be concluded in the Far East which would not prejudice the integrity of the Chinese Republic. It was a sentiment which can have brought neither the Prime Minister nor the House of Commons much reassurance; but with our own integrity menaced, what else could be said? And at least some comfort was given to China by the promise finally to surrender our special rights after "peace had been concluded." On the following day the United States Government announced their decision to take similar action "when conditions warrant."

Our surrender to Japan in this instance certainly staved off the immediate threat to Hong Kong; but it did little to temper Japanese male-

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volence. A few -days later the Tokyo representatives of Reuters, of the lately pro-Japanese Federation of British Industries, the Asiatic Petroleum Company, and other British concerns were arrested. The British Ambassador might strive to persuade a Japanese audience "that Japan and Great Britain are striving for the same objective—a lasting peace and the preservation of our institutions from extraneous and subversive influences," but the Tokyo Government continued to regard us with profound suspicion, and to betray an almost indecent haste to profit by our misfortunes. "Japan," declared Mr. Arita, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in June 1940 "expects the Western Powers to do nothing to exercise an undesirable influence upon the stability of the Far East." In plain terms that meant a claim to inherit the riches of Indo-China, and particularly of the Netherlands East Indies.

Japan's Ambitions in the Netherlands East Indies

There can now be little doubt that Japan in that fateful summer of 1940 was contemplating a descent upon the bemused and masterless Dutch colonies. Publicly she professed herself deeply concerned "over any development accompanying an aggravation of the war in Europe that may affect the status quo of the Dutch Indies." From the State Department Mr. Cordell Hull lost no time in pricking this *ballon d'essai*; "any intervention in the domestic affairs of the Netherlands Indies or any alteration in their status quo by other than peaceful processes

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would be prejudicial to the cause of stability, peace and security not only in the region of the Netherlands' Indies, but in the entire Pacific area," and the United States Government then joined with us in giving every support and encouragement to the courageous men who had decided to preserve the dominion of the House of Orange in the Indies. Mr. Matsuoka, the new and belligerent Foreign Minister, might announce on August 1st, 1940, a "new order for Greater East Asia" which envisaged "the establishment of a stabilising force for self-sufficiency, embracing not only Japan, Manchukuo, and China, but also Indo-China and the Netherlands East Indies." General Koiso, charged with a mission to those coveted islands, might about the same time inform reporters that Japan sought to rescue them from foreign oppression; there were commercial missions which vainly tried to secure leases and mining concessions, such as the British in the neighbouring islands had been in the habit of lightheartedly granting; but beyond a slight increase in the quotas of oil exports to Japan, the Indies stood firm.

Japan Joins the Axis and Invades Indo-China

Yet if Japan would not yet risk an open raid into the Southern Pacific, in September 1940 she came plainly out into the open as our enemy; on September 27th she signed a military alliance with Germany and Italy, while about the same time she coerced the hapless French authorities of Indo-China into their first surrender.

Nevertheless, it must not be supposed that it

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was a simple affair, a proclamation of Japan as Hitler's docile client. True, the Anti-Comintern **Pact** was now four years old; Japan was infested **with** German agents, and a representative of the Gestapo sat in the Japanese Ministry of the Interior. True, too, all trade unions had been suppressed, political parties voluntarily dissolved, and something like a Nazi regime brought in under the National Mobilisation Act (1938-40) with one-party government in the hands of the newly formed "Imperial Rule Assistance Association." Nevertheless, as I have endeavoured earlier to show, Japan's totalitarian foibles are no mere vulgar importation from the West; their roots are far longer and older than any which European Nazism or Fascism can boast; and while a common hatred of individual liberty, a common passion for aggression drew her gradually close to Germany, it was always an opportunist association, on the most equal of terms.

Indeed, the Japanese, as we have seen, kept their hands fairly free during the first year of the war in Europe. It may have been that they resented Germany's hobnobbing with Russia; almost certainly they wanted to see Hitler confirm their theory that England was a waning star.

By the early autumn of 1940 the spectacle of a British army left with nothing save its courage and its small arms, the Port of London blazing and almost unusable, gave them all the proof they needed; on September 27th, Mr. Kurusu, whom we last saw playing the "moderate" in Brussels, and who was now Ambassador in Berlin,

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signed on behalf of his Emperor a pact with Germany and Italy. It purported to recognise their hegemony in Europe, while they acknowledged Japan's pre-eminence in "Greater Asia"; the contracting parties moreover agreed to assist one another in every way in the event of any Power then at peace attacking any one of them. This provision was of course plainly aimed at the United States. The answer to it was given two months later when Mr. Roosevelt was elected President for a third term, and by the Lease-Lend Bill which Congress passed early in 1941.

At the time of concluding the Berlin Pact, Japan had begun another and portentous phase of aggression in the Far East. China appeared to be staggering on the brink of collapse; Ichang, the last important place of transshipment up the Yangtze, had fallen, and there was no longer any contact with the outside world save by the interminable desert road from Russian Turkestan, through Sinkiang and Kansu. The last handfuls of British troops had been withdrawn from Chinese soil in August; and America was quarantined from the rest of humanity by the fever of a presidential election.

It was in these circumstances that the Japanese General Staffs undertook the reduction of Indo-China to servility. Admiral Decoux, the Governor newly appointed by Marshal Pétain, flits obscurely through the tragedy that followed, wearing at first sight the guise of a traitor to his former allies and to his civilisation, but betraying on closer approach the mask of a bemused and desperate bureaucrat. Whatever he was, the

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Japanese by a show of force obliged him, on September 22nd, 1940, to sign an agreement granting them the use of certain air bases in the northern part of the French colony (from which their bombers might easily reach the Burma Road) and the right to station garrisons at Haiphong and Hanoi. There quickly followed an economic arrangement which made over to Japan in ample measure the Indo-Chinese production of rice, rubber and iron ore. Japan's ability to resist a blockade was thereby improved to a sensible degree.

The neighbouring state of Siam (Thailand) was then induced to profit by French weakness and demand the return of certain territories between the Mekong River and the Gulf of Cambodia which had been wrested from her half a century before. Half-hearted fighting spluttered on for several months while the Japanese stood by; at last in January 1941 a truce was signed on board a Japanese warship anchored in the river off Saigon. Japan had acted the honest broker; she was not long in extorting her commission from both parties.

There was a burst of jubilant truculence from Tokyo. The "Co-Prosperity Sphere" was beginning to take shape. But its growth ought to be constant. In February 1941 Mr. Matsuoka was declaring to the Diet that the white races must be induced to cede Oceania, a region capable of supporting some 600,000,000 souls; and a few months later an important Japanese newspaper warned the world that "the question of Japan's southward advance is tending to reach a stage

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when a settlement by peaceful means will become impossible, much against Japan's desire." Of course, it was in no way Japan's fault. As an army spokesman put it, "Japan has the heart of a dove; she is anxious to lay the egg of peace, but Britain and America have placed the snakes' eggs of Singapore and Guam in the nest." No doubt the spokesman when he talked like this was aware of the lack of aircraft and anti-aircraft artillery at Singapore, or how the United States Congress had utterly overlooked the defences of Guam.

Singapore Reinforced

The Japanese encroachment in Indo-China. threw into disorder such Far Eastern defence plans as the British Empire possessed. Hong Kong was now finally cut off from help; and a potential enemy lay hardly more than 400 miles from Northern Malaya. It was a prospect particularly unpleasing to Australia; and an agitation sprang up there for the recall of the Commonwealth forces from the Middle East. There was no such withdrawal, but in February 1941 reinforcements for Malaya were sent direct from Australia. "These developments," *The Times* declared, "... are not regarded as indicating any anxiety on the part of the authorities about the Far Eastern situation. ..." A few modern machines, Blenheims, Lockheed Hudsons, and American fighters of almost obsolescent type also appeared, "... and there is good reason to believe that the balance of air power in the Far Eastern area is now swinging in favour of

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Great Britain—a fact which will not be overlooked farther East."

When we observe the present piteous state of Singapore, the bespectacled little conqueror strutting through the battered streets, and perpetrating there no doubt the outrages with which he generally celebrates a victory, it is not easy to realise that but a year separates us from that February day when the first Australian reinforcements reached the base. Not to this world would seem to belong the cheers, the bands, a thousand young voices bawling "Roll Out the Barrel," the shower of Australian pennies for the big-wigs on the quay. "The safe arrival of these strong reinforcements," announced the Commander-in-Chief of the China Station, "is viewed with satisfaction. . . . It is also a clear indication of the growing strength of the Empire forces, which now need leave no part of the Empire inadequately defended." The Australian army, with their slouch hats and their strange cries, for a time upset the decorum of the sober streets. But it was explained that this after all was a people's army; difficult though it might be for your Somerset Maugham planter to believe, officers and privates back in Australia often belonged to the same club. . . .

The Russo-Japanese Neutrality Pact

In the spring of 1941, Mr. Matsuoka, the Japanese Foreign Minister, proceeded on a trip to Europe. He returned with the conviction, as he publicly declared, that victory was already in **the** grasp of the Axis. He also brought **back**

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with him a Pact of Neutrality which he **had** negotiated with Stalin at the Kremlin on April 13. By this instrument the long years of frontier skirmishes were virtually ended; there were undertakings mutually to respect territorial integrity; and each party agreed to remain neutral in the event of the other becoming involved in a war.

Japanese Domination of Indo-China

Thereafter events moved quickly. Such immunity as the Pact had brought Japan was increased by the German attack upon Russia in June. The Japanese then felt free to make another advance into the South Seas; demands were made of Vichy for military control of Indo-China.

The move was made behind a screen of denials, uttered even by responsible Japanese Ministers to the British Ambassador. But by the middle of July it became clear that we were witnessing the end of French rule in Cochin-China, Annam, Cambodia and the enchanted principalities of Laos, the shattering of those conceptions half romantic and half venal which had lasted since the France of Turgot's day. The Japanese transports were even now steaming southward towards Saigon; the bombers were about to land upon the aerodromes in which Indo-China abounds.

For once the "democratic" Powers acted with speed and decision; the United States, Great Britain and the Netherlands East Indies without waiting for the formal announcement of the

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Vichy Government's capitulation **declared** economic war upon Japan. They **had warned her that** they would regard any further advance into Indo-China as a menace to their security; now, as the Japanese prepared to come south to the very Gulf of Cambodia, opposite Northern Malaya, all Japanese assets were "frozen" in these three countries, the Anglo-Japanese Commercial Treaty was denounced, and the credits were stopped with which Japan's purchases abroad were financed. Not many days later, in the course of the Churchill-Roosevelt conversations, Great Britain gave an undertaking to come to the assistance of the United States, should they be attacked by Japan.

From that moment the Japanese evidently considered war to be inevitable. There was little to be gained by holding back any longer from the general conflict; though their food position was assured, the economic measures taken against them were bound to cause grave inconvenience before long; while it was most unlikely that the British Empire and her allies, if they succeeded in worsting the Axis, would leave Japan undisturbed in her new Asiatic pre-eminence.

Japan Clears her Decks

There were, of course, ostensible efforts still made by the Japanese Government to avoid open conflict. Conversations were begun with the, United States, and an endeavour made to secure American acquiescence in the conception of the Co-Prosperity Sphere, with Japan supreme from Timor to the Kuriles; and to put an end to

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the American shipping of war material to Vladivostock, for the supply of the harassed Soviet army. At the end of August, Prince Konoye, the Prime Minister, addressed a personal letter to President Roosevelt, which led to the opening of informal conversations at Washington. Meanwhile, the Empire prepared for war. The full Evisions of the General Mobilisation Act were rought in early in August, all essential industries were taken over by the State and put in the charge of an official from one of the big trusts, who was made economic dictator; and the country in general was put upon a war footing, with a special General Staff in supreme control.

There were no forces of moderation left. Party Government was of course at an end, and old Prince Sianoji had died a few months before. The Generals were now supreme, and one of them, General Tojo, a former Kuantung army fanatic of declared pro-Axis sympathies, now became Prime Minister in Prince Konoye's place (October 1941). His prayers at the shrine of the late Baron Tanaka, whose designs he followed, declarations from the Japanese Admiralty that the fleet was ready and itching for action, fulminations from all sides against America and Great Britain, semi-official statements that a conflict was inevitable, left little doubt that Japan was getting ready to strike.

Looking back on those months, now so remote, it is hard to credit the spirit of tranquillity which reigned among us. A few war supplies destined for China were, it is true, diverted to the somewhat naked defences of Rangoon; and there was

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an effort to strengthen the anti-aircraft defences of Singapore. But the bulk of such war material as could be spared from the United Kingdom **was** being exported to Russia, where its influence upon the campaign can hardly have been decisive, or to North Africa for an impending offensive. It is beyond the scope of this book to question the wisdom of these dispositions. With so meagre a quantity of arms to spare, Mr. Churchill may no doubt have been right to leave the richest parts of our Empire, parts vital to our war economy, exposed to grave danger, in order that we might put up a show of force in the Western Desert, and by so doing relieve the German pressure upon Russia. The stakes are too large, the throw too recently made, for a cool judgement upon this matter to be easily reached.

What can, however, be said is that in the Far East the sort of complacency which had conjured up the danger was still general. Though Siam in August had recognised Manchukuo—a sure symptom of impending alliance with Japan—the British Minister in Bangkok apparently continued to assure the Foreign Office that all was well, and to discount the reports of sinister Japanese doings in the south of the country near the Malayan border. The white inhabitants of Singapore went on with their dances and their tennis, banning Asiatics when possible from the Civil Defence organisations which were rapidly being turned into clubs of a new and agreeable sort. . . .

In America, Congress, it is **true**, had **appropriated** a large sum for the defence of the Philip-

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Sines, and strengthened the defences of Hawaii, But the Isolationists spoke to large and enthusiastic audiences, bad eggs could still be found to welcome the British Ambassador, and, though American warships were already in action with Axis submarines, a very large part of American industry was still manufacturing pleasure automobiles or home refrigerators. Only a thin trickle of arms was beginning to flow across the Atlantic, while but one division of the United States army was said to be fully equipped and trained to take the field.

The Last Days of Peace

In November Mr. Kurusu, who had signed the Alliance with the Axis a year before, arrived in Washington as a Special Envoy to continue the informal conversations. He demanded formally the raising of the economic measures taken against his country, the cessation of arms exports to Russia via Vladivostock, and the recognition of Japan's pre-eminence in Asia. The American press ran pictures of Mr. Kurusu seated in the state Department, twisting with nervous laughter; it was generally agreed that Japan did not relish the prospect of war. "Americans" declared *Life* on December 1st, "do not even seem worried by the prospect of war with Japan, whereas the Japanese are worried stiff by the fear of war with America. The defences of Manila and Hawaii are stronger than ever. The navy is ready for action ..."

In England also there was a fairly general belief that Japan at the last moment would beat

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a retreat. On December 7th, for instance, at the Ministry of Information, the voice of a minor official was heard, booming through the long corridors with apparent authority: "But we have positive information, I tell you, that the Japanese are bluffing."

About the same moment a young American couple who were staying a few days in Honolulu took it into their agreeable heads to swim before breakfast. Over New York at that time there hung a heavy fog, and beneath it the air was so unseasonably warm, the trees were budding in Central Park. Strange portentous weather! But in Hawaii it was just a lovely tranquil Sunday morning, with nothing stirring and the warships lying sleepily at anchor in Pearl Harbour. As the American couple were swimming through the bright warm water they suddenly heard the sound of many aircraft coming in from the south-east. Save for one small private plane, out for an early cruise, the oncoming machines were alone in the sky. They swooped over Pearl Harbour, and then the swimmers heard a lot of noise and saw the splashes of projectiles dropped from the sky. Exercises, they thought idly, just exercises. But darned realistic ones. They surely gave one some idea of what London had stood up to. . . .

So quietly, so quickly did Japan strike.

VIII

PACIFIC NO LONGER

RARELY have the weapons of surprise and treachery been used with effect more devastating than on that Sunday morning in December 1941. Perhaps the American authorities in Hawaii had heard the Japanese threats so often uttered they no longer heeded them; possibly they were lulled by the thought of those conversations with Mr. Kurusu which still dragged on in Washington. (Indeed, the Japanese envoy was closeted with Secretary Hull at the very moment when the first breathless, indignant reports of the attack came into the White House.)

Whatever the reason, there were no reconnaissance planes out to catch a glimpse of the aircraft-carriers that must have been stealing towards the islands during the night; anti-aircraft batteries were apparently unmanned, and many of the American fighters were destroyed before they could leave the ground. The neglect of Admiral Kimmel, C.-in-C. of the U.S. fleet, to take elementary precautions against surprise is to form the subject of a court martial.

The onslaught was made by heavy bombers, dive-bombers, and torpedo-carrying machines, with a strong fighter escort. Small two-men submarines, of a type much advertised by the Japanese, tried to slip unobserved into the anchorage during the flurry of the air-attack; but the attempt miscarried.

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It was perhaps the most deadly air **raid yet** carried out. The battleship *Arkansas* blew up, **the** *Oklahoma* capsized, at least three destroyers and some other craft went down. What damage was done to the surviving units of the fleet we do not yet know with certainty; but the Japanese claim to have crippled two further capital ships and four large cruisers.

The great oil tanks about the harbour were soon in flames; on Hickham airfield bombs wrecked scores of military aircraft in their hangars and slaughtered their crews in barracks. At the end of the raid, the Japanese, for a trifling loss, had put the U.S. Pacific fleet temporarily out of action. It was not till a few hours later that the Imperial Japanese H.O. announced the existence of a state of war with the United States and the British Empire. Singapore was bombed without the least warning.

Amazement as much as fury was provoked in the Anglo-Saxon world by this blow. A public hardened to international wrongdoing could yet be dazed by this murderous perfidy. They forgot it was the classic trick of Japan to strike first and declare war afterwards, that she had merely followed the precedent of her tactics in the Russo-Japanese conflict. Mr. Churchill, who out of office had never seemed to spare much thought for the Japanese danger, now proclaimed to the world his surprise at this temerity in challenging the West. Indeed, on January 29, 1942, he communicated to the House of Commons **his** belief that Japan had gone to war "only **through** the civil government being overwhelmed

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by a military *coup d'etat*" As this book has endeavoured to show, the militarists paralyzed civil government in Japan many years ago; since 1938, at the very latest, no moderate opinion has made itself heard; even the trade unions have fulsomely acclaimed the totalitarian authority of the "Imperial Rule Assistance Association,"⁵ * whose policy, long declared, is one of expansion at the expense of the Anglo-Saxon empires. In short, Mr. Churchill's words revealed a misapprehension of the whole Far Eastern situation, which hardly augured well for our future.

America Becomes our Ally

The United States and the British Empire formally declared war against Japan on the morrow of the Pearl Harbour attack. Within three days America was also at open war with the Axis, which had rallied to the side of those whom an Italian newspaper apostrophised as the "gentle, elegant Japanese."

Most of the Central and South American republics adopted a policy of more or less open hostility to the Axis. The Argentine, restrained perhaps by her vast Italian minority, alone clung on to strict neutrality, despite the pressure exerted upon her at a Pan-American Conference held in Rio de Janeiro a few weeks after Japan had struck.

The United Nations

At the New Year a league of United Nations was formed in Washington, under the personal impulsion of the President and of Mr. Churchill,

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then in America. A pact was signed pledging **the** Allies to fight in concert against **those enemies with** which they were already at war. This formula was designed to skirt round the difficulties of Russia's position. Against Germany she was now joined in close alliance with the British Empire, the United States, and China (who had hastened to declare war upon the whole Axis). But her desire to avoid for the moment a campaign upon two fronts was tacitly respected; and at this time of writing (March, 1942) the U.S.S.R. still maintains her Pact of Neutrality with Japan. It is, nevertheless, difficult to believe that before the Far Eastern struggle is ended the great air bases of the Siberian Maritime Provinces will not have played a decisive and perhaps disastrous part in the history of Japan.

So the diminutive militarists who first upset the peace of the world had now united almost the whole world against them, in such a unanimity as Hitler himself was never able to provoke. On that January evening in Washington, must not a historic analogy have leaped to Mr. Churchill's mind: a day at the Hague, some two hundred and forty years before, when the greatest of his name helped to bring into being just such another alliance of free Powers?

The Pacific Chain Breaks

Meanwhile the Japanese, striking with extraordinary speed and fury, hacked to pieces in the first few days of war all our carefully conceived plans in the Pacific. The American fleet, already **weak** in modern battleships, had, **as we have**

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seen, been crippled for the time being; its main line of battle now vanished from the public vision, not to make the least reappearance during the first three months of war. There were rumours of its falling back upon San Diego, the Californian base, there to reorganise; in any case, it had for the moment been eliminated as a factor in the Pacific war.

The American power in the Eastern Pacific was supposed to link up with the British, based on Singapore, along a line running from Pearl Harbour, through the little islands of Midway, Wake, and Guam, to the Philippines. Midway, lying to the north-west of the Japanese mandated islands, and Guam, right in their midst, were soon taken by the enemy. On Wake Island less than 400 United States marines, under the command of Major James Devereux (an old friend of mine whom I last saw through the repellant dust of a Peking polo-field) held out gloriously for more than a fortnight against frightful odds. When asked how they were faring, the indomitable garrison replied "Fine: send us some more Japs!" They sank seven Japanese warships, a cruiser, four destroyers, a gunboat and a submarine; then, with the last proud message: "The issue is now in doubt," the silence of the Pacific closed in upon them.

Fall of Hong Kong

The last hold of the Allies upon the China coast was quickly loosened; the International Settlement at Shanghai was seized within the first few hours, the British river gunboat H.M.S.

Peterel being sunk. To the south the mainland territory of Hong Kong was speedily invaded; the garrison, lately reinforced by Canadian troops, was obliged to withdraw to the island on the night of December 11-12. Important minefields guarded the narrow channel between the defenders and the mainland; but the Japanese used a corps of swimmers, specially trained by their Olympic champion, Koike, to destroy these hazards. By December 19 a foothold was gained upon the rock of Hong Kong itself; and on Christmas Day the garrison of some 7,000 men, suffering from beri-beri and thirst, were compelled to give in.

Of what then happened in the colony there has come to hand as yet no very reliable news. But there have been rumours of white women raped, and bayonet practice upon numbers of prisoners, members of a famous regiment. The matter was lately raised in the House of Commons, but the Government has not yet made any statement on it.¹

The Philippine Attack

The main Japanese attack was a clawlike affair, which struck simultaneously and in great force at the Malayan peninsula and the Philippines. The first Japanese landing upon the northern Philippine island of Luzon was carried out on December 19. General MacArthur's small forces resisted with brilliance and dash, and one of his bombers contrived to sink the elderly

¹ Since this was written Mr. Eden (March 10) confirmed **these reports** to the House of Commons. **There is no need to recapitulate the terrible facts of the matter.**

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Japanese battleship *Haruna*; another vessel of the same class was severely damaged the next day. Nevertheless, the Japanese, who had appeared in great strength, quickly contrived to gain supremacy, both at sea and in the air; soon they were landing where they liked, all round the island. General MacArthur performed prodigies; but not even his volatile and flamboyant talent could prevail against such numbers. With American trans-Pacific communications cut, the reinforcement of his small army became a slow, hazardous business. He seems, moreover, to have been enormously hampered by Japanese "Fifth Columnists," who were up to every artifice, even fixing mirrors in trees to acquaint the attacking machines with the position of his anti-aircraft batteries. Fighting with the utmost resolution, the defenders were steadily forced back. Towards the end of the year Manila was abandoned, and declared an open town; this did not avert a vicious attack upon it by Japanese bombers, who seemed to take particular pains to destroy buildings of beauty and antiquity. After their entry into the shattered capital the victors appointed as its new mayor Jorge Vargas, a former associate of President Quezon. They also brought out of senile obscurity the veteran General Aguinaldo, and are said to be using him as the foundation of a Filipino Quisling movement. But their efforts to persuade the Tagalogs and Visayans that Japan advances as a benevolent liberator do not appear as yet to have encountered much success.

Meanwhile General MacArthur had reformed

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bis forces for a last stand to the west of 'Manila Bay, in the wild and rocky peninsula of Bataan, **and** on the fortress island of Corregidor. There he is still holding out (March, 1942) discomfiting the invaders with the brilliance and ingenuity of his counter-attacks.

But long before the Japanese had by-passed this last vestige of resistance and continued toward the Equator. The meagreness of General MacArthur's forces, and perhaps the providence of Congress, had obliged him to leave the southern island of Mindanao almost undefended. There, in the second week of war, the Japanese landed a strong force; little useful opposition could be made, and the defenders were hampered into the bargain by the tricks of local "Fifth Columns," formed from the Japanese colony of some 30,000 traders, farmers and fishermen who were settled in the island. It was a danger which for years had disquieted our Foreign Office and Admiralty, since it brought the enemy to the Straits of Palawan, opposite British North Borneo and Sarawak. But the memory of this prescience was small compensation for the ridiculous ease with which those two rich territories, with their oil wells, their iron, rubber and spices, were now overrun.

Futility in Malaya

Within the first two days the defences of Malaya were hamstrung. To the last moment the British authorities apparently believed that Thailand (Siam) was with us heart and soul; Japanese intrigues in the south were ignored; little import-

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ance was given to the growing dependence of the Thai rice-grower upon the Japanese market. After the Japanese occupation of Indo-China, the Thai Government, in a flurry of nerves, are said to have entreated us for arms and aircraft; though their appeal was met in no useful fashion, few anxieties seem to have pricked the defenders of Malaya, for all that we might be driving Thailand to make the best terms possible with Japan.

Thailand Invaded

In the event, the Japanese, alleging that we had invaded the country, crossed the Thai frontier from Indo-China on December 8, to save the gentle peasantry from British rapine. The Thai army made a show of resistance which lasted some five hours, then handed the country over to the invader. Thailand, and the Isthmus of Kra in particular, opened the door into Malaya; while the long, unprepared frontier of Burma was now laid bare.

We do not always realise, perhaps, that the number of aircraft which can be usefully employed in a given theatre is almost directly proportional to the amount of suitable aerodromes available. Hardly more than three squadrons can operate with any comfort from the average flying-field; and one of the most serious problems facing a modern commander is the ensuring of a profusion of fields from which to deploy his fighter cover. It is essential, too, that the front-line aerodrome should be the apex of a great organisation, stretching and broadening as it goes back through

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the repair shops and the store-houses to the factories themselves. Otherwise the maintenance of an air force at full strength during a lively campaign becomes an affair of formidable difficulty.

But in Malaya almost all the elements were lacking upon which depends a successful air defence. Had Australia been turned into a great fount of aircraft, pouring out machines to Singapore along a well-planned channel: had Service aerodromes abounded throughout Malaya, with proper guards for them, then the Japanese might well have been discomfited. But most of the aircraft in the peninsula had been sent from England or America; there was no certain and constant supply of spare machines and pilots to make up for wastages; and there do not appear to have been nearly enough aerodromes'.

The Times of August 18, 1941, credited Malaya with twelve land-plane bases, Thailand with ten, and Indo-China with eighty-nine. Many of these Indo-Chinese aerodromes were at that time supposed, it is true, to be small and ill-equipped; but it is hardly to be imagined that the Japanese left them long in such a state. Unless, therefore, the Malayan Command performed some prodigies of construction during the last few months of Far Eastern peace—and nothing in the tragedy of Malaya encourages a belief in British prodigies—then at no time in the campaign were we in a position to put into the air more than a fraction of the force brought against ours, even had an unlimited supply of aircraft and pilots been available.

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As it was, two of our precious flying fields were lost during the first day of invasion. An ability to defend such vital points was no more evident on our side in this campaign than it had been in Greece or Crete; the Japanese were allowed quickly to overrun the northern aerodromes of Alor Star, on the east coast near the Thai border, and Kota Bahru, similarly placed on the west. It was this early wresting of flying fields out of our hands that brought on the great disaster, the shadow of which still lies across the whole Asiatic stage.

Loss of Sea Mastery

In the month of November the fast new battleship H.M.S. *Prince of Wales* was sent out to join H.M.S. *Repulse* at Singapore. "The decision," Mr. Churchill later explained to the House of Commons, "to send those ships in advance to the Far East was taken in the hope, primarily, of deterring the Japanese from going to war at all, or, failing that, of deterring her from sending convoys into the Gulf of Siam, having regard to the then position of the strong American fleet at Hawaii/⁵ Owing to the recent sinking of H.M.S. *Ark Royal* and accidents to other aircraft-carriers—there was no vessel of this type available to accompany the *Prince of Wales*. Whether it was wise to use our latest battleship in a dangerous game of bluff; whether indeed a ship of that importance should be moved except under the impulse of purely naval needs; and whether after the Cretan experience we were justified in risking these

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precious vessels near to hostile territory without proper air cover, are questions which have already bred high feeling in Parliament. All that concerns us is that the two great ships, relying on the cover of land-based aircraft, went north on December 9 to intercept enemy transports in the Gulf of Siam. But owing, it would seem, to the loss of aerodromes, the expected air cover was not provided, and both vessels were in due course sunk by land-based torpedo aircraft. Our fighters arrived on the scene just an hour too late.

A situation already difficult had been rendered desperate by miscalculation. Nevertheless, a little dash, a little ingenuity might have given a different twist to the lamentable story which was being unfolded on land. The Japanese, now masters of the Eastern seas, were able to put into the Malayan peninsula forces which surpassed the defenders, not only in numbers, but even in resource and tactical mastery. It was as if we had learnt no lessons in France or from the Russian campaign. The Japanese employed with local variations the technique that carried Germany to victory in May and June 1940—our troops were savagely dive-bombed, "Fifth Columnists" whipped Tommy-guns out of their sarongs, and while the Australians, the English and the Indians clung in futile static gallantry to their blockhouses commanding the rare roads, the enemy were slipping round behind them by jungle or mountain paths which the white men did not know. Much has been said about the Japanese technique of infiltration. In simple truth

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it consists in marching light and by uncommon ways.

In the Western campaign of May 1940 the unfortunate French soldier could hardly move for his ponderous greatcoat, the leaden knapsack and clanking cook-pots; and as often as not he lacked a map to tell him which way he went. The German, on the other hand, was thrown unencumbered into action, and there were traitors in plenty to lead him round the enemy positions. Similarly, the Japanese, eighteen months later, in gym shoes and shorts, flitted through the jungle, the swamps, the mountains, in the middle of the peninsula, bribing the Sakai to lead them, and living on the country; while the defenders, when they did move, were compelled to travel heavily by road, carrying their supplies with them, or starving if they did not.

The roads themselves must have evoked something of the French debacle, with the dive-bombers screaming down unhindered and the troops hardly able to move for the press of terrified refugees. Learning no lesson from the past, the British authorities apparently allowed the civilians to choke the communications in their flight; and it took little to make them run. As *The Times* special correspondent put it: ". . . The Government had no roots in the life of the people of the country . . . the bulk of the Asiatic population remained spectators from start to finish. Their inclination was to get as far as possible from the scene of hostilities."

Nor, apparently, was this impulse monopolised by the Asiatic population. **One morning**

toward the end of 1941, for instance, the Japanese dropped a few bombs on Ipoh, the centre of the tin-mining industry. The raid apparently was short and harmless; but by nightfall not a single civilian, European or native, was left in the town. There had been no order to evacuate it, yet Ipoh was abandoned in terror, to the neglect of services upon which the army relied.

Demolition, too, seems to have worn a skimpy, perfunctory air. Penang was evacuated on December 19, after the enemy's dive-bombers had caused fantastic confusion and many deaths. But the warehouses were left full of rubber; fifteen Spitfires are said to have been abandoned in their crates at the docks; and when the Japanese took over the public services were functioning smoothly, a credit to their late owners....

As the Japanese forces, led by their ever-victorious Fifth Division, rolled onward down the peninsula, public anger and apprehension rose in England. With that blind instinct for a scapegoat which is released in such moments, the masses for a time blamed all our Malayan troubles upon Air Marshal Sir R. Brooke-Popham, who was removed at the end of the year from his post as C.-in-C. Far East. But that unfortunate officer had constantly appealed for reinforcements in the days of peace, and the injustice of the attacks upon him gradually came to be realised. He was no more responsible than any other one man for our disasters; and as the Japanese early in February 1942 approached the gates of Singapore the English came to see that it was not a commander or a Prime Minister that needed chang-

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ing, but a whole blind and fatuous system of administration.

Singapore fell on February 15, and with it went all Malaya. As I write Java is prostrate, Rangoon captured, the Burma Road a fantasy of the past. Port Darwin was bombed on February 20, and in Timor the enemy have become the rowdy and murderous neighbours of the Commonwealth. . . .

Consequences of Defeat

So far this chapter has been an unbroken recital of disasters. Before turning to the future, however coloured, let us briefly face and assess the consequences of Japan's actions during her first three months of war.

(1) In principle, by the blow at Pearl Harbour, the cutting of American communications to the Philippines, and the virtual reduction of those islands, she has temporarily destroyed American power in the Pacific and has deprived the United States fleet of any base from which it could comfortably join with us to operate in the China Seas.

(2) She has wrested from us our principal sources of rubber, and tin. Malaya, Thailand, and the Netherlands East Indies produced between them more than half the world's supply of tin in the last full year of peace (1938); and about the same proportion of rubber. The tin problem may be remedied by supplies from Bolivia, etc.; but new sources of rubber are not **too** easy to find. Neither Brazil nor **Liberia** have yet been able to rival the **output of the**

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Malayan and Netherlands East Indian plantations; and in any case, their crops meet but a small part of American needs. The assurances of the United States Government regarding their rubber stocks and capacity for manufacturing the synthetic substitutes, are, of course, some comfort; but we must be prepared, nevertheless, for a temporary rubber shortage, with inevitable effects on Allied war production.

Equally, the shipment of foodstuffs from Australia and New Zealand to the United Kingdom has been vastly complicated by the Japanese advance. The Indian Ocean may soon be closed to our merchantmen; cargoes of Canterbury lamb or Australian wheat will then be obliged to take the Panama route, which means a lengthened voyage, and a consequent loss of shipping-space over a given period of time.

Conversely, Japan has now her hands upon almost all the raw materials which she chronically lacked—oil, rubber, nonferrous metals, and iron are now hers in profusion. Her economic system, already well-organised for war, has been inordinately strengthened by her conquests in the last three months; and her new supplies of raw materials go far to offset the superior wealth and industrial powers of her enemies. Even if we were in a position to exert it, no blockade would seriously inconvenience Japan any longer. Nor can we still be certain that by money alone we must inevitably win. Yesterday evening I happened to hear one of the Columbia Network's broadcasters from New York assuring the world **that the Allied** cause was bound to triumph. And

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why? Because the United States Congress had just appropriated some thirty-two billion dollars for war expenditure. But money loses much of its potency when supplies dwindle of the goods which it is supposed to buy. In war the possession of raw materials is as good as money.

(3) Japan has opened up an almost unprepared, discontented India to attack, and probably robbed us of power for the time being over the seas between Colombo and Hawaii. For the first occasion in 160 years an enormous expanse of salt water is virtually closed to the Royal Navy.

(4) Japan has gone far towards driving a wedge between the unconquered parts of China and their Occidental sources of war material. This wedge she seeks to render moral as well as geographic. The Chinese are being encouraged to consider the British as decadent, undemocratic, useless, and the Americans as allies too remote to lend real help. It is the obvious aim of the Japanese to persuade the Chinese that further resistance would be fatuous, since all hope of effective assistance from the outside world is now vain. It is unnecessary to stress the degree to which Japan would benefit by a separate peace with China.

(5) The modern British colonial system has been revealed as a flimsy construction with few foundations in the happiness of the peoples which it rules.

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Japan Would Fight Alone

A sombre picture, perhaps; but we will not lighten the composition by looking at it through half-closed eyes. Nor, I believe, do the American and British peoples want to. The time is past for Tin-Pan Alley to sing: "You're a Sap, Mr. Jap!" or for the English to imagine that the war in the Pacific is a matter hardly concerning them. It is just as much our affair, just as likely to distort and spoil our lives as is the conflict in Europe or North Africa; and while, of course, we must not let the Japanese so engage our strength that we have none left to spare for Germany, let us realise that we shall never win in this continent if Asia be snatched out of our hands. In some ways, indeed, the Japanese militarists are an even more serious antagonist for us than is Hitler; for whereas their collapse would now render almost certain his speedy defeat by the Russo-American-British combination, Japan, even if deserted by her allies, would probably continue a desperate struggle. The consequences of defeat would be far more disastrous for her than for Germany; and even when Hitler has been worsted, we may still be faced with a tedious and bloody war in the Far East.

The vision of a new Reich spewing out Nazism and retiring within her Versailles frontiers while she sues for peace is not entirely beyond the reach of our imaginations; nor would we turn down the appeal out of hand. Germany has capitulated before in her history; humiliation comes almost **as naturally to her** as does victory. **But the Japanese**

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have burnt their boats; they proclaim to **the** world that they must either win this present throw or perish as a nation. Even in defeat Germany is still, alas! the ugliest problem in Europe. But a vanquished Japan must surely crumble into powder; apart from the unfamiliar psychological prostration which misfortune would induce in the national character, a humbled Japan at the feet of a victorious China could hope for no very brilliant future. We must conceive then, our Pacific war as being one without quarter; and while in success Germany and Japan may stand together, it is by no means so certain that their fall will be simultaneous in misfortune.

Tactics and Psychology of Victory —

The British and Americans have also burnt their boats. For us, as for Japan, nothing but complete victory will do. Much of this book has been a chronicle of muddle-headed weakness. It would be useless to recount it, did I doubt the certainty of our salvation; from self-criticism, as Stalin has shown, a vigorous nation can draw fresh and terrible strength; but for a dying one it is a morbid, unpardonable luxury.

The manner of our salvation must be twofold, both tactical and psychological; there must take place a revolution, not only in our methods of waging war, but also in the mentality that directs it; and of the two revolutions the second will dwarf, if not contain, the first. The loss of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*, and, with them, the loss of command over the Eastern seas, seems generally to be regarded as a piece of cruel and

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unpredictable ill-luck. There was never cherished a more dangerous fallacy than this. The sinking of those two great ships was the consequence and symptom of that confused blindness which has afflicted us at least ever since the Japanese seized Manchuria, the fear of taking risks in the first place, and the failure properly to assess and guard against them afterwards.

If our battleships had not been sunk when they were, would they have long survived disaster in those narrow seas? Could our hard-pressed aircraft from Malaya have afforded them proper cover? And what if they had been drawn into an action far out at sea, beyond the reach of our shore-based fighters? Had our land forces in the peninsula been doubled in strength, would their numbers really have offset the lack of aerodromes and of offensive spirit, the confused apathy of the civilians? It is very much to be doubted.

There are five tactical principles which would seem to be essential for the victory which we must gain in Asia:

(1) We must not only be as numerous and well-equipped as the enemy, but as skilful fighters as they. Much is said publicly about the need of increased production of war material and far too little of the need for ensuring that the material be used intelligently in action. Of what use is it to expend millions of man-hours upon the building of a battleship and then confront it with a situation it was never designed to meet and which can have but one tragic consequence? A superiority in tanks, even command of the air does not

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necessarily give you victory—the latest Libyan campaign has proved that.

(2) We must never again, if we can possibly avoid it, fight a defensive action with our backs to the sea. The Japanese are far better than we at conducting amphibious campaigns, a branch of the warlike art which with us has almost always ended in tears—even in Marlborough's day. So long as we are still too weak to pass to the offensive we should take a leaf out of the Chinese book and draw the enemy away from the sea.

(3) This does not mean, however, that we should abandon all thought of conducting amphibious operations against the Japanese. Up till now the Far Eastern war has been largely one of islands and peninsulas; when we attack we shall never regain what we have lost unless operations by land, sea and air can be properly concerted. But the recent debate on the Air Estimates revealed a lamentable confusion of mind upon this question. It is no matter of dismembering the Air Force or of an Army Air Arm. Why not, for that matter, an Air Force Army Arm? At the moment the Air Force appear to believe that they can win the war by themselves, the Army lose half their spirit when they are deprived of air cover, and blame the Air Force for it; while the Navy consider that this is a sea war. To end this absurd conflict we need units of the three Services trained together, possibly even some interchangeability among commissioned personnel.

(4) No important unit of the navy or army should be risked in a serious action without proper

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air cover. It is hardly usual for battleships to **be** sent into dangerous waters without a thick screen of destroyers; nor does a good general, if he can help it, leave his infantry lacking artillery support. Now, aircraft are merely destroyers and artillery in a third dimension. This elementary fact might possibly have been realised long ago, had we possessed but one Defence Service, one Wehrmacht, instead of three. It has, however, needed some six inglorious evacuations and at least two naval disasters to give our masters the least inkling of it. But it is a principle of modern tactics that has a peculiar and terrifying validity in this Asiatic struggle, where aircraft are scarce and aerodromes scarcer, and where to hard-pressed commanders the temptation must be almost irresistible to use terrestrial forces in the old-fashioned manner, trusting to geography or the weather to protect what an eminent German general has called the "air flank."

If such precautions as are here suggested be adopted as a general, almost inflexible, rule, some changes may be necessary in the types of aircraft at present used in quantities by the R.A.F. Even when fitted with jettison fuel tanks, the conventional type of fighter evolved primarily for the defence of this country—the Spitfire and the Hurricane—will hardly possess range enough to play any useful part in the Japanese struggle. At the same time, it would be folly to skim the problem by throwing into **the** contest fighters—like the Long-Nosed Blenheim—**evolved** from an obsolete **bomber design**. **Such**

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machines would be massacred by the Japanese pursuit planes, which, contrary to expectation, are little less formidable than the Hurricane Mark II. What we need in Asia as the very foundation of our air power is a machine of great density and small size, with a useful range of 1200-1500 miles, a good armament of cannon, and qualities of speed and manoeuvrability that will stand comparison with the latest type of Spitfire. Such an aeroplane has recently been brought into production. Our fate in Asia would seem to hang in a great measure upon the rapid output of this type, even if that of heavy four-engined bombers, and the methodical raiding of Germany, be sacrificed in the process. Quantities of fast modern torpedo-bombers will also be essential to the conduct of the Far Eastern war.

(5) We must no longer fight in the East as strangers among sullen populations, who either regard the war as a trial of strength between rival bands of interlopers or welcome the Japanese as symbolising the end of an odious British rule. We must see to it that we are not again confronted with such apathy, such a desire to avoid the foreigners' trouble as helped to paralyze the defence of Malaya; nor do we need many more such blows to our pride as the spectacle of a Burmese Prime Minister intriguing with the enemy until we are forced to arrest him, and of Burmese levies under Japanese officers taking the field against us. The safety of India from a possible Japanese onslaught is now our urgent pre-occupation; even the Government seems **to comprehend** that having neglected for so **long**

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the defences of that vast sub-continent we cannot hope to hold it without Indian goodwill.

The declaration of Generalissimo Chiang K'ai-shek, made after his recent visit to India, gave an impulse towards concession, and Mr. Churchill has now disclosed to the House of Commons the Government's new plans for India—plans- which at the least will mean a long step towards Dominion status. This is of excellent import for the future, but we must be careful not to deserve the taunt: "The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be!"

It is, of course, no good lamenting our failure to give India her due until the enemy is by her shoulder. The memory of Mr. Churchill's opposition to the India Bill of 1935, however, necessarily must inspire doubts whether he fully comprehends the extent of reform which must be put through if India, and indeed the Asiatic continent, are to be transformed into our loyal, determined allies. The problem is as much one of humanity as of self-government, of principle and attitude as well as technique. We must show the world that, in the bad old sense of the word, we are no longer imperialists; we must leave Asia with no cause any longer to say that our rule is one of selfish exploitation, distinguishable from the Japanese only because it is less ruthless. We must give our former subjects reason to think that association in the British Commonwealth is not the best of a bad job, but a material and spiritual advantage, of unique worth. No free polity is of any real value unless it can provoke in its citizens the belief that it is in every respect

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preferable to a tyranny, however efficient; the test is whether they are prepared if necessary to fight and die, so that its benefits may be preserved for their sons.

We must see to it, then, that the people of India are given real liberties to fight for, liberties which they would never know under the Japanese heel. The clue to the problem is, I believe, not merely self-government or independence, but social reform in the widest and the narrowest sense of the phrase.

First of all, the extension of self-government must be accompanied by an improvement in the condition of the Indian working classes. Let us denounce the Japanese for the legalised slavery which is the basis of their industrial system; but let us see to it that the British Commonwealth be no longer disgraced by such slums as are to be found in Bombay or Cawnpore or Calcutta. The workers in India's new factories are generally housed in conditions and paid wages which would have shocked even the England of a century ago. It may be true that the injustices are often worse in native Indian factories than in the British-owned ones; this should not any longer be used to excuse our inaction.

But the majority of intelligent Indians are more interested in self-government than they are in the lot of their unfortunate countrymen; and unless we are careful the whole question may be overlooked in the rush of forging a new constitution. Even from the pure defence point* of view, the need for reform is urgent. At this moment, for

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instance, the average recruit enters the Indian army in so ill-nourished a condition that it needs several months of decent food before he can stand the ordinary rigours of military training.

In conjunction, therefore, with the new rulers of India we must try to establish there a standard of decent living and economic security Which will not only give the workers and the peasants something to defend, but will stand out in contrast to Japanese exploitation and tyranny as a principle universally applicable, inspiring hope even in the peoples now conquered.

The other necessary social reform must be in the attitude of the British to the Asiatics. There must be no more contemptuous isolation, no more exclusion from clubs. I once heard it said of a certain great British civil servant in the East that he pursued a policy exactly contrary to reason; conciliatory in political affairs, he was contemptuously hostile in social intercourse. The nation among which he laboured would have liked him far better had he proved friendly at parties and a hard customer with whom to do business. In him was to be seen, as in a microcosm, the epitome of our social blunders in the East.

Sir Stafford Cripps will, of course, be perfectly aware of these problems; and we can trust him, I believe, more perhaps than any man, to face and tackle them. If he does, it will mean a tremendous restoration of Oriental confidence in us. There could, for instance, be no better way of persuading the Chinese that we are fighting for the same objects as they and of reviving their faith in us.

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Conclusion—Strategy

In the tragedies of the last months, the ending of our Asiatic Empire in the old-fashioned sense, may well be hidden the seeds of victory. An America and a British Commonwealth vigorous, critical, impatient of old tactics, the people of India and further afield given a cause to fight for, a China confirmed in her resolution, will be too strong for Japan, once her first impetus is expended. Nevertheless any attempt to assess the relative strengths of the combatants or to reckon the immediate course of the war is obviously futile. Let us confine ourselves to the reasonably safe assumption that the complications of the Japanese task are now likely to increase. Unless Australia and India can be speedily reduced, they will inevitably become the bases for a gigantic counter-attack. Even if the enemy took Hawaii—there are 150,000 Japanese there who cannot be interned without paralyzing the life of the place—the United States have now established a new trans-Pacific line of communication to New Zealand and the Commonwealth. Along that line men and material are beginning to go westward in abundance. If they are to overrun the Australian continent the enemy must act quickly; otherwise they may find themselves before long exposed to a vicious attack in Indonesia. The same is even more true of India; her coastline is interminable, and her powers of defence still weak; but if the Japanese fail to overrun her quickly she will almost certainly become the cradle of a

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great attack down the Yangtze valley towards the China Sea, and into Burma, Thailand and Indo-China. This attack must be assisted by partisan work behind the enemy lines; here will be shown the importance of possessing a good cause to fight for.

It may be some time before the American and British fleets are in a position to sail in strength against the Japanese. The new U.S. G.-in-C. may well not care to risk his line of battle until it has been reinforced by at least one of the latest battleships, and until there is no longer any shortage of aircraft-carriers. Until all four surviving ships of the *King George V* class are brought into service and some out of the four of the new *Lion* class, we do not possess in European waters enough fast modern battleships to keep watch upon the German fleet and the Italian—quite apart from the ultimate fate of the French navy. Again, there is a lack of aircraft carriers, without which it would be folly to risk any more of our battle fleet in Far Eastern waters.

It therefore seems unlikely that there will take place any major naval action against the Japanese for some little time to come. But if we can hold them in India and Australia, if we can prevent the Indian Ocean being denied to us, retribution on the sea will not be very long delayed. And the consequences of a naval disaster would be grievous to Japan. It would isolate her forces dispersed through the South Seas and Malaya, and make almost certain an advance of the Allied armies to the China Sea.

JAPANESE FRENZY

Once there, we could rake the Japanese islands with bombs. Brave and fanatic though **the** Japanese are in success, it must be remembered that reverses are a food unfamiliar to their stomachs, and might well turn them up. I would never suggest that bombing alone would bring Japan to her knees; but there is every reason to think that it would make her totter.

Let us make no mistake; our enemies are not only the Japanese militarists but the Japanese people as well. To the poorest farmer, the humblest mill-worker of Osaka, we must bring home the consequences of war, if the Pacific is to know peace again. America at Valley Forge, England in those dark months before the great radiance of the Elder Pitt illumined her, were brought lower than we stand to-day; and yet in a few months they could climb up to victory. We too can triumph against Japan, if we choose to use our will as the supreme weapon transcending aeroplane or tank. But let us pray that in our moment of inevitable success we do not permit the plausible approach of those generous feelings to which we are all too prone. Let us remember that here is no decent reasonable populace, exploited by a pack of militaristic gangsters, but seventy-five million madmen, all prepared to commit any crime at the behest of the State. As the Japanese of two centuries ago outdid each other in carrying out the fantastic edicts of the "Dog Shogun," so their descendants today revere and second the criminals who have brought years of beastliness and evil to China, and who bayoneted to death our helpless **men** in Hong Kong.

