

TALES OF WOE

Tientungan Station Master's Tale

(The Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury, Feb. 1, 1932)

STOOD up before a Japanese firing squad early Friday morning, shot, yet living to tell the tale, Wong Gee-chong, youthful stationmaster of the Tientungan station, Shanghai-Woosung line situated in the Hongkew Park area, told a harrowing story of his miraculous escape from death to a representative of *The Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury* at noon today.

From his cot at the Chinese General Red Cross Hospital, Avenue Haig, the stationmaster told his story, partially in English, partially in Chinese.

"I could not desert my post," he began, "it was my duty to remain as two steam coaches were long overdue from Woosung."

Called Headquarters

"The first thing that happened was the approach of 200 Japanese Marines and three tanks across the No. 7 gate crossing at 11:30 Thursday night. They came from the Japanese Garden, behind the station and near the Japanese headquarters.

"I immediately left my room in the station and went into the office next door where I picked up a telephone and got the Chinese headquarters at the North Station on the wire. I told them that the Japanese troops were moving to attack them, but I know that the Japanese could not have seen me as there was only myself, the gatekeeper and the pointsman in the station.

Pushed Through Door

"Fifteen minutes after the Japanese soldiers had moved into Chapei, about 30 other marines came across gateway No. 6, also near the station, and pushed through the door. I was hiding together with the pointsman and gatekeeper. When the gatekeeper saw the Japanese coming with their bayonets sticking out ahead he ran away.

"I do not know whether the gatekeeper got away, but I hope so, for if he had stayed he might have died like the pointsman did when he and I faced the firing squad.

Led Away By Marines

"I did not see if any Japanese chased the gatekeeper for at that time both the pointsman and I were led away by the Japanese marines to their lines.

"When we got to the Japanese lines an officer ordered us to walk to some sandbags about 10 feet away. When the pointsman and I reached the sandbags we turned around, terribly afraid and not knowing what to expect.

"But we soon knew what was coming. While about 50 Marines stood around, the officer lined up 10 others of their soldiers with their rifles.

Heart Stood Still

"They raised their rifles at the command of the officer and as the soldiers aimed at us, my heart stood still for I knew that it was all over for the poor pointsman and me.

"The officer raised his sword to give the signal and as

he waved it, all the marines fired at us two, standing against the sandbags.

"I saw the pointsman fall dead and as I fell I knew that it was only my left arm which was hit and broken. How lucky I was. Ten shots from 10 guns of the marines and I was not killed, though they missed my heart by very little.

Ran Toward Chapei

"I ran away toward Chapei as fast as I could, I ran over the crossing gateway and had only got about 50 feet when two marines overtook me. One of them quickly raised his rifle and shot me again. This time, it was my right arm they hit, but bones were broken.

"I fell again and thinking me dead, the Japanese marines went away.

"When they were gone, I waited a long while, then got up and with my two arms dangling by my sides I struggled on into Chapei, running and crawling.

Waded Through Lake

"Soon I came to a small lake and I waded through it, the blood from my wounds making the water red. On the other side of the lake I found a deserted hut into which I crawled and stayed for the rest of the night.

"I hid there while the Japanese planes were bombing. About noon Friday the huts caught on fire and I had to move again.

"I crawled over two walls near Tungtze Road and ran into some Chinese soldiers moving against the Japanese. They were Cantonese, like myself, and told me to rush to a hospital.

"I also met a German with them. He was not a soldier, only a civilian like myself trying to find safety. He wanted to get to Szechuen Road.

German Was Kind

"The German was very kind. When the Japanese caught me they had stripped me of all my clothing except my underwear, so I had no money. The German gave me a silver dollar, saying that I should get a ricksha and go to the Cantonese Hospital.

"I went around, and around with the ricksha for four hours trying to get through the fighting to the hospital. At last I reached the hospital only to find that there was no one there.

"Then I decided to return to the North Station, but when I got near there, I saw soldiers fighting at Jukong Road and the Chinese soldiers told me not to go any farther.

"I did not know what to do then, but thought of trying another way to get out of Chapei. I went to Sinza bridge, thinking that I could get a boat across the river to my uncle's house. But when I reached the river it was impossible to get across.

Reaches Hospital

"Just then I met two members of the railway staff who took me to the Pu Ye Blue Cross Hospital on Tatung Road. The doctors dressed my wounds and I stayed there all night.

"I saw many wounded Chinese soldiers at the Pu Ye hospital and they all seemed to have lots of courage.

"I asked them to move me to the Chinese Red Cross Hospital, so they brought me here. I had nothing to eat all

the time but was too busy trying to save my life to think of eating.

"For two days and two nights I was on the run, only in the underwear in which I stood as the Japanese fired on me. If I were not so strong, I would have been dead by now.

Saw Many Dying

"I met about 20 group of Chinese soldiers in Chapei, every half li had some soldiers behind sandbags. They were all very angry against the Japanese.

"I saw many people injured and dying in Chapei. How many, I do not know, but they were everywhere, and running from the Japanese bombs.

And, as gallant and courageous Stationmaster Wang Gee-Chong finished his tale of heroism, he turned to his nurse and she, following his wish, offered the interviewer a cigarette and smiling a cheerful "goodbye."

Man Blinded For Refusal To Set Houses On Fire

(The China Press, Feb. 14, 1932)

"WANG Yung-kao, a food vendor living at Pao Shing Road, who lost both of his eyes while in the hands of the Japanese plainclothes men after having refused to set fire to the residential quarters in Chapei about a week ago, is now being taken care of in the Continental Building, Nanking Road, where a temporary war refugee quarters are maintained by the various Christian organizations of the city.

"According to his account he was seized by the Japanese during the night and promised \$80 to set fire to the buildings along Pao Shing Road, where he was selling cakes. Upon refusing this offer he was instantly knocked into unconsciousness by the Japanese.

"When he recovered he was blinded in both eyes and also suffering from wounds received in the back of the neck and head. He was later found by Chinese soldiers who gave him what medical treatment they could offer. He was later picked up by rescue workers."

So-Desuka !

"Rapid progress is being made with the formation of the proposed new State in Manchuria. The State will claim independence of the Chinese Central Government, but recognize and respect the rights of Japan. Lord Lytton and members of the League Commission will be confronted with this awkward fact."—Reuters, and The Daily Herald.

"YOU here come—Oh so!—to see what abouts?"

Asked the Japanese Welcome Committee,
"A very long way, you come; what a pity!
In-ves-ti-gation? Rites? Ah, so, treaty rights!
Ah, so; please excuse me, my English not good.
So sorry; forgot; please take you some sake!
To-night, we take dining—Seuk-ki-yaki!"

"Kind sir, please excuse me, so sorry;
My band; now to play every anthem—
Save the King, Marseillaise, Spangle Banner—
My soldier; he now make salute 'em!
Ah, so; gentle-man, now have marching!
Plenty horse-riding greatly so handsome!
Big parade, aeroplanes, people shouts!
Hundreds soldiers, twenty-thousand Boy Scouts!"

To-night, we see Geisha, many much song!
Ah, No? Very sorry; you too sleepy-tire?
Ah-nonnay! take his bag quick for master!
Boy-San! get tea, lemon-ade, makee fire!
Make hot-water-bottle, put in master bed,
On table, put Whisky and Tansan each room;

Ah, No! French-man, wine; German, Asahi beer;
American, cocktail, what?—maskee too dear!"

L'Envoi (1)

"Ah, so! Yes, yes, yes . . . s, a 'dispute'!
With some bandits—before time; Yes, So!
Bandite go; China go; finish! not here!
In-de-pen-dent here now; Chinese all go!
No more connection; make treaties just new!
New business; new railways; new chances!
Want old information? See Governor Chan—
I'm just an old simple soldiering man!"

L'Envoi (2)

"Good-bye; Sayonara; I am sorry you going;
Bon Voy-age—how you say?—all the way.
Please excuse me, my English is too many bad,
But, please to remember a little I say—
Tell the City, the Bourse, and money bank-man,
We'll be needing some cash to go on with,
And soon as no more is heard of this noise,
You'll be hearing—from some of our boys!"

—O. D. Rasnaussen.