940 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles, California.
October 29, 1937.

Dear Friend:

So glad to finally get your letter of September 15th. We have all been worried and it is good to know you are safe, but Mrs. Sanger will be distressed to learn of the injured spine as am I.

I have, today, written to our office in Shanghai, asking them to forward the phonograph and some literature which I brought with me for you contributed by a friend of mine, Mrs. Eleanor Levinson Goldberg, in charge of the Book store at the Rand School. If you ever receive this material would you drop her a note of this please.

We have also asked the Shanghai office to include one or two dozen cans of foam powder in the shipment going to you (if transportation is still possible by the time our letter reaches China). We have additional material in Hong Kong which was intended for you and we shall ask them also to ship a supply to you. But one constantly wonders about transportation facilities these days.

I am sending you an interesting article that appeared in "Liberty" recently, about a mutual acquaintance of ours. I think this article will interest you if you have not already seen it.

Ever cordially,

FR:SL

Sianfu, Shensi
Sept. 19, 1937

Dear Florence Rose:

This is copy of a letter I just sent you to Shanghai:

Your letter dated June 17 came today. I had been cut off from all letters for months.

Please if you have pessaries, foam powder, the phonograph and records, for me send everything by registered parcel post packages wherever you are, to

Mrs. A. E. Sze,
c/o Y.W.C.A.
Yenan (Fushih), Shensi Province, China

I am going to the war front as a correspondent but am in Sian now with an injured spine due to a fall from a horse. I land here in 2 weeks. A Dr. Nelson Fu, head of our hospital in Yenan, is awaiting the pessaries & foam powder. Please write full directions to me about the use of the foam powder and he will use it

as directed. I am writing him that your things are coming at last. From Yenan the phonograph will be sent to the front or kept for use in our theatre there.

I've just arrived and am exhausted. 10 days on a stretcher over land over the worst roads I've ever dreamed of. Give Margaret my dearest love. I'll write her before I leave here.

Sincerely

Agnes Smedley

If we can make the foam powder ourselves, please tell us how & Dr. Fu will try to make it in Yenan from what medical stores he has. Write to him — Dr. Nelson Fu, giving detailed instructions.

Sianfu, Shensi
Sept. 19, 1937

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I've just arrived and am exhausted! Give Margaret my love. I'll write her before I leave here.

Sincerely, Agnes Smedley

Miss Rose -
Mrs. Sanger has answered this and carried out the suggestions.
M. Compton

Sian, Shensi
Sept. 13, 1937

Dear Florence Rose and M.S.:

I arrived in Sian 2 days ago for treatment of an injured spine (before proceeding to the war font) and received your letter of June 17 here. I wrote at once to Shanghai and Hongkong. Now I hope this reaches you in Honolulu or will be forwarded.

A friend from here is going to Shanghai in a few days and I'll have him send the phonograph to me at Yenan by parcel post. I hope, above all, that you left pessaries there to be sent me. They are a thousand times more needed.

If you did not, try to send some by parcel post to

Mrs. A. E. Sze
c/o Y. W. C. A.
Yenan (Fushih), N. Shensi Province
China.

Also send foam powder & tell the head of our hospital, Dr. Nelson Fu, in a letter to the same address, how to use it. Can he make it also? If so, tell him how. Send the letter to Dr. Nelson Fu, c/o Mrs. A. E. Sze as above.

If I am at the war front, your ~~wa~~ letters will be read in Yenan, acted upon, then sent on to me at the front. So I can keep in touch with you.

Margaret, what is the plan you

want to discuss with me? Write me in full to Yenan, about it. Wherever I am I will answer you in full. I think I shall be somewhere in N. W. China, at the front, doing First aid on the battlefield and also corresponding. I will be with the Red Army, known now as the 8th Route Army. We will perhaps be somewhere in Suiyuan ~~Shansi~~ or Chahar. If the Japanese finish me off, turn down an empty glass for me before your plate at least once a week. You have always been my true, unwavering friend, and I have always loved you. If I am not "finished off" by the Japs, I'll write regularly for the American

press, and I'll answer your letter.

You have a broken arm! What is this fate that prevents you from coming to China, or remaining here long?

Thank you for the phonograph and records. If I'm in Yenan I'll use it. If not, I will have it given to our theatre, which needs it badly. I'll get it when I go back.

If China can hold out for a year, I think we will see a revolutionary change in this country. Then b.c. is going to be a basic health measure wherever we are, at least.

Love always

Agnes Smedley.

The Vanguard Press · 424 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK CITY
JAMES HENLE, PRESIDENT · TELEPHONE: PLAZA 3-3906 · CABLE ADDRESS: VANGPRESS

October 25, 1937.

Dear Miss Rose:

Thank you for sending me the letter that Mrs. Sanger received from the Department of State. I'll communicate with Miss Smedley and also with Roger Baldwin - since the letter seems to indicate rather plainly that Miss Smedley's passport will not be renewed.

Do you think that Mrs. Sanger will be willing to write to them again?

Yours sincerely,

Miss Florence Rose
Secretary to Mrs. Sanger
California Birth Control Committee
940 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles, California

jh:mt

October 29, 1937

Dear Agnes:

I am sending this letter c/o your friend, Mrs. A. E. Sze, and I know she will forward it on to you. The phonograph was left by Miss Rose in Shanghai with Mrs. Chou. I hope by this time you have received it.

I have also asked Mrs. Chou to go to Hong Kong and get some of the supplies that are stored there and send them on to you, Mrs. Sze and Dr. Fu as suggested in your letter.

The plans, dear Agnes, that I wanted to discuss with you can be discussed later when I come again to China or when there is more peace in China than at present.

I have already written to the Secretary of State regarding your passport and had word that there was no such intention or order issued from Washington relative to its renewal. I am glad to know this.

Take care of yourself, let us hear from you occasionally, for a good many of us here feel not only a great affection by love and admiration for you. I expect to see Mrs. Hu Shih in Washington tomorrow.

Affectionately,

MB/mc

October 29, 1937.

Mr. James Henle, President
The Vanguard Press
424 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Henle:

Mrs. Sanger has gone east but is expected back in a few weeks. I will hold your letter until her return.

I did not keep a copy of the letter we sent you. I did not gather the inference you drew from it, nor did Mrs. Sanger. But I am sure Mrs. Sanger will always want to do everything in her power to assist Mrs. Smedley if there is any definite ground on which she can take issue with the State Department.

Sincerely yours,

Secretary to
Mrs. Sanger

FR:SL

940 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles, California.
October 29, 1937.

Dear Friend:

So glad to finally get your letter of September 18th. We have all been worried and it is good to know you are safe, but Mrs. Sanger will be distressed to learn of the injured spine as am I.

I have, today, written to our office in Shanghai, asking them to forward the phonograph and some literature which I brought with me for you contributed by a friend of mine, Mrs. Eleanor Levinson Goldberg, in charge of the Book store at the Rand School. If you ever receive this material would you drop her a note of this please.

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Ever cordially,

FR:SL

940 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles, California.
October 28, 1937.

Dear Friend:

So glad to finally get your letter of September 18th. We have all been worried and it is good to know you are safe, but Mrs. Sanger will be distressed to learn of the injured spine as am I.

I have, today, written to our office in Shanghai, asking them to forward the phonograph and some literature which I brought with me for you contributed by a friend of mine, Mrs. Eleanor Levinson Goldberg, in charge of the Book store at the Rand School. If you ever receive this material would you drop her a note of this please.

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The Vanguard Press · 424 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK CITY
JAMES HENLE, PRESIDENT · TELEPHONE: PLAZA 3-3906 · CABLE ADDRESS: VANGPRESS

Smedley

November 3, 1937.

Dear Miss Rose:

Thank you for your letter of October 29th. It is possible that I misinterpreted the letter from the State Department about Agnes Smedley's passport, but it does seem to me that it contains a clear threat to the effect that her passport will not be renewed. I am enclosing a copy.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Florence Rose
Secretary to Mrs. Sanger
California Birth Control Committee
940 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles, California

jh:mt
enc/

Steele E.

VI-73D-41

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1937

U. S. Woman Reporting War Suffers Spinal Injury in China

Miss Smedley, Champion of Reds, Borne on Stretcher in Journey With Army

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

SHANGHAI, Oct. 3.—Miss Agnes Smedley, former Colorado school teacher and radical writer, who has been accompanying the Chinese 8th Route Army in Shansi Province as a war correspondent, recently suffered a spinal injury that necessitates her being carried on a stretcher, it was learned reliably here today. Further reports on her condition were not available.

Miss Smedley, who, although an American and not a member of the Chinese Communist party, has been a staunch literary champion of the Communist revolutionary movement in China during her ten years in this country, came into prominence during Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's captivity in Sianfu last December, when she assisted in radio broadcasts from Sianfu in English favoring a Chinese united front against Japan.

Previous to the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese hostilities last July, Miss Smedley was living in Yenan, then the Chinese Communist capital 100 miles northward of Sianfu. The 8th Route Army, battles of which she has been reporting, is composed of former Communist units under Cho Teh.

Agnes Smedley, former Colorado school teacher, and writer

Three years ago, Miss Smedley published a book, "The Red Army Marches," the first volume of its kind in English dealing with the history of the Communist movement in China.

Nehru, A Bunch of old Letters, (Bombay, 1958)

to stay in bed, at any rate until the pressure keeps steady for a fortnight or more.

Yours
Love, MAHADEV

[The Mysore Resolution was a resolution of the AICC condemning some suppression by the Mysore Government of the State Congress there. GANDHIJI did not approve of the AICC dealing with State matters.]

198 FROM AGNES SMEDLEY

General Headquarters,
Chinese Eighth Route Army (Red Army),
Western Shansi Province, China,
November 23, 1937

Dear Mr. Nehru,

I am writing you again of an urgent matter.

In the regions under actual Japanese occupation such as Suiyuan, Chahar and Hopei Provinces, thousands of Chinese students, workers and peasants have arisen and formed volunteer groups and are fighting the Japanese. They have arms but they have no winter clothing, no shoes and often no food for days. Our army here is very poor and is organising and arming the people in the north. It has no money for the volunteers. It just gave one volunteer army of 2,000 men the sum of $1000—which is about 50 c. per man ! This is for food for 4 or 5 days on a starvation diet.

Can the Indian National Congress donate a sum of money for the Chinese volunteers ? Today and last week I discussed this problem with our General Headquarters. We are trying to collect money in America and here in China—though the Chinese are heavily burdened everywhere. So now I appeal to the Indian National Congress. Give us something for the Volunteers. If you do this, you can send it by bank draft on the *Bank of China*, Sianfu Branch, Sian, China, to the following address :

Miss Agnes Smedley
Par avion C/o Lin Peh-chu, Chi Hsien Chwang 11,
via Hongkong Sianfu, Shensi Province, China.

Whatever you do, do at once as the Japanese are advancing southward. Send only *by air via Hongkong* as there is a direct air route from Hongkong to Sian.

We appeal to you for help in the struggle of the Chinese people against subjection.

Sincerely,
AGNES SMEDLEY

199 FROM CHU TEH

TRANSLATION OF CHINESE LETTER

General Headquarters,
Eighth Route Army,
Shansi, China,
November 26, 1937

Dear Mr. Nehru,

We here in China have read in news despatches that you called mass meetings in a number of Indian cities in support of our war of liberation. Allow me to thank you in the name of the Chinese people and in the name of the Eighth Route Army (the Chinese Red Army) in particular.

You know that the Japanese have occupied many cities and our main railways in China. Our Eighth Route Army, the revolutionary army of the Chinese masses, is organising and arming the people for prolonged warfare that will end in ultimate victory and liberation for us. This work of ours is difficult because we are a poor army. We are able to help the peasant partisans wherever we operate throughout the north, and they are rapidly becoming an organic part of our Army. But there is one problem that we cannot solve, and it is of this that I write you now.

In those regions under actual Japanese occupation, such as along the railways in the northern part of Shansi, in Suiyuan and Chahar provinces, and in Western Hopei, thousands of workers, peasants and students have spontaneously arisen, have captured arms, and are fighting in volunteer bands against the imperialist army of invasion. These volunteers have arms, but they have no winter clothing, no blankets, no shoes, and little and often no food. Recently one group of 2,000 of them met and united with a unit of our army in the north-eastern part of this province. We were able to give them but one thousand Chinese dollars—which is only fifty cents per man. This money will suffice for one meal a day for about a week for them. Our problem is so gigantic that we are unable to help the Volunteers as they require. It is a problem always before us and we are trying to raise money here in China and in foreign countries for them. Miss Smedley has said that we could approach you, and that she feels certain the Indian National Congress, of which you are the President, would donate a sum which our Army could give to the Volunteers. You may know that every anna which you could give would be deeply welcomed and would reach the Volunteers and enable them to continue their struggle.

Jawaharlal

Original sent to [illegible] to "Pravda".

(18)

The Future of China's War.

Headquarters, Eighth Route Army (Red Army),
Eastern Shansi Province, China,
November 17, 1937.

In an interview today, Peng Teh-hwei, vice-commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army, discussed the present stage of the war of liberation, the prospects of the anti-Japanese struggle in the future, and the role of the Eighth Route Army (the Chinese Workers and Peasants Red Army) in this struggle. The Japanese chose to select the moment the Nine Power Pact members were in conference to organize a military government, with the Emperor as Commander-in-chief, to send three additional divisions to China to begin a new phase of the war of invasion. Shanghai is already occupied by the enemy, [illegible], and the three new divisions are moving on the city of Hangchow, he said. The situation in Shantung is very bad, with Japanese ships patrolling the entire coast, and with their airplanes bombing all places except Tsinan and Tsingtao. Peng Teh-hwei said further:

"The Japanese refused to join the Nine Power Conference and its present course of action is a demonstration against the dignity of this [illegible] international agreement. Their present course of action they show their determination to occupy all of China as well as all East Asia, and to destroy the interests of the other powers in China. British and American interests in China are particularly threatened by their Japanese action in central and south China. Because the Central Government in China has depended entirely on its military forces to fight the Japanese, the Japanese army has rapidly occupied the main cities of the north and have then developed their "field gun civilization" by demanding the "autonomy" of North China and the independence of Inner Mongolia. The Japanese indeed bring us great gifts! All along the railway and highways from Tatung to Taiyuanfu, from Kelgan past Weihsien to Kwanling, from Linchow and Tunchih to Taiyuanfu, the homes of our people have been left heaps of ashes, and over 100,000 of our people killed. [illegible] large numbers of our young women have been raped and sent to the rear for the use of the Japanese officers and troops. All along the Pinghan and Chentai railways, the conditions are the same. In such places as Mingwu, Tunchih, Linchow, Kwanlin, Weihsien, Liyuan the people arose against the oppression, [illegible] humiliations and [illegible] slaughter of the enemy, [illegible] The Japanese replied by slaughtering the entire populations of these places. We have experienced the savagery of these bandit invaders.

"After the occupation of Taiyuanfu, the Japanese have continued to move southward, attacking the whole province. They also want to occupy the Lunghai railway [illegible] and [illegible] the city of Sianfu, capital of Shensi Province. This [illegible] is a precondition for the occupation of southern China. After occupying Shanghai, they are moving toward our capital, Nanking, and [illegible] on Hangchow.

"In Japanese opinion, because such places as the Lunghai railway zone, Sian, Nanking and Hangchow have close relations with North China, they must be occupied. I remember that the [illegible] imperialists formerly said that Manchuria was the 'life-line' of Japan. After occupying it, they said that Shanhaikwan and Jehol has close relations with Manchuria, and so must be occupied. North China has close relations with Manchuria, so they must occupy it. [illegible] North China has close relations with Central and south China have close relations with North China, and must be occupied for the same reason. Indo-China and India have close relations with south China and so must be occupied also. And so on to the end."

Although China has lost many of its big cities and many of its armies have been destroyed, still during the four months of warfare, Peng said, China has gained valuable experiences.

"During these four months," he said, "we have organized large numbers of people, and their organizations become stronger with each passing day. There are important differences between the present situation and the time the Japanese began the invasion of Manchuria. In these four months, not one Chinese army, not even one Chinese soldier, has surrendered or deserted to the enemy. The people have also experienced the savage cruelty of the Japanese in Manchuria and North China, and have learned from it. Their national consciousness has greatly increased. They know now that to be a slave of the Japanese is a terrible thing.

"But," added [illegible] Peng, "the third important difference between [illegible] September 18, 1931, is the fact that North China now has the Eighth Route Army to lead the people's movement, to develop partisan warfare, [illegible] to divide and demoralize the enemy, to destroy the enemy, to harrass and wear down, [illegible] and to prepare for a [illegible]

[illegible] are the [illegible] of Japanese dogs. No man who does not want to be a [illegible] also believe that we must use facts to expose such ideas. We believe that if we can [illegible] on a broad scale, and improve the livelihood of the people, and [illegible] strategy and tactics in this war, we can defeat the Japanese bandits. The problem of our inferior weapons can also be solved, for we can capture Japanese weapons. We believe that victory depends upon the strength of our people."

Speaking of the Eighth Route Army, which is the new name of the Eighth Chinese Workers and Peasants Red Army, Peng Teh-hwei said:

"Though the Japanese have occupied Taiyuanfu and continue to march southward, still our Army holds the province of Shansi. We have decided that, whatever the situation, our Army will remain in Shansi, Hopei, and all North China, until the Japanese are driven out of all our country. This includes Manchuria also. We must fight shoulder to shoulder with the people, and maintain the closest cooperation with them in our struggle with the enemy. Though the Japanese have occupied Taiyuan and [illegible] other places, still our Army has not retreated. We still hold Northeastern and Northwestern Shansi--completely we hold and control the following places: Tingshan, Wutai, Yühsien, Fanchih, Kwanlin, Linchow, Hwayuan, Yinghsien. More than half of the following places are occupied by our Army. Taihsien, Kuohsien, Taiyuanfu, Chowyang, Yütze, Pinting. In Chahar, we hold Weihsien, Chuloh, Yungchien. In Hopei Province we hold Tanghsien, Shintang, Lintze, Chüyang, Wenhsien, Kaohsien, Fuping, Laiyuan, and Tsochingkwan, entirely.

"In such regions," General Peng continued, "there is a population of about ten million people. We have organized over twenty thousand partisans, of which half are now armed. The people of other places are just arising. The partisans will soon be a part of our regular army. At present they maintain the closest relations with us. To these armed forces we may add many Kuomintang troops in North China which have not retreated, and several tens of thousands of people in Hopei, Shansi, Chahar, and Suiyuan Provinces who are struggling against the enemy. The Volunteer movement has rapidly developed in Hopei, Chahar, and Suiyuan Provinces, and the Volunteers have asked our Army for help. One of their leaders, Tsao Tung, leads several thousand men, and another leader by the name of Mon has eight to nine thousand men, most of them well-armed. Mon's forces have just met and united with a part of the Eighth Route Army at Monchung in Hopei Province, and Tsao Tung's Volunteers have just joined with a part of our Army at Weihsien in Chahar Province.

"The enemy is really in a difficult situation. True it is that they have occupied several places on the railways. They have occupied empty cities, and the regions about these cities have also been evacuated by all people. The enemy have no Chinese troops to help them rule the country. They have in reality swallowed a bomb. They harbor the ambition to 'cut the rear communications' of the Eighth Route Army. But our Army has never had a 'rear'. Wherever there is Chinese territory, wherever Chinese people exist, is our 'rear'. Our Army is like a fish, and the people are like the water. But the Japanese have a rear which we can cut because they are in Chinese territory.

"The Eighth Route Army has decided never to cross the Yellow River, [illegible] We have decided to remain to them with the people of North China. We are rapidly organizing and arming the people, and we lead men and women alike to be the enemies of our enemies."

Peng Teh-hwei spoke briefly of the despair of many Chinese youth today since the Japanese occupation of Shanghai and North China. Many youth, he said, have lost hope and think there is no hope for China. This is wrong. We have the partisan and Volunteer forces which will soon develop into regular troops, much better than the present regular armies because they come from the people and voluntarily fight the enemy. Before long they will be just like the Eighth Route Army. In return for fighting for the liberation of their country from the enemy, they demand nothing. They have very bad food and clothing, but they have close relations and the cooperation of the people, and so they can fight very well. "There is no reason for the youth of our country to lose hope," Peng said. "We have great hope and we have a brilliant future."

- - - - - - -

The people's partisans will quickly become the most advanced army of the people.

The most important experience we have gained from the four months of fighting is the knowledge that the Government armies alone cannot stop the Japanese occupation of country. To be victorious in this war, we must organize and arm the masses. The people are just now arising to struggle. And although we have had many defeats and many bloody lessons, still we are not defeated. If we resist the enemy firmly and ceaselessly, we shall be victorious.

"It is not merely since that only the masses who have realized that the anti-Japanese mass movement must be freed. The authorities of the Central Government and of many of the Provincial Government have come to realize this. They now realize that the pre-condition for victory in this protracted warfare is the liberation of the mass movement. For instance, on the 15th, Sun Fo, president of the Legislative Yuan in Nanking, sent out a telegram stating that military action is not enough and that we must develop the mass movement. General Chiang Kai-shek has also said that the people's movement must be broadened.

"From the military viewpoint, we have learned many lessons from the Japanese invasion. The first of these is the essential change in strategy and tactics of the Chinese armies. Our people now know that defensive tactics alone cannot lead to victory. We must take the offensive. I have given interviews, and I wrote a small pamphlet about this problem. I said that a weak country such as ours, fighting against a powerful enemy like the Japanese, cannot depend entirely on positional warfare, but must fight chiefly by mobile warfare. We must attack the flanks and rear of the enemy, using partisan tactics. Few people paid any attention to what I said. But after bitter experiences and many bloody lessons, our people have gradually learned that we can not depend entirely on positional warfare alone. We have a great advantage in mobile warfare because we can use our whole country, we know our country very well, and we have the entire people to help us.

"Many of our people formerly believed that Japanese tactics, and the Japanese command incomparable, infallible. But after these past months of fighting, we personally feel that Japanese tactics are not very good. They depend almost entirely on big guns, airplanes, and tanks. Our Eighth Route Army has met them in two hundred large and small battles, and we have the worst weapons of any army in the country, and yet we have lost not one rifle to them. Instead, we have captured over 3,000 Japanese rifles, destroyed over one thousand motor trucks and tanks, captured big guns, many machine guns, large quantities of ammunition of every kind, over one thousand military horses, poison gas masks, anti-air craft guns, large quantities of clothing and food. We have defeated the Fifth Division, the best of all divisions of the Japanese imperial army. Our weapons are the worst of all Chinese armies, and when we fought the enemy they were always from three to ten times our number. We have killed and wounded ten thousand of them, but our own losses have not been even one-half that number. These facts prove that Japanese tactics and Japanese command are not infallible. To regard them as such, is utterly wrong.

"China has an army of about 2,500,000 men. Its losses in killed and wounded amount to about one-tenth. The Japanese have a regular army of about 300,000 and its losses have been nearly half. They have had to re-enforce their army for the third time already. With our regular army, we can countinue warfare for over one year. If we continue to fight, the spirit of the people will rise daily, and from them we can raise a new army which, coming as it does from the workers and peasants, will have the closest relations with the people, and will have their active help so that its fighting strength will increase day by day. If, in addition, the government gives democratic rights to the people and improves their livelihood of the soldiers' families, a great impetus will be given to the people's aid to the army. Simultaneously the political consciousness of the army will become clearer. An improvement in the livelihood of the people means that sources of the Army's strength will be healthier and stronger. The soldiers will have no need to worry about their families, their political attitude will change, and their conduct toward the people will change.

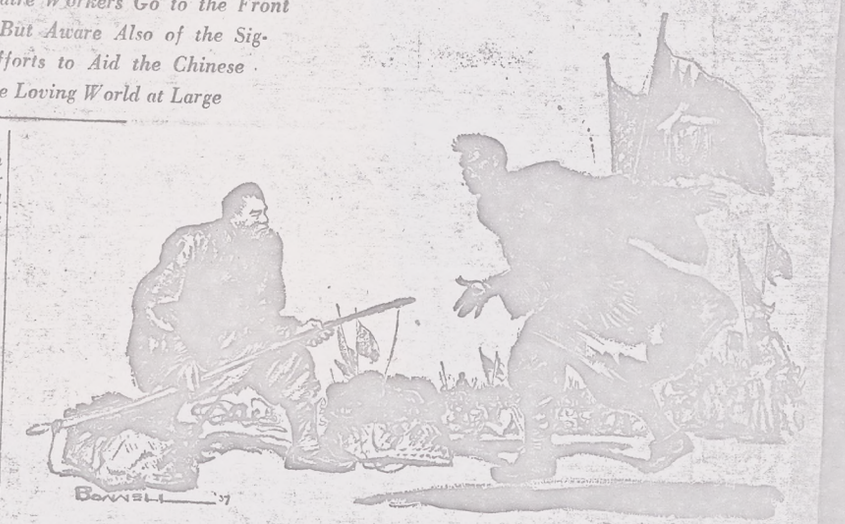
"Up to the present time the Government does not realize that the political education in the Army is very important, nor that an improvement in the livelihood of the people is essential. But if the war continues, they will realize this. With the development of the war, the people will be more firmly united so that the Japanese will meet the united resistance of the whole people. The attitude of the Government has changed much since the Mukden incident, with the result that the attitude of the Chinese armies and people has also changed. If the Government continues its firm stand, the people will strongly support it, and the Government will have a strong base for final victory."

Speaking of traitors in the country, Feng Teh-hwei said that there are indeed many traitors in the country willing to be the running dogs of the Japanese. They spread propaganda that China cannot fight any longer, that our forces are destroyed, and that our weapons are too bad to defeat the enemy.

WORKER, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1937

The Chinese Theatre in the Trenches

Like the Army These Theatre Workers Go to the Front Aware of the Dangers, But Aware Also of the Significance of Their Efforts to Aid the Chinese People and the Peace Loving World at Large



Drawing by BONNELL

By AGNES SMEDLEY

(The following is a letter from the well known novelist and writer addressed to Ben Irwin, national secretary of the New Theatre League.)

I've been very occupied lately working with the Dramatic League here which, in spite of the fact that there's a war going on, has many active units. One section is the "Front Service Group" which leaves today for the anti-Japanese front to do active agitation and propaganda work among our own and other troops and among the people. There are some twenty-five members of this troupe.

We are trying to introduce the mass chant for educational work among the peasants and town and village workers, and among the troops, and it is this form that I have suggested to Miss Wu Kwang-Wei, leader of the front theatrical group. We need material, plays, very badly.

We are in a war and we here are living and going to fight on a diet of millet and a few vegetables. Please try to send us some scripts. They will arrive three months late but will be sent to us immediately at the front for use there.

I write now about our theatre here and I am certain other of our people will also write. Our theatre here came with the Red Army from many theatrical groups in main Kiangsi where formerly there were centers touring Soviet China and playing to the troops. Each big army unit has its own special theatrical group also. The theatre is one of the chief methods of political and cultural work among the troops and the people. The Peoples' Anti-Japanese Red Army, as it is now called, still has excellent theatrical troupes right at the front, including singing and dancing corps.

Anti-Japanese Dramatic Club

Here in the center, Yenan, there is one big club or center where all the theatrical groups present plays, all under the name of the Anti-Japanese Dramatic Club. The Anti-Japanese University here has from 1,500 to 2,000 students, organized in military formations like a regular army. Many detachments have their own dramatic groups, and give plays to their detachment, to the army and to the public generally. There is a corps of men and women, and a group of children, drawn from the University as a whole, who make acting a part of their regular work.

Some of these groups have few equals in any land. The acting standards are very high. I have seen the theatre in the U.S.S.R., France, Germany and America, as well as in other parts of China. In some parts of China, the acting and production is mediocre due to past suppression of cultural activity. But I have seen plays here in Yenan that can rank with the best in any land, with a quality of acting that is outstanding.

Most of the plays are written right here individually or collectively or taken from oher parts of the country, or are foreign [illegible]. All of them are intensely realistic, and apply to the immediate urgent needs of China.

Most of the current plays deal with some phase of the national struggle, for national unity of the Chinese people. All are progressive plays, and many are very clever, directed against the ancient Chinese superstitions, for public and personal hygiene, for the Latinization of the Chinese language, etc

It is astounding the speed with which plays can be produced when necessary. I saw a girl get the script of her role in Gorki's "Mother" one afternoon. The play was to be given the next night, about 30 hours later. She is a trained actress, of course. But she memorized her role and played the chief role in "Mother" the next night. The same holds true of the writing of plays, in fact the theatre here is a veritable flying cavalry of trained theatre workers utilizing their art to the highest social purpose, as an educational force for the unity and freedom of their country.

Ballads, Pantomines and Dramas

To give a list of plays produced here would be a tremendous task. There have been hundreds of productions since I returned here in January of this year. They range from recitatons of ballads on popular themes, on through the rich and ever changing repertoire of little plays, dancing pantomines, and dramas of the Children's Dramatic Group, to the full serious plays, like "Ah Q," by the late Lu Hsien, dean of Chinese letters. "Ah Q," presented here in the midst of war, can rank with the finest plays presented abroad at any time.

There have been many other plays of high quality. One of them, "The Secret," by the Spanish playwright, Ramon Sender, based on the present struggle for democracy in Spain. When this play was given I heard the song, "Defend Madrid" sung in Chinese for the first time. It was sung first by a part of the audience, the trained singers from the university, then by the whole theatre, a rousing blood surging song.

We have had other plays, too, on every episode of the Chinese struggle against Japanese imperialism. The close connection between these productions and the lives of the audience are evidenced by the fact that often these plays lead to immediate spontaneous discussion and criticism from the floor of the theatre.

I saw one play, "Mother of the Nation," advocating terrorism, produced here. The moment it ended Lin Piao, the famous Commander of the First Front Red Army Corps, and at that time director of the University here arose to his feet to challenge the play, and precipitated an exciting discussion.

Flying Squadron

The theatrical group now going to the front consists of about 20 men and four women, led by Miss Wu Kwang, a young woman from Peiping with great talent. So far they are prepared with six plays, three of them based on the anti-Japanese struggle and the others based on recent struggles in other parts of China. This group will be a "flying squadron" troupe, playing for the Anti-Japanese Red Army, for the Kuomintang troops, to the people in the towns and often in the case of temporary defeats remaining behind in the villages to inspire the inhabitants with renewed struggle. They are writing new plays now and I'm going to try my hand at a chant for them though I hardly know where to begin. I'm going to the front with the troupe as a war correspondent. This is my last communication from here, unless something happens to prevent my going.

If I ever send you news of the death of actors or actresses at the front killed by Japanese bombs, bullets or bayonets, remember well your Chinese theatrical colleagues [illegible] to the front fully realizing [illegible] may mean death for many of [illegible] Like the army these theatre workers go to the front aware [illegible] dangers but aware too of [illegible] nificance and importance [illegible] efforts to the Chinese people [illegible] to the peace-loving world [illegible]

Norman -

Could we please make quality presentation photocopies of this? - originals destroyed if copies are good thx

Rob

Deng Ying-chao incident different in Fights Back

Sept, 1937

THE CHINESE RED ARMY GOES TO TOWN

By AGNES SMEDLEY

It wasn't exactly the Red Army that went to town, but it was a part of it. And it also isn't generally called the Red Army any more. It is the 8th Route of the National Revolutionary Army of China. But everyone knows what the 8th Route Army is, and when asking you about it, they always call it the Red Army.

We, who went to town consisted of a party of about fifteen men and women, including two foreign women—myself, and another American woman trying to reach her home in a coastal city. I was going to Sian for X-ray examination of an injured back, then on to the front as a war correspondent. Many men in our party were going out to "White territory" for one kind of work or another. But the men, or rather youths, of whom I now write, were only four of this whole group. One was the bodyguard of the foreign woman friend. This guard was in reality a squad commander from the First Front Red Army—now renamed the First Division of the Eighth Route Army. He was a Kiangsi peasant about twenty-five years of age who had fought for years, had gone on the long march from Kiangsi to the northwest, a distance of eight thousand miles as the crow flies—though the Red Army did not march as the crow flies. My own bodyguard was a young Szechuen Provincial peasant about twenty years of age from the former Fourth Red Army Corps, also with a long marching record. A Chinese woman had a bodyguard who, at times, was with us later in Sian. He was a Szechuen peasant. Then there was my *hsiao kwey*, or "little devil" as these lads are affectionately called. He is a Szechuen peasant boy about thirteen years of age, as tough as the mountain birch.

Peg Snow

These three bodyguards and the *hsiao kwey* are the main characters in the story, so to speak.

Coming down from Yenan, the "Communist stronghold," to the north meant ten days of marching, riding and wading mud up to your thighs. The men thought nothing of this, for they had marched through mountains of eternal snow, and for weeks over the swampy "Grass Lands" of Sikong where, it seems, no man had ever been before. So wading landslides of mud and crossing rivers on ferries operated by boatmen labouring in a row and chanting a melancholy, primitive chant like galley slaves of ancient days, did not seem at all unusual to them. What was unusual to me was exactly what they took for granted.

The unusual, for them, commenced when we began to strike the contraptions of modern civilization. First came the trucks. Of course, they had seen trucks come to Yenan—when landslides of mud did not block the roads. They had seen these, but had never been in one. Now, at one section of the road, we found many trucks, stranded between landslides, broken bridges and rivers. They took us a distance of thirty miles only, until we had to halt in the rain on top of a mountain, and the trucks sank up to their hubs in the mud. But when we first got in the trucks, the four characters in this story took up their positions along one side of the machine, holding on like grim death. Grinning at each other and at the landscape speeding by at fully ten miles an hour, they got their first thrill of an automobile ride. When we halted at a village they all took turns sitting behind the wheel of the truck to see how it felt.

Well, they quickly got used to trucks, which by now had become a part of their ordinary experience. They were later to stop gasping at motorcycles, or to wonder at private cars even when they rode in the front seat beside the driver. It was only when we reached Sian that they began to experience wonders. None of them had ever been in a city before. This is not much of a city, and the one, two and three storey shops are filled with piles of trashy, expensive things. As a friend once remarked: "Japanese goods are rotten and cheap. Chinese goods are rotten and expensive." The shops of Sian are filled with both, for Chinese merchants do not hesitate to sell the goods of the enemy invading their country. They would sell their own grandmothers if that could bring them money. A city of a quarter of a million, with trashy shops, however, to these Red Army lads, Sian was a great city filled with wonders.

Nym Wales

They began to enrich their experiences when we finally reached the Sian office of the 8th Route Army, where we all were to live—all except the foreign woman friend who put up at the modern hotel, the Sian Guest House. Once at local headquarters, I went to my room and lay down. The door at once became blocked with people,—but not to look at me. From

patiently watch doctors and nurses care for other wounded men, most of whom are civilians. They do not moan or groan, but wait in white-lipped silence until their turn comes. For every little thing done for them they are eternally grateful,—as if they expect nothing from life. It is a sad truth that, though they are tender to each other when wounded, and care for each other, still is seems to come as a surprise to many of them when others come to their aid. This sad fact, with all its connotations, will perhaps be destroyed before the present Sino-Japanese war comes to an end.

IMPRESSIONS OF BOHEMIA

By MONINDRAMOHAN MOULIK, D. SC. POL. (Rome).

On a warm and bright afternoon early in last June, when the spark of an ominous incident on the Czech-German frontier near Cheb had hardly died out, I was approaching the home of the Sudeten Germans who have recently created so much noise and scandal in European politics, by the Paris-Prague express. The train was speeding across the green slopes and exuberant spring verdure of the German woodlands.

On the 20th May and during the following days, Europe was almost on the brink of a war. Two Sudeten Germans were shot at by the Czech police near Eger and were incidentally killed. There was anxiety in all the capitals of Europe as to the possibility of a German intervention in Czechoslovakia. The memory of the *anaschluss* was too fresh to allow European statesmen to dismiss lightly the provocation that this incident might have offered to the fulfilment of Nazi plans in regard to Czechoslovakia. Two weeks had passed since the incident, still there was a lot of tension in the air.

The only other passenger in my compartment, with whom I had been travelling from Nuremberg, did not speak a single word until we crossed the German frontier and arrived at Eger. He was a Czech businessman from Paris coming home for the Whitsun holidays. After we had left Eger he became very friendly with me and told me without reserve all he knew and all he felt about the present situation in regard to Czech-German relations. I guessed the widom of his taciturn attitude during the German part of the journey.

Except for the small movement of customs and passport officers, this frontier station which might have proved a new Serajevo about two weeks ago appeared to be unusually calm and peaceful. At eight o'clock in the evening the streets were deserted and there was practically no traffic even near the railway station. It naturally suggested to me the strong hand that Prague had taken in regard to the incidents that became so chronic in the Sudeten German districts of Czechoslovakia. This guess was later on confirmed by the general belief that I found among the important officers of the State and members of the Press in Prague that there is only one method of dealing with the Germans, that is, "to show the red eye." The Germans, it is believed in Prague, consider persuasion as weakness. So Czechoslovakia had prepared herself for the worst. As a matter of fact, the entire country seemed to be in the midst of a general mobilization. From the frontier to Prague we noticed at least three lines of fortification, and every bridge was guarded by soldiers. In many places on our way, on high promontories we found those military pickets, dressed in greenish woollen khaki, in very cheerful and optimistic mood, guarding the outskirts of their beloved motherland. The Czecks made no secret of their preparedness for war, although the enemy might prove to be infinitely stronger than themselves. There was a touch of desperation in the determination of young Czechs to defend their newly acquired independence after centuries of subjection and torture. Every young man whom I had the opportunity to meet in Czechoslovakia gave me the impression of this desperation and of an instinctive aversion to the Teutonic menace.

The present quarrel between the Germans and Czechs can never be understood in its proper historic significance until one realizes the fundamental difference between the Slav and Teutonic temperaments that has given

WE START FOR THE FRONT

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Sanyuan, North Shensi,
China. Sept. 17, 1937.

Dear Friends,

After a trip of ten days, I arrived here yesterday. On September 7th I left Yenan in north-west China, for Sian, in an attempt to reach the hospital here where I could get treatment for my injured spine. I travelled in a variety of ways—by stretcher on horseback, in a few places on the backs of men. I walked at times, and I rode in a motor truck for a stretch of 90 li (3 li in a mile). My back is now far worse than when I left Yenan and I still have not reached Sian. From people passing through here to the north today I learn that the rivers are swollen from the rains and it took them three days to come here from Sian, though it is normally a trip of about four hours by motor truck. From here I am to go to Sian by motor truck, though I do not think I can endure a motor trip for three days, or even one full day, over these terrible roads. Still there is no other way, as my stretcher was sent back to Yenan yesterday. I must remain here for a few days until comrades in Sian secure permission from the Kuomintang authorities for me to enter the city. It is ridiculous but true, that while Communist representatives sit on the General Staff in Nanking, I, a non-Communist, am not even allowed to enter Kuomintang territory. I sit and lie here, and wonder if I shall have to make the long trip back to Yenan, with no possibility of having my back treated at all.

When I left Yenan I had high ambitions. I intended to keep a day-by-day diary and send it abroad that people might get a glimpse of this part of the country and of the conditions under which the Chinese people live—and under which Chinese troops and the people must fight the modern Japanese war machine. But as the end of each day came, I was so exhausted and often in such pain that I could not write. Neither could I rest, and often I could not sleep. I lay through many nights with that hard, white wide-awakeness of nervous tension. I took drugs which I had brought along, but even these would put me into uneasy sleep for at most two to three hours.

The first day out of Yenan was a day I shall never forget. About thirty to forty li away we learned that the road ahead of us was so bad that no animals could possibly pass. Men might manage it, but not our horses or pack mules. Our party divided, some 20 men going by foot to cross the road ahead. The animals, and I on my stretcher turned up the mountain side to go by mountain paths. We travelled along the mountain sides and tops for four or five hours. I lay on the stretcher and looked at the endless mountain ranges in all direction, at the occasional flame of leaves turning red this autumn. The mountain range over which we passed was covered with low bushes and small trees, and with a profusion of every kind of flower—blue bells, white daisies, all kinds of yellow and purple flowers. The only human habitation was a mud cave in which two peasant men lived. They sold us a few *hsiao kwa,* or small sweet squash. That was all we had to eat since leaving Yenan. I had brought food for my guard and *hsiao kwey* ("little devil"—a boy about 12 or 13 years of age who is like my little brother and who wanted to come with me). But our food was on a mule in the distance. My carriers had no food at all. They labored along over the mountain, and their heavy breathing sickened my heart. I am not yet accustomed to being carried on the shoulders of human beings. They walked with a slow, swinging trot. Once I took my eyes from the distant ranges and looked down the side of my stretcher. Below me yawned a vast, deep ravine, and the sides of the ravine before me had crumbled away. I turned to the other side, to avoid looking into this abyss, only to find that the same abyss yawned on the other side. I was swinging in space, with what seemed an endless abyss on either side of me. Only the carriers before and behind me assured me that earth was under their feet. I closed my eyes and waited and after a time opened them. We turned down a path and I was able to look back. Our party had gone between two yawning caverns. No earth remained between them except a narrow footpath about two feet wide. One more rain and this entire path of two to three hundred feet long would crumble away and the two abysses would merge into one. Slightly further on we met our pack animals returning. They were cut off from the paths before them by a landslide that had destroyed the path. The

men reconnoitered and decided to break their own path down the mountain side and try to reach the main road and try to go along it, whatever might be the result. My carriers could not carry me down the steep decline. Before us our animals slid down on their hoofs and tails for hundreds of feet, stumbling, being caught and held upright by trees and bushes. My guard and one of the carriers put their arms around me. I threw my arms around their shoulders, and we three followed the horses. I was half carried down the mountain slopes for hundreds of feet, then through a swamp with water half to the thighs, and out onto the main road where the exhausted animals and men were resting. It was about three in the afternoon and none of the men had eaten. The carriers announced that they were so hungry and weary they could not carry me. I distributed all the food I had brought to all the men and after a time we started out again. The carriers were too weary to carry me, so I had first to walk and then to ride a horse. But not for long. Before us on the main road was a sight I shall never forget. Whole mountain sides had broken away and slid down through the valleys in great landslides, taking trees and bushes with them. This debris, ten to thirty feet deep, lay across the main roads for hundreds of feet. Two mules had tried to cross sometime before us, but had sunk in the mud up to their necks and died.

We had to cross. We unloaded the animals and men carried the heavy burdens up and around the slopes of the mountains. The animals we drove through the mud over the most passable sections. In fear we watched them flounder up to their bellies. We shouted, whipped them when we could reach them, and when they lay stuck in the mud got poles and pushed them. Desparately they fought their way across, a mass of mud. I watched the wisdom of these animals. They picked out the safest places, picking carefully, then going ferociously through. They often sank and lay in the mud, then after a minute of rest threw themselves into the air and fought their way out. On the other side of the terrible morass they stood heaving with exhaustion.

Nothing could carry me across these terrible places. I climbed up the mountain side, helped by my guard and a carrier. Across one place, we loaded the beasts and went on, only to find another landslide before us. Six such places we crossed in the course of ten li. Each one seemed worse than the other and each time I said: "It is simply impossible! There is no way!" We all stood and looked at the sea of mud before us. We then spread out and reconnoitered and men said: "We passed worse places than this on the long march. This also we can cross." And always we crossed. Each time we watched the animals in fear lest they sink in the mud and die, or lest they break a leg. Three animals lost their shoes. And they were more and more exhausted. My own injured back ached and each time I crossed a place I lay down on the stretcher and waited for the men to come. Then one of my carriers fell ill from exhaustion and hunger. He lay in the wet grass by the roadside. I got out my first-aid kit and gave him some aspirin to stop his headache temporarily. There was little else I could do.

For hours we struggled over these landslides. I thought at times I could endure it no longer, but always we went on. It was dark when we crossed the sixth one and started out anew. A peasant told us here was a good road ahead of us. I rode a weary horse and he would not go unless my guard led him and another took a whip and forced him forward. We were all cold, wet, hungry, weary. We passed a few mud huts of peasants, but they had no hot water, and nothing to sell us. The rest of our party on foot had bought everything before us, so we had nothing. At one place we asked a very old peasant for hot water. He could not understand a word we said. Back of him was his mud hovel. Down the hillside had come two younger men, apparently his sons. They were short, squat men with long hair about their faces. They were bent almost double with stacks of wood on their backs. From beneath their loads they lifted their dark faces, grinning at us. I thought of all I had read and heard of the Middle Ages of Europe, of the peasant serfs, half-slave, half-human. So European serfs must have been. These peasants are so isolated that they speak their own dialect, and I suppose the number of their words do not reach a hundred. Their clothing is a few rags, literally rags, their bed a mud k'ang, their food such as animals could not live on, without dying.

At last we reached a small village. It was night and we were cold and hungry. We could buy some dry bread-cakes and some water melons, and on this we made a meal and went to sleep. And the next morning at 5 we were on the road again.

That morning I lay on the stretcher for a few hours. The clouds had sunk into the valley and slowly, slowly rose. I looked up the mountain sides. Each bush, each blade of grass, was hung with cob-webs, both large and

small. Some were so large that I could see each strand. They were wet with the heavy clouds and dew and so stood out clear and white against the green background. It was uncanny. Then the clouds lifted before the sun and the cob-webs began to disappear as the dew on them dried. The mountain sides were covered with a hundred different flowers—with sprays of blue bells, white daisies, purple and yellow flowers, and with a wild flower whose blossom was something like the wild rose of America. The whole landscape began to remind me of the mountains of western America—that is, without America's rocky cliffs. There are only a few mountains here with boulders. Everything is this fine porous *loess*.

All day we travelled through these valleys. But after three or four hours, the carriers were too weary to carry me and I had to ride a horse. The carriers are too weak from under-nourishment. They do not get enough to eat. So from this day onward, I began to feed the carriers myself. But even with this, they were never able to carry me more than 3 to 4 hours a day, though there were five of them taking turns, and sometimes two of the mafoos helped.

It was at the end of this day, in a small town where we stopped for the night, that I began daily work. One of the carriers came to me with an injured foot, and I disinfected and bound it up. He went away and, one by one, most of the other carriers and the mafoos came. They all had something wrong somewhere—cut feet, one with an ulcer on his leg, and one with a terrible ulcer on his stomach. I fixed them up and they went away. A party ahead of us then sent men back to be cared for, and two men with a party on the way to Yenan came for help. They had severe headaches with fevers. One man came to me with dysentery. Then came the local peasants. A man brought his baby with a head sore four years old. One man with syphilis came. A Red Army man came complaining of head pains that come from a rotten tooth. Before this evening was finished I had treated fifteen or twenty men and told half a dozen others I could do nothing. I can do the ordinary first-aid cases, but, of course, I can do nothing about teeth or syphilis. I have medicine for dysentery and other stomach disorders. What astounded me is that though there are some intellectuals in our party, not one of them had taken one step to get medicine for themselves from the Yenan hospital. Not one person had taken any precautions about injured feet. I was the only person among twenty or thirty men who had taken even one step in this direction. And so from this village on, I began a daily routine of doctoring our party, other parties on the way, and the local people. When we halted to rest for the night, my work began, always for about two hours. Soon we had to have squads of our own troops to accompany us for protection, and then they were added to the list. Many of them have falling arches from constant marching. Soon my carriers began to complain of falling arches. They do not know what it is, of course. And, of course, I can do nothing there at all. Their shoes are rope or cloth sandals and there is absolutely no help that I can give. And before long my carriers began to fall off and had to be sent back while I had to hire new men.

So I became a sort of wandering first-aid worker. At times I would lie on my bed and, with the help of my guard, tend the feet stuck up on the bedside. But most of the time I had to get up and bend down. My back ached and it was difficult to continue. At one place peasants came to me for help. They have worms. I had no medicine but later bought some in a big town and sent it back to them. At another place I found a young peasant youth with a badly injured foot. Blood poisoning had set in. I am no doctor and this was terrible. I disinfected the injury and treated the foot as best I could, then went on after giving the lad instructions. But that worried me all night and for the next two days and still I keep thinking of it. That night I had a discussion with my translator about it, and a conflict in viewpoint arose. He is an intellectual, a teacher from Peiping and a Communist Party member. I told him I wish I could have helped the peasant boy, for I think he will die from blood poisoning. My translator answered: "Sympathy with the people is utterly useless. There are too many of them." I answered: "You mean I should not help that boy with blood poisoning?" "It is useless," he said.

"It is not useless," I argued. "It took five or ten minutes of my time. We waste more time than that each day in useless things. What sort of argument is this—that I should pass by a boy suffering like that? We are a group of people from the Red Army and the Communist Party. The strength of the Red Army, and of the Communist Party which leads it, has never been in military force, but primarily in its intimate, organic connection with the masses. They have helped the people in countless, countless ways. Wherever possible, whenever possible, in a thousand ways, we must also always help where we can. We need not detract ourselves from our main purpose—all

we have to do at times is to merely give a few minutes of our leisure."

I was deeply irritated because I feared I saw in the attitude of my translator an ancient attitude of the "intellectual aristocrats" of China. I realized that I can easily take up a thousand things—and sometimes do—and become buried in them to the detriment of my main purpose. But at the same time I hate the heartlessness of the ruling classes everywhere, and of the Chinese "intellectual aristocracy" in particular. For years in China I have seen that they often will not lift a finger to help anyone. They will only think of their own welfare, look after themselves. I have seen this with a number of men in Yenan. Their first thought, last and always, has been their own welfare. After that they will do social activity. This has driven me to relentless fury. And now I saw it in a member of the Communist Party. Yet he has been sick on this trip, and he did not hesitate to ask me for medicine and for help. That seemed to him all right. But when I helped poor peasants, that was a waste of time. I challenged him time and again for his attitude. He answered:

"We in China think the petty bourgeoisie have sympathy. Of course I admit they do nothing about it."

I replied: "I have known many members of the petty bourgeoisie and also of the big bourgeoisie in China. So far as I can see they all think only of themselves and their families. They will not lift a finger to help anyone else. You say they have sympathy—I doubt it."

"They have sympathy," he replied.

"I question that."

"Sympathy is not enough," he retorted.

"Who says sympathy is enough? I deny that theory is enough, however revolutionary. A Communist who only talks theory but does nothing about it, practically, is no revolutionary."

Each day, after the second day out from Yenan, when we came to a rest for the night, I had one to three hours work ahead of me, taking care of the sick or injured. Peasants who gathered to watch me tend our party began bringing their families, their babies, or asking for help for themselves. Often I had ten to twenty peasants to look after—boils, ulcers, sores, stomach complaints, fevers. But I can disinfect, bandage, help those with fevers or stomach complaints of various kinds. My guard now cleans and disinfects injuries of the men.

Sianfu, Shensi,
Sept. 20, 1937.

We have reached Sian at last.

My experience on the road shows me the depths of "non-knowing" of the common people of China. It is not only that they do not know the most common methods of protecting themselves from disease, but also I see the need of travelling dispensaries or public health workers. True, the Communists have introduced widespread public health campaigns and we now have many hospitals in the north-west. But once beyond the borders of the regions administered by the Communists, and you seem to sink in a deep black well. For instance, at one village I wanted to buy some dry bread-cakes. But a whole swarm of flies had settled on the bread. The store-keeper came and shooed them away. I saw flies had been caught in the dough and cooked with it. I explained that I did not want bread on which flies had settled. He laughed in hilarious amusement, then turned and called a number of people from the back of the shop and told them that I would not buy his bread because flies had settled on it! They all laughed at me. I watched them laugh and felt that I was walking through the Middle Ages of Europe. I suppose this was the first time they had ever heard that someone did not want to eat bread covered with flies. Since I am a foreigner, the incident will never apply to them or to Chinese in general, but will be put down as one of the many idiosyncracies of foreigners. In Yenan, where merchants were forced to cover food with mosquito nets, and Red troops patrolled the streets to find that public health measures were carried out, the people have learned much. But not in these villages beyond Communist borders.

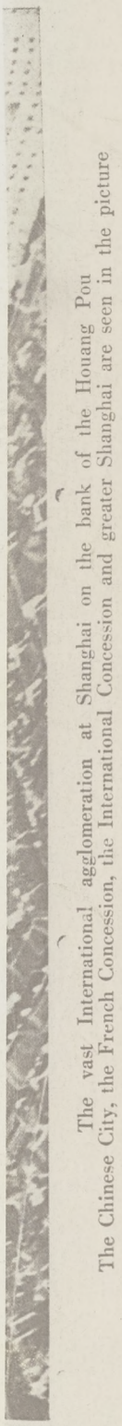
And so I went on and on, walking or riding through the Middle Ages. We left the valleys and came out on the high plateaus. They reminded me of the broad mesas of south-western America. In all directions I could see the tops of plateaus, many of them corroded and all but destroyed by the rains. Unlike western America, however, the sides of all the plateaus were terraced and, in some places, cultivated. At other times we would travel for a whole day and see not one cultivated terrace. The mountain sides were indeed terraced, but the rains had washed some of them away and grass had grown over them. It was clear that they had not been cultivated for many years. The country was desolate, without population. Only now and then would we come to a tiny village of a few houses and

a few ragged peasants. I recalled the terrible famine of 1928-29 that carried off nine million people in the north-west, many of them right from this region. But it is not this alone. This whole region has been the scene of Mohammedan up-risings and invasions. For decades also Chinese warlords have bled this country white, taking crops, animals, chickens, while officials have levied taxes that stripped the people of their last grain of millet. Soldiers have over-run this country, leaving syphilis in their wake, so that children often cannot even be brought to life. There are places in this north-west where you can find no child under ten years of age. This problem is one of the most serious facing the Communist administration in the north-west. Their hospitals in that region are always busy treating men and women for this old disease, and the fight to prevent any syphilis from spreading to the Red Army (now re-named the 8th Route Army) is a big one. No volunteer with syphilis can enter the 8th Route Army and, so far, the army remains clean. Or, men with it must be carefully treated and kept in units separate from the others. But since our army is largely an army of sexual ascetics, there is little or no chance of the disease spreading from contact. Any violation of women by the Army is also one of the most serious offences; and is heavily punished. Still, as I go through this north-west, even along this big road, I wonder why venereal diseases are not more widespread. Even our own men do not know what a germ is. I see cooks in wayside hovels wiping chopsticks with dish rags literally black with filth. They wipe the bowls with the same rag, wipe the perspiration from their faces with the same, wipe off the tables with the same. This one rag must be a depository of all the diseases of Asia. Yet our own men eat with the chopsticks without washing them. I am constantly taking chopsticks from my guards and pouring boiling water over them—to their tolerant amusement. I cannot explain what a germ is. If I tried it, I could not prove it, anyway, and they would listen politely but then, among themselves, think me a bit crazy. How to show the people germs has been a problem in my mind for years.

As I ride along on my stretcher, my mind is filled with these and a thousand more thoughts. I wonder, for instance, how to prevent this soil of the north-west, the richest on earth, from being washed away and carried along the Yellow River to the sea; or to prevent floods. I think of possible vast fruit orchards and pine forests in the north-west. Oh yes, I think of things that it will take a hundred years to achieve after the revolution. About me I see the people with a few rags, dirty and patched beyond description, to cover them. Our own men live on dry bread and water and now and then a few vegetables. They lie down to sleep at night, often with no covering at all, or with a piece of cotton cloth spread on the earth beneath them. They have absolutely nothing beyond what they carry on their bodies. They do not even know the meaning of a full stomach as do the fairly well paid workers of the West. An American could not live at all, it seems to me, if he lived as do the Chinese workers or peasants. The Chinese masses need everything on earth—food, clothing, housing, education, medical help. The country needs everything also—everything one can think of. Yet nothing can be done until the Japanese are driven out.

So the days pass and we go along the *Ta Lou* (Big Road) toward Sian, from which place we will later go to the front to fight the Japanese. We pass Red Army cavalry companies moving northward. They ride beautiful strong horses—captured from Generals in Kansu over a year ago, during the civil wars. Some of the men ride like Mongols—and perhaps are Mongols. They are a hard, strong-looking crowd of men as they ride by, their rifles down their backs, their horses going with a steady, rapid trot. At other times we pass companies of Red troops, all with shovels, going out to mend the roads. At one place we passed a few dozen students from a town school, with about a hundred Red troopers, all with picks and shovels, mending the roads. Peasants with laden donkeys or mules passed us. Parties of men on foot passed us, some of them students walking to Yenan to the Anti-Japanese Military and Political University. We came to one town, Tungpu, where six girls, dressed in shorts, came to see me, and with them two Red Army men. The whole group had read my first book, *Daughter of Earth*, and came to visit me. The girls were students from Nanking and have walked for many weeks overland to reach the Communist areas. They want to go to the front with the Army, in the "Front Service Corps" doing propaganda among the troops and the peasants, against the Japanese. They are strong, stocky, intelligent girls, some of them speaking very good English.

At night we put up in the homes of the people. Generally my guards and my *hsiao kwey* sleep on tables or boards by my side. At times there are no houses for us and we live in the little rooms connected with the



The vast International agglomeration at Shanghai on the bank of the Houang Pou
The Chinese City, the French Concession, the International Concession and greater Shanghai are seen in the picture

stables in which we feed our horses. The horses fight and the dogs bark and growl and the men about me snore. I often do not sleep. One night my guards and I, my carriers, and the mafoos all slept side by side in the entrance to a stable. I lay on my canvas bed, my guard on my stretcher, and on either side the carriers and mafoos stretched out on the bare earth. At another place we all slept the same way, but a company of Red troops were with us as protection, and they also lay down and slept on the bare earth. I lay awake for hours from weariness of the day's march, my nerves taut. I took medicine but it would put me to sleep for one or two hours only. I would then lie awake, watching the dark forms of the sleeping men about me. They lay without moving, hour upon hour. This interested me. I think foreigners toss and tumble in their sleep. I know that I do. I know that I am a violent sleeper just as I am a violent "waker." But these Chinese workers and peasants lie for hours, and I think that some of them do not turn over all night long. I have slept side by side with them many nights now, and I have not seen them move. I lie and watch them and think. In no other country, I believe, could I live the life I live in China—living and sleeping side by side with men, without one doubt about my safety. I feel far safer than if I were in closed rooms. Some of these men have carried me on their backs over streams. Others have put their arms about me and carried me down hills. As we go along, others gather wild flowers and stick them in my stretcher, or give them to me. They come up and tuck in the blankets about me on the stretcher. When I must ride a horse a number come and literally lift me in the air and put me on the horse that my back might not be strained. If they have a bit of food, they share it with me. One of my carriers got a pomegranate and brought it to me. It was a precious gift. I knew it cost at least ten cents—and that was very, very much for him. I was so deeply moved that I could hardly speak, but could only grasp and hold the hands that held the pomegranate out to me. So I lie at night, side by side with these men. Never have I known such impersonal class love as that shown me. I know that if I should ever speak to bourgeois people anywhere about this experience of mine, they would smirk and titter, or look at me with cold, hostile eyes. To each other they will say: "She has been sleeping with bunches of coolies and mafoos!" Yes, I have been sleeping with coolies and mafoos, with Chinese workers and peasants. They have lain on all sides of me, fifteen or twenty, and with them Red Army fighters. And I know that they are my protection and my strength and that on them I can depend to the very end. And I know that not one would ever approach me in any but brotherly, comradely comradeship, and in the minds of them will never be the idea of sex. What bourgeois can understand that? Not one, I think. Nor will they believe. Nor do I care if they understand or believe.

Yet there are some exceptions to the rule of these Chinese men of the masses sleeping without turning over. In the night I see that my guard, the Szechuen peasant youth who was sick with pneumonia this past winter, is different. He is a very sensitive youth, unable to sleep in disorder and noise. He tosses and tumbles in his sleep when he hears a noise. Often the horses fight in the night, kicking and squealing. The dogs howl at the moon. Once a mule got loose and stormed around the stable yard. My guard awoke, though no other person did. The others "lie like a stone on a man long dead." But this guard is also very irritable. He is not fitted to go to the front. Still, I nursed him all winter long and have become very fond of him, as I have of my *hsiao kwey*. These two boys are like my brothers.

When we left Yenan, my *hsiao kwey* was like a bird out of a cage. He is a Szechuen peasant boy about twelve or thirteen years of age who has been in the Red Army for three or four years. He is a tough little fellow—unspeakably tough. Yet his heart is enlarged from the hard life he has led. Months of rest and good food has given him much strength and he is in excellent physical condition. When we left Yenan he put his red sweater which I gave him, and his flashlight and leggings on my stretcher, and was off and away. Sometimes I could see him in the distance, and it seemed he would reach the front in a few hours. Then I would lose sight of him for hours. He would turn up from the rear, or appear with a big handful of flowers for me, decorating my stretcher. He investigated all parties of people marching far in front of us, and he investigated those in the rear. He looked over the country in general. Once when we came into Tungpu, a town of considerable size, I thought he was far in the rear. Night came and I worried about him and kept asking if he had come. Then after another hour he came dragging himself in. He had long since reached Tungpu in advance of our party, and had gone to the theatre. Of course my guard barks at him because he worries us, or because

he think he does not help enough. But he is a child and I am glad he can enjoy himself some of the time like this. I watch him and wonder what kind of man he will make. He loves the open road, new places. He has known nothing else for years. He will undoubtedly grow to manhood in the army, and will know nothing but fighting all his life. For the Chinese revolution will be fought out for many years, and perhaps many decades. I lie on my stretcher and wonder what kind of life this, my little brother, will have. So long as I remain in the army, I shall try to keep him with me and see that he is taken care of as well as I can take care of him. When I sometimes have to walk, he comes and takes my hand and we walk together, and my guard comes, links his arms in mine, and half supports me. So we walk together. They teach me Szechuen words—often very different from Chinese of the north. Many words I use are not only these Szechuen words, but from their villages.

The days passed—over a week—we came to a town garrisoned by troops of the Central Government of Nanking. Then my patients at night when we stopped for rest, were Nanking soldiers. They came with ulcers on their legs, with cut feet that had not been taken care of, and some with falling arches. I do what I can. They are very grateful. Since hot water is a problem, I sometimes ask them to bring pans of hot water for other men to bathe and disinfect their feet. They bring it and give it to me as if they were making a present, and we smile at each other, each grateful to the other.

On the tenth day after leaving Yenan, we reached the large town of Sanyuan, four hours by truck from Sianfu. We put up in a big clean room of our local army office, in this town. My guard and translator slept on the k'ang and I put up my camp bed as usual, in a corner. Here we stayed for two nights. On the second day I called on the local British missionaries and bought some worm medicine to mail back to peasants on the road. Mr. and Mrs. Bell were more than kind and I spent half of one day with them, having lunch with them. Mr. Bell and I engaged in hour-long arguments about Communism and Christianity. He is a very liberal-minded man and very friendly to the Communists. He says the Red Army is the best army that has ever been in Shensi and that it has gained the whole-hearted support of the people. The Communists are quite right in their objective, he says, but he disagrees with their method of using force. Here he and I locked horns in a friendly manner, for many hours.

"Force?" I asked him. "And what is the history of Christianity but force? Even to the present day it is nothing else."

Then he spoke as do so many Christians: "Oh, those who use force are not true Christian."

We discussed force. I argued that the Communists do not begin their thought or action with the idea of force. They work for a new social system whereby the means of life shall become common property instead of private. They insist that the exploiters shall get off the backs of the producers and cease sucking out their blood. If the exploiters refuse, then force enters, for the Communists kick them off the backs of the people. Why, I asked Mr. Bell, does he disapprove of kicking the exploiters off the backs of the people?

Mr. Bell argued that we must change the hearts of people. I asked if he meant the landlord, and he said he did. Until then, the people must carry these creatures on their backs? What for? For two thousand years we have waited for Christians to show us their theory of brotherly love in practice. But even in two thousand years they have shown nothing of the kind. If now Christians continue telling the people to be passive and allow the exploiters to ride them to death, then Christianity is merely a weapon of capitalism.

Mr. Bell argued that if we changed the heart of the rich and powerful they would cease to be exploiters. When I asked to see such people, he argued that two thousand years is a very short time in the history of the world! He said he would like to see just one nation refuse to use violence, to be truly Christian. One nation, like China. Immediately, he said, we would not see the results, but in two or three hundred years we would see the great historical significance of such a nation. To this I replied that such a nation as China, passive and refusing to fight the incoming Japanese, would be wiped out or driven to the depths of beastiality by Japanese imperialism, so that in two hundred years the Chinese would merely be a horrible example. Mr. Bell did not think so. The Communists and the Christians have much in common, he said, and we could work together in many ways. To this I agreed. But, he continued, when it comes to force, we part company. I argued that we do not, because the Christians use force, both active and passive. Our difference is that Christians preach individual perfection, while the Communists know that if society is changed, men change their natures accordingly. That with a class-free society, men can develop to a new, great height, selfless, creative.

Well, we went around and around the

mulberry bush. Mr. Bell walked the floor, arguing, and I passed him as I walked the floor, each of us waving our hands at each other. I told him to read the works upon which the Communists base their thought and action. Otherwise he will go through an epoch like this not knowing what it is that moved an army of millions of men and women throughout the world. He agreed that he ought, but he is too burdened with work. He told me I should become a Christian, but to this I replied I could not because I did not believe in it. We talked about Jesus. I considered Jesus a social revolutionary in his day who went as far as he knew how, but who was overburdened by the might of the Roman Empire and so preached individual perfection and life hereafter. He asked me why it was that the thought of Jesus alone had endured, and I held that that is because of the cruelty of class society, whereas Christianity taught the oppressed to endure this and they will be rewarded in heaven hereafter. Now, I told Mr. Bell, we are not willing to wait another two thousand years, or even a hundred years, to see if Christianity will work. Nor will workers and peasants anywhere. There is no other way before us now than struggle from capitalism into a new social system.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell had an appointment and I was returning to our local office. So I left them, promising to return next day if we did not leave for Sian. But next day came and suddenly we had to leave for Sian. A couple of days later I met Mr. Upchurch, from the Sanyuan Mission in Sian. So far, none of the missionaries are evacuating.

In Sian I am living in the local Sian office of the 8th Route Army. Dr. Tate and Miss Major of the missionary hospital have examined my back by X-ray and by every other means and it is clear that no bones are fractured. The only thing is spraining and bruising of muscles of the back, and the breaking of the peritoneum of one bone. All of the British doctors and nurses in the Sian hospital gathered, served me tea that morning, and we discussed the medical and public health work in Yenan and the regions of the north. They asked about their mission property and I told them that it is intact, even to the pictures on the walls.

I hope to leave for the front within two weeks at the most. The Provincial Government has given me a special *visa* which entitles me to go throughout the north-west, or to remain here as long as I wish. Police spies, nosing around generally, have been told to mind their own business and leave me alone. This is the united front with a vengeance! Here I have been for years one of the pet hates of the Kuomintang, and now the Shensi Provincial Government tells the police here to keep off the grass. It is a strange, strange feeling for me—the first time in all these years in China that I have been protected. Of course, I know that it is the Army and policy that has done this. I am filled with such hope that soon I shall leave for Taiyuanfu and go to our front. I think two weeks rest here will be enough, if I follow the treatment given me by the hospital.

In the meantime I shall lie here in local headquarters. The local "offices" of our Army here are very large, but each room is filled with men and women. Political prisoners have been released in Nanking and Soochow, and many of them have come here enroute to the North. So they are here waiting until they can go, though some of them go each day. The tiny rooms have at least two men or two women in them, and the big ones are filled. Boards have been nailed together and put across stools. We eat together by compounds. I eat with about a dozen men and women in our compound, and other comrades in the other compounds each have their own mess. In the house adjoining is a woman comrade, wife of a political leader in the front headquarters. She has just given birth to a baby. She was director of theatrical work in the First Division of the army. Here in this headquarters also I have met many friends of former years, one of them Shan-fei. I once wrote a special story about Shan-fei, and for years lost track of her. When I arrived here two days ago she sprang out upon me, and amongst other things showed me her child, a boy about four years of age, the child of a Red commander who fell in the attack on Fuchew in Northern Kiangsi about four years ago. She goes to Yenan soon. We each go our own way again, she to the north, I to the front.

I am so close to the revolution that I suppose I lose much of its significance. This "office," a clearing house for revolutionaries and things revolutionary is, objectively speaking, one of the most dramatic institutions possible. Here are perhaps a hundred released political prisoners, here men and women come and go from every part of China, here a radio operates all the time and outside even now I hear news being broadcast from Nanking, with the Japanese interrupting the wave length so that we can hardly distinguish anything. When we get off the Nanking news wave length, we can get clear Japanese sending news, or Peiping musical broadcasting. Or, we can get the

sickening Shanghai night club music,—all about in the midst of death and destruction in a man handing a woman an orchid. An orchid Shanghai ! The gentleman hands her an orchid !

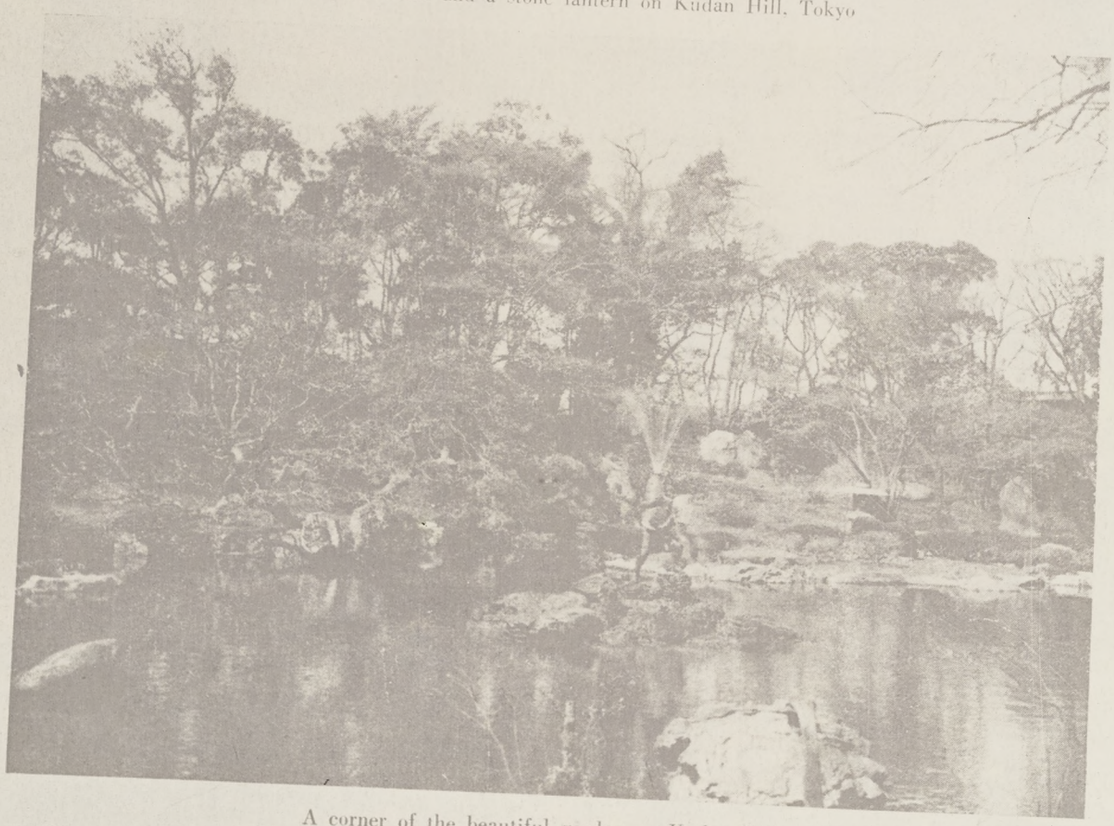
General Chiang Kai-shek and his wife receiving foreign correspondents at Nanking

An unprecedented movement of vehicles took place when permission was given by the Japanese authorities to the residents of the Eastern area of Shanghai to enter this "war-zone" for removal of personal goods

Japanese mounted troops in the Lotien area, Shanghai

The vast International agglomeration at Shanghai on the bank of the Houang Pou
The Chinese City, the French Concession, the International Concession and greater Shanghai are seen in the picture

Cherry blossoms and a stone lantern on Kudan Hill, Tokyo



A corner of the beautiful garden on Kudan Hill

The circular stamps on the pictures mark them as authentic ones sold by the authorities of the shrine to visitors during the festival which followed the deification ceremony in April 1937

INTERVIEW WITH CHU TEH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHINESE EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Headquarters of the Eighth Route Army
North Shansi, October 24, 1937

THE condition along the North Shansi battle-front was discussed in an informal way today by Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of the Eighth Route Army, at the headquarters of this Army in North Shansi.

The Japanese have not very strong resistance along the three northern railways of China —the Tinghan, Tsinpu and Peiping-Suiyuan line,—Chu Teh said. They have been able to roll over the Chinese troops pretty much as they liked, and because of this they have thought they could carry out their old plans for the enslavement of China. Their general plans are quite well known, and are very old. They have long had in their service many leading men as traitors, and a small army of small traitors.

"It was only after the Eighth Route Army came to the Front that the situation has changed," Chu Teh said. "The Eighth Route Army has had a long succession of victories at many places in North Shansi and, recently, in western Hopei. These victories have changed the whole spirit of the other Chinese armies and of the Chinese people, so that the Japanese have begun to meet with strong resistance. The Eighth Route Army had shown the Kuomintang armies and the people that the Chinese can really fight the Japanese and be victorious. The Chinese people have felt themselves helpless before Japanese airplanes, but here in this mountainous territory of North Shansi, these airplanes, as well as their fieldpieces, are almost useless. Here in the north they cannot use their big guns, and our tactics negate damage from airplanes. Here the invading enemy must fight with rifles and in hand-to-hand battles with the Eighth Route Army. In this they are weak, and they fear hand-to-hand battles above all else.

"The Japanese have tried to scare foreign powers by saying the Eighth Route Army is marching across North China to the sea. To this I must say that it will not be so very easy for us to occupy Peiping and Tientsin just at this moment. But our army can do this even though the Japanese occupy them. We can continue to fight and be victorious even if the Japanese occupy all the big cities and the main railway lines. We can carry on our fight and our work at all times and in all places because we fight by partisan warfare. Even if the enemy should succeed in occupying all North China, we can continue our fight. The Japanese will never dare leave the big cities and go into the country, for they will be destroyed. We can always organize the people, arm them for struggle, and build our strength and the strength of the whole anti-Japanese struggle, on the masses of the people. We have done this here in North Shansi. The Kuomintang has no force in these places, and so we can organize the people along the entire front and in the rear of the enemy. We have already organized, trained and armed thousands of them to conduct partisan warfare, and we have hardly begun yet. We are capturing arms and ammunition from the Japanese and using these to arm the people. General Yen Hsi-shan has also given us rifles for the people.

"The problem of whether we can save Shansi Province, and the city of Taiyuanfu, from the enemy, must be analyzed from many viewpoints. On the northern front the enemy is in a bad situation at present because our partisan groups are in their rear, cutting all their communications, capturing all their supplies. The enemy must now use airplanes to transport food and ammunition to their troops, but such transport is limited. They cannot transport many things by such means.

"Our partisan groups have killed more Japanese in the rear than have been killed on most fronts. Apart from Pinghsingkwan, where we killed nearly two thousand in one battle, we have killed from three to four thousand more. Many more have been wounded. This is easy work for us, and in it we have not even lost a thousand men. The Japanese come rolling along on motor trucks, unprepared to fight. At the front it is not such easy work, for the Japanese can use fieldpieces and airplanes against the Kuomintang armies which continue to fight by positional warfare.

"On October 18th, at Yenmenkwan, our partisan units just scored another victory. Two companies of them attacked the enemy airdrome

and destroyed twenty-one airplanes. It was night and our men did not see the three additional planes. So these three escaped. We used hand grenades to destroy them. Since then the enemy has had a hard time with their airplanes. They have sent about eight here, but these fly over from Paotingfu in Hopei, and return after bombing.

"Our Army attacks the rear of the Japanese ceaselessly. We have now completely cut them off from the rear so that they are unable to get reinforcements or supplies of any kind except the limited quantities sent by air. Because we have cut them off from the rear, the 40,000 to 50,000 of them fighting in the Sinkow region (180 li north of Taiyuanfu) cannot retreat, but must fight forward desperately. They must attack at the front, and so they have had heavy losses in the last week. Because of this situation, our northern front is not in a very bad condition. Our Eighth Route Army will not retreat.

"However, the defence of Taiyuanfu depends on the eastern front. If that front can hold, then Taiyuanfu is saved. If not, then it is in a dangerous position. The situation on both the Tsinpu and Pinghan railways is, we know, very serious. At Ningtsiangkwan, the pass on the railway line leading from Hopei up to Taiyuanfu, is also serious. If the enemy is victorious there, they can attack us along from the eastern, southwestern and southern fronts. In such a way they can encircle Taiyuanfu.

"General Yen Shih-shan has just ordered our 129th Division, commanded by Liu Peh-cheng, to Ningtsiangkwan, where they are to fight by positional warfare. This is not at all good for our troops. Our troops are relatively few in number, and positional warfare is suicidal for us. The Japanese also are very much afraid of partisan warfare. They can fight only by positional warfare. No Japanese small groups dare attempt partisan warfare. They would be wiped out by the people. Wherever they go, they must move in large groups. Cavalry escort the infantry, and tanks escort their motor cars. But we have destroyed them despite this, capturing their tanks and motor cars. They now openly threaten to use poison gas against us. But we are not afraid of that either. We are not afraid of their airplanes, their tanks, field guns, or their poison gas. Our tactics are such that none of these can cause much damage to us.

"We have learned certain things about this enemy. They always use a division at least, in fighting positional warfare, and they depend on big guns, tanks, airplanes, etc. In every 30,000 of them, they have only 5,000 to 6,000 who can fight in hand-to-hand battles. This is their weakpoint. Their ammunition and arms are better than ours, however. But their use is conditional. In order to use them, they must have roads and railways, gasoline and oil. They must also have many, many people to transport these things. If we cut their roads and kill their transporters, there is no help for them. We do not understand why the Kuomintang armies cannot learn this fact, why they cannot learn our tactics. The Kuomintang armies insist on sticking to tactics that can result in nothing but defeat for them.

"The Kuomintang could also use our tactics, but they would have to change the elements in the army. Only revolutionary elements can use partisan warfare with success. If soldiers who are not revolutionary, go out in small groups without their officers, they merely turn bandit and loot and rape. The one and only condition for partisan warfare is that the troops must be imbued with anti-Japanese revolutionary spirit. But if, in fighting, the generals run away and the soldiers retreat in small groups and continue to fight, it is quite certain that only the most revolutionary elements among the soldiers will continue the struggle. Such men, if brought under our leadership, can be a great force leading to victory.

"General Yen Hsi-shan gave our army 10,000 men to train, but for some unknown reason he called them back after ten days and sent them to another front. Under the command of the Eighth Route Army, General Yen Hsi-shan's army could also fight and be victorious over the Japanese. The soldiers were enthusiastic. So it is not the soldiers who cannot fight. It is the Generals."

When asked if the Nanking Government had given the Eighth Route Army arms and ammunition before this army went to the front, Chu Teh remarked that Nanking gave them no arms at all. They gave some bullets, however, but most of their arms and ammunition they have had to capture from the Japanese. General Yen Hsi-shan gave them some guns, though few. The medical supplies were sufficient for only a couple of weeks, but were supposed to be for three months.

"Nanking has given us almost nothing," Chu Teh said, "but the Japanese have involuntarily and unwillingly given us a lot."

When asked what he considered the strong and weak points of the Japanese, Chu Teh replied:

"Our experience in fighting the Japanese

enable me to list these. The six strong points of the Japanese are, in my estimation, as follows :

"1. Their weapons of war are stronger than ours, and they can use them well.
2. They can keep their military plans secret.
3. They do not surrender their guns, but fight until killed. But for this there are definite reasons. They do not surrender their guns out of fear of death. They have salughtered so many of our people, and they are engaged in such a savage task of conquering our country, that they believe we will kill them when we take them captive. They also believe the propaganda of their officers that Chinese kill all captives. There is also in some of the divisions the spirit of Bushido.
4. They can act according to their plans.
5. When they retreat, they can retreat more quickly than the Chinese can.
6. They can bring in reinforcements quickly.

"Their weakpoints are as follows :

"(1) Their war spirit is very low at present, especially among the rank and file soldiers. (2) Their soldiers also do not want to build defence works. (3) Because they are relatively few in comparison with our people, their intelligence service works slowly. They also have the belief that the Chinese can be easily defeated, so they work slowly. (4) Another weakness is their inability to climb mountains as we can. (5) One of their main weaknesses also is their fear of hand-to-hand battles."

In discussing these points, Chu Teh said that a majority of the wounded of the Eighth Route Army were wounded in hand-to-hand battles. Without heavy weapons of war, the Eighth Route Army partisan units fall upon the enemy in hand-to-hand battles of life and death. Most of the Japanese they have killed have been killed by hand, though at the famous Pinghsiangkwan battle about five hundred of the Japanese were killed with hand grenades. In some battles, the Eighth Route Army have used hand grenades as clubs to beat in the brains of the Japanese. In the many peasant partisan units recently trained and armed, there are only about fifteen to twenty rifles in a group of a hundred, while the rest are armed with hand grenades. These serve a douple purpose —to hurl at a distance, or as clubs in close encounters. Yet with all the hand-to-hand fighting of the Eighth Route Army, Chu Teh says that the Japanese have not captured one man of his army. Chinese soldiers from other armies who are captured, are killed without exception.

FIVE MONTHS IN THE "STATES"

By BEPIN CHANDRA PAL

My steamer left Liverpool in the afternoon, but in February, 4 o'clock in England is practically evening. After dinner we entered the British Channel from the Mersey, and almost immediately after I went to my bed and fell asleep. At about midnight I woke to find that the ship was not moving. We were at anchor, as I found next morning, in the Queen's Town Harbour in Ireland, where she had to take the overnight mail from London. After lunch it sailed again and entered the high seas. The Atlantic is always more or less boisterous; in the winter it is particularly so. And I soon found myself in the throes of sea-sickness, which forced me to keep to my cabin, which meant practically to my bed, until I smelt American soil after passing the Statue of Liberty at the mouth of the Hudson.

One incident of my life on board the steamer deserves mention. In those days it used to take about a week to reach New York from Liverpool. About the middle of the week the steward of my cabin came with a present of fruits from a fellow passenger, a lady, who asked me to put my hand out so that she might be sure that I had received her gift. She sent me her gift with a friendly greeting—a greeting to a countryman of Swami Vivekananda's from an

THE CHINESE PEOPLE ARM THEMSELVES

By AGNES SMEDLEY

The Japanese imperialist army, equipped with all the mechanized forces of mass slaughter, has been proudly rolling forward over North China, mowing down the Chinese armies as a threshing machine mows down wheat. Not only have they moved steadily southward over Hopei Province, slaughtering the Chinese armies, but the masses of the Chinese people have stood helplessly, their arms hanging by their side, and watched them roll. It was the same along the whole north-western front also until the latter part of September.

The tide began to be turned, at least to some extent, when the famous Eighth Route Army—formerly the Chinese Workers and Peasants Red Army—reached the battle front of North Shansi Province. In the famous battle at Pinghsiangkwan, a strategic pass on the Great Wall commanding one of the routes southward to the city of Taiyuanfu, the Shansi capital, the Eighth Route Army dealt the Japanese the first staggering blow they had received from any Chinese army of the north and north-west. In a series of swift flanking movements, the Eighth Route smashed the Japanese at Pinghsiangkwan, killing from two to three thousand of them.

With this battle as a lever, and with their whole sincerity of purpose, a representative of the Eighth Route Army and an official representative of the Chinese Communist Party, talked with General Yen Hsi-shan, Governor of Shansi Province and commander-in-chief of the north-western armies. These Communist representatives, one military and one civilian, argued that the salvation of China from subjection is the business of the entire Chinese people, and if the people are not mobilized and armed, China cannot be victorious. The Chinese armies, however vast, have not the equipment to match the huge war machine of the Japanese. The entire people and the national resources of China must be mobilized, they argued.

At that time the Central Government at Nanking did not permit the mobilization and arming of the people. But General Yen agreed to some extent with the Eighth Route Army and Communist Party representative, and gave them the right to mobilize and arm all the people near the battle front. This territory, was largely controlled by the Japanese, so it was not a concession of much value. But the Eighth Route Army took the offer gladly. They were already in the rear of one of the main Japanese positions (Sinkow and Yuanping), while the other main Japanese line was along the Peiping-Suiyuan railway to the north. Between these two battle lines of the enemy the Eighth Route Army had penetrated and had begun guerilla warfare on a huge scale, their forces split up into small units and operating from the western border of Shansi right to the east and over into Hopei Province to the Pinghan railway, then southward and all around the Sinkow-Yuanping positions and, a little later, right up into Chahar Province. They later knocked at the walls of Tatung, but that is a campaign to be waged at a later date.

It was in late October that I, the writer of this article, talked with the body of men known as the General Mobilization Committee for the Front, in Taiyuanfu, the capital. At that time, this Committee, was in charge of the general work of mobilizing and arming the people, in thirty *hsien*, or districts, of northern Shansi. These *hsien* extend in a zig-zag line across northern Shansi, even a little below Taiyuanfu, but not taking in Taiyuanfu *hsien* itself. The Committee had also just extended its work to Suiyuan and Chahar Provinces, and to every region in Shansi occupied or threatened by the Japanese. The Mass Mobilization Committee consists of twenty-nine men, as follows: 4 from the Eighth Route Army, 5 from Shansi Province, 5 from Suiyuan, and 5 from Chahar Provinces. Apart from this, each Army fighting in the north or north-west has one representative.

The Committee is divided into six committees at present: Organization, Propaganda, Organizing and Arming the people, the Department to Eliminate Traitors, the Department for the Distribution of Work, and the General Department. With two Chinese newspaper men, I talked with four members of the General Mobilization Committee about their work. They spoke as follows:

"Our duty is to carry out our anti-Japanese policy, and our chief work is the mobilizing and arming of the men into partisan groups for partisan warfare. In places

under Japanese occupation, we still continue work, but the methods of work differ, of course, from those places controlled by the Chinese armies. In occupied regions the work is very difficult, and our plan cannot be fully realized. In those regions we devote ourselves entirely to training men for partisan warfare, while in other regions our work is much broader in nature. In regions still controlled by our own armies, we can quite openly carry on propaganda by a variety of methods, but we can openly train men for partisan warfare. We also train first-aid workers for the battlefield, and we ruthlessly hunt down traitors. We have a training school for partisans here in Taiyuanfu, and we have just sent two hundred men to the rear of the enemy. We shall soon send another group of two hundred, now under training. Apart from this, we have workers everywhere in the thirty hsien, lecturing and organizing and arming and training the people. Our work just began twenty days ago, so we do not have so much to report just now. As soon as the Central Government in Nanking gives us the right, we shall extend our work to all Shansi and to every other place where we may legally operate.

"Here in Taiyuan, we gave but one week's training to men in partisan tactics. That is enough here, though in other places the training is generally two weeks. Political training is also given the partisans at the same time as they receive military training. Our volunteers here in Taiyuanfu were chiefly students, and soldiers from the regular armies. In other regions, the mass of our partisan volunteers are peasants. In regions controlled by the Eighth Route Army, there are more partisans than elsewhere, and the work goes with great rapidity. In the one hsien of Wutai, in the rear of the enemy our workers all come from the Eighth Route Army. In Wutai-hsien we have already trained and armed 1,500 partisans. We also have organized village Self Defence Associations, of men whose business it is to defend their villages with arms. In Wutai-hsien alone there are 800 already organized. They are nearly all peasants and many of them are older, or younger men, whereas the partisans are actual fighters against the Japanese at the front. The whole people are organized and trained to gather news about the enemy and to transmit it to our armies. The partisans do the same work, also, as well as creating disorder in the rear of the enemy, cutting their communications, and attacking their transport units. The regular armies, of course, do the heavy front fighting, whereas the partisans harass the rear of the enemy and their transport forces.

"The hunting down of traitors is an important work of our organization, and we do constant work amongst the people to this end. We find that traitors are chiefly of two kinds—the richest men and the poorest men. The richest work for money and power, and are without principles or national consciousness, the poorest, many of them the local ruffians—work for money. Sometimes the poorest men get one dollar a day from the Japanese to give reports. Many of the rich traitors have Japanese wives also. The traitors supply the Japanese with information of our armies and plans, and they give Japanese airplane signals by which they can locate positions to be bombed.

"Our propaganda committee has sent men to all the thirty hsien, in small groups, to do propaganda. They lecture, give lessons in political knowledge to the people, collect funds, organize the people to transport and help the wounded. In this department is a section to help the refugees from the war zones. Where the wounded pass, this committee sends people to help them, to give them water and food, and to change their bandages. This committee also helps the wounded and the other soldiers by writing letters for them. Most of our people are unfortunately still illiterate, and this is an important service. Many refugees themselves have entered our work, and devote their entire time to it. They are very glad to do this. They receive their food and lodging, but beyond this nothing."

Later on, the two Chinese newspaper men and I went to Wutai-hsien, a district in the mountains between the two lines of the Japanese. Here the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army was for a time located. In one town through which we passed, we were put up for the night by the Mass Mobilization Committee. They were young, cheerful and even enthusiastic men from the Eighth Route Army, whose special work was the organizing and training and arming of partisans. They verified what the general committee of their organization had told us in Taiyuanfu. They had about 1,500 organized partisans under training so far. But, unfortunately, they have only about 50 per cent enough arms. In groups of 100 men, there were 50 rifles only, all of them given by General Yen Hsi-shan, though some were captured from the Japanese. From this village alone, two groups of partisans had been sent to harass the rear of the enemy. The men without rifles all carried hand-grenades, but they did not have sufficient hand-grenades. So each man carried only five or six. The main problem is arms. The men are willing enough to be armed and only too willing to fight. But the problem of guns is an urgent one.

From this town, which had been repeatedly bombed by the Japanese, we went into the Wutai mountains, to the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army. There we found the partisans have their own big headquarters where they receive political military training. We watched the training of about a hundred new volunteers, and talked with the local Mobilization Committee. This local committee consisted of seven men, all of them from the local population, and all except one peasants. The oldest member was 73 years of age. He was a tall, handsome and even picturesque old peasant who proudly led us into the fields where new volunteers were being trained. He proudly introduced us to them. A man from the Eighth Route Army was patiently training a group of volunteers, helped by a local civilian. We took pictures of them, and some of them stood very straight and stern. One little fellow was only thirteen, and he was so conscious of it that he was especially severe in his bearing. Then up stepped an old man sixty-five years of age and asked that he be photographed. He was a member of the village Self-Defence Corps, and this Corps had just made their own khaki

uniforms. Was the old man proud! Around him stood the young men in the gray uniforms of the partisans, proud of their village.

We took photographs of the partisans as they trained in the late afternoon each day. Here we saw these tall, strong, north Chinese farmers who so reminded me of American farmers at times. Some of them were long and lanky, with moustaches, and with long necks such as so many poor farmers of America are pictured. There was something about their lanky frames and their protruding Adam's apples that was typical of farmers of the poorest class everywhere. They are also very tall in North China. Some of the younger men were stocky and as strong as bulls and it was certain that all of them would give the Japanese more than one bellyful of shot and shell. Straight from their ploughing or their hoeing, they know the meaning of hard labor and almost super-human endurance. They trained with the most intense seriousness and patience. One evening we watched a unit of about a hundred under training. Half of them carried rifles and had already received considerable training. The other half were new Volunteers who had just come in that day. The new Volunteers could not keep step, even with the constant shouting. It was interesting to watch the ambling gait of the peasant, with his heavily clad feet. But before the week would pass he would be able to lift his feet rapidly, and perhaps before a year is passed he will be in the regular Eighth Route Army. For some of the partisans go over into the Army—that is, their units are transformed into regular military units. But up to now they are not. They remain farmers and fighters.

The old man, 73 years of age, who was a member of the Mobilization Committee was a remarkable old fellow. He was very eager and proud and he talked as we walked along. He was the treasurer of the local Committee. He collected and disbursed funds. He could read and write a little. He owed seven mou of land—about 1 $\frac{1}{6}$ acre, so he was a poor peasant. He did recruiting of volunteers, he said. He would go to the homes of the people and tell them what the Japanese have done in every place they have occupied—how they have killed the people, looted and raped. If the Japanese come, the people cannot live at all, but will be homeless slaves, he argued. No, he said, he met no opposition at all from the families with sons. The women are still backward, but they also raise no objection, but urge their sons to go. How proud the old man was. Then he added: "My own son is a partisan. He is thirty-five years of age and he is already fighting the enemy. I would like to call him back and send him to protect you, because you are a foreign friend of ours. It is a great honour!"

In the last few days of October and in early November, the general headquarters of the Eighth Route Army marched from north Shansi down to eastern Shansi to the eastern front. I went with them. We passed through villages where the Mobilization Committee had its representatives. In one town there were hundreds of Eighth Route Army wounded, all being nursed by the local population. There was but one trained nurse to care for the hundreds. The people had brought their own and often only quilted quilts to cover the wounded. They were proud and eager to help. Everywhere we saw the slogans put up by local partisan organizations on walls and trees: "Every good man into the partisans!" Or, "Every good man get ready for the front!"

One night in a village, at about nine o'clock, we heard a big tin pan being beaten in the streets. It halted at the gate of our courtyard and the voice of a man shouted twice: "All partisans come out to the grove!" Two rooms in our courtyard were thrown open a second later and two peasant men of the household, carrying rifles, went silently out of the gate.

When we crossed the Chentai railway line, and marched to the south of it, we entered a region in which the Eighth Route Army has just come. This is a region in which the Mobilization Committee has only now received the right to mobilize and arm the people. We spent the night in villages where there were no partisans at all and where the people had never heard of the Eighth Route Army. The women had all fled! If we remained for two nights even—which was often the case—the people came streaming back. The women and girls, with children, would come. I talked with some men and women who had fled from their villages when they heard an army was coming. They had fled 100 li away—over 30 miles. Then they heard that the Eighth Route Army had come, and that it was a revolutionary army of the people, who protected and organized the people. They picked up their pitiful bundles and their padded quilts and came home. They sent delegations to the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army and asked them to leave men behind to protect and tell them what to do. In all these villages south of the Chentai railway the Army headquarters left behind two armed men whose business it was to organize local Mobilization Committees, organize and

arm the people. Small bands of roaming defeated troops who rob and rape are to be talked to and argued with and re-educated if possible. If not, to be imprisoned. And if they do not learn sincerely, to be shot. In some villages, the people ran to the Eighth Route headquarters to tell of such men, and to ask for their arrest. The Headquarters sent armed men and arrested the looters. One night one such arrested man, an officer from Szechuen troops, was housed in a room in a courtyard right across from mine. He had thrown away his military uniform, and robbed clothing of the common people. But, stupidly enough, he had kept his army papers.

Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army, is very enthusiastic. When he speaks of the "lao pei shin"—that is, the common people—his voice softens and his face becomes tender. "The lao pei shin—ah, what people!" he says softly, turning his head away. Then, with gleaming eyes, he said to us: "We have already organized 5,000 men into the partisans in North Shansi alone. Give us one more month, and we will have from 20,000 to 30,000 partisans in that region. Give us another month here on the eastern front, and the Japanese will be destroyed."

Arms! Arms!! Arms!!! Arms for the people! Arms for the *lao pei shin!*

The Eighth Route Army bases its strength on the strength of the people. We move for hundreds of miles, right within two or three miles of the enemy lines, and the people never betray us! They come streaming home, come to their protectors, and come saying: "Leave men to tell us what to do!" The Eighth Route Army is telling them. As Chu Teh said, calmly and smilingly, "even if the Japanese occupy Taiyuan or other big cities, it will not matter. We will destroy them. We will organize and arm the people and every man, woman and child, will destroy them."

Days of Warfare

FROM MY DIARY

November 3, 1937.—The battle of yesterday has ended with the Chinese troops retreating from their positions at Yangchuen and retreating to Chang Chin Chen further west on the Chentai railway. The chief concentration of the Japanese is now at Pintingchow, about halfway from Niangshihkwan to Tiyuanfu.

I talked with Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army. He was perfectly cheerful, perfectly calm. The defeat of the Chinese troops (not the Eighth Route) yesterday did not mean much, he said. "If the Japanese want to march on toward Taiyuanfu, let them," he said. "It does not matter. This should be the tactics of the Kuomintang, instead of their present positional warfare. If they do this, and adopt the tactics of the Eighth Route Army, the Japanese can be defeated. We will then cut off their rear, destroy all their communications, split them up in small groups and destroy them. The enemy advanced today, but the Kuomintang troops need not have retreated. Instead, they must change their tactics. Then it will not matter if the Japanese advance. The Chinese forces are much more than the Japanese, and we can surround them on all sides. The Chinese troops are now concentrated at Showyang."

Day before yesterday we crossed the railway tracks at Showyang. Yesterday, throughout the day, six Japanese bombers simply "scraped the skies", so to speak, in search of the newly-arrived Eighth Route Army. They know we have come, but they do not know where. But already two of the units of the Eighth Route have attacked their flanks at Yanchuen, while Liu Peh-chen, commanding another force down on the Shansi-Hopei border, has destroyed the Chentai railway for a long distance. It will take the Japanese a long time to repair it, and then it will be cut again either there or in a dozen other places. We have reports that the Japanese troops are very tired. That means little. They are obedient soldiers, and they will march on. Now, with the Eighth Route on both sides of the Chentai railway in their rear, they will *have* to march on. They dare not retreat. The Eighth Route Army is at work with its famous flanking and rear attacks.

The Japanese are moving in Shansi province on this eastern front from three different directions now—along the railway, which is now cut and where the Eighth Route is harassing their flanks and rear; from Pintingchow they have sent out four regiments to the south-west; and they have sent two full regiments—about 6,000 men—along a road, some 50 li south of the railway on the border, to Yangchuen. So they are driving into the province by the roads, also.

At Tungyingtow, a strategic mountain near Yangchuen, Chen Ken, Eighth Route Army commander, commands a force of strong Communist troops, and has just built defences. He has just arrived there. An Eighth Route unit, commanded by Chen Kwen, a Hunan peasant military leader, arrived at the mountain

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range, Mataling, south of Pinlingchow, day before yesterday and met the four regiments of enemy troops coming from that direction. The battle continued all day yesterday, and the Communist forces killed about 1,000 of the enemy and captured supplies.

Day before yesterday the Eighth Route Army, and also the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, issued separate manifestoes to the Japanese soldiers, calling upon them to cease the robber war they are waging at the commands of their militarists who are enemies of both the Chinese and Japanese people. Chinese fliers from the Central Government, of whom there are a few in this region, eagerly took to the air and dropped the manifestoes over the Japanese lines. But we have only a few airplanes in this region.

Well, the Japanese know at last that the Eighth Route Army is in this region. They felt this army yesterday. They know that the Eighth Route is not only here on the south of the railway line, but that it is on the northern side also, and is closing in on their rear with a pincer movement. They know it by the cutting of the railway in their rear, and they know it because 1,000 of them lay dead after yesterday's battle. They know it because some of the Chinese troops have not retreated, but have met them in merciless warfare and have not retreated. They know it from the two manifestoes.

On the northern front, were the Japanese glad! They were so happy that the Eighth Route Army had left the northern front for the eastern front—so they thought—that they tried to take supplies down to their main concentration point at Sinkow, where Shansi and Central Government troops are holding their main forces, bombarding them each day. The enemy thought they could at last send shells and ammunition through to Sinkow. So they sent down 70 to 80 military trucks, heavily laden with shells and other ammunition, and also supplies. And 200 of their soldiers rode on the trucks, bowling along like gentlemen. A unit of Ho Lung's troops, helped by peasant partisans, fell upon the trucks like a few tons of brick. They stopped six of them with hand-grenades, and destroyed 10 of them in the fighting, and stopped the whole lot by destroying the roads. The 200 Japanese soldiers were all killed. Among them was a company officer and his deputy. The Chinese forces got large quantities of arms and ammunition, including two light machine guns, rifles, pistols, and many other supplies. The Japanese tried advancing along another route. An army partisan route mined the earth and destroyed two enemy trucks on November 2.

The town of Whenyuan, which has changed hands a number of times, has been taken back by the Eighth Route Army once more. That is on the northern front, outside the Great Wall. It was recaptured from the Japanese on November 1st, and a number of enemy soldiers killed.

The Chinese forces still hold the Japanese at Sinkow. There is no change in the Sinkow situation. The enemy hopes to break through the Eighth Route forces now holding the north, and get reinforcements to their troops at Sinkow so they can advance to Taiyuanfu.

We are now at a small village south of the railway, and some 65 li from the place we were yesterday. We were told to be prepared to march at midnight to this place. We prepared. But the manager of our group is so determined to get at the Japanese, it seems, that he awoke us at 10, just three hours after we had gone to bed. I argued that it was not twelve, but he argued that my watch was wrong, and so we got up and prepared. By eleven o'clock we were ready to march. Headquarters had not even arisen! One hour later the bugle call awoke them, and later their breakfast bugle call sounded, and then later still the bugle to prepare to march. It was two o'clock when the bugle call for marching sounded! And the last hour we spent standing amongst the animals and lines of men on a road beyond the village. There was a hell of a noise, as usual, with the braying of donkeys and mules, the neighing and stamping of horses, and the shouts of men, with men cheering up everyone by singing. But when we began to march, silence fell upon us all, and all we could hear was the clank of hoofs on the stony and treacherous and narrow mountain paths. The little hsiao kweys, given to all kinds of laughter and pranks, whispered lest the Japs, some three to four miles away hear them! No one talked. The order came to use no flash lights. We marched by the faint light of the stars. I watched the great dipper over my shoulder to the left, and the polar star below it. Sometimes it was directly to my left, sometimes a bit behind me. As we advanced, our eyes became used to the darkness.

The paths down which we went were so terrible that I dared not ride. So with my two guards on either side of me, I went down and up, down into stony riverbeds through which icy rivers tumbled, then up terrible stony paths again, and down again. And so through the whole night. Dark mountain sides loomed on either side. Now and then there was the quick flash of a flashlight, as suddenly turned off, as the

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The town of Whenyuan, which has changed hands a number of times, has been taken back by the Eighth Route Army once more. That is on the northern front, outside the Great Wall. It was recaptured from the Japanese on November 1st, and a number of enemy soldiers killed.

The Chinese forces still hold the Japanese at Sinkow. There is no change in the Sinkow situation. The enemy hopes to break through the Eighth Route forces now holding the north, and get reinforcements to their troops at Sinkow so they can advance to Taiyuanfu.

We are now at a small village south of the railway, and some 65 li from the place we were yesterday. We were told to be prepared to march at midnight to this place. We prepared. But the manager of our group is so determined to get at the Japanese, it seems, that he awoke us at 10, just three hours after we had gone to bed. I argued that it was not twelve, but he argued that my watch was wrong, and so we got up and prepared. By eleven o'clock we were ready to march. Headquarters had not even arisen! One hour later the bugle call awoke them, and later their breakfast bugle call sounded, and then later still the bugle to prepare to march. It was two o'clock when the bugle call for marching sounded! And the last hour we spent standing amongst the animals and lines of men on a road beyond the village. There was a hell of a noise, as usual, with the braying of donkeys and mules, the neighing and stamping of horses, and the shouts of men, with men cheering up everyone by singing. But when we began to march, silence fell upon us all, and all we could hear was the clank of hoofs on the stony and treacherous and narrow mountain paths. The little hsiao kweys, given to all kinds of laughter and pranks, whispered lest the Japs, some three to four miles away hear them! No one talked. The order came to use no flash lights. We marched by the faint light of the stars. I watched the great dipper over my shoulder to the left, and the polar star below it. Sometimes it was directly to my left, sometimes a bit behind me. As we advanced, our eyes became used to the darkness.

The paths down which we went were so terrible that I dared not ride. So with my two guards on either side of me, I went down and up, down into stony riverbeds through which icy rivers tumbled, then up terrible stony paths again, and down again. And so through the whole night. Dark mountain sides loomed on either side. Now and then there was the quick flash of a flashlight, as suddenly turned off, as the

advance searched for the right path. We began to straggle in units after a few hours. Then we watched the roadside for the bits of paper left to guide us. The bits of paper often a figure—30, 20, or 10 or such on them,—telling us how many more li we had to march. There were few or no bridges over the broad, icy rivers, and nearly everyone had wet feet. But they crossed without complaint and marched on and on. When the dawn came, many men were limping and all were weary. But they went on and on and I heard snatches of song. I was able to ride along the good stretches of road, and across the rivers. I at least kept my feet dry. Later we saw that the skin of Li Po's feet is split open down to the raw flesh, all along the soles. The long and hard marching, and the freezing water is the cause of this. But he has not complained. He has walked more slowly at times, and, with a far-away look, has replied to my questions : "It does not matter."

In the darkness I lost track of my horse a number of times. But he found me. Two or three times I heard the low rumble that is a horse's talk of satisfaction, and then his nose nudging me. I felt like throwing my arms around his neck each time. But when the dawn came, and I rode along level roads, I cursed him soundly. For he tried to tear up the earth "running after the women," so to speak. There is in our column a little bay mare, jealously chaperoned by a boy about eighteen years of age. For this lady my Yunnan has conceived an affection. Her reply to his indelicate advances was to lift her hind legs and strike out at him in a way that belied her meek appearance. But she carried a pack and it fell off. For my Yunnan responded to her attack by whirling around and trying to kick the stuffings out of her. It did not matter that I was on his back. Not in the least! And now, that chaperoning guardian of the little mare carries a club just for use against my Yunnan. I have almost fallen to sleep at times, but I was brought back to full consciousness by the glaring eyes and ferocious face of that lad coming toward my pony. Realizing that we are in for another fight, I turn around and seek a more secure position in the column.

There is an old Hindu book which, if I remember correctly, is something like the *Karma Yoga*. It is a book telling of the ways and means of what we may call the "man-woman business." One passage in that book says, it is bad luck for a couple to become amorous at a cross-road. Bad luck, indeed! It is, instead, most dangerous. I thought of this book today. But, as the Victorian poets used to say, alas and alack, my Yunnan has not read the *Karma Yoga*.

It was nearing nine in the morning, when a small straggling group of us picked our way across a riverbed filled with stones that someone seems to have sharpened to knife-like edges. Before us lay the village which was to be our headquarters for a day. Then, from the east, coming up the valley around a mountain, we saw a long column of slow-moving soldiers. They moved slowly, wearily, as if they had marched all night. We halted and watched and I took some pictures. This was the Third Army, moving from a position where the Chinese troops have been defeated, to the west, where they are to be reorganized and fight again. They had no animals at all with them, but carried all their arms and ammunition. As they passed, voices amongst them cried out. Once we heard : "We have no overcoats! We have no overcoats!" There were a few people in the village ahead of us watching from a stone wall. The weary soldiers seemed to be crying their complaints to the morning air, and to no one in particular. Then their commander gave an order, and it was shouted down the line from man to man : "Order to rest! Order to rest!" They marched on. The resting place had not yet come. Then came the strange cries again : "We are tired! We are tired!"

This is one of the best armies of the Central Government, I am told. They are good fighters. They carried no packs on their backs, they had no overcoats. I wondered how they sleep, how they keep warm. But I could not find out. When they saw a foreign face their cries ceased and in astonishment they gazed at me, and some of them smiled and halted to have their pictures taken.

We came into a village entirely deserted of women and girls, and of at least half of the men population. The people heard that troops were coming, and ran away. We found two empty rooms in the home of what appears to be a middle peasant house. Since three doors of the mud and stone buildings were locked with iron Chinese locks and chains, we went into the two empty ones and occupied them. Later we found one peasant man who lives in one of the padlocked rooms. He told us we could live in the two rooms. His wife and daughter, who occupy the poor room, have fled with the other women to the mountains. He is a poor peasant, as are the other families that live in the other rooms. The men returned and talked curiously with us. We tried to get them to bring their women back, but they are afraid of armies. It will take another day or two for the Political Department

of headquarters to convince them that the Eighth Route Army is not an ordinary army, and that it is the protector of the people. The women will be returning in another day or two, just as they have at other places. And here we will leave men to organize and arm the people into partisans, just as we have in other places. We left two armed men in the village where we spent the two nights before this. This was the request of the people, who sent a delegation to our Military Headquarters.

We leave here tomorrow morning for a new position.

I wonder at the Chinese people. Our only food is millet or rice, and one vegetable. Today we had rice and turnips. Sometimes it is squash, or potatoes. And on this we live. There is no fat, no sugar, and for days no meat at all. I have a little money left which I borrowed from a friend to prepare for this march. So I am able to buy an occasional chicken. My whole group of six eat it. This gives us a little protein and a tiny bit of fat. The guards' shoes are nearly worn out and they have no others. Nor can we buy anything. There is absolutely nothing to buy. This region seems very, very poor. They have millet, kaoliang and squash, and a few potatoes about as large as walnuts. Even the chickens are very few and very thin. We bought one today but it had no fat at all. We bought a squash from the poor peasant. But there are many armies in this region, and I wonder what the people will live on during the winter. We buy everything we take, but much of our rice is transported on donkeys and mules with us. It is many days' march over terrible roads to Taiyuanfu, and the problem of feeding and clothing an army during the winter months, in this region, is almost unbelievably difficult. There are no motor roads—and no motor trucks. It is almost impossible to find any man in these villages who has enough money to change one Chinese dollar. We could not change a dollar to buy one chicken, but had to buy another chicken this afternoon, a squash, and some corn for my horse and mule. For I am using the little money I have left to keep my horse and mule in good condition. If either dies, I do not know what I shall do. For our future marching is very hard. I shall have to walk much of the time also. Today my two companions and I stripped our luggage down to the barest essentials. We each have the one suit we wear, our winter coats, an extra pair of socks or so, and we are rich in having one extra pair of shoes which we bought in Sian. My luggage consists almost entirely of my typewriter, my typewriting paper, carbon paper, my camera, films, and typing ribbons. I even had to give up my first-aid medicines. My camp bed I give to the peasant here. The camp bed was a great thing for me. I could sleep alone, and it freed me from the almost certainty of getting lice. For the k'angs of the poor peasants often have lice in them. And now I know I shall get lice. This morning, when we arrived here, I watched some of our armed forces sitting in doorways, stripped to the waist, picking lice out of their coats. They already have them. Yet up to now they have been clean of them. Lice in north China in winter means typhus. Lice in wartime is always a typhus danger. And I fear we face this very serious danger. For northern Chinese typhus does not generally mean death. They are practically immune to it. But our army is mostly of southern men, and I fear they are in the same danger as foreigners from typhus—and that means death in 99 per cent of the cases. We cannot afford anti-typhus vaccine. It costs $9.00 for one injection series. I have not received injections either. I tried it a year ago and nearly died of heart failure. But still I cannot take my camp bed. From now on I have one donkey, and my little mule, to carry everything for my party of six. My luggage is the heaviest. It is typewriting and camera supplies. In these regions we cannot buy any kind of paper whatever. Whatever we intend to use we must carry with us.

Later: Today the two other peasants in the locked rooms returned. One was a very poor man. He came into our room and asked politely and humbly for something. We could not understand his dialect at all. Not one of us could understand. Finally he dared point at something and we saw it was an old rope hanging on an inside door. He wanted his rope but he had been afraid to come and take it, or ask for it and point. For our guards are armed men! And he has his experience with armed men! How terrible it is. We laughed and gave him his rope. On his head was a bloody cut, as if he had fallen. I disinfected it with iodine and then he said he would of course pay. He made a gesture of payment and we assured him that we did not want payment. He watched us with suspicion—this strange, strange army that gave back a man's rope or treated his injury free. Ten minutes later he came back and asked us to treat his injured foot. It was useless. His foot is worn to the flesh through a hole in his old cloth shoes. He needs a new pair of shoes. And we have none even for ourselves. One of my guards took him to our doctor who bound up his foot and told

him to put a patch over his old ragged shoe.

The peasant men have returned—but not yet the women and girls! What problems China has! It seems that all the problems of thousands of years rest upon the shoulders of the people. I even think that these problems rest on the shoulders of the Communists! For what other force in all China comes from the heart of the masses, burdened with the full consciousness of the problems of the masses, and conscious of China's historic struggle and the possibilities of a new world struggling with such anguish for birth? What other army in all China really and truly protects the masses of the people? What other army in all China demands the reduction of taxes, the end of usury, the redivision of the land, and general improvement of the livelihood of the people, the democratisation of the entire country? What other force in this vast land, but the Communists and their army, truly and deeply trust the people, trust them so deeply that they would organize and give them arms? The Chinese armies are fighting for the first and most essential of all necessities—national liberation. But that is only the beginning, and even the prerequisites for the victory of the Chinese armies is not yet fulfilled—that is, the adoption of such democratic, social, economic and political measures that the masses of the people really feel that they have something to fight for, something to die for if necessary but, above all, something to live for. Again and again as we go through the country, I am deeply, irrevocably convinced that the principles embodied in the heart of the Eighth Route Army are the only principles that will guide and save China, that will give the greatest of impulses to the liberation of all subjected Asiatic nations, and bring to life a new human society. This conviction in my own mind and heart gives me the greatest peace in myself that I have ever known. I suffer from an injury that exhausts me. There seems little chance of it being cured until our present manner of existence, with constant marching. It does not matter so very much, that injury of mine. My injury is less than that of the ordinary Chinese about me. This is my solace. If they can fight on, so can I, in my own way.

THE PLUNGE

By DILIP KUMAR ROY

Friends, let us sail
Beyond the vale
Of shadows, for the shoreless deep
Whence wing love's melodies that never sleep
Calling the soul
To the far goal.
Hark to their pledge: "Who breaks his gyves,
Arrives".

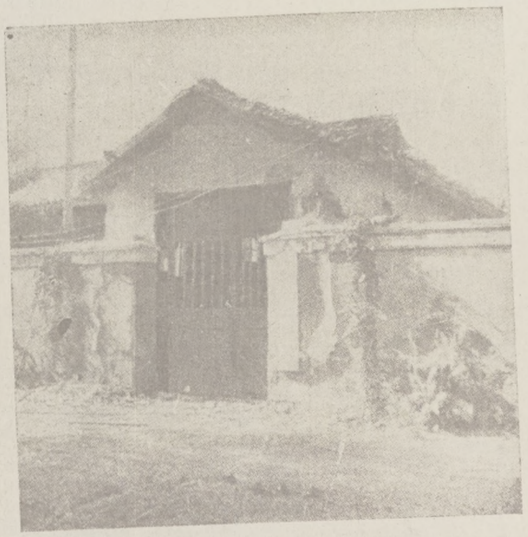
Refrain:
O Pilgrim heart!
Wake up and start
For the unhorizoned Vast, to woo
Boons of the blue,
Discarding siren gleams:
Away from moorings plunge to the dream of dreams!

In the hurtling rapids of desire
The masque of foam and dance of fire
Dazzle: mind floats
Alas, on phantom-boats,
Hailing the songs of brittle waves as His
Starry symphonies.

Refrain:
O Pilgrim heart!
Wake up and start
For the unhorizoned Vast, to woo
Boons of the blue,
Discarding siren gleams:
Away from moorings plunge to the dream of dreams!

There surge the diapasons of the Far
Which earthly tumults cannot mar:
Slumbering chords of life
Thrilling respond, still rapture-rife:
Hush! there sings
The King of kings!

Refrain:
O Pilgrim heart!
Wake up and start
For the unhorizoned Vast, to woo
Boons of the blue,
Discarding siren gleams:
Away from moorings plunge to the dream of dreams!



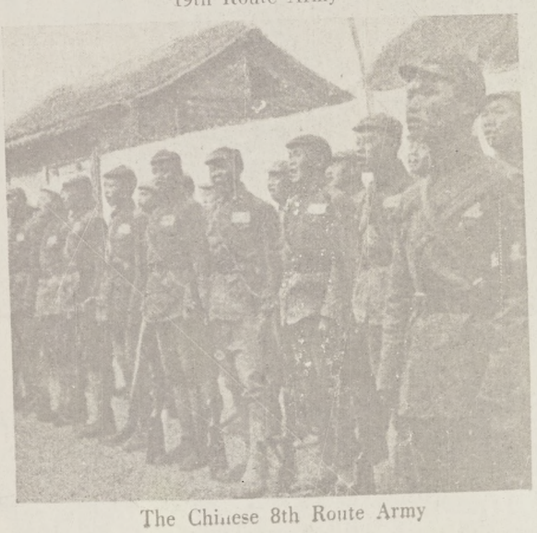
Girls' Dormitory, Nanking University, in ruins

Chemistry Building, Central University, Nanking

Shanghai North Station

A searchlight battery of the Chinese 19th Route Army

Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of the 8th Route Army in conversation with a member of the National Advisory Council



The Chinese 8th Route Army

The Bihar Government cannot say that it is paying due attention to the uplift of the aboriginal population in the province. A writer in the *Chota Nagpur Samachar* points out that it made no special provision in its 1937-38 bedget for their education. In the present year's budget the provision is as follows:

Community	Number	Literate Per cent.	Educational Grant.
Aborigines	32 lakhs	·53 to 1	Rs. 3,000
Momins (Native Moslems)	10 lakhs	3·6	Rs. 7,000

If these figures be correct, the Bihar ministers have provided Rs. 3,000 for the education of 32 lakhs of aborigines whose percentage of literacy ranges from ·53 to 1, but it has provided Rs. 7,000 (which also is inadequate) for another community of 10 lakhs whose percentage of literacy is 3.6! Yet the Bihar ministers will not allow these aborigines to pass out of their guardianship.

China Information Committee's "News Releases"

We cordially thank the China Information Committee for the "News Releases" sent to us by air mail. They enable one to realize the situation in China to a far greater extent than the news sent by *Reuter*. We are only sorry that *The Modern Review*, not being a daily, is unable to publish them. But they will nevertheless be utilized. The numbers, up to June 7, so far received, contain the following articles:

Singapore Scouts And Guides Die For China, The Last Train From Hsuchow, Compulsory Adult Education In China, Library Of War-time Literature, West China Abreast Of World Affairs, China's Juliet In Her Last Tragedy, Wuhan—Graveyard Of Japanese Airmen, China Still Making China, Cholera Epidemic In Central China Checked, No Festivals While China Fights, Japan Monopolizes North China Trade, American Women's Way Of Aiding China War, Simpler Living Urged By Dr. Kung, All Trade Unions In China United Against Japan, What I. S. S. Money Is Doing In China, North China Facing Economic Disaster, Wife of Kwangsi Commander Mobilizing China's Women, Furthering China's State Medicine Movement, War Correspondents In Epic Retreat From Hsuchow, Graveyard For Japanese Planes, Pushing Highway Construction In West China, China's Fight Against Opium, China's Spoils Of War, Free Schooling For China's Soldiers, China's Financial Conditions Stable Dr. Kung Says, War Accelerates Social Reform In China, Dual War Against Japanese And Opium, Administrative Reforms In Kiangsi Province, The Fighting Spirit In China, Thrice Under Japanese Occupation, China Biding Her Time, Kwantung's Food Shortage Solved, Relief For China's Front-line Refugees.

Mr. Nehru As India's Unofficial Ambassador

That, besides receiving very enthusiastic receptions and making speeches wherever he is going, Mr. Nehru will be able unofficially to do some important ambassadorial work also will appear from the following message:

London, June 29.

It is confirmed that Pandit Nehru is meeting Lord Zetland and Lord Halifax on Thursday and Friday. He intimated to *Reuter* that the invitations had been extended to him personally.

"If," said Pandit Nehru, "Lord Zetland and Lord Halifax want to know Congress views regarding Federation and India's reaction respecting international developments, I am prepared to express them forcibly."—*Reuter.*

Calcutta Town Hall Labour Demonstration

An assurance that the Indian National Congress would stand up by the side of labour and give them full sympathy and support in their struggle for securing their just and legitimate rights was given by Sj. Subhas Chandra Bose, Congress President, presiding over a huge demonstration of workers consisting of members of various labour unions at the Town Hall on the 29th June.

Resolutions condemning the callousness of the Bengal Ministry towards the grievances of the workers and appointing a committee to unearth the real nature of their 'sinister' move against the workers as also to secure protection to distressed workers were passed. Other resolutions passed touched upon the grave situation which had arisen out of the dispute between the Calcutta Electric Supply Corporation and its workers, condemned the Bengal Government for their repressive measures against leaders and prominent workers of the Seamans Union, and sympathised with Cawnpore textile workers and strikers at Kulti, Hirapur and other places. The meeting broke up at 10-30 p.m.—*Amrita Bazar Patrika.*

Subhas Bose's Experience in East Bengal

Brahmanbaria, June 16.

Nearly 15 persons, including Sj. Subhas Chandra Bose, Congress President, and Maulvi Asrafuddin Ahmed Choudhury, Secretary, B. P. C. C., received injuries following what the Congress President, in the course of a statement issued through the *United Press* characterised as—"hooliganism on the part of Moslem Leaguers", who threw brickbats on the procession organised in honour of the Rastrapati on his arrival here this morning.

Similar feats stand to the credit of some Moslem League "tigers and lions" in the United Provinces.

"The response I received from the Muslim public exceeded my fondest hopes and I have come back with the confidence and certainty that the Muslims of Bengal will, before long, be all inside the Congress", said the Congress President, Mr. Subhas Chandra Bose, interviewed by the *Associated Press* as regards the impressions of his East Bengal tour.

Calcutta Corporation Lady Teacher Incident

What the Calcutta Corporation has done in relation to the lady teacher incident is not at all satisfactory. The disclosures made in the police officer's report and in the minute of dissent of Councillor Phanindranath Brahma

Oct 1, 1938

THE CHINESE SOLDIER

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Since time immemorial the Chinese have regarded the soldier as the lowest of the earth's human creatures, while the man who could read and write characters was given first honor and a privileged position in society. Today, much of this fallacious attitude continues to exist and is, in some degree, responsible for the weaknesses in the Army Medical Service and the inadequate care of the wounded. This fallacious attitude is also seen in recent Government decisions exempting the student class from conscripted military service at the front and for the fact that modern-trained Chinese physicians have not yet been conscripted by the Government for the Army Medical Service.

While large numbers of students have voluntarily entered some branch of military service, such as guerilla units, the air force, or as officers, still they are chiefly confined to political work in the army and in the rear, while thousands of students calmly move to the rear and continue to study in universities in the same way as before the war began. This is their loss, for the difference between students who have seen hard service at the front, and those in the rear, is most striking. Those in the rear are soft, indecisive, often effeminate, not knowing what life is all about; those at the front become sharp, quick, determined, capable.

Yet it can be said that almost the entire Chinese Army is made up of workers and peasants, the majority of them illiterate, most of them with the most miserable economic background. With the social heritage of outcasts, these soldiers nevertheless arouse in all foreign observers who see them in action almost nothing but unstinted praise and admiration. Foreign military men of long service in western armies have repeatedly remarked that while high Chinese officers are very bad stuff, still the courage, endurance, stubbornness and initiative of the common soldiers and of the lower officers is unsurpassed. One foreign military officer who was on the General Staff in France during the world war said: "I would be proud to command such men."

True, in past wars of rival generals in China, the Chinese soldier received—and deserved—a bad name. However, that was not his fault. He had no principle worth fighting for, but was a tool of this or that General on the path to glory and riches. But what he was really made of was shown repeatedly when he was once given something worth fighting for. Given an idea worth living for, and he was willing to fight and die for it.

To understand this characteristic of the Chinese soldier you have but to know the economic and social conditions of the workers and peasants, from which the soldier springs. The common people stand always before hunger, completely unprotected from the ravages of nature and the more merciless ravages of their fellow-man. Without the simplest elemental rights of man, they have in addition been left in the darkness of illiteracy. The soldier fought only for his bowl of rice in the past and naturally enough it did not matter to him for whom he fought.

Yet this very virgin mental and economic state, combined with the native intelligence which characterizes the common man of China, makes the Chinese soldier the most fertile soil in the world for ideas. This was demonstrated in the revolutionary wave of 1925-27 in China, but it was above all shown in the development of the Chinese Red Army of workers and peasants. That Army sprang from the very soil of destitution and subjection and, beginning with some few rifles, grew until it stood off an army of a million men armed with weapons so superior to them that the comparison between the present Japanese Army and the Chinese may be made. Yet the once half-naked Red Army of poor men is today meeting the powerful Japanese Army, throughout north and northwest China. As in the past, so today, the most powerful weapon of this Army, now called the 8th Route Army, is the knowledge it brings the common people. No people on earth are more willing to die for an idea of a new and better life than are the common men of China.

Also, in 1932, the famous 19th Route Army demonstrated to the world what the Chinese soldier was capable of doing when fighting for his own country. That army was ragged and badly armed, and many of them mere boys.

When the present Japanese invasion began,

the Chinese soldier again showed his mettle, both in the north and in the Yangtze Valley. Inferior by a thousand-fold to the well-armed and well-organized Japanese army with its fleets of war vessels, airplanes, tanks, artillery and intelligence service, still most units of the Chinese Army stood up and continued to fight against colossal odds. As one foreign diplomat expressed it, "Around Shanghai the Japanese hurled everything at them except the kitchen sink." The courage of the common soldier, his endurance, stubbornness, initiative, and ability to bear hardship when fighting for his own homeland, has aroused the unstinted admiration of every unbiased foreigner and the love of every Chinese who is a sincere patriot. A foreign military observer who recently returned after three months with the Eighth Route Army, expressed his opinion of the character of the Chinese soldier in these words:

> "The Chinese soldier stands at the very top of the scale as a fighting man. Given decent treatment, a minimum of food to sustain life in him, and a spiritual purpose to fight for, the Chinese soldier has no superior. He can endure more hardship than any soldier on earth."

In the Yangtze Valley today one has more than ample opportunity to observe the ordinary Chinese soldier. Here are over a million men from every section of the country. Provincial and geographical differences make themselves felt, but beyond this, the fighting man at the front has no differences. In the rear, among politicians, there is unrelenting struggle over the question of the mobilization and arming of the civilian population, against corruption and bureaucracy, and against political reaction. But at the front all this vanishes and men are brothers fighting for one common, holy purpose. Many of the Provincial troops are boys, little more than children, their loose faded cotton uniforms flapping about their thin adolescent bodies. Their equipment is miserable and many know little more than the Japanese have destroyed their homes and families and threaten to destroy all China.

Other troops are older, seasoned, more conscious men. Many come from the North, their homes already in occupied territory. In the fighting in western Shantung down to June, these northern troops—formerly without high reputation—suddenly began to stand the full brunt of the fighting. The 26th Route Army commanded by General Sun Lien-chung, stood its ground to the very last—and lost three-fourths of its force. The Manchurian troops of General Yu Hsueh-chung did the same. I have recently visited Army hospitals filled with these northern men wounded months ago in Shantung. They are big and strong, slow and stubborn, between the ages of twenty and thirty as a rule, and fully conscious of the meaning of this war.

Then, here in the Yangtze Valley today are also the shorter, wiry, temperamental Kwangtung Army, and the well-trained, politically, Kwangsi Army. The crack troops of the Central Government are also highly trained, politically, in so far as the Japanese problem is concerned. As the best-armed forces of the country, they stood much of the brunt of fighting in the Yangtze Valley around Shanghai and Nanking, suffering heavy losses.

The army with the highest political and social training is the famous Eighth Route, or Communist Army. All its men have been taught to read and write in the Army, while military and political training is about equally divided. Its morale is perhaps the highest of all Chinese armies, and it is the only Army so far able to exist, grow, and operate successfully in the rear of the enemy, to reconquer Chinese territory, and re-establish Chinese authority. The rank and file of its men believe that this is a holy war. I have talked with the wounded of this Army as they were carried from the battlefield. Some knew they were dying, but did not complain, and one dying man tried to comfort me by telling me that it did not really matter if he died because China would be victorious.

The wounded Chinese soldier, generally speaking, is perhaps the most stoical of any on earth. This is a tragic necessity also, for the Chinese Army Medical Service has not gone in advance of the backward nature of the country in general. It is, therefore, badly organized and most imperfectly equipped and trained. At the front in the Yangtze Valley today one can see long lines of lightly wounded men making their painful way for days and days to some receiving station or field hospital in the rear. Men severely wounded lie dying in some peasant hut or wayside station, or under some isolated tree. Generally the wounded man dies in silence, uncomplaining, his eyes often filled with hopelessness. It is a terrible thing to see them die, for it is clear to those who know them that they are the material from which true greatness is made, and that the loss of such courage and consciousness is a loss to China and to the world.

In recent air raids in the Wu-Han cities, I have again had the opportunity to watch the Chinese soldier in action and to care for some of their wounded. With mangled bodies, they

beyond the crowd I heard the voice of my foreign woman friend saying :

" I can't get into your room ! I can't even get near the electric light ! "

I looked around and saw my four leading characters and a number of others, clustered like bees around the electric light switch. They were taking turns switching it on and off. Each one tried a number of times, his face turned upward to watch the light bulb on the ceiling. His hand would be pushed aside, and another would take his turn.

Well, that was also not so much, either, when the boys once got used to it. The time came when, in passing the switch, they would reach out and turn it on and off just like that, just like veterans. They did not want anyone to see them at it, for they hate to be regarded as greenhorn. They had thought Yenan had made them wise, for there they had at first been treated as greenhorns. Until the Communists entered that town with its one main street bordered with one-storey open shops, the whole town did not consist of more than a thousand people. Still this was a large town for the Red Army boys,—so large that the merchants swindled them right and left. This had taught them something of a lesson and they approached Sian somewhat gingerly. What their real experiences in the city were I do not know. In the first days there they would disappear for hours at a time, walking the city from one end to the other. I do know that my guard came home triumphantly with a leather case for which he had paid double, while next day my " little devil " went out and bought the same case, in a larger size, for half the price my guard had paid. This made my guard lose face so badly that they had a quarrel. He only got the upper hand two days later when he saw a train before the " little devil " saw one. This led to another quarrel. The " little devil " dashed off to the railway station, but he did not know that he had to buy a platform ticket. So they would not let him through the gates to see the train. His defeat was sad to contemplate, and only a few days later could he actually see a train.

Once, as we passed through the streets, the two boys halted and showed me a modern barber shop. They did not know I had ever seen one before. Red Army barbers are individual men who, with kit in hand, go from unit to unit.

At one time we all went to the modern hotel to visit my foreign woman friend. This is a fine hotel with polished floors, upholstered furniture in the lobby, electric lights, curtains, white table cloths in the dinning room, and goodness knows what. My friend had a room with a private bath. So the boys all poured into the bathroom with its white tiles and nickel, glass and mirrors. They turned on the hot and cold water, tested the wash basin, flushed the toilet repeatedly, and turned around and around, admiringly, looking at themselves in the big mirror.

They visited the hotel to see the bathroom a number of times until they were veterans in that line also. But one wonder of wonders they could never get over—the moving pictures. Coming down from Yenan, my foreign woman friend had tried to explain to her guard what a moving picture was. He did not know what she was talking about. So, on the night of our arrival, she took him to the movies. Such was the wonder that the other boys waited impatiently the next morning for the time the theatre would begin its first show. They saw a jungle film, returned with wonder still in their eyes, and told me they had seen lions, tigers, elephants and a huge hairy animal that looked something like a man. None of the boys had ever seen such animals, though they had seen old prints of tigers. In Szechuen and Sikong, they had perhaps even seen tigers, or leopards. In any case, the tiger made no impression on them.

They became movie fans. The next day they said they were going to see a foreign movie, and asked me to go along. I went. They led me to a theatre with gaudy advertising posters outside. The film was called " Diamond Jim." Though my heart sank, still the film was still more " heart-sinking." I sat through it, but lost my " face " entirely, completely. Everything in the miserable film the boys called " American." It began with Diamond Jim, a huge fat fellow with a protruding stomach (supposedly an " American worker ") taking off his overalls and getting into a high silk hat and a cutaway. From that moment on, all the male characters wore this costume which, for the boys with me, became the ordinary American dress. " Diamond Jim " began to wear diamond buttons, pins and rings, but the boys did not even know what a diamond was. So that part at least passed over their heads. All the women in the film were dressed in elaborate, gaudy trash, and this the boys thought was the way American woman dressed. The rooms in which the film was staged were filled with huge chandeliers, overstuffed, ornate furniture and bars. The boys did not know what a bar was. They solemnly watched a " bad man " drive his horse and

buggy through a saloon door and up to a bar. But they didn't know what a saloon was and they could not understand such conduct. There was also a scene in a Stock Exchange, with a ruined speculator sitting before a ticker, with tape in hand. This was utter Greek to the boys, as was a gaudy wedding scene later. The characters talked and talked—and I was glad the boys could not understand. The talk carried absolutely nothing of any sense or value to anyone.

There were four shots in the film that had some meaning for them. One was a horse race, which interested them. Once was when Diamond Jim and three of his friends, back in the early nineties, went out riding on a bicycle built for four. Later, in the streets, these Red Army youths, halted before a bicycle shop and laughed at the bicycles on sale there. They were built for one person only, while in America, according to them, modern and advanced as it was, there were bicycles built for four!

Another scene was taken back in 1865, presumably, and showed an engine and train of ancient vintage. They had not yet seen the trains in Sian, and this before them was, to them, an American train. Still another scene was the inevitable Hollywood love scene. One of the actors pressed the leading lady to his manly bosom and held her in a passionate kiss. Just as this started, my guard was searching for his lost ticket on the floor. But the squad commander, his eyes staring from his head, gave a loud exclamation, punched him violently in the ribs, and cried "look!" My guard ,still bending, lifted his head and sat transfixed. His mouth was open and he did not even straighten his back until the sight before him finished. The squad commander had more presence of mind. He shot a startled glance at me to see how I was taking such a shameless sight. As I was engaged in watching him and my guard, he quickly turned his guilty head away. The "little devil" was watching the scene in amazement. For him it was in the same class as the jungle film—as the hairy animal that looked like a man. For such scenes as that before us happen only in the bedrooms of husband and wife in China.

At last came the high point in the experience of these Red Army youths—the railway train and engine. When my woman friend left the city we took her to the train—all except the "little devil," who was nowhere to be found. The boys examined the train thoroughly, including the toilets at the end of each car. A few days later they climbed the mud wall surrounding the railway yard and made a closer examination of trains, which took many hours. When they returned, my "little devil" did not talk about the trains. He was depressed and miserable because one of the trains had been bombed by Japanese bombs.

This "little devil" is still a child, but he is a melancholy child. He has been bombed from the air and he has suffered much. It has left a deep imprint on his mind and his entire personality. Many things depress him. Once he and my bodyguard and I were going through the streets when they halted to watch something. It was a usual sight in all China except in the Communist-administered areas. Twenty or thirty workers and peasants had been captured in the streets, roped together, and, guarded by army officers, were being taken away to do forced labour, or carrying, for the Kuomintang armies. My guard watched in silence and did not talk for an hour afterwards. My "little devil" came close to me, put his hand on my arm, and said: "They have captured the *lao pei sin!*" That is—"they have captured the common people." The "they" was the ruling class, now as before the national front became a reality. The wise little boy was filled with a dull, dejected misery. I wondered what memories this scene awakened in him. His manner was the same as when he told me of the bombed train. Later, also, I took him to a hospital to be treated while I, at the same time, was being treated in another department. Coming out, I found him in misery standing before the hospital. He was bitter when he told me they had demanded fifty cents from him, and he did not have it. He had been in the Red Army for three years and never realized that one had to pay for medical care. Even when the money was paid and he was examined and given medicine, still he hated the hospital.

All the boys distrusted the city. Before long they would begin shouting at the slick merchants in the shops who tried to cheat them.

"One dollar! I'll give you ten cents and not a cent more!"

Still, they are guileless youths and they were often cheated. Most merchants of China would pick the pennies off dead men's eyes. Friends argue with me that there are certain old branches of trade such as silk that have an ancient code of honesty.

But there were beautiful things now and then which I saw while we were in Sian. Once I saw a young soldier about the age of my own guard, halt my guard and smile at him. They stood smiling at each other. Then they reached out and held each other's hand and began

telling each other their names, where they came from, where their native home was, and where they were going. It was a beautiful picture of class brotherhood—also a picture of youth meeting youth.

There was another incident which I recall with laughter. One day the squad commander and I went in the fine modern hotel. We went down to the lobby, intending to pick up a camp bed which had been left for us in the office at the further end of the lobby. Now this squad commander is a gruff fellow who made the long march. He is slightly stooped and he walks rapidly, looking up from beneath heavy eyebrows. He has a gruff voice and he speaks only the Kiangsi Provincial dialect which few other men can understand. He is a fine fighter, but he is no star on polished floors of fine hotels. So, just as we entered the lobby, filled with silk-gowned gentlemen drapping themselves over the upholstered chairs and couches, this commander lowered his head and bawled at the top of his voice at the clerks behind the desk at the other end of the lobby.

"Where is our camp bed!" he bawled.

Then he went for them, right across that fine polished floor. They stood stupefied. So, half way across, he bawled again, "Where's our camp bed!"

These clerks are polished Shanghai chaps in foreign-style clothing, and they did not understand a word of the Kiangsi dialect. Furthermore, they had never before had a Red Army commander charging across the lobby at them, ordering them to surrender, so to speak. I was tickled half to death by the scene. For the commander was instinctively hostile to everything around him and the clerks were paralysed. I explained to them that we merely wanted the camp bed. Silently they surrendered it and I could not help adding:

"Never mind—such men as this, alone, will save China from the Japanese."

The squad commander tossed the camp bed over one shoulder and charged through the silly swinging doors, and outside charged toward the iron gates and the street beyond.

Well, there were many other things in Sian from which the boys learned. They visited the electric light plant, for example, and had a two-hour lecture in detail of how electricity is made. They walked around and around and over and about the huge machines. Up to them, the largest machine they had ever seen had been a motor truck engine. I would give a lot to hear exactly how they explain electricity to others. Outside, in the city, they are silent —perhaps lest they be taken for greenhorns. But once with their comrades they talk ceaselessly, explaining what they have seen and learned. Once back in local headquarters, they are at home and in their natural environment. Typical of their life there was the mass meeting held on the evening of September 26th—the day after the First Division of the Eighth Route Army, commanded by Lin Piao, had met the Japanese invaders on the Great Wall in north Shansi Province. This Division of Kiangsi revolutionary fighters got in the rear of the Japanese—their tactics have no parallel—and cut an enemy division to pieces, taking prisoners, field guns, shells, fifty trucks and five armoured cars. The Japanese had been rolling over north China with no-one to stop them except the regular Chinese armies that simply could do nothing. But the first encounter between a Communist division of seasoned fighters and the invaders, had ended in a great victory for China. When we received the news in Sian a meeting was held in local headquarters. I got out of bed and went. Everybody in the building was present, from all the men in charge, to the cooks and cook-assistants. There were many released political prisoners from Nanking and Soochow, students from Peiping and Tientsin going to Yenan, political workers from Yenan en route to various places of China, Red Army men, guards, "little devils," and two foreigners —one of the foreigners a New Zealand Englishman, a newspaper correspondent.

This meeting was a wildly enthusiastic one. We were told of the victory in the north and men interrupted the speaker to shout slogans. Chou En-lai's wife led the celebration. The New Zealander contributed an aboriginal maori dance of his country. I tortured the audience with two songs—but then, many of these men had made the long march or been in prison for years, so they could stand almost anything. A student back from Japan tortured *me* when he sang what he called a Japanese love song. A Red Army man told an incident of the long march—how the Red Army crossed the treacherous Datu River in Sikong, while enemy troops raked their ranks from across the river. As he ended, Chou En-lai's wife arose and sang two stanzas of a beautiful song of the long march. The melody was the ancient one about a wife singing of her husband, killed while building the Great Wall during the ancient Chin Dynasty, two hundred years before Christ. Chou En-lai's wife sang:

In May in Lutingchow,
Liu Hung-kwei's troops
Fought us fiercely.
But we crossed the Datu River.

Seventeen heroes gave their lives
In the crossing.

In August we marched northward
Across the Grass Lands,
But never felt the cold.
Never had men crossed these Lands before.
The strongest of all armies is the Red Army—
There is no difficulty we cannot conquer.

After this fragment of a long ballad, with its haunting melody, a group of Peiping students rang the patriotic song. "Fight Back to your Manchurian Home!" Then arose a Red Army fighter from Kiangsi Province and sang the strangest song I had ever heard. I thought it a song of the aboriginal tribes of Sikong which he must have learned during the long march. It was harsh, sharp, clear, militant, jerky. It stirred the blood. But it was no aboriginal song. It was a Kiangsi folk song as sung by Kiangsi Red Army fighters,—now the 1st Division of the 8th Route Army of China.

We sang and spoke and danced strange dances, then ended the mass meeting by all standing up, lifting our fists, and shouting slogans in praise of the heroic Eighth Route Army, for "there is no difficulty it cannot conquer, no fort it cannot take." And we shouted slogans against the Japanese.

Near me sat or stood my four characters, the three guards and my "little devil," laughing or shouting slogans. This was their natural element. They belong to the revolution, to struggle, to warfare. And as I looked at them in the midst of their comrades, I knew that not one of them would know anything else their whole lives through. For the independence of China will not be gained in a day or a year, and the revolution in China will last throughout their lifetimes even if they live to be fifty—which is doubtful.

BRUNO LILJEFORS—THE SWEDISH ARTIST

By LAKSHMISWAR SINHA

Three contemporary artists, who represent Swedish art within the coutry's frontiers and beyond them, and whose pictures adorn today a great many art-galleries, are Carl Larsson, Anders Zorn and Bruno Liljefors. The first was a water-colour painter, and painted pictures of Swedish homes. Some of his wall and fresco paintings are to be seen in the National Museum, the ceiling decorations in oil in the Royal Opera House, the Royal Dramatic Theatre and in many other public buildings. The second, namely Anders Zorn, earned a world-wide fame for himself as an etcher and as such, he has no rival in his line. I had had the fortune of visiting the homes of both the artists in the province of Dalarna some three years ago and still today I carry the impressions made on me by the atmosphere of their homes. Both the artists are dead, but they are still living in their classic creations, which have undoubtedly immortalized them in the history of the fine arts.

The last of the trio, namely, Bruno Liljefors is a fore-runner of the artist-devotees of Sweden to the open scenery and, as such, has endeared himself to all who love nature and art. Herein are reproduced only a few of his pictures which are to be found, besides the museums, in most of the Scandanavian homes.

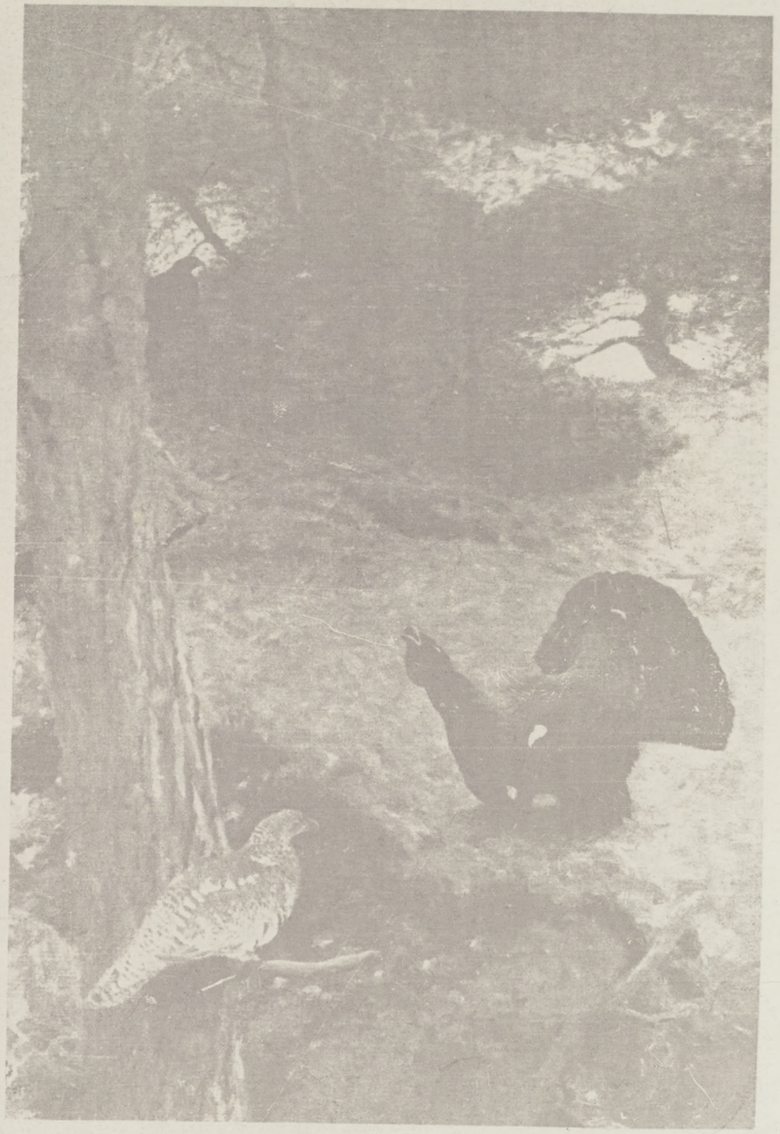
A true work of art itself expresses its essential purport without any explanatory note to all who are capable of seeing and feeling like an aritst—says an art-critic. It is, therefore, without going into the interpretations of the pictures reproduced here, a short sketch of the artist and the atmosphere which in reality served as a source of inspiration to him—as it does, I presume, to all artists—are given below.

Born in 1860, in the plain of the province of Uppland, Liljefors has devoted his talents to interpret in colours, the mysteries of the forest and its animal kingdom. From the scenic points of view, Uppland is characterised by the protruding rocks—interrupted here and there by plains and forests. Important as it is, in the Nordic history and early civilization of the country, and where lies today the oldest University of Sweden—namely, Uppsala, the seat of learning, Uppland cannot, however, claim to possess the striking scenery of the lofty mountains with snow-clad peaks of Norrland and shimmering lakes with verdant shores of

Top : Sea Eagles by Bruno Liljefors

Bottom : Sea Eagles nest by Bruno Liljefors

Hawk and Dove by Bruno Liljefors



Black-cock in its nest by Bruno Liljefors