

VI - 73 C - 11. Smedley, Agnes, "The People In China" - The Clipper,  
Vol. II, No. 6, August, 1941.

*T H E*  
**CLIPPER**  
*AUGUST 1941*

**THE PEOPLE IN CHINA**  
**BY AGNES SMEDLEY**

---

Stories, articles, verse, by Burton  
Jerome Barnett, Cedric Belfrage,  
Guy Endore, Ed Falkowski, Sol  
Frauman, Troy Garrison, Robert  
Meltzer, Blaine Owen.

---

*Ten cents*

## This Month:

CLIPPER publishes the annual statement of policy of the League of American Writers, representing the expression of its 700 members on the current problem of American aid to the forces fighting fascism throughout the world. Not all the years have shown to everyone so clearly as now the definition of fascism and democracy; but in its six years of existence, the League has consistently worked for the preservation of the best in our culture, and opposed the expression of fascism in America and wherever it appeared in the world. The League calls for immediate aid to Great Britain, Soviet Russia and China. The statement of policy has been sent to Sylvia Townsend Warner, who has represented British writers at our national congresses; to Erskine Caldwell, a League vice-president, now in Moscow, broadcasting exclusively for CBS, and corresponding for *Life*, *PM*, and other periodicals; and to representative writers in China and Latin America.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE, you will find an announcement of our Reportage Contest. Assuming questions from some of our readers, the editors venture, in this small space, a few opinions on this variable and stimulating form of writing.

Speaking within a century's throw of time, reportage is a new form of writing, with its roots in a scientific age. It has sprung from that speed of communication and transportation which has readily made our world a known and smaller place. With realities constantly before our eyes, jabbing our ears, stirring our emotions, it is only logical that the factual reporting of newspapers (especially in a time when facts are so carefully selected and often distorted as to conceal the truth) do not suffice to relate the fibre and tenor of our years. It is logical too, that fiction, however much built on real life, does not always give the satisfaction of creative reporting which plain truth wherever it is found dramatically pressed. Between these two, related to both, reportage fills a need in author and reader. Ear-ache authors, certainly the French, criticizing our society, touched it in their books. Modern reportage, and the documentary film develop it in our time.

It is difficult to define reportage. It is not circumscribed by the concise rules of who, why, where; nor does it demand the structural necessities of a short story or play. One thing we know, it is fact presented humanly, creatively, through incident or character, or both. The stuff which it is made is as conveniently understood as the days of our lives. We won't pretend to have touched the subject, so diverse and ranging as all its possibilities. But we proudly present in this issue the work of one of America's writers of reportage, Agnes Smedley, whose work on China have for many years reported warmth and humanity on that great scene. This is the first first-hand report from the Chinese front to be published in the United

States by Agnes Smedley, that almost legendary character in the epic drama of China today. Miss Smedley is now in America for the first time (save for one brief transit en route to the Far East from Europe) in 22 years. She has come to a brief anchorage, as this issue goes to press, in one of the stucco apartment-house 'Manors' within make-up-box throw of Hollywood Boulevard.

Startled and confused by the atmosphere of her native land, she is bringing her heroic qualities to the task of adjusting her mind to the dollar-pursuing standard, her lungs to air vibrant with soap commercials. After a number of years spent with the Chinese armies, marching as one of themselves (she is the only 'foreigner,' man or woman to do this and was sought by the Japanese for execution as an active belligerent), the adjustment is no easy one.

Her contribution to our present issue comprises extracts from notes made on recent journeys in the interior of China. Her only outlet outside China for her writings has been the English *Manchester Guardian*; yet none of the 'experts' currently telling America about the Far East has one-tenth of her knowledge of China, gained from personal experience and from contacts with the Chinese from Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung to the army rank and file. The notes we publish were written under conditions that would—and did—appall the average romantic 'foreign correspondent.' After a day's march with the army, when the soldiers flung themselves down to sleep off their weariness she would prop her-

self up and write until exhaustion overcame her. The result of her persistence (she disapproves of the term 'heroism') has been that—through the *Manchester Guardian* and the Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Commission—she has done more than anyone to acquaint the outside world with conditions and needs at and behind the fronts.

Her main interest has always been in the people of China, although she is a keen analyst of political factors. She has brought with her, among other things, a number of short-story character studies of people she met in the war areas. A collection of these, presenting the struggle in its basic human terms, will shortly be published.

CLIPPER is pleased to announce that the September issue will carry another piece by Agnes Smedley, 'The People of Hongkong.'

GUY ENDORE, whose picture of Mexico today is the result of extensive first hand observation during the past six months, is now in Miami Beach, Florida. Mr. Endore, one of CLIPPER's editors, writes: 'I'm already so far from Mexico that I found it difficult to make all the changes that no doubt should have been made in my little farewell piece. I want to add an idea. Do you know the story of the man who finally saw God and had all his questions answered? God talked chemistry and astro-physics glibly. There was nothing he couldn't answer. Until the man asked him to explain traffic accidents. That's when God blushed and stuttered. Big rich United States must blush and stutter about the Negroes. Here in Miami I have seen dogs on the beach. Plenty. But never a Negro. This is another side of the battle of the Atlantic which we shall have to take up someday: free the Atlantic for the Negroes.'

## CONTENTS

<i>The People in China</i>	page 4
AGNES SMEDLEY	
<i>Farewell to Mexico</i> , GUY ENDORE	11
'Already a Leaping Frog'	15
CEDRIC BELFRAGE	
<i>Contrasts</i> , SOL FRAUMAN	20
<i>The Leaven of the Pharisees</i>	21
BURTON JEROME BARNETT	
<i>Scab</i> , BLAINE OWEN	25
<i>Pages From an Ohioan's Notebook</i>	26
ED FALKOWSKI	
<i>The Predatory Years</i>	28
TROY GARRISON	
<i>Long After Aesop</i>	30
ROBERT MELTZER	

Published monthly by *The Clipper Press, Inc.*, a non-profit literary, educational organization, 1717 N. Vine, Hollywood, California, under the auspices of the Hollywood Chapter of The League of American Writers. Copyright, 1941, by The Clipper Press, Inc. Not to be reprinted without permission. Single copies, 10c. Subscription, \$1 per year, U. S. and possessions; elsewhere, \$1.25. *The Clipper* welcomes new writers, but is unable to pay. Please enclose postage with manuscripts.

PRINTED BY THE PLANTIN PRESS, LOS ANGELES

COMPLETING our international round-up is CLIPPER editor Cedric Belfrage's piece on Soviet Russia before the current war, 'Already a Leaping Frog.' Cedric Belfrage is the author of 'Away From It All,' that well-known escapologists' notebook, which grew out of the 'round the world travels of Mr. Belfrage and his wife, Molly Castle. Miss Castle is the author of 'Around the World With An Appetite' and a novel, 'This Is Where We Came In,' published in England. She is now the Hollywood correspondent for *U.S. Week*. The Plantin Press soon hopes to print 'Promised Land,' a documentary novel of Hollywood, by Mr. Belfrage, published in England. 'Already a Leaping Frog' is a preview chapter from Mr. Belfrage's new book, 'They All Hold Swords,' which Modern Age will bring out next month.

Personally carrying 'Away From It All' backwards and forward in time, this new book is primarily the anatomy of the gentleman class in England. Mr. Belfrage in pointing out the error of judging a government by its individual nationals, describes the kindness, the apparent understanding and liberality of the English gentleman. On the other hand, as a member of a ruling class integrated in an imperialist structure, the gentleman is inevitably committed to war and violence to preserve that structure. It must be remembered in view of the previous statement in this column on aid to Great Britain that Mr. Belfrage is speaking of that class which has in these critical years represented appease-

[Continued on page 29]

71-73C-11

# The People in China

By Agnes Smedley

IN THE YANGTZE RIVER VALLEY REGION,  
WEST OF WUHU

I rode from village to village and town to town through Fanchang district, making a special study of the civilian refugee problem. After Mujiatien I passed on through one endless line of human suffering. There was no temple without masses of refugees sleeping on the stone floor, with bits of straw under them. In one large village near Bufachen I found 1,000 refugees living in three or four temples and abandoned buildings.

It is difficult to describe the living conditions and health of the refugees, for there seem to be no appropriate words in any language. There is absolutely no medical relief at all. Most temples are indescribably dirty and in a dangerous, unsanitary condition. The refugees sleep on the floors in their old patched padded quilts, or on boards, benches, tables or altars wherever there is an inch of space. The courtyards of the temples are piles of straw, old rags, fragments of decayed vegetables, mingled with green stagnant pools of water.

Everywhere I found sick men, women and children lying in bundles of rags. There was no sense in trying to learn the nature of their disease, for I had no medical supplies with me, nor am I a doctor. They suffered from every kind of ailment; from what the refugees and the sick men told me, some cases were clearly typhoid, others pneumonia and dysentery. In my mind remains a general picture of scabies in every form, from the initial stages to scabies infections, with people lying sick in bed, unable to move, covered with open sores. I saw countless children with great open gashes of scabies on their necks, feet and hands. Every-

where babies were covered with scabies, many with red bleeding sores all over their faces that might be due to malnutrition. To my unutterable misery, mothers with diseased babies in their arms fell on their knees before me, crying and asking for medical care, pointing to their babies and to sick members of their families lying in their padded rags with high fevers. There was practically no family but had lost one or more members from sickness and disease since December. There are no statistics of death. It was clear that in summer cholera and typhoid can take root in the entire district, wipe out the refugees and other civilians, and dangerously affect the army as well.

The only doctor in the Fanchang district government is an old-fashioned Chinese doctor who deals in herbal medicine. He does not know the use of modern drugs. The only other medical forces are the sanitary units of the New Fourth Army companies and regiments. The New Fourth Army base hospital and field hospital are two days of hard marching (as an army marches) over hills and mountains.

WITH THE NEW FOURTH ARMY

Talks with the Japanese wounded and captives show that they were picked off fishing vessels, off miserable farms, out of taxis or factories and sent off, filled with lies—if anything—to China to kill.

They always think I am a Russian—they have been told, evidently, that Japan is fighting the USSR. Before long they mingle with the Army as do the Chinese. No guards watch them. In fact, they refuse to go back to Japan or to their own Army for they know they would be killed by their officers. They have also had enough of war. They are afraid to step out into the

# THE CLIPPER

*Editorial Board:* SANORA BABB, CEDRIC BELFRAGE, GUY ENDORE, DAVID HERTZ,  
GORDON KAHN, JESS KIMBROUGH, LESTER KOENIG, HAROLD J. SALEMSON, JOHN SANFORD.  
*Art Editor:* EDWARD BIBERMAN. *Business Manager:* GLENDA SULLIVAN.

VOLUME II : August 1941 : NUMBER 6

## A COMMUNICATION TO ALL WRITERS FROM THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS:

**S**INCE ITS INCEPTION in 1935, the League of American Writers has sought to preserve the democratic traditions of our country by fostering a literature that springs from the lives & needs of the people. To this end the League has urged that the welfare of the American people requires participation in every genuine anti-fascist struggle—whether it be that of the Spanish people, the Chinese people, the people of Germany.

When there was still peace in the world, we fought to maintain it. We called on American writers to support collective action by England, France, the United States and the Soviet Union. We knew that such collective action would secure peace, and peace would be fatal to fascism. But at Munich, our people and our country suffered a great defeat. And out of Munich came a war which carried with it the same danger of defeat for the people of all countries including our own. Made by the same men and forces that perpetrated Munich, the war did not win the confidence of our people. We were not persuaded that it was a genuine war against fascism.

But now the alliance between Great Britain and the Soviet Union provides the peoples of all countries with an unprecedented opportunity to rid the world of Hitlerism. And a world free of fascism is essential to the democratic institutions and culture of the United States. Therefore, the League advocates all immediate and necessary measures in support of Great Britain and the Soviet Union to insure the military defeat of the fascist aggressors. We believe such support has now become vital to the welfare and security of our country. We

look forward to the release of our colleagues from the concentration camps of Europe, the return of exiled writers to their native land, and the extirpation of the gravest threat to our existence as free writers.

However, there are traitors in our country who seek to ally us not with the enemies of fascism, but with Hitlerism itself. The American Quislings, led by Lindbergh, Hoover, Wheeler, Coughlin, and others, wish to strengthen Hitlerism at the expense of democracy everywhere—including American democracy. Their policy of appeasement led to the defeat of the Spanish Republic, the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, and the downfall of France. It is the policy which would result in the destruction of our freedom. So also would attempts to use the struggle against Hitlerism for imperialist rivalries.

The fight against fascism cannot and must not be conducted at the expense of civil liberties, trade union rights, academic freedom, and living standards in the United States. Only a greater democratization of our economic, political, and cultural life will insure our triumph over Hitlerism. The League will continue with renewed vigor its opposition to censorship, and its efforts to provide more extensive outlets for anti-fascist literature. The League supports the full rights of labor, including the right to strike. It is unalterably opposed to anti-Semitism and discrimination against Negroes and the foreign-born. The League believes it is essential that our Latin American neighbors be assured the same unequivocal freedom we advocate in other parts of the world.

Victory is in sight for mankind. The united effort of all anti-fascist writers in the United States and all other countries will hasten this victory. The free writers of the world will live to record the death of fascism.

country for fear the civilians would kill them, but two of them teach Japanese in the Training Camp, and all of them work in the Enemy Work Department putting out handbills and such things for distribution among the Japanese troops.

SOUTH OF THE YANGTZE: KINGHSIEN

A regular system of refugee relief was introduced by the Government in the past, of using a certain proportion of public rice stored in the public granaries for food for the refugees. Japanese occupation of many places brought much of this relief to an end, for the Japanese looted the granaries and rice shops, fed themselves, and transported vast quantities to Wuhu, Nan-king and other Yangtze cities.

Not all refugees—but the vast majority of farmers and most of the artisans and students, primary school teachers and such intellectuals—are totally destitute. Some find work: the school teachers sometimes found schools and run them on monthly collections from the public. Men and women alike cut fuel from the mountainsides and sell it. Some find a little day work as farm laborers or as carriers. Many able-bodied young men volunteer or are conscripted into the various armies or guerilla bands. Countless numbers have died of hunger and disease, no statistics being kept. Thousands wander over the land, begging from door to door or from the armies.

Despite all the misery here, I was impressed by a number of other facts. The refugees, particularly the women, try to keep their clothing clean—and succeed where the conditions are not too impossible. The refugees are patient and have kept their humanity toward others in most cases. I have found few or no records of criminality. While many refugees have sold their children that they might get food for them and something for those unsold, still they keep their children with them wherever possible. I have found no criminal children of the type who became a problem following upheavals in western countries or in countries of widespread unemployment. On the whole, I must pay high tribute to the character of the common people of China, who ask only for the means of making a living. In every region we visited I heard of refugees who would not register with the Refugee Relief Committee because they were ashamed. In only a few places did any

refugees approach me personally as beggars. Above all I was impressed by the helpless refugee children.

In one of the Kinghsien refugee stations we found a man who told us his story, which is perhaps typical of thousands: 'We left Wantze, near which we cultivated six mow of land, just as the Japanese approached. We had no time to take anything with us. We had six sons. One I sold for \$14; one I gave to a farmer who agreed to feed and care for him; one son died of smallpox this winter; we have these three little sons left.'

On the road we halted at a poor tea shop to get some water. The servant was a little boy perhaps 12 years of age. The old woman who owned the shop told us that this child had stood before her shop the day before, weeping. His father had been killed by the Japanese near Wantze, his mother had wandered off, and he had no home. He was wandering the roads, looking for his mother. The old woman took him in, but she did not know what to do with him, for she earned too little to keep him.

In Kinghsien, the physical condition of the refugees may be said to be typical of all in the three districts studied. A physical examination showed that fully 95 to 99% were sick or diseased. Nearly all had scabies, often infected; only three or four in each station were without trachoma; some were blind from trachoma and others would later go blind. Even little babies had trachoma. Here are the afflictions we found: scabies, trachoma, tuberculosis, malaria, beri beri, anemia, rheumatism, syphilis, dysentery, various intestinal disorders, including worms, goiter, chronic ulcers—and practically all had lice.

There is absolutely no medical relief for the refugees, nor are there any doctors or nurses about Kinghsien.

I saw many thousands of children growing to manhood and womanhood during this war, in mental darkness, without any plans, any disciplined study or work, almost all of them sick or diseased. This is the future generation of China and these children, coming from the toiling people, will constitute the basis of future China. What kind of men and women will they be?

SUNJIAPU

I could find no person here who had lived under the

Japanese occupation, for all 80 who had been in the town were slaughtered as the Japanese were driven out. When the Chinese recaptured the town, they found the brothel only partly burned, with the corpses of the bayoneted women still unburned. They found the bodies of the men: some of these bodies, decapitated, were still on their knees, their hands tied behind them. At a mass meeting in the town, at which I spoke, everyone attended. The children were half naked, ragged, bare-footed little things, their eyes inflamed with trachoma.

How can mere words comfort people in such conditions, with the gaunt ruins of their homes forming a background before me? Yet I carried nothing beyond words. I only wish that the foreign friends of China who give money, medical supplies and other relief could have heard their names shouted from thousands of throats.

I tried to give the people courage by telling them, among other things, of their countless friends and sympathizers among the peoples of democratic countries and in the Soviet Union. It seems almost deception to speak of such aid, because not one copper of it or one ounce of medical supplies has ever come into these regions though foreign funds have been used to erect refugee zones in cities under Japanese occupation. Yet in many such zones, the men have merely constituted a reservoir of forced labor for the Japanese army.

Throughout my trip, also, my mind was filled with the knowledge that thousands of Chinese doctors and nurses still remain in port cities or even in Japanese-occupied cities and regions, and do not leave their comfort to come into Chinese territory, care for their harassed people or help the wounded of their armies struggling for the country's liberation. It seems to me essential that all Chinese who remain in Japanese-occupied regions, and all doctors and nurses in particular, shall free their minds of every illusion about the Japanese and about the future of themselves and their country if the Japanese should be victorious.

Chinese and foreigners may be shocked when Japanese frankly say: 'We do not want to help the wounded Chinese. We want them to die.' Of course the Japanese want the Chinese to die! That is why they are in

China. The reason they have not killed more than they have killed up to now is only that they do not have the technical facilities for killing them. They have not killed, outraged and debased many medical workers in port and other cities because they have not had the time or opportunity; first they must try to destroy the Chinese government and the Chinese armies. After that—should such a thing be possible—they will turn their attention to the detailed job of mopping up every Chinese everywhere who entertains a shred of illusion in his brain that he is a man with the rights of a man.

Foreigners who also still foolishly believe that they and their womenfolk will, at the worst, be in Japanese concentration camps, are also living in a day-dream. The Japanese will do to these foreigners, and their women, exactly what they have done to Chinese women everywhere, and to Russian women in Manchuria. China and the Chinese are today the great barricade between civilization, on the one hand, and the ruthless barbarism of the Japanese military machine, on the other. If we permit the Chinese barrier to be broken down, we cannot expect any other treatment than that meted out to the Chinese.

#### NORTH ANHWEI

I crossed the Yangtze with a unit of the New Fourth army. At midnight we passed between two Japanese garrison points on the river, each one about 1½ miles distant. But the Japanese hug their walled defense points at night, and are in effect prisoners within them. The nights belong to the Chinese. Had the ancient walls around Chinese towns and cities been destroyed long ago—as they are being reluctantly destroyed today—the Japanese could not hold most of the points they hold now. When we crossed the Yangtze the only traitors were the moon, and the dogs that yelped from enemy-occupied towns when they heard the distant thud of our soft-soled feet.

It would be a fine journalistic stunt to boast that I had passed through 'darkest Africa,' through great danger and hardship, and that I was the first 'white man' ever to set foot there. Instead I found an American business man starting an egg factory in North Anhwei, while Honan and Hupeh are one great American 'bible belt' in which missionaries are industriously

harvesting souls, some of them preaching that the war, like the countless sicknesses that are rife among the people, is due to sin. But I found also some missionary doctors conducting modern hospitals, and none of them seemed to regard the malaria mosquito, the relapsing fever louse, or the dysentery germ as messengers of the Almighty to punish the 'heathen' for their sins. They were ministering to the sick and wounded in a true Christian spirit.

So far I have passed through few hardships other than those incidental to such a long and hard trip through a country at war, where one must ride or walk over vast regions in which all roads have been torn up. The Chinese are the ones to suffer real hardship. As for danger from the Japanese, the safest place in China is the 'enemy rear.' The only Japanese you see are those brought in by guerillas, and those captives all begin to lecture in mass meetings telling the people that they were conscripted and forced to come to China; they did not want to come and would be only too glad to go home.

Anhwei, for instance, is a region of great landlord estates, often of many thousands of acres. Many owners fled to the port cities or to the rear, leaving agents to collect the usual rent, which is 50 per cent of the crop. Some landlords remain, a few work for the Japanese, and some sit on the fence, waiting to see which side will win. The peasants cultivate their land; their sons are conscripted to fight the Japanese, the older men and young boys are conscripted as carriers for the Army and for the wounded and for destruction or repair of the roads. And they must bear the full burden of repairing the enormous damage done to their homes by the Japanese. Without rights of citizens they must still shoulder the full burden of the war while the landlords with their sons and daughters sit in the far rear or in port cities waiting for victory, when they can return to their old feudal luxury. The sons of some have gone to America or England to study—and to escape the war.

Few people except the peasants see anything wrong with this. But I have met many Army commanders who face this problem clearly and are sunk in depression because they have no power to change it. For the armies are ordered to fight only and to leave adminis-

trative power in the hands of politicians. Many politicians are interested only in preserving social conditions as they were in the past.

However, in the enemy rear, Chinese administrative organs continue to function right up to within the shadows of occupied towns along the railways and rivers. In Anhwei these administrative organs are being reformed to some extent according to the 'Kwangsi System.' Many old officials, none too honest, and always inefficient and socially backward, have been replaced by younger men and a few women. These younger officials have been trained for three months in the provisional provincial capital, Lihwang. Sometimes, however, the change is but a change in personnel, for often in the new officials are sons or relatives of the old. Not always though. An honest administration will indeed give the Government more revenues. Beyond this no basic social changes are being undertaken and until these changes come, the misery and suffering of the common people cannot be lightened.

#### HONAN

This province does not share the reform activity of Anhwei. One special commissioner over eight districts in eastern Honan expressed himself in this way: 'We do not have the same system as Anhwei. By this we do not gain anything, but at the same time we do not lose anything. We keep things as they are.'

'Things as they are' in eastern Honan are indescribably bitter. This region was formerly Soviet; over it poor peasants fought for years, holding the territory as their own. No human beings have ever lived on a lower level of existence than do the common people here. The Communist uprising in this region in the past was the uprising of serfs against a feudal landlord and merchant class. By 'keeping things as they are' officials do not change any of the causes that led to the first Communist revolt.

I have never seen more hunger and more sickness. In the north the poverty is deepest, intensified by Japanese depredations. There is resistance to the Japanese in Honan, but it is bitter resistance rooted in racial consciousness and self-preservation only, unrelieved by enlightened political thought and change. It is based on conscription, the obedience of the 'lower classes' to

their rulers. Here and there one can find an enlightened magistrate who wishes his people to be educated and organized, but he is restrained by orders from above. In the province the Japanese are confined to a few points along the Lunghai railway in the north, and to Sinyang, their farthest point on the Peiping-Hankow railway, in the extreme south. From Sinyang northward the railway has been totally destroyed, and I found a big machine-shop, worked by hand, in which railway workers were hammering rails into big swords and selling them at \$3.20 (Chinese) each to the local armed forces. Sinyang in the south has been under attack by the Chinese armies and local guerillas.

As I approached North Hupeh the war began to make itself felt once more, for we neared one of the main fronts of the country. The Japanese rear is peacefully in Chinese hands, but near the front the days and nights are tense with air raids and with alarms. The terror that sweeps through a Chinese town when an air alarm sounds at night must be lived through to be understood. Doors slam, voices cry, the streets are filled with running feet, children cry for their mothers, mothers scream for their children, and there is a confusion of voices in mortal terror. I heard here once more—for the tenth time—a story, this time from foreigners, that the Japanese burn their severely wounded, when in retreat. It is said they think this demoralizes their army less than if they left their wounded to be captured by the Chinese.

#### ON THE HUPEH FRONT

The greatest of luck has enabled me to work for a number of months on one of the main fronts of the country, with some of the great national armies. Reaching the headquarters of the Fifth War Zone, I was given permission to turn back to the east in North Hupeh, and later to go to Central Hupeh, and be with big regular armies during one of the periodic Chinese offensives against the enemy. Later still I crossed the Da Hung mountain range that runs through the province, passed through Japanese garrison points, and got into the rear of the Japanese with the guerilla forces that operate north and west of Hankow. I spent two months alone with these guerillas and it was really a difference 'between the quick and the dead.'

So, for months, I have lived under artillery fire, with our buildings trembling always from fighting. Often we were so near the front that we could listen to the machine-guns and rifles and trench mortars of the Chinese hammering away, and we lay down to uneasy sleep in huts well within range of Japanese guns. The wounded came in endless lines, on stretchers carried by the special stretcher-bearer battalions of the Army Medical Service of the Ministry of War. Many bearers were peasant volunteers, and some of the wounded were local peasants who had acted as auxiliaries and guides of the regular troops.

I suppose the happiest moment I have spent since Hankow fell was when I was with an artillery unit on the North Hupeh front, and was allowed to go right up with them to watch them open the offensive against the enemy. Our guns were mounted on a high plateau and through glasses we could see enemy defense positions on surrounding mountain tops. The joke of it was this: our guns had a range of thirty or more miles, while the Japanese guns had a range of only fifteen miles. They did not know the Chinese had new artillery pieces. So, when our field pieces opened up, we sat out on the plateau and watched, and in five or ten minutes we could watch our shells bursting in Japanese defense positions. This may be a perverted kind of joy, but if it is, then I am glad to admit it. It was perhaps the first time since the war began that Chinese guns could give the Japanese something of their own medicine. An amusing sidelight to this was our Divisional General, who was one of General Feng Yu-hsiang's Christian Generals. This Divisional General carried a big black hymn book with him and when he had time and felt a bit lonely in this lonely, unhappy world, he would ask a guard to bring his hymn book. He would then sing hymns in Chinese, and he had a deep bass voice that literally shook the rafters of the peasant huts. I kept thinking of the Metropolitan Opera and thinking what a loss this man was to music.

For months I have lectured in various regimental training camps. Each regiment has such a camp to train lower officers or 'political soldiers,' and there I lectured on a variety of subjects connected with my observations during the war on various fronts, on China's international position, on democracy, on the ne-

cessity of internal reforms before China can gain the final victory. Most military men at the front are very progressive. Unlike so many politicians, they have stood under the shadow of death for all these years, have seen their units wiped out repeatedly, have reformed and retrained new units, and gone on fighting. They long for any social or political changes that can strengthen China and enable her to take her place as one of the most progressive and democratic nations of the world. Chen Yi, the general of one division with which I worked for a number of weeks, killed himself when surrounded by the Japanese. He faced capture or death, and he chose death. His division covered the retreat of other Chinese armies and it stood its ground and was almost totally annihilated.

The medical service is a thing that deserves a special treatment and I cannot deal with it here, in a few lines, save to say that in one Army within three weeks alone, we had 2,600 wounded, and of these only 1,000 men lived to reach the field hospital in the rear. It takes two weeks for stretcher bearers, walking 20 miles a day, to reach that field hospital. Nor can the hospital be moved nearer the front, for the region is a vast plain over which the Japanese could advance rapidly and annihilate everything with their mechanized equipment. There are almost no drugs, and but little in the way of dressings, on this North Hupeh front. Men often die of pain or bleeding. Absolutely none of the medical supplies sent to China by American and British organizations, have reached the Chinese front—unless there is a missionary hospital in the region. There is but one such hospital, two weeks from the front, in North Hupeh. So my lectures in all armies include the problem of the care of the wounded and a well-trained medical service as one of the great needs if China is to be victorious.

For weeks I have been in the mountains of Central Hupeh, with the Chinese offensive in full swing, and the wounded coming on stretchers down the paths, leaving a trail of blood after them. General Chang Tze-chung, the highest commander here, was himself killed in action. There is a tale to go down in history.

'To eat bitterness' is a Chinese expression for deep suffering. We ate bitterness. In the guerilla detachment north and west of Hankow we ate bitterness

week after week. War profiteering and Japanese depredations have driven rice prices very high, and there are few vegetables. Where the Japanese have been, they have destroyed everything—all animal life, all poultry—and destroyed or captured the rice crops. They have even taken away every bit of metal from agricultural implements or cooking vessels. So the troops have too little to eat. Night blindness blinds men when dusk falls—and the Chinese must fight at night. Sub-nutritional disease victims are more than the wounded in some regions. The troops do not have enough to eat. Where are all those vitamin extracts of which we have heard so much in western lands? Where is the American and British medicine? Where is the quinine to wipe out the scourge of malaria that kills countless people each year? And, above all, why is it that we must constantly hear the roar of Japanese planes run by American gasoline; why must Chinese soldiers be torn to bits by American ammunition? Why must Japanese troops be transported on American trucks with American gasoline, to fight the Chinese Army which is holding the fort for democracy in the Far East?

Often when I speak in armies, soldiers have ridden great distances to borrow an American flag from some mission. It is crossed with the Chinese flag as I speak—and I could sink into the dust with misery. Soldiers going up to fight, listening to me tell them about their foreign friends and sympathizers, always ask:

'Why do Americans sell war material to the enemy to kill us with? We have done you no harm.'

The American flag over me—and enemy bombers with their cargo of American death over me—but above all, over all China. Where is our friendship for China? So far as I have seen, it has been chiefly oratorical—and it is against the will of the American people. American foreign policy is still dictated by the private interests of a small class of American merchants of death. China has lost over 2,000,000 soldiers since this war began; 85% of them have been killed by American war materials.

The greatest lesson in humanity for an American is to be at the Chinese front.

Malaria has me—malaria and all it brings, has me down and I must leave the front.

In the vast region I have traversed a few general facts stand out from the mass of material I have gathered: [1] The Japanese do not control their rear at all—their rear is a Chinese base and a Chinese front. [2] Chinese resistance and morale are much stronger than in the first period of the war—the armies and guerillas have learned much and are confident of victory. [3] There is much development of national consciousness in all armed Chinese forces and among the common people—a consciousness varying in degree, but in armies such as the guerillas and mobile forces under Communist control it is national and international in character, and deeper and broader than in others. [4] Many parts of the country remain unorganized, some conservative authorities still fearing for their own future power if the people are organized and educated about their rights as citizens. [5] The actual fighters of the nation are primarily peasants, with some workers and hand-workers. The poor of the nation are doing the fighting. A few new lower officers are former students, but students or other educated elements are never fighters. Wherever a fringe of educated men is to be found in any army or region, it is as political workers only. Conscription applies to the poor, not to the 'better classes,' not even to medical workers, who are so badly needed. [6] Japanese goods are found everywhere in the lower Yangtze valley, often masquerading under foreign or Chinese labels. Industrial co-operatives are in North Hupeh only, though there is a growing consciousness of their need everywhere. Some officials fear industrial co-operatives because these place economic power in the hands of the people.

There is a general improvement in the hospital equipment of the Army Medical Service, and an inadequate though steady supply of drugs. But the technical knowledge and methods of the medical personnel have not improved. The Army Medical Service has built up a good stretcher-bearer service from the front to the rear. I have seen the stretcher-bearers, in the dead of winter, remove their jackets and cover the wounded they carry.

My own general attitude after the trip is this: a vast respect for the soldiers and commanders at the front, but a most critical attitude toward much that I hear about the life of people in the rear, particularly war profiteers and politicians.

Stimulated by Germany's blitzkrieg methods, the Japanese have repeatedly tried a similar technique in Hupeh. They succeed in occupying a number of towns and cities, only to be driven out again. The waves of bombers sent with the land forces achieve nothing of permanent value to the invaders. China is not France. It remains a vast agrarian, decentralized country, with great mountain ranges in which motorized enemy columns cannot operate; a land in which, for weeks, torrential rains turn even the few roads that exist into quagmires that make tanks and trucks useless.

Whatever may happen, however many evacuated, burned cities the Japanese may occupy, the Chinese still hold the countryside even within a mile or two of enemy garrison points. The countryside can always provide Chinese fighters with food, and, if further developed and properly administered, the famous mobile industrial co-operatives can provide them with clothing and many other necessities, including arms and ammunition to a certain extent. Even if Chungking and Kunming should be occupied (which would seem a disaster to the possessing classes), a truly democratic, revolutionary China could continue to exist and fight and eventually destroy the Japanese.

General Chiang Kai-shek still declares that China will not listen to peace terms until the Japanese are driven out of the country. He says that China is on the threshold of victory. But within the Chinese government there are Fifth Columnists working for capitulation. They bemoan the future inability of China to get arms and ammunition, medical supplies, and other necessities from abroad, or to export her products, if Japan holds the south-west routes of communication with the outside world. Many of these 'surrender elements' are in high positions, while Japanese spies appear to sit high in the Government—high enough to keep the Japanese informed of almost every movement of the Government and its leaders and the exact locations of their places of work.

However, the action of these elements is held in check by Chinese armies in the field. Many of these national armies would oppose any peace with the Japanese, and if such a peace were declared would refuse to accept it—and, in co-operation with the Communist-led armies, continue to struggle.