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Speech by Agnes Smedley,
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I-7A

also Occidental College
Nov. 5, 1941
[7A]

*My own
little
boy*

While I was with a guerrilla detachment that fought around Hankow--a city under Japanese occupation--the guerrilla detachment attached a small boy of ten or eleven years of age to me, to bring me tea or do other small chores. The boy was a war orphan and was small for his age. He had once been a beggar child and had suffered all the misery of a beggar child's life. His two brothers were soldiers in the Chinese Army, and one had been killed in the battle at Marco Polo Bridge that opened the Sino-Japanese war.

This small boy had followed an old man in military uniform to this guerrilla Army. I came to love the boy because of his intelligence, his wistfulness and sadness. Life had taught him many terrible things, but also some interesting things, and his mind was a curious mixture. He could find directions by the stars and he had his own names for the stars. He knew from the way the wind howls in winter and the snow drifts, if the storm would soon cease. While I ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ deloused his small uniform, he used to tell me of different kinds of lice--their color, how many legs they had when babies, how many when they were adults. He had learned to read and write in the guerrilla army, though crudely as a child does, and he began keeping his diary because he saw me doing it. In fact, the child adopted me as his mother. When I decided to leave that guerrilla army, I asked the Army commander if I could adopt the boy as my son, and send him through school in western China. Permission was given me provided the boy agreed. When I talked with the child about ^{it} ~~he~~, asked for one night in which to think it over ^{with other little boys.} The next morning he came to me and said:

"No, you cannot adopt me now, because all men must stay at the

front and fight." Nothing I could say moved him from this decision.

This child typifies the spirit of the Chinese armies and guerrilla detachments at the front and in the rear of the enemy--the enemy rear that has been turned into a Chinese front, ~~by the Chinese armies and guerrillas~~

In order that you may understand the meaning of this simple story, I will try to paint for you a picture of the conditions under which the Chinese are willing to fight, to endure bitter hardship, and if necessary to die.

Try to forget entirely all the attainments of modern civilization. Think of thousands and thousands of miles of mountains and plains where there are no motor roads, no motor cars at all, where even paths have been destroyed or trees felled over them, but along which men walk in ~~single~~ single file. You carry all on your backs, or you may be able to hire a civilian to carry ^{your things} ~~them~~, now and then you may get a mule or a horse to ride, ~~or to carry your things~~.

Forget electricity, heat, gas, water or plumbing systems, forget ^{even} soap, toothpaste, underwear, handkerchiefs--for these are luxuries. One tablet of quinine costs 25 cents, but generally there is no quinine.

In these regions, every city or ~~town~~ town has been ~~partially~~ partially or wholly destroyed by air raids, and thousands of villages left heaps of dust. All educational institutions and libraries have been singled out for destruction by the enemy, ~~in an attempt~~ in an attempt to destroy China's past and future. If the Japanese establish their rule through puppets in any city, they re-write text-books to turn Chinese children into slaves. They open drug and ~~opium~~ opium dens, and brothels filled with the captured wives and daughters of the civilian population--and in the past two years they have brought in thousands of conscripted Japanese women and girls, to "serve" their troops.

In these war zones, soldiers or men and women connected with the armies, get two uniforms a year, with caps, and that is all. No shirts, underwear, socks, or shoes. From the guerrilla wage of \$1.50

Battlefield

Roads

Electricity
libraries; forget
even soap
mules
schools

Text books

Drugs
brothels

Uniforms
\$1.50

a month, or the four to ten dollars a month (Chinese) of the regular armies, you buy any luxuries that you may find possible--such as a pair of socks or a shirt,--if you can find such luxuries to buy. For only Japanese goods pour into the regions where I have been--all Chinese industries have been destroyed in the war zones, and foreign goods are barred by the Japanese, who hold the coast and the ~~river~~ Yangtze River.

If you have to study or write at night, you use a native-made tallow candle, or a small open ~~lamp~~ bowl filled with peanut oil in which a bit of cotton is twisted as wick.

Forget hospitals such as we know them. A hospital in most of the regions in the war zones is a bare, half-destroyed barrack, or a mud or stone hut with an earthen floor. You bring in rice straw and strew it along the length of a room, bank it in with mud bricks or stones, and lie the wounded on it in a continuous row, like sardines in a can. There are no sheets or pillows, often no covering; or three or four men huddle together under a padded cover or a thin cotton blanket.

This is a part of the picture of China's war zones on which men not only fight, but regulate their lives for long-time resistance. The Japanese hold the coastal and some of the river cities and make raids into the countryside. But the Chinese put up temporary bamboo buildings for schools and living quarters, ~~government~~ ^{Government} ~~buildings~~ ^{buildings} and the armies and the people study about China and about the entire world until, it seems to me, their knowledge is far superior to that of high school or college youth that I have met in this country. ~~Some~~ ^{Some} ~~armies~~ ^{armies} and guerrilla forces are combined military-educational institutions. They fight and die if necessary, but they try to fight and live on to fight another day.

Let me tell you a story of the Chinese spirit as I have often seen it.

On one of the main fronts in Central China, I was directly at

4-10
Substitution
Jp. food

Candle
Oil lamp

Hospital
Mud hut

Covering

Long-term
sustained

Schools
News paper

Threats

Memoranda
letters

It is such a
little thing

the front with an army that opened an offensive against the Japanese. One morning some civilians and stretcher-bearer units of the army brought in a convey of 120 wounded men to a receiving station. When we had given them the crude care possible, the wounded began to tell us of the battle and how they were wounded. One man sat upright, his back against the mud wall of the hut. His head had a broad white bandage around it. I asked him to tell ~~me~~ me how he fought and was wounded. Falteringly, slowly, he said:

"It is such a little thing--it is for my country."

I uttered an exclamation and said: "What is that?"

Again, still more falteringly, he repeated: "It is such a little thing--it is for- - -"

His voice died away, his head sunk on his chest. I stepped over to him, lowered him on the pallet, felt his pulse and heart. He was dead.

There was total silence in the room and I stood up and listened to the roar of artillery from the hills ^{beyond} ~~above~~ us, with the answering Chinese machine-guns and rifles. I could not weep. My heart was cold and bitter, for I knew the material from which the shells were made came from my own country; I knew that the airplanes would soon come with the day, and the only thing Japanese about them would be the pilots; all else would be American. I knew the Japanese soldiers had come up in American trucks, powered with American gasoline. Sometimes I wanted to die. I wondered often why the Chinese did not also kill me, an American, as they killed the Japanese. For I had read that 85% of Japan's war materials came from America, and without our help, the Japanese would have been driven out of China within the first three or four months of the war.

On that same front, one night at dusk, I halted in a small first-aid station of a regiment right off the battlefield. A row of

Roar of
artillery
Shells from
American
airplanes

Die?
85% war
material

Wounded lay on the usual rice-straw pallet on the earthen floor. On a crude table stood three or four small bottles of medicine, a few bandages, and from the dusty beam above hung a lump of unsterilized native cotton. These were the medical supplies at the front.

I bent over the figure of a man that lay very still, but the man next to him said:

"He is dead."

Artillery from the hillside drowned our voices and I stood up and asked: "Are those guns ours, or are they the enemy?"

The same wounded man replied: "They belong to the devils. We have no guns--but we have machine guns and rifles and we can fight."

I heard the soft tramp of feet, and a line of gray-clad figures passed before the door. I went out and saw a company of men sit down to rest, their rifles between their knees. Their commander came up and talked with me, then asked me to speak. The company was going up to fight, and this was their last resting place.

I did not know what to say to men going out to die, but the commander urged me, and I spoke to them. I told them of men and women like you, millions of such men and women of my own country, of England and--at that time of France; and of the Soviet Union. And I told the soldiers that millions of people sympathized with them and ~~they~~ helped them as they could with money to buy medical supplies. I told them they were not alone in their struggle, but we were with them.

When I finished, a soldier stood up very straight and said:

"We thank our foreign friends. But if what you say is true, why do you Americans sell war material to our enemy. We have done you no harm."

I heard that question on every battlefield of China. I never lied to men faced with death. I had to tell them of our merchants of death, and of merchants of death in other countries--and some in their

Seller
asks me
about
war material

Question
asked
merchants
of death

own. But I told them that still millions of people were like they themselves, and that our fight was a common fight. I promised to tell my own people and the people of England what I had seen on the battlefields, and ~~to tell~~ I am fulfilling my pledge to them.

On that same battlefield I had a strange experience. There I met members of the some 2,000 Koreans of the Korean Volunteer Corps that are helping China. These Koreans are in every war zone where the Japanese use Koreans. They take charge of Japanese captives, examine and sort them, sending some to the concentration camps to the rear, keeping those with anti-Fascist sympathies. They educate these Japanese, and some of the Japanese join the Koreans and Chinese and go up to the front with megaphones and from Chinese trenches speak to Japanese soldiers in trenches beyond. On that front, two Japanese and three Koreans were killed in action while doing this.

Now let us move back a little behind that army and go to the 173rd Division where I spent many weeks lecturing in the training camps of the regiments. The 173rd division had fought in every main front since the war began. It had been decimated five times, replenished, and fought again. Its commander was one of the most progressive commanders I have met. His name was Lt. General Chung Yi.

I fell ~~xx~~ sick with malaria and went to a mission hospital a little to the rear. While I was gone, the Japanese made a counter-offensive. Their airplanes and tanks came first, followed by artillery and infantry in trucks, across the wheat fields north of the mountains. The 173rd Division was ordered to cover the retreat of the Army at the front. It stood with its back to a broad river. The Japanese surrounded and wiped out the Division, wiped out the headquarters with 54 men and a few women nurses and educators. Lt. General Chung Yi escaped with two guards into a field, but one guard was killed. One was wounded but escaped. General Chung Yi drew his pistol and killed himself rather

Pledge
to tell my
people.

Koreans
Jap captives

173D
5x wiped
out

Jap
counter-offensive

than be captured.

It takes weeks to get letters in a region of fighting, but a few weeks later I received the last letter Chung Yi wrote. He said he was moving up to the front and if I wished to go along, to meet the Division at a certain village. His letter ended:

"But whatever you do, remember you are a writer, and a writer has heavy duties. Write always to your people that we Chinese will fight to the death, until totally victorious."

The 173rd Division has again been reformed, and it stands where its comrades died. I have a letter ^{from it} asking me to write my memories of Chung Yi who gave his life on May 9th of last year, on the north Hupeh battlefield.

I cannot fail to tell you one of the many questions General Chung Yi asked me, for it was often asked me by others also, and it shows what the Chinese are thinking. He asked:

"Tell me truly--do you think America, England, and France, want us to be totally victorious? or do they not merely wish us to become weakened in this war, so we can be more easily exploited, as in the past? otherwise, why does America supply our enemy with vast quantities of war materials, but give us oratory--and a few small loans heavily secured on our natural resources?"

I wonder if you know how much we have helped Japan and helped China. From what I have read, ~~35% of Japan's war materials have come from America--~~ we seem to have furnished ^{Japan} ~~them~~ with fully five billion dollars of war materials. Our loans to China have totalled less than \$300,000,000. Our medical supplies have gone to aid civilians only, and until the last United China Campaign began, most of the medical aid to China came from the Chinese in this country.

Now, though there is a partial embargo, still the Japanese and American firms are sending oil, airplane parts and scrap-iron to

Chung Yi's letter

173rd Division

Chung Yi's question

Shilling Japan
aid to
300,000,000
to
China
same medicine

Shanghai, which is really under Japanese control, and the chief port in China for Japanese control of the Yangtze River Valley.

Now let us leave this main front and go far to the enemy rear, along the lower Yangtze, with the guerrillas. I speak now of the region of the New Fourth Army.

One day, ~~xxxxxx~~ the door of my room in a front hospital was pushed open, and a group of civilian women stood there. Their leader was an old woman over sixty, tall and straight, and brown and gaunt from a lifetime of labor. Her hair was done into a thin knot at the back of her head. She told me that she and the others were the executive committee of the Woman's National Salvation Association of the village. Today was March 8th, or International Woman's Day, she said. Her association had sent them to me to convey greetings of solidarity of Chinese women with women of my own country. In the afternoon there would be a woman's mass meeting, attended by all the armed forces and the civilians in the region, and she asked me to speak on the international women's movement.

This sounds simple, perhaps. But, ~~xxxxxx~~ before the war, the world of these women was confined to the village and their homes. They had perhaps never seen a motor car, an electric light, and my typewriter was the first they had ever seen. The old woman said to me:

"We Chinese women have arisen. We shoulder the full duties of citizenship. We do the field work so our men can fight. I have two sons over the hills there, in the Army, and my younger son is but 15 and helps me in the field. I am a widow. I myself am too old to learn to read and write, but the younger women all go to night school, and the Army has given us an educated woman to help us study. We learn about China and the world. We learn how to detect enemy spies or agents. So we women guard the rear of our army so ~~th~~ it can fight with a peaceful heart. We women make shoes for the Army, and we have adopted the hospital."

To the old woman I said: "You eat bitterness".

She answered: "Without sacrifice there can be no final victory."

I went with these women, and with about 100 others waiting outside, to the hospital. They had brought gifts for the wounded. We went into the hospital. It was a model hospital in a great stone family temple of a rich landlord who gave it for use to the Army. It had stone floors. We had long rows of beds--these beds were just boards across saw-horses, with straw mattresses held in place with unbleached sheets. We even had pillows, and each bed had a cover. Some people said we were too luxurious, for the men fighting over the hills had nothing.

The women went down the long aisles of the wounded, and showed their presents. They had half a slaughtered hog, big baskets of eggs, noodles and cakes. The old woman spoke and told the wounded that they were all the sons of the Women's Association, and that women have arisen and are now citizens.

After this they sang ~~the song of consolation to the wounded~~ Cheelai, or Arise, the marching song that is heard from one end of China to the other. Then they sang the song of consolation to the wounded. Here are the words:

You have suffered the wounds of war
For millions of women and children,
Oh you men of honor!
Japanese imperialism has gone insane.
Since it occupied our Mukden,
It laid bloody hands on North China
And on the Yangtze Valley
And on Hankow.
It seeks to turn all China
Into a slaughter-house.
It kills freely, freely robs.

Brothers!

We must fight for our lives
Or cease forever to exist.
We fight as freemen,
Refusing to live as sheep and cattle.

Listen!

The airplanes bomb us still,
The cannons forever roar.
We will offer our last drop of blood
To defend our native land!

Without
sacrifice--

Hospital

Cheelai

consolation

12/12/50

Today
~~Tonight~~ I give you greetings of solidarity from the Woman's National Salvation Association in the enemy rear.

Since returning to America, I have heard a strange and fallacious idea about Chinese guerrillas. Some people think ~~they are~~ wild, unorganized, undisciplined bands of men preying on the Japanese or on Chinese alike. That conception is totally false. The guerrillas are civilians defending their homes and country. They are strongly organized and disciplined, they have all kinds of educational institutions, from their Army Training Schools to training schools for civilians, and like some of the regular armies they have magazines and newspapers, wall newspapers--and they have the only medical service of China worthy of the name, other than the medical service of the Chinese Red Cross Medical Corps.

Now I want you to come with me with a band of these guerrillas and see how they organize and carry out a night march. We are going to cross the Yangtze River between Japanese garrison points. The Yangtze is patrolled by Japanese gunboats. They have garrisons in big towns but not in most small villages. Sometimes they have garrisons five or ten miles inland from the Yangtze. We are going to ~~xxxxx~~ pass through two Japanese defence positions about five miles from the Yangtze, then cross the river between two strong Japanese garrisons.

*We are 100 trained military men and a number of men and a few women trained as political workers--that is, as educators and organizers. With us will also go the first qualified medical unit to go north of the Yangtze in the enemy rear, where there are 40,000 guerrillas without any medical aid. But our medical unit has only one surgeon--a graduate of a Scotch Mission Medical College. He has with him four qualified women nurses trained before the war in the Central Hospital in Nanking. He has also ten young men, students, trained as first-aid workers for six month in the medical training school of that guerrilla army. *One laboratory technician**

365
med.
cases

Apart from caring for the sick and wounded, these 15 medical workers will start a branch of the Army Medical Training School. They have with them some 300 cases of medical supplies, surgical instruments, cotton and gauze. They even have a microscope, ~~and one man is a trained~~ laboratory technician. Their medicine has been packed in cases that weight 30 pounds each. There are no means of transport other than men. ^{each} Civilians will carry two cases each, one suspended from ~~the~~ ^{each} end of the long bamboo poles ~~that~~ they carry over their shoulders.

March
at
dusk

Only four of our column of men know when we leave and the route of march. They give orders at noon that we march at dusk, and at dusk we ~~will~~ tell people we are going to an entirely different region than where we are going. We march for an hour, then halt in a small isolated grove, where the commander of our column gives a detailed report of the exact situation in the region through which we are to pass. We are some 50 to 60 miles from the Yangtze, and after three hours we will be ~~in~~ in a region that is always a battlefield.

Commander
reports
out
preparations

~~Max~~ There is no moon until one or two in the morning, so we know the Japanese will not come out in the dark. They are afraid. Enemies lurk everywhere. The Army, ^{our commander says,} ~~we are told,~~ has sent civilians and some Army men clad as soldiers, up and down the Yangtze, and right into Japanese garrison towns, to pick up any news of any unusual Japanese activity. As we near the Yangtze, a cordon of troops will be thrown around each ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ Japanese garrison town. Other men, with machine guns, are scattered up and down both banks of the Yangtze, with orders to open fire on any Japanese gunboats that may come along the river, and draw the fire on themselves. All fighters have orders not to retreat until we have crossed, and we have orders not to retreat if we hear fighting, but to march directly ahead and obey orders. We get orders not to talk, not to smoke, not to ^{light} matches.

Orders

We march, and after two or three hours the head of our column whispers one word over his shoulder:

"Rest!"

This whisper flies down our column and we all sit down on the path and rest.

Ten minutes and the whisper comes: "Two ba!" or "March", and we stand up and march. We watch the man directly ~~hax~~ ahead of us.

So we pass through the night and come to a small village at dawn. On the surrounding hills we can see ~~an occasional~~ figures of civilian with guns, standing guard. The guns are often not much--old bird guns, some of them. But that is something. We rest in the heart of the people.

In late afternoon we arise, eat a meal of rice with a bowl of boiled cabbage, march for an hour, gather and hear another report from our commander. We are ~~on the~~ ^{battlefield} ~~in the~~. When we pass through villages we are ordered not even to cough. No one will hear us pass--but the dogs. We all wear cloth shoes, with thick cloth soles, made by the Women's National Salvation Association.

We pass through sleeping, silent villages, and only now and then do we see the dark figure of some civilian, with a gun, standing guard along the path. As we pass through the poor villages of mud walls and thatched roof, we always hear sounds of moaning. It is a malarial region, and there is no medicine other than what our Army has. Wherever we have troops, they give the people medicine the same as the Army, without cost, but the Army does not even have enough for itself.

Once we come to a crosspaths. A civilian with a gun, stands there and whispers:

"To the left".

Apart from this one command, and the commands to rest or march, no word is spoken through the night.

Rest

March

Sleep in village

Rice + cabbage
Shoes

Dark villages
moaning

"To the left"

Again as dawn comes, we come to a deserted temple in the mountains. It is our last stop before crossing the Yangtze. Before going to sleep, we climb the highest peak and look down on the Yangtze gleaming some ten miles away to the north. We see some Japanese ships ~~passing~~ passing, and we see the smoke from the enemy garrisons about five miles from us, and from the Japanese garrison town on the Yangtze, at Tikang, to our left. The Chinese with me look on their beloved river and lower their heads and say ~~a few~~ bitter ~~words~~ things.

Once we hear the roar of enemy planes, and we stand back under trees and watch a squadron of enemy bombers going up the Yangtze on some mission of death.

In the late afternoon we cross the mountains over paths across which heavy trees have been felled. On the other side of the range we come to the headquarters of a battalion of our Army and learn that a small battle took place near-by two days before. I give my pistol to a headquarters guard to oil and put in good condition. Everyone looks over his pistol or gun.

Soon we gather in a big clump of trees. With us will march an extra company of well-armed troops. Our commander gives a last report. His voice comes from the darkness. This morning, he says, a Japanese gunboat anchored before the very village from which we will sail, sent launches ashore, and searched the entire village. They stripped the men, searched their clothing, and looked at their heads to see if any crease of a soldier's cap can be seen. Civilians generally wear no hats or caps, only soldiers do this. Then the Japanese ~~gxxx~~ went away. It sounds dangerous, but it is not. It is a regular terroristic proceeding of the enemy.

We have armed men with machine-guns up and down the river and if Japanese gunboats come they will open fire and draw the fire on themselves. We have armed men around the two inland Japanese garrison

Temple
in hills
Yangtze

Airplanes

Paths
Pistol
prepared

Commander
reports
100. 4
troops
Jap.
gunboat

Possible
sighting

ppints, and all have orders not to retreat under any circumstances. Those two inland garrisons are only three miles apart, and we must pass right between them, so the enemy will be only 1 1/2 mile on either hand. So we get our orders like this:

"No sound of any kind. No talking, no coughing, no smoking, ~~and~~ no matches lit. Carriers test your burdens so that no squeak sounds. Stick leaves or grass in places of friction. The night is very dark in the mountains, but soon we will be on the plain and we can see better. Men with white face towels must tuck one end inside their collar at the back and let the towel hang down so men behind can see. If we hear firing, pay no attention but march forward. Our troops will hold back the enemy. Retreat only if ordered, and then obey orders implicitly."

My ^{guard} ~~secretary~~ has a brilliant idea. He has one luxurious possession--a pair of white stockings. He puts them on and pulls them on up over his trouser legs to the knees. He will march right before me and through the night I will watch them. If they step up, I step up; if they step down, I step down.

Soon the order comes: "March", and we move along the narrow paths down the mountains. As we approach villages, mongrol dogs bark, and continue to bark until our entire column passes. By that time the head of our column approaches another village and the dogs there begin. Our line of march is accompanied by one endless symphony of barking dogs. We think of poison, but try to pat their heads--~~and fail.~~

Once we come near a village and rest at command. Right under the bushes I see a small temple to the earth god, and a bright new candle burns in the little alcove. It is a signal that all is well. This is the ^{last} stop before we pass through the enemy defence positions. The whisper comes:

"March quickly!"

Final
orders
Carriers
Towels
Coughing

White
stockings
no moon

March
Dogs

Earth
god
Rest

We march quickly and sometimes drop into a dog-trot, often bending half double if we come out on a hill or a clearing. One hour passes.

My ears grow long and stick out very far. I hear the night birds, the wind through the trees, and the stars are very bright. Once, from our left, far away, I hear a faint blast on a horn, like the ~~weak~~ bellow of a water-buffalo calf. Then from the left I hear a long, low blast of a horn. They come from near the enemy and our troops ^{or civilians} are telling us that all is well. I love our troops that night, I love the civilians, I love them with all my heart. *How many men listened to our passing?*

The order comes to rest and we sink to the path, punch each other in the back happily. We have passed through the enemy positions. Five minutes and we march.

As we near the Yangtze, we come out on top of the high mud dykes that rise fifty feet in the air to hold back the river at high tide. Dark lagoons lie on either hand--breeding places of the malaria mosquito. Then a traitor appears. It is the moon, rising over the mountains back of us. We curse under our breaths, and begin to run. We crouch and run and our carriers drop into a slow dog-trot.

Suddenly the whisper comes: "Halt!"

We halt in our tracks and wait. Must we fight in such a place as this?

Then, ahead of us, we see a ~~flash~~ light suddenly flare up, and we see the gate of the village ahead of us outlined. It is directly on the Yangtze. The light dies down. It is a signal that all is well, and we begin rapidly moving forward.

Soon our troops begin running past us in their soft shoes, and we see them surrounding the village, and some on the village wall with rifles ready. Others run through the streets of the village. Any light will be put out, any traitor that tries to send up a flare to the

I hear all

Horn

Rest march

Dykes

Moon

"Halt!"

Light ahead

Surrounding village

enemy will be killed. But we do not enter the village.

On a short tributary of the Yangtze lie two big river ~~junks~~ junks, with ³ sails up. Two gang planks run up the side of each. Our carriers run up one plank, silently drop their burdens in the hold and run down the other plank. And within five minutes the junks are loaded and we have run up the planks, the planks are drawn up, and the big cars begin to work. Soon we come out upon the ~~broad river~~ ^{Yangtze}, now a ~~sheet~~ sheet of silver in the moonlight. It is misty and we cannot see far. We know a gunboat is down to our left at Tikang and that it could reach us within seven minutes--and it takes 45 minutes to cross the Yangtze. We strain our ears to hear any sound of fighting, but none comes. On each of our junks soldiers, with machine guns ready, squat looking up and down the river.

One of our boatmen tells us in a low voice that he was ~~xxx~~ searched by the Japanese that morning. They stripped him and searched his clothing, then felt his head for any crease of a soldier's cap. But he was utterly innocent and had never heard of soldiers of any kind. He says some very, very uncomplimentary things about the devils.

Once my secretary whispered: "If they come, what will you do?"

"If everything else fails, there is the Yangtze." I answered.

"Yes," he says, "there is always the Yangtze." For we know the Japanese take no prisoners.

There is an island in the river and as we pass it we see two boats anchored. They shout: "Who goes there?"

Our boatmen answer: "Who are you?"

No one replies to the other. They are also guerrillas. For the nights belong to the Chinese in the enemy rear.

We approach the north banks of the river and see the outline of soldiers standing watching. We touch land, and then leap out ~~into~~

Junks loaded

The Yangtze
Our soldiers
Boatman

"If the enemy comes"

Other boats
nights belong
to China

and run to meet a large number of people waiting for us. The local government official comes toward us laughing, welcoming us. And since the Japanese have never even been once to this village, we are safe, and we begin marching inland, singing the guerrilla marching song. After about ten miles, we come to the great sprawling home of a big landlord. This landlord is a remarkable creature, for he and his three sons are guerrilla leaders and the entire income from their estate helps finance the guerrillas.

In this way we crossed the Yangtze.

~~English~~ "Wanla!"--or "Finished!" as the Chinese say after they have made a speech.

- - - - -