THE BATTLE FOR ASIA

DETAIL MAP of EASTERN CHINA

AUTHOR'S WAR TRAVELS

MAIN GUERRILLA BASES

JAPANESE FRONT 1941

BORDER REGION

MAP of EASTERN ASIA

Showing the Route Traveled by the Author

AUTHOR'S TRAVELS

THE BATTLE FOR ASIA

BY EDGAR SNOW

In the middle of the twentieth century Japan will meet Europe on the plains of Asia and wrest from her the mastery of the world.

Count Okuma (1915)

You thieves who oppress and injure the poor, how great a boldness you have! . . . Have you not come to pull the whiskers of a tiger?

Juan the Fifth, in Pearl Buck's translation of the *Shui Hu Chuan*

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To my Father and Mother

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Part One

GOOD-BYE, PEKING

I

Fugitives

In order to conquer the world we must first conquer China.
Tanaka Memorial

After the Japanese occupied Peking there was a mad scramble, too late, to get out of the city. The ancient Tartar walls that had formerly given a false sense of security were now in grim reality a cage. The apocalypse had come; people felt like prisoners awaiting sentence.

The invaders handed the reorganized puppet police a list of nationalists, radicals and assorted patriots whom they wanted arrested, and the police tipped off many to do a vanishing act. But the high heavy gates were closely guarded by Japanese, while for about two weeks no trains moved to Tientsin. Fugitives spent their days changing addresses, and their nights plotting ways and means of getting out of the "dead city," as they called it. Newspapers were suppressed and people lived on rumors.

A distinguished Chinese professor found his way to my house to inquire whether I would request the British Embassy to "guarantee the safety of the anti-Japanese intellectuals." It seemed plausible to him, after having heard that the Embassy had used its "good offices" to persuade General Sung to transfer the city peacefully to the Japanese. One of my former students at Yenching University arrived out of breath to ask if it were really true that United States Marines were about to garrison Peking, "in accordance with the Nine Power Treaty." Another student from Pei-ta came in hopping mad because he could not get out of the city to join the guerrillas. He asked whether the British and American authorities would convoy anti-Japanese students to the hills on their military trucks. Such optimism was shared by many professors, who believed that America and Britain would now break off relations with Japan, for having violated her international treaty obligations. They were flab-

bergasted when I suggested that neither government could be expected to give any effective help to China, and that our merchants would continue to arm Japan throughout the war. The next few years were to provide a political education for millions of Chinese.

But I could at least do a little to express my appreciation to friends in whose city I had lived safely for over four years, and where I had been treated with invariable courtesy and consideration. I shared a large compound with a Swedish broker and as there was much unoccupied space it soon filled with political refugees. The president of Northeastern University found a convenient room by the gate, where a puppet policeman came and visited every day to give him the latest news of Japanese activities. Half a dozen others occupied corners here and there and left when an opportunity of escape appeared. I expected to be raided any day.

Before the Japanese arrived there was a housing shortage in Peking, but now I was offered houses on all sides, at ridiculously low rental or no rental at all. The Japanese were seizing the best premises and foreign occupation was the only protection. Everybody suddenly wanted to give away his radio, which in Japanese eyes marked the owner a Communist. But most pathetic were the students, who could not bear the thought of destroying their books, and came round wanting to bury them in my courtyard "until Peking was reoccupied."

After a week some of the students stopped coming. A few were seized by the Japanese, but many found places on the city walls where the police obligingly turned their backs when they climbed over. In this manner small groups made their way beyond the Summer Palace to the Western Hills, where they began to organize the first farmers for partisan warfare. In August, 1937, the Japanese bombed those hills in an effort to disperse the growing nuisance. They are still bombing them today.

One afternoon when the summer rains were falling, a young Chinese named Wu entered my door, dripping rain and sweat from his shaved head, and grinning from ear to ear. He had a card from an old friend of mine, Chang Yu-sheng, a former Manchurian official, who was now leading a guerrilla band outside the city. He told me how, a few days before, they had "occupied" the military prison, near the western wall. They had disarmed the Chinese guards, seized all the rifles and ammunition in the building, and recruited nearly all the inmates (mostly political prisoners) for their

new army. It was a well-planned coup. They all escaped—with the guards!—before the Japanese reached the scene.

But Wu had something else on his mind. He said his group—they were part of an army later commanded by Chao Tung, the famous guerrilla leader who was to be killed near Peking in 1940—had rifled one of the Western Imperial Tombs, near Miaofêngshan, apparently anticipating by only a few hours a similar intention of the Japanese. They had thereby secured enough rubies, diamonds, pearls, jade and gold, to arm and provision their recruits, provided they could dispose of the precious objects. Wu wanted to know whether the American government would be interested in purchasing them. He was deeply disappointed when I gravely expressed doubts, and he asked for suggestions.

"Harboring anti-Japanese bodies," to use the expression made popular with us by Colonel Hiraoka, the Japanese press spokesman, was one thing, and other foreigners found themselves unable to refuse asylum to political refugees. Facilitating the sale of "anti-Japanese loot," even though it might be considered legitimate spoils of war, was quite another. I very much feared my Embassy might frown upon it, while my newspaper, though extraordinarily liberal in such matters, might feel it was going too far to get a story which most likely would be written by somebody else, if at all.

But a possible justification occurred to me. A few days before, a band of guerrillas had taken several Italian friars and priests from a monastery in the Western Hills, and had sent in a demand for ransom money to the Japanese military authorities in Peking. Their purpose was not only to embarrass the Japanese in foreign eyes; they desperately needed cash to buy food for their hungry men. I suspected that Mr. Wu knew something about the incident, and I was right. He admitted that his companions were holding the victims near Miaofêngshan.

"That's no way to win foreign sympathy for China," I said. "You'd better release those priests immediately if you don't want to become known as bandits."

"But the priests turned over part of their mission to Japanese troops," Wu defended the snatch. "They gave a feast to the Japanese officers. They gave them information about us and later the Japanese burned our friendly villages used as a guerrilla base. The Italians recognized Manchukuo, and signed the anti-Comintern pact. Are they not fascist allies of Japan?"

Although I was baptized and confirmed a Catholic, I had lived in China long enough to be able to see the Chinese point of view in this logic, so I spent an hour explaining to Wu why any possible benefit to them would be more than offset by adverse publicity abroad. At last he seemed to agree. I told him that if they released their captives, I would find a market for their jewels. With that understanding he left.

I doubt very much if my advice influenced the decision, but soon afterward the priests were, in fact, set free, and returned in good health none the worse for their experience. As far as I know the guerrillas never afterward repeated the mistake. On the contrary, once they acquired able political leadership they established friendliest relations with priests and missionaries throughout the country.

A few days later, when I was expecting Wu to return, a professor's wife phoned and asked me to dinner. I went over and after we had talked half an hour a Chinese woman with long bobbed hair, and wearing heavy dark glasses, entered the room. There was something familiar about her, but I could not place it until she took off the spectacles and greeted me with a laughing *Shih Lo T'ung-chih, ni pu jen-shih wo!* "You don't recognize me!" And it was no wonder, for she was the last woman I expected to see in Peking, and the first the Japanese would have liked to seize. She was Têng Ying-chao, wife of Chou En-lai, vice-chairman of the former Chinese Soviet Government, and chief of the Women's Work Department of the Chinese Communist Party. Ying-chao possessed one of the most astute political brains I have encountered among Chinese women.

"I thought you were in Shensi!"

Ying-chao explained that she had secretly come up to the Western Hills, five months earlier, to recuperate. And she looked infinitely better than when I had last seen her, nearly a year earlier, lying pale and gaunt in the sun at Pao An, making a losing fight against tuberculosis which she developed during the Long March. Living in an isolated temple with plenty of good food and rest, in the dry northern spring, had apparently cured her. But she had known nothing of the outbreak of war until the Japanese approached her temple; and she nearly lost her life fleeing through their lines, dressed as a peasant woman, into Peking.

"But surely you aren't going to stay here?" I demanded.

"No, I want to go to the Northwest as soon as possible," she said. "Can you go with me on the train to Tientsin?"

Rail communication to the sea had just been restored, with one train a day that covered in 12 hours a distance formerly made in two. The Japanese were carefully searching all passengers and, especially at the Tientsin end, hauled off anybody whose face suggested the possibility of political thought. Dozens of students had been robbed, arrested, and heard from no more. So the trip involved a certain danger for somebody like Têng Ying-chao. But the Japanese had not attempted to detain foreigners (the strip-tease days had yet to begin in Tientsin), and I told Têng I would go along with her, and see that she got through safely as my family servant.

It fitted into my own plans; as all telegraph communications were now in Japanese hands, one could not get out a "spot" story except under Japanese censorship, and Peking was dead as a news center. I had received a delayed cable from the *Daily Herald* ordering me to Shanghai, where hostilities had broken out. I also had to locate a missing wife somewhere in Northwest China. In April, Nym had gone up to Yenan to see for herself what the Chinese "Reds" were like, not being the sort to take news second hand from her husband, and I had had no word from her for nearly three months. No news is good news was an aphorism of small comfort. I decided to attempt a detour to Shensi, a matter of a thousand miles, to see whether she had permanently forsaken her neglected meal ticket.

There remained the matter of Wu, the tomb breaker. When he called next day I told him I was leaving and that he must move fast. He agreed to bring me his inventory within three days, together with some "samples," which I was to take to a reliable American dealer who would, I knew, gladly risk his neck for such rare objects. But a Japanese punitive expedition against Wu's friends at Miao-fêngshan interfered with his itinerary. After five days I could wait no longer. I turned over the Manchu heirloom business to a fellow countryman who, I believe, eventually brought it to a satisfactory conclusion for all concerned.

Ying-chao arrived at Ch'ien Mên station, looking the complete amah; her bobbed hair had miraculously disappeared. I saw her safely deep into a car, whence she remained lost to view behind the quite unbelievable mass of legs, heads, and elbows which squeezed in after her. Well, there was some safety in numbers, I tritely

reflected. Once inside, passengers were unable to move till they reached Tientsin late that night. But they did not seem to mind. As far as fugitive Peking was concerned, each day's train was the last left on earth. For the first time in Peking history, nobody was putting off till tomorrow.

I found a toehold on the last step of the last car. Eventually I improved that by an improvised seat on the hand brake, where I rode with my head and bare legs in a blazing sun all day through flooded fields toward the sea. I was not sorry to say good-bye to Peking's crenelated walls; the Peking foreigners loved was gone. As I had nothing better to do I used the hours to arrange, in my mind, a rough pattern of the events which had preceded its end.

And here are a few fragments from that pattern as I saw it.

2

A Gentleman and a Rascal

Ju-pei wished to see Confucius but Confucius declined on the ground of being sick. . . . Confucius took his harpsichord and sang to it in order that Ju-pei might hear.
The Analects

Something had to happen to Peking.

It was an anomaly whose days were numbered, a medieval survival where over a million men dwelt among the glitter and loot of centuries accumulated within its wonderful maze of walls. (How many generations of thieves it takes to build a thing of beauty!) Peking was a city of retired courtiers and soldiers of empire, of scholars and absentee landlords, of monks and artisan merchants, and of ricksha coolies speaking a cultured tongue; a city nobly conceived and nobly made, a treasury of art, a place of gentle birth and of decadence, of diplomatic intrigues over rapturous food, of more charm than character, and of more knavery than downright wickedness; a city of warm vivid springs and shadowed autumns, and of winter sunshine sparkling on snow-covered trees and frozen lakes; a city of eternal compromise and easy laughter, of leisure and of family love, of poverty and tragedy, and indifference to dirt; and yet a place of unexpected violence, where regenerate students coined the fighting slogans of a nation, and blinding Mongolian storms swept down from the Gobi Desert, leaving the graceful temples and golden palace roofs strewn with the oldest dust of life.

Peking had become a frontier again in 1934, after the Japanese occupation of Jehol, and we who called it home marveled only that the defenseless city managed for so long to defer its doom. We woke up a little surprised after successive crises to find the towers still manned by Chinese troops. Perhaps it is a little true that even the

Japanese felt some affection for Peking, and realizing its value as a museum piece had always meant to have it whole. As it was, they met more resistance than anticipated, and in the end the city went down not without a certain glory.

For in General Sung Cheh-yuan, the last non-puppet Chinese to rule Peking, the picturesque old city had a picturesque old man equipped with all its own vices and virtues. Sung was a soldier and a patriot, and, while his political thinking fitted perfectly the feudal upholstery of the city, he had his own deceits, which were always a little ahead of the Japanese, whom he treated with unfailing courtesy and respect. He was not a progressive ruler (none could have been tolerated under the circumstances) but he was not a traitor and he was nobody's fool. Though trained only as a military man, and possessing no special qualifications for China's most difficult diplomatic post, Sung demonstrated such skill at political shadow-boxing that Japan's army intriguers had less in hand after two years than when they virtually put him into office under the delusion that he could be managed.

To back-track a moment, General Sung's rise to popularity and power dated from 1933. His 29th Army made a national reputation for itself by annihilating a Japanese detachment during a hand-to-hand battle for Hsi Fêng Pass, on the Great Wall, while Japan was occupying Jehol (Eastern Inner Mongolia) and advancing toward Peking. Sung's effort proved fruitless. Resistance was not then supported by Nanking, which shortly afterward signed the Tangku Truce, ending hostilities in North China. But the respite proved only temporary. Japan was soon demanding the withdrawal of all Chinese Central Government troops from the province of Hopei, and the abolition of Chiang Kai-shek's Branch Military Council, which then nominally ruled the northern provinces from Peking.

As a compromise, the Generalissimo agreed to the formation of the two-province Hopei-Chahar Political Council, of which General Sung Cheh-yuan was made chairman. General Sung's troops were formerly part of Feng Yu-hsiang's old National People's Army, which had fought in several regional wars against the Generalissimo, and had never been assimilated in the Central Army command. Because of that, because Sung was liked by General Kenji Doihara (a chief of the Kwantung Army's Special Service Section, and the so-called "Lawrence of Manchuria"), because the Japanese knew Sung was capable of policing the area to their satisfaction, but

believed him an ambitious politician ideal for their own purposes, they "approved" of him as chairman of the new Hopei-Chahar Council, which they considered "semi-autonomous."

The Japanese underestimated their man. Sung had no intention of being their Benedict Arnold. But he cleverly kept them hoping that he would eventually declare his independence of Nanking, and become the head of a five-province government of North China, with their backing. Had he done so, Japan might have won her immediate objectives without the present war.

Not long after Sung took office, General Doihara tried to put over the biggest bluff of his career. He went secretly to Sung with a frank proposal that he declare North China an "autonomous state." Doihara was prepared to pay Sung 100 million dollars outright, to finance his government, and to re-arm and train his troops. It must have been something of a temptation to Sung, at that. He was not a wealthy man and he had no future with Nanking. If he refused, and it came to Japanese attack, he had no assurance that he would be backed up or that it would not result simply in the liquidation of his army, as had happened in other cases.

For days Sung seemed on the verge of acceptance. To reinforce his "offer," Doihara discovered some "bandits" (actually, they were in Japanese pay) in East Hopei. This strip of the province, which lies between Peking and Tientsin, and the Great Wall, had been demilitarized of both Japanese and Chinese armies by the Tangku Truce. Ignoring the latter, Doihara brought some troops into East Hopei to "restore order." He let it be known to Sung that he was holding a number of divisions at Shanhaikuan, the sea gate of the Wall, for use if his proposal were declined.

Instructions from Nanking remained ambiguous, with no definite guarantee of real support for Sung if he made a stand. But two things did happen. On December 9, 1935, the day before Doihara's personal (as it turned out) ultimatum was to expire, a wholly unexpected mass demonstration of students occurred on the streets of Peking, in impressive denial of any "North China autonomy movement," which Japanese news agencies were suddenly finding on all sides. Although the Peking police, led by Chiang Kai-shek's Third Gendarmes, who were then still in the city, suppressed the demonstration and injured and arrested scores of demonstrators, Sung recognized the value of the outbreak. He counseled Doihara to delay his plans until popular sentiment subsided.

The other thing was that wily old Sung himself suddenly took "ill." During the interval, Sung's men in Tientsin learned that Japan's North China Garrison was not only indifferent to Doihara's scheme, but was actually hostile to it. Upon hearing this, Nanking summoned the courage to make inquiries at Tokyo. Now the latter was willing enough to accept any spoils which could have been got by bluff, but was not yet ready to go to war. Alarmed by the outburst of anti-Japanese feeling in North China, and fearful that it would spread in a nation-wide boycott, the Government repudiated Doihara. His autonomy movement quickly collapsed. Not long afterward Doihara told me himself that the whole thing was only a newspaper myth, anyway!

As a face-saver, however, Doihara was given enough support, from the Kwantung Army in Manchuria, to set up a puppet regime in "demilitarized" East Hopei. This anachronism was called the East Hopei Anti-Communist Autonomous Government, and its 23 *hsien*[1] were ruled by a half-Japanese marionette named Yin Ju-keng. Aside from its strategic value to Japan, it was extremely useful as a huge narcotics and smuggling base. Here the Japanese dumped millions of dollars' worth of duty-free goods and millions in opium and heroin. This contraband was carried southward by Japanese and Korean smugglers operating under the direction and protection of the Special Service Section of the Japanese Army.

Peking's strategic position was reduced to still further absurdity by other Japanese moves, so that militarily and politically it became a curiosity which had to be seen to be believed. In addition to East Hopei, the Japanese almost controlled the Peking-Mukden Railway, from Shanhaikuan to the once Forbidden City. They had some 7,000 troops stationed at various points on this strategic line in permanent fortlike barracks at Tientsin, North China's greatest port, and inside the Legation Quarter of Peking itself. Nominally, those garrisons were maintained in accordance with the Boxer Protocol of 1901, which gave the Great Powers the right to keep a small guard from Peking to the sea. But Japan had several times more troops than all other foreign Powers combined, and used them for highly illegal purposes. They freely moved back and forth across the countryside for incessant "maneuvers," and bullied and attacked Chinese customs inspectors who tried to halt smugglers, or Chinese

[1] A *hsien* roughly corresponds to an American county.

railway clerks or officials who even mentioned tickets to them when they piled their enormous bundles on the trains.

General Sung was powerless to retaliate against these abuses, and had to tolerate repeated insults to his own troops. He himself had but the 29th Army at his command, which numbered 60,000 men, only about 10,000 of whom could be kept in Northern Hopei. He could count on little assistance from Nanking, where nobody trusted him from the Generalissimo down. In any case, it is virtually certain that before the Sian Incident Nanking would never have gone to war over Hopei. For anything that happened there Sung was bound to be the scapegoat. He knew that he was only a time-buffer, and he evidently kept his own counsel. And just because of that the Japanese, who watched his every move, continued to believe they could win him over, until the time arrived when Sung knew that they could no longer attack him without attacking a nation.

It was all as queer a piece of political tight-roping as I ever saw. Sung survived by a series of balancing acts, now appeasing Nanking and now the Japanese. When the latter demanded the removal of Chiang Kai-shek's special gendarmes and the dissolution of the Blueshirts, Sung complied, and people suspected he was secretly delighted. When they demanded that he appoint Japanese advisers to his Council, he did so, and gravely accepted their advice, and never carried it out. When Nanking critics deplored the absence of social reform, he outdid the Generalissimo by shooting over a hundred wretched drug addicts in a few weeks. He supported the New Life Movement; its Confucian maxims appealed to his feudal soul.

Outwardly, Sung ruthlessly suppressed all radicalism. Yet I knew a dozen radicals living in Peking who would have been imprisoned in Nanking. Sung's own followers secretly encouraged certain anti-Japanese organizations and publications. I found his soldiers reading anti-Japanese literature on the walls of Peking. The *Peiping News*, which Sung financed, actually expressed sympathy with the Sian mutineers, and its editor guardedly favored a United Front with the Communists. Oddly enough, too, Peking had the strongest anti-Japanese student organizations in the country, and in the end they were all supporting Sung. Actually, local anti-Japanese sentiment was subtly converted from a criticism of Sung into a criticism of Nanking's non-resistance policy. The Japanese vacillated between interpreting this as a welcome sign of regional estrangement and

a real menace to themselves. For a few brief months this paradoxical situation provided an atmosphere of relatively more freedom of expression on internal politics than existed anywhere under Nanking's direct mandate.

Sung was a good poker player, an expert sword boxer, and sometimes invited us in for a game of billiards. He was a large man, of Shantung peasant stock, with a face impassive as a Buddha, in which there often incongruously burned a fat cigar. He was full of Confucian quotations, but used them to cover up no more corruption and hypocrisy than is customary. He had some patriotic and energetic young men around him, too, and the administration of the city now and then showed signs of reform under his brain trust. But when his young men became too impatient with his game of bluff and spoke of "organizing the people" he would admonish them with a Classical maxim on filial piety, or tell them to join the army, or to go and organize themselves with a courtesan. He had a theory that bachelorhood was the cause of political radicalism and attributed the agitated condition of young people to deferred marriages.

When put on the spot himself, Sung was never at a loss for a convenient illness. Under really severe pressure he would go off to "sweep the tombs of his ancestors." It was an unusually protracted sweeping trip, in fact, which at last convinced the Japanese that it would take nothing less than a Lukouchiao Incident to get what they wanted in North China.

This sly old "reactionary," as the erstwhile Kuomintang hero Wang Ching-wei described him, exasperated the Japanese into sending in a million men and spending twenty billion yen to take over territory which, had Mr. Wang himself been in office in Peking instead of General Sung, they might have got, later events were to prove, for approximately twenty cents.

3

Seven-Seven

Better a broken jade than a whole tile.

Chinese proverb

THE Chinese have their own flowery nomenclature in the lunar reckoning of time, but when using the Gregorian calendar they sensibly ignore our names for the months (quite meaningless in their language) and simply call them by numbers. Thus, if you attend a meeting where hortatory slogans are shouted, referring to "humiliation days" and "incidents," you might think you were at skull practice for a football game. "Five-Four" (May 4th), "Nine-One-Eight" (September 18th), "Double-Ten" (October 10th) and so on, are all yelled with appropriate apposites. Events were now to lengthen the list of battle cries, beginning with "Seven-Seven," the date of the Lukouchiao Incident. And here a few words about Seven-Seven seem essential to my story.

General Sung's tomb-sweeping trips were the equivalent in North China of Neville Chamberlain's fishing expeditions in England, coinciding with the high points of local crises. In May of 1937 Sung fled to his ancestral village in Shantung to avoid imperative Japanese demands for new economic, military and political concessions. Among these was one on which the Nipponese were particularly insistent. Having completed a careful survey between Peking and the strategic railway junction of Lukouchiao, the local Japanese military authorities pestered Sung to concede them some 1,000 acres, where they intended to build an airdrome and a permanent barracks. It was as reasonable a request from a good neighbor as if the German consul-general in New York were to demand that La Guardia give him Flatbush for similar purposes. Sung's sudden attack of filial piety was understandable.

Lukouchiao was a railway station on the east bank of the Yungting River, 15 miles southwest of Peking. It was the important

junction of the Peking-Hankow Railway with the western end of a shuttle line connected to the Peking-Tientsin Railway. A year earlier (May, 1936) the Japanese had illegally occupied Fêngtai, the eastern terminus of the shuttle. Possession of Lukouchiao would give them control of all southern rail entries to Peking. A few hundred yards farther east, beyond the Lukouchiao station which commanded the steel railway bridge over the Yungting River, lay the ancient walled town of Wanp'ing. Here I had sometimes gone with friends to admire the historic marble bridge, with its thirty graceful arches, made famous by Messer Marco Polo.

Numerous conferences were called by the Japanese Special Service Section with local Chinese authorities, concerning the land near Lukouchiao and Wanp'ing. But General Sung, without ever actually refusing, contrived to keep this last line of defense. He could not, however, prevent the Japanese from holding repeated military maneuvers in the neighborhood. Here, as later at Shanghai, foreign privileges, in which Japan shared, gave her the "right" to operate from a base inside China and to pursue her conquest from within the whole unequal legalistic apparatus which she would destroy. The "maneuvers" ominously increased in frequency. Late in the night of July 7th, on the pretext that one of their soldiers was missing, the Japanese suddenly demanded permission to enter and search the town of Wanp'ing—which oddly enough means "Obliging Peace"!

But the magistrate was not obliging; he quite rightly refused. Peking was awakened after midnight by the sound of firing. The Japanese had attacked the town with trench mortars to which the small Chinese defense force replied. In the morning, when I drove out to the river, I found the Japanese in occupation of the Lukouchiao Station, exchanging desultory rifle fire with the Chinese troops, barricaded in Wanp'ing and on the Marco Polo bridge. For days the troops faced each other with only a few yards intervening. I passed back and forth between the lines with no difficulty. It would have been very simple at any time to settle the dispute had the Japanese withdrawn to their barracks.

The Japanese neither then nor afterward produced any evidence whatever that a soldier was ever actually misplaced. They were reluctant even to discuss the individual when at press conferences we asked them for details. They simply dropped him from their arguments as they pressed on toward bigger ends. Whether the

incident was planned by the Special Service Section (hereafter known as the S.S.S.) without the knowledge of Tokyo, or whether it was realized according to instructions from the high command, I do not know, but developments proved that Tokyo was prepared to exploit it to the utmost. You can find, in the reports of the League of Nations and in its resolutions which later condemned Japan, detailed accounts of the events preceding the eventual Japanese offensive, a perusal of which provides ample basis for the generalizations below.

The Kwantung Army promptly began pouring reinforcements into East Hopei and Tientsin, which by mid-July numbered over 20,000. Meanwhile the Chinese in the North, at Nanking and Tokyo, and in all the world capitals, were desperately striving for some basis of peace. Half a dozen different sets of terms were advanced and met, only to be superseded immediately by new Japanese demands. Japan did not want any agreement at all with a sovereign North China, she simply wanted North China. It was as evident to us on the spot then, as it is in retrospect now, that Japan's negotiations for a settlement merely provided diplomatic cover for military preparations to nullify all settlements, except one to be achieved by force.

But the issue of war or peace, of submission or struggle, could be defined only by the policy now invoked by Nanking. The Chinese Government met in special session at Kuling, the summer capital, and the Generalissimo felt from all quarters the critical need for a decision. Even his own most competent and trusted generals declared that further retreat would be disastrous internally, while from his most dangerous opposition came telegrams promising him full support for any measure of resistance he adopted—a reverse warning that further capitulation was intolerable to the nation. By July 17th the Generalissimo could remain mute no longer. With his unequivocal statement issued on that day, and now as historic in China as the Gettysburg Address in America, it became manifest that immediate war was certain.

Chiang set down four points which constituted, he said, "the minimum conditions possible as a basis for negotiation for any nation, no matter how weak it may be." The four points required recognition that (1) a settlement must not infringe upon territorial integrity and sovereign rights; (2) the status of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council, being fixed by the Central Government, could not

illegally be altered; (3) North China officials, including General Sung, could not be removed at the will of Japan; and (4) no further positions could be yielded to Japan by the 29th Army.

"Let our people now realize," the Generalissimo said, "the full meaning of the phrase 'the last extremity' and the extent of sacrifice thereby involved, for once that stage is reached we have to fight to the bitter end. Should we hesitate, however, and vainly hope for temporary safety, then indeed we shall perish forever . . . What is left for us then but to throw all the resources of the nation into a struggle for final victory?"

Even after this, however, the Chinese continued to display a phenomenal patience as long as there seemed the faintest hope of peace. One example was provided at Langfang, a little town midway between Peking and Tientsin, where the 29th Army had a small garrison. Here some Japanese officers and men left a train one night, and proceeded to the Chinese barracks, where they demanded the use of the military telephone. The Chinese asked them to leave their arms outside, but the Nipponese, ignoring that reasonable request, pushed their way into the barracks and occupied the telephone exchange.

With strict orders not to use force unless actually fired upon, the local commander chose to overlook the intrusion and let his guests finish their errand. Whereupon the Japanese (by their own account) telephoned to their Tientsin Headquarters for an armored car regiment and some bombers. The latter arrived soon afterward and opened fire on the railway station, which they occupied without drawing a response from the barracks until it was directly attacked. The Chinese eventually retreated with heavy casualties. And yet negotiations continued in Peking.

A few days later War Minister Sugiyama revealed in Tokyo that Japan had sent eight divisions (roughly, 160,000 men) to North China, where 200 warplanes were also concentrating. On July 25th the North China command delivered to General Sung, who had at last returned to Peking, having tidied up the tombs to his satisfaction, the long-expected ultimatum. They demanded the unconditional withdrawal of himself and his troops, within 48 hours, from the neighborhood of Peking. It was the end. Sung wired to Nanking that he intended to reject the ultimatum and asked for confirmation in this stand. Next day, before receiving a reply, Sung issued a brief statement summarizing his efforts to avoid war, and

concluded: "The continued dispatch of Japanese troops, and repeated provocations, have left no alternative to the Chinese troops but to defend the country to the best of their ability and resources."

Brave words. But Sung's position had by now become wholly untenable. His 10,000 troops in the Peking area were meagerly equipped, had neither tanks nor airplanes, and only a few pieces of light artillery. They had not been permitted to erect permanent defenses of any kind. Used largely for policing duty, his men were scattered in small groups in villages and at the North and South Barracks outside Peking's gray walls. The Japanese had completed their control of the Peking-Tientsin Railway and the Chinese could concentrate only by devious country roads. Japan had forbidden Nanking to send any reinforcements to Peking—on threat of breaking off "negotiations"—and no assistance from the South ever materialized.

Although he was hopelessly surrounded, and continued to await a last-minute miracle, Sung had determined to make a fight, in order to give a national meaning to the loss of the great city. He did not want it said that the 29th Army had betrayed its trust. Martial law was imposed inside the walls. Foreign nationals, including Japanese civilians who had not fled earlier, were evacuated to the Legation Quarter. The gates were closed and barricaded, and Sung issued orders for the garrison at the South Barracks, the city's only remaining point of defense, to "resist when attacked."

The Japanese offensive began on the 27th. Three squadrons of planes continuously bombed Nanyuan (the South Barracks) accompanied by heavy artillery shelling throughout that night and the following day. Some 3,000 Chinese troops put up a heroic but futile fight, two-thirds of their number being exterminated. Their only defense works were newly dug trenches and sandbag redoubts, on which the Japanese rained shells and bombs with terrible effect. Following 24 hours of intermittent bombardment, the Japanese infantry advanced behind rows of tanks which cut down the remnant Chinese retreating over the one road open to Peking. A frightful debacle, and a most depressing beginning for China's resistance.

Next day I got through Yungting Gate with Imeson, of *Reuters'*, and we crept along the south road stained with the first blood of the war. It was still a no-man's-land, not yet occupied by the Japanese, and over it stumbled and crawled the wounded and dying

survivors from Nanyuan. We talked to a lad with a bullet hole through his knee and thigh. He said he was a college student, who had enlisted only a few weeks before with 100 others from the Manchurian University and Middle School. In response to repeated petitions, Sung had formed a special training regiment for anti-Japanese youth. Altogether there were over 300 student cadets, with some Communists among them, and over 200 were killed. Those deaths solemnly testified to the sincerity of Peking's student patriots, whose activities for two years had played an extraordinary role in awakening the spirit of resistance throughout China. Here also three young Chinese generals lost their lives, in a country where traditionally the last place to look for a dead general was on the battlefield.

Nanyuan was burned to the ground, and everywhere were signs of flight intercepted by death. Japanese planes had cruised low over the road, strafing men and animals. At one point a Japanese ambush harvested a whole column of men with enfilading machine-gun fire. Horses and mules and men lay mingled in confused heaps of dead, and in the fields were the corpses of a few farmers, interrupted at their immemorial tasks. Six new trench mortars had been abandoned; the road was strewn with enough unspent hand grenades and cartridges to fill a freight car.

Nobody was looking after the wounded, to whom it oddly did not seem to occur that anyone owed them anything. It was just bad *ming*, the fate a soldier had to expect now and then. Here you saw tragically the weakness of an army fighting without an organized people behind it. Peking had ample hospital facilities, but there simply was no trained organization to connect those facilities with the fighting men. And I was to see the same thing repeated elsewhere for months, the aftermath of every battle. On this day the only person I saw trying to do anything for the wounded was a dried-up little old man wearing a long gray gown under a dilapidated foreign hat. He came up to me distractedly near the South Gate, asking the direction to Nanyuan. He said he had just arrived from Paoting, with an ambulance company organized by the Seventh Day Adventists! Perhaps he saved some souls for Fundamentalism: he fluttered off like a bird toward Nanyuan, and I never saw him again.

Comparative quiet for a while descended over Peking and Tientsin, as the Japanese pushed farther south and to the west.

But the Chinese sacrifices had not been entirely futile. Resistance here hardened the maturing will of the nation, and made further appeasement by Nanking out of the question. These Northern troops, whom Nanking officials had often told me would never fight, now demonstrated that the Japanese must look elsewhere for their puppets. In succeeding months the 29th Army was almost totally destroyed in battles fought against fearful odds. General Sung Cheh-yuan is now dead, as are most of his commanders.

Some Central Army forces soon began to appear in the North to make good the Generalissimo's promise. On August 13th fighting commenced in Shanghai and a new front developed in a war destined perhaps to decide the fate of the Pacific for the twentieth century.

4

Northern Front

Japan's one course is to beat China to her knees.

Prince Konoye

NEARING Tientsin, I poked up a conversation with some Japanese soldiers on the crowded train, to keep their rifles out of the small of my back. In a jargon of mixed English and Chinese I asked them why they were fighting China. We got along well enough after I invested a package of Camels as a confidence builder. Nobody hates Japanese monopoly tobacco more than the Japanese; it is the line where chauvinism ends. If China had enough American cigarettes she might bribe the entire Japanese rank and file.

"We Japanese are peaceful, but the Chinese keep making trouble for us," said one pink-cheeked lad with jutting teeth.

"The dirty Chinese murdered our people at Tungchow," said another.

"We came to save China from the Communists," explained a third. "Italy and Germany understand Japan, but America and England do not."

An obvious peasant boy said that he had been called up to serve the Emperor. "I am not clear about the cause of the war," he admitted, "but Chiang Kai-shek is always hurting our people, and we are fighting him, not the good Chinese."

An old campaigner from Manchuria, a sergeant, spoke fluent Chinese, and interpreted for some of the others. "We came to teach the Chinese a lesson," he said for himself. "They were getting too bold."

And so on. Their answers were as logical as any I ever heard from official Japanese spokesmen, and they were in earnest about them. The sergeant said foreigners did not know how obstinate the Chinese were; you could never trust them. He illustrated from his own experiences in fighting the guerrillas in Manchuria, while the

others listened with gaping mouths. "You can never tell when a peaceful Chinese will suddenly hit you on the head!" he warned.

It was dark when the train entered Tientsin. I waited for Têng Ying-chao and we had a bad moment passing through the Japanese guards at the station. Or rather I had. Visibly, at least, Ying-chao was not at all perturbed. She dropped her jaw in an imbecile attitude and grinned happily at the sullen Japanese sentries, who, after giving her a cursory examination and spilling the contents of her straw luggage on the floor, made grunting noises indicating that we could proceed.

As we walked down the station platform we saw a dozen young Chinese boys and girls yanked out of line and hurried off to waiting military trucks. Their peasant garb, in contrast with the soft white hands of intellectuals, had aroused Japanese suspicions. I did not breathe easily until we were across the barbed wire barrier, in the British concession and what was in those days still safety. The British authorities had not yet begun bargaining in human lives for their own convenience, as later they were to do when the Japanese demanded the right to extradite Chinese.

Streets of the British and French concessions were festooned with half a million refugees, and all of them seemed bent on boarding the few vessels plying to the "free" South. Deck tickets had been bought up by scalpers, and were selling, when available at all, at piratical rates. But foreigners were allowed to take along, as a privilege of cabin passage, a servant or two in steerage. Through a friend I arranged for Ying-chao to play amah again, to a gentleman she never saw, and she got a deck passage as far as Tsingtao, whence she could travel overland by railways still in Chinese hands.

"How could we Chinese go anywhere if foreigners could get along without servants?" she laughed as I saw her off.

"Never mind," I reminded her, "Pu Yi rode out of Peking in a laundry basket!"[1]

When I next saw Têng Ying-chao, with Chou En-lai again, in Hankow, she was still a servant, but of her own people, as chairman-delegate of the combined women's organizations of the Northwest.

Ten days later I managed to get a passage myself. At the last moment my friend James Bertram decided to go with me. He had

[1] The legend is that Mr. Pu, now the Emperor Kang Teh of puppet Manchukuo, was smuggled to Tientsin with the aid of the ubiquitous General Doihara.

just finished writing *First Act In China*, and was now determined to see the Red Army. Like my wife, he wanted to find out for himself whether its reputation as something new under the Chinese sun was justified. We killed the remaining hours in Tientsin drinking good German beer with I. A. Richards and his wife, and William Empson, the English poet. It was memorable because either Richards or Empson coined a new and now widely popular cognomen for Nipponese, the diminutive "Nip"—which somehow seemed peculiarly appropriate for the Japanese in China as distinguished from those at home.

We reached Shantung on the S.S. *Hoihow*, a British coaster which rode low through the sluggish Yellow Sea, so oversold it even slept passengers on the bridge. The black-haired people were spread around the holds and decks as thick as caviar, and sailors had to part their way through to the winches. Tsingtao, where we landed, had not yet been blockaded by the Japanese fleet, but two-thirds of the population had evacuated and it had the air of an abandoned city. A special municipality governed by Admiral Shen Hung-lieh, who had won his administrative position by changing sides during a civil war, Tsingtao was a rich and lovely prize which the Japanese hoped to take by silver bullets and intrigue. They were to be disappointed.

Shantung province as a whole occupied a somewhat ambiguous position. During the first World War, Japan had captured Tsingtao, then the fortified German colony of Kiaochow, and had later occupied the German-built Tsingtao-Tsinan Railway. She had, as a result of the Washington Conference, and in exchange for concessions granted her under the Nine Power Treaty, been obliged to return the conquest to China. With a heavy financial interest in the railway, an investment of 300 million yen in Tsingtao, and 16,000 nationals in the province, however, Japan had continued to regard Shantung as her sphere of influence. To strengthen it, she paid in millions of yen to provincial officials, against *der Tag* when the army hoped to seize North China.

Nanking controlled the Tsingtao municipality, Mayor Admiral Shen was the Generalissimo's appointee, but the rest of the province was semi-autonomous under its military governor, General Han Fu-chü. When Jim Bertram and I reached Tsinan, the provincial capital, we found odds of two to one offered by foreigners at Stein's, the ancient German hotel, that General Han would do a

puppet act for Japan. The province had nowhere been attacked; Japanese property was carefully protected by Han's special guards; and Japanese planes had, with one exception, paid no visits to Tsinan. It was the exception which confirmed the suspicions of many. The lone Japanese plane dropped not a bomb but a letter to General Han congratulating him on his "neutrality." Han posted the message on the bulletin board, together with a statement of his own allegiance to the Central Government. But it did not convince the sceptics.

Personally, I did not see how Han could betray. Central Army troops were heavily infiltrating his province; even his own army, about 50,000 men, was largely led by officers with Nanking commissions. No doubt the old warlord was really naively hoping that the conflict might end before it reached Shantung. He did not want to provoke an attack, knowing that his army and his power would be the first sacrifices of defense. Like other generals and politicians, he had his own connections with the Japanese; like officials at Nanking, he could always be reached with an offer. That did not make him, as it would have made a general in another country, a traitor. He was simply covering his own political flanks to be sure nobody else outmaneuvered him. In the end it was more because Han was still trying to save his army, especially from disastrous positional war against the Japanese, rather than for outright betrayal, that he was court-martialed and shot by the Generalissimo.

It was an odd fact that now, in mid-September, the Japanese continued to meet on the Northern front only those Chinese troops considered least reliable, and the most poorly armed—the provincials of "doubtful" Hopei, Shansi and Shantung. And yet none of their high commanders turned over to the enemy. Actually, the rank and file of the Northerners suffered terrible casualties in the early months of the war. It became obvious that the Generalissimo intended to use local troops for time-buffers, and behind their interference to preserve and increase a new army more firmly united under his central command. In the end it was not any of the much calumniated "warlords" who betrayed the nation, but, as is invariably the case in Chinese history, gentlemen who call themselves members of the "scholar class"—the Wang Keh-mins, the Liang Hung-chihs and the Kuomintang's golden boy, the "revolutionary," Wang Ching-wei.

With Peking and Tientsin as bases, the Japanese spread fanwise into North China and Inner Mongolia, using China's three northern trunk railways as general routes of advance. One column moved west, along the Peking-Suiyuan line, through historic Nankow pass, toward Chahar and Suiyuan (Inner Mongolia), with Paot'ou, the railhead and gateway to the Gobi Desert, as objective. Another followed the slightly southwesterly course of the Peking-Hankow line, toward Hankow, China's greatest inland city, 600 miles up the Yangtze River from Shanghai. A third drove southward along the Peking-Nanking Railway, toward Shantung, and Hsuchowfu, where it was eventually to unite with the Japanese forces on the Southern front, moving inland from Shanghai.

Opposed by Chinese infantry without aviation and tank support, almost wholly lacking artillery, and with no training or experience whatever in mechanized warfare, the Japanese units rolled down into Hopei and Shansi with relentless speed.[1] Japan's crushing superiority in offensive weapons made suicidal any attempt at prolonged positional battle by the Chinese on the North China plain, yet they had no other tactical plan. Many Chinese died without ever having seen an enemy soldier. The Japanese offensive developed its momentum almost entirely behind airplane and artillery bombardment, and a vanguard of tanks. The advance was a motorized, mechanical break-through. Airplanes located and bombed the first Chinese defense positions, and then moved on to the second line, as artillery promptly took up the bombardment and battered down remaining defense posts, preparatory to the echelon of tanks, which really "occupied" the conquest. Only then did Japanese infantry appear, marching or riding into the shattered Chinese trenches, often without firing a shot, while their planes and artillery were attacking second- and third-line objectives.

As we rode slowly over the Lunghai Line toward Sianfu, across the brown sun-baked plains of Northern Honan, soon to be flooded when the Chinese breached the Yellow River dikes to stop the advancing Yellow Horde, we passed many troop trains enroute to the front. They made a pathetic contrast with the demonstration of military might I had just seen behind Japan's lines farther north. Up there the Japanese were piling in thousands of new American cars, trucks, and tanks, and thousands of gallons of

[1] An advance of 30 kilometers was recorded on several days; the *average* advance in 1937 was 12 kilometers a day, for five months.

American high-octane gasoline. In Tientsin I had seen acres of new Japanese trains, driven down from Manchuria, carrying hundreds of cars full of oil, heavy guns, munitions, choice provisions, and shining new officers' cars. Down here the thin underfed young men rode in open wagons, badly camouflaged with a few twigs against enemy bombers now raiding the line. They carried rifles, machine guns, and little else except an occasional ancient Ford or Chevrolet on the last wagon of a train. China had to get artillery before she could get motor mechanization.

Bertram and I agreed it was just as well that these gray troops could not see, as we had seen, the odds accumulating against them behind the Japanese lines.

Not until the invaders reached into Shansi province, where the mountainous terrain afforded good cover for the defending troops, and motor-mechanized equipment could become a liability rather than an asset, did the Japanese encounter difficulties. Fairly well equipped Central Army divisions began to take part, and some Chinese artillery and even a few airplanes appeared. Here for the first time the Japanese had to cope with the mobile and ingenious tactics of the Chinese Red troops, now reorganized as the Eighth Route Army, following the United Front agreement with Nanking. And here at last, under Communist influence, there began a true mobilization of the people to co-operate with the army, a method which was to provide a prototype, as "mass resistance" became more than a whispered slogan elsewhere. But of this, more later.

By the time we reached the ancient City of Western Peace my curiosity and anxiety had combined to conjure up a dozen Hollywood endings for my wife's adventures under the Red Star. Perhaps she had gone to the guerrilla front? Perhaps she had lost an argument with some bandits? Perhaps she had fallen victim to an air bomb? Any possibility seemed plausible. Once in the Sian Guest House, I could scarcely wait to call the local office of the Eighth Route Army, and probe to the bottom of the mysterious silence. A puzzled look crossed the amiable countenance of Chou, the Guest House manager, when he saw me. "Did you see your wife?" he asked. "She left on the train for Tsingtao about an hour ago."

I had arrived just in time to click an hour too late. But it became plain to the police that they would have to locate the elusive Nym

Wales in order to get me out of town, and they went to work with efficiency. Nym has told[1] of her resignation to an early execution when she was seized and taken from the train under military escort that night at T'ungkuan. Instead, she was led to a telephone booth where at last I heard her voice again. She returned to Sian the same night, and after a day of reunion with the Chinese Reds I left Jim Bertram in their hands and entrained with my invalid for Tsingtao. It may seem trivial to dwell on the fate of one wife in a country where they come in pairs or better, but Nym was the only one I had and the reader may understand my preoccupation. I might have known she would never lose an argument with a mere bandit, but she had fallen victim to something more formidable—the Yenan diet. She had been ill with amoebic dysentery for two months and was down to a pale flicker. She badly needed a hospital, rest, good food, and an escort to lead her to it, and I volunteered for the job.

Next day it seemed to me that there was perhaps a design in the accidental timing of my arrival at Sian. At Hsuchow we got off to change trains, and in the station jammed with refugees, the wandering homeless that I was to see everywhere in war zones for the next two years, I ran into a couple of friends from the North. Hsuchow, they told me, had been heavily attacked; 85 Japanese planes had bombed various cities on the Lunghai and Tsinpu railways. I asked about the wrecked train I had seen not far from the city. It was the Green Express, which had been bombed and strafed the day before; many passengers were killed. Nym would have been on it if I had not called her back from T'ungkuan.

Here also I talked to an officer down from the Tehchow front. He related a strange story, which some infuriated Chinese farmers had told him when they passed through his camp. Everywhere the Japanese went they were crazy for meat: the countryside was plundered of all its pigs and chickens. That part of it the farmers accepted with resignation. But some late arrivals, finding no fowl or pork left, herded in the buffalos from the fields, and ate them alive. They did not bother to kill the animals first, but hung them over an open fire and plunged in with bayonets and swords, slicing off choice cuts of rump, loin and shoulder from the poor beasts who are the Chinese farmer's best friends. The moans of the tortured animals could be heard for miles, but it did not seem to diminish the Japanese appetite.

[1] Nym Wales, *Inside Red China*, N. Y., 1939.

Till then the farmers had stayed with their land. This exhibition convinced them they were dealing with demons, and they fled over the mountains to the Chinese lines. *Yi-ting-pu-shih jen,* they kept repeating, "They are certainly not human."

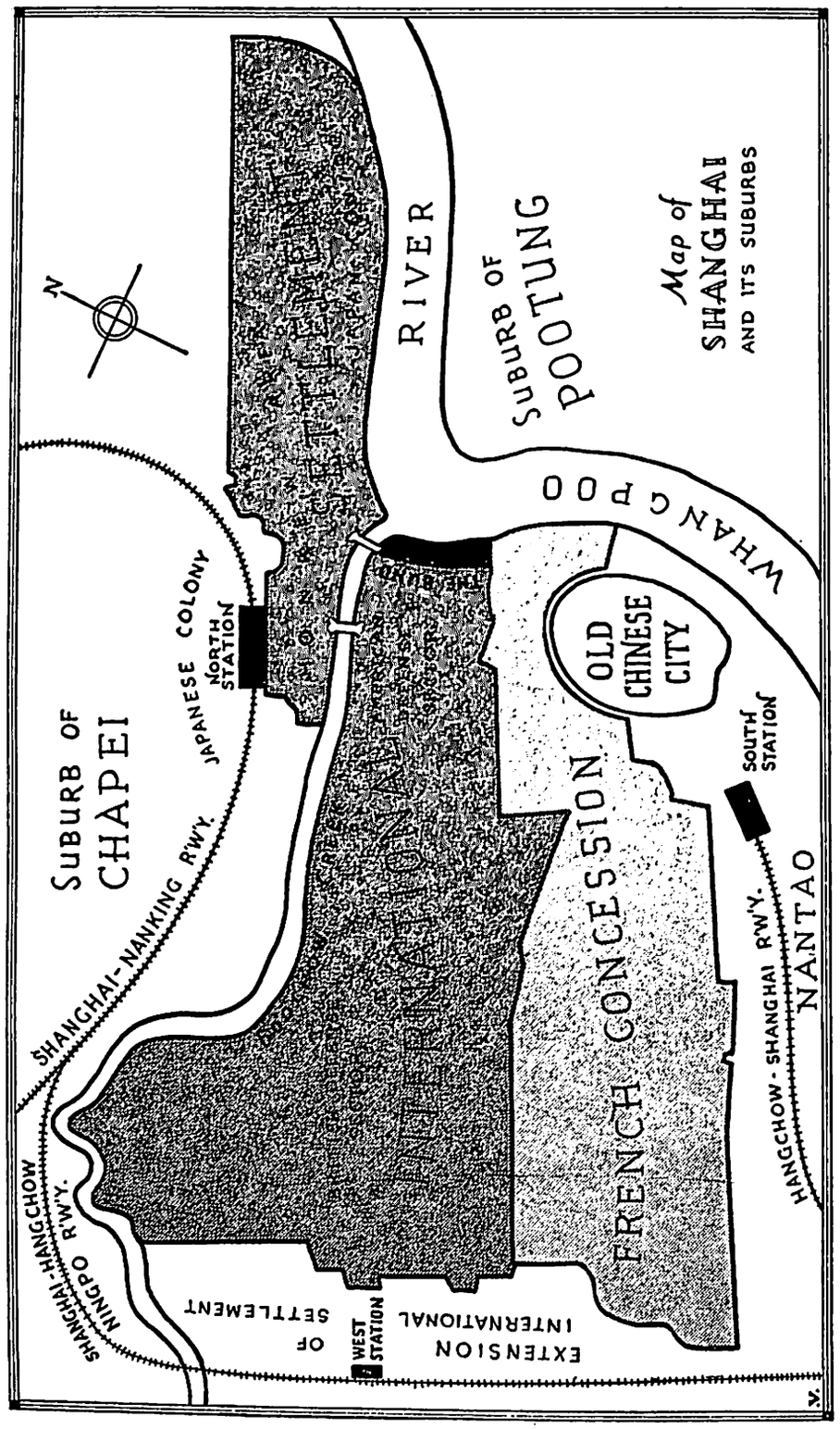
A couple of days later we reached the sea again, and found Tsingtao still ominously quiet. I sent off some dispatches accumulated on my trip, but for ten days could not get a steamer to Shanghai. Fortunately J. B. Powell was covering my assignment for the *Herald*, so I did not worry. It was a welcome interlude in the war. Tsingtao was at its loveliest, golden cloudless days and glorious nights cooled by breezes washed by the sea or drifting down from the scented pines on the hills. The famous white carpet of sand, miles long, and at this season usually crowded with thousands of vacationists, was now our private beach; for three days we never saw another bather. All the cottages were closed and in the stillness that hung over the half-empty city there was a curious expectancy. Daily we were prepared to see a Japanese landing party roll ashore behind each tumbling hedge of surf.

I noticed the Chinese were not moving the valuable Japanese industrial machinery out of the city while there was still time, and the Mayor, Admiral Shen Hung-lieh, evaded explanation when I asked for it. One day the Mayor's secretary confided to me that the Manchurian troops, a regiment of which then surrounded the city, were planning to blow up the Japanese mills at the first sign of Japanese approach. I remained sceptical, but the event confirmed his promise. After I reached Shanghai the Chinese did dynamite and set fire to the Japanese industries before evacuating the city. Losses were about 200 million yen, the biggest demolition inflicted on Japanese property anywhere in China. There was, of course, no excuse for not attempting to remove some of the machines into the interior for Chinese use; but it was a sign of improvement that the Chinese high command at least ordered the destruction of one enemy base. It was the first effective implementation of the much talked about but until then little demonstrated "scorched earth policy."

At last I got a passage, a cot on the captain's bridge. After extracting a promise from my wife that she would go no more a-wandering, and would stay out of Shanghai till the war had passed beyond it, I went on—to the "greatest battle in the history of the Orient."

Part Two

SHANGHAI ENCORE



I

The Invading Army

War is the father of all creation and the mother of civilization.
Japanese War Department

THIS was a war between a nation that had never been defeated and a nation which had never won military victory in modern times.

History's only large-scale invasion of Japan, an armada launched by the mighty Kublai Khan, was repulsed by a typhoon and Japanese prayers, and no attempt had been made since then to land foreign troops on Japanese soil. The Japanese army had won every war in which it engaged a foreign power and the people believed themselves invincible. The Chinese army had been repeatedly humiliated, ever since the Opium Wars in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the psychology of defeat was difficult to overcome.

Yet the modern Japanese army was less than 70 years old. Before 1870 the Japanese had little influence on the continent, while the Chinese had shaped Asiatic history for 2,500 years. Though bearish on the outcome of any single battle, it is a Chinese credo that China must always win in the long run. Hence Japanese confidence of today is exceeded only by the serenity of China's certainty of victory tomorrow.

As recently as 1893, a year before Japan's first war against China, the Japanese annual military budget amounted to only 12 million yen; she now spends about that much every day. Japan won her first victory with imported rifles and cannon. A decade later she was making her own small arms, but she defeated Russia in imported warships, which old Togo brilliantly maneuvered to outwit the Czarist fleet. By the time of World War I, Japan had developed a considerable munitions industry, founded on her two great military successes. Victory over the Germans at Tsingtao gave her a third consecutive win.

Before the Meiji Restoration, and the abolition of the feudal caste system, only the samurai, the warrior knights, could bear arms. The reformation abolished the caste system and the army, becoming a national institution, drew upon the whole people for its recruits. Conscription was introduced; military training became universal. The army retained, as we shall see further on, many of its feudal characteristics, and indeed proudly glorified them as part of the samurai tradition; but technically it imported the best it could get from abroad. Influenced by Moltke and the German army's great victory at Sedan, the Japanese invited German militarists to come to Tokyo and teach them all they knew about the training of conscripts, the weapons of war, and strategy and tactics. Since then Prussian militarism has been the ideal of Japanese officers and the textbook of the army—down to the latest Nazi exploits it can copy.

But the Japanese army enjoyed from the first an independent authority which the old Prussian army, and especially the Reichswehr under Hitler, might well envy. Abolition of the feudal clans left the army and navy to be shaped under the Choshu and Satsuma samurai, and responsible to no one but the Emperor. In practice, often, the two branches of national defense were accountable only to themselves; in both theory and practice the Emperor alone could give them orders. Through victories in three wars crowded into 23 years the army and navy contributed to the development of modern Japan an accumulation of capital and industrial wealth, an empire, and the status of a world power. Then followed the only period in which the supremacy of the military authority in this samurai state can be said to have been seriously challenged by the Constitutional power of popular political parties.

Struggle between the enfranchised people and the military forces became acute after Japan's adherence to the Washington Nine Power Treaty in 1922, which gave the Empire naval predominance in the Far East, and guaranteed security. Strong popular pressure soon forced drastic retrenchments in defense expenditure, a disarmament program for the army, and the consequent curtailment of the political influence of the services and its aristocratic allies in the bureaucracy. Defense costs were slashed to less than 200 million yen annually; the standing army was reduced to about 250,000 men. Thousands of disgusted officers were retired. The conscription system was greatly modified and the training period reduced to less than two years.

Among the Japanese masses demands for internal reforms were linked with anti-militarist, anti-imperialist movements, which challenged the sacredness of the army, and wanted it subordinated to Constitutional authority. Significant of the new trend, a Japanese Cabinet in 1930 negotiated the London Naval Treaty against the strong opposition of the fighting forces. Still worse, a Japanese civilian diplomat daringly put his signature to the Treaty, in proxy for the Emperor. The army and navy were outraged. Japan seemed near a revolution in which all the old feudal privileges might be swept away, and a democratic state emerge.

This era abruptly ended in 1931. Rising resentment among military and naval officers plus a complex of socio-economic factors, resulted in the Mukden Incident. Plotted by radical younger officers in the army, encouraged by their dissatisfied allies in the bureaucracy, the invasion of Manchuria was undertaken to recover military control of Japan as much as to check Chinese nationalism. A "bloodless victory" (almost), it proved a great success, and army prestige rose once more. Having launched the nation in war, in defiance of Japan's international obligations, the army rapidly consolidated power at home. Destroying bit by bit the remaining bases of previous policy, it embarked the Japanese people on its own program of "continuous expansion." In theory "above politics," like the Emperor, the army became in fact Japan's supreme political party, its generals the nation's political bosses.

Army politics are a mirror of socio-economic contradictions within Japanese society. A monolithic organization headed by the Emperor, theoretically no "opposition" can exist within it. Actually it is honeycombed with cliques, each having its own military, political and economic ambitions, its own liaison with social movements, capital and industry, and its own "national program." Sometimes rivalries between groups break out in open revolt, as in the mutiny of February, 1936, when army cadets murdered three members of the Japanese Cabinet and forced a Government reorganization. Usually they are solved by compromise and a reshuffle of political office and rich spoils that go with it in Japan. Because the war minister must always be a general in active service, the intrigue begins at the top and permeates the whole service.

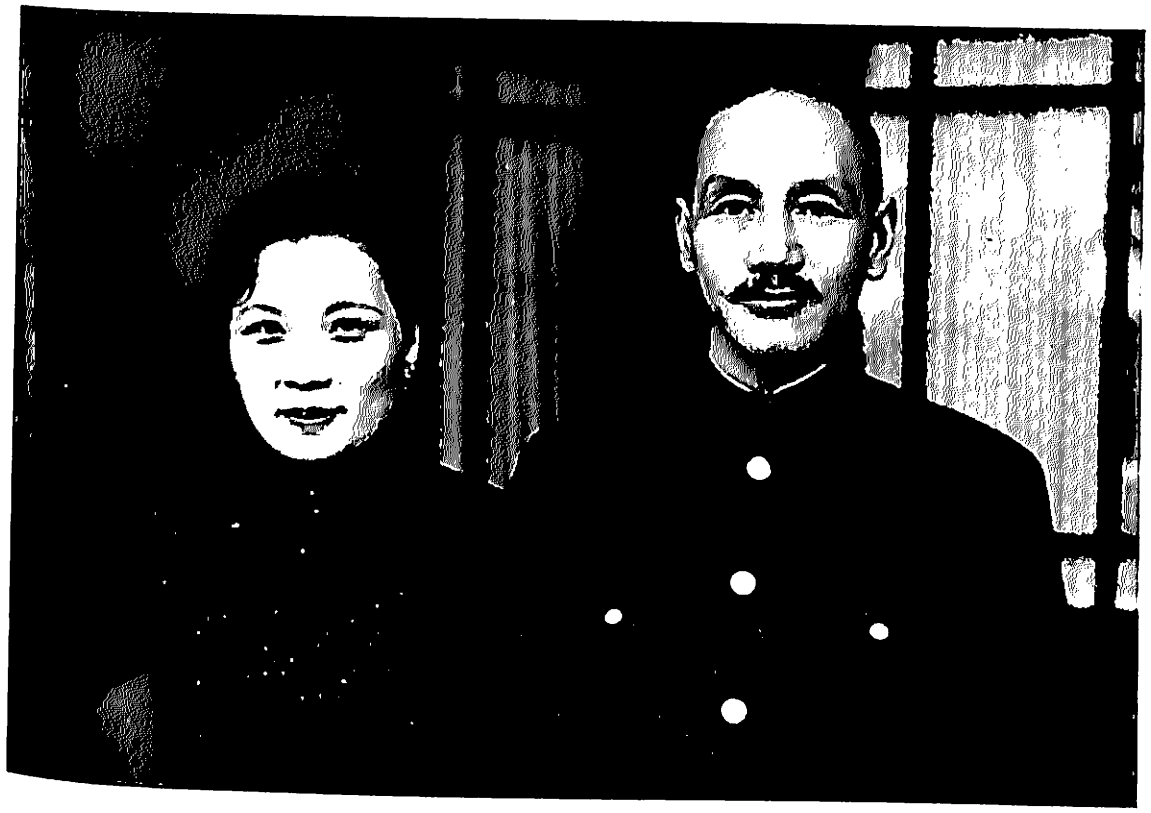
Working closely with the army, yet in rivalry with it also, Japan's leading finance and monopoly capitalists are deeply involved in army politics. In no country has the development of capitalism been

more intimately linked with war. Japanese industry had its beginnings in the first war with China, and subsequent spurts of development in each case coincided with imperialist expansion. The victory over Russia was followed by rapid growth of armament industry, ship-building, communications, mining and transport. In World War I Japan made enormous profits and, in relation to China, became a creditor nation. Because Japan had never known military defeat, war and prosperity were more of an equation in Japanese thinking than among disillusioned capitalists elsewhere.

In Manchuria the army went into business on a huge scale. It took over direct management of many industries and state enterprises. Officers detailed to such positions often became wealthy almost overnight. A post in the Gendarmery or the Special Service Section, which control most army business, was considered by the Japanese a guaranty of financial success. Although the annual salary of a Japanese general is less than U.S. $2,000, rare is one who retires from the Gendarmery or the Special Service Section with a fortune computable in less than five figures.

Kwantung Army men like Umedzu, Koiso, Okamura, Itagaki, and Doihara, who, when I first met them during or a little after the Manchurian campaign, were considered poor and impeccably honest fellows idealistically devoted to the national cause, are today rich generals with extensive financial interests. Scores of young officers, who a few years ago were engaged in dutifully clicking their heels in the Kwantung Army or the North China Command, suddenly blossomed out as financial experts, economic experts, mining experts, political experts, or just China experts. Nobody would have thought of seeking their advice formerly, but now it is amazing how many banks, industries and various enterprises cannot get along without their valuable intellects on their boards of directors.

At the same time, after the Manchurian occupation, a strong demand for army "reform" arose among discontented lower officers, encouraged by army groups with political ends of their own. The reform movement found one logical expression in the Anti-Comintern Pact, a useful ideological instrument with which to purge Japan of its "dangerous thoughts." In its endless chain of pamphlets the army instructed the nation on a wide variety of topics: economics, politics, art, science, philosophy, even family life. The trend was toward fascism of a type made especially complex



MADAME AND GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK

CHU TEH

TYPICAL CHINESE SOLDIER

ARCHITECT OF A NEW ORDER

U S MARINES ON GUARD IN SHANGHAI INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT

because of the army's unique tie-up with monopoly, finance, and state capitalism.

Army literature, required reading for every soldier, now attacked corrupt politicians, capitalism, parliamentary government, foreign imperialism, Chinese nationalism, and—international Jewry.[1] It advocated military totalitarianism under euphemisms such as "army socialism," "state-ism," "state socialism," and so on. But to three-yen-a-month Japanese conscripts, the rebellious but politically naive peasant boys, such army demagogy had a distinct, if befuddling appeal, especially when idealized as part of Japan's divine—peaceful—civilizing—mission in East Asia.

Increase followed increase in military forays on the budget. By 1936, when, in preparation for the China Incident, the army "replenishment program" was sanctioned by a submissive Diet, defense expenditures alone amounted to more than the entire state revenues. Most of this money went into enlargement of the munitions and war industry, in an attempt to put the Japanese army on a par with the new mechanized forces of Europe. By the middle of 1937 Japan had not, however, achieved even as much self-sufficiency as Italy. For example, her factories could then make only 3,000 tanks and 4,000 motor cars a year, and that seemed to the Japanese a miracle. But Japan was still largely dependent on America and Europe for transport, and for many finished war weapons, particularly airplanes. The speediest planes Japan had were German, French and American makes. No all-Japan-made bomber appeared until June, 1937, when Japan had less than 2,000 war planes, all told.

But in the course of four years of war the Japanese were to reorganize their economy completely and to mobilize the entire resources of the nation and its colonies to build a powerful modern armament industry. For this purpose they needed, and received, the technical assistance of Europe and America. They needed particularly American engineering and mechanical skill and American plans and they needed our fine steels and alloys and the secrets of the processes by which to make them. Most experts agree that had this assistance, and the raw materials of war, particularly iron and steel scrap and aviation gasoline (of which we supplied Japan about 90 percent of her imports) been denied the aggressor in the early

[1] The army's anti-Semitism seems absurd because Japan had no Jews. But it was useful in Manchuria, where an army pogrom against White Russian Jews succeeded, by one device or another, in depriving them of most of their wealth and property.

months, or even in the second year of the war, and had the British and French likewise withheld what war-making aid they had for export, Japan's machine would by now be very gravely crippled if not completely immobilized.

The Japanese army at the start of the war had, of course, considerable reserves to draw upon, and it enjoyed wide superiority over the Chinese. By July, 1937, the General Staff had at its disposal a standing army increased to about 750,000 men, with trained reserves of nearly two million. Total man power of military age in Japan was approximately 11 million. It had to be reckoned that if the Powers continued to reinforce Japan's war economy the High Command would eventually be able, by the substitution of female labor in some munitions industries and the mobilization of Chinese and Koreans for "rice labor" and police duties, to put as many as six or possibly seven million men under arms in a supreme emergency.

In equipment the original invading forces were overwhelmingly superior to even Chiang Kai-shek's first-line divisions. Divisional armament consisted of 615 machine guns and the following artillery: 24 each of 37 mm guns, 70 mm howitzers, 70 mm field guns, and anti-tank guns; twelve 105 mm howitzers, and four anti-aircraft guns. Twenty-five divisions were already so armed at the outbreak of war. And by the end of 1937 over half of them were in China. Each division had, of course, its own tank detachments and motorization, but no real "armored" division appeared.

The army's supreme confidence in this improved equipment and its psychology of "invincibility" explained its wide-front offensives and indeed determined the whole strategic pattern of the war. Japanese generals depended on an initial massive demonstration of material to break the heart of China's resistance at the outset. In the main their strategy followed that of the Germans at Sedan. They dreamed of a Cannae or a "three months" war. Their concept was a quick decision won by rapid encirclement of China's main forces in a "conclusive battle" in the East.

Aside from the remote possibility of foreign intervention, Japan had but one serious risk to take in pursuing this strategy. If a deep headlong penetration succeeded only in dispersal, but not in conquest of the main Chinese forces, Japan might win the great fixed battles, but fail to secure a political decision, the final judgment in all wars. The danger can be stated in this way: undue prolongation

of the hostilities might enable China to learn to utilize her only two strategic assets—superior numbers and extensive space—in such a manner as to deny to the invading forces the economic and political exploitation of their military victory, and even to immobilize Japan as a serious contender for world power.

I do not think the Japanese altogether ignored that possibility,[1] but they heavily discounted Chinese capacity to organize their numbers and space in an effective military way.

Was this overconfidence, or realistic estimate of China's weakness?

[1] General Hayashi, for example, warned the nation of this danger, and openly expressed doubt of a "quick victory." *King*, Tokyo, July, 1938.

2

Notes on the Defense

Look at the map and note the smallness of Japan compared to China. Can anyone doubt that we shall triumph?

Chiang Kai-shek

THE above remark, which the Generalissimo made to me not long after the war began, embodied a principle of faith which became the basis of his conduct of resistance. General Chen Cheng later described it to me as a "strategy of trading space for time." Typically Chinese in its ambiguity, it might better be called a theory rather than a strategy: the theory of the limitless rear.

Though no match for the military strength of Japan in 1937, the Chinese army was the largest and most powerful that country had ever possessed. Japan's army of 1895 would have had small chance against it. Probably it would have been able to defeat the army with which Japan won her victory over the Russians. Considering its brief history, this was no inconsiderable achievement.

China did not get started as a modern power until 40 years after Japan. The ultra-conservative and degenerate Manchu Dynasty was overthrown only in 1911, and the Republic inherited from it little of military value. In its last years the Dynasty did open a few military schools, however, staffed chiefly by Japanese officers, and in these the older generation of Chinese military leaders got their early training. In those days Japanese policy was to train young Chinese to help build up a Pan-Asiatic empire. Today, nearly all their students are fighting the Imperial Army. One of them is Chiang Kai-shek. The only formal military training he received was from Japanese in the Manchu military schools, and later on in the Tokyo war college.

For a decade after the collapse of the Dynasty, China's armed forces remained divided between semi-feudal warlords, who hired

soldiers to be loyal not to the country as a whole but to themselves as individuals. It was not till Sun Yat-sen founded the Whampoa Academy at Canton, in 1924, that a basis was laid for a real national army. At Whampoa both Kuomintang and Communist youths were trained as officers of the Nationalist Army, which eventually overthrew most of the old warlords. Chiang Kai-shek was its first president. For advisers he had Soviet Russians headed by General Bluecher. These officers, loaned to China as a result of Sun Yat-sen's *entente* with Moscow, created for the first time an army indoctrinated by a political faith—the Nationalist Revolution. After the Communist-Kuomintang split in 1927, and the founding of the anti-Communist government, the Generalissimo established, as successor to Whampoa, the Nanking Military Academy. And the Communists, in their little Soviet Republic, operated their own Red Army Military Academy in rivalry to it. These two institutions, and provincial military schools here and there, turned out the officers who led Chinese troops at the outbreak of the present war.

The influence of German military genius was on the Chinese, as well as the Japanese, side of the line. The Generalissimo first hired a German adviser, Colonel Bauer, and he was followed by a number of others. By 1937 the German military mission, headed by General Alexander von Falkenhausen, numbered over 100 officers. It was under their tutelage that most of the younger officers of the most modern section of Chiang Kai-shek's army were trained. In addition to the Nanking Military Academy, the Government established schools for specialists in artillery, tank and chemical warfare. The pattern of training laid down was, from a technical standpoint, considered quite good. It had been in use less than a decade, however, when war came.

China had a standing army of 1,800,000 men to meet Japan, but they were troops of widely varying training and equipment. Chiang Kai-shek's "own," the German-trained troops led by Whampoa or Nanking cadets, numbered only 300,000. These were the nucleus around which Chiang grouped about 80 divisions, of miscellaneous training and equipment, which he called the Central Army. Then there were the Kwangsi troops, under Generals Pai Tsung-hsi and Li Tsung-jen who, since 1927, had run their own little political and military show in the Southeast. They numbered about 300,000 men and were considered as good as Chiang's model divisions. Finally, the Communist troops in the Northwest had excellent

fighting morale and skilled tactical leadership, but their equipment was poorer than even many provincial armies. The remainder of China's forces were regional troops never fully assimilated under the central command, with training and equipment ranging from the mediocre to the extremely poor. Though without exception every army in the country now recognized Chiang Kai-shek as commander-in-chief, regional characteristics persisted, and in many cases there was no staff liaison to implement co-operation.

The Chinese were armed with heavy and light machine guns, automatic rifles and trench mortars. Chiang Kai-shek's German-trained divisions had light and heavy artillery and howitzers in proportions of about one to four, and machine guns in a ratio of one to three, against Japanese divisions. The Central Army as a whole had only meager artillery and most of the provincial troops had only light howitzers and trench mortars. The average Chinese division probably had no more than 100 machine guns. There were a few anti-tank guns in the well-equipped First Army. Other units had neither anti-tank nor anti-aircraft guns. Tanks themselves numbered less than 50 and their crews were poorly trained.

China's facilities for replenishment of war materials were very limited. All arsenals combined, for example, could produce only 200 machine guns a month and about 3,000 rifles, so that even most small arms were imported. China could not make satisfactory artillery munitions or air bombs. Trench mortars were turned out in large numbers, and this was one of the few modern weapons in the use of which most Chinese divisions were fairly proficient. In rifle ammunition, as well as trench mortar munitions, the country was approaching self-sufficiency for its standing army.

Lack of standardized purchasing in other respects resulted in enormously complicating problems of supply. Automatic rifles, machine guns and artillery were of every known make, and ammunition produced or imported for one weapon would not fit another. New guns often became useless when the source of their ammunition was cut off. The same was true of airplanes. Student pilots were shifted from plane to plane and from one set of instructors to another in a wasteful and unsystematic way. Every time a high government official went abroad he brought back a new batch of airplanes. Purchases were made here, there, and everywhere, like shopping for new bonnets. Many defective ships were accumulated, China being especially badly stung by the Italians. The result was

that when war came the Generalissimo discovered that his air fleet, which had boasted of close to a thousand battle planes, actually had less than 150 ready for action. The worst feature of this international flying circus was that China had no servicing industry which could maintain it. Many planes became useless after only minor mishaps because of poor facilities for repair.

Lack of centralized organization, scanty equipment, inadequate war bases and severe technical inferiority necessitated the practice of the utmost economy in the use of war material. This dictated that whenever possible China should avoid pitched battles and positional warfare requiring heavy expenditure of munitions. It was clear that the Chinese command could not hope to outmatch Japan in any supreme struggle of arms for vital points and lines. Somewhere it had to find a strategic asset to reinforce the main effort of the regular troops. This asset could only lie, as already remarked, among the millions of people and the physical space which they inhabited. Numbers and space alone could not win; but if integrated in national mobilization they could deny the enemy effective control of the state.

So China's most realistic war aim should have been not to win formal military victory, but to render useless the enemy's sacrifices in attaining his own victory. This required a strategy envisaging (1) utmost prolongation of the war, by preserving the main forces and their equipment, and drawing the enemy inland; (2) rapid development of mobile, maneuvering and guerrilla warfare on the enemy flanks and rear, while fighting delaying actions on the main front; (3) denial to the enemy of economically self-sustaining bases in the occupied areas, by the revolutionary political and military organization of total mass resistance.

"Mass mobilization," a phrase which must occur often in any book discussing the war in China, was the basic imperative necessity in order to realize those aims. China had 400 million people, but at the outbreak of the war not one percent of them could be mobilized because, during the previous decade, the Government had failed to organize, train and lead the rural masses. Though smaller in total numbers than the Chinese, a far greater percentage of the Japanese were mobilized in the war effort. *Contrary to popular belief, therefore, the advantage of numbers was at the beginning of the war on the side of Japan.* If Japan pacified the big areas invaded she would soon have on her side the asset of China's space as well.

In the Northern provinces the Japanese troops concentrated, as could have been foreseen, at key points, cities, railways and roads, and expanded their garrison zones only very slowly into the interior. Beyond their bayonets were thousands of villages where dwelt the great bulk of the population, which Japan could not attempt to subjugate until the great offensives were concluded. Here in these "islands" or "gaps" the rural millions could be organized, trained, and armed, to provide powerful allies for the main Chinese forces. Here was the home of guerrilla and mobile warfare, where Japanese victory or defeat would be finally *decided*.

"In effect," as Nathaniel Peffer shrewdly observed, "the question on the Chinese side can be reduced to this: How effectively can all of China's military forces employ the method of fighting used by the Chinese Communists between 1930 and 1936?"

Everything pointed to the necessity for a strategy envisaging the rapid transformation of the mercenary army into a revolutionary people's army, the widest use of mobile offensive tactics co-ordinated with a shallow and inexpensive positional defense, and the development of maximum civilian co-operation with the military organizations. But the High Command was not to recognize this until painfully late in the war. Instead it continued to participate in a hopelessly uneven contest of fire power in the defense of points, and to regard mobile warfare, which developed largely under the leadership of the Communists, as a kind of necessary evil.

The prolonged sacrifices at Shanghai, involving a frightful waste of trained men and munitions, almost wrecked China's organized resistance at the outset. But it perhaps had certain political justifications. It had some psychological value; it helped to strengthen national self-confidence. It may have been reasonable also to hope, as the Generalissimo probably did, that by keeping the struggle on the doorstep of Shanghai's International Settlement, some incident might entangle Japan in a serious complication with the foreign powers and perhaps lead to intervention. If, in addition, the time gained had been used to move irreplaceable industrial plant and skilled workers to interior points, to hasten mass mobilization in the villages of the interior, and otherwise to prepare hinterland bases for the mobile forces on which the main burden of defense of the Eastern provinces clearly would soon descend, the battle might have been worth its heavy costs.

But such was not the case, as we shall see farther on.

3

Memoir of a Battle

Shanghai: this political ulcer on the face of China.

John Gunther

We crept up the Whangpoo to Shanghai, at the end of September, passing a row of Japanese warships belching the fury of their guns at the unseen gray lines beyond, while overhead squadrons of planes ferried their shining death across burning Chapei and Kiangwan.

It all gave me an odd this-is-where-I-came-in feeling, for a little over five years earlier I had attended the dress rehearsal, when this same battle occurred on this same ground. Though on a larger scale, it was '32 again and nobody could doubt the denouement. How swiftly the emulsion of memory fades away, as new images of horror erase the old: great battles in which thousands of men are torn apart are forgotten as easily as last year's Olympics. In 1937 most of Shanghai had forgotten the battle of '32. Today it has almost forgotten the encore of '37. One battle in a war of a thousand battles loses significance; in my own mind one blurs and telescopes into the next.

And yet while it lasted it was the world's greatest show, and even in retrospect its drama was unique in a way not even Hitler's blitzkriegs could duplicate. Nowhere else is a great metropolis likely again to have a ringside seat at a killing contest involving nearly a million men. It was as though Verdun had happened on the Seine, in full view of a Right Bank Paris that was neutral; as though a Gettysburg were fought in Harlem, while the rest of Manhattan remained a non-belligerent observer.

There were, as everybody knows, two Shanghais: a foreign-ruled city, made up of the few thousand acres of the French Concession and the International Settlement, taken from China nearly a century ago; and Chinese-governed Greater Shanghai, which included

the old walled city area, and the big sections of Chapei, Kiangwan, Nantao, and Pootung. Of Shanghai's three million population, more than a third, including nearly 60,000 Europeans and 4,000 Americans, dwelt in the foreign concessions.

Japanese troops occupied Yangtzepoo and Hongkew, a big sector of the International Settlement north of Soochow Creek, which became their base of operations against the Chinese, just as in 1932. South of the Creek, and elsewhere in the Settlement and French concession, borders were guarded by British, French, Italian and American troops. And out on the Whangpoo River, lined up before the fragment of the Bund that was still neutral, were American and European warships, interestedly watching the efforts of the Japanese navy, only a few score yards downstream, to pound the Chinese from positions to which they steadily clung for three months.

Battle entirely encompassed this tiny international "state," but it managed for the most part to remain a bystander. Sometimes shells whistled overhead and sometimes one dropped inside the boundaries and people were killed or hurt. Japanese fired anti-aircraft guns across the Settlement and occasional splinters fell on the Bund. Once a sailor was struck on board the American flagship *Augusta*, and once a Chinese or Japanese shell burst in a department store and killed 600 people. At the very beginning of the battle some Chinese planes accidentally bombed huge crowds gathered in the streets to watch the spectacle and over 2,000 people were killed or injured. It remains, as far as I know, a record harvest for two bombs. But for the most part international Shanghai—which will yet be the scene of war between Japan and the West—went on trying to live its usual abnormal life.

For a war correspondent the first Shanghai battle was, from a technical standpoint, the perfect story, and could have happened again only in Shanghai. Nothing could have been better arranged for the scribbler's convenience. Armed with the proper passes, you could go out in the morning behind the Chinese lines, to get your "eyewitnesser" of what was happening. Then you could drive back through the Settlement and down to the Japanese front in the afternoon. If you wanted to be really thorough you could rush back in time for both Japanese and Chinese press conferences, and get the official hand-outs. The best part of it was that you could then sit down in neutral territory and hammer out your own uncensored

dispatch and go to bed with your conscience (if not your stomach) intact. It was the only war I know of in which three-dimensional reporting was possible. And though the same stunt was not so easy in '37, because a lot more stuff was flying about in the air, it could still be done.

In no other modern war have correspondents and camera men had such freedom of movement. It was limited behind the Japanese lines, once the army moved into the interior, but on the Chinese side you could get into the front lines with little difficulty. The Chinese, anxious not to offend any foreigner, were never quite sure that extraterritoriality did not include the right to expose a foreign neck at the owner's risk, and a little persuasion usually prevailed. The Chinese soldiers tended to look upon most Europeans and Americans as their allies (God knows why) and worried very little about Fifth Columnists. Considering this freedom, and the amount of rivalry between special correspondents whose papers were always clamoring for eyewitness stories or personal exploits, it is surprising that young Pembroke Stephens, of the London *Daily Telegraph*, was the only one of us killed during the Shanghai battle.

It was this kind of battle. One day at a Chinese press conference Eric Nystrom, a Swedish correspondent who arrived from Peking in the last days of Chapei, asked Mayor O. K. Yu where the new Chinese front was located. Mayor Yu pointed to his huge map stuck full of pins.

"The end of our line is just west of the railway, beyond Jessfield Park," he explained.

"Umm," ruminated the thrifty Swede, "I tank I yust take the Yessfield buss out to the front tomorrow." And he did.

People stood on their apartment roofs and watched Japanese dive bombers, right before their eyes, emptying tons of bombs on the Chinese trenches hidden beyond the horizon of tile and masonry. Guests at the swank Park Hotel, on the security of Bubbling Well Road, could gaze out through the spacious glass facade of its top-story dining room, while contentedly sipping their demitasse, and check up on the marksmanship of the Japanese batteries.

Foreign military observers at Shanghai also had a never-paralleled opportunity to witness both sides of the battle, with a box seat at naval gunnery operations as well. Though the outcome of the engagement was never in doubt, it was full of surprises, and taught

some new lessons in the art of butchery. Many an observer here revised his estimate of Japan as a military power, and for the first time some began to believe in the possibility of an ultimate Chinese victory.

It is debatable whether Japan did not commit a major strategic error in attacking Shanghai at the time chosen. It was certainly a military mistake if "quick victory" in North China was the main objective, for the Shanghai battle divided the Japanese forces, greatly expanded the scope of hostilities, slowed down subsequent efforts to consolidate, and strengthened the political unity and determination of China. As a piece of political strategy, the move was a characteristic Japanese blunder. In and around Shanghai and the lower Yangtze Valley were concentrated all those wavering and indecisive elements in China's ruling circles which had repeatedly played a role of betrayal in the national revolutionary movement, in collaboration with foreign capital. Perhaps the main reason why Japan failed to secure an early submission from this group in China's political forces was that at the outset of war she smashed their interests so decisively as to weaken their influence in the Government and to remove the material basis which might otherwise have prompted them to make a compromise at the expense of the North.

Japan might have done better to withdraw from Shanghai temporarily, leaving her interests there in care of the Foreign Powers, who could thus have been only too easily lured into a position placing them on the political defensive against China. Japan could then have concentrated her attention on a thorough clean-up in the North, after which she could have threatened invasion of the Yangtze Valley, and, perhaps, with internal and foreign help, have forced Nanking to negotiate a truce. But the arrival of Nanking troops in the vicinity of Shanghai early in August was a challenge which the Japanese were too proud to ignore, or perhaps more fundamentally the contradictory character of Japanese imperialism made it necessary to obliterate at once the bases of the compromise which politically it needed to preserve. At any rate, as Japanese landing forces were increased inside the Settlement and Chinese reinforcements were brought up to face them along the Chapei border, it became evident that a clash was unavoidable.

In the first days of battle the Chinese exhibited an ardor and military skill which most people had not believed they possessed.

In the face of pointblank gunfire from naval vessels ranged along the Whangpoo, they drove the Japanese back through the Settlement almost into the river. For a week the invading troops were in danger of complete annihilation. Japanese rescue work was impeded by the fact that it was impossible to outmaneuver the Chinese right flank, which pivoted on the neutral Settlement. Reinforcements had to be landed to the north, along a 20-mile front between Woosung and Liuho, on the Yangtze River. These landing operations revealed what some observers considered one of the signs of Japan's weakness as a military power.

Against Chinese troops protected only by hastily erected defense works, it took the Japanese nearly a week to put ashore a landing party, under the protection of a dozen warships and virtually uncontested air support. Even after having built up this new flank at Liuho, and having assembled sufficient forces to launch an offensive from it, the Japanese were unable to make any important progress for weeks. Only after two months of steady shelling from naval guns and artillery did they break through the Chinese lines in such a manner as finally to force a Chinese withdrawal of their right flank from Chapei.

All this indicated to Western military observers that the "offensive spirit" of the Japanese infantry was not, when faced with a determined and courageous foe, on even roughly equal terms, nearly as formidable as widely advertised—an observation further strengthened in Japan's subsequent disastrous "trial battles" with Russia at Changkufeng and on the Outer Mongolian frontier. It became notable at Shanghai especially after the Japanese, having broken the Chinese right flank and forced it far back to the south of Soochow Creek, west of the Settlement, failed to exhibit the initiative necessary to convert Chinese retreat into a rout. Instead, they advanced so cautiously that the Chinese were given ample time to build up new positions, compelling the Japanese to launch a further prolonged barrage and a new offensive.

In the North, where they met troops with extremely inferior equipment, and few modern defenses, the Japanese tank advance following the artillery often routed the Chinese, so that the infantry occupied the conquest with small loss. At Shanghai, however, where over half a million troops included some of China's best divisions, the artillery barrage failed to dislodge the defenders, and the tank advance was repulsed again and again. Artillery was rarely co-

ordinated with tanks and was used as a moving screen for an infantry advance only once or twice.

Marksmanship of both artillery and air bombing was ineffective in another duty, foreign observers noted. It failed to interdict roads leading into front-line positions. Until a few days before the end of the battle, the Chinese were still using motor transport close to their advanced positions, although with about 500 planes in the air between Shanghai and Nanking, and practically no opposition, the Japanese had every opportunity to decommission them.

Yet the tremendous preponderance of fire power, even when often wastefully employed in bombing noncombatant villages and machine-gunning helpless refugees, inevitably told its story, as one Chinese position after another was demolished. Thousands of tons of steel, from the air, from artillery, and from naval cannon, rained down on Chapei, which military experts said received the heaviest concentration of fire ever laid on one piece of earth, and Chinese losses mounted at a rate which it was obvious could not long be sustained.

The calm heroism of the Chinese troops under this terrible bombardment was a moving and almost incredible thing to see. An absence of nerves, and a sense of fatalism when once exposed to death, are assets in Chinese troops which it is doubtful if any Western race possesses. I remember being impressed by this apparent complete indifference to death when one day I was caught for what seemed eternity under a relay of Japanese bombers. I was with Major Evans F. Carlson, then assistant American naval attaché, behind the Chinese front south of Soochow Creek, where we had gone reconnoitring to locate the new Chinese line.

We were walking along in the direction of Rubicon (yes, *Rubicon*) when we passed a battery of Chinese howitzers which, under cover of some trees, was shelling the Japanese to the north. Suddenly a squadron of Japanese planes roared overhead and unloaded near the battery. We moved off down the road at double-quick, but had barely time to flatten near a ruined house before another salvo dropped—exactly where we had been standing. Picking ourselves up, we repeated the process; and looking back a third time we saw a load of explosives hit just beside the house where we had flopped a moment earlier. The same thing happened several times; the Japanese were bombing on a line devoid of objectives but right behind our flight, all the way. We were expecting the planes

to machine-gun us any moment when, unable to run any farther, we came to a small stream, and sliding down the bank lay clinging to the small shelter it afforded.

Another squadron came, but passed beyond us, and peering up from the bank I saw them drop their bombs in a cluster of trees a little distance away. Succeeding planes flew farther into the west, so we crept into the field again, feeling we had had a miraculous delivery. Then I saw a young sentry, probably not more than 16, get up from behind a tomb in the trees, adjusting his helmet and recovering his rifle which he had lost when knocked down in the bombing. He resumed his post and greeted us cheerfully when we came up. Talking to him, I learned that he had, the night before, been in a dugout in the front line with 17 other soldiers when a bomb struck them and killed everybody but himself. His coolness and self-possession at this moment, without a comrade or officer in sight, struck me only afterward as amazing.

By early November, Chinese casualties had piled up to over 150,000 and the cost of the defense was evident in Nanking's dwindling first-line reserves. Some of China's best divisions were decimated and an enormous amount of material had been sacrificed. Belatedly the Chinese attempted to prepare a strong secondary position in the half-finished concrete defense line which, 80 miles east of Shanghai, stretched from the Yangtze southward through Soochow to Hangchow. But before reinforcements could be brought up to hold the line the Japanese succeeded in making their landing on Hangchow Bay, which ended the battle. Driving inland swiftly from the Bay, they penetrated to Sunkiang and Minghong, behind the Chinese right flank, compelling the defending forces to begin a general retreat on November 9th. At this point the Japanese, as is their custom following a victory, hoisted a captive balloon high above Chapei with a long streamer of self-laudatory characters dangling down from it; and but one thing happened that day to relieve an atmosphere of otherwise unmixed gloom. Christine Diemer, *Reuters'* girl reporter, saw the balloon hovering above the fire and smoke and dashed excitedly from her perch on top of the Cable Building to send off a dispatch to London, about the new secret weapon of the Japanese—the "floating bomb."

For two days, however, the Chinese rear guard held on to Nantao, a section of the Chinese city south of the French Concession, and here we watched the end of the drama. Never again, I think, will

it be possible for any mere spectator to get such a close-up but wide-angled view of a battle in progress, as we got of the last stand of the defenders of Nantao. Only a ribbon of 50 feet of sluggish Siccawei Creek, which formed the boundary between the French Concession and Chinese territory, separated us from the battlefield. I climbed up to the rickety balcony of a Chinese lodging, which fronted on the Creek, to join a half dozen camera men who must have got the most complete movies of a battle ever filmed outside a Hollywood movie set. I never saw them on the screen, but I can imagine blasé audiences in America convincing themselves it was all done with mirrors.

Down to the right of the Creek we saw the Japanese moving up cautiously, from cover to cover, behind their tanks which only ran a few feet and then stopped, filled the air with a stuttering fire, and retreated. Opposite us, close enough to hit with a ball, a Chinese machine gun spat out of a square mouth in a concrete pillbox built on the left bank of a narrow canal branching off from Siccawei, directly ahead. A long line of stilted huts leaning over the canal was filled with Chinese snipers. From somewhere in the rear artillery bellowed and shells screamed overhead. Moored on the Chinese side of the Creek were some sampans whose occupants sat nonchalantly eating their rice until suddenly a machine gun bent its hot stream at them and they burrowed under the matting. I never knew whether they were killed.

Bombers appeared, and set a string of huts afire. Several planes, dive-bombing over a Chinese pillbox, ended by strafing the canal bank from a height of about 200 feet. The Japanese bombed all along the Creek and on the balcony we shook like dice in a box. I watched Japanese infantry sidling up behind broken walls just across the Creek, getting ready for an assault over the canal. Several tanks came up and poured their fire into a pillbox sunk at the intersection of the canal and the Creek. A trench mortar finally made a direct hit and I saw some helmeted Chinese crouch and make off to the rear. Fires were burning brightly now all over Nantao. The attackers sent out a smoke screen which gradually enveloped the whole sector. Finally, a hundred yards down the canal, I could just make out, in the furry smoke, a line of Japanese troops creeping over a pontoon bridge thrown down before them. The Chinese were retreating.

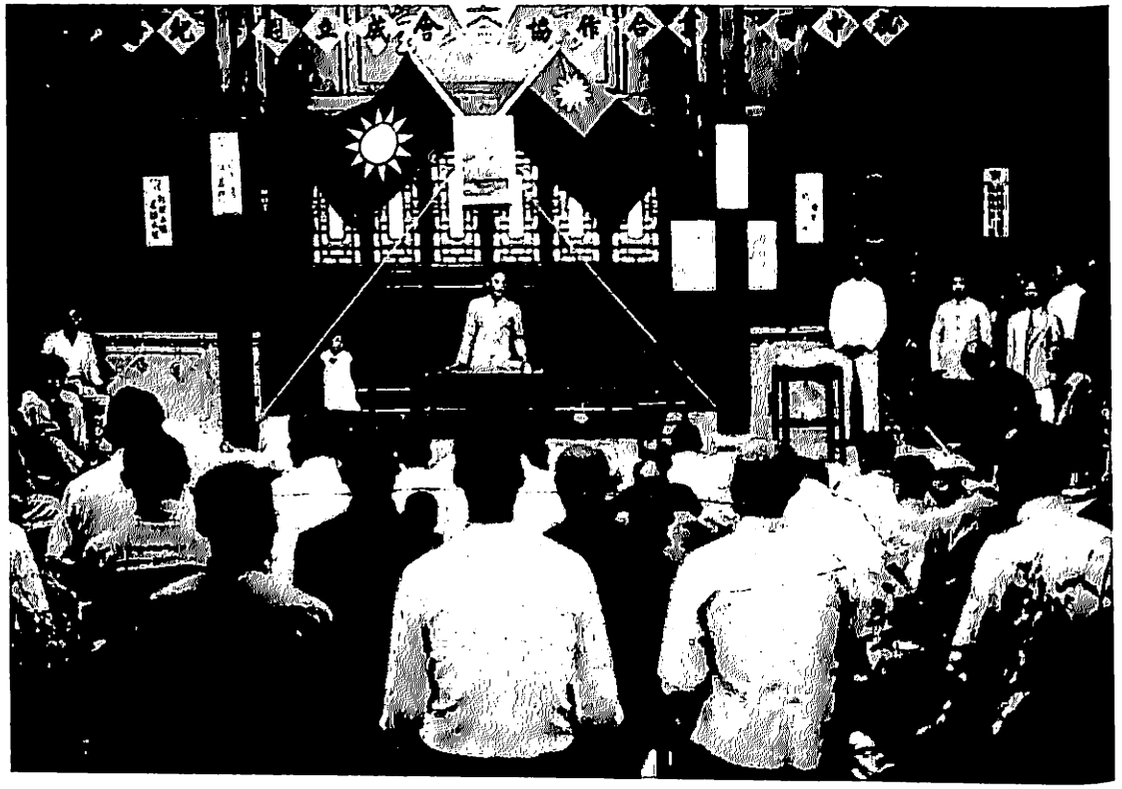
We went back to town for film. At the Metropole I ran into

MAN STRIPPED NAKED BY CONCUSSION

THE DIVINE MISSION

LIVING OR DEAD? A REFUGEE CAMP JUST AFTER A BOMB STRUCK

THOUSANDS LIKE HIM HAVE TO BEG FOR THEIRS



WEEKLY MEETING OF A CO-OPERATIVE

Malcolm MacDonald, the London *Times* correspondent, who was later to write the most dramatic dispatch of the war, the story of the sinking of the *U.S.S. Panay*, which he was aboard when she was bombed by the Japanese above Nanking. Mac joined me, complaining bitterly that I was keeping him from his lunch and we picked up Evans Carlson, to go back to find the fast-changing "front." It was now a few blocks farther east. Going to the French power plant we managed to get inside the compound and on the platform of a water tower right beside the Creek. I noticed Pembroke Stephens' big yellow roadster parked down the road half a block away but did not see Stephens anywhere and assumed he must be in one of the houses along the Creek.

The water tower was the highest point along Siccawei. It stood 100 feet above the plant below, and from its top you could get a bird's-eye view of the whole battle. We were on its lower platform about ready to climb up when a sudden hail of bullets swept against the building evidently from Japanese machine guns mounted on a building down the Creek. Luckily there was a concrete wall projecting off to the right, which gave us cover, but bullets peppered the tower high above us. The fire became warmer and we climbed down and went inside the power plant. Bullets splintered the thick glass roof and glass and plaster came showering down on the turbines. After ten minutes there was a let-up and we went outside again, this time filing out along a wooden ledge beside a concrete wall under the tower, where we could see across the Creek, and photograph, yet still have cover against another attack.

There was a big splotch of red beneath my foot.

"Look here," I said to Mac and Carlson, "is this paint or blood? I don't remember seeing any paint out here a few minutes ago."

While we were puzzling over the paint there was a cry outside and looking over the wall we saw Chinese troops swarming across the barbed wire to the French side of Siccawei. The Chinese were now completely surrounded and any further retreat would shortly have brought them within range of the Japanese coming in from the Whangpoo shore of Nantao. Rifles, bayonets, pistols, grenades, ammunition, gas masks, and steel helmets were piled up on the street and there were souvenirs for the taking. The troops were extraordinarily young, many of them seemed hardly of Boy-Scout age. The Commandant of the French garrison, who had come up,

spoke not unkindly, praising them for their courageous stand, and assuring them they would not be turned over to the Japanese.

I noticed Carlson was missing. Looking around, I saw him climbing up the water tower. After shooting a few more pictures I went after him, but as I started up the tower I met some excited Frenchmen coming down. Then I saw that one of them was wounded. I stepped back and stared up the winding staircase: another wounded man limped down, covered with blood. Behind them came Carlson, with several others, hauling the body of Pembroke Stephens. It was Stephens' blood, not paint, that had made the crimson stain at my feet on the platform below. He was dead.

"I saw a foot hanging down from the top of the tower," Carlson told me, "and went up to investigate. When I got there Stephens lay in a pool of blood and two wounded men and several other foreigners were paralyzed with fright and all lying huddled together, flat on their faces."

Stephens had been shot through the head and through the groin. The avalanche of bullets which had driven us inside the power plant had apparently been directed at these men on the tower. What a place to be attacked: a tiny wafer of a platform 100 feet in the air, offering no possibility of escape or movement. They could do nothing but stay there and take it.

It was November 11th, and almost the last hour of the Shanghai battle. Stephens still wore a red poppy, for Armistice Day, in his buttonhole.

4

Greater Than God

I cannot but feel that some power even greater than God has inspired our men.

General Sugiyama

It was probably a major tactical error to invest so much of China's scant reserves in an initial positional battle where there existed no possibility of attaining a parity of fire-power with the enemy. Instead, the Chinese could easily have drawn a then highly overconfident enemy inland, before it was properly reinforced, and in the favorable terrain west of Shanghai could have massed their forces for a surprise flank attack and a possible important victory.

The German advisers did urge the use of some such tactics. They wanted to take a principal stand along and beyond the Soochow-Hangchow line. In this way contact could have been maintained at a modest cost in trained men and material, without exhausting the Chinese reserves and throwing away the possibilities of counter-attack and maneuver.

The Chinese staff no doubt had reasons for ignoring that counsel, but one of them was its own overconfidence. Having had some successes against the Chinese Red Army in positional warfare, many high officers at that time really imagined themselves capable of repulsing heavy blows on a fixed front from an army like Japan's. The Nanking disaster profoundly shook these illusions, but it was not until after the loss of Hankow that the bitter truth was borne home to many. This was simply that China as a whole was now in a military position approximately the same as the Chinese Reds had faced against the Kuomintang, and must perforce adopt many of their military, economic and political principles to maintain the struggle.

Once the Japanese broke through the Chinese right flank their advance never halted till they reached Nanking. The Chinese had

failed to prepare strong positions to absorb their retreat from Shanghai; transport became hopelessly clogged, staff work broke down, and command over a unified army was temporarily lost. Had the Chinese even then understood the new situation, abandoned the capital and withdrawn to prepared lines in the north and the west, the losses need not have been so appalling. But even Chiang Kai-shek seems to have had some childish faith in the efficiency of the ancient walls of Nanking, and he waited until too late to order the evacuation of the city.

Little preparation had been made for demolition work, although there was ample time to have destroyed buildings and plant of any military or economic value to Japan. The "scorched earth" policy was credited to General Pai Tsung-hsi, the ablest strategist on Chiang's staff, but he was not one of the bright boys of the inner circle, and his advice was ignored along with that of the Germans. In the end the Ministry of Communications was the *only* important Government building blown up before the retreat. The Japanese took over the arsenal almost intact, important factories, the power plant, railways and rolling stock, ferries, Government hospitals, all the administrative buildings, an enormous amount of munitions and transport and the Nanking Military Academy, with all its equipment. Japan acquired enough material here to equip a puppet army, and a city so rich in loot that it was still being carted off three months later.

Although the war was five months old by the time Nanking was lost, little had been done to organize the people even inside the capital. Half a million or more did somehow evacuate, but not in accordance with any Government plan. No people's organization existed to co-operate with the soldiery. When, exhausted from their long retreat, the half-starved troops passed through the city, there were no welcoming committees to greet and comfort them even with water and bread. And yet the troops for the most part kept their discipline. Except for an occasional soldier grabbing hot rolls or other small articles from open shops passed on the streets, they left all the looting to the victorious Japanese. Lacking any organization for disposing of the population, the Government could do nothing better than accept the offer of a few foreigners to set up the so-called International Safety Zone for refugees inside the city.

The Japanese entered Nanking on December 12th, as Chinese troops and civilians were still trying to withdraw to the north bank

of the Yangtze River, debouching through the one remaining gate. Scenes of utmost confusion ensued. Hundreds of people were machine-gunned by Japanese planes or drowned while trying to cross the river; hundreds more were caught in the bottleneck which developed at Hsiakuan gate, where bodies piled up four feet high. The disintegration of authority during these last hours was inexcusable, and left many people ready to accept the Japanese occupation as a welcome "restoration of law and order."

What a disillusionment awaited them!

The sordid story of the Nanking massacres is now pretty familiar to the world. According to an estimate given to me by members of the Nanking International Relief Committee—which was, incidentally, headed by a German business man, Mr. John H. D. Rabe, who wore Hitler's highest Nazi decoration—the Japanese murdered no less than 42,000 people in Nanking alone, a large percentage of them women and children. It is estimated that 300,000 civilians were murdered by the Japanese in their march between Shanghai and Nanking, a number roughly equal to the casualties suffered by the Chinese armed forces.

Anything female between the ages of 10 and 70 was raped. Discards were often bayonetted by drunken soldiers. Frequently mothers had to watch their babies beheaded, and then submit to raping. One mother told of being raped by a soldier who, becoming annoyed at the cries of her baby, put a quilt over its head, and smothered it to death, finishing his performance in peace. Some officers, who led these forays, turned their quarters into harems and fell into bed each night with a new captive. Open-air copulation was not uncommon. Some 50,000 troops in the city were let loose for over a month in an orgy of rape, murder, looting and general debauchery which has nowhere been equaled in modern times.

Twelve thousand stores and houses were stripped of all their stocks and furnishings, and then set ablaze. Civilians were relieved of all personal belongings, and individual Japanese soldiers and officers stole motor cars and rickshas and other conveyances in which to haul their loot to Shanghai. The homes of foreign diplomats were entered and their servants murdered. Privates did as they pleased; officers either participated themselves or excused the conduct of their men by explaining that as a conquered people the Chinese had no right to expect "special consideration." It must be remembered, as General Sugiyama remarked, that "some force even greater than

God has inspired our men." The truth was that commanders, engaged in major looting themselves, had to permit common soldiers the same privilege. Japanese Embassy officials, aghast at the spectacle, were powerless to do anything about it. They could not even get a motor car from the Japanese army for their personal use and had to appeal to the International Committee for transportation.

"Practically every building in the city," wrote one of the foreign observers, "has been robbed repeatedly by soldiers, including the American, British and German Embassies or Ambassadors' residences, and a high percentage of all foreign property. Vehicles of all sorts, food, clothing, bedding, money, watches, some rugs and pictures, miscellaneous valuables, are the main things sought. . . . Most of the shops, after free-for-all breaking and pilfering, were systematically stripped by gangs of soldiers working with trucks, often under the observed direction of officers."

Crowded with 250,000 terror-stricken refugees, the International "Safety Zone" became in reality a danger zone for noncombatants and a boomerang for its well-meaning organizers. The latter naively assumed that the Japanese would respect their haven, in deference to the foreign opinion. The Japanese command never officially recognized the sanctum, but many Chinese stayed behind, convinced that they would be safe under the omnipotent Stars and Stripes, Union Jacks and Swastikas. Actually the place proved a convenient concentration camp from which the Japanese dragged thousands of men and women to horrible deaths.

Day after day Japanese entered the zone to seize women for the pacification of the lusty heroes. Young girls were dragged from American and British missionary schools, installed in brothels for the troops, and heard from no more. One day in a letter written by one of the missionaries in the Zone I read about a strange act of patriotism, concerning a number of singing girls who had sought refuge with their virtuous sisters. Knowing of their presence in the camp, and urged on by some of the matrons, the missionary asked them if any would volunteer to serve the Japanese, so that non-professional women might be spared. They despised the enemy as much as the rest; but after some deliberation nearly all of them stepped forth. Surely they must have redeemed whatever virtue such women may be held to have lost, and some of them gave their lives in this way, but as far as I know they never received posthumous recognition or even the Order of the Brilliant Jade.

Thousands of men were led out of the Zone, ostensibly for labor battalions, and lined up and machine-gunned. Sometimes groups were used for bayonet exercises. When the victors grew bored with such mild sport they tied their victims, poured kerosene over their heads, and cremated them alive. Others were taken out to empty trenches, and told to simulate Chinese soldiers. Japanese officers then led their men in assaults to capture these "enemy positions" and bayonetted the unarmed defenders. Amazing cases crawled into missionary hospitals: men with their eyes, ears and noses burned away, or with their necks half severed, but somehow still alive.

American property, mostly hospitals, schools, and religious buildings, was repeatedly invaded and ransacked, and Americans were frequently bullied, insulted and struck while trying to feed and house the refugees whose homes were being burned by the conquerors. The American consul, John Allison, who speaks fluent Japanese, was hit in the face, with no provocation, by a Japanese officer. In the meantime, a few miles up the Yangtze River, Japanese planes had bombed, sunk, and machine-gunned the American gunboat *Panay*, attacked two other American vessels clearly identified with large flags painted on their decks, and killed or wounded a number of those on board. Elsewhere in Central and North China hundreds of protests against destruction of American property, and attacks on or interference with Americans and their legitimate interests, were accumulating, to be lodged with the State Department. But Americans continued selling Japan, at a good profit, all the war-making materials she needed.

Damage caused by military operations, contrasted with damage resulting from the prolonged "victory celebration" at Nanking, is quite interesting. Of the total losses inflicted on buildings and their contents, estimated at Ch$246,000,000 by the International Relief Committee,[1] less than one percent was due to military operations, the rest being traceable primarily to looting and fire. Over 143 million dollars' worth of movable property (exclusive of government property confiscated, of course) was stolen.

Rural districts lying in the path of the army were at the same time suffering equally severely, as can be surmised from the results of a survey conducted by the International Committee early in

[1] *War Damage in the Nanking Area,* Dr. Lewis S. C. Smythe, for the Nanking International Relief Committee, Nanking, June, 1938, p. 14.

1938. Their study[1] covered only four and one half *hsien*, with a total population of 1,080,000 people, in the environs of Nanking. Losses in buildings, labor animals, major farm implements, stored grain and destroyed crops totaled approximately 41 million dollars. Two-fifths of all farm buildings in the area were destroyed by fire, 123,000 buffaloes, oxen and donkeys were butchered or stolen, and 661,000 farm implements were destroyed. Thousands of hoes and rakes and water wheels were broken up and burned, their metal parts collected for scrap and shipped to Japan. Incomplete data, gathered in house-to-house questioning by relief workers, revealed that 22,490 male farmers and 4,380 females had been killed by the Japanese. Of the females killed 83 percent were above 45 years of age. If these conditions are typical, and the survey is the most detailed yet attempted in any district affected, the extent of the total catastrophe in the villages can be imagined by multiplying these results by the several hundreds of *hsien* invaded elsewhere. The survey quoted, incidentally, covered only 100 days in the four and a half *hsien* studied.

In Japan the controlled press carried the usual farcical accounts of the hearty welcome given Japanese troops everywhere, as benefactors and deliverers of the Chinese from oppression, and published posed pictures of soldiers feeding candy to Chinese boys and girls. But the army could not suppress the truth from the world nor hide it from its own countrymen in China. In Shanghai a few Japanese deeply felt the shame and the humiliation. I remember, for example, talking one evening to a Japanese friend, a liberal-minded newspaper man who survived by keeping his views to himself, and whose name I withhold for his own protection.

"Yes, they are all true," he unexpectedly admitted when I asked him about some atrocity reports, "only the facts are actually worse than any story yet published." There were tears in his eyes and I took his sorrow to be genuine.

But even while Tokyo extras were announcing the "end of the war," many sober-minded Japanese began to realize that, with the sack of Nanking, hostilities had been indefinitely prolonged. By her punitive murders and plunder in the lower Yangtze region Japan may have won a military victory, but not a political objective. All those regional antagonisms which Japan thought would automatically bring early internal break-up in China were greatly mini-

[1] Ibid., p. 18 et seq.

mized by the savagery of her campaign. In China's capital-accumulating classes it destroyed many illusions in which they had fondly imagined the possibility of co-existence with Japan. Most serious of all, it diffused the political and economic forces which, concentrated in this region, had dominated a policing power over the country absolutely indispensable to Japan for enforcing the terms of a political peace with the Central Government.

Here the Japanese revealed a political ineptitude which amounts to positive genius, and which we shall see, in a later analysis, formed the main weakness in her strategy of conquest.

When the army failed to impose a negotiated settlement following the seizure of Nanking, it had no alternative but to expand the scope of its invasion to include all China. What started as a mere "colonial campaign" to annex the Northern provinces now enlarged as a life-and-death struggle for mastery of a continent. Deferred, therefore, were the plans of the army group which had originally demanded the colonial campaign in order to secure North China and Inner Mongolia as flank bases for an attack on Soviet Russia. Deferred was the navy's scheme of "southward expansion," and the annexation of Europe's Far Eastern possessions to coincide with the coming European war.

But for some weeks the army really tried to believe its own words, that it had "broken the spirit of Chinese resistance" at Nanking. "End of the war" celebrations and military activity continued for weeks, when vigorous pursuit might have brought a decisive disaster to retreating Chinese forces. In the breathing spell thus granted, the Chinese were able to reorganize the army, and form new lines in the West. At the new bases in the interior began a program of expanded military training and enlistment.

Five months later morale had recovered to such a degree, and tactics had been so improved, that China was able to win her first important victory of the war, in the now famous battle of Taierh-chuang—an event which decisively ended the myth of Japanese invincibility.

Part Three

JAPAN "ERADICATES COMMUNISM"

I

Education for Homicide

The only principle guiding Japan is the Way of Heaven.
Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma

WHILE recognizing that "peaceful society has its atrocities no less renowned than war," as Thurman Arnold says, that none of us is innocent of tolerating a hundred different forms of atrocity in everyday life, and that any race is capable of reversion to savagery in war, it nevertheless cannot be denied that nowhere in the present world has the deliberate degradation of man been quite so thoroughly systematized as by the Japanese army. Animals in the jungle usually kill only when hungry or if attacked; they evidently derive little pleasure from mere mutilation. The lust for sadism is something which must be cultivated even in human beings. Its extensive manifestation among the gods in uniform can only be understood as a reflection of the society which trains them.

An Anglo-Saxon baby left with a tribe of cannibals probably would, if he were not eaten, grow up to eat people himself. Reverse the process, and the cannibal child, given a decent education, would munch his carrots as delightedly as George Bernard Shaw. One of the most estimable gentlemen I ever met was the Papuan major domo in a Dutch house where I once lived in Bali. He was the son of a Papuan cannibal, taken from the jungle as a babe. He still had a huge ring in his nose but he spoke fluent Dutch, Malay, French and English, was efficient manager of the estate, and preferred a vegetable diet. In the wilds of Northern Luzon I met an Igorot physician who, as a child, had been exhibited in America with the Wild Man from Borneo. A missionary had rescued and educated him. His father had been one of the best headhunters in his tribe, whose naked young braves even today collect skulls on the sly. But the doctor said he would rather cure a man of a stiff neck any day than cut it off.

The thing which makes the Japanese Army so puzzling to Westerners is that the physician and the headhunter still exist side by side, as with the Igorots to whom the Japanese are racially related. But the Igorots have no bombing planes. The army retains the traditions of headhunting days, while mastering the technique of modern medicine and the "science" of war. This is true more or less of all Japanese society: the hands work on modern machines while the mind lives in an absurd feudal world of tribal gods, superstitions, taboos and fetishes. But the partition between the two worlds daily grows weaker, and when it collapses must provide Japan's severest earthquake.

Some people imagine that the Meiji Reformation abolished feudalism in Japan in 1868. Actually it only ended certain political and economic forms of feudalism while it retained others necessary to the development of Japanese monopoly capitalism and militarism. There was no real revolution, but a revolution forestalled. There was a restoration of the theocratic state, which enabled the clan power to survive in the army and navy, and protected the landed aristocracy, the autocratic nobility, and the new plutocracy, in seizing control of a new economy of production.

Much of the old feudal ritualism and superstition was preserved, indeed resurrected and refurbished, to exist incongruously beside such imported truths as man has discovered in science. Today the masses are taught that the Emperor is literally God, and millions would kill men with other gods to prove it. The nobility shares in this divinity. So do the police, the army, the navy, and all the Emperor's agents, whether living or dead, who must be held in reverence and fear. The Imperial Will is infallible.

For the common man this teaching is made palatable by the fact that he, too, is a god, superior by a mere fact of birth to Jesus, Mahomet, Darwin, Newton, Einstein, or President Roosevelt. The claim is given reality in his own household, at least, where he is worshipped by his women, the lowest creatures in the Japanese social ladder, whom the master of the house can barter commercially whenever he wishes. Moreover, he becomes a national god-hero if he dies for the Emperor, and automatically enters the Shinto pantheon, beside the warrior gods of the past. Teach this to a child from the time he understands words, and you get the modern Japanese soldier, just as the Papuans get a first-class cannibal by

glorifying cannibalism, and the Nazis get "pure Aryans" out of a cocktail of chromosomes.

Spiritual training in the Japanese army is based on the feudal code of bushido, as practiced by the samurai in days of the Shoguns. It teaches rigid loyalty and self-sacrifice. It also teaches chivalry between equals. But the Japanese soldier has no equal, even if it were possible to combine chivalry with a machine gun. Bushido as it exists today is often merely a sanction for fanatical butchery. Less than a hundred years ago any samurai (an ordinary mercenary of a daimyo or feudal chieftain) could test his sword whenever the urge moved him, by cutting off the head of the first commoner unlucky enough to meet him. He could be embarrassed only if he failed to remove the offending object with one blow. It is not hard to see where the Japanese soldier finds traditional sanction for the same practice in China today.

Other brutalities are equally glorified. For example, one of the exploits with which school children are convinced of the Imperial army's invincibility describes Hideyoshi's invasion of Korea. The victorious troops brought back with them, on that occasion, 30,000 pickled ears and noses,[1] which edified the Court at Kyoto. Horror at the sight of mutilation and human blood is supposed to indicate cowardice, and every young lad is anxious to demonstrate his bravery. During the massacre of 6,000 Koreans in Japan, led by the army and the police, at the time of the earthquake in 1923, some of the murder and torture was done by women, and by youngsters in their teens.

Nelson Johnson, the American ambassador in China, once remarked to me that the thing which amazed him was not that atrocity occurred; he recognized that any army might be guilty occasionally; but that the Japanese could foster the habit of atrocity without its having any visible effect on discipline. The answer is that sadism is itself part of the discipline imposed on the soldier. The Japanese officer seems never satisfied, when given a new batch of recruits, until he has "tested" the tenderfeet in some foul act of villainy. Correspondents who were in Shanghai in the war of '32 will confirm me in the statement that at the Kiangwan Race Course some Japanese officers lined up a number of captured Chinese civilians, including women and children, and ordered their newly arrived troops to use them for bayonet practice. When a soldier

[1] James B. Scherer, *Japan Defies the World*, N. Y., 1938.

made a clumsy thrust he had to repeat the performance until he had perfected his technique, or overcome his timidity. There are foreign eyewitnesses of similar practices in many places since 1937.

Rapine is in the same way encouraged from above. Japanese women are chattel and millions on the market are worth less than their weight in beef. The sale of virgin Japanese girls to rich landlords or merchants may be considered a form of legalized rape. Continence is a recognized virtue in Japanese ascetics, but no moral stigma is attached to adultery. For the impoverished peasant there is, however, a financial barrier.

Officers sometimes encourage the peasant boy to regard war as a means of demonstrating his manhood as well as his courage. Poor Japanese women must sacrifice their chastity at the demand of the male. What consideration should be given the wretched Chinese? Really, a great honor is conferred upon them. Women are a commodity in Japan; their sale and distribution is one of the nation's big industries. In 1931, when the Japanese army began to build a paradise in Eastern Asia, official government statistics[1] revealed that Japanese hospitals were admitting for treatment *every day* an average of 1,023,914 licensed prostitutes. But the Japanese army showed no interest in correcting this atrocity at home. It was too busy shouting to the world about the crimes of Chang Hsueh-liang in Manchuria. By 1937 it had so far deepened the poverty of its farmers that licensed brokers in prostitutes had attained a new high, numbering 5,630 in Tokyo alone.

Japanese seize other Chinese commodities and industry without payment. Why should an exception be made in the case of women? Rape ends only for the same reason that looting ends: when it becomes necessary for property value to be re-established in order to make profits for the new Japanese monopolies.

A more recondite reason for Japanese behavior and the whole god business is the pronounced inferiority complex from which the race constantly suffers. Part of this has a valid historical explanation, comparable to causes of a similar complex in the Nazis. But subconsciously, also, the individual Japanese is aware of his unfortunate intellectual and physical inferiority to individual Koreans and Chinese, the two peoples subject to his god-Emperor. He is forever seeking ways of compensation. Nothing gives some Japanese greater satisfaction, therefore, than to force a towering Chinese peasant to

[1] *Japan-Manchukuo Year Book*, 1938.

his knees at the point of a bayonet—unless it is to pull the pants off an Englishman. At home the ordinary Japanese lives in a world of suppressed fear—fear of his police and those above him. In China also he lives in a world of fear—fear of his officials and the hostile people beneath him. His bullying acts serve temporarily to reassure him and remove those fears.

Finally, the Japanese are physiologically a very nervous and jittery people. They have been living under a depressive strain ever since Meiji times, as contradictions in their society have grown more and more acute. Feudal credos have been preserved in an industrialized society at the expense of intellectual and physical freedom. One can appreciate how deep must be this psychological burden only by contrasting Japanese conduct in China with the outward kindliness, beauty, calm and charming civility of Japanese life at home. The burden has vastly increased since 1937. The average Japanese is now a bundle of carefully suppressed emotions. Rarely does the individual overthrow the restraints without group support of some kind, and then it is always with astonishing results.

A Japanese mob is really something fearful to contemplate. I have seen Japanese ronin without any apparent provocation go up to women in the streets of Shanghai and kick them in the stomach. Malcolm Rosholt, of the *China Press*, told me of an incident he saw in Hongkew, when a group of Japanese stormed a Settlement police station, attempting to seize a man who had been in a fracas with one of them. Rosholt watched a big English policeman trying to protect the intended victim. Suddenly, to his utter amazement, one of the Nipponese jumped three feet from the ground, landed on the policeman's back, and dug his teeth into the man's neck, clinging on while his companions applauded.

Remove the normal heavy restraints, remove the sense of personal responsibility, add the sublime ignorance of the peasant conscript who reads nothing that is not first approved by the army at home, add a credo that glorifies brutality, and you get the Japanese terror in China. You would get an American terror or a French terror if the same conditions and beliefs could be imposed on those peoples. But Japan's rulers are not unaware of the havoc which this tempest of suppressed emotion can wreck, if it is ever turned against *them*. When the fear of authority, based on belief in its invincibility, breaks down in Japan, the world may see the bloodiest and most barbaric civil war in history. Once he has lost "authority" with his

men a Japanese officer can only commit *hara-kiri*. Once the Japanese army and navy suffer a major defeat, and the myth of invincibility is shattered, they must also, together with the ruling class and the whole tradition of divinity, commit hara-kiri.

I have discussed this with Japanese radicals, revolutionaries and a few liberal aristocrats. They hold it to be a fact. Among them I have met some fine human beings. Knowing them has kept alive my affection for the Japanese people, in the midst of rather discouraging experiences. Presently I shall introduce two of these Japanese dissenters, Kaji and Yuki, and tell why they are convinced that a day of reckoning is nearer than most people think.

2

How to Win Friends

Japan is firmly determined to eradicate the Communistic influence behind the Chiang Kai-shek regime.
Premier Prince Konoye

JAPAN repeatedly proclaimed to the world that the object of her campaign in China was to establish Sino-Japanese friendship, and I sometimes felt that Japanese who said this to me were in their own peculiar way quite in earnest. The hospitality of the Japanese cranium to self-deception and inverted thinking is something which passes all understanding.

I remember talking to Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, then commander of the American Asiatic Fleet, when he commented in his mild, faintly sardonic manner upon the extraordinary furnishing of the Japanese mind. He had been visiting a few days before with General Iwane Matsui, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in South China.

"General Matsui seemed such a nice old gentleman," the Admiral said, "that it occurred to me to ask him what his hobby was. I knew he had been brought back into service from the retired list and I could not help thinking that he might be a lot happier painting scrolls or growing chrysanthemums or training pigeons. Do you know what he replied to my question? He drew himself up to his full five feet of dignity and said without batting an eye, 'My hobby for many years, Admiral, has been to promote sincere friendship between Japan and China.'"

Japan was raping and killing in a spirit of ardent brotherhood. The few examples I have cited of characteristic behavior of Japanese troops, however, are but minor outrages compared to the major catastrophe which Japanese occupation brought to the livelihood of millions of people. Matsui's curious semantics could be appreciated from a little room on the top floor of a mid-town building in Shanghai, where I had an office.

There I could look out to the north and to the south, and eastward across the leaden Whangpoo River, and in every direction see the skeletal remains of the greatest port in Asia. Hongkew and Chapei, Kiangwan, Woosung, Nantao, Pootung and other districts where a few months before over two million people had lived and labored, lay in eloquent ruins. Only the French Concession and part of the International Settlement—which are all the passing tourist sees today—were intact. Around these tiny foreign-ruled oases stretched a man-made desert of desolation.

In a quite literal sense Japan's destruction of the lower Yangtze was the culmination of a long tradition of piracy, for many times in the past Japanese buccaneers debarked on the China coast to ravage and plunder the seaports. But this piracy was organized as big business. It was the most systematic piratical raid ever attempted anywhere in history. And it could not, considering the peculiarities of the stage from which the invaders operated, be anything else. That is a singularly tragic fact: for it means that all the waste and agony inflicted by Japanese militarism is utterly futile and retrogressive.

Certain European imperialisms, pushing into backward regions of the world, such as Africa, perforce brought with them new science, techniques, and social concepts higher than those regions had known before. These provided the cultural power of the forces of conquest. Japanese imperialism could offer no such compensations to China. In some ways it resembled Spanish imperialism, but even Spain usually introduced a higher culture than she destroyed. Japan attempted to colonize not a semi-civilized people but a nation in many respects more advanced than herself. Her army itself could not, therefore, open any new frontiers. It could only temporarily close old ones.

Rooted in medievalism and remnants of feudalism darker than anything in China, Japanese militarism represented certain social forces more backward than those it tried to supplant. It could succeed in its mission, it could "promote sincere friendship with China," only by exterminating the developing creative genius of the Chinese people. It must perforce obliterate the dynamics which symbolized China's greatest advancement, its highest hopes. To do otherwise, to permit any progressive economic, political or social movements in China the right to independent co-existence, would not only render

conquest itself quite impossible, but doom the semi-feudal ruling class to extinction within Japan itself.

Fundamentally, the Japanese warlords could bring to China nothing but degradation—narcotics, slavery, exploitation and death. Capital? Japan lacked enough to develop her own country; she could not give capital to, but could only loot capital and labor from the continent. Raw materials? Woefully deficient, she had none for export. Manufactures? Japan could produce nothing that China was not already making, or capable of producing, for herself. In the realm of science and technique Japan had little to offer that she had not taken from abroad, and China preferred to tap such knowledge at its source. Culture? In many respects Japan was purely imitative of China or the West, while her indigenous gods could in no case become the possession of inferior tribes.

Two jealous passions dominated the Japanese imperialists: the necessity to destroy every aspect of resistance on the mainland, and the desire of Japan's ruling class to control the resources and labor power of China. Only when those obsessions are fully understood as sources of action do her methods of brotherhood become comprehensible.

The looting process itself divided into two stages, over two time periods. First came the plunder of real property, the fresh spoils of war seized in the field, a few crumbs of which fell even to the common soldier. Money, metals, transport, livestock, governmental assets, private wealth and portable goods such as looters can easily lay hands upon. Long after the battle front moved to the west the Japanese were still busily hauling this primary booty out of Shanghai. Remaining Chinese homes, stores, godowns and factories were quickly stripped of all their treasure, merchandise, equipment and materials.

Shanghai symbolized for the Japanese everything that was "outrageous" in competitive China. It was the center of the nation's manufacturing, banking, shipping and trade. Three-fourths of China's industry was located in the city and its environs, 60 percent of her foreign trade passed up and down the Whangpoo, and 3,500,000 people lived within these limits. The actual damage resulting from three months of shelling and bombardment was severe enough. The deliberate murder of the city took place only later.

The second stage of the looting process, what the Japanese propagandists call "reconstruction," is more thoroughgoing than the first.

It does not restore any of the plunder, but seeks to make plunder into a permanent system. Industry is now absorbed by the army and the monopolists under the label "Sino-Japanese economic co-operation." Rich Chinese who fail to reach the sanctum of the foreign settlements are quickly located, their wealth indirectly confiscated or stolen outright. Gradually all upper-class Chinese within Japanese power, all the educated except a handful of puppets essential to the army's purposes, are depressed to the level of the pauperized masses.

China's resources—labor power, the machines and tools of production, natural resources, raw materials, public utilities—become Japanese owned and operated. Under the initiative of the fighting forces, Japanese totalitarian imperialism becomes in effect one vast holding company, as in Manchukuo, for an amazing variety of enterprises, monopolies and rackets, including everything from ownership of industry and taxing power over the peasants down to narcotics, prostitution, gambling, and night-soil collection. The system elevates gangsterism to the dignity of public administration, and is finely calculated to squeeze the last copper of loot from all inhabitants.

The essence of the scheme is simplicity itself. Japan merely aims to capture all China and hold it for ransom, making it work for the empire, and the empire alone. With its perfection the Japanese expect Chinese friendship to break into full flower. They are always genuinely outraged when it breaks out in bombs and treachery instead.

The army's destruction and seizure of China's industrial bases, its monopolization of trade and economy along the seacoast, had three strategic purposes. The first was purely military: the immobilization of enemy economy, especially industrial economy, a "legitimate" objective in winning the war. Second, to provide a lien against the price of conquest: total war demands not only that the victim pay for his defeat, but shall redeem again and again the cost of his subjugation. The third aim was political: to assure to the Japanese army as a super-state corporation not only dictatorship over the livelihood of the Chinese but a continental base powerful enough to entrench its dictatorship over the masses of Japan, and to complete the expulsion of the white men from the seas that wash Asia.

These purposes were contradictory, as the Japanese were after a

couple of years to begin to realize. They were limited by space-time measurements, for one thing, on which the army had not calculated. The latter was to discover that you cannot condemn a people to slavery without destroying its buying power. It was to discover that you cannot make a whole people pay for the wrongs you commit against it, as long as a big part of that people possesses arms and the will to resist. The Arakis and Matsuis and Doiharas and Itagakis were to learn quite a lot about total war which had not been revealed in the German textbooks, and about finance, money, credit, trade, and the subtle relations between production and consumption. But I shall leave further analysis of the nature of Japanese imperialism for a later chapter.[1]

But meanwhile they would inflict enormous losses, distress and death among a quarter of the earth's population. None of this should have surprised the Chinese, or even the foreign business men or the foreign powers, who were also heavy losers. Years of Manchukuo and Japanese attrition in North China had provided ample warning of things to come. Yet many Old China Hands were bewildered by what now began to occur to the interests they and their predecessors had built up during a century of trading. They seemed never to have related the past to the present or to the future. Some of them were actually under the impression that Japan was really doing yeomanry for them by "putting the Chinese in their place," and that the generals really wanted to "improve business conditions for the foreigner."

I found that true among many European business men with whom I came in contact and among many Americans. Conversations with them frequently left me with the strange feeling that I was moving in a country of the blind. Not until I was in Hankow, some months later, was I really convinced of it. One day a friend asked me to speak about the Japanese occupation and its effects on foreign interests in Shanghai before a business men's luncheon club in the great Yangtze metropolis. I suppose someone had at the last minute been obliged to decline, but although I hate speaking I decided to accept, for reasons of my own.

An interesting ritual went on before I spoke. I remember among other things that each "fellow" was responsible for reciting a joke. One man said that a drunkard was seen staggering on the street by his parson, who upbraided him, "Brother Jones, don't you know

[1] See Part X, Chapter 2.

that liquor is your worst enemy?" Jones answered, "But Reverend, haven't you always taught that we should love our enemies?" (Laughter). It struck me as rather odd doings, when the Japanese were daily bombing the city and scattering corpses about, with their gunboats but a few miles from the borders, but I concluded it was probably a way of breaking tension for the tired bystander.

I told what I knew of Japanese plans and of their necessity to destroy competition, and their intention to monopolize all China's resources and trade. I described the development of Japan's economic program as I had seen it, during seven years from Harbin to Shanghai. I was full of figures and instances, then; the whole thing was on the tip of my tongue. When I had finished I asked the chairman, who sat next to me, what he thought would happen to foreign business when the Japanese took Hankow. He was a European who had been doing a prosperous brokerage business in the Yangtze Valley for over 20 years, dealing in vegetable oil and eggs and such things, which it was quite certain Japan would monopolize. But he had lived through the days of so-called "Red Hankow" in 1927, when China almost recovered her sovereignty, and to him there were no devils but red devils and all Chinese were red devils. He accepted literally the Japanese contention (at that time) that they were engaged only in "eradicating the Communistic influence"; he quite agreed with Prince Konoye that Chiang Kai-shek was a bolshevik, and he looked forward to a restoration of pre-Nationalistic China when, under Japanese police protection, the foreign business man would have everything his own way.

Still I was amazed by his reply, to which he somehow gave the finality of a sunset. It was obvious he did not believe a word I had said. "There will be a big boom after the Japanese get here," he said. "It may be hard on the Chinese for a while, but it will be good for them. It will be a great thing for foreign business, of course. The Japanese will open up the river, they understand business, and we can deal with them. The best thing is that law and order will be restored again. They will put an end to the red business once and for all."

This good soul got his boom, but it was in the form of a Japanese blockade which closed the river to foreign trade from Shanghai clear to Hankow. I believe he is still up there enjoying Japanese law and order. But he is not getting any eggs or vegetable oil. The Japanese have established trade monopolies over both items.

I saw many examples of this kind of low-voltage thinking among foreign capitalists and traders all through the war. Some of them for a while really did make quick and easy profits by supplying the Japanese army with oil, iron and steel and other materials which the invader needed to complete the process of destroying foreign interests. They were of course the last people to desire an embargo against Japan. Jardine Matheson and Company, for example, the great British firm that worked so hard and so effectively in London to promote appeasement of Japan, got a huge contract for railway and construction materials from the Japanese at Nanking and its optimism rose despite the fact that the Japanese were daily immobilizing their shipping and other interests. Reluctantly I came to realize that it is quite impossible for such gentlemen—always with a few exceptions—to see beyond last month's profit-and-loss account or next month's prospects, and I lost all confidence in their judgment. Yet individually they were not to blame; they were caught in the mesh of the whole complex macrocosm which was inexorably leading men everywhere to a new disaster.

3

Leaderless Shanghai

No . . . progress has been achieved in the political organization and education of the people. These failings have become all the more manifest with the war.

Kuomintang Manifesto, 1939

JAPAN immobilized nearly 70 percent of all China's "modern" industry by the seizure of Shanghai and the lower Yangtze Valley. In Shanghai alone 5,525 small and large factories and 16,851 workshops[1] were destroyed or seized by the Japanese. Even before the fall of Canton and Hankow, Japan had already deprived China of 70 percent of her entire electrical plant. One half of the existing heavy industry was lost. More than 90 percent of the Chinese paper, rubber and textile industries were destroyed or seized, while 300 silk-weaving factories were immobilized. Of 54 Chinese silk filiatures in Shanghai, 50 fell into Japanese hands. Eighty percent of China's light and heavy machine shops were destroyed or confiscated.

The colonial nature of China's pre-war industry was clearly seen in this abnormal and senseless concentration near the seaboard and inside and adjacent to the foreign concessions. Nearly all Government and semi-Government industry was built, against expert advice, within short range of Japanese warships plying the Whangpoo and the Yangtze. Much war industry was actually in Hongkew and Yangtzepoo, the Japanese "defense sector" of the Settlement, which it was known would be garrisoned by Japanese blue-jackets in any state of emergency. High Kuomintang officials were among the heaviest investors in Shanghai industry who rebuilt the factories which Japan demolished in the war of '32, on almost exactly the same spots; they simply would not believe that

[1] Figures from the Ministry of Economic Affairs, Chungking, 1939.

it could happen again. Meanwhile the enormous internal market lay neglected, its resources undeveloped. At Shanghai and other treaty ports Chinese merchant-usurer-compradore capital in effect collaborated with foreign imperialism to build the colonial economic bases which prevented the normal industrialization of China and provided Japan with the necessary foothold from which to invade the continent.

Had Chinese workers in Shanghai been permitted to organize before the war, had they been given any kind of political training in preparation for mobilization, much of China's industry could have been salvaged and moved to the interior. Skilled industrial workers could have been kept on China's side of the front. Japan could have been made to pay a far heavier price for her operations conducted from the Settlement. But any such advance arrangements were rendered impossible under a Government which feared Shanghai labor as much as, if not more than, the Japanese.

In 1927 over 600,000 workers were organized in Shanghai, and in a successful insurrection the unions seized the Chinese city and drove out the Northern troops of Chang Tso-lin, even before Chiang Kai-shek arrived with his Nationalist Army. But a few weeks later Chiang Kai-shek founded the anti-Communist Nanking Government and the labor unions and people's organizations were destroyed. Over 5,000 Shanghai labor leaders and their followers were exterminated in one of history's costliest blood baths. Even after that Nanking's labor policy remained consistently despotic and treacherous. During the decade of effort to achieve "unification by force," the Kuomintang closely co-operated with the foreign police and with Chinese and foreign factory owners in Shanghai and ruthlessly suppressed the struggle of labor for its political and economic rights.

Repeatedly the foreign authorities called in the Kuomintang's gangster allies to "mediate" disputes inside the Settlement. Repeatedly the Settlement police, run by the British, arrested Chinese labor leaders and handed them to Nanking for imprisonment or execution. Even the American-owned Shanghai Power Company, which treated labor relatively well, kept on its payroll Tu Yueh-sheng, head of the notorious Green Circle gang. Chiang Kai-shek proclaimed emergency laws making strikes illegal and openly stated that labor's working day (average, 12 hours) should be lengthened,

not shortened. In 1936 the Nanking Government officially agreed to prohibit strikes in the great Japanese mills of Tsingtao.

As a result of this record the Shanghai workers (over half the nation's skilled labor) were at the outbreak of war not only impotent because unorganized, with their best leaders dead or in prison, but were sullen and hostile toward the Kuomintang. The latter had for a decade built up an apparatus for disintegrating mass organization. It could not overnight convert it into an apparatus of mass leadership. Yet it would not have been impossible to mobilize these valuable men and women even at the eleventh hour, had there been a will to do so.

Had the workers been mobilized and properly led, thousands of tons of machinery, tools, and metals could have been carried out of Shanghai between July 7th and the fall of the city. The greater part of Chinese industrial plant at Shanghai (mass-production factories being few) was made up of light machines and tools small enough to be easily transported. These were of vital importance to a war based on the protracted fight for the hinterland, where the scarcity of reproductive industry made such materials almost priceless. Had river and canal craft and transport workers all been mobilized, had even a fraction of the 40 million peasants in the lower Yangtze been formed in mass organizations, tens of thousands of tons of valuable equipment could have been carried safely to the interior.

Nearly two-thirds of Japan's investment in intramural China (about a billion yen, excluding dubious loans) was concentrated in Shanghai. Most Japanese industry was in the Settlement districts of Hongkew and Yangtzepoo, and on the extra-settlement roads bordering Chapei. Japanese cotton factories alone employed over 50,000 Chinese workers; virtually all Japanese industry was operated with Chinese labor. Had this labor been organized, with a nucleus armed and trained for demolition work, the Japanese industrial base here could have been totally wrecked between the Lukouchiao Incident and the evacuation of Shanghai four months later. Most of the Japanese plant could have been destroyed while Chinese troops actually held Hongkew and Yangtzepoo.

But the fact was that when Chinese troops were driven from this vital Japanese base and foothold they left the Japanese plant almost intact. Only two of the 30 great Japanese cotton mills in Shanghai were destroyed. Only six Japanese factories in the Settlement were even seriously damaged.[1] Direct war injury sustained by enemy industry in the Settlement was probably less than that which the Japanese themselves inflicted on the billion-dollar British-American investment there.

But to deploy labor in its war plans would have required political organization and some sharing of power, which neither the Kuomintang nor the Generalissimo was as yet willing to concede. Even the few Chinese industrialists who showed initiative enough to try to move their plants and skilled workers before the Japanese seized or destroyed them, were often penalized for the effort. It was well known that throughout the war General Yang Hu, the Generalissimo's commander of the Woosung front, victimized everyone who attempted such operations and made a fortune out of it.

The Communists had no legal position, dozens of them were still in Shanghai jails, and the Kuomintang continued to suppress any organization influenced by them. Not until after the Japanese took over the city could they begin serious organization, and then it was too late. Many political prisoners remained in the Ward Road Jail (where some were killed by shells) throughout the hostilities. Months afterward the Government was still being petitioned to secure their release, but for all I know they are still rotting in Shanghai today.

The fact was that the semi-colonial bourgeois element in the Kuomintang Government had too powerful a compradore interest in Shanghai to wish to see its destruction. They went on half believing that the Powers would come to their rescue. They did not want their own industry removed or destroyed and they could not conceive of a China not paying its tribute to this stronghold of international imperialism. All through the first two years of the war the high command refused to face the obvious fact that the relentless logic of China's protracted resistance demanded that no means of support should be left standing which the Japanese army could convert into self-sustaining bases. The party and the Generalissimo were too deeply enfettered with obligations to foreign capital. They were far more concerned to "protect foreign property" in every treaty port than they were to grapple with the grim truth that every city left intact meant the extension of Japanese invasion and the deaths of tens of thousands of their people.

[1] "Industrial Situation," S.M.C. Report No. 7/220, May 4, 1938.

The Kuomintang could not disturb the lines of penetration laid down into the heart of the country by imperialism as a whole and now being taken over by the Japanese "from within." Officials were flattered by empty compliments for the salvation of the sacred foreign property—of course the Government officials themselves had a big stake in it—and comforted themselves with the illusion that the "status quo imperialists" would appreciate this service and reward it by defending their "rights" against the Japanese. Somehow they expected the foreigners to prevent the Japanese from effectively monopolizing the network as a base of attack on the rest of China.

In Shanghai I only met one Government official who seemed to see very clearly what the loss of the means of production there meant to China. He was T. V. Soong, the Generalissimo's brother-in-law and chairman of the Bank of China.

"What are you going to do when you lose your Shanghai base, since the whole economy of the Government has been built around it?" I asked him one day.

"What do you think?" he replied. "There is no way out except to organize a new type of production in the interior. It will tax all the endurance of our people, but we can stand a lot of that if the alternative is extinction. Look what the Communists did in Kiangsi, for example, against similar odds. With only one province they fought a million Government troops and still they were not destroyed. From that you can see what can be done when the whole nation is mobilized for a single purpose."

"Ah, yes, but that means some very radical change," I said, thinking of the agrarian revolution which was the basis of the Red Army's extraordinary stand. "Do you think the Government is prepared to go as far as that?"

Soong frowned and hesitated. "Perhaps not yet. But it will in the end do everything necessary to mobilize all our powers of resistance," he finally said.

"A good start could be made here. If the people were organized as they were in Kiangsi, you could save a lot of the industrial equipment. The mobilization law gives the Government ample power to conscript industry and wealth. If the industrialists won't move out voluntarily, why doesn't the Government forcibly take over their plant and organize the people to move it to the interior and restore production there?"

"It should be done," he agreed. "Something is being done. Perhaps it is too late here but there is still time elsewhere. We must be patient."

But though Soong had the best financial brain in the country, and understood very well the necessity for mobilization in all its phases, he was not in the Cabinet. He had a mind of his own, and it was not always in agreement with Chiang Kai-shek's.

These were some of the conditions to blame for the terrible total loss of China's most advanced industrial base, and the costly isolation of the skilled workers of Shanghai from China's war effort. Within a few months Japan was to begin utilizing the industry and transport which the Chinese command failed to remove or demolish before retiring, and to convert Shanghai into a major base for an advance up the Yangtze Valley.

How China was to overcome this enormous setback suffered at the very outset of the war will be described farther on. But at this time many saw in the ashes of the great city, and in the chaos of the unorganized refugees now thrown upon the charity of the foreign areas and the mercy of the Japanese, the certain early end of Chinese resistance.

4

In the Wake of War

The Japanese army has strictly no other intention than to enhance the prosperity of the general Chinese public.

General Doihara

Sometimes I wandered appalled through the enormous devastation of Shanghai, mile after mile of it, with only an occasional chimney or telephone pole left standing. Derelict wires dangled crazily over the wreckage. Corpses sprouted from the piles of rubble; everything was as still as the death that was rotting in the winter sun.

Formerly I knew Chapei and Hongkew fairly well, but familiar landmarks were now completely obliterated. Moving through this ghastly world, a burnt-out hell, you could easily become lost. But one man seemed to recognize every fallen brick and smashed machine. He was Rewi Alley, a New Zealander who was then chief inspector of the industrial department of the Shanghai Municipal Council. I had gone with Alley on his inspection rounds when I had come to Shanghai in the past: it was the best education about that city that you could get. A trip with Alley now, through this vast graveyard of a nation's industry, momentarily brought the devastated workshops back to life.

We saw the Japanese rounding up their chain gangs of miserable Chinese captives, hauling away scrap iron from every conceivable source. From some factories hardly damaged they removed the entire machine plant, and shipped it to Japan, where the Army S.S.S. sold it to Japanese capitalists. Stores were gutted of all their goods, and stripped of the last ounce of metal of any kind. Alley's own house in Kiangwan was looted of nearly everything he owned.

Of course many factories in Chapei were left standing and most Chinese industry inside the International Settlement (in Hongkew

and Yangtzepoo) was little damaged. It was this latter which the Japanese first seized and operated, or demolished for junk, for they took full control over the Settlement north of Soochow Creek.

To Alley, who knew that the wrecked machines had all come out of workers monstrously exploited, the iron was real blood and living tissue, and it took on breath and body under his terse comments. Sometimes he would point out a piece of iron, some shapeless mass the Japanese had not yet collected, and then you would suddenly see a whole factory rise before you, like the fragments of an exploded bomb collecting together in a reverse movie.

"That's Chang Chi-lin's new boiler," he would dourly observe. "I made him put it in not long ago; the old one was a menace. Wonder if the poor devil is under that mess?"

Or we would come to a pile of quite undistinguished bricks through which you could see broken furniture or a torn wheel or lathe. "Yang Hsin's electric goods shop," Alley would volunteer. "I told him to put guards on his machines a few months ago. He waited till two of his workers lost their fingers. Suppose it doesn't matter now."

And so on. This Alley knew the personal history of hundreds of the little workshops destroyed, the life stories of thousands of workers in them, a knowledge more intimate and thorough than anybody else in China possessed. As Settlement Inspector, his authority did not extend to the Chinese municipality, and was even ambiguous over Chinese factory owners in Hongkew; but they all felt his influence. Though many foreign industrialists resented his attempts at "reform," and the Settlement Council only tolerated this department run by Eleanor Hinder and himself, they often got their way and undoubtedly saved many lives.

So Alley understood what this industry had cost not just in dollars but in terms of human effort lost forever. To him it was millions of hours of labor, which created all the industrial wealth of China in exchange for a miserable rice bowl, that was going up in smoke or into new Japanese shells. He knew that here in these ruins, too, lay the end of his own ten-year attempt to inject a little decency into Asiatic industry.

Personally, I could not repress a certain macabre satisfaction at seeing some of the worst sweatshops in shambles. Where Japanese build industry on the bodies of their women and girls, in Shanghai

it fed more often on young boys, many of them sold into the hands of their masters on contract as virtual slaves for years.

"There was a dump here," Alley said during one journey, "run by a bastard who bought 64 boys from an orphans' home. Nearly all the orphans' homes here are slave labor or white-slave rackets. This buzzard slept his boys on shelves over their machines; they never got out. They worked 14 hours a day; there were no guards on the machines. He squeezed over 100 percent profit out of it. A nice show. When I examined the lads' hands I found 26 of them had fingers missing. There was a total of 38 fingers amputated in that one dump."

During the war some of these boys were locked into the shops by their masters. Many perished or were taken captive and kept as boy slaves by the Japanese. I remember being with Alley one day when we discovered that some apprentices had turned the tables. The master had locked his boys in the shop in Chapei where he crept back every day or two to see whether the place had been hit, and to feed his work animals. One day the boys ganged up, took the keys, and left the master locked inside himself. I regret to say that it was the only case of the kind reported.

"It wouldn't be so bad," Alley used to say, "to have blown up all this circus, if something better would now take its place. That's the worst of it. The Japs are making things ten times filthier; now we'll see what real proletarian slavery is like."

That's the way most people thought about it, but not all of them. I remember hearing a foreigner, who had been having labor troubles, say that maybe it was a good thing, the Chinese "would keep their place now." He believed it would "make labor cheaper." And so it did—for the Japanese.

Over 800,000 industrial workers were thrown out of jobs by the Shanghai war. For months the Settlement and French concession were jammed with two million Chinese, at least half of them partly or wholly destitute. At the end of the Shanghai battle, men, women, and children clamored outside the gates that barred Chinese (now Japanese) Nantao from the French concession. Here Father Jacquinot had established his so-called "neutral zone," where 300,000 trapped people huddled for what brief security the priest could give them.

Alley and I looked through the barricades manned by Annamite and French troops, beyond which mobs of pitiful figures pleaded

all day long for the gates to be opened, and begged for bread and water. Now and then a Chinese relief organization would be permitted to approach from the French side, and toss steamed rolls or bread over the iron grille. Now and then Chinese Boy Scouts (who throughout the war did the heroic work of men, many of them sacrificing their lives) arrived with pails of water. A fence of fire stood out against the cliffs of smoke which were all you could see of the sky behind them. Many in the haggard crowd had desperate smoke-blackened faces, some had bandaged heads and limbs. It looked like the June Insurrection of Paris, only here was no revolutionary mood. Here were only unarmed, unorganized, frightened, caged human beings seeking escape and help from their neighbors.

For months you could not walk down any side street without being stalked by victims of catastrophe. Settlement and concession refugee camps never accommodated more than 100,000 people. Over half a million others slept on sidewalks and streets, in doorways of houses and shops, on window ledges and refuse dumps, using their little blue bundles of worldly goods for pillows, and rags and paper for bedding. Police kept these "vagabonds" from gathering on the main streets, where they drifted especially at night, to seek warmth from the lighted shop windows. In every lane suffering humanity squatted, stood, or lay wherever space was.

I went poking about into these places, into the flats and the tenements; my paper wanted some stories. People slept there in shifts, day and night. They made a double border on both side of stairways and they seemed to be mostly women. You had to thread your way among bodies on landings between floors. Though the nights were bitter, with a damp penetrating chill, every tenement roof was occupied too. Three- or four-storey buildings, intended to accommodate forty or fifty people, held four or five hundred.

Even in refugee camps, which were comparatively sanitary, deaths averaged over 200 a day for weeks: victims of starvation, dysentery, cholera, typhus, typhoid and other diseases. At the big camp run by the Salvation Army (17,000 people crowded into the classrooms of an abandoned school), I saw 60 bodies carried out in a single day, most of them women and children. The Salvationists did their best. Here at least were improvised maternity rooms. Elsewhere destitute mothers often gave birth in hallways, or alleyways, occasionally

even on a sidewalk, and sometimes in a small corner cleared by impoverished occupants who sacrificed their sleep for a day or two.

Many Christian workers exerted themselves to help; yet I met foreigners who seemed hardly aware of anything abnormal about them. Driving to and from their shopping and office routine, up and down Bubbling Well or Avenue Joffre or Avenue Haig, they saw only the car in front of them. In their opinion the whole thing was "grossly exaggerated." I heard several say over a comfortable meal at the Club or the Metropole that the refugee relief camp was in reality a menace. "These people will get the habit of eating for nothing," they observed. "They'll never go back to work. It's a racket."

Oddly enough many of those same people could work up an astonishing lather about the sufferings of a few stray cats and dogs. In the midst of this mass famine in rich Shanghai the correspondence columns of the local foreign press were filled with the usual irrelevant letters from their European readers. One heated controversy went on for days about the proper care of goldfish. I remember a tear-jerking letter from a correspondent appealing for people to boil their garbage and put it beside their ash cans for the hungry—*dogs*. Another "old resident" was agitated because, driving through the French Concession in his car, he had seen a muzzled dog wandering the street without any master. Fearing that the poor beast could neither eat nor drink, the correspondent had been unable to sleep all night. It evidently never struck such people as incongruous at all to be worrying about a hungry dog or two (plenty were fattening on bodies in the trenches just beyond) while thousands of starving children were derelict in the same predicament, muzzled by poverty, sans bedding, sans food, sans parents.

I don't pretend to understand it; I only report it.

Meanwhile, night life resumed. Expensive hotels, restaurants, cafes and brothels did a good business south of Soochow Creek. Cars were parked around two whole city blocks at some four-for-a-dollar dance halls near my flat. Pomaded silk-gowned Chinese wiggled back and forth across the floor, highly pleased with themselves. I dare say many of them were the owners of still intact factories now profiteering in the Settlement, or landlords who had doubled their rents and kicked refugees from their empty godowns onto the streets . . . A patriot made a speech and threw a bomb in one of these places, wishing them all to hell, and people stayed

away for a while. But the gangsters who ran them placed their gunmen conspicuously about, and dressed the doorways with foreign cops. Confidence was soon restored.

I thought of letters I had got from friends at the Northern front, telling of cotton-clad troops dying of cold, and of fingers falling from gloveless hands frozen to rifles and grenades. For what, I wondered? For these sleek-haired "long-gowns," the price of whose dance tickets and drinks for a night would save the hands or the lives of a dozen men? The Chinese "colonial" product of foreign-ruled Shanghai is the most degenerate bourgeois on earth, with the possible exception of his simulacrum in Hongkong. China's war would be pointless if it did not include the purpose of destroying the last gangster power of this city over the country.

Thousands of exposed corpses still rotted within a few blocks of these activities which I found so peculiarly revolting—because they were carried on not by men home from the front, seeking relaxation before facing death again, but simply by "bored rich-sons," as the Chinese call them. By contrast the air seemed fresh and sweet on the battlefields west of Shanghai, where on Sundays I walked with Alley. It was a strange escape, and yet for us it really was an improvement over the heartbreaking city. One could at least be reassured that Shanghai was not China. One could sense in the bourgeoning soil the strength and immensity of the nation that lay beyond. One could feel again in the scarred but still fruitful earth the certainty of renewed hope deeper than the presence of death.

West of the Settlement and south of Soochow Creek the fields were full of craters. The Japanese had kept a concentrated total fire on this area for nearly a week. Villages were blackish smudges on the bleak landscape; once quaintly arched bridges thrust charred arms into the sky. Mingled with decomposing bodies of soldiers were blue-clad farmers who had clung to their soil to the end. Japanese still scraped in the debris for money or souvenirs. Gangs of impressed Chinese hauled away the last bits of iron and brass: cooking utensils, window frames, doorknobs, plows, axles, hinges, nails, screws—nothing was too small. The fields were sown with unfired grenades, bullets, and shells, which were gradually being gathered in. Here and there were steel helmets, torn by shrapnel, half buried by recent rains that kindly interred the heads to which they were strapped. Armed Japanese stood over groups of Chinese

ordering them to dig the debris and mud from around fallen soldiers.

I watched a dead boy soldier picked of a couple of blood-stained dollar bills, two heads of Sun Yat-sen pinned carefully to the pocket of his cotton tunic.

And don't overlook, comrade, the picture of his smiling sweetheart there, beside that half-eaten hand. Take it up, he will not mind, he will not whimper now, you can foul his love with his money, it will not halt the prayer of this cadaver. He only wants to cleanse himself of that dark ripe flesh that says a woman's body was kind to his, he's urgent only to free himself from that contamination with a life he never lived but spent on death. No, no, don't weaken and put a dollar back, that's poor reward for his gallantry to save your mother or your slut. Undress his corpse to the rain, he'll thank you for that, hurry his proud rot away into its beauty sleep in this beautiful nameless soil.

Walking along one saw here and there a clenched fist fencing a hurried grave, or an arm or a leg or a smashed skull. Students of anatomy, you would enjoy this scene, this careless vivisection by a bomb. Right in the main road that had been the bus route where green vegetables came in to feed Shanghai, pedestrians passed unseeing on a bridge across a redoubt choked with dead. Live hand grenades studded the path where lines of farmers trod. There you saw an identification tag in the mud: *Chang Yu-ming* was represented by a piece of uniform, the rest of him in lupine dogs that ranged across the paddy full of worms.

Peasants, with their little bags of rice hung on poles, wound in over the lacerated fields, going to Shanghai to sell their produce. Sometimes Japanese stopped them to demand "taxes," squeezing a few coppers or dimes, or to relieve an old woman of a worn silver bracelet. At the Settlement boundary they paid a dollar "export fee" to get their bundles past the barrier. We asked farmers how far they had come and most of them said five or six *li*, though we met some that had walked three or four days to bring a few dollars worth of grain to sell, risking all kinds of abuse on the way. There were few young men or women, only old people and infants. One elder with a little girl and two boys, going the other way, said he was returning to his farm. There was nothing left of the house or his belongings.

"Hai shih yo ti, hai shih yo ni," he added cheerfully. "The land is still there and the mud is still there."

In the battlefields a few peasants shivered under mat shelters flat against their land, as if fearful that it, too, would be carried off. Some even planted and tilled in and around the ruins, carefully detouring from the corpses. I saw a family seated around their fire near a black spot that had been their hut. They stared red-eyed and silent at the weak flame. Alley put some money into the hand of a little girl near by, who bashfully accepted it and when asked if she was afraid gave a rueful smile and shook her head. "It's bitter now, but later we will win. The enemy will go back and good days will come." She said it with unexpected spirit.

5

That Man Alley

The workers are the salt of the earth and to be part of their destiny is the true adventure of our time.
Rewi Alley

I FIRST met Rewi Alley far up in Inner Mongolia, in the arid June of 1929, and though I never remotely imagined that I would some day write these paragraphs about him, I knew that he was something rather unusual.

We were the only foreigners on a "famine special" going into the drought-stricken country west of Kalgan, where 3,000,000 people eventually starved to death. Except for the special car in which I rode with a Chinese politician there were only fourth-class carriages and open wagons, bursting with peasants and freight. Out of the latter I was astonished to see a European crawl for a breath of air, and walk a station platform. I went up and introduced myself—to Rewi Alley.

He was a strangely out-of-place figure in that dark sickly crowd, his sunburned face covered with dust beneath a fiery bush of upstanding hair. He was only of medium height, but he had tremendous rugged arms and legs. When he stood with those giant's legs spread apart in a characteristic attitude, he seemed somehow rooted to earth. But it was the man's great head, with a profile like something carved from Stone Mountain, that struck me.

I thought he must be miserable in the stifling car and I suggested that he come in with us. To my annoyance, the politician refused to second the suggestion. Some Englishmen had once insulted the poor fellow, and he lived only to get even. Had I known Alley better then I might have realized he was quite happy where he was. He had better company than mine, at that.

"Never mind," he laughed. "Look at that wonderful country," and his gaze searched the rolling grace of the vast Mongolian steppe. "It's like New Zealand, where I come from."

The little incident was symbolic. Alley never lets any personal discomfort, no insult nor affront, interfere with the vision of a distant horizon which some people claim they see in his sky-blue eyes. He could take it—in any quantities China handed out. And to those who understand her, China has a subtle but often oddly satisfying system of reward.

We parted at Saratsi and I traveled briefly across the bare sun-parched land, where for the first time I saw men die of hunger. I was only a horrified observer, but that man Alley, who was then with the Shanghai Municipal Council, had chosen the spot for his *holiday*! He worked there all summer among the typhus-infested people, distributing relief grain to them, and nursing their lean little children back to health.

I saw enough and returned to Peking and wrote a dispatch for the *Herald Tribune*, and a little New York boy read it and sent me a dollar bill clear from America, to give to the starving. For all I know that is the only good my story did. But Alley gave a lot more, and he came out with more—a human being, and the beginning of a purpose in life. The next time I saw him he was the foster father of an orphan lad whose parents had perished in the famine. He named his adopted son Alan, and put him in a Christian school in Shanghai.

Two years later Alley was loaned by the Shanghai Municipal Council to Sir John Hope Simpson, to help rebuild the Yangtze dikes after the great flood. Again I wrote some dispatches, and again Alley came out with a famine orphan and a brother for Alan. He christened his second son Michael. In Municipal Council circles, where few white sahibs would dream of sitting down with a "coolie" at their table, the Family Alley soon became a kind of legend. For in a few years those two illiterate peasant lads grew into splendid young men of whom any bona fide father could be proud. In middle school they led their classmates in study and sport. Finally, at St. John's University, Alan was elected president of his class. It was an extraordinary distinction in China for an orphan boy from an unknown peasant family.

With those long-view eyes, his reddish hair, and his hawklike English nose, Alley is the perfect image of the kind of foreign devil to frighten the wits out of Chinese children. Yet he is probably loved by more of them today than any other foreigner. Even before the days of Indusco he helped hundreds of unfortunate lads,

from Shanghai to Mongolia. His own sons became for him an open sesame to the youth and the heart of China. He had adopted them and they were determined that China should now adopt him. He tramped far and wide with them, across the fields and canals, and he learned to read and write the language with them. He was initiated into the intimacies of Chinese village and city life, so that he learned to think and feel as did the people around him.

Mike and Alan were irrepressibly keen and ambitious, and Alley encouraged in them a strong human sympathy. When the war broke out Alan was preparing to enter medical college. It means very much to sacrifice a college education in China, which comes to only about one in ten thousand. But without hesitation the two boys left school and went into the interior to volunteer. Alley invited me to a little farewell dinner for them. As devoted as any true blood brothers, they were also devoted sons, but "the pater" sent them off with all his blessings.

Yet nobody could hate war more than Alley. He was still in school himself when the first World War began, and he followed his brothers into the ranks of a New Zealand regiment. His eldest brother was killed. Rewi himself was twice gassed, but went on successfully killing till near the end he was severely wounded. He was decorated for gallantry in action by the Prince of Wales; but he came out of it disillusioned, deeply aware of war's waste and stupidity. In that mood he arrived to work as factory inspector in Shanghai.

No pacifist, however, Alley believed in fighting for certain ideals. And gradually the concept of a free China had come to embody most of them. He recognized that here, however blind and groping at times, was a rapidly awakening people, moving toward freedom, and with something of certain great value to the world, if allowed to work out its own destiny. An extremely concrete thinker, he built his faith on the children and the plain people who do all the work in China—the peasant and the "coolie" whom few foreigners ever meet as human beings.

In his own experience Alley saw demonstrated, again and again, the magnificent potentialities of the poorest child of the land, if given but half a chance. The future of such children, their right to a life of fellowship and human dignity, and the necessity to fight against their enslavement from whatever quarter, became the

cause of this man's intense heart—and a cause to which he was ready to give his own life and that of his sons.

I knew Alley years before I learned from him anything about the influences that created his rare personality combination of spiritual might and practical sense. He is the son of Irish and English pioneers who helped settle New Zealand, less than a century ago. Two of his great-uncles fought with the northern armies in the American Civil War; and one of them was a founding father of Lincoln, Nebraska. Rewi's own father, a freehold farmer and schoolmaster, fostered much of the progressive social legislation of New Zealand. Devoted to causes, he spent the last 20 years of his life working for better education and preaching the "factory farm" in agriculture.

Practicing what he preached, the elder Alley turned his own lands over to his sons and other youths, where they spent their holidays learning to work together. He was no bigot or chauvinist and he could admire courage and genius in any race. Hence he named one of his sons after the famous Maori Chieftain, Rewi Te Manipoto, who successfully resisted the Redcoats with guerrilla methods similar to those used by the Chinese today.

The harsh New Zealand frontier built up in Rewi Alley a physical strength to match the spirit which inhabited him. "A wild hard country," Alley once told me, "with sweeping cold winds that blew through the tussocks and the wild Irishmen among them. Gorse in a blaze of yellow, rabbits by the million, and the swift Oreti river —where as a boy I more than once nearly lost my life."

His father's quick resentment of social waste and stupidity, his heritage of rebel Irish blood, the severe training of an untamed country where men had to help each other or die—a lesson underlined by the experience of a war which settled nothing—all these contributed to the making of a citizen fit to live in a future world of the union of men.

It was all necessary, also, to equip Alley for a great role which an accident of war was now to assign to him.

6

The Birth of Indusco

Chinese Industrial Co-operatives stand for human rehabilitation, economic progress, and democratic education.

Mme. Sun Yat-sen

I saw more of Alley after his boys left, and occasionally accompanied him on his dreary missions. Although the Japanese had appropriated nearly all police power in the Settlement north of Soochow Creek, they permitted Alley and some other public service officials to carry out a few functions beneficial to themselves. But his reports of their villainies attracted increasing antagonism; warnings were sent to him. Japanese ronin and hired gangsters extended their activities south of Soochow Creek and many patriotic Chinese were murdered. Bomb-tossing became common. Dr. Herman Liu, who refused to serve as a Japanese puppet, was assassinated a few yards from the entrance to my flat. Human heads were planted near foreigners considered "non-co-operative," and editors and foreign correspondents were anonymously threatened with death.

Recovered from her illness, my wife came down from Peking to join me at Shanghai, despite these depressing goings-on.

Frequently Alley dropped in after the day's work and we exchanged information on the most recent insanities. It was often pretty grisly: about the latest newspaper or news agency to receive a bomb through the window, or who had found whose head outside whose door. But we talked more often of a conviction we shared together: that China was doomed unless a method was found to mobilize labor power and resources and build industrial bases for the kind of mobile war we foresaw must soon be widely adopted.

Out of these daily post-mortems there gradually grew in our minds an idea which was eventually to lay a democratic foundation for China's war-time industry. Under the usual intellectual prodding from Nym, it broke through the shell of our thought one day that *industrial co-operatives* offered the possibility of creating a new kind of society in the process of the war. They could be made to combine speedy reconstruction with productive refugee relief, the training and militant mobilization of labor, an economic basis for political democracy and a means of defending the guerrilla districts against both blockade and economic conquest by Japanese goods.

Though we were highly sceptical that the Government would support a plan with such broad implications, it was a hope to counterpoise against the unrelieved gloom around us, and we held a carnival with the idea. The more we talked of it the more we began to believe in its practicability. Hubert Liang, an American-educated engineer soon joined these intellectual Olympics. Liang brought along the gentle and gifted Hsu Sing-loh, that *rara avis*, a banker with social vision, who was one of China's great men. He became an enthusiastic sponsor. Another early collaborator was a member of the British consular service, from whom the mere word co-operative evoked a religious piety.

The thing seemed plausible to all of us mainly because of Rewi Alley, however, whom we conceived to be the only man in China capable of creating the necessary organization to realize it. Because Alley believed in it we knew it would work. It took hold of him, and he drew up technical plans for the "movement"—for he was already thinking of it as a kind of crusade. We produced a little book[1] which advocated the building of 30,000 small co-operative industries in the interior. This was launched upon an unsuspecting world in the spring of 1938, and soon went into many editions in English and Chinese.

Meanwhile a number of Chinese and foreigners had been thinking along similar lines. We formed a Committee for Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. Hsu Sing-loh became chairman, and remained so until he was killed in an American-flown passenger plane shot down and machine-gunned by the Japanese near Canton.

Alley organized a strong technical section, including two of China's best engineers, then with the Shanghai Power Company: Frank (Fu-yi) Lem and Wu Chu-fei, graduates of American engineering schools. Lu Kuang-mien, a co-operative expert educated

[1] *Chinese Industrial Co-operatives*, Shanghai.

in Scotland, was another early adherent. All these men today hold strategic posts among the hundreds of technicians and organizers along the 2,000-mile Indusco Line they have created.

But what was "Indusco"? It was first of all the product of an historic combination of conditions. War brought disaster to China's heavy industry, capital fled from the interior to the foreign concessions, and the transport tie-up made new construction extremely difficult. But we had faith in Industrial Co-operatives because of three or four basic realities in their favor.

For one thing, Japanese military lines automatically blocked off huge areas into which foreign goods could not penetrate. Here Chinese industry for the moment had an exclusive monopoly of its own domestic market. Second, China's labor power, with millions of refugees migrating before the scourge of invasion, was practically unlimited. Third, the greater part of China's natural resources and raw materials lay in areas not likely to be conquered for years. Even in the "occupied" provinces were immense gaps held by the guerrillas. Between the railways and Japanese garrisons self-sufficient Chinese industry could be maintained.

Finally, the Government's plan, which was to concentrate new industries in a few Western cities, invited destruction through bombardment. Few large factories could be permanently immune, as the whole country would soon fall within easy range of Japanese planes. Thousands of small "semi-mobile" industrial units, built in places inaccessible to Japanese motorized troops, carefully camouflaged and offering no obvious smokestacks or large buildings, could provide secure industrial bases for China's total protracted resistance.

But it was necessary not only to mobilize labor; that mobilization had to be assured of a progressive future. Labor needed a real stake in the war of independence, to bring a meaning to its sacrifices and to impart to it a sense of participation and responsibility. Wartime industrial workers must be stiffened with the morale of an army and the spirit of men consciously fighting for the promise of economic democracy.

Ideally, that required a mechanism which could harmonize a kind of partnership between workers, consumers, and the Government—the people, the administration and the fighting forces. Co-operative industry was the solution. We believed that Chinese workers, given needed financial help from relief funds and low-interest Government loans, and protected against the corrupt political control which had ruined credit co-operatives, would quickly respond to the emergency. Chinese workers were fully capable of "running their own show," as Alley put it, and would eagerly welcome the opportunity to buy over their own plants while learning to operate them democratically.

Thus far the war had advanced no slogan of positive promise for the masses. Here was the possibility—and urgent necessity—of creating one.

Original blueprints of Indusco divided the whole country into three great "areas of economic defense," or "lines" of industry. Front-line units would be readily mobile, even portable, and capable of operating behind the Japanese front, using water power or hand power and beginning with light machines and tools salvaged from the "scorched cities." They required the complete support of armies co-operating with a trained and organized people, taught to regard their industries as their own economic lifeline.

The second line covered a vast stretch of intermediate territory between the main front and the rear. Here would be built more substantial industries, still semi-mobile in type, and in emergency depending on their own transport co-operatives for evacuation to places of safety. It seemed likely that China would ultimately be completely blockaded, so that she must develop not only industrial self-sufficiency but a transportation system adapted to her special type of resistance. We advocated the organization of a vast system of co-operative transport—camels, carts, mules, horses and human carriers. Both transport and industry in the second line would thus be convertible to guerrilla conditions when hostilities reached their districts.

Third line, or rear-area Industrial Co-operatives were to be located in the Northwest, Southwest, and Southeast, in provinces safe from early invasion. Here mines would be operated, and machines and tools produced for all three zones. Here, under the central headquarters, would be the marketing and distribution services, training schools, co-op hospitals, war veterans' and war orphans' vocational centers, clinics, crêches, and other social by-products of which Alley dreamed.

As it turned out, those draft blueprints proved entirely workable, though in the beginning they made little impression at Hankow. Sceptics and defeatists called it a crackpot idea. The Old China Hands were there with the usual glib platitudes:

"It won't work because of the family system; the Chinese are too individualistic."

"Coolies are too ignorant to run factories; they will carry off the tools and the loans the first chance they get."

"Refugees don't want to work, don't you know that? They prefer their free rice in charity camps."

The odd fact is that the Indusco plan might have been interred along with other amateur advice had it not been ardently sponsored, and Rewi Alley with it, by the British Ambassador. Sir Archibald Kerr Clark-Kerr was something new in the line of British diplomats. He had but recently come out to replace Sir Hughe M. Knatchbull-Hugessen, whom the Japanese had machine-gunned into invalidism and retirement, an assault which they probably now regret, since Clark-Kerr proved to be a firm anti-appeaser. From the day he arrived Sir Archibald took the widest and most sympathetic interest in China's struggle. Though he apparently got little support from the Chamberlain Government, which placed its hopes in Sir Robert Craigie over in Tokyo, he never missed an opportunity to do everything he could, as an individual, to keep Britain's promise to "extend aid to China."

It was Sir Archibald who personally presented the Indusco scheme to the Generalissimo, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, and Dr. H. H. Kung, the premier. And the character of the Chinese Government at the time was such that while Indusco probably would never have been launched in response to internal initiative alone, the Big Three agreed to try it out, when urged by the British Ambassador. W. H. Donald, the Generalissimo's loyal and able confidant, also saw its importance and energetically backed it. In July, Sir Archibald secured Alley's release from the Shanghai Municipal Council, at the request of the Government, and took him to Hankow to present to the Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang.

Today there is a growing literature in English and Chinese on the Industrial Co-operatives, which represent for many the most hopeful and constructive result of the war. With what painful struggle and risk of life any advance is made in China was now to become manifest to all of us through vicarious participation in Alley's efforts to realize his new "brotherhood of production." It may yet rank as one of the great human adventures of our time. Where Lawrence brought to the Arabs the destructive technique of

guerrilla war, Alley was to bring to China the constructive technique of guerrilla industry.

"Alley has adopted another orphan." Mme. Sun Yat-sen smiled when she heard the news. But she had given the movement her devoted and cherished support from the very beginning and had likewise enlisted the help of her astute brother, T. V. Soong. Mme. Sun saw with her quick intelligence and unerring intuition that Industrial Co-operatives epitomized the most important and the most neglected of the Three Principles of Dr. Sun.

"It is just what he meant by People's Livelihood," she said, "but to succeed it must be a real mass movement controlled by the producers."

With my own small involvement in all this agitation I had begun to feel somewhat like a cross between an electric turbine and a refugee. But the *Daily Herald* soon recalled me to the task of covering the events of war. In June, I set off for the interior once more, to arrive at a Hankow under siege.

Part Four

SOUTHERN FRONT

I

Excursion in Politics

Heaven sees as the people see;
heaven hears as the people hear.
Mencius

WUHAN, as the twin-city metropolis of Wuchang and Hankow is called, lies 600 miles up the Yangtze River from Shanghai. This second wartime capital of China, the scene of the break-up of the Great Revolution in 1927, was no Madrid.

When I arrived, three months before Wuhan's fall, every candid political speculation began with the assumption that the place was already lost. "If only," Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr said to me one day, "we could get these people to begin saying '*if* Hankow falls' instead of '*when* Hankow falls' it would be a big help. What is needed here is a little of the spirit of *'no pasaran!'*"

By a great stroke of luck I got the use of the little flat of the secretary of the Navy Y.M.C.A., which had become headquarters for most of the foreign newspaper men in Hankow. Soon afterward Rewi Alley arrived, at the invitation of the Generalissimo, to start picking up the pieces and building a new industry. He got himself off to rather a bad start by moving in with me. Every morning a little after dawn we were awakened by the high piercing voice of a newsboy shouting at the top of his lungs:

"Wu-han-nnnnn Jih Bao! Wu-han Jih Bao!"

We grew very fond of that lad despite the ghastly hour of his call. There was a fine brave challenge in his clear soprano voice which seemed to summon everyone in the old city to wake up before it was too late. Alley said it was like a bell "ringing in" the New Year and each day it renewed his hope.

But then a few hours later Wuhan Jih Bao was always followed by the half-dead drone of another vendor whose voice seemed a lot nearer the truth about official Hankow. We never could make out what he really said, but it sounded for all the world like "I've

lost my ma-*ma* and pa-*pa*! I've lost my ma-*ma* and pa-*pa*!" Twenty centuries of fatalism and inertia were clearly implicit in his beggarly bleat.

"It's no use, it's no use," he seemed to say.

And that was Wuhan, where youth and vigor and courage and self-reliance were continually suppressed by the fears and inner disbeliefs of a ruling class still desperately looking for a prop of compromise to lean upon.

There never was a war so full of absurd contradictions as this struggle in Eastern Asia. As a semi-colonial country fighting for its independence, China provided a mirror for all the greed, hypocrisy, and international anarchy inherent in conflicting foreign policies. And as a semi-feudal country aspiring to modern statehood, it was constantly denying its own internal objectives.

Take the China policy of Germany, for example. In 1937 German influence dominated the Chinese army, and was becoming pronounced in industry, trade, politics and culture. German trade with China surpassed that of every country but the United States and the combined British Empire, and it was larger and more profitable than the Reich's trade with Japan. In the reconstruction program which China began only in 1937, Germany's share was larger than that of any foreign country. Among Chinese army officers Hitler's methods had made a big impression and some of its internal organizations were modeled on Nazi lines. The Generalissimo had a strong personal admiration for the Fuehrer, which appeared to be reciprocal. Yet it was the assurance of Hitler's signature on the Anti-Comintern Pact—as a threat against Soviet intervention—which encouraged Japan to extend her colonial campaign into a conquest of China.

In a few weeks the war wiped out most of the gains which German merchants had carefully recovered during the previous two decades. They lost millions in contracts with the Government, after Japan established her policy of monopolization of trade and resources. Ninety percent of the German business men were naturally hostile to Hitler's Far Eastern policy.

But one kind of trade continued on an increased scale. The Chinese bought over half their imported munitions from Germany. There was also the matter of the German military advisers. Even after Hitler's open insults to the Chinese, the Generalissimo kept on his Prussians and among some of his own officers Nazi-worship persisted. Pressed by his Japanese Anti-Comintern allies, Hitler finally ordered the whole German military mission home, during the critical period of Japan's drive on Hankow. And despite their contracts with the Generalissimo, all but seven of the Germans deserted him in June, 1938. They included, an ironical point, one Jewish officer. Hitler promptly rewarded his loyalty by putting him in a concentration camp upon his return.

British policy was quite as inconsistent. Officially, London adhered to the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of changes brought about by Japanese force, and subscribed to the League of Nations' resolution, promising to refrain from action which might weaken China or increase her difficulties, and to extend concrete aid to China. British investment in China amounted to U.S. $1,250,000,000, and in the course of the invasion this dwindled to half its value. Yet British merchants continued to import millions of pounds' worth of Japanese goods annually, giving the Nipponese the foreign exchange with which to buy more war materials, destroy more lives and property, seize more British trade, insult more British nationals in China, and attack the Chinese currency which British loans were backing through the Stabilization Fund.

And the United States? New Deal officials and Congressmen at times spoke harshly of Japan, nearly every American hoped China would win, and the press joined in condemning the wicked Japanese. But Japan got from the United States over 90 percent of her aviation gasoline imports, copper, scrap iron and steel, and 82 percent of her imports of ferro-alloys. In 1938 she got 76 percent of her aircraft and parts from America, and "we" also sold to her blueprints and plans of the latest war machines and sent along skilled technicians with machine tools to show the Japanese how to build plants to make them. Our merchants sent her whole airplane and automobile plants intact. Meanwhile, we remained Japan's best customer, giving her the foreign exchange necessary for greater armament.

Piously denouncing Japan as a bandit, big-hearted non-materialistic America would continue to arm the bandit for over two years, until war in Europe cut down competition so that American merchants could supply her with nearly 80 percent of all her war materials imports.[1] Early in the conflict a foolish law was enforced

[1] Our total exports to Japan, 1937-39, inclusive, were U.S. $759,000,000. Our imports, including purchases of U.S. $604,000,000 in gold and silver, totaled over a billion dollars, giving Japan a favorable balance of payments of U.S. $327,000,000.

which forbade American ships to carry armament goods to the war zone. Belligerents had to come and get their own. Japan possessing a capacious merchant fleet and having by that time not only seized all of China's shipping but blockaded the whole China coastline, this arrangement for some time had the effect of denying China access to what little armament she could buy from us. Moreover, most of our merchants in China itself were, after the occupation of the coastal areas, merely helping the economy actually controlled by the Japanese. Our economic support for the invaders—whom we so virtuously denounced as treaty-breakers—amounted to from 15 to 20 times our "aid" to China.

Some of our muddled isolationist Congressmen, if one believed their speeches, seemed actually under the impression that this co-operation with the Japanese war effort was in some mysterious way identified with "neutrality." They were the gentlemen who raised the "dragging us into war" cries whenever anyone suggested that we should stop arming the aggressors—or more sensibly, both belligerents. Of course, if we had banned those exports, so vital to conquest, a handful of American merchants might have lost 30 or 40 million dollars annually in profits. That is, roughly, a third of the cost of one of the super-battleships we are now building—to fight Japan after we have armed her sufficiently to make it interesting?

Italy furnished the comic relief. The Italians had little to lose except China's good will and they got a fairly good price for that from Japan, in exchange for the dubious diplomatic assistance and special consideration accorded them as Japan's Anti-Comintern allies. Actually they were of far less help to Japan than either Britain or America. "Italy, Japan, good friends," a somewhat inebriated Japanese officer remarked to an Italian officer as they were leaving a banquet together in Shanghai. "Italians last foreigners Japan kick out of China." Though the story may be apocryphal it is essentially true, and nobody knew it better than the Italians. Consequently they made money by betraying both sides as fast as possible.

Using their privileged position under the Japanese, they took over Chinese property and ran up Italian flags over it and then collected half its value from the Chinese for "saving" it. They took over Chinese steamers the same way and ran defective guns and munitions past the blockades along the coast into the Chinese "Communists" (Chiang Kai-shek's followers), against whom Il Duce

was supposed to be leading a crusade. Then sometimes they righted matters by selling out Chungking's agents in Shanghai to the Japanese—and collecting a reward. Of course not all Italians. I only report what a well-known Blackshirt told me himself, while regrettably somewhat in his cups. His card, incidentally, identified him as an affiliate of the legal firm of a highly respected American who was then Chairman of the Shanghai Settlement Municipal Council.

It must be admitted that the only great Power which could claim to be carrying out a consistent policy was Soviet Russia. In 1930 Japan purchased from Russia over 40 million yen worth of goods, which according to the economist Guenther Stein[1] then equaled Japan's total imports from Siam, French Indo-China, British Borneo and the Philippines. But the trade abruptly ceased in 1932, after Japan's seizure of Manchuria, was never resumed, and throughout the present war amounted to less than one one-thousandth of American trade.[2] Japan got from Russia nothing to help her aggression against China except a little oil from Sakhalin, access to which was guaranteed her as a result of her victory over Czarism.

At the same time Russia appeared to be the only one of the Powers which took seriously the League's decision that members should individually aid China, after the League Assembly had condemned Japan as a Covenant-breaker in 1937. Russia sent planes, pilots and munitions to Hankow in considerable quantities, against commodity credits. Russia also signed a non-aggression pact with China which, had the move been emulated by the other Powers, might have yet laid the basis for an anti-aggression front in the East, centering round the preservation of Chinese independence.

Internally, the Chinese were locked in contradictions of their own which seemed soluble only through the continued hammerings of the dynamic of Japanese invasion. The Government wavered between wanting to be known as a democracy and wanting to be a dictatorship, which made it quite difficult to frame a literate foreign policy. Among some very high Government leaders the attitude was that China had somehow been tricked into fighting, single-handed, the battle of America, France, Britain and Soviet Russia—the "democracies." The Premier himself told me that Mussolini was right when he had warned the weak countries to

[1] *China Air Mail*, No. 19, Hongkong.
[2] In 1939 it was less than U.S. $200,000. *Ibid.*

beware of the democracies who after leading them to expect help would in the end fold their arms and do nothing. "We realize that perhaps we are fools," said the Premier. But the rulers tended to think of themselves as a democracy in dealing with the Powers, while the internal administration remained a dictatorship.

Everybody felt the vast gulf between the officials, the armed forces and the people. Little or nothing was done to train and mobilize the millions of farmers and workers in this economic heart of the nation. Always in the background one felt the memory of 1927 haunting the Kuomintang, and the trepidation that history might repeat itself if the people were democratically organized.

Workers inside the cities, like farmers beyond, were denied the right of organization and many were ignorant of the nature of the war. Villages remained immobilized and relations between the people and the soldiers were often very bad. Too little was done to evacuate skilled workers and tools and some 400,000 tons of machinery were left behind in the lower Yangtze Valley. At the great iron center of Tayeh, to give but one example, half a million tons of pig iron lay piled up for six months while nothing was done to move it into the interior where it would later be so badly needed. Through mobilization of local labor power it could have been saved or at worst dumped into the river. As it was the Japanese took it over intact.

Thousands of lightly wounded men died trying to struggle back to medical aid or were massacred by the Japanese when they fell behind the retreating armies. Organization and training of the peasants as stretcher bearers and in first aid groups and relief units might have saved many lives. The building up of democratic self-defense corps in the villages would also have enormously complicated the Japanese tasks of consolidation and should not have been difficult for a Government which was necessarily fighting a revolutionary war.

Loose talk of a "Red Hankow" was of course completely silly, but it was possible to discern a deep undercurrent demand for change. An occasional ripple of it reached the surface. There was little freedom of action, but there was more freedom of speech than formerly. Intellectuals were permitted to sound off to each other. As long as they did not attempt to organize anybody but themselves they could criticize quite freely.

The Government itself remained under one-party rule, with

the Generalissimo manipulating the balance inside the party and between it and other groups in the national life which formed the coalition of anti-Japanese forces. Curiously, the Kuomintang was still the only legal political party, though in practice the existence of the Communists now had to be recognized. But no Communist had any important post in the Government, and to counteract Communist influence among the people the Kuomintang encouraged certain political factions, long since suppressed, to appear again and take part in the pamphleteering. Thus were resurrected the Social Democratic, Young China, and National Socialist parties, as a prelude to the convocation of the People's Political Council—warring China's "first step" toward democracy.

A paragraph or two about those parties. Their combined membership probably does not exceed a couple of thousand, though their leaders' claims run far higher. In program they differ but slightly. All advocate a *post-war* "equalization of land ownership," political democracy and "eventual socialism." In conversation their aims sound similar to those of the Communists, but in practice they are not "fighting" parties and have little living connection with the people. Since they have no armed forces they can live only on the sufferance of the dictatorship which has.

There was also the Third Party, which traced its origin back to 1927 and the first Kuomintang-Communist split. As its name implies, the Third Party began with a compromise program, by advocating the elevation of national interests above class and party politics. It made the preservation of the united front a permanent principle. But its able and brilliant leader, young Têng Yen-ta, a Whampoa graduate and former chief of the political department of the army (the position held in Hankow by General Chen Cheng), was killed by Chiang Kai-shek's henchmen. After that it was in eclipse, except for a brief period when it supplied the ideological background of the Fukien Rebellion, until the Kuomintang called it back to Hankow.

All four of these groups may be regarded as minority fractions within the Kuomintang itself or "splinter parties," as the Chinese call them. Each has its own clique purposes but lacks a strong popular basis. Though in Hankow, as remarked, these "parties" had no legal status, they were permitted to air their views through their delegates in the People's Political Council.

Various other political groups, including the National Salvationists and the Manchurians, were admitted to the P.P.C., but

most of the delegates were chosen on a regional basis. The Communists were permitted seven delegates or about the same number given each of the splinter parties. All the 200 delegates were hand picked by the Kuomintang, which took the added precaution of appointing 70 members of its own central executive committee. Neither the working class, the peasantry, the soldiers nor the students had any elected or even nominal representation. As there was thus little possibility that the Council would adopt any measure not approved in advance by the Kuomintang, nobody took it very seriously as a democratic body, with the possible exception of the Communists, who did their best to make it a sounding board of public opinion. Unfortunately, it had no authority over either the Government or the bureaucracy, so that the effects of all the oratory were felt chiefly by the delegates themselves.

Still, though it was only a caricature, it was the nearest thing to a representative assembly yet granted, and many people believed that "something might come out of it." Something did, rather unexpectedly, in the person of its chairman, Mr. Wang Ching-wei. But the Council should not be held responsible for Mr. Wang. He was imposed on it by the Kuomintang, after the latter had elected him Deputy Tsung-tsai (Director General) of the party—Chiang Kai-shek being Tsung-tsai. In the Council meeting Wang made an eloquent declaration of his determination to resist to the bitter end and vigorously denounced the puppets helping Japan—of whom he was presently to become No. 1.

Here in this Council, I think, was to be found one of the causes for his desertion. He expected the Council to back his own demand for the removal of the premier and finance minister, Dr. H. H. Kung, the Generalissimo's brother-in-law, whose job as premier Wang coveted for himself. Wang's followers got over 100 signatures to a petition against Dr. Kung. It was to have been presented to the Council, and Wang expected the support of the "C.C." clique, which bosses the Kuomintang party apparatus, and the Cheng Hsueh Hsi, or "Political Science Group," who controlled most of the delegates. Of these two organizations and their deep influence on the bureaucracy of Chiang's government, I shall have something to say farther on.[1]

Wang's plans did not work out, however. The Generalissimo himself was able to quash the movement with a well-timed warning and the issue never came to a vote. It was one of the last of a series

[1] See pp. 206-215.

of political defeats which caused the "poet revolutionary" soon afterward to clear off for Indo-China. Wang Ching-wei had been in daily wireless contact with the Japanese, through the courtesy of the Italian Consulate. He and his followers believed that if he could get control of the Cabinet he would be able to bring off a brilliant settlement and get rid of Chiang and the revolutionary armies and the Communists. But his rebuff in the Council showed Wang that he would have to get his Japanese support more openly and must have helped to decide him to accept the Japanese offer for the puppet premiership at Nanking.

I recall all this because it is quite interesting to see how, in a government in which the political will of the people is denied representation, it is possible for the most sinister figures of a republic to maneuver quite openly and actively for the betrayal of a whole nation, to satisfy their own petty vanity and selfish interests. Wang Ching-wei came closer to success, and had a wider following inside the ruling circle—where all his connections with the enemy were fully known—than has ever been admitted. At the same time this ripening crisis fully demonstrated the value of an active organized opposition to the ruling political party during a national catastrophe, even though it is denied participation in the governing councils themselves. In Hankow it was the threat from the Left of extinction for the Kuomintang if it followed Wang Ching-wei which forcibly kept open the road of reconciliation between conflicting class interests, and resulted in the defeat of Wang's proposals for surrender.

For of course beneath the hokus-pokus of the impotent People's Political Council the fundamental dialectic of the country remained: the rivalry for leadership between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party. The united front clearly was a friable arrangement which could not hold the country together if its basis, the armed struggle against conquest, were once broken. The Communists were not recognized as political equals, their few delegates were spied upon and not permitted to hold mass meetings or to organize any section of the people, and they endured various kinds of oppression. But all this did not obscure the fact that the process of the war was rapidly changing the balance of the armed political forces inside the country in such a way as to give the Communists the national leadership *if* the Kuomintang as a whole were to yield to Japan.

The cleavage between the two parties was still very wide. For

one thing, the Kuomintang was determined that the land policy and the one-party dictatorship should not undergo any alteration, but should be strengthened in the war. The Communists, on the contrary, believed the war could be won only by combining the anti-Japanese struggle with the democratic economic and political reforms of an agrarian revolution. In districts they occupied in North China they carried out many changes which shocked the Kuomintang.

Though the Communists had abandoned the practice of land expropriation as a condition of the united front, they now helped organize local governments which sanctioned the temporary redistribution, among landless peasants, of the estates of traitors and absentee landlords, and made wide use of any fallow or waste land. Rich peasants were not molested but were taxed proportionately higher than poor ones. In general the poor and middle peasants benefited wherever the Red troops penetrated, at the expense of the landlords and gentry, but the majority of the population consequently strongly supported the war effort. On the basis of such economic changes, of which we shall learn more in the Northwest, the Communists were organizing the people militarily and politically in a new and mildly revolutionary way for mass resistance.

Not unnaturally the Kuomintang resented these developments, which were confined chiefly to the hinterland back of the Japanese lines, where its authority had largely collapsed. Representing gentry and landlord interests, the Kuomintang regarded any change in the land system as illegal and would make no similar concessions in other areas. Party chiefs resented the activity of Communist troops even though they were leading resistance against the enemy, and they gave the guerrilla areas very little support. Eventually the Kuomintang itself was to work out a scheme of "recovering" the lost territory from the Communists, that is, recovering the districts already recovered by the Communists from the Japanese. And its execution was to pose very sharply the danger of renewed civil war.

In this situation the role of the personality of a single man assumed an enormous importance. I refer, of course, to Chiang Kai-shek, who had charged himself with the task of maintaining the internal balance of power. It may clarify some of the complexities of war politics, therefore, if we pause briefly to identify Chiang a little more clearly against this background.

2

The Generalissimo

Until the final defeat of the invader is accomplished, resistance can never cease.

Chiang Kai-shek

I SUPPOSE we should all be re-examined after each sabbatical year, for it is said that the cells in the human body undergo a complete change every seven years. I have not seen any discussion of whether the physical shock and mental torment of war accelerates the process; but men sometimes change more after a single bombing attack than in a lifetime before it. Somewhere Marx says that in cataclysmic moments "there may come days which are the concentrated essence of 20 years," and it is in such days that many of us now live. It would be unimaginable that the years and the bombs have not altered Chiang Kai-shek.

There are many dubious characters around the Generalissimo, but he is very fortunate to have the services of such an astute and devoted vice-minister of war publicity as Hollington K. Tong, who has made most of his contacts with the foreign press. I could not help thinking this as I ferried across the river with "Holly" to interview Chiang in Wuchang, and later on in Chungking I was impressed still more by his quiet competence. An old newspaper man himself, trained in Missouri, Holly had a healthy respect for the latter's show-me slogan. He did not expect you to take canned goods for news and he was always ready to help you get the facts behind even unfavorable situations, if he could. I am sure I express the feeling of many colleagues when I say that his tactful efficiency did more to win a new respect for official China in foreign eyes than is generally appreciated. And I have no doubt he could have done far better if he had been given material of uniform excellence to work with.

We had already had an odd and illuminating interview with

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, which she asked me not to report and which naturally I never did. But the Generalissimo made no such request. He gave his usual grunt when he shook hands and I thought I saw a trace of a smile on his thin lips, but it quickly disappeared. Many people say Chiang has aged much since the war. To me he seems much the same alert slender figure, with his sharp eyes looking out from the same austere mask. But I thought he was less tense and he seemed to enjoy an inner repose and greater self-confidence. His messiah complex or egotism, or whatever it is that makes men say such things, had apparently deepened, for this was his answer when I asked him a question about the future, if Hankow fell:

"Wherever I go there is the Government, the Cabinet and the center of resistance. The outcome of the war will be determined not by the loss of a few cities but by how the *Leader* directs the people in resistance."

He was not being immodest; he was simply stating his evangel. He seemed really convinced that no matter how much the Japanese overran China, they could not conquer it unless they captured Chiang Kai-shek, spiritually, bodily or politically.

The Generalissimo selected the Cabinet, was Commander-in-Chief of the army, the air force, and what remained of the navy, head of the National Military Council, and chief of the Kuomintang. No single Japanese had anything like such broad powers of command and administration. When later he took over the premiership from Dr. H. H. Kung, replaced Wang Ching-wei as chairman of the People's Political Council, and assumed the presidency of the combined government banks, and the governorship of Szechuan, it became a nice task to try to separate Chiang the soldier from Chiang the banker, the politician, the governor, the statesman and the bureaucrat. One might think that anyone who would appoint himself to so many posts, in a nation of 400 million people, must be either a genius or a megalomaniac. Chiang is a little of both; like China he is a series of contradictions—many of which may be resolved in the war. Neither can be understood except in a full historical setting.

Indications of Chiang's personality and leadership are to be found in his possession of these qualities: tenacity, decision, ruthlessness, energy, ambition, initiative, and a deep love of power. He has more of them than the average man of any race. He is not an

intellectual, but a man of action; while others are still theorizing, Chiang consults his instincts and *moves*. He admits he is an empiricist.

"Without action," he wrote, "one cannot attain to knowledge"; and again, *"The only failure is in failing to act."* That is perhaps the most revolutionary idea in Chiang's whole approach to politics, and accounts for nearly all of his successes. Nine times out of ten any kind of decision, good or bad, will win in China if it is carried out in prompt action.

An important key to his character is Chiang's worship of classical heroes. He is more concerned with spiritual values than his average fellow countryman; his reforms nearly always emphasize altering people's morals rather than their material conditions. Thus, his New Life Movement for years attempted to reform the Red peasants he captured not by improving the basic conditions of their livelihood but by teaching them the old Confucian ethics: *li, yi, lien, ch'ih* —etiquette, propriety, righteousness and integrity. If Chiang himself had observed them he would probably not be where he is today, but that does not affect his moralizing.

"What really matters," he quoted Confucius, "is the degradation of personality but not dying in hunger." Chiang said it perfectly illustrated his idea of—righteousness. Another thing that really mattered was that "those of the lower rank should not enjoy the same thing" as those of the higher. This was *yi*, or common propriety.[1]

Moral strength, Chiang believed, could conquer any obstacle. During his captivity in Sian he was "determined to fight them (the rebels who were discussing putting him on public trial) with moral character and spiritual strength and with the principles of righteousness." He went on, in a most revealing passage in his diary, which may actually have been written after his release but is still significant, to speak of the inspiration of the feudal heroes of the classics, the courageous life of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the martyrdom of Jesus, and the teachings of his mother. "Being a great admirer of these heroes," he said, "I prefer to follow in their footsteps."

The same faith in righteousness apparently consoles this moral knight in his reverses on the battlefield. "Japan," he assured me with unruffled complacence, when I asked him for some funda-

[1] *Chiang Kai-shek*, Hollington K. Tong, Shanghai, 1937, p. 637.

mental reasons why he thought China would win the war, "has already suffered a spiritual defeat. Without the necessary spiritual foundations, military operations cannot succeed. Because her spiritual concepts are incorrect, Japan cannot win." Imagine those words in the mouth of any European dictator!

But the Generalissimo likes to be sole arbiter of what is right and what is wrong, and he himself is always on the side of "good," the other fellow on the side of "evil." Complete reconciliation can be effected with Chiang only after the offender's "confession and repentance." Chang Hsueh-liang has never "confessed" and he is still a prisoner. Chiang tends to think of anyone who disagrees with him not as mere political opposition but as a traitor, disloyal to the State. This is in fact one of his gravest weaknesses, and is exploited to the utmost by some of his sycophants.

It is the traditional failing of all but the great historical leaders of China, as elsewhere, that after a time they listen only to the *shih-shih* (the "yes-yes") men around them, and if Chiang is ever caught off guard it will probably be because of a surrender to this flattery that destroys all Caesars. Some of the "palace satellites" who now surround him are just as expert in the art as any eunuch in days of the Dynasty. For example: one of their favorite devices is to learn what book Chiang has been reading with approval (usually some ancient classic) and then cram it quickly, and come out with ideas paraphrased from it in their next interview with him.

It is important for Chiang always to be in touch with the realities of his true strength because, despite his high-sounding titles, he rules less by a simple command than by a delicate process of balance and maneuver. He has an almost psychic feeling for political situations, and in his own historical setting he is a top-flight politician. With all his moral pronouncements, he holds power by focusing in himself a combination of loyalties from disparate political groups. He has his full quota of that peculiar Chinese genius of working off one's enemies against each other.

Chiang is not a dictator in the European sense. He does not have as much real power of enforcement of decision as some democratically elected leaders—President Roosevelt, for example, or the British Prime Minister. Much of the greatness attributed to him is merely symbolic of a synthesis of forces which would not basically change if he were to die. People who speak of Chiang as the "unifier of China" oversimplify an enormously complex situation

by identifying the group impulse with the personality of one man. But we all live by symbols in times of stress and the personification of leadership is one of the bases of politics as well as religion.

That observation can in no way minimize the significance of Chiang Kai-shek's personal influence nor of his dominating position, but rather explains some of his limitations. It does not alter the size of his achievements and his stubborn defense of China's national integrity. Chiang is the Leader by common consent only as long as he continues to symbolize the united national struggle, and he would lose his prestige overnight if he were to betray that trust. But it must be recognized that events have made of him such a key factor that perhaps he is the one individual who alone could break that unity in a disastrous way. His steadfastness under this test has helped to stamp China's fight for independence with the dignity of one of the heroic causes of our time.

We cannot know how history will measure any of our contemporaries. We cannot know how it will reconcile the contradictions in Chiang Kai-shek's role as the leader of a struggle for liberation. A man can only be judged against the milieu of his own country as a whole and with all his faults Chiang seems incomparably more able and competent in that environment than his immediate predecessors in power. Perhaps no leader can be greater than the totality of his time; heroes are not born but made by the most profound and subtle combinations of history. There may be in China better thinkers, organizers and soldiers than Chiang, but if they are ahead of the synthesis of the society in which they live who will understand their true genius? And yet the milieu is still changing.

Examining Chiang a little more closely now, we can perhaps find in him a barometer of the political climate of China at war.

3

Disputed Legacy

What is the Principle of Livelihood? It is Communism and it is Socialism. . . . But in China class war and the dictatorship of the proletariat are unnecessary.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen

CHIANG KAI-SHEK's childhood was quite different from that of the late Sun Yat-sen, his mentor and the father of the Republic. Sun was a very poor Cantonese boy who never owned a pair of shoes till he was 16. Chiang was the son of a middle-class merchant and landlord and he grew up near Ningpo, the oldest treaty port in China, in the small village of Chikou, where he was born in 1887.

Chiang's father died when he was nine, and he was trained by his mother, a devout Buddhist, an ancestor worshipper, and a stern disciplinarian. He greatly admired her and frequently expresses his indebtedness to her. Although he became a Methodist after his marriage to Soong Mei-ling, the sister of Mme. Sun, his ethics remain semi-feudal and Confucianist.

Apparently Chiang made up his mind early to be a soldier, but he did not enter Paoting Military Academy until he was 20. He studied there only a few months; then he entered Shinbo Gokyo, a military school in Japan, where he graduated in 1909. Later he served in the Japanese 13th Field Artillery. Altogether his formal military training lasted only about three years. In Japan he met Sun Yat-sen and joined the Kuomintang, and he returned to China in time to see the capitulation of the Manchu Dynasty. Thereafter he worked with Sun Yat-sen in futile attempts to intrigue among and overthrow one provincial warlord or another. Apparently disgusted at repeated failures, he withdrew from politics in 1917 and went into business in Shanghai. He emerged to join Sun Yat-sen's entourage once more when the Kuomintang found a powerful ally in Soviet Russia.

Reference has already been made to Chiang's appointment to the presidency of the Whampoa Military Academy. He got this post after Sun had sent him to Russia, where he met Trotsky but not Stalin and made a favorable impression on General Bluecher, who later became chief Soviet military advisor to the Kuomintang. Upon his return to Canton he was the only Kuomintang military man who had seen the Red Army and made a brief study of its organization. It was natural that Borodin should select him to head Whampoa, which was supposed to be modeled after the Red Army Academy. Until then obscure, Chiang now began, at the age of 35, to rise rapidly in the party. He became Commander-in-Chief of the Nationalist Army, which finally established control over most of South China. Then, in 1927, occurred the "party split." Many books have been written to explain the causes of the subsequent ten years of class war. At this point a few paragraphs must suffice to explain Chiang Kai-shek's role in it.

Social and economic facts were the fundamental cause of the conflict, of course, but these found expression in two interpretations of one set of principles, each competing for leadership of the revolution. It was easy for this to happen, because of the ambiguous legacy of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Sun's doctrine consisted of the *San Min Chu I*, or "Three Principles of the People," which were: (1) Nationalism; (2) Democracy; and (3) Livelihood. Nationalism meant the full recovery of China's sovereign rights—the abolition of the unequal treaties which gave foreigners extraterritoriality and special political, economic and territorial concessions. Democracy meant rule by an enfranchised people electing their own government. In the Principle of Livelihood Sun envisaged a state with equal opportunity for all and the elimination of exploitation through the "equalization of the land" and social ownership of the means of industrial production.

However, in his *San Min Chu I* Dr. Sun seemed to contradict himself about methods by which these goals were to be attained. In places he asserted that Communism and his Three Principles were one and the same; elsewhere he seemed to repudiate Marxism. But all the inner conflicts going on in the Kuomintang conditioned his seemingly capricious changes of emphasis. The truth was that the lectures in his *San Min* were delivered extemporaneously, and often to reconcile antagonisms inside his own following, rather than to lay down rigid formulae for the future. As head of a party containing both poor and rich he was often primarily concerned with

maintaining inner harmony, the disruption of which had already repeatedly frustrated his plans. He also had sincere changes of mind.

Sun never compromised his own fundamental sympathies, he never forgot his own identity with the oppressed lower classes and he saw the revolution primarily as a movement to free them. "Everything he planned," says Mme. Sun Yat-sen, the integrity of whose interpretation will be questioned by no one who knows the deep reverence in which she holds Sun's memory, "he saw as a means for betterment of the life of the masses. The emancipated workers and peasants were the pillars on which he meant to build a new and free China. He clearly recognized that these two classes were our basis of strength in our gigantic struggle to overthrow imperialism and effectively to unify our country."[1]

The deepest change in Sun's conception of the revolution took place not long before he died. In his middle years he still believed that China could get the help of Britain and America, through an international plan, to capitalize and develop China as an external market. He was quite ready to trust the Powers to help China through this transitional stage during which the Kuomintang would control the country under a kind of "tutelage" by the great democracies and remain semi-colonial to Western capital. Repeatedly he appealed for help within this framework from America, Britain, France and Germany, in the pre-World War days. Finally he made a detailed proposal to the Versailles Conference calling for the international development of China as the basis of stabilizing Far Eastern peace and to develop a great market in which all nations might share.

It seems probable that Sun was at this time impressed with the possibilities discussed by the famous English economist, J. A. Hobson, who wrote that "if capitalists in the several Western powers were capable of intelligent co-operation instead of wrangling among themselves for separate national areas of exploitation, they would have combined for a joint international enterprise in Asia, a project which might have given the whole of Western capitalism another generation of active profitable survival."[2]

[1] Soong Ching-ling, *China Unconquerable*, Shanghai, 1937. Incidentally, Mme. Sun refutes the claims made by the American-naturalized Russian, Maurice William, that Dr. Sun ever became "anti-Communist." He regarded the Communists as his truest followers until the day of his death, according to Madame Sun, in conversation with the present writer.

[2] *Imperialism*, J. A. Hobson, p. xx.

None of the great statesmen of Europe appeared to share Hobson's idea, however, and it is possible that most of them had never heard of it. Sun Yat-sen received nothing but rebuffs to his proposals for international co-operation in the development of China. At Versailles the great peace-makers would not read his plan and it seemed agreed among the silk hats that Sun was a harmless fanatic. The Powers were not interested in a democratic modern China. They went ahead unperturbed to re-carve the earth in such a manner as to make the present World Incident, as the Japanese might call it, inevitable.

It was only then that Sun realized that China must rely upon her own resources to win her freedom and equality among nations. It was then that he discarded the idea of "tutelage" under the West and accepted the radical view that China could develop only when feudalism had been overthrown internally and full national sovereignty had been recovered. Soviet Russia alone at that time was prepared to help realize such a plan, and it is not surprising that Sun accepted her offer.

But Sun Yat-sen knew that his own Kuomintang contained elements which still opposed the agrarian revolution and also wished to continue the unequal relationship with foreign capital. He knew that his Right Wing would be shocked by an alliance with bolshevism. Eventually he asked Adolf Joffe, the Russian representative, to sign with him a document calculated to allay their fears. This Sun-Joffe agreement of January, 1923, stated that both men recognized that "conditions for successful Communism or Sovietism" were not then present in China, and that the immediate task was to achieve full unity and national independence.

At the same time Sun accepted the Communist view that the National Revolution could not be finally victorious except in combination with a democratic agrarian revolution, the redistribution of the land,[1] and the guaranty of democratic rights to the workers and farmers. Knowing that, Sun invited the Chinese Communists to *enter* his own party. This blood transfusion resuscitated the Kuomintang and provided the young and enthusiastic leadership which accounted for the early successes of the Nationalist Revolution.

[1] Sun had adopted land redistribution as a fundamental plank as early as 1905, when it was written into the pledge signed by members of the T'ungmenghui, forerunner of the Kuomintang.

Now of course the difference between Right and Left over the land question and the political status of the working class was more than theoretical. It represented a fundamental struggle between classes for hegemony of the National Revolution. The Right Wing wanted only mild and gradual reforms in the landlord-merchant-usurer semi-feudal economy in the interior, during a period of "tutelage," still dreamed of getting the co-operation of the capitalist powers in developing China, and hence was willing to act as a keeper of peace for imperialist interests. The Left Wing's program was, as we have seen, for a deep swift revolutionary change from a backward semi-colonial country to a modern independent state. Disputes centered on conflicting interpretations of Sun's Democracy and Livelihood principles. When he died in 1925 there were enough contradictions in his teachings in different periods to support both conservatives and radicals. An early break was inevitable.

Chiang Kai-shek, anxious to win the favor of the Soviet Russian advisers, used to shout slogans about the world revolution, and openly declare that "the realization of the Three People's Principles means the realization of Communism."[1] He won Borodin's confidence sufficiently to continue to get Russian arms and funds, after Sun's death. But he belonged to the Right Wing; he was a conservative and believed in "tutelage." There is evidence that from early days in Canton he plotted to throw out the Communists as soon as he felt strong enough. This he did, in April, 1927, when the mass movement began to carry out a redistribution of the land. Having led the victorious Nationalist Army as far as Shanghai, Chiang overthrew the two-party alliance and government, and set up his own regime at Nanking. He got the support of the banking, industrial and land-holding families in the lower Yangtze, the powerful gangs of Shanghai, and, of course, the sanction of the Foreign Powers.

Chiang's Nanking Government made it a crime punishable by death to be a Communist or a member of any organization or union considered as such by the "purified Kuomintang." Thousands of radical leaders, students, officers, soldiers, and members of workers' and farmers' unions were killed. Surviving Communists organized the little Red Army which clung tenaciously to the mountains of South China, and civil war spread over many provinces. The Communists went about redistributing the land and organizing local workers' and peasants' governments, while Chiang

[1] *Canton Year Book*, Canton, December, 1925.

Kai-shek went after them, bringing back the landlord system, restoring boundary stones and executing the rebels and smashing their unions. A decade of this waste took a terrific toll in lives of educated youths with rare qualities of leadership which China could little afford to lose.

Chiang's administration failed to offer any fundamental solution to the land question, and it was the widespread demand for land which lay at the bottom of nearly all peasant discontent and provided the ineradicable bases of the Red Army. Redistribution of the big estates might have affected ten percent of the population to benefit about 250 million peasants. If the reform had been carried out by Government purchase it would have cost far less than the civil war.

Two other reforms, the removal of taxing power from the hands of the corrupt gentry, and the establishment of democratic government in the *hsien*, might have won for Chiang the love and enthusiastic support of a big new class of free farmers—the necessary foundation of a modern state. Had both a land change and a rural political reform been enforced, together with a state program of co-operative industry, Chiang might have stolen the basic thunder of any opposition. Real unification of the country might have quickly followed, and the power of the millions been demonstrated.

How great a difference it might have made if, at the outbreak of this war, Chiang Kai-shek had been able to call upon the loyalty of a democratic nation of organized emancipated farmers and workers, conscious of newly won rights to defend, instead of a population still divided between landlords and oppressed peasants! As it was, the country had to wait for the costly and painful process of the national war itself to bring about social and political reforms necessary to reconcile class differences and unite the people in a common cause. The extent to which the Government would now slowly be compelled to sanction many methods similar to those worked out under the old fighting Soviets, ironically suggested the futility of the military campaigns to destroy the basic historical validity behind them.

But of course if Chiang Kai-shek had then represented interests reconcilable to such change, there might have been no need for a split at all. Chiang, as already observed, was no social revolutionary. He represented a very weak compradore class in coalition with landlord interests. His own strong sense of property and innate conservatism prevented him from seeing the necessity of revolutionary

changes as the basis of a unification for which, in his way, he was genuinely striving. His own class background and training told him simply that it was morally wrong to alter the land system. Boundary stones, like classes, were immutable. "Lower rank should not enjoy the same thing as higher rank."

New dynamics in Chinese society, culminating in the Sian Incident, finally forced Chiang Kai-shek to stop the civil war and consider a rapprochement with the Communists. After the Sian Incident he realized that he could not fight internal and external enemies at the same time. Was it a fundamental reconciliation? It remains to be seen. The Communists never "confessed" and "repented" and did not abandon their right to an independent political existence. Though they acknowledged Chiang as Commander-in-Chief of the National Army against Japan, they retained their own leadership and their own program, and they continued to represent the demand for a thoroughgoing national democratic revolution.

The Communists recognized Chiang's position as pivotal. They believed that the altered conditions of the country at war, the changing class basis of the Government and the armed forces, the necessity to preserve a unity based on the revolutionary mobilization of the masses, and the relationship of China's struggle to the world situation, were all bound to bring a new significance to Chiang's role in the political life of the nation as a whole. The broader the mobilization the deeper would become the revolutionary mission of the war—and the more revolutionary a leader Chiang himself would be forced to become, if he wished to hold his place at "the center of resistance." They believed that as the war lengthened he would be compelled to depend more and more upon mass support.

To "push Chiang forward" therefore became their slogan. At Hankow, as I have said, they were denied the possibility of organizing a political influence in Free China and they seemed far more pushed about than pushing. But as the enemy moved farther inland they concentrated on mobilizing the people left in the byways of the main Chinese retreat and creating a pattern of society in which they demonstrated their own conception of leadership. And it is toward a clearer understanding of the differences between the Kuomintang and the Communist interpretation of Sun Yat-sen's legacy that I offer the story of the New Fourth Army in the pages that follow.

4

The "Lost" Red Army

Politics are the life blood of a revolutionary army, without which it cannot grow, develop, or even exist.
Han Ying

WHAT happened to the Chinese Communist troops that stayed in Soviet Kiangsi to cover the retreat of the main forces of China's former Red Army, on its epical Long March[1] to the Northwest? The real fate of this Red rear guard, isolated, blockaded, pursued continuously for over two years, and finally declared totally annihilated, remained a mystery until the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, when its remnant suddenly emerged to become the ingot of China's expanding guerrilla forces operating behind Japanese lines in the lower Yangtze Valley. And the story of human faith and fortitude behind the amazing "resurrection" was still unknown when, in August, 1938, I heard it from the leader of this strange band himself. I mean many-lived Han Ying, who "returned from the grave," the peasants say, to become field commander of the New Fourth Army.

For people seeking an answer to the riddle of the present "unorthodox" war, and as documentary background on the tenacious fight of the Chinese guerrillas against Japan, it seems to me worth including here a brief summary of Han Ying's account of the last stand of the Southern Soviets. Perhaps it will help explain the judgment, attempted near the end of this book, of the effectiveness of this type of warfare in China's struggle for independence.

When the old Red Army withdrew from Kiangsi to the Northwest in 1934, it did not wish to sacrifice in the rear guard any more first-line troops than the minimum necessary. Already surrounded on all sides, those who stayed faced total extermination. Only 3,000 Red regulars, therefore, were reserved as the basic strength of the

[1] Described in *Red Star Over China*, Edgar Snow, N. Y., 1938.—Ed.

"last ditchers." There were also 7,000 Red Guards, or local militia, and some 20,000 partisan irregulars. These 30,000 men and youths faced enveloping armies some ten times their strength in numbers, with 20 to 30 times their rifle power, for altogether the Reds could muster only about 10,000 rifles. They had also a few dozen machine guns and trench mortars, and some antiquated field pieces. For the rest they were armed with hand grenades, bayonets, swords, and spears. Several thousand mere children, Young Vanguards from 11 to 15, also took part in this last stand of the Soviets; many actually participated in bayonet charges.

In Han Ying, as leader of this death legion, upon whose courage and loyalty to a major extent depended the fate of the whole Red Army, the Communists chose one of the few real proletarians who ever actually attained high military and political rank in the "proletarian" revolution. Han Ying in fact looks the part of a "typical coolie." His lips and nose are broad and thick; his teeth, some of which are missing, jut out irregularly and give him a coolie grin; his big broad feet are most comfortable in peasant straw sandals. Everything about this small, wiry, muscular figure implies primitive strength and a life of toil and sweat.

Han Ying was born in Hupeh in 1899. He became an orphan at the age of 10, and went to work, as an apprentice in a textile factory, to support his destitute mother and a younger sister. At 16 he was made a full journeyman. Something he read—he had had four years in schooling—about the Russian revolution gave him the idea of organizing his fellow workers to fight against the incredibly bad treatment they were receiving. His action soon afterward brought him to the attention of the newly formed Communist Party, and from its radical intellectuals he learned the history and slogans of revolution. Under this guidance, he organized the first union of railway workers in China, the first steel workers' union, and many others.

To tens of thousands of workers Han Ying soon became a symbol of hope and a means of improving their miserable livelihood. To the then out-of-office Kuomintang he became a symbol of power. In 1924, after the first Kuomintang-Communist entente, Han was elected to membership in the Kuomintang Central Executive Committee. By 1925, as organizing secretary of trades unions which suddenly appeared everywhere, he had 500,000 machine and handicraft workers under his command, and they played a vital part

in Chiang Kai-shek's seizure of Hankow from the Northern warlords. After the counter-revolution in 1927 he continued to lead underground unions in Hankow and Shanghai, until the execution of radical workers so demoralized labor that organization became possible only under the "workers and peasants" army in Kiangsi.

It was not till 1930 that Han Ying entered the Kiangsi Soviet Republic, and became a student in the Red Academy. Subsequently he was elected chairman of the workers' and peasants' revolutionary committee, and soon held various "portfolios" in the "Red Cabinet"—of land, labor, and investigation. Like many of the Chinese Reds' ablest leaders, he got his training almost entirely empirically. Everything he knows of politics and soldiering he learned in years of fighting and organizing under the tutelage of the Red Army.

This training enabled him to perform his primary task in 1934 with success. As the main Red forces concentrated near Juichin, in preparation for the Long March, they were replaced at vital points by members of the rear guard, which continued to oppose the enemy's advance. Surprise, secrecy, and a protected rear, essential to the Communists' plan for breaking through the encirclement, were thus guaranteed. For nearly a month after Nanking's discovery of the exodus of the principal Red armies, this frail band held at bay the heavy Government forces bearing down from the north. Enabled to mass their strength on the weakest points of the enemy fortifications, the main Red forces broke into Hunan, and got well under way on their westward march, which Kuomintang generals were never afterward able to halt.

Thousands of Nanking troops poured into devastated Kiangsi, forcing the remaining Reds farther and farther to the east, toward the borders of Fukien, Chekiang and Kwangtung. Their radio units were captured, destroyed, or abandoned. They lost all contact with their own western columns. They became a blind army. Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, when I questioned them while I was with the Communists in the Northwest in 1936, confessed their ignorance of the true fate of the rear guard. Many Reds plainly looked upon them as completely lost.

But what happened?

Following the evacuation of Juichin, Han Ying reorganized his forces into the 7th, 10th and 22nd "Anti-Japanese Vanguard Red Armies," and the 24th Independent Brigade. He himself took com-

mand of the 24th, which contained the best-equipped and best-trained cadres, and set out toward the Kiangsi-Fukien border. Late in 1935 the major portion of the 10th and the 7th armies was at last trapped near Yiyang, in Northeastern Kiangsi, and forced to fight a pitched battle in which it was practically annihilated. Hsiang Huai-chou, commander of the 10th army, was killed, and Fang Chih-min, leader of the 7th, was captured and beheaded.

Now, it was after the first Japanese invasion of Shanghai, in 1932, that the Chinese Communists' anti-imperialist slogan was particularized into an anti-Japanese nationalist slogan. By 1934 it had become the central phrase of Communist propaganda, both among their troops and among the people. Communist leaders were correct in thus estimating the main political demand of the nation's armies. Chiang Kai-shek himself was obliged secretly to adopt that same anti-Japanese national liberation slogan to bolster up the morale of his own officers fighting the Reds.

Lectures delivered by the Generalissimo at his officers' training camps in 1934 no longer relied solely on anti-bolshevist texts for ideological support, but now explained the "anti-bandit" campaign as preparation to fight Japan. Every road, trench, blockhouse, fort or bridge he built in the Fifth Extermination Campaign was justified by Chiang as the erection of defense against the Japanese. Every man killed, every battle fought, every dollar spent, was no longer a mere sacrifice on the altar of Kuomintang dictatorship versus the Soviets, but of "anti-Japanism."

Thus, from 1934 to 1937 both sides refurbished their morale by representing their immediate enemy to be, by proxy, Japanese imperialism! With Chiang, the slogan was used covertly to inject spirit and discipline into the pick of his army—which took extraordinary precautions to prevent any Communist anti-Japanese propaganda from reaching the rank and file of Nanking troops. For the Chinese Reds, anti-Japanism was the loudly proclaimed faith which sustained them throughout three years of hardship. If, as they marched to the west—directly away from Japan—the Reds did not seriously doubt that their objective was to "launch an attack on Japanese imperialism," it is no more remarkable than the quixotic logic with which the Kuomintang officers, who were attacking them, persuaded themselves that this was part of the "preparation to fight Japan."

Even Han Ying, as he fell back on the Wu Ling mountains with

his own forces and the remnants of the 7th and 10th armies, called his troops the Southeastern Anti-Japanese Vanguard Red Army. This nomenclature, however, failed to soften the severity of the campaigns launched against him. Surrounded by from 150,000 to 300,000 troops during 1935 and 1936, the Southeastern army held together a force of from 10,000 to 15,000 men. Maneuvering in hide-and-seek warfare, they managed to balance losses with new recruits, and capture enough rifles, ammunition, and stores to keep themselves supplied. But by the middle of 1936 their main Soviet base in Western Fukien was destroyed, and an effective blockade forced them to adopt new tactics for survival.

"Considering our position," Han Ying told me, "we decided to decentralize our remaining forces, breaking them up into small partisan bands of several hundred men each, scattered over an extensive territory. In these new formations we gave up all attempts to defend a base. We confined our operations to swift attacks on small enemy detachments, which we could take by surprise. By these methods we were able to maintain ourselves, though with the complete lack of any fixed base of operations our material condition became very serious.

"By the end of 1936 our forces were confronted with desperate odds. The enemy gave us no rest. We had some kind of skirmish at least once a week. New tactics deprived us of fighting with advantage or even on equal terms. At times we believed our Western armies had entirely perished. At night we dared not sleep in towns or villages for fear of surprise attack. We had to make our beds in the forests of the mountains. For nearly two years I never undressed at night, but slept with even my shoes on. So did most of our men. In that time I wore the same cotton uniform, which became ragged and faded and patched.

"We never had enough to eat. Had it not been for the help of the people we would have starved. Many of our smaller units, cut off by Nanking troops, were saved by the farmers, who hid their rifles. The farmers gladly shared with us what rice they had. Our farmers' unions continued to function secretly, bringing us news of enemy movements and offering us refuge. The farmers hated the thought of the landlords returning and to them our defeat meant return of the landlord system. Soon the enemy began wholesale arrests of our peasants and burned and destroyed our friendly villages.

"We lost all contact with the outside. We were like wild men, living and fighting by instinct. Many of our best commanders were killed, or died of disease. We had no medicines and no hospitals. Our ammunition ran very low. Many of our guns became useless; we had no arsenal and could not repair them. We could not even make bullets, and practiced extreme economy with those we had. Sometimes the farmers would smuggle in a little ammunition for us. But the blockade made this more and more difficult.

"At times we retired into the uninhabited forests. We learned the trails of Fukien and Kiangsi foot by foot. We knew every corner of the mountains. We learned to fast with nothing to eat for four or five days. And yet we became strong and agile as savages. Some of our lookouts practically lived in trees. Our young men could go up and down mountains with incredible speed. Many times the encirclement brought the Nanking troops within a few miles of our forces. But our knowledge of the country, and the peasants' help, always enabled us to attack and break through at the correct point, or to elude the enemy entirely.

"We did not even hear news of the Sian Incident of December, 1936, until weeks after it happened. It did not alter our conditions in the least. After Sian, Nanking was able to turn some of its best forces to the task of destroying us. We felt only a brief interruption in the attacks from the end of 1936 until April, 1937. That spring Nanking mobilized over 30 divisions for a final annihilation of all traces of the Red Army in Southeast China. In this last offensive over 250,000 men surrounded the Wu Ling Mountains, in a circle with a diameter of two to three hundred *li*.

"The anti-Red forces narrowed the circle around us. The enemy built many new roads, blockhouses and fortifications. They depopulated many villages, burned them, and carried off all stocks of grain. They burned down thousands of trees on the mountains, and tried to trap us. Many of our scouts and couriers were captured. These measures frightened some of our local partisans, who tried to escape. Some were captured and beheaded.

"Late in 1937," Han Ying went on, "we still had no direct instructions from the main Red Army, and no information of Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung. One of our couriers finally returned, however, with the full report of the Sian Incident, and of the end of civil war in the Northwest. We promptly issued a manifesto addressed to the Government and the attacking armies, reiterated our support for

the united front, and demanded a cessation of war. We affirmed our willingness to subscribe to the Communist declaration issued in Yenan on March 15th. This had no effect whatever.

"Even after July, and the Japanese attack on Lukouchiao, the pressure against us did not diminish. We issued another appeal for unity, and asked to be sent to the front to fight Japan. There was no response. In August we were still under attack. The war in Shanghai grew big, but only after it was lost did the Kuomintang negotiate. Troops were being mobilized in Kwangtung and Kiangsi for dispatch to the Yangtze front. Nanking was afraid we would take advantage of this and make an incursion back into Kiangsi.

"Before reconciling himself to our continued existence, General Hsiung Shih-hui, commander of the anti-Red forces, made a last attempt to break us up. His delegates offered some of our commanders heavy bribes to lead our men out of Fukien, for reorganization allegedly to take part in the Yangtze war. These efforts failed. Our forces were reduced to less than 5,000 men, and our rifles to about 3,000. But those men who remained were seasoned veterans of scores of battles. They were hardened warriors but they were disciplined and iron-willed revolutionaries. Our ordeals had cleaned out the faint-hearted and the traitors. Nearly every man was capable of leading others in battle.

"Failing to destroy us by various methods, General Hsiung Shih-hui eventually sent a message asking me to interview him. In this conference we reached an agreement with General Hsiung and General Ho Ying-chin, the War Minister. After that the negotiations for our reorganization as a new army under Government command were conducted by the Communist representatives at Nanking. I myself went to North Shensi, where I studied for several months, and received new instructions before returning to assume field command of the New Fourth Army."

Han Ying, who grasps life with practical hands, ended with a note of faith which for him obviously was pragmatic truth. "Everybody in Yenan," he said, "looked upon me as somebody risen from the dead, but nobody was surprised. We revolutionaries have a habit of coming back to life. Look at Chu Teh, Mao Tse-tung, Peng Teh-huai! They have been 'killed' a dozen times! Well, as individuals we are nothing, but as part of the revolution we are invincible! No matter how many times it 'dies', the Chinese revolution will always come back to life. It will not perish unless China herself can be destroyed."

5

A People's Army

Only an armed people can be a real stronghold of national freedom.
Lenin

In January, 1938, following the Japanese sack of Nanking, the Generalissimo finally authorized the Kiangsi-Fukien Communists to reorganize as the New Fourth Army, and engage in limited guerrilla activity on the north and south banks of the lower Yangtze River. General Yeh Ting was given chief command of the army and Han Ying became field commander.

It was an odd fate that put Yeh Ting back in collaboration with Han Ying. Eleven years earlier Yeh had commanded the 24th division of the old Fourth Route Army, known during the Nationalist Revolution as the "Ironsides." It had contained the most daring, and also the most radical, of the Whampoa cadets, and was the vanguard of the Nationalist advance. While stationed at Wuhan, Yeh Ting gave Han Ying's workers the 1,000 rifles with which they policed that city before the collapse of the Kuomintang-Communist entente. Some of those rifles later armed the first Red partisans of China. Yeh Ting led his own division to participate, with the forces of Chu Teh, Ho Lung, and other Communists, in the historic Nanchang uprising, which began the Red Army. Later he reappeared at the head of the ill-starred Canton Commune.

Following the Canton debacle, Yeh went into retirement and took no more part in civil war. Because of this, perhaps, his appointment in 1938 to command the New Fourth Army, so named in honor of the memorable "Ironsides," may have been in the nature of a face-saving arrangement for the Generalissimo. He thereby avoided completely sanctioning Han Ying. But as a graduate of Whampoa and a famous revolutionary officer, Yeh was quite acceptable to the Communists—though he was not himself a party member.

Word passed quickly through the former Soviet districts that Han Ying and Yeh Ting were building a new anti-Japanese army and hundreds of peasants began trekking in over great distances from Kiangsi, Chekiang, Anhui, Hunan, Fukien and Hupeh. Many brought their own rifles, buried since civil war days. A few who had money and food brought that, as an "anti-Japanese offering." Hundreds of "Red-bandits," but recently released from prisons and reform schools, returned to their old leaders. Young Vanguards emerged and old Peasant Guards arrived carrying rusty spears, hand grenades, and axes! From the occupied cities came students, factory workers and mechanics, who remembered Han Ying as a leader of labor. It was like a gathering of the men of the marshes and rivers, in *All Men Are Brothers*, at a summons from the mountain lair of Sung Chiang.

But with this strange band of volunteers Yeh and Han and their surviving comrades had to achieve a belated mobilization of a badly demoralized people, and an army capable of inflicting physical injury on an enemy vastly superior in equipment. After only a few weeks' training and reorganization, the New Fourth concentrated in the area assigned to it, in April, 1938, rich in human faith and spirit, but abysmally poor in money and arms. The peasants had brought altogether 3,000 rifles. A few more were purchased from the army's scant resources, and from public contributions. But in all, including the rifles of the old Red Army, they had arms for only half of their 20,000 recruits. The Generalissimo could not be induced to increase their fire power. He was, quite understandably, not interested in assisting at the rebirth of an army which he had vainly endeavored to annihilate, and he would give them no rifles.

The New Fourth reoccupied about one-third of the two provinces of Kiangsu and Anhui, or an area with a normal population of 19 million people, now increased by refugees. From most of this territory the Kuomintang troops retreated as the enemy advanced on Hankow. Japanese held the cities, roads, and railways; the New Fourth took back the hinterland. It was a formidable task to win public confidence. Thousands of bandits and pirates preyed upon the people, some in Japanese pay, some forced to predatory activity to keep alive. The New Fourth had to disarm or politically re-educate these "false guerrillas." It had to pacify an enemy "conquest" which it now made its own. Certain gentry had, with the help of the Japanese, set up their own local governments and refused aid,

entry, or co-operation to the Chinese troops. These puppet regimes had to be destroyed. There were no arsenals, military stores, or hospitals to provide adequate support for guerrilla war and economic bankruptcy in the villages was often extremely acute.

Dr. Fei Hsiao-tung gives in his recent book[1] a dependable description of the degradation of agrarian economy in the lower Yangtze Valley, where the New Fourth is now operating, which indicates the difficulties that army faced upon its mobilization there. Distress had already become acute before the devastation wrought by Japanese vandalism such as I have reported in the *hsien* immediately around Nanking. Heavy rents, numerous taxes, dislocated agricultural prices, usury and mounting debt had forced abandonment of some of the best land. The decline in the price of silk by over 60 percent had wiped out the farmers' important marginal reserve, and compelled an increasing resort to money-lenders by both small landowners and tenant peasants.

Throughout this region the landlord-gentry were as a rule themselves the tax-collectors, according to Dr. Fei, being appointed by the Government (much as were the zemindars in India) and held accountable for stipulated sums demanded by the local yamen. This meant that in practice the tenant peasant (kept in ignorance of the assessment actually due) was often obliged to pay not only rent, and not only taxes which the owner himself should have paid, but also an extra tribute to the landlord as tax-collector.

Such tax-collectors had police powers and could imprison any peasant for failing to pay taxes and rent. The tenant who did not wish to go to jail during the winter had to borrow from the usurer—not infrequently incarnated in the selfsame landlord and tax-collector. Principal and interest on such loans sometimes compounded at repayment at as high as 400 percent in six months, or 700 percent for a year. The "proletarianizing" of millions of once free farmers all through this region was also directly traceable to the increasingly heavy tribute demanded by the gentry-landlord-tax-collector system, into which we can look more closely in a later chapter.

The New Fourth first set out to prove the "revolutionary discipline" of its troops to the peasants. "The discipline of an army," said Han Ying, "is the foundation of the work of mass organization.

[1] *Peasant Life in China. A Field Study of Country Life in the Yangtze Valley,* London, 1939.

Speedy development of the mass movement is closely related to victory in battle. Without discipline the real friendship of the people cannot be won. Without the people's friendship the army cannot draw out local leaders. And without local leadership the mass movement cannot succeed."

In its revolutionary inheritance lay perhaps the greatest asset the New Fourth Army had: its method of organization, its invincible spirit, and its tactics of battle.

"The superiority of a revolutionary army over a mercenary army," Han Ying explained to his men, "lies in the fact that it is fighting for social principles, not for money, loot, or official position. In our case we are fighting for social and national freedom. Therefore we practice equality between officers and soldiers. Why should it be otherwise? We are all fighting for the same cause. Only men with no differences in aim can call each other comrades. In this comradeship there is unity and in unity there is force. War is simply a contest between two such forces. Our force is superior to the enemy's because our comradeship is deeper and the aims which unite us are greater.

"In our army there is a division of labor but no division of classes or ranks. We are all equal in livelihood and have the same rights. Officers wear no distinguishing bars or ribbons. Neither officers nor men receive any wages but get only their food and a small living allowance. In times of extreme hardship we all understand that the allowance may be withdrawn and used for the common good. In our army it is not possible for officers to be corrupt. There are no secrets between officers and men."

The strength of the New Fourth Army lies in its system of political indoctrination. "War," says Han Ying, "is a continuation of politics. The army is an organization for armed political struggle, and for the attainment of political objectives. Political leadership guarantees the spirit of a revolutionary army, its thought, its life and its action." Side by side with every military officer was a political officer of the same rank, and every section, from the company up, had a political department in charge of educational work among the troops and propaganda work among civilians. Military and political decisions were discussed among the men and their approval and understanding sought for every important decision or reform. Political officers taught their men how to read, analyzed political problems with them, and co-ordinated their general edu-

cation with various other departmental activities, such as propaganda, military hygiene, mass organization and recreation. Soldiers' clubs were put under their supervision, offering a lively new kind of group life, through sports, games, study, and political debate, unique among military organizations in China.

But the revolutionary army cannot succeed, according to Han Ying, unless it becomes an organic part of the life of the people. "The army is the weapon of the people. Therefore the army and people are members of the same family, sharing the same joys and misfortunes." This may seem a platitude in nations long unified as modern states; in China it is a thing to be repeated over and over again, in teaching and in practice, before the people will believe it. The national army and the people's army are new phrases; even the combination of words is still new. The Communists were, I believe, the first to use the phrase *Jenming Chün*, or People's Army.

In organizing the masses for war the New Fourth faced greater difficulties than their comrades in the North. Here in the South no wartime political administration, comparable to the Border Government of Shansi, Hopei and Chahar, could be created. Jealous of its former power in the Yangtze delta, the Kuomintang forbade the New Fourth to establish institutions to carry out necessary economic and political reforms. If the army reoccupied a county city the Kuomintang restored the old type of *tangpu* administration; no people's councils or representative government here. And the army was permitted no organized base in the rear, such as the Eighth Route had at Yenan in the Northwest. Even its schools, hospitals and industries had to be built in the villages and attached for protection to the army itself. Literally, then, the reservoir of the people's patriotism became its only base.

Despite these handicaps the New Fourth organized a widespread network of village self-defense corps. Wherever a detachment was stationed its political and propaganda corps went to work to convince the local inhabitants that defense was their task as well as the army's. Mobile theatrical troupes usually introduced, in easily understood dramatic form, the main themes of the propaganda. Village mobilization, on a united front basis, came next. Local leaders were developed, capable of commanding self-defense corps, which the New Fourth undertook to train and arm. Bravest of the youths became Dare-to-Dies, to conduct small-scale partisan warfare on the fringes of the ever-moving front. And from the Dare-to-Dies came new recruits for the main forces of the army itself. Local leaders, student and worker volunteers entering the area from Shanghai, and old Red veterans, provided candidates for the New Fourth Army Military and Political Academy. Here hundreds of cadets received a brief but intensive practical training in the science of organizing and commanding revolutionary mass warfare.

Of what value is a "mobilized village"? It means that when the army fights the people fight with it. It means that when a victory is won the whole community rejoices because the whole community helped to win it. It means that a soldier can enter battle knowing that, if wounded, he will not be left on the battlefield to die but will be picked up by volunteer carriers and taken to a hospital or be hidden by local villagers until the enemy moves back to its blockhouses. Families are no longer ashamed of their soldier sons as "bad iron" because the prestige of the warrior has been raised from the level of a mercenary to that of a volunteer, a free farmer fighting for the good earth of his clan, his village and his nation.

The aim of rural mobilization is to see that every man, woman and child is given a role in local defense. Young women are recruited to become propagandists, organizers, teachers and nurses. Old women are banded together to make shoes, uniforms and comforts for "their boys" at the front. Old men are taught how to use hand grenades against isolated Japanese venturing too near the village. Young boys are organized in tilling brigades to help peasants with sons at the front, or trained to do espionage work, and to perform auxiliary tasks with the army. Through the self-defense committee the villagers learn of an approaching near-by battle; and because they are organized to meet such contingencies they can quickly collect daughters, valuables, cows, chickens and pigs and retire to prearranged places of refuge, where the army can protect them.

Nowhere is the New Fourth's organic connection with the people better illustrated than in its justly famous medical service. In 1938, when the Southern Reds reorganized to fight Japan, they had no medical service at all, most of their doctors and nurses having been killed off during civil war. A year later when Dr. Robert Lim, head of the Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Corps, visited them, he said that "judged by cleanliness, orderliness, and medical care of the patients" the New Fourth hospital service was better than any

in the entire Third War Zone. In 1940 the New Fourth had, unit for unit, what was probably the best army medical organization in China. It operated two medical training schools, 10 hospitals, eight detachment hospitals, 20 regimental receiving stations, 200 battalion medical teams, and 300 company first-aid groups.[1] How had it been accomplished? It seems that this medical service grew for the most part out of the same soil that produced the rice and silk and self-defense forces in these valleys.

Of course it is no exalted boast to claim the best army medical service in China. The Chinese Army Medical Service as a whole was, at the outbreak of war, perhaps the worst in the world. From top to bottom it was polluted with graft, inefficiency, incompetence and criminal indifference. In general its "system" was simply to pay over a lump sum to divisional commanders who were supposed to organize medical departments. This led to untold corruption and little comfort for the wounded. It appears the General Staff relied largely on foreign missionary hospitals to look after their wounded, as during civil wars; and it was only after the ghastly Japanese murders of wounded men left behind, during early battles, that the absurdity of this notion was revealed. Much improvement has since occurred, especially under the genius of Dr. Robert Lim and the guidance of his model Red Cross Medical Relief Corps. But perhaps the Communists, never having been able to rely upon missionary hospitalization during the civil war, had the benefit over other armies of a more realistic outlook.

The doctors and nurses who organized the New Fourth Army Medical Service were all volunteers, like the rank and file of the army. Secondly, they had from the beginning the complete support of General Yeh Ting, who placed great emphasis on medical work, and selected Dr. C. C. Sheng to head the service not only because of his scientific qualifications but because he was one of the few modern doctors in China with the revolutionary courage and enthusiasm necessary to carry out the difficult task. Third, the young men and women attracted to the service by the revolutionary history of this army were likewise animated by a common patriotism, the desire to serve the defenders of the nation, and a zealous determination to set an example for other medical services and individual doctors and nurses throughout the country. They took a common oath to endure the same dangers and hardships that the

[1] *A Brief Report of the New Fourth Army Medical Service*, Hongkong, 1940.

army and the people suffered. They agreed to accept the same equality of livelihood. Finally, the rapid growth of the service was due to its co-operation with the civilian population, its ability to train medical workers and assistants from the local people, and the ingenuity of its improvisations from facilities available.

Dr. Sheng began work with a staff of five doctors and one male nurse. Presently they enlisted a woman doctor from the Nanking Hospital, and six graduates from the Nanking Nursing School. Two Manchurian doctors were the next volunteers, followed by a good laboratory technician and five trained nurses. Gradually new arrivals increased until in June, 1938, when the army fought its first battles, the medical staff numbered 60 persons, including orderlies. The first base hospital was established in a stronghold deep in the mountains, which could be reached only by foot. To this location were carried X-Ray apparatus, and equipment for a laboratory and operating theater. Simultaneously the first mobile hospital, with a capacity of 70 beds, was organized near headquarters, for the treatment of lighter cases. Both the idea of a base hospital close to the fighting front and of a mobile hospital actually under army protection in the enemy's rear, were something entirely new in Chinese army medical services. Elsewhere hospitals were many miles behind the front and generally the patient had to crawl there as best he could.

Dr. Robert Lim told me that of the 10,000 registered doctors in China only 2,000 are qualified men. Even if all 2,000 joined the army there would be but one doctor for a thousand soldiers. Recognizing this fact, the New Fourth made the best of it by establishing medical training schools of its own. Here student volunteers were equipped to become medical assistants, capable of treating light wounds and injuries and preparing seriously wounded men for transportation to hospitals, with doctors and nurses in attendance. Every six months the New Fourth graduated about 100 medical assistants. Besides their medical bags they carried guns, and sometimes fought side by side with the soldiers. They were on the spot to give first-aid treatment and see that fallen warriors were quickly carried to safety. This battlefield service, too, was something new in medical care of Chinese soldiers.

But it was the New Fourth policy of opening its medical facilities to civilians as well as to soldiers that perhaps gave the former their deepest concept of the meaning of a people's army. It was quite

without precedent. Nurses, both male and female, not only carried out their regular military duties but also participated in administrative and public health work under the guidance of army doctors. For an army so dependent on the people, their health is of extreme importance. Simple rules of personal and public hygiene and epidemic control must be enforced, and the sick must be cured. Altogether, in the first year of their existence, New Fourth Army hospitals and mobile clinics treated about 53,000 civilian patients, most of them without payment.

"Sick or wounded civilians near the detachments at the front are carried back to one of the two rear hospitals and are admitted without charge. Those near the rear hospitals, who possess some property, and who are admitted for treatment of previously existing internal diseases, growths, or chronic disturbances, are asked to pay twenty cents a day for their food. Those without means are not asked to pay."[1]

One could dwell at length upon the lucid and detailed report from which that paragraph is quoted. Here I can only hint at a story of medical pioneering among an undernourished and ignorant population, and of the foundation of an army medical tradition of which any nation might be proud. Heroic was the word for the professional men and women risking their health and their very lives to realize this great work, for which their only reward was the gratitude of the farmer and the foot soldier whom they served. Too poor to buy new surgical instruments, these people fashioned crude forceps, scissors, and scalpels in the army's own workshops. Too poor to erect any modern buildings, they converted temples and dwellings into the wards of hospitals. Cut off from many vital supplies, they worked out substitutes in their own laboratory and organized a drug factory to make them.

The New Fourth did what it could to improve the people's livelihood in its territory. Fallow land was put into production wherever possible, often being tilled by army auxiliaries, so that the troops would impose a minimum burden on local food resources. It was a big task to try to restore to production farms whose tillers had been looted of their agricultural tools and seed grain, or rendered bankrupt by native tax and usury abuses. There was a grave shortage of simple civilian and military necessities like agricultural implements, handicraft tools, cloth, matches, paper, printing equipment and building materials.

[1] *Op. cit.*

In an attempt to remedy the situation the New Fourth organized its own co-operative workshops. Light machinery and tools were, with great difficulty, smuggled in from the occupied areas. Soon the New Fourth had its own machine shops and mobile arsenals capable of producing land mines, grenades, bullets, trench mortars, swords and bayonets. A co-operative printing house was set up. Peasants were taught hand spinning and weaving, and produced crude cloth from local cotton, ramie and hemp. An appeal was made to Chinese Industrial Co-operatives[1] to enter the region and organize refugee groups for production.

But the final test of an army is in the military results it obtains. An incomplete report on this subject, published in the middle of 1939,[2] is extraordinarily suggestive of the difference between regular and mobile warfare and of the profound contrast between Europe's quick-decision lightning wars and this slow-firing but long-burning war of the East. The first striking fact is that during 13 months at the front the New Fourth Army fought a total of 530 engagements. No battle involved more than a few hundred men and no single battle was in itself of much importance. But the fact that attacks were continuous and the results almost always in favor of the guerrilla troops, *was* important. In 1938 the army fought an average of almost one engagement a day. In 1939 it met the enemy, somewhere, twice every day.

Second, enemy casualties were small but unceasing. General Yeh Ting estimated that his followers were killing or wounding an average of about 30 Japanese, every day, week after week, and month after month. Third, the damage inflicted on enemy communications was more serious than casualties among enemy troops. Fourth, and most significant, with the help of its mass organizations the New Fourth was able to deny the enemy effective economic and political consolidation of its military victory. Finally, because

[1] The Chungking Government refused to finance the C.I.C. in this guerrilla area, but some patriotic overseas Chinese, impressed by the army's work, and helped by sympathetic Americans, started a campaign to build an International Industrial Co-operative Center for the New Fourth Army. Nym Wales' new book, *China's Guerrilla Industry,* will contain a detailed account of this and other "Indusco" activity in the war areas.

[2] "Two Years of Resistance," by Hsiao Hsiang-jung, in *The Military and Political Magazine of the Eighth Route Army,* Aug., 1939.

of the extreme mobility of its main forces, the army obliged the enemy to deploy a maximum number of troops in order to hold all strategic points.

Before the New Fourth entered the region the Japanese found three regiments of troops adequate to control its unorganized and unarmed population. In 1940 the garrison had been increased to three divisions. Before the arrival of the New Fourth many districts were ruled by puppet governments and puppet policemen. In 1940 such regimes could function only under the direct protection of Japanese bayonets. Formerly small bodies of Japanese moved freely over the roads through the countryside. By 1940 heavy escort was required even in the neighborhood of Nanking, where there were alone 7,000 members of self-defense corps.

It is difficult to avoid the temptation to quote at length from the New Fourth's monthly "Compilation of Victories," for it gives a most vivid picture of these activities. But space limits me to a few selections[1] which must serve as examples of literally hundreds of such items:

(1) A battalion of the XXth Brigade, during reconnaissance, attacked the enemy at Tanyang. Twelve of the enemy were killed and six rifles captured.

(2) Part of our XXth branch corps destroyed eight kilometers of highway between Chihsi bridge and Kuling bridge west of Chintan, destroying the two bridges also. Telephone and electric light wire was carried off.

(3) The plainclothes corps of our XXth Brigade waylaid and attacked an enemy truck near Tienwang Temple. Truck destroyed, one dozen enemy killed, and a dozen rifles captured.

(4) 150 enemy troops moved on Tachiao, where they were waylaid by a small local force. Fighting lasted four hours, until the arrival of our main force, when the enemy gave up and withdrew. Fifty-five enemy soldiers killed and rifles captured.

But the scope of the armed attack, like all other work of the New Fourth, was definitely limited by the extremely meager help extended by the Military Council and by obstructions constantly placed in the way of the army's own efforts to build a self-sustaining economic base of its own. Late in 1939 General Yeh Ting told me the New Fourth Army numbered about 40,000 men, with a rifle power of somewhat less than 20,000. Over half the army was

[1] From the *Military and Political Magazine of the Eighth Route Army*, Aug., 1939.

equipped only with hand grenades and swords, and its duty was chiefly to accompany rifle-carrying men into battle, to see that no guns were lost by men killed or wounded in action. By September, 1940, the New Fourth's strength was put at over 35,000 rifles and 460 machine guns. Fire power was increased mainly by seizures from the enemy, a slow and costly method of armament in wartime. Despite its size, roughly the equivalent of five full-strength Chinese divisions, the Military Council paid the New Fourth a subsidy of but Ch. $130,000 a month.

The reader can perhaps conceive of the miracles of economy and devotion involved in financing this big body of men, and the activities mentioned, on such a paltry sum, and the tremendous role which popular support obviously played in its existence. Had it not been for the help of non-partisan relief organizations such as the China Defense League and the Chinese Red Cross Medical Relief Corps, which contributed quantities of medical supplies and equipment, and a little technical aid to the New Fourth, its burdens would have been even heavier.

We shall see more about the relative effectiveness of these two kinds of war tactics and strategy farther on, in discussing the record of the Eighth Route Army in the Northwest. The point here is that the New Fourth did demonstrate the meaning of prolonged resistance based on mass mobilization. Had it been able to draw upon the resources of the main Government bases, had it been permitted to arm and finance the thousands of people it had organized, and to extend to other regions, still more dramatic results might have been obtained.

6

Interlude in Hongkong

Unless Japan peels off the thick skin of the British for all Orientals to see, eternal peace will not dawn in East Asia.

Admiral Ando

HANKOW fell about as expected, at the end of October, 1938, a little hastened by the almost simultaneous loss of Canton. Here it is unnecessary to recall the tragi-comic story leading to these calamities, which has already been told by several able observers.[1] The Chinese had discounted the reverses before they occurred, so that possibly their greatest significance was the revelation to Japan that there was no longer to be found in the conquest of any city a "point of decision" at which to end the war.

Perhaps the worst aspect of the period was the discouraging repetition of Chinese mistakes made elsewhere—the failure adequately to reorganize and evacuate industry and skilled workers, followed by the equally feeble attempts to immobilize these two strategic cities as enemy war bases, before they were abandoned. Hankow and Canton were not "scorched" but only singed. The effects of this indecision were felt many months later, as Japan used the captured resources and industrial plant to push her invasion farther inland.

For the next few months I made my headquarters in Hongkong, Britain's terraced rock at the mouth of the Pearl River that carries Canton's trade to the sea. It always gave me a shock to return from the interior to the queer unrealities of this staid Victorian colony rising like a jewel from the azure Pacific. The contrasts in values were almost beyond belief. In the lounge of the Hongkong Hotel, for example, where Europeans gathered before tiffin, enough money

[1] E.g., Frank Oliver, *Special Undeclared War*; and I. Epstein, *The People's War*, London, 1939.

was spent on alcoholic appetizers in an hour to save the lives of hundreds of the men and women one had seen starving on mats spread along the Hankow Bund or on the roads choked with refugees. The money rich Chinese wasted every night feasting each other in the crowded Cantonese restaurants could have bought medicine enough to cure thousands of troops dying of dysentery and malaria.

Just about a century ago Britain seized Hongkong as one of the prizes of China's defeat in the war to exclude the foreign devil and his goods—then chiefly opium—from her shores. In 1940 the island and a strip of leased territory on the mainland represented a British investment of over a 100 million pounds, the last bastion of British security on the China coast. It had long paid handsome dividends, but it reached its climax of prosperity during the present war. Before Canton was lost China imported most of her munitions through Hongkong and money rolled in by the barrel. Afterward the colony still did brisk trade with the interior, via Indo-China and small coastal ports, while it impartially shipped huge quantities of war materials to Japan.

The attitude of many British tradesmen in Hongkong toward China's struggle was one of as much detachment as that of Downing Street itself. Although they were entirely dependent on Chinese residents and trade for their existence, you got the impression that the shoe was on the other foot. It was the continent, not little Hongkong, that was being "isolated" by the Japanese conquest. Some of them resented continued Chinese resistance because it interfered with a restoration of trade. Everything would be lovely again if China would just submit. Many lived in this kind of political twilight in which they fondly envisaged Japan "making it up" with Britain, her old ally, so that they both would profit out of the "development" of China. They seemed to have no idea of what had been going on in either China or Japan for the past decade.

Of course British policy throughout the Baldwin and Chamberlain administrations took much the same point of view. Apparently Chamberlain never understood the community of interests between the aggressor powers nor believed in the reality of the Eurasian Axis. I remember the genuine distress of an important British banker who thought otherwise, upon his return from London to Hongkong by plane. He told me of a conversation he had just had

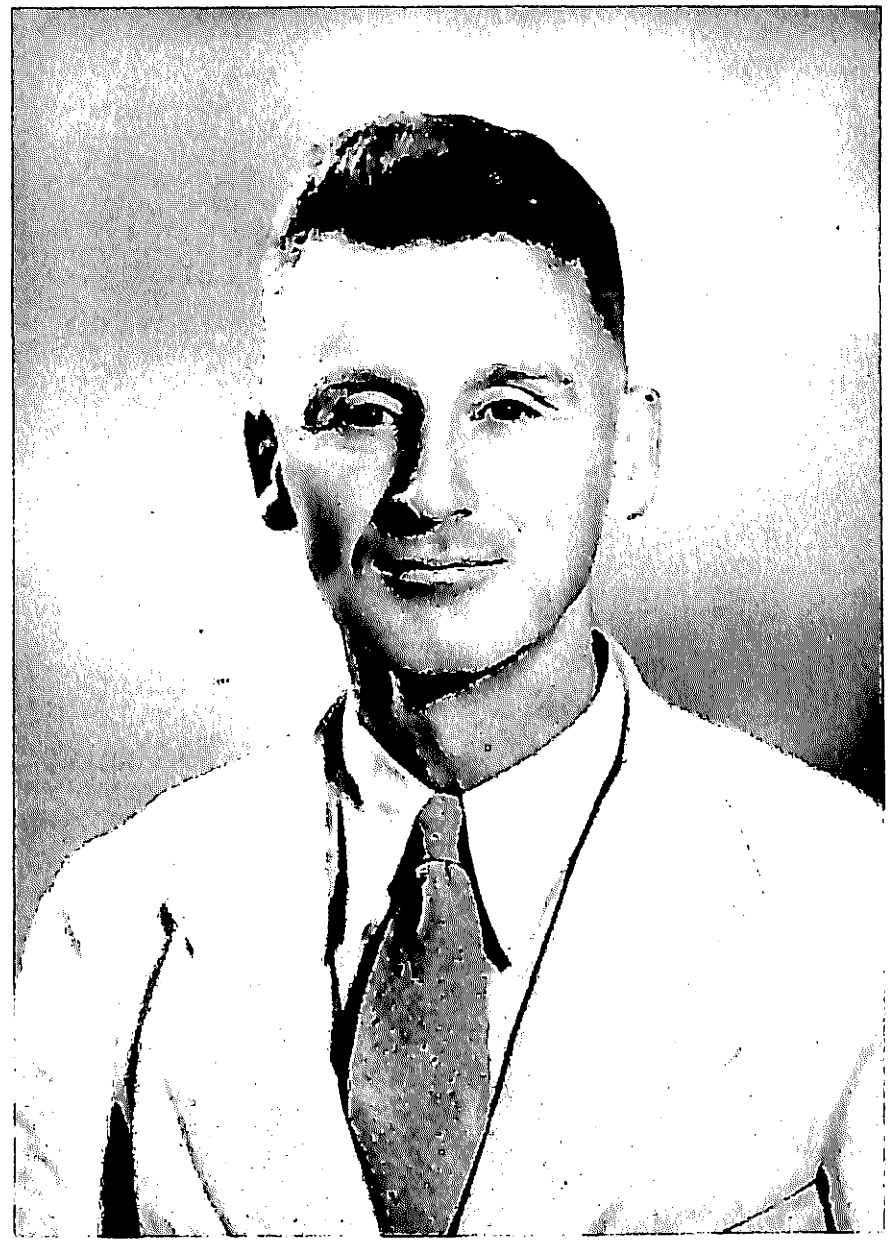
with Sir John Simon, who was, in the spring of 1939, the most powerful man in Chamberlain's Cabinet. He had been trying to interest Sir John in extending financial credits to China, as an Empire defense measure.

"I used allegories and simple stories to try to make Simon see what I meant," he said. "I showed him how, if war came in Europe, we and the French and the Dutch would all be helpless out here if Japan had got a victory over China. I said we should not be able to defend Hongkong and perhaps not even Singapore. I tried to show him how an investment of even ten million pounds in the form of a loan to China would be worth more than a hundred million pounds spent on strengthening our Singapore fleet.

"The idea that China was our outer defense line seemed entirely strange to him. Sir John said that on the contrary Japan was bound to win and Britain must safeguard her interests by adjusting herself to the situation as gracefully as possible. 'China is a long way from here,' he said, 'and we can give her nothing but sympathy. It is too bad, what is happening out there, but these things are inevitable. The strong get ahead, you know!' "

There were of course progressive British people who had a clearer picture of the meaning of China's struggle in relation to the world upheaval, and who did splendid work in mobilizing medical aid and relief for China; and the colonial government cared for its thousands of refugees better than Shanghai did. The amiable Governor, Sir Geoffrey Northcotte, and some of his staff, took a growingly realistic view of Japanese aggression and its meaning for themselves, but I gathered that their alarm made little impression on the Home Government. I never met anywhere a more devoted friend of democracy and freedom and human decency than the efficient Bishop of Hongkong, a kind of Dean of Canterbury of the East. He did the work of ten men and organized much of the effective help for China that came out of Hongkong. But among the Best People it was long considered faintly subversive to sponsor China's cause and those who took too active an interest were often labeled bolsheviks.

On the other hand one could not much blame any Englishman who had seen nothing of China but the residents of Hongkong for having a pretty low opinion of Chinese patriotism. The place was filled with rich Chinese landlords, merchants and officials' wives



REWI ALLEY

VOLUNTEER NURSE

A SON OF THE GODS

and concubines who had fled with their loot after the bombs began falling. Now they sat in Hongkong expecting the British Lion to protect their treasure till the war was over, when they fancied they could safely put out their capital again and also take a profitable part in "reconstruction."

Bankers estimated that more than Ch. $600,000,000 in Chinese capital was idle in Hongkong, while there was said to be two billion Chinese dollars doing nothing in the Shanghai International Settlement. One of China's banker envoys to America told me that there was (in 1940) about U.S. $90,000,000 of Chinese money on flight in the States. China could not conscript this capital, which had practically all gone out through the foreign banks over which the semi-colonial Chinese Government exercised no legal control. Yet more effective measures could easily have been taken had not some high Government officials and their wives themselves been keenly interested in exchange speculation.

There were two kinds of Chinese among the million and a half in the colony: the natives of the place, whose families had lived there three or four generations and who thought of themselves proudly as Hongkong people; and the refugees and evacuees and emigrés who considered themselves temporary residents. Many of the colonial Chinese had never visited China, they spoke and wrote English better than Chinese, and they had adopted British habits and standards. Among the many wealthy Chinese "Hongkong people" were a number who had been knighted or otherwise honored in recognition of services or donations rendered to the Empire and these were the local aristocracy around which a curious parody of middle-class English society revolved. Some had earlier made fortunes in opium or other dubious lines, but were now in business or banking or owned the tenements of Wanchai. They sent their sons to Public Schools in England and went in for yachting and summer houses and the Old School Tie. They were thoroughly oriented to the British Crown, and seemed quite content about it.

The Japanese looked on enviously at this successful British colonizing and pondered it in relation to their own failure to impose any comparable loyalty on their subjects in Korea and Manchuria and China. What it would have meant to them to be able to divert all that idle capital from British banks into their own! But the weakness of Japanese imperialism lay in the immaturity of its

finance capital base and its inability to offer security to any class in Chinese society. British imperialism got along in India and Hongkong and elsewhere by making an alliance with a colonial bourgeoisie, and giving it a stake in British law and order. But Japan's own need for an immediate return on the conquest compelled her to loot all classes indiscriminately and thus she could afford neither to share the spoils with a compradore-landlord class nor to seek mass support by bringing about land and tax reforms. Her investment in empire was an extremely short-term loan which had to be repaid before it became productive.

Unable to secure an alliance with an authentic class in China, Japan was forced to rely upon a pseudo-class, consisting of a few mercenary bureaucrats and a section of the lumpen proletariat—gangsters, assassins, procurers, dope peddlers, and impressed labor and soldiers—whom she paid on the piece basis, and whose loyalty could not be counted upon. The only possibility she had of winning over an important class ally in the Chinese population was through the liquidation of Western imperialism in the Orient and thus easing up pressure on some element of the Chinese. She needed to find in the East some equivalent of the Jews in Europe, and the foreigner was indicated. Britain, being highly vulnerable, was clearly being singled out for first attack.

Opinion changed in Hongkong and London as realization of the basic anti-British aims of Japan slowly penetrated, and the British began to understand that their own future was intimately connected with the survival of China as a free and independent and democratic state. That was not to occur, however, until the campaign of dive bombing and mass murder, which the world had complacently watched going on for over two years in the East, spread to the continent of Europe.

One day I went to dinner in Hongkong with three doctors who had just come out from Europe to volunteer for the Chinese medical service. They were good doctors and surgeons and not politicians, but they had grown up in a Europe that had made them revolutionaries and internationalists. Had they stayed at home they would have been conscripted to fight for fascism or been thrown into concentration camps. In China they believed they would be taking part in an international struggle for freedom and the brotherhood of man and they had their own ideas about that.

One of them had been in every important losing revolution for

the last 20 years: in Hungary and Austria and Germany and Spain. "Every time," he said, "I am on the side that loses. It is getting monotonous." He looked at me half humorously and yet with a queer humility. "I just want you to answer one question for me, no long-winded reply, but just tell me like a brother, in one sentence: Have I any chance at all of being on the winning side this time?"

I thought for a moment and then I said: "In this war China is losing all the battles but China is on the winning side. You want it in a sentence, here it is. It is the winner who is losing and the loser who will win."

It was a comforting epigram, I thought. Losers reapers, winners weepers. But examining my conscience, I wondered if it were true. That was the way it should be unless history had really gone into reverse. I decided that Hongkong had overfed my scepticism. It was high time to return to the interior and re-establish contact with reality.

Part Five

THE DRAGON LICKS HIS WOUNDS

I

Moonlight and Bombs

The main factor in all wars—man —is not canceled by the possibility of destroying a city of one million inhabitants in forty-eight hours.
General Jose Miaja

AFTER its *Kweilin* was shot down near Canton by Japanese planes the China National Aviation Corporation began night flying out of Hongkong. The planes left secretly between two and three in the morning once or twice a week on this guerrilla run, and got you into Chungking at dawn. I went up in a Douglas flown by one of the American pilots who have kept this line open throughout the war, and at dawn reached Chungking, 1,500 miles up the Yangtze River from Shanghai.

It was my first trip to Szechuan, which means "Four Rivers," and is the second largest province in China and the most populous. Chungking has been the site of a city for 4,200 years, but it remained one of the most backward holes on earth when the Central Government chose it as a wartime capital. Down from the marches of Eastern Tibet, into Szechuan, flow several of the great rivers of Asia. Two of them, the Kialing and the Yangtze, meet just beneath the promontory of solid rock on which jerry-built Chungking rears its ruins, new and old, between pine-clad hills and valleys quilted with farms of red earth. Here wide-sailed junks and small steamers loaded produce from the rich Chengtu plain for shipment down the Yangtze—through the gorges and across the treacherous rapids to Hankow and Shanghai—before war closed the river to their growing trade.

Chungking was, when I first arrived in the early summer of 1939, a place of moist heat, dirt, and wide confusion, into which, between air raids, the imported Central Government made an effort to introduce some technique of order and construction. An utterly

planless overgrown medieval town, sprawling across many square miles, it had a normal population of over half a million—which had now dwindled to about 100 thousand. The figure rose somewhat when the nights were dark but rapidly fell again when the moon glistened on the yellow Yangtze. Communication had slowed down to a village pace, there were no cars for hire, and a ricksha—when you could persuade one to pull you—took two hours to pass from one corner of the city to another.

Acres of buildings had been destroyed in the barbaric raids of May and June, which killed over 4,000 civilians, and new debris was being added to the wreckage during each week of clear weather. The Japanese preferred moonlit nights for their calls, when from their base in Hankow they could follow the silver banner of the Yangtze up to its confluence with the Kialing, which identified the capital in a way no blackout could obscure.

I stayed for a while with Tillman Durdin, the *New York Times* correspondent, and his plucky wife, Peggy, who had just come up from Shanghai and was experiencing her first air raids. They had a little cottage in the center of the city, which lay between two barracks and an arms depot at the foot of a ravine. The location was, however, considered ideal, as the Japanese rarely hit a military objective except by chance.

Spacious public shelters were being dug, but it was estimated that a third of the population still had no protection. Government officials, given advance warning, sped outside the city in their motor cars—Cabinet ministers first, then vice-ministers, then minor bureaucrats. The populace soon caught on; when they saw a string of official cars racing to the west they dropped everything and ran. A mad scramble of rickshas, carts, animals and humanity blew up the main streets like a great wind, carrying all before it.

Myself, I sponged on Durdin's season ticket, which gave us crouching room in a good strong shelter with 30 feet of cover, built in the midst of a mass of near-by ruins, and jointly owned by neighboring apartment houses. Here we found refuge with about 200 Chinese for two or three hours every time there was an alarm, in total darkness and an imposed silence that was worse. The shelter took a direct hit once, which killed half a dozen loiterers at the entrance, and so we crawled deeper into its bowels, half suffocated and wondering if it wouldn't be better to test fate

and wait outside to see whether any of the bombs were marked "you."

One night, after a series of raids, the Durdins invited Têng Ying-chao and General Yeh Chien-ying to dinner, but we were all so exhausted from lack of sleep that we had little to say. They left early to get back to the vicinity of their own dugout. We were dead asleep when at midnight the first alarm rang once more.

"Let's sit this one out," I proposed to Till. I had computed there was an average of only about one chance in 2,231 of being scratched. My computation was all wrong; but we decided that if we stayed in the fresh air on the edge of the ravine we could, if any bombs came near, slip down the side in time to dodge the shrapnel. Peggy had a low opinion of the idea, however, and we finally obeyed and followed her down the street just in time to get in before the second alarm.

Feminine intuition was right. Heavy tremors inside the shelter informed us that some bombs had found targets quite close. When we came out after the "all clear" a big building right next to us had been wrecked and others on the main street were in flames. We hurried up the dirt path to the cottage and on the way passed a dud that had cut away part of the stone culvert where we had thought of sitting it out. A few hundred yards farther on we entered Durdin's garden and found the tennis court overlaid with a carpet of dirt. Beyond, the house was a total wreck. A bomb had landed just outside the kitchen and blown in the side of Till's office. It gave us a nice chummy feeling for the folks back home to reflect that the damage had in all probability been done by American scrap iron and American steel, flown over to us in planes made with American parts and powered by American fuel.

Peggy decided that things could have been much worse. Digging around in the dark she found some glasses still intact, while the cellar was in excellent condition. Temporarily that put a more optimistic cast on the whole future outlook. But Martin, Stewart, White, and the rest of the press crowd soon arrived to complete the disaster by consuming the cellar. The bombing party lasted till dawn. After pulling down parts of the house here and there the guests departed with their pockets full of souvenirs.

Till and Peggy and I were gathering up the pieces when the vegetable oil peddler appeared, punctually as usual, and looked in through a gaping wall. "How much oil do you want today?" he

inquired with his usual gravity. We said thanks for nothing and he shouldered his pole again and went off without a word, either of regret or surprise. Probably he was used to losing a customer or two every morning. I doubt if he should have shown any more emotion if our corpses had been in the middle of the mess.

Fortunately we found rooms in the Aviation Hospital, which had been converted into a guest house, the army having evidently decided it was too exposed for its original purpose. We looked forward to some sleep but got little. Workers were blasting a dugout beneath the building and periodically they set off charges of dynamite under the guests, so that it gave the place a homey atmosphere. They kept it up till midnight and in the interval of silence I had just fallen asleep when the Nips came again. We went off in a somnolent state to the Belgian Embassy where M. de Sant, chargé d'affaires, put us under his house by the river, near the edge of town, in a shallow shelter that a heavy bomb would easily have demolished.

We had scarcely more than heard the motors drone overhead and got inside the tunnel when there came the dreaded rush of air, the peculiarly terrifying *suh-suh* that heralds a heavy demolition bomb. There were repeated detonations and a heavy concussion knocked us down in a heap. Those few seconds of *suh-suh* are much worse in a dugout, I think, than in the open field, for there at least you can see the danger and judge its nearness, while underground you get the full suspense of every "almost." The sound begins unsteadily, like a screech of tires rounding a corner too fast, and then it swells in volume until you are quite sure that this time you are practically a piece of sausage.

The string of bombs fell along the river's edge and two or three high explosives landed at the bottom of the stone steps leading to the Embassy. We ran out of our hole to see the results. De Sant's place was a shambles, but the real damage was just below, where a square block of buildings was reduced to a mountain of broken timber and masonry. Some motor cars were twisted into shapeless scrap and the air was filled with clouds of hot dust. In the moonlight the inert bodies of some young soldiers lay in that strange pathetic limpness of men killed by concussion. They are exactly like rag dolls, as though in a split second of death all the bones and blood have been crushed out of them.

"Allez! Allez!" I heard de Sant scream and down the stone steps

came a queer cavalcade, de Sant beating the heads of his Embassy guards with a cane and spouting unintelligibly at them. He kept shrieking as if he had lost his mind and driving his uncomprehending men down into the mass of wreckage. I followed him over the rubble. Then in the moonlight and the dust and smell of burnt powder and flesh I saw Captain Walther Stennes, the commander of the Generalissimo's bodyguard. I had no idea how he had got there but he was straddling a hole in the debris and frantically shifting some rocks with his stick.

"Some people are alive in here!" he yelled up. De Sant arrived with his reinforcements and they all set to work moving timbers and stone while Durdin and I held flashlights for them. I could not see a thing but Stennes claimed he had heard somebody groaning. And after a few minutes he uncovered the back of a padded coat. A head was wedged face down between two slabs of stone and it took five minutes of careful excavation to get the body out. The victim was a young boy. Incredibly, he was still conscious enough to say that there were others inside. A 500-pound bomb had struck the building just above their dugout and if Stennes had not heard that moan they would all have been buried alive. Rescue workers arrived and eventually dug them out.

The most macabre bombing tragedy was one which occurred far outside the city not long afterward. A group of people were walking through a graveyard when a flight of bombers appeared, flying low. Fearing machine-gunning they took refuge in some of the open tombs in which the Szechuanese bury their dead. Apparently the Japanese had failed to get rid of their bombs in the city and nonchalantly chose the graveyard over which to unload. The poor devils below were killed and entombed in one operation.

Durdin had been winning against all the raids by a comfortable margin until I came along, and it began to seem that I was a jonah. When a couple of days later a queer accident further reduced my scant wardrobe the jinx seemed definitely fixed on me. I left my lone spare pants hanging over the edge of my bed in the guest house when I went out one afternoon. A decanter of water was on a small table between the bed and the window, so that it just caught the afternoon sun. The rays focused through the water bottle and set fire to my pants. Luckily Jim Bertram, who had just arrived in Chungking, came into my room looking for me and did his Boy Scout deed by extinguishing the fire as it began to burn the table.

A few more minutes and we should have all been on the street, for the frame building would have pulverized in ten minutes. As it was it stood until only recently when a direct hit finally destroyed it.

Actually, Chungking was not as hectic as from this account it might seem to have been. Many people lived through all the raids without even one narrow escape. Among the populace as a whole morale was improving daily. It was already clear that this capital, on which Japan has now made scores of raids and rained tens of thousands of pounds of high explosive and incendiary bombs, could not in this way be broken in spirit.

Japan first struck at Chungking in May, 1939, shortly after the winter mists and clouds parted to reveal the city's hiding place, at a moment when hope was lowest. The city had no defending air force and only a few anti-aircraft guns. Internationally, the outlook was bleak. There seemed no likelihood of a cessation of American supplies of war materials to Japan. Chamberlain appeared ready for a Far Eastern Munich negotiated by Sir Robert Craigie in Tokyo. In Chungking the Government was still moving in. Many were facing the worst discomforts of their lives. Peace talk was in the faint-hearted air and some officials were suspected of private understandings with Wang Ching-wei.

For three days the Japanese subjected Chungking to the most mercilessly intensive bombing any city had yet suffered. They were Szechuan's first serious raids. Contemptuous of the danger, as folk always are before they have seen what a bomb can do, thousands idly exposed themselves to watch. Hundreds were killed on the streets or trapped behind walls of fire as one-twelfth of the city burned in two days. Most of the bombs detonated in the crowded commercial district where merchants and workers clustered in shops and buildings that fell apart like ripe melons. Nearly half a million people fled, business ceased, all city services were broken, and the Cabinet considered moving farther west. Then the Japanese abruptly stopped coming. Why? Evidently they believed that they had, as they boasted, "wiped out Chungking"—just as they thought that they had "destroyed the Chinese army" after the occupation of Nanking.

But in the breathing spell the Japanese unaccountably gave Chungking the city government was reorganized, hundreds of new shelters and dugouts were blasted from the rock, efficient rescue

and clean-up squads were organized, fire lanes were cut through the most congested parts, and Government offices and headquarters were shifted to suburbs scattered over a wide area. By the time I returned from a long trip to the North, Chungking had become perhaps the safest wartime capital in the world. Built on solid sandstone, high above the river, deep shelters were easily constructed to give security against the heaviest bombs. The tragedy was, of course, that it could have been made so from the beginning —but the Chinese seldom cross a bridge before it comes to them. Like England, China sometimes plans, but rarely acts, to meet a catastrophe before it arrives. Today Japan may now destroy all the buildings standing inside the old city limits and still fail to destroy Chungking as the political center of China.

Yet the bombing convinced me for the first time that the air blitzkrieg is not entirely a myth, and that under certain conditions the moral and technical immobilization of a key city can be accomplished in this way. These conditions are, however, quite special. First, the response of the city's defenses and precautions must be so weak as to create in the minds of the population the belief that it has no means of effective retaliation or salvation and that the city is doomed. Secondly, high explosives must be framed with incendiary bombs dropped over the widest area so that fear deepens into despair, despair into panic, and panic into utter demoralization and headlong flight. Third, the invading planes must maintain this psychological depression by continuous flights over a period sufficient to harass the people into a state of physical collapse and to bring about the breakdown of normal city routine. People must be continuously robbed of sleep, food and comfort; communications, industry and city services must be paralyzed.

The *continuity* of the terror is the deadliest factor in the conquest of morale, and for this purpose no great air armada is necessary. Flights of only a few planes every hour or two would be enough, if strengthened several times a day and night by heavy bombardment squadrons. A fortnight of such punishment, without any let-up, would suffice to break the heart of a poorly prepared city and immobilize it as a war factor. The cost of the operation would, however, be "justified" only if the city lay near enough to the land front to enable a break-through force to occupy it after it had (presumably) been taken over first by parachutists and Fifth Columnists from within. Only if their mission is in that way "com-

pleted," however, can air attacks designed to annihilate civilians be considered "successful."

Such a possibility of occupation existed neither in the case of Chungking nor of most of the other cities which the Japanese bombed. Up to August, 1940, Japanese planes had carried out more than 11,000 separate raids in China, *of which more than 6,000* were directed against civilian populations far behind the lines and in areas devoid of primary military objectives. The raids did not destroy half as much in life and property as they created in a renewed will to struggle. Because they were "incomplete," in the sense mentioned, they had the effect of boomerangs against the aggressors. They simply brought to a higher tension the spirit of resistance in the mass of the people, gave a physical identity to the enemy, and drew men closer together, ready to support necessary measures for a greater and sustained effort.

Widespread and indiscriminate bombing of civilian centers kills a relatively small number of people: victims of Japan's raids over a period of three years were fewer than 200,000 civilians. But it produces in millions of people who *might* have been its victims in every bombed city and town a reaction of profound outrage and disgust. It arouses a peculiarly *personal* hatred of the invader which no one who has not crouched in a cave, or dug his nose in a field to evade dive bombers, or seen a mother looking for the severed head of her son's corpse, or smelled the stench of roasted school children, can quite understand. This was perhaps Japan's greatest contribution to the unification of China.

But the bombings served above all to awaken in the Chinese a determination to rebuild faster than the enemy could destroy. Let us now see with what hope and what tools this extraordinary attempt was being made.

2

Foundations of Free China

Japan has been responsible for a new outlook in China—and that outlook is westward.

W. H. Donald

In thanking the war for "driving the educated Chinese to the West," people sometimes overlook the fact that the migration occurred at a moment when technically trained men were urgently needed in the hinterland of the occupied cities. The West thus benefited at the expense of the guerrilla areas which were deprived of much of their scant technological talent. From the standpoint of the war, and the war alone, the Government's concentration on the development of the West in practice made it neglect the East, and tended to produce in many quarters an attitude of "The East is gone, why should we send good money after bad?"

And yet if it is true that history makes its heroic advances by violent leaps and "pulsations," to borrow the word of a famous geologist, while only minor mutations can occur without extensive catastrophe, then China's return to the West may mark an event of great importance to the whole world. The war is manifestly provoking here a social pulsation as profound as that which accompanied certain great calamities in Europe and America which in retrospect now seem to have been necessary stimuli to subsequent advances. In a similar way the desolation of Eastern China, forcing the opening up and modernization of the West, may ultimately be regarded as the most revolutionary event of the decade.

Why is China only now discovering her own West? The reasons are too varied and complex to exhaust here, but we can have a glance at a few of them.

First of all, much of what is tritely called New China is in reality oldest China. Although anthropologists and Sinologists still disagree concerning Chinese origins, it is generally accepted that

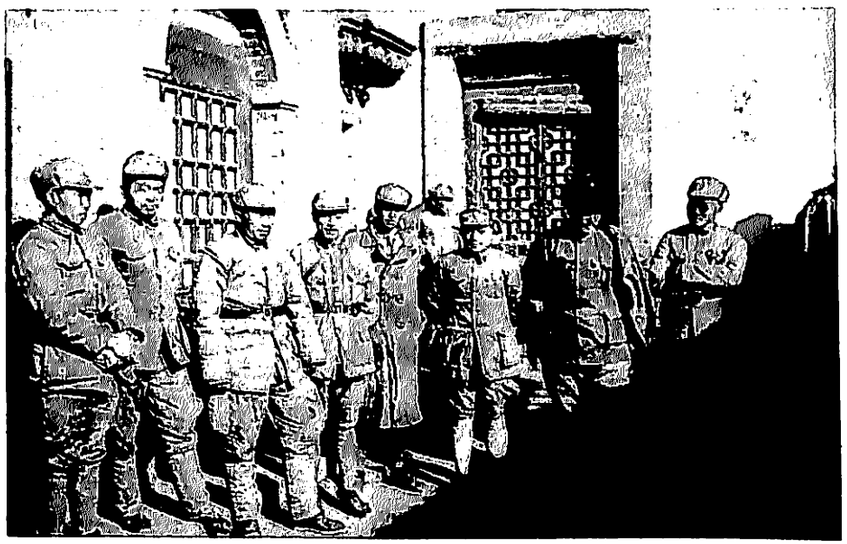
Chinese civilization had its home in the Northwest, probably in the upper valley of the Wei River, and later in the Han and the Huang Ho. The cradle of China was in Kansu, Shensi, Ninghsia and Honan, long before those provinces had become desiccated. With an agricultural economy based on rivers, canals and irrigation systems, the Chinese gravitated toward the eastern plains, spreading along the valleys of the Yellow River and the Yangtze toward the Pacific, and into the hilly but fertile Southeast.

When Western contact was made by sea, the great centers of modern trade and industry naturally concentrated along the eastern coastline. Railways and communications, too, were largely confined to servicing the Eastern regions. The period of migratory labor began and Chinese workers came to know more of the face of their changing country than the wealthy landlords. The latter crept down from the interior at first only very cautiously to invest in treaty ports where the real entrepreneur was foreign imperialism. Behind its mountain barriers much of the West remained inaccessible to this industrial civilization altering the East, and hostile to its centralizing influences. It took the shock of a great war to turn Chinese eyes from the city back to the land, and from the Pacific back toward Central Asia.

Before the Japanese invasion the far West was *terra incognita* to most Chinese, and even to the educated it seemed as remote and improbable as interior Africa. A few years ago I made a trip with Dr. Joseph F. Rock's expedition across Western Yünnan and down into Burma. It took me six weeks from the railhead at Yünnanfu; there was no motor road in the province then. But it was worth it; I saw the future of China in that superb frontier. In those travels I did not meet a single "outland" Chinese, and afterward, back on the coast, I never encountered a Chinese intellectual who had once visited that magnificent part of his country.

Yet the legend and tradition and history of the regions of the West are, of course, part of the heritage of every Chinese. Here, to Chinese school children, is the home of the most exciting myths in that wonderful classic, the *Shan Hai Ching*, which tells of the headless men, people with perforated chests, giants and dwarfs, cows with birds' wings, serpents with human heads, and of the desert of moving sands and the wilderness beyond the Northwestern Sea. Some of these tales undoubtedly contain as much allegorical truth as Dean Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* and have been popular for over

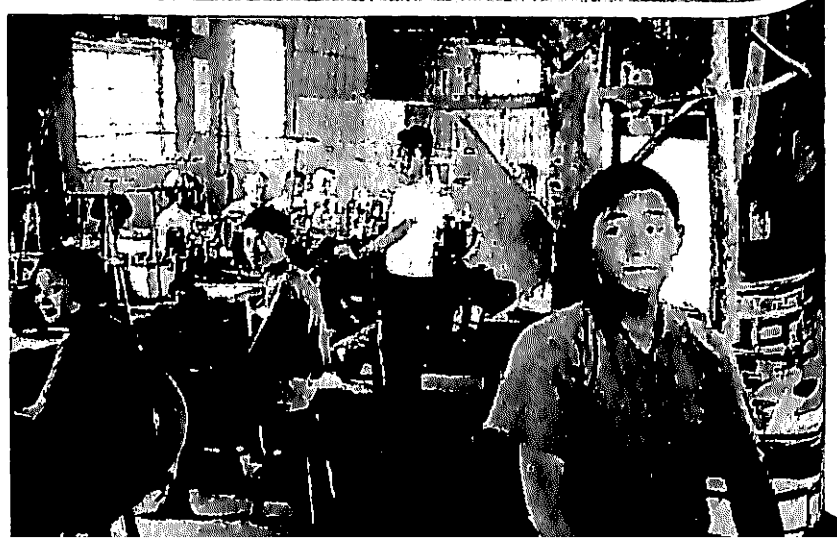
RETURNED EXILES FROM MOSCOW. HSAIO AI-MI, POET, TING LING, NOVELIST, AND HU MAN, PAINTER



FAMOUS REDS FOR WHOSE CAPTURE THE JAPANESE OFFER HIGH REWARDS

INDUSCO SHOP FRONT

ENTRANCE TO CAVE DWELLING OF A CO-OP IN PAOCHI



CO-OP IN SHENSI

2,000 years. The writings of Ssu-ma Chien, the Chinese Herodotus, have also for centuries made the West known to Chinese. Through the *Romance of the Three Kingdoms* every child of the land knows the historic rivers and peaks and valleys and forests where great battles were fought seventeen centuries ago.

Yet modern scientific knowledge of the potential riches of these inner frontiers remained scant and public interest was surprisingly small. Foreign explorers knew more about even the geography than Chinese. For the thousands who trekked across the mountains and rivers to find new homes, after the fall of Hankow and Canton, it was a pioneering experience of discovery, danger, hardship and adventure comparable to the westward migration in the United States during the nineteenth century.

The war expression "Free China" is not entirely satisfactory, as it suggests that part of China is already fully colonized while another part is fully independent, and neither is quite true, of course. But it is a convenient term, and not too inaccurate, if we use it to cover those areas where Chinese military and political administration still prevails, including thousands of square miles of guerrilla districts. Even if we ignore the latter, what is left to constitute the main body of unoccupied China, inside the 2,150-mile blockaded coastline, is no mean country.

Geographically, China and its dependencies have an area of over 4,000,000 square miles, which is somewhat larger than all Europe. This great land mass spreads out rather like a fan, with the island of Hainan a tassel dangling down from the handle near Hongkong. It would blanket all the United States and a good fourth of Canada. Of this, Japan now claims over a million square miles, including Manchuria, Inner Mongolia and North China. Her incursion in China Proper covers about 650,000 square miles, or roughly the size of the Southern United States, excluding Texas; but only a small part of this is yet actually conquered. What we might call "Free China Proper," not counting Tibet, Outer (Red) Mongolia, and the guerrilla "dependencies," was in 1940 still a country of about 2,200,000 square miles—or nine times the size of France.

The Chinese divide Free China into *Tung-nan*, *Hsi-nan* and *Hsi-pei*—the Southeast, Southwest, and Northwest. Southeast China includes the southern coastal provinces of Chekiang, Fukien, and Kwangtung, which form a pocket to embrace Kiangsi. Those four

provinces would make two Colorados. Kwangsi, Yünnan, Kweichow, Hunan, Szechuan and Sikang comprise the Southwest, the outer limits of which form China's perimeter on Indo-China, Burma, India and Tibet. The region covers about 730,000 square miles—about five times the size of Japan Proper. In the Northwest are the great provinces of Shensi, Kansu, Ninghsia and Chinghai, with a total area of roughly 620,000 square miles.

In addition, China counts among its resources the vast far western, central Asian territory of Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkistan. It is nearly as large as all the Southwest, or roughly four times as big as pre-Nazi Germany.

Nobody knows how many Chinese there are, but incomplete figures suggest that over 250 million of them now live in Free China, totally outside the Japanese sphere of control. The population of the Southwest alone is probably twice that of Japan. Szechuan has between 50 and 70 million inhabitants; maybe there are more Szechuanese in the world than Japanese. But Szechuan, combined with all other free provinces, has not as much modern industry as you can find in the one Japanese city of Osaka.

Except for iron and coal, this relatively virgin West holds China's most valuable resources, outside Manchuria. Coal reserves are not negligible, however; in the Southwest they are estimated at 13 billion tons. Known iron deposits in Szechuan and Sikang total 40 million tons,[1] though much of it is siderite, of poor quality. Yünnan has some of the most valuable tin reserves in the Orient and is, besides, rich in copper, mercury, lead, zinc, manganese and tungsten.

Mineral deposits of varying worth are found all through the Southeast and the Southwest. Kiangsi has large tungsten deposits and together with Hunan and Kwangtung produces nearly half the world's supply of this valuable ore. Kiangsi also possesses deposits of molybdenum, copper, arsenic, coal and iron. Kwangtung's wolfram is a product of ready cash sale on the world market. Basic minerals necessary for modern industry are found in nearly all this part of the country.

[1] Wang Shao-hsiu, in *New Economics* (Chungking, April, 1940) unofficially estimated China's known iron reserves at about 1,500 million tons, basing the figure on new reports from the National Geological Survey and other exploratory organizations. He puts Szechuan's reserve at 145 million tons, and that of all Free China at about 250 million tons. Experts regard Wang's claim with scepticism, considering most ore in these regions commercially unworkable.

Farther north, the new province of Sikang, on the edge of Tibet, has deposits of lead, copper, nickel, zinc, gold, gypsum, asbestos, graphite and sulphur, besides coal and iron. Most of those minerals are also present throughout the Northwest. The gold deposits of Chinghai are said to be especially rich. In distant Chinese Turkistan, also, a growing quantity of gold is being mined; production from mines owned by the Chinese Government was valued in 1939 at 750,000 *yuan*. Turkistan is mostly desert, but it holds important deposits of coal, lead, naphtha, sulphur, saltpeter and jade.

Again, however, nobody knows the exact extent of this inner wealth. Surveys have been only superficial in many places; engineers and geologists often disagree about a given area. Kansu, for example, is known to possess some petroleum and the Government actually operates several small oil wells there. A League of Nations adviser, Dr. A. Stampar, some years ago expressed the opinion that Kansu's oil deposits will prove to be among the most valuable in the world. This is contrary to the opinion of foreign oil companies. In neighboring Shensi poor mountaineers dig up the oil-soaked earth and, refining it by a crude pressing process, peddle the oil in buckets in the cities. Geologists under the Communist Border Government recently made a comprehensive survey of Northern Shensi, and announced that they had discovered outcroppings indicating rich oil deposits in over 40 places. But so far they have been unable to interest a dollar of native or foreign capital in its exploitation.

Lacking modern communications and industry, most of the best mineral resources remain inaccessible. That is particularly true of the Northwest and Turkistan. Communications are naturally developing most rapidly in the South, and Szechuan is the most favored province in the Government's industrialization program. Though poorly endowed with basic mineral resources, Szechuan is the economic, political, and military focal point of Free China, as well as its most populous area, and the most productive agriculturally. It is the center of the new roads system, and its waterways provide cheaper transportation than is found in most regions.

Government troops are now in control of Szechuan, bankers get more favors there, and private capital feels more secure. Szechuan's huge population, rich agricultural output, and valuable salt deposits furnish a big percentage of Government revenues. Szechuan also helped balance Free China's foreign trade with its exports of

t'ung oil, vegetable oil, bristles and hides. China sold 28 million *yuan* worth of pig bristles in 1939, and 73 million *yuan* worth of t'ung oil. The latter, under Government monopoly control, accounted for over a third of all China's exports to the United States. It was the main item with which Chungking was paying for the motor cars and machinery purchased from America—until the British and French closed the Burma and Indo-China frontiers.

Much of the Southwest was before the war autonomous or semi-independent of the Central Government, yet it became the main base of China's resistance. Parts of the Northwest were also virtually independent. In the Southwest are 10 or 12 million aborigines, belonging to 23 separate tribes, who have never been absorbed or Sinicized, though they have lived within China's boundaries for centuries. In the Northwest are about 10 million Moslems and thousands of nomadic Mongols, Tibetans and Turks, who populate big areas that are only now coming into contact with the machine age. They fiercely guard their rights as national minorities, do not consider themselves Chinese, and resist direct administration by the Central Government.

Parts of the provinces of Ninghsia and Kansu were carved out of formerly independent Mongolian principalities. Chinghai and Sikang formed part of Inner Tibet. Yünnan has an ancient tradition of independence and its tribal fiefdoms have long been autonomous. The Government must tread carefully to avoid arousing racial and religious antagonisms among aboriginal peoples within and near the frontiers, whose claims to the land antedate even those of the Chinese. Minority rebellions against "Chinese imperialism" might be as disastrous to China's cause now as renewed civil war between the Communists and Nationalists. China's relations with bordering states like Outer Tibet, Bhutan, Nepal, Assam, Burma, Indo-China and Siam, which were at one time under China's suzerainty, now becomes very interesting and important. Pushed against the Burma and Indo-China frontiers, closed to her by Japanese and European imperialism, would China find it necessary to re-open those frontiers, if the British did not do so, and what means—imperialist or revolutionary?—would she adopt?

Such are the foundations, then, on which must be built a stronger and wiser State than existed before the war, if Free China is to become more of a reality than a phrase. Many who have seen this

"new" China think that the war, which is bringing it out of centuries of isolation, may end by creating here—regardless of what happens in Eastern China—a ranking new power of Asia, of first importance among world producers and consumers. Contrasted against hard facts of the present, as demonstrated in subsequent chapters, their optimism seems Utopian. And yet who can deny, where a Tibetan nomad could fly to Hongkong for a week-end, that the mere possibility and necessity may carry them the assurance of fulfillment?

3

Poverty of Production

The Japanese cannot beat us because we are essentially an agricultural nation.

THE statement quoted above was heard in various forms and attributed to various eminent Chinese. But the sad fact was that Japan could trample China because it was a non-industrialized country.

Korea, Manchuria, India, all the British, French and Dutch colonies, and Russia before the revolution, were also "essentially agricultural nations." Obviously it was of no advantage to China now to find herself in the same category. It was just this which had invited Japanese invasion. *Space,* as a factor on China's side, was not to be confused with industrial backwardness. Precisely because China was still "essentially agricultural" the asset of space could only partially be utilized. If China's vast space had been fully exploited in an industrial economy Japan would never have dared begin her invasion at all.

Nor, if the contention were not sophistry, would China now be trying desperately to restore her lost industry, the basic necessity for any nation to win in modern war. Think what it would mean to the security of the United States if, during an invasion, we lost all our railways but the Western Pacific, all our factories east of the Mississippi and west of the Rockies, all our navy, merchant shipping and seaports, our best highways and most of our vehicles, and were dependent for oil and imported supplies mainly on one road connecting our Northwestern states with Canada. That is about what happened to China in the first three years of war, when over 95 percent of her industry was immobilized by the loss of the northern cities and Shanghai, Hangchow, Wusih, Nanking, Hankow and Canton.

Free China's major difficulty, as an undeveloped country, was

transportation. In 1940 there were less than 50,000 miles of dry-weather roads across a territory two-thirds the size of the United States—which has 530,000 miles of surfaced highways. A fifth of the mileage in the free provinces was built after the war began. It is being increased by seven miles a day. Most important are the 3,000-mile road from Chungking to Chinese Turkestan and the 1,600-mile road from the capital to Lashio, establishing a new land-way between Western China and Burma and India.

Over the two roads mentioned, and another which enters Kwangsi from Indo-China, and over the Sino-French railway into mountainous Yünnan from Hanoi, came more than 90 percent of China's necessities of war and industry after the main seaports were lost. Parts of certain railways in the interior were still in Chinese hands: the Lunghai Line, from Chengchow, in Honan, to Paochi, in Shensi; the Canton-Hankow Line, between Hengyang, in Hunan, and Shuichow, in Kwangtung; and the Hangchow-Kiangshan Line, from the outskirts of Nanchang, in Kiangsi, to Western Chekiang. A new railway joined Hengyang to Kweilin, the capital of Kwangsi, and was being pushed deep into Kweiyang, capital of Kweichow province.

But Free China's railways covered less than 800 miles, compared with about 160,000 miles for a similar area of the United States, and with 8,000 miles of track seized by Japan in Eastern China and Manchuria. New roadbeds have been laid in the Southwest and new lines will eventually connect the Yangtze Valley with Yünnan, Burma, and the Indian Ocean. But this work, on which rapid progress has been made, was temporarily suspended following the closure of the Burma frontier to necessary imports of railway materials, as part of the British appeasement program in the East.

Airplanes continued to carry passengers in from Burma and Indo-China as well as from Hongkong. Inland routes brought all provincial capitals within a few hours' flight from Chungking. In 1940 a new Sino-Soviet line began flying mail and passengers to Hami, in Turkistan, and thence to Moscow. The Burma airline connected with Imperial Airways and the Hongkong line with trans-Pacific clippers. From Chungking you could fly to Treasure Island in five days. Airplanes were a godsend to officials and foreigners, fares in the interior being ridiculously low in terms of foreign exchange, but they added little to the mobility of Chinese without position or the price of a ticket.

The ordinary man had another possibility, a ride by truck. But over 90 percent of the navigable cars and trucks were owned by the Government or semi-Government monopolies. These were probably fewer than 20,000 in all. (The U.S.A. has nearly 30 million registered automobiles on its roads.) Some 2,000 trucks which formerly hauled freight over the Burma road were shifted to the so-called "Red Route" in the Northwest after July, 1940.

Nearly all China's motor trucks were American, and nearly all were recent models. For every truck on the highway there were at least six imperative official claims for transport: munitions, troops, medical supplies and wounded, government trade monopolies shipments, oil and gasoline, and industrial demands. After these the list was endless. Last of all came needs of civilian passengers. Seats in the few real commercial buses were sold out days in advance, while the private car virtually ceased to exist.

China needed ten times more trucks operating on ten times more roads, but could not import enough gasoline to turn the motors she had. To operate even 10,000 trucks, averaging 100 miles a day, China must use 43 million gallons of gasoline a year, at a cost (1940) of roughly half a billion Chinese dollars. Another 100 million *yuan* was required for tires and maintenance. Together these items were equal to about one-third of the Chinese Government budget. Much of China's motor transport stood idle because there was no petrol to move it. Far in the interior fuel became more precious than life. The ordinary citizens could not buy it for anything less than a Government mandate and often not for that.

Supplementing meager motorization were thousands of mule carts, running on old American automobile wheels and used tires. Even a mule cart cost, in 1940, about 3,000 *yuan*: 2,500 for the pair of wheels and old tires, and 500 for the cart and the mule. Horses and mules were insufficient, many having been appropriated by the military, and an army of rickshas was mobilized. I saw long caravans of them, each man pulling an eighth of a ton of cotton on a 500-mile trip. Still slower were the thousands of camels, donkeys, and human burden-bearers whose calloused backs carry an incredible amount of freight of all kinds.

The Burma motor line could accommodate about 9,000 tons of goods per month, while pack animals hauled another thousand tons. The Yünnan railway had a capacity of 12,000 tons a month and an auxiliary motor road into Yünnan carried about 2,000 tons.

Before the Southern frontiers were closed, Free China's combined modern transport facilities provided an intake of about 50,000 tons[1] per month excluding the blockade running conducted along waterways and by small roads through the combat zones. By way of comparison, China's pre-war imports of steel alone totaled over 50,000 tons a month. China's dependence on the Soviet Russian supply line, after most other routes were closed, can be readily appreciated.

Since Western China had practically no reproductive industry before the Government migrated there, and not much was salvaged from the lower Yangtze regions, the speed of industrial development was closely related to the transport capacity for imports of primary machinery. It was not just a question of mending an old fabric but of weaving an almost totally new one out of the chaos of war and without interrupting resistance.

The basic inadequacy was steel. In provinces under Chungking's control no high-test steel was produced, not even structural or machine steel of good quality. There was little steel scrap available in the Southwest and in Szechuan it could scarcely be bought at all. Even if it were again to become possible to import foreign scrap, transportation costs alone would probably make it impracticable to use it on any wide scale. China must solve the problem by increasing her own pig iron output. In 1940 this was raised to 50,000 tons. But the total output of steel in Free China was still only about 60 tons a day and not all of that was suitable for munitions. Compare this with Japan's steel production, estimated at over 20,000 tons daily!

The Government could still tackle this problem with far greater energy and practicability by exploiting local iron resources and building small Bessemer process and open hearth furnaces throughout the West. Many of the difficulties encountered in developing a native steel supply seemed traceable to the mistake of elaborate planning of large modern works, fitted with imported equipment, whereas what were needed were modest plans adjusted to the internal capabilities of the country.

Although Free China *can* produce enough iron and steel to meet the needs of wartime industrialization, the future of the steel industry here would not seem particularly bright unless Sikang and

[1] To supply 1,000,000 men in France, the U.S. Army required 750,000 tons of shipping a month.

Yünnan ore prove to be better than expected. Over 70 percent of China's known iron ore reserve of 1,200 million tons[1] was lost to Japan in Manchuria. And more than three-quarters of the remainder was seized when Japan took Chahar, in Inner Mongolia, and the lower Yangtze Valley. Mines which yielded more than 80 percent of China's pig iron in 1931 also fell into Japanese hands. So did all China's pre-war blast furnaces, with the exception of a little equipment which was hauled up the Yangtze to Chungking. China's largest blast furnace, the Lungyen plant near Peking, was captured intact by the Japanese. It had a daily capacity of 300 tons. But it was quite possible for guerrilla operations to prevent Japan from making use of the Lungyen works, or of the Chahar mines which supply it.

About the "Long March" of Chinese industry from the coast into the far West much was written. I fear most of it was highly misleading. The Government did have schemes for removing plants from threatened cities, but the failure to enforce extensive mobilization thwarted the efforts of the few men who really saw the necessity for a rapid conversion of big-scale urban factories into small-scale people's rural industry. Partly due to bureaucratic incompetence, corruption and stupidity, but due also to the peculiar "compradore" character of Chinese capital, and the Government's reluctance to conscript either industry or capital, few native industrialists voluntarily moved to the West. Only a handful proved interested in investing in the development of the new Government industrial bases. On the contrary, as we have seen, millions in capital fled abroad or to the treaty ports and foreign concessions "for the duration."

I will cite an example, which I might elaborate with others, of the bad habits of moneyed Chinese which made them so hopelessly inadequate as an entrepreneur class in the wartime interior. Among several score of Chinese millionaire families in Hongkong, was one whose distinguished head was a high Kuomintang official. His wife recently proposed to one of the Government's own industrial experts that he resign his (very vital) job and instead build and manage for her several textile factories which she intended to establish in—*Shanghai*. She justified her plan by contending that peace would soon be made, that the Powers would keep the Settlement and investment would be secure there, and that in any case profits were so high that the industries would quickly pay for

[1] See N., p. 166.

themselves. The strangest fact of all was that the expert, who refused the offer, was at that time actually working in a department run by the lady's husband, who was responsible for building certain kinds of essential industry. I wish I had space to cite only the cases personally known to me of Chinese who not only had such ideas but carried them out, rather than risk a dollar behind the Chinese lines.

In the end only about 354 privately owned factories moved to the interior. Quite small plants by Western measurement, their total of 63,000 tons of machinery could be lost in a great American steel plant. They included mechanical, electrical goods, textile and chemical factories, and the majority were miscellaneous light industries. Only about 200 were actually in production early in 1940 and half of those were in the one province of Szechuan. Many were waiting for new power plants to be completed. In all Free China there were only 20 power plants. Fifteen were operated by the National Resources Commission, under Dr. Weng Wen-hao's Ministry of Economic Affairs.

Remaining industry, with the exception of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, which were quite separate in personnel and organization from other industrial efforts, was largely monopolized by the Government, not always so much out of choice as because wealthy Chinese could not easily be lured inland. The Government directly owned coal and iron mines, and in Kansu operated four oil wells, which were producing on an encouraging scale. Szechuan's copper refining plant was also Government owned, and near Yünnanfu a copper smelting plant was operating. In addition, the Government owned newly built lead, zinc, tin smelting, machine manufacturing, radio supplies, electrical goods, alcohol and vegetable oil cracking plants. It owned jointly with the bankers and private capital a paper mill, a caustic soda works, and other odds and ends. They were unassuming ventures, the largest being the cracking plant, with a capacity of 1,000 gallons of gasoline and fuel oil per day. Many other light and heavy industries were planned or under construction, but impediments had to be overcome in every direction before anything like self-sufficient industry could be suggested.

Three-fourths of this sketchy plant was engaged in answering military demands, which absorbed nearly all the steel and copper produced. The shortage of consumer goods was acute though perhaps not so appalling as it would be in a country with more

elaborate consumer demands. It was serious enough, however. Cotton cloth had increased in price by over 400 percent toward the middle of 1940. An ordinary hand towel, for example, cost two Chinese dollars. The leap in prices on manufactured articles was out of all proportion to agricultural commodity prices. The prophecies of Rewi Alley and his promoters of Chinese Industrial Cooperatives were being fulfilled, as it became evident that war economy could only be maintained by the widest mobilization of China's labor power to supply the internal market from China's own resources. Farther on I shall tell of the growth of this movement—the little "war baby" hatched in Shanghai—as I saw it in the Northwest.

Despite the gloomy outlook for major industry I found among technical people, engineers in particular, a spirit of determination and confidence in China's ability to recover that was a pleasant contrast to the defeatism in some political quarters. There was, for example, the young Chinese engineer I met while traveling in the West. He had just flown to Hongkong and back for his first visit "outside" since the war began. He had forgotten, he said, that stores anywhere held so much merchandise. Fascinated, he had spent two days shopping.

"What did you buy?" I asked him.

He took a box from his pocket and opened it before me. "This is the best thing I bought," he grinned. The box contained—of all things—a set of false teeth.

"Not for yourself, surely?"

"Yes," he explained quite seriously. "I don't need them now, but I will in a few years and I won't be able to get back to Hongkong till the war is over."

This spirit of inexhaustible endurance extended to a great part of the army, too, whose combat efficiency was so limited by narrow industrial bases of war. Let us have a look at this organization, for the fate of all China's industry now depends upon the ability of the army to defend its growth as much as the fate of the army is determined by industry's ability to answer its needs.

4

The Chinese Main Forces

My armies will bend but will not break.

Chiang Kai-shek

First, let us remember, despite China's weaknesses in planning, action, and command, the most important and astounding fact of all when passing a judgment on the Chinese Army. It is simply this: Ragged, backward, miserably poor, this China which was "not a state but only a geographical expression," according to Tokyo, this China which Europeans contemptuously predicted could not last six months against the mechanized forces of Japan, was after all still standing up and taking it—long after the Austrians, the Czechs, the Poles, the Danes, the Norwegians, the Dutch, the Belgians, the French and the Rumanians had gone down in speedy defeat.

These wretched Chinamen had quite a few reasons for pride. Against all predictions (including their own) to the contrary, their internal unity had somehow withstood every crisis and shock. In the midst of "ten thousand difficulties" they had set up new bases from which to continue the fight. Despite hundreds of engagements and a dozen great battles in defense of strategic points, Chinese tactical ingenuity had denied the enemy his primary objective: the immobilization of the main Chinese forces. In all their fighting the Chinese armies had not suffered a single disaster comparable to that which overtook and in one week destroyed the mighty army of France. The Dragon went down for the count several times after 1937, but always painfully got to his feet and came back for more. And each licking of his wounds left him feeling more certain that the Nips just didn't have what it takes for the knockout blow.

Despite its string-and-bamboo industrial framework, China was not beaten in the military field, but showed steady, if slow,

progress. In Chungking one of the most competent American military observers, who had followed every phase of Chinese war performance, told me that China's troops were better trained, better armed, and better led than at any time since the opening of hostilities. A Soviet Russian observer, just back from a long trip behind half of the front, gave me much the same opinion. Accustomed to war in Western terms of seeking a decision, however, both men confessed an inability to envisage the end of a strategy which, they felt, nowhere indicated a decision in a formal military sense at all.

The fact was, Chinese military leaders apparently divided decision into parts, and in the mere denial of total victory to Japan saw for themselves a limited victory. "Originally," the Generalissimo complacently explained to me, "the Japanese expected to conquer China and beat us to our knees in three months. Japan's objective, the achievement of quick victory, was frustrated long ago, and this in itself constitutes a partial victory for us." Thus he looked upon every day of prolongation of war as part of an accumulation of frustration, the sum total of which could be converted into eventual Japanese defeat.

Chinese military leaders retained unshaken faith in a main pattern of strategy which, like the ambiguous lines of a Chinese brush painting, was distinguished by omission of detail, a circumstance leading to wide disagreement in interpretation. The theory of this strategy, the "three-stage prolonged war," was originally formulated by Mao Tse-tung, the Communist leader. Briefly, the three periods were: (1) Japanese offensive, Chinese "retreat in space but advance in time"; (2) Japanese offensive attains its climax at the foothills of Western China, Japanese war energy diminishes, China continues to mobilize, stalemate ensues; (3) Japan's internal and international contradictions reach a breaking point, coinciding with China's maximum mobilization, followed by large-scale counter-offensive and victory.

The theory was more specific in terms of space than in time, however, and few agreed concerning the particular stage of the war at a given moment. With the outbreak of European hostilities, many Chinese believed that the period of "large-scale counter-offensive" had arrived, but I happened to be in Yenan then, and the view of Mao Tse-tung was quite different. He considered that the war was just on the threshold of its second stage—"stalemate."

In this respect the opinion of the Generalissimo seemed much the same. Both men believed China had a long road to travel before complete mobilization could be attained. This was perfectly evident from even a numerical comparison of the Chinese and Japanese forces deployed in campaign.

The numerical preponderance of Chinese troops over Japanese was usually overstated, due not a little to exaggerations by the Chinese themselves. Although China had a standing army of nearly 2,000,000 at the outbreak of war, her trained reserves were quite limited, a weakness especially notable in officer personnel. Compulsory military training had not yet produced a student reserve of any importance. New officers had to be completely trained after war began, and the system of centrally directed conscription and training evolved very slowly. In early practice individual army commanders were left to work out their own method of finding replacements. Often that meant drawing upon the *min-tuan*, or local militia.

China's raw reserves of man power have now been somewhat reduced by the process of war. Half the population lives in the provinces penetrated by Japan, and can be mobilized only by the guerrillas. Of able-bodied men available in the West, millions are needed in transport, road building, industry, mining, and agricultural production. Chiang Ting-fu, secretary of the Executive Yuan, told me that about 2,000,000 men were serving in the *min-tuan* and the pacification forces in Free China—more than the front-line operatives fighting Japan.

Nobody knows exactly how many Chinese soldiers have been killed since the war began. The Chinese Government, like the Japanese, published no complete casualty list. In February, 1940, the Chinese military headquarters issued a statement estimating China's dead at 362,000 and her wounded at 1,087,000. Yet in the same month it was announced that about 675,000 wounded men had received treatment in 1939 alone. Back in December, 1937, the Generalissimo admitted in a public speech that China had suffered more than 300,000 casualties since the previous July. Probably that was an understatement; but even if subsequent losses averaged no higher the total during three years of war might be reckoned at 2,160,000 casualties. Estimates compiled by various foreign military observers in 1940 ranged from 2,000,000 to 4,000,000. It seems certain that losses were at least the equivalent of 100 percent of the original

combat force. Possibly as many as 2,000,000 soldiers had been eliminated by the middle of 1940.

General Chen Cheng, head of the Political Affairs Board of the National Military Council, recently asserted that the present front armies consist of 2,500,000 men. He also claimed that 15,000,000 able-bodied men had received military training. If but half that many were actually available as organized reserves, China would be able to replace her present front-line forces three times. Why not, one might ask, increase at once to a strength of 10,000,000 men? The basic answer of course lies in problems of supply, armament and transport. Only a great industrial power can maintain a central army of even 5,000,000 men in modern war, and we have seen the extent of China's industrial humiliation.

In 1939 there were only three important arsenals in the free provinces. The largest—the 21st Arsenal, near Chungking—had a monthly output of 200 machine guns, 120,000 trench mortar shells, and a small number of automatic and ordinary rifles. It could not make artillery. The two other arsenals had a low production in all categories, while provincial machine shops here and there made rifle ammunition and small arms. Total output of rifle ammunition probably did not exceed a few million rounds a day. Combined production barely replaced expenditures on a 2,000-mile front. To equip still larger armies China had either quickly to build up numerous decentralized small-arms factories of her own or immensely increase her foreign imports. With a "guerrilla arsenal" system, China might have been able to equip with side arms as many as five million fighters in the enemy's rear. But for reasons best known to the National Military Council it was decided to rely mainly on imported supplies.

The immediate result of the European war was to cut off Chungking's most important source of munitions: Germany. Despite their pact with anti-Comintern Japan, the Nazis supplied China with over 60 percent of her munitions imports as late as July, 1939. A nice point, but no more ironic than the fact that Japan still got more than half her imported war materials from China's traditional best friend, Uncle Sam. Most of the Russian munitions went into China either through Burma or Indo-China until in June, 1940, Japan compelled the French to close the railway into Yünnan. When the British complied with Japanese demands,

and closed the Burma highway, China was left with but one free route of supply—the desert road from Russian Turkistan.

China's most important credits for foreign purchases were with Moscow, which in 1939 increased Chungking's charge account, reportedly, to 750,000,000 roubles (U.S. $150,000,000). Russian aid differed considerably from the loans granted by Washington's Export-Import Bank. The latter merely financed shipments of Chinese raw materials to pay for non-military American goods, and there was little trace of Santa Claus about them. The same thing applied to a British credit of £5,000,000, of which China used but a fraction due to difficult terms. It was not surprising that Chungking preferred the easy-pay plan of Moscow.

But the physical limitations of the Turkistan route remain formidable. It is said that even the long haul from the Black Sea to Burma, and thence overland to Yünnan, is more practicable than the trail out of Alma-Ata. About 15 camels and pack animals were required to haul gasoline to service each Russian truck bringing in supplies to the Northwest. And much of the pay load was confined to air bombs and servicing equipment for the Russian air force.

Aviation? The China Aircraft Factory, owned by Curtiss-Wright and the Inter-Continent Corporation, operated a plant in Yünnan, near the Burma border, which in 1940 achieved a production rate of 20 planes a month. It could make everything but engines, flying instruments and wheels, saved the Government 20 percent on the price of complete planes purchased abroad, and made nice dividends for its American owners. It was temporarily immobilized when Britain slammed China's Open Door in her face. Another assembly plant, Soviet managed, was planned for Sinkiang. One aviation school in Yünnan was instructed by Americans, while several others in the Northwest were run by Russians. But Chinese flying personnel, almost wholly depleted by the end of the Hankow battle, remained small and relatively unimportant.

Today most of China's battle planes are Russian, and Russian pilots are responsible for many of China's air victories. In 1939 about 150 Soviet aviators were billeted near Chengtu, in Western Szechuan, where accommodations were prepared for 600 flyers. Another 150 planes were based near Lanchow, in Western Kansu. It was intended to maintain a strength of about five flights of planes, or enough to keep the Japanese well impressed with Russian "insincerity." Outbreak of European war halted this development

somewhat. It seemed likely that help would remain limited until the Eastern struggle reached a more decisive phase.

In addition to the air force, there were about 500 Russians attached to the Chinese Army. Most of them gave purely technical and tactical advice and instruction in various officers' training schools —which were attended by over 90,000 cadets. Every front army had its Russian advisers, too. But even the commanding general of the delegation was said to have no influence on the Generalissimo comparable to that which General von Falkenhausen formerly enjoyed. Chiang made it clear he wanted only military instruction, and the Russians had little to say about strategy. Political instruction was of course entirely in the hands of Chiang Kai-shek's own political department.

Though important and even vital, Russian military supplies alone were not sufficient to form the basis for a large-scale counter-offensive. The bare prerequisites—provided Russia strengthened the air arm—were adequate reserves of transport and fuel, artillery and artillery munitions, plenty of infantrymen, and abundant rifle power. China might manage without more tanks—or even planes —but she could not move in a big way with her scanty artillery component and her limited transport. Considerable stores of munitions had been accumulated, but these did not begin to correspond to the needs implied by a great and sustained effort to drive the enemy from his conquest.

One heard talk, occasionally, of a reserve "mechanized army" in China. This semi-legend had no basis except in the existence of two light tank divisions (really regiments), which included motorcycle scouting corps, chemical warfare detachments, motor-drawn artillery, and several thousand troops of motorized cavalry. They were organized and trained by the Germans, at a time when optimists still expected large-scale foreign help. It was thought China could build a moto-mechanized army strong enough to act as a break-through force in the recovery of strategic points during a counter-offensive. Today the notion seems as quixotic as some of the earlier dreams of a big Chinese air fleet, based on foreign imports. For a long time the Japanese tried to smoke out these mechanized troops from their hiding place in the Southwest. Finally, after the capture of Nanning, in 1939, one of the divisions did lead a counter-attack in the attempt to recover the Kwangsi capital. In the defeat it lost about half its equipment.

An attempt to build a mechanized army in a nation with no motor industry, no oil resources, no heavy armament industry, and no navy to protect its import lanes, would seem patently grandiose. But Chinese generals are like all generals; they seem to learn only from defeat. Some of them now realize it would have been far more useful to have spent the same money (and the precious percentage of limited tonnage) for imports of machine tools, while they could still be brought through the blockade. With these China could have set up the indispensable basic reproductive industry she now so woefully lacks and built a valuable system of indigenous small-scale war industry.

Of more importance than the adventure in mechanization was the fact that after the loss of Hankow the Generalissimo at last began to realize that he could find his counter-offensive bases only in his superior reserve of man power and the efficiency with which it was organized. It became perfectly clear that if the Japanese succeeded in depriving him of this, through a successful pacification of the occupied areas, he might as well settle down indefinitely on the edge of Tibet. So, in 1939, at the famous staff conference at Nanyo, the Generalissimo made known his new plan in what was for him a truly revolutionary declaration.

"The people," he said, *"are more important than the army. Guerrilla warfare is more important than positional warfare. The political education of the soldiers is more important than military education. Propaganda is more important than bullets."*

Shortly afterward Chiang set up a guerrilla training school which adopted some ideas from the Communist Military Academy in Yenan. Its purpose was to teach regular troops how to conduct mobile warfare. General Yeh Chien-ying, one of the ablest Communist tacticians, and chief of staff of the former Red Army, was for a short time called in as an adviser. In 1940 General Chen Cheng claimed that a total of one million troops—in addition to front-line forces—had entered the occupied areas. Yeh Chien-ying put the number at half a million. He told me most of these troops were concentrated north of the Yangtze River, in Hupeh, Honan, Anhui, and Southern Shantung and Hopei.

But the new guerrillas were handicapped by several factors. It must be remembered, for one thing, that no independent military, economic and political bases had been prepared to support mobile war before the main forces retired. Political leadership among the

tailor-made guerrillas was inexperienced in the art of creating such bases with the help of the people, and many were quickly exterminated. Brief re-training was insufficient to achieve, overnight, the transformation of old-type officers, unused to co-operation with the peasantry, into democrats capable of winning popular confidence and protection. Another weakness, to which there will be later allusions, was the activity inside the army of political groups much more concerned with "recovering lost territory" from their Communist countrymen rather than from the Japanese.

An army operating on a guerrilla basis must either have the people actively with it or soon find itself actively against the people. If it fails to win popular support by intelligent methods of mobilizing local resources, it will inevitably degenerate into a mere brigand organization compelled to secure that support by extortion —in which case it speedily ceases to have any defense value and becomes first an objective and then a subjective ally of the enemy. Wherever the new guerrilla commanders have understood their utter dependence on popular support, they have done very well—usually by copying methods worked out by the Communists. Where they have tried to fight in the old way, without popular mobilization, they have quickly disintegrated.

Many improvements in the character of the new army are traceable to the present Chief of Military Training, and Deputy Chief of Staff, General Pai Tsung-hsi—one of the most intelligent and efficient commanders boasted by any army in the world. General Pai, who with General Li Tsung-jen successfully guarded the autonomy of the tough little province of Kwangsi before the war began, had refused to submit to Nanking's Kuomintang, which after 1927 he considered counter-revolutionary. He was often pilloried by Nanking publicists as a "reactionary warlord"; but once the test came, and the Generalissimo assumed leadership of the national struggle against Japan, the Kwangsi troops became one of the strongest bulwarks of resistance. Throughout the war they acquitted themselves with valor and distinction, and continued to bear the brunt of Japanese attack in Central China even while their own province was being invaded in the South.

"Pai Tsung-hsi," General von Falkenhausen once exclaimed in dismay, "is the only general in China to whom I can teach anything because he is the only one ready to admit that he does not know everything." Certainly Pai's presence on the General Staff (though

in the early days his advice carried little weight) has helped much to improve the competence of the army personnel and has been a good thing for national unity. He opposed the civil war psychology fostered by the anti-Communist Whampoa Cadets and in the new officers he tried to implant a revolutionary psychology which explained the prowess of his own troops. Pai was a veteran Kuomintang member, but in Kwangsi he had worked out many practices somewhat similar to those used by the Reds. He was one of the few Central Army leaders who understood the value and necessity of revolutionary indoctrination and mass organization in bringing a victory to China's armed struggle. In his criticism of men more interested in fighting the Communists than the Japanese he was fearless and outspoken and he did not hesitate to express his dissatisfaction to the Generalissimo.

"There is no effective method used by the Communists," Pai maintained, "which could not be used by a revolutionary Kuomintang. The Kuomintang should not worry about the measures the Communists use to win victories but should worry more about how to win them in their own areas. The Communists are fighting the Japanese and fighting very well. As long as that is the case we should not oppose them but help them.

"The Communists are not to be destroyed by suppression. Their influence can be countered by the Kuomintang only if our leadership is stronger and more progressive than theirs. The Kuomintang can survive as a party only if it leads the people along a progressive road. It cannot survive under other circumstances no matter how much it suppresses the Communists. A party must either grow and progress or it must die. The way of progress now is to adopt all necessary measures to win the war, and if the war is won under Kuomintang leadership then the Kuomintang will be stronger than ever."[1]

These opinions were bitterly resented by the Old Guard in both the party and the army but they had a wider following than was apparent on the surface of things. Many youths with a revolutionary background were perforce being incorporated into the army and in the event of renewed civil war they might react in an altogether unexpected manner.

[1] I am not sure the statement is exactly quoted. It came to me through a second person to whom Pai made it, after I had, at the General's request, submitted a list of questions which he decided not to answer, giving as reason: "I cannot reply frankly now; let us wait till it is possible to do so."

In view of the progress the army has already made in establishing closer relations with the people it is perhaps not too sanguine to assume that, as it is compelled to rely more and more upon popular support, its leadership will come to reflect the will of a true democracy. Whatever its present shortcomings, the National Army (in which are included the Communist troops) is a great achievement and in it reside the main hope and pride of a fifth of mankind. It holds the key to China's political destiny, and probably rightly so. Only men ready to die for their country deserve to rule it.

Another thing: the oppressed millions of China are but one of the races of Asia whose hopes of liberation are based on the triumph of that army. If China were finally destroyed then the Formosans, the Koreans, the Manchurians, and the Mongols, who now regard their subjugation as tentative, might be compelled to admit its permanence. More than that. If China gave up tomorrow, could anything save those other Eastern peoples, now on the threshold of revolutionary liberation from Western imperialism—the Indo-Chinese, the Filipinos, the Malayans, the Javanese, the Siamese, the Burmese, and the Indians—from retrogressive enslavement to the new imperialism of the East?

Not least of all, the Japanese people themselves would fall final victim to their own Frankenstein—as one of them makes clear in the chapter that follows.

5

China's Japanese Allies

The Japanese Revolution will occur after the first severe defeats suffered by the Japanese Army.

Mao Tse-tung

AMONG China's Japanese allies were the gentle and gifted writer, Wataru Kaji, and his pretty wife, Ikeda Yuki, who did everything they could, after 1937, to assure their Emperor's defeat. The Japanese Gendarmery offered generous rewards for their heads, and they had several narrow escapes from capture and death.

I first met Kaji and Yuki in Hankow, just after the Japanese heavily bombed the buildings which then housed part of the Army Political Department, where they worked in Wuchang. Thousands of cadets fled to a near-by hill and scores were killed. Kaji and Yuki took refuge in a shelter in the side of the same hill and a bomb almost completely buried them. When they were dug out by anxious friends it was found the missile had missed penetrating the roof above their heads by only a couple of inches.

Next day they moved to the most crowded part of the city. Shortly afterward another Japanese raiding party visited Wuchang. Flying very low, the bombers finally located the block in which Kaji and his wife were living, actually circled their house, and then dropped their loads. Many Chinese were immolated but the Japanese escaped unhurt. An investigation led to the arrest of a traitor who had signaled the enemy planes with a large mirror. The two conspirators kept their address to themselves and their bodyguard after that disconcerting experience. Now and then they emerged to have a chocolate nut sundae with me in the Navy Y.M.C.A., where I was quartered in unheard-of luxury for Hankow.

Kaji was attached to the propaganda section, under Kuo Mo-jo, the left-wing writer and archaeologist who had returned from exile in Japan just after the war broke out. His section was staffed with

scores of Japanese-educated Chinese, who directed propaganda among soldiers and civilians in China, Manchuria, Korea, and even Japan. Kaji was their "psychological adviser." He had a hand in everything from the manifesto with which Chinese airplanes bombed Tokyo to the leaflets Chinese soldiers scattered on the battlefields. Like most Japanese working with Chinese armies, he was a Communist, and his story revealed some interesting things about the land that is curing China of Marxism.

Kaji's parents, rich farmers who employed a dozen laborers, were samurai members of the Satsuma clan. In his early youth Kaji wanted to be a naval officer, but while a student at Tokyo Imperial University, from 1923 to 1927, he changed his mind. Apparently, he first developed an anti-imperialist bias because of his classmate, Prince Yamashina. All the students were obliged to bow to the floor, button their collars and do reverence before this member of the Divine Household, who had an elaborate desk set high above the others. It got under Kaji's skin. He organized a boycott of any class attended by the Prince and it was actually enforced for three years. The University was a liberal institution in those days. It was the atmosphere in which appeared the sensational theory of Dr. Nitobe, who denied the literal divinity of the Emperor. Communism and socialism were even openly debated between professors and students.

After his graduation Kaji worked on a number of liberal magazines and newspapers, and later began to take part in radical political movements. As in China, 1927 was a year of social struggle in Japan. Workers and farmers rose in spontaneous anti-landlord agitations, demanding the redistribution of the feudal estates. Peasant leadership was quite heterogeneous and at one time was largely in the hands of the Christian reformer, Kagawa. Kaji helped form one of the communal schools for poor farmers and their children, which for a while had a rapid growth. Then he joined the Workers and Farmers Party, doing organizational work in Nigata.

Nigata is a stronghold of the great landlords, where tenant conditions are the worst in Japan. Hundreds of thousands of farmers exist in sub-human conditions, famine being an almost annual occurrence. Licensed dealers in women consider the prefecture a prime source of supply and every year secure from destitute families thousands of young girls to become geisha, prostitutes and mill operatives for the Empire's industries. Here, according to Kaji,

were the most revolutionary farmers in Japan. They cared little for the Emperor, and the police could not evoke pious obedience in them. Thousands joined the unions. Agitation spread to many provinces.

As reactionary militarism rose more firmly to power following the Manchurian invasion, radicalism among the working class increased. Kaji joined the Anti-Imperialist League and edited a magazine with a circulation of over 30,000 among labor union leaders and intellectuals. Fascist groups, notably the Sakura Kai (Cherry Party) which planned the Mukden Incident, began a terror against labor organizations, with the full support of the army and the police. In 1933 Kaji was arrested for the third time, his card having been found among the effects of the late Kobayashi Takiji, the celebrated Japanese story writer, who was murdered by the Tokyo police. He was Kaji's best friend.

"In Tokyo," Kaji told me, "there are over 80 police jails, and each one can keep a prisoner without any trial for two months. The police did not charge me with any crime, I was just shifted from one jail to another. The filthy little cells held an average of 20 people. Most of them were sick. I was beaten in every jail. The police would bind me up and lift me from the floor, beat me to unconsciousness, then revive me and beat me again."

Kaji told me of dozens of his friends who had been tortured to death in police jails in 1932 and 1933. The knowledge evidently had little effect on his own convictions. Released once more, when the police tired of beating him, he continued to write and to organize workers. During the next two years wholesale arrests and betrayals seriously weakened the revolutionary movement, even the highest organs of which became infiltrated with police spies, fascists and army gendarmes. Kaji was arrested again and kept in Tokyo jails for six months. Unexpectedly released, he discovered he was being used as a police pigeon to locate his friends. Then for months he lived in isolation and terror of re-arrest. An opportunity of escape came at last when a friend in a traveling drama company got him a job as a samurai actor. In that role he finally got to Shanghai, where he was engaged in revolutionary work when the war broke out. After several hair-raising escapes, including a last-minute evasion of some Japanese agents who tried to kidnap him in Hongkong, he safely reached the interior.

Kaji's 27-year-old wife, Yuki, had led an equally harrowing life.

While still in college she became active in Kagawa's Christian reform movements. She once worked with the Baroness Ishimoto. For her anti-Emperor activities she was imprisoned more times than Kaji and underwent severe torture. Once her inquisitors broke all the fingers of both her hands. A woman of frail health and delicate beauty, she was for weeks an invalid after each imprisonment. But all the punishment failed to reform her. She continued her underground organization of Japanese women workers, until she was ordered to China, which she reached independently of Kaji.

Another famous Japanese radical I met in China was Katsuo Aoyama, a quite remarkable revolutionary who helped organize some Korean troops now fighting for China. An orphan, he was adopted by a family which put him to work at the age of five, and for some years afterward hired him out as a servant. When he was 16 he went to work in a factory. Aoyama looked like a walking caricature of his countrymen. He had large jutting teeth and wore glasses with lenses a quarter of an inch thick. Yet I learned to like him very much and appreciate his rare qualities of character, his courage, his audacity and his profound faith in his people.

When I met him, Aoyama was about 40, and for the first time held a position of leadership in the Japanese revolutionary movement. Before that he had been quite satisfied to work in the "rank and file of the labor movement," he said, for many years. "I was not bright. I could never have become a leader if our best men had not all been killed." Obediently following instructions, he organized many unions and acquired a wide influence among workers in Japanese heavy industries. Sent to Shanghai on a special mission just before the war broke, he soon afterward attached himself to the Chinese army. First he worked in Nanking with the propaganda department. In Hankow he became a political instructor in the Korean volunteer corps.

Today virtually every Chinese army is benefiting from the help of either Japanese or Koreans. There are Korean Communists in the Eighteenth Group (Eighth Route) Army, teaching in its schools and fighting in the field. One of them was, and may still be, deputy chief-of-staff to General Peng Teh-huai, field commander of the Eighteenth Group Army. Others are advisers in the Reds' "enemy work department." Non-Communist Korean revolutionaries are occupied in a variety of tasks. With the recent amalgamation of all Korean revolutionary parties, and the establishment of

a provisional Korean revolutionary government at Chungking, their activity is more unified than formerly.

In 1938 a Korean Brigade was organized jointly by Koreans and Japanese, under the command of Kim Yak-san. Original cadres of this unique detachment consisted of about 70 volunteers trained under the direction of the Central Military Academy. Some Koreans also joined the Chinese air force. Several aviators and brigade officers received instruction in Russia. Commander Kim Yak-san, a veteran Korean revolutionary, participated in nearly every important anti-Japanese event in the past 20 years. Before the present war he fought for years with anti-Nippon partisan troops in Korea and Manchuria. He was at one time head of the Korean National Revolutionary Party.

Perhaps the Japanese Gendarmery would express first preference, however, for the head of Kim Ku, who is credited with having tossed the famous water-bottle bomb during the Japanese 1932 victory celebration in Shanghai. Posing as a photographer, Kim calmly walked to the edge of the reviewing stand, delivered his bomb, and disappeared. He killed the Japanese Commander-in-Chief, General Yoshinori Shirakawa, seriously wounded Fleet Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, and killed or wounded half a dozen other Japanese luminaries. Kim is now working behind the Chinese lines.

Before they acquired their present unity and discipline, most Korean nationalists favored the terrorist method to get rid of their enemies, and they were eminently successful in assassinating high Japanese officials. Korean anarchists probably know more about throwing around high explosives at close quarters than anybody but Asturian miners. Koreans also make splendid revolutionary troops; in the hopeful days of 1927, when they expected the Chinese Nationalist Army to end up by liberating their country from Japan, hundreds of them joined in the Northern Expedition and many were killed, first by the Northern warlords and later by Chiang Kai-shek.

Both Koreans and Japanese assured me that they could easily raise a division or two in China, if permitted to do so by the Chinese Government. They claimed that hundreds of political exiles wanted to fight for China. Hundreds would come down through Manchuria. But Chungking blew now hot, now cold, about these strange allies. Probably the Government was worried about

the effect on its own troops of fraternization with an independent revolutionary army. As it was the Korean Brigade was used largely for propaganda purposes. There were striking demonstrations of the potentialities of Korean revolutionary agitation among enemy troops, as Korean conscripts mutinied or killed their Japanese officers. The presence of Korean revolutionaries behind Chinese lines now prevents the Japanese from making extensive use of Korean conscripts in their campaigns. Recently, as an "inducement" to win Korean loyalty, which after 30 years remains elusive, the Japanese Government condescended to permit Koreans to adopt Japanese names. To the latter's utter astonishment, not one percent of the population took advantage of the offer.

Every conceivable precaution is taken by the Japanese army authorities to prevent any weakening in the soldiers' will to fight, which is the main reason why escaped prisoners are not welcomed back. The mere fact that a Japanese can return alive, from a Chinese prison, is considered harmful to morale. Japanese casualty reports never in any case admit the capture of Japanese soldiers. Officially, Japan does not recognize that the Chinese have taken a single Japanese alive during the entire war.

Despite the penalty of death for all anti-war propagandists, Japanese revolutionaries are active in the Japanese army in Manchuria, Mongolia and China, Aoyama claimed. Work on the continent is more effective than work in Japan. Regiments mobilized and trained at home are unrelated to combat formations in China. In organizing overseas divisions the army mixes up men drafted from different localities, so that it is impossible to keep intact any intra-regimental political groups which may be formed during training periods. Moreover, the army is heavily packed with gendarmes, as well as political police, whose duty is to detect subversion in the embryo.

Aoyama claimed a close connection with revolutionaries inside the Japanese army. He said that contrary to general belief many junior officers, particularly non-coms and reserve officers, were decidedly anti-fascist and against the war, while fascist organization was still semi-secret and embraced but a small fraction of the army. He blamed most of the atrocities on this fascist nucleus, which believes that such outrages are necessary to keep the soldiers "active, excited and happy," in order to prevent boredom from nourishing "dangerous thoughts" in their heads. But he said that

officers of the rank of major or higher—particularly in the air corps in Manchuria—included some Communists and anti-fascists. Aoyama admitted they were few, but thought their ultimate influence might affect many thousands.

Perhaps the most valuable service these Japanese allies rendered to China was to teach the army how to treat its captives. Japanese at first resisted capture so stoutly that even when taken badly wounded they would attempt to commit suicide, by jumping from trains or trucks, or hurling themselves from stretchers down the sides of cliffs. Getting hold of surgical instruments they frequently stabbed doctors, nurses, and themselves. Japanese propaganda assures the simple-minded soldiers that the Chinese always roast their captives alive, cut out their hearts, and so on. Kaji tried to convince the Chinese that to counteract this it was necessary to enforce a policy similar to that adopted from the beginning by the Chinese Communist troops, of "educating" the captives, winning their friendship, and sending them back to serve as "testimonials."

Kaji had a difficult time (after Nanking!) proving to the Chinese that his countrymen could be "reformed." In Hankow he spent weeks working on captured aviators, but made little headway. When taken prisoner they became desperately homesick and lonely and only wanted some way to kill themselves. They feared that if they escaped and fell into Japanese hands they would be executed anyway. But with infinite patience Kaji and Yuki slowly changed their ideas of the Chinese and of the war. If he succeeded only in taking their minds off the suicide obsession, Kaji was gratified. He felt he had given them a new hope through a sociological and psychological explanation of their plight.

Nowadays many Chinese soldiers are supplied with small cards printed in Japanese, and certified by Chinese army commanders. These state that China has no quarrel with the Japanese people, whom they regard as brothers, and guarantee to treat well any Japanese who submits. Such "surrender cards" are said to have a pacifying effect on Japanese taken in battle. It is especially true in the case of the Eighth Route Army, which has become noted among the Japanese for its considerate treatment of prisoners.

By the time I saw Kaji again in Chungking he had made considerable progress. About 60 of his converts to anti-imperialism had been made "trustees," and went about the country lecturing to prisoners in concentration camps. He had formed a Japanese Anti-

War League which had dramatic troupes touring the cities, giving anti-militarist plays.

All the Japanese considered it a great failure that they had as yet been unable to convince Chiang Kai-shek's Political Department of the wisdom of releasing reformed prisoners, as the Eighth Route Army did. The Communists sent their captives to the rear, where they were given a course of "re-education" for two months, during which they shared the food and the quarters of Chinese students. Then they were given the choice of joining the army or being escorted back to their own detachments. In the latter case they were usually promptly arrested by their own officers and kept under observation; but it was difficult, if there were many such cases, and their stories became known among the troops. Kaji said one reason why Japanese divisions in Shansi were replaced so frequently was because of the effectiveness of Eighth Route Army propaganda through returned prisoners. Officers considered that a detachment lost its fighting spirit when too many of these "re-educated" soldiers had returned intact from Chinese hands.

Both Aoyama and Kaji were quite positive that Japanese morale had steadily declined after the capture of Hankow, and were full of instances to prove it. Japanese soldiers now frequently surrendered, when ambushed, without struggle, whereas in 1938 hardly a single unwounded prisoner was taken. They pointed to numerous cases of uprisings, insubordination, and other lapses of discipline and morale. Collisions of interest between the Manchurian and Mongolian, and the North, Central, and South China commands were, they believed, becoming more serious. There were grave schisms between the army and navy as rival political powers. Profound distress and suffering among the population was strengthening anti-war sentiment among civilians in Japan.

Nevertheless, these men agreed, only a severe defeat of the Japanese army in the field, of such magnitude that it could be hidden neither from the expeditionary forces as a whole nor from the people at home, would be able to crack the morale of the main forces and bring about an insurrection and revolution in Japan. The revolution could succeed only if supported by a section of the army itself.

An early attainment of power by Japanese Communists seems conceivable to many people only through the intervention of a series of major miracles. If and when such miracles occur the Japanese

Communist Party would, according to its present program, overthrow the aristocracy and military fascism, end the war in China, and attempt to solve the problems of Japanese economy by socialist transformation and peaceful international co-operation with Soviet Russia and any surviving democratic states. They would, with Soviet help, try to form a socialist federation of Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Mongolia and China.

The Japanese fully understood that China would need a more revolutionary government itself before any such broad dream of brotherhood could be realized. Yet they never lost patience and seemed the most optimistic people behind the Chinese lines. There was something early Christian about the sublime faith that inspired these lonely little people to deny everything for which their army was fighting.

Not long ago Aoyama's jutting teeth and thick-lensed spectacles were seen up at the front near Nanning, where he was working with some Kwangsi troops. His voice carried above the thunder of battle through a loud speaker directed at a Japanese attacking force. Gradually the firing stopped on both sides and everybody was quiet as the Japanese boys listened with open mouths to this authentic fellow countryman, appealing to them to stop killing their brothers, the Chinese, and to turn their guns against the Mitsuis, who had made ten million yen out of the war, and other profiteers at home and in China.

Suddenly fresh Japanese troops were rushed up to relieve those who had lost interest in fighting. They made an unexpected sally against the radio unit and captured Aoyama. Baron Mitsui was mercilessly avenged.

To me personally, and I suspect to every Chinese who saw and heard them, the existence of such Japanese as Kaji and Aoyama was symbolically important. It reminded one that Japan was full of decent people like them who, if they had not had their craniums stuffed full of Sun Goddess myths and other imperialist filth, and been forbidden access to dangerous thoughts, and been armed by American and British hypocrites, could easily live in a civilized co-operative world—if any of us could provide one. The memory of the Kajis and Yukis and Aoyamas will anyway help to heal the wounds in the friendship of two great peoples if the war ever ends.

Part Six

CHINA'S "INDUSCO LINE"

I

Odyssey of an Idea

Chinese Industrial Co-operatives are building the foundations of a new democracy in China.
Sir Stafford Cripps

THE outlook for China would have been far more dismal, after the Japanese tightened their sea blockade, had it not been for the remarkable growth of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives—*Kung-Ho,* or the Work-Together Movement, as the Chinese diminutive might be translated. That modest idea had now been converted into a living chain of small industry over 2,000 miles long, which was inherently capable of continued expansion even if Japan built a new Great Wall completely encompassing China. Through its further development the Chinese could still achieve virtual self-sufficiency in commodity goods as well as in wide categories of military supplies.

In the technique of Indusco, China had found the principle of industrial defense for a weak but large country against the menace of the sky army. It was simply this: that industry centered in crowded great cities cannot be efficiently or safely operated under continuous bombardment and must, therefore, be evacuated and decentralized in small units spread over wide areas in such a manner as to rob the bomber of its only decisive behind-the-lines objective—the immobilization of strategic concentrations of machines, communications and skilled operatives.

In July, 1938, when the Government appointed Rewi Alley chief technical adviser of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, that organization did not own a single factory, lathe or even a chisel—while Alley himself was its only staff. We have seen that most pre-war industry was already lost, while the country's technicians were scattered far and wide. Organization in China is difficult enough in peace time; and for a foreigner, starting against such handicaps,

the obstacles seemed insuperable. Old China Hands considered Alley a crackpot and a dreamer.

The sceptics are now busily eating their words, for today *Ai Li* (his Chinese name means Lover of Dawn) is identified with renewed hope and a future for thousands of derelicts of war. *Kao Pi-tzu,* some of them call him, the *Kung-Ho Jen*—Tall Nose, the Work-Together Man. The story came to me from Alley himself. He was riding in an ancient bus through Kiangsi one day when a bearded elder in front of him spoke to a youth seated alongside.

"Chinese make better aviators than foreigners," the elder enigmatically remarked, "they can see on all sides."

The youth grinned and said politely, "Is that really true?"

"True enough!" the old gentleman exclaimed. "Just take a look at that Tall Nose behind us. How can he see around an obstacle like that?"

In Alley's case the English proboscis proved no handicap. In two years Indusco set up a record in China for the shortest distance between paper planning and action. And judged against the difficulties overcome, Indusco can stand, in a world where far richer peoples lost hope under infinitely lighter burdens, as a monument to a great nation's courage, ingenuity and endurance.

Industrial Co-operatives were growing so fast that yesterday's data was stale before it was printed. Early in October of 1940 there were over 2,300 of these vest-pocket factories spread across 16 provinces and under the technical direction of 70 branch headquarters. The "Indusco Line" extended all the way from guerrilla territory, behind enemy positions, into China's deep rear, and from the Mongolian plateau to the highlands of Yünnan. Operating machine shops and mines, Indusco turned out its own equipment for many new industries, which appeared at a rate of about 25 a week. An army of 300,000 people was directly dependent on the organization for a livelihood and work had been created for thousands more.

Alley was, of course, only the "prime mover" that had started the wheels. He and the unique backing he had were necessary guarantees to Chinese members that the organization would have a chance to develop along true co-operative lines free from the traditional incubuses of bureaucracy, nepotism and graft. Thus reassured, some of China's ablest engineers and technical men had given up highly paid jobs and volunteered for the new industrial army, with an enthusiasm that amazed cynical onlookers.

To understand the spirit of Indusco and its quick success, one must know the unusual background of its brain trust. This consisted of some young American-trained Chinese engineers and mechanics who had no particular political faith in common, but a mutual association with two men: Rewi Alley, and an eccentric American missionary named Joseph Bailie.

Some years ago Old Man Bailie concluded that it was futile to threaten brimstone to Chinese who could not buy a Bible and he shocked his colleagues by announcing that ethical conduct was here conditioned by a rice bowl. The test of Christianity was its ability to improve men's livelihood. China needed fewer Bible classes and more technical schools. And to these ideas Old Bailie made a convert in Detroit. Henry Ford agreed that scientific knowledge, given to youths indoctrinated with a new concept of industry, could do more to bring about spiritual regeneration than any amount of preaching. They made an arrangement. Ford financed a kind of post-graduate factory school. Every year Bailie selected 100 "ethically conditioned" Chinese from American engineering colleges to enter the Ford school, where they got sound training in mechanical engineering, mixed with heavy doses of Bailie's industrial evangelism.

Over in Shanghai Rewi Alley found a bond of sympathy with Bailie and with many of Bailie's students. They all hated waste; and to them the destruction of life by the machines intended to set men free was the most senseless waste of all. For years, however, the Bailie Boys returned to a China inhospitable to such ideas. For a while they operated a training school in Shanghai, where factory apprentices were taught techniques and the social mission of industry. But revolution and counter-revolution came, inaugurating ten years of class war, and after the great Shanghai uprising in 1927 Bailie saw the worst period of exploitation and terrorism set in. He must have become profoundly discouraged. Further depressed by ill health, he quietly killed himself in 1935.

Bailie's personality still lived in the best of the young men he had trained. They were good technicians and good Christians, but in a society of familism, political corruption, exploitation and greed they found little chance to put any evangel of industry into practice. The war for the first time gave them a chance to get into touch with the lives of the people they wished to help. They found their way together again when Industrial Co-operatives began to mobilize technicians to build a new framework of production. Today most of

the administrative and technical leaders of C.I.C. are engineers trained by the old missionary mechanic. Three of them helped to draw up the original blueprints in Shanghai.

Alley and the Bailie Boys and their apprentices began with little but a common faith and enthusiasm, backed by a small administrative fund and loans from the Government. They knew they were on trial and might easily lose their opportunity and they wasted little time on theory. It was Alley's prosaic mottoes, "Get things moving," and "First things first" that prevailed. And before long, attracted by the direct non-political methods of the organization, many other gifted young men and women began to volunteer. The fact that Alley himself drew a salary equivalent to only about U.S. $40 a month inspired first-rate engineers to give up high-salaried jobs to work for Indusco for barely enough to buy their food.

Technicians and organizers went straight to the country and tackled the tremendous task of educating the people to a new idea. Everywhere they went they called meetings, preached their principles, and hung up their announcements and signs, promising technical help and loans to those who would organize for production. Suspicions had to be dispelled by performance. Slowly the first units won public confidence. These men meant exactly what they said. Applications soon far outnumbered the capacity of the small staff and available capital, and thousands were put on waiting lists.

Laborers were registered, selected according to health, experience and character, and grouped according to crafts. Co-operators taught them how to organize, how to conduct meetings and how to study local markets. Technicians helped them find machinery—often dragged hundreds of miles overland from the coast—how to locate safe factory sites, and how to use, and later how to make, simple machines. Above all they taught them how to improvise with the materials available. Schools were set up to train unskilled refugees, accountants, organizers and technicians.

Loans were made at from six to ten percent annually, in a country where usury rates are often that much *per month*. The producers' pledge to a common constitution was accepted as security. Through the deduction of a percentage of wages and profits the refugees pay off their loans on the installment plan, and become owner-operators of industry. And so rapid is capital turnover in this new land, and

so great the demand for goods, that many groups have already paid back their entire original loans, and borrowed more for expansion. Meanwhile hundreds of co-ops now manage their own business, with only technical guidance from the C.I.C. field staff.

Weaving, spinning, knitting, printing and transport units were the first to appear. One village turned a stream so that it would provide power for a machine shop, and the idea quickly spread. Flour mills, paper mills, blowers and furnaces were driven by direct water power or Indusco engines—operating on Indusco alcohol. Other industries quickly followed: glass making, coal and iron and gold mining, leather tanning, sugar and oil refining, textiles, chemicals, printing and publishing and so on. Iron foundries were set up, and Indusco's many machine shops now included well-concealed and compact units in the guerrilla districts.

Indusco factories made medical supplies, uniforms, hand grenades, electrical equipment, wagons, tents, stretchers and other military necessities. Forty thousand Indusco spinners and weavers now equip the entire Chinese army with blankets—some of which were formerly imported from *Japan*! Over 50 different kinds of industry were represented in the hundreds of miniature factories.

Behind this swift recovery were countless stories of the tenacity, ingenuity and self-reliance of hundreds of field organizers and factory workers and Alley, if he were writing the story, would speak only of them. But perhaps the magnitude of the effort could best be gleaned from the record of his own mobility. During the first two years he traveled more than 18,000 miles. And believe someone who has covered a little of this bomb-torn land himself, 18,000 miles across the roads and trails of wartime China is something to boast about!

Pedaling bicycles, hitch-hiking from village to village on army trucks, riding an ambulance or a horse into combat zones, but very often stomping along on his own tireless legs, Alley forged in the best of the C.I.C. staff an almost messianic will to carry the message of industry and working together into the farthest corner of the country. He himself organized many of the existing co-operatives, from those in the guerrilla New Fourth Army, on the outskirts of Nanking, to Mohammedan spinners and weavers in distant Kansu.

"He is a superman," one of the engineers said, after a couple of months of keeping up with his strenuous pace. Among other nick-

names he earned that of "The Nine-Lived," because nine times he escaped death when buses and trucks in which he rode overturned or were wrecked on the precarious new roads. A benign angel seemed to look over this moving target. Twice bombs scored direct hits on the dugouts in which he sought refuge. During a recent exhibit of Indusco products at Chungking a 200-pound bomb dropped directly in the entrance of the cave in which Alley and K. P. Liu, Frank Lem, C. F. Wu and Lu Kuang-mien, the chief engineers and organizers, were standing.

"Lucky it wasn't an Indusco product," observed Alley, "or it wouldn't have been a dud!"

"What was the biggest thrill you've had in these two years?" I asked Rewi one day, expecting to hear of some other narrow escape.

But he thought a moment and then chuckled and replied:

"One winter morning we were leaving a little village on the edge of Mongolia, when we heard tinkling bells, and stepped aside as a long caravan of camels came out of the mist, their breath turning to frost in the bitter air. As they went by we were amazed to see the lead camel carrying the huge silk banner of Indusco, and our red triangle emblazoned on the big boxes of freight.

"It was a camel-pullers' transport co-op, hauling guerrilla products. The men with me, who had come up from the warm South, suddenly realized they were part of something that covered a whole nation. How they cheered those camels as they snorted past into the dawn! Yes, *that* was a thrill!"

Few Chinese saw as much of their country at war as Alley did. His journeys took him through spots infested with bubonic plague, relapsing fever, and other epidemics, to which he was not always immune. He caught dengue fever and malaria. In 1939, in Kanchow, Kiangsi, he came down with typhoid. For a month, during daily air raids, he had to be carried, dripping with fever, from an improvised hospital (in a kerosene store!) to a refuge across a river in the fields. Somehow he came out of it as ubiquitous and energetic as ever.

Once Alley wrote to me from some God-forsaken hole, between air raids: "It's not bad here except for the rats. They keep carrying off my soap, shoes, clothes and papers." Once I saw him in Chengtu, far over in Western Szechuan. He had just *walked* back 250 *li* from the Tibetan Sungp'an, across mountain trails where few Chinese dare go unaccompanied by armed escort. Not a word about his

hardships, except that he had liked his maize and buttered tea; but an outburst of enthusiasm about the gold in the streams, and the highland sheep—and the Living Buddha whom he had won over to co-operative industry!

Incredulous, I asked him how he had done it.

"The Tibetans still spin their wool with their hands, in the ancient Egyptian manner, and the old gentleman had never seen a modern spinning wheel," Alley said, his eyes twinkling. "I took one of our new wheels with me and it brought him out of his depression. He said he was bored with being a Living Buddha and wanted something useful to do, and so we made him head of our first depot in the Sungp'an Valley!"

But I heard elsewhere that the thing which really converted the Tibetans was Alley's night ride across narrow mountain trails with the wild horsemen there. He demonstrated his ability to "take it" in the local manner—which consisted of swilling down their fiery liquor, passed from horse to horse, on the gallop!

And the more Alley saw of the courage and resourcefulness of this amazing people the more he became convinced of the soundness of a mass movement drawing its strength from their remarkable recuperative powers. "It isn't what we have done, but what can yet be accomplished," he kept repeating. "Our goal is 30,000 co-operative factories. When we reach it the Japanese will then roll up their funny little swords in their bedding mats and take themselves back home and begin copying China again."

Yes, Indusco was a success, there was no doubt about it. Nowhere, that is, except among certain politicians at Chunking, who viewed it with growing alarm as they saw that it was becoming the main economic base of a new kind of democratic working-class mobilization outside their control. It was moving fast, very much faster than the political life of the nation as a whole, and therein lay one danger to its future. Only the war moved ahead of it, in fact, and only the war explained the peculiar combination of circumstances which had made it possible for such an organization to exist at all. This was one reason why Indusco stood far in the vanguard of the forces opposing any kind of surrender and demanding determined continuation of the struggle until China's independence was achieved.

And here I am going to sketch in, very briefly, a picture of the political apparatus against which this most hopeful movement for democratic industry was developing.

2

The Kuomintang and the Bureaucracy

There are no classes in China. . . . China suffers from none of the evils of capitalism.

Chen Li-fu

For over 2,000 years China was governed from the top down, never from the bottom up, by a kind of triarchy consisting of the imperial or military power, a professional bureaucracy based on a monopoly of literacy, and the rural gentry. Each official was fully responsible to his superiors but no one in a higher position could be held accountable by his subordinates and least of all by the people, whose right to delegate authority was never conceded.

In the old paternalistic agrarian state the autocratic system worked as well as most of its contemporaries in Europe. But as China entered the modern world of trade and industry the former apparatus began to exhaust its possibilities. The development of capitalism, the impact of imperialism and the growth of trading centers produced nascent bourgeois and proletarian classes which aspired to political power, while in the villages the accelerated concentration of land ownership sharpened traditional antagonisms between landlord and peasant.

The need for a popular government, reconciling the abruptly changing economic foundation of Chinese society, was behind the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty. The same demand, much more consciously expressed, supported the Nationalist Revolution, and on this aspiration of the popular masses the Kuomintang came into power. But the tradition of hundreds of years reasserted itself in the building of a new mandarinate. A dozen reasons were given in a dozen years to explain the continued denial of political rights to the people, and particularly the extension of local self-government, which Dr. Sun Yat-sen had always insisted was the basis of his program.

In 1937 not a single district conquered by the Kuomintang had yet secured self-government and the system of rule closely resembled the old paternalistic autocracy. China was divided into 28 provinces and the officials of those under Nanking's power were appointed by the Central Kuomintang. The provinces were in turn divided into 1,905 districts or *hsien*, whose magistrates were (wherever the Kuomintang held real power) also chosen by the bureaucracy. This was true even in the case of frontier areas and special municipalities. There were neither representative assemblies, councils, nor elective offices of any kind. In no case did the population have a legal voice in the appointment or removal of even the lowest official.

Control of the party machine became identical with the control of bureaucratic power, which was not, however, identical with the military power but in coalition with it, as in the past. After 1927 both the military and the bureaucracy resumed the traditional tie-up with the landlord gentry. The Kuomintang came to represent that combination of interests, in addition to the rising compradore-merchant-banker class in the cities. This latter, particularly in the coastal provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsu, formed the financial mainstay of the bureaucracy. Most of China's bankers belonged to the so-called Kiangsu-Chekiang group and so did the dominant faction in the inner Kuomintang.

As is generally the case in a monolithic political regime, different factions competed inside the Kuomintang for control of the bureaucracy. The strongest of these was the *Erh-Chen P'ai*, or the Two-Chen Clique, more often called simply the "C.C." It traced back to early days of the party. The "Two Chens" were Chen Li-fu and Chen Kuo-fu, nephews of the late Chekiang landlord and secret society leader, Chen Chi-mei, who helped Sun Yat-sen against the Manchus. This Chen Chi-mei sponsored Chiang Kai-shek in the party along with his own nephews, who are said to have taken the blood brotherhood oaths with Chiang.

Neither of the Chen brothers had much influence while Sun Yat-sen lived, but as Chekiang men they were valuable to their fellow provincial, Chiang Kai-shek. When Chiang became Commander-in-Chief of the Nationalist Army he made Chen Kuo-fu his secretary. Later Chen became head of the organization department of the Kuomintang, where he helped destroy the Left Wing

of the party. It was there Chen Kuo-fu laid the foundation of the "C.C."

The younger brother, Chen Li-fu, went to America and received a master's degree at Pittsburgh University, after which he returned to follow the same road as Kuo-fu: first as Chiang's secretary, then as head of the organization section of the Kuomintang, finally as secretary general of the party. He held half a dozen other posts, including control of the intelligence section, and of political training in the army. Chen Kuo-fu has in recent years practically retired (with tuberculosis in an advanced stage), but Chen Li-fu has worn the toga for both.

Now in his forties, Chen Li-fu has a handsome and startlingly youthful face. He is a good organizer and an extremely able party boss. His anathema is Communists. To him they are a disease and he cannot speak of them without revealing his disgust. This enmity seems somehow part of his anti-foreign complex. A wit once said that Chen will defend the superiority of anything Chinese from the contradictions of the *San Min Chu I* to the bedbugs of Szechuan. Hitler discovered that Christ was of Aryan descent. One of Chen's colleagues told me that he took up two hours of a Cabinet meeting endeavoring to prove that the *I Ching*, an ancient Chinese classic, anticipated the relativity theory of Einstein.

Before the war the C.C. power had become so strong that Chiang Kai-shek's performance as a national leader was closely affected by it. *Chiang Chia T'ien Hsia, Chen Chia Tang,* the saying went: "The country belongs to the Chiang family and the party belongs to the Chens." Probably no influence so severely checked the development of democratic institutions as the C.C. bureaucracy and its modification may indicate the nature of political changes now.

The Kuomintang exercised its administrative power through direct control of the Central Government and through its *tangpu*, or branch party headquarters in the provinces and districts. The head of the *tangpu* was usually a machine appointee who (when he did not rule direct) chose the personnel of the administration. In rural China where over 80 percent of all Chinese live, the *tangpu* ruled through an alliance with the landlords, merchants and usurers who were the gentry in a political sense—and were naturally committed to the semi-feudal land and tax system. The peasants had no voice in this regime, except the traditional right to revolt.

This apparatus creaked along while support of the peasants was unnecessary to the Government, but began to disintegrate when the great cities were lost. The party was forced to fall back on the towns and villages of the hinterland and the Western provinces, where its influence was weak and where former alliances were quite unsuitable for mobilization work. War placed its heaviest demands on the peasants: increased taxation, conscription, forced labor, rising prices, and enemy reprisals. It was necessary that the people be politically organized to meet these sacrifices, and that new political and economic rights be conceded to the peasants as the foundation of the revolutionary struggle. But such organization meant new power to the peasantry and to labor; and the *tangpu* apparatus contained few mass leaders who could control and direct that power. It was especially weak in young men and women capable of winning popular confidence and was of course handicapped by its gentry element which was opposed to reforms.

On the whole the pre-war bureaucracy retained the old mandarin-scholar's fear of the peasants as well as its traditional contempt of them. The thing which continually amazed a student of Chinese society was the blandness of the assumption on the part of the official class that the peasant and the "coolie" were incapable of self-government. They were capable of dying for the country, of feeding the army and the officials, of building the roads and the factories, of supplying all the productive energy of the state—but they had not memorized the Classics or learned foreign languages, therefore they did not know how to choose the rulers of their own villages and towns! This old mandarin idea which identified the monopoly of literacy with governing ability persisted in all but the most revolutionary intellectuals and was one fundamental reason for political stagnation in China.

Back of it there was, of course, the genuine fear of the bureaucrat of finding himself superseded. "Generally speaking," an extremely acute Chinese commentator wrote, "the Kuomintang people somehow tend to think that to defeat Japanese imperialism is 'not difficult' but to control the rising democratic influence in China is not an easy matter."[1] This statement of paradox seemed to me perfectly correct.

So the Kuomintang bureaucracy wanted no "people's movement" unless it was its own monopoly, and as no real mass organiza-

[1] "Wei Meng-pu" in *Pacific Affairs*, N. Y., March, 1940.

tion can be the monopoly of a narrow clique without a mass base, this attitude was merely obstructive. But the party had controlled existing administrative machinery and could and did insist that any wartime organizations not under party control were illegal. Spontaneous and independent groupings were suppressed. Workers, farmers and students could not form unions even on a local scale and of course no other party was allowed to organize them. "Mobilization committees" were made up of gentry who usually mobilized nobody but their own mercenaries—the local militia.

The result has been indicated. Retreating from the Eastern cities, the army and the party apparatus left behind them unarmed and unmobilized villages which could be readily exploited by the enemy. In their wake various salvation movements arose, including those led by the Communists. These filled the political vacuum, organizing the population in a new democratic way for mass resistance, before the Japanese could consolidate. This development often seemed to worry the C.C. and other anti-democratic factions a good deal more than the Japanese occupation.

Competition for control of the bureaucracy was further complicated by the changing significance of the Generalissimo's role, which as a symbol of unity had to embrace the wide confidence of disparate elements. These included all sections of the army—his own Whampoa Cadets, for example, the Kwangsi clique, the regional generals and their politico-military following, the Red Army and other guerrilla troops—as well as professional politicians such as the Reorganizationists (before Wang Ching-wei's betrayal), the Cheng Hsüeh Hsi or Political Scientists and the more or less nominal political parties which constitute satellite bodies among which an equilibrium had to be preserved. The Generalissimo skillfully used one group against another to maintain his position in the center of the scene, but the wider his own political basis the greater became the menace to the security of the bureaucracy.

Outstanding among the C.C.'s rivals was the Political Science Group, which consisted of well-trained intellectuals who consciously aspired to a role similar to that of the old scholar-mandarin class. Its members believed that China would never be a democracy but must inevitably fall back upon the old pattern of power in which a few clever men at the top, by making their services indispensable to the military, would really rule the country. They had, ever since 1911, been a kind of professional free-lance bureaucracy, sometimes

inside the Kuomintang, and sometimes out of it, but always collecting around a dominant power personality in whose service they expected to shape the destinies of China from above. If the C.C. was the tumor of the Kuomintang, as somebody has said, the Political Scientists might be called its floating kidney.

"Whoever gets the power," one of the ablest of these Political Scientists once told me, "must always come back to us to help him rule, after having his fling."

The remark adequately suggests the opportunistic philosophy of the Cheng Hsüeh Hsi, but it was still better illuminated in a cogent epigram attributed to an eminent philosopher: "When you speak to a man, use the language of a man; when you speak to a devil, use the language of the devil." In 1940 there were over 50 Political Scientists in high positions in the bureaucracy, speaking the languages required; several were in the Cabinet, others were provincial governors. The genius of this group lay in its peculiar talent in manipulating the landlord gentry in combination with Chinese capitalist groups, together with its very good understanding of Japan and the United States—from which countries most of its adherents were returned students. Its weakness was its lack of connection with any kind of democratic movement—which it held in the fundamental contempt of the old mandarin *élite*.

Another factor threatening the continuity of the C.C. control was the defection of Wang Ching-wei to the Japanese camp. Wang represented a traditional tendency of the parasitical bureaucratic class to realign itself with a new military power. In this case Wang wanted to serve as the connecting link between the imperialist power and the landlord gentry whose authority was being threatened by the democratic mobilization in the guerrilla areas. Fortunately the Japanese were too obtuse to understand his role and anyway were perhaps objectively incapable of giving him the necessary co-operation; but still his ready cash attracted hundreds of petty bureaucrats to help form a puppetry. In Shanghai the gangsters and racketeers, once a stronghold of Kuomintang power, also split in half and one part went over to Wang. It was a blow to Kuomintang prestige in an awakening China that some of its members were prominent among the deserters.

The main Kuomintang bureaucratic apparatus was thus menaced from several sides. It had to find a means of (1) recovering authority lost to rival political leadership in the guerrilla districts; (2)

strengthening its power in the "new" Western provinces in competition with other intra-party cliques; and (3) preventing its disgruntled and defeatist adherents from turning over to Wang Ching-wei and ruining the authority of a party which as a whole was being forced to the Left by the war.

The fact that the Kuomintang did recognize those necessities and altered its purely negative attitude toward mass organization seemed to suggest that it was not (as the opposition formerly maintained) a "bankrupt party" but was capable of responding to new political imperatives. It was significant that in 1939 the Kuomintang came out with a definite promise of immediate local self-government, and the adoption of a constitutional form of central government "at some time proximate to the conclusion of the war with victory." At its Sixth Plenary Session the Central Executive Committee adopted a manifesto[1] which among other things made this startling admission:

"It was ever the Tsungli's (Sun Yat-sen's) devout aspiration that the Republic should become a land possessed, governed, and enjoyed by the people. . . . We shall do well to recall the full positive implications of the revolutionary duty he bequeathed us, whereas we have formerly been preoccupied rather with the negative side of that duty. . . . Many of the deficiencies our people have displayed are to be attributed to the fact that we have not yet brought into operation the Tsungli's design for local autonomy. . . . As a result no stable basis for general progress has been achieved in the political organization and education of the people. These failings became all the more manifest with the war."

It should not be imagined from this, however, that Kuomintang leaders intended to yield to a democratically elected government. It meant simply that the party recognized the necessity for defending and strengthening the basis of its power. That was explicit in the regulations which it laid down both for the election of the National People's Assembly (which was scheduled to adopt a Constitution some day), and the law of local self-government which is supposed to be realized by 1942. In the case of the latter a form of "democracy" was envisaged in which no more than advisory powers were offered to people's assemblies over even the sub-district officials—all of whom were to continue to be *de facto* appointees of the party bureaucracy. Which is of course not surprising. No autocratic dictatorship ever gave up a monopoly of power except under extreme compulsion and it would be astounding if the Kuomintang proved an exception. Nevertheless, the extension of even these limited rights to the people indicated the increasing demand for popular control of government, and necessitated on the part of the Kuomintang intensified efforts to retain its mandate.

[1] Nov. 20, 1939.

Members of other parties were still excluded from political activity in the unoccupied provinces and the Kuomintang now took a second breath and began a drive to curtail their relative freedom in the guerrilla areas. For that purpose the C.C. co-operated with various military and civilian groups in the formation of a War Areas Party and Political Affairs Administration in an attempt to destroy Left Wing mass organizations and popularly elected governments behind the Japanese lines. This led to frequent conflicts, including dozens of cases of open armed attack on non-Kuomintang troops and imprisonment and execution of individuals co-operating with them. The Generalissimo frequently had to intervene to adjust disputes which arose from this form of political competition and to prevent its enlargement into major civil war.

To strengthen its position in the unoccupied provinces, the party renewed its interest in political training in the villages and efforts were made to expand membership among youth and the army. In 1938 Chen Li-fu told me the Kuomintang had about two million members; but only about 10 percent of these were active. Outstanding among the new organizations created was the Three Principles Youth Brigades, which were militantly anti-Communist in aim. Membership became virtually compulsory for middle school and college students. Control of political education in all schools (Chen Li-fu was Minister of Education) and the army was tightened by the appointment of selected C.C. men, who also staffed nearly all the wartime ministries and bureaus.

The provincial and local *tangpu* in general followed the expansion of Government power in the West. Control of most of the funds poured into the "new" provinces enabled the bureaucracy to expand its influence quite rapidly and to find jobs for thousands of new adherents. Millions of dollars in Government loans were extended to the new areas; all this money went through the controlling party clique and was distributed in co-operation with the rural gentry and of course became a vehicle for carrying *tangpu* power to new domains.

One example must suffice: the *tangpu's* role in rural credit co-operatives. About $50,000,000 was pumped into the "free provinces" in 1939 under the supervision of the Co-operative Control Commission, which was said to be dominated by the C.C. machine. It was in theory a measure to inflate rural credit, stimulate production and increase purchasing power. But the "co-operatives" became more political than economic after the party decided to make the district magistrates in effect comptrollers of all co-operative enterprise. Robbed of its voluntary character it became of course a travesty.

A friend of mine who is a co-operative expert described to me frankly the difficulties of his work. Loan funds were advanced through the Government banks to the magistrate, who was ordered to form a credit co-operative. It often happened that he simply called in the gentry and divided the cash with them to form a co-operative. Sometimes the gentry re-loaned it to poor farmers or tenants at usurious interest rates—and many poor farmers are now in jail for their inability to repay this kind of co-operative obligation. Sometimes the gentry used the funds to form pools to hoard rice or kerosene or profiteer on other commodities. No doubt the procedure put money into the villages and was one way of quickly extending *tangpu* influence—especially in Szechuan—but it was also a sure way of killing faith in co-operatives.

The Chinese Industrial Co-operatives were in fact one of the very few organizations which managed to develop independent of C.C. patronage and relatively free from the incubus of bureaucratic control. Its leaders sought genuinely to build an institution of integrity based on voluntary support of the people, and they resisted all attempts to bring the organization under the direction of any political party. This attitude frequently brought them into conflict with the bureaucratic chiefs, who used many methods to coerce the C.I.C., such as compelling it to discharge technicians or organizers and arresting others on trumped-up charges of "Communism." But on the whole the movement managed to adhere to co-operative principles and democratic ideals with surprising success, and to maintain an administration more or less independent of the bureaucratic cliques—due to a number of special conditions too involved to discuss here.

Now, what I have said above about the apparatus of Kuomintang power is incomplete and because of that it may be called unfair. Yet I do not know how else honestly to tell in a few pages how the

political show in China is being run. The reader will see that the Kuomintang has not brought political democracy to China, but that does not mean that it lacks members who are genuinely striving to save their country and their people. The Kuomintang has some honest hard-working and zealous partisans in its rank and file and patriots who are ready to die for their country. Some of its followers have loyally and uncomplainingly stood by their posts under every test of war. Many have devotedly worked long hours for what is now not very munificent financial reward.

The *tangpu* system in China is a product of "natural" political evolution and may be a "necessary" stage toward progressive change. It is encouraging at least to see that lately some of the most severe critics of the backward elements in the Kuomintang have been party members themselves. Only a few fanatics regard its administrative system as ideal. Many simply look upon it as an improvisation in an amazingly complex situation and the more honest and intelligent admit that as the complex matures the party must soon change with it. No doubt it will.

3

Chengtu and the Road There

The night deepens, opium lamps go out . . .
Vermin fight sleep, rats frolic . . .
Yet there will one day be industry here
And free men will make what they need.

Rewi Alley

It was easier to fly from Chungking to Chengtu, the "Peking of West China," than to get a ride by road, but I wanted to see the countryside and some of the Industrial Co-operatives. I missed an army convoy and then waited several days for a big ambulance that the British engineering firm of Thornycroft had presented to Mme. Sun Yat-sen and which was en route to the front. Nothing happened. I was about to go by plane when Lu Kuang-mien told me he was taking a new American truck up to the Northwest headquarters of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. He invited me along and for once a schedule was kept.

Piloting a two-ton truck through this part of the world seems to entail the planning and responsibility of mastering the *Queen Mary*. Lengthy and mysterious negotiations are conducted to get enough gasoline for even a short trip and to procure cargo papers and passports to satisfy various inquisitors encountered on the road. Good drivers are scarce and better paid than officials. Some invest their office with great dignity and ceremony and carry along enough crew to man a Flying Fortress. I once rode on an army truck with a driver who had six *kên-ch'ê-ti*, or "car-followers": one mechanic, two radiator and gasoline boys, two tire-changers, and a co-pilot. All he lacked was a sextant and navigator. When this fellow pulled on his white gloves and sat behind the wheel you felt all the thrill of embarking for strange ports.

The style of our driver on Indusco Truck No. 3 was somewhat cramped thanks to the presence on board of Lu Kuang-mien, who deputized his chief accountant, Mr. Chu, to ration gasoline, decide stop-overs, and handle official papers. Though a good accountant, Mr. Chu was not familiar with combustion engines. Nevertheless, he diligently informed the driver when to shift gears and when to slow down, and was forever adjusting the windshield and testing the tire pressure. He even told the driver—who was further handicapped by dysentery—when to pause for relief. Along with a dozen other passengers, I felt thoroughly safe under such meticulous management.

Lying between Chungking and Chengtu is one of the most fertile stretches of the earth's crust. The rust-colored soil grows three crops a year and its rich chemistry seems inexhaustible. Cultivated hills fence in the road, and villages and humanity are continuous. A peculiar architecture of the farmhouses surprises the visitor from Eastern China, used to one-storeyed flat-roofed mud huts that grow out of the rice fields. The Szechuan cottage under its steep and gabled thatch-roof is often of two storeys, with whitewashed walls wainscotted in strips of black pine, so that from a distance it looks like rural England. Some indefinable quality of the scene—perhaps the vivid green and occasional grazing sheep—deepens the illusion. And the villages, with their squalid inns and complete disorder amid ten thousand smells and a general atmosphere of corruption, have about them something Dickensian. Szechuan is feudal Europe connected with the modern world by American trucks and trimotored Japanese bombers.

Nowhere in China is poverty so abject or its contrast with wealth so apparent. There are some extremely rich families in Szechuan, great landlords who own thousands of acres, and there are incredibly poor ones. Chinese travelers told me of their shock to find Szechuan villages where farmers were so poor they could not buy even rags to put on their daughters' backs, so that girls of marriageable age went about their tasks quite naked. Dr. Lewis Smythe, of Nanking University in Chengtu, quoting a recent survey, said that 70 percent of the land is owned by seven percent of the population. Land taxes were in instances collected 60 years in advance—a burden eventually passed on to the tenants. A few years ago thousands of farmers actually deserted good land and went into

the cities as refugees, finding it hopeless to continue cultivation for the benefit of the lords of war and land.

Opium added further to the degradation of the province. Szechuan formerly produced almost half the total crop of China, and Yünnan and Szechuan were the last provinces to feel the effects of the Government's campaign of poppy eradication. In 1939 Chiang Kai-shek took over direct governorship of Szechuan and began a determined effort to stamp out the drug. He has been surprisingly successful and opium production and consumption are both falling to negligible proportions. But all through Szechuan you still see the waste of years of the poppy and misrule.

One of the by-products is a peculiar institution I never saw elsewhere in China. Szechuan is full of teahouses where the gentry and loafers gather, and of restaurants which open onto the streets rather like sidewalk cafes. Around these, in the smaller towns and villages, hover swarms of ragged boys and a few girls, equipped with straw fans. You no sooner take a seat than they encircle you and set to work keeping the flies off your food. Upon inquiry I learned that thousands of strays live in this way. It is customary for guests to leave them scraps from the table and sometimes a copper or two. Some of them are genuine orphans—increased in number by recent levies for the army—but many are castoffs from the derelict poor or from parents ruined by opium.

"Why don't you wash your neck?" I asked one fan-swinger, hoping to divert his sleeve from my soup.

The picture of soap and water connected with his own neck was evidently too fantastic and he burst into laughter. "I? I? Wash my neck? Hot water is to drink and soap is to keep lice off the bodies of rich men. Now how would I wash my neck?"

These "little devils" of Szechuan are appalling, with their naked unwashed skins and their trachoma, mange, eczema and beri-beri, and yet their cheerful wit and their acrobatics make you smile. With the tolerance of Taoism the restaurant proprietor complacently accepts the world which creates the nuisance, and with equal good humor recognizes that the boy beggars have every right to pester his customers. Obviously you cannot break a man's rice bowl and certainly not a child's.

The outlook for such youngsters is completely hopeless and it is understandable that thousands of them joyously tagged after the Red Army on its trek through the province. When you see (as I saw

in the Red Army) what fine young men some of them turn out to be if given a chance, the drama of these little lives is poignant tragedy. Mme. Chiang's orphanages are because of this the best thing the New Life Movement ever did. But they cannot by their methods solve the problem, which is so extensive it should long ago have become an acknowledged responsibility of the State. Industrial Co-operatives, with their own study-and-work schools for orphans, financed entirely by private gifts, have also demonstrated that they could make the best men of China out of such material, if given any assistance in the task by the Government.

We made a stop at Yungchang, a sizable city, where Industrial Co-operatives were growing faster than loan funds could be secured to finance them. Though the co-ops in Szechuan are less impressive than those in other regions, the Yungchang depot was not backward. It had set up 53 units in about six months since it opened. The depot office, spotlessly clean, was staffed by several college graduates who worked for little more than their food and lodging. Among their units they seemed proudest of a printing shop with 11 members, most of whom had been unemployed, or "thanking master" (unpaid) apprentices before organizing. Now they had twice as much business as they could handle—most of it from other co-ops—and were planning an expansion.

I visited several other little factories and they all seemed quite happy with the new method of co-operative labor. "It's harder to break ten bamboos than one," they explained. Slogans pasted or hung on the walls gave the places a faintly revivalist atmosphere.[1] I was particularly attracted by a neat little tailoring shop, which specialized in the manufacture of wearing apparel made from ramie cloth. It had 14 members, all formerly jobless, some of them refugees from other places, and only two of whom had known each other before the war. This kind of collective ownership and liability assumed by men of different families is just what foreign experts tell us will never work in China "because the Chinese are too individualistic."

Perhaps I remember Yungchang more brightly than it merits because of contrast with the unspeakably dismal town where we were forced to spend the night, when we were unable to cross the river to the pleasant city of Neichang. The inn, which near the

[1] E.g., "Share blessings and share sufferings"; "Soldiers shed blood at the front; we at the rear must sweat hard"; and "Workers of the whole nation, awake and mobilize!"

doorway had an extravagant sign, "Rest Tranquilly By River's Edge," was a filthy dump even for Szechuan: the back veranda served as latrine, the rafters held regiments of rats, and I suppose the place had not been swept for a century. Because I had left my sleeping bag with Jim Bertram I had to take an inn-bed—the last place to look for sleep unless you have the hide of an octopus. After an hour of uneven struggle I turned over the bunk to its older settlers and sat out the night in the kitchen. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, I reflected, insisted that China was not a colony but a "hypo-colony," suffering from exploitation not from one national bourgeoisie, but from all of them. Here in Szechuan the term had a different meaning: the place was a hypo-colony for its own national "bacterioisie"—providing obliging hosts for whole laboratories.

"You know," I remember a young foreign-trained engineer saying to me as we both sat out another night under similar circumstances, "there is more civilization in a flush toilet than in all the Confucian classics." And that is true, but only because if Confucius were alive today he would probably agree with the engineer.

Next day we were held up several hours by an air alarm and had a swim in the river while we waited for the planes. We never saw them, but reaching Chengtu after dark we learned that 62 bombers had demolished a large part of Kiating, one of Szechuan's important cities, lying between Chungking and Chengtu. Chengtu itself, the capital of Szechuan, had been visited several times recently and some bombs had dropped on the campus of the West China University, where I stayed with a Canadian missionary. Here several colleges from Eastern China ended their long trek, to consolidate on one campus. Among these was the Nanking University, an American missionary institution which journeyed over 1,500 miles to bring its faculty and students together on the edge of Tibet. These migrants had just settled down when enemy bombers arrived, to maim about a thousand civilians and destroy a big portion of the city. The missionaries were feeling pretty bitter about seeing their converts and students killed by American war materials.

"We collect millions from Japanese aggression," said Dr. Lewis Smythe, who had already witnessed the horror of the Nanking atrocities, "and then send a few dollars to China to patch up some of the mangled bodies. We talk about brotherly love and peace but

the Chinese see Christ as a 'front' for foreign participation in Japanese aggression. How can we answer them?"

Dr. Smythe is too modest. He and others like him are answering every day by their own deeds of courage and devotion. The American people can thank missionary teachers and men of science for what face they have left in China. You cannot caricature these modern Christs who remain to face alien death with their flocks, heal the wounded, and help build anew out of the ruins. Some may make mistakes, some are over-zealous, but very few are not better men than their critics.

Even in war over 6,000 college students—about a seventh of the total in China—were getting an education in missionary schools, and Christian hospitals and the National Christian Service Council treated the wounds of tens of thousands of soldiers and civilians. Missionaries performed an endless number of war tasks, wherever initiative and volunteer help were required, and undoubtedly saved thousands of lives. Among other things, a few lent their aid to Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. In Chengtu I found Dr. Lewis Smythe and others actively recruiting and training personnel for D. D. Su, the depot chief, and himself a Christian graduate of Nanking University.

Some professors and students from that university were already experimenting with spinning and weaving societies in villages near Nanking before the war broke out, with the hope of Government support to revive certain bankrupt rural handicraft industries. Their experience and knowledge, put at the disposal of Indusco when it came to Chengtu in 1939, proved highly useful, especially in the development of improved spinning wheels and looms. Largely because of this assistance Indusco's textile co-operatives had made such progress by 1940 that they were able to take a huge army order for 1,500,000 woolen blankets. In Chengtu and suburban villages alone about 5,000 women and girls were spinning wool when I was there, and local Indusco weavers already produced 1,200 blankets daily.

Smythe helped also in the establishment of a co-operative machine shop near Chengtu. One of the largest in the Indusco Line, it had about 150 workers—machinists, carpenters and blacksmiths. I rode out with Smythe one day, on a bicycle, to visit the shop neatly camouflaged beside the willow-lined banks of a small stream. Workers were then engaged chiefly in the production of looms and

spindles, thousands of which were needed for the new woolen industry, developed mainly through the initiative of C.I.C. Men sang at their work, anti-Japanese tunes learned in their co-op training, and it was all good to see and hear in the open air, remembering the dark prisons of workers in Shanghai.

Before I left for the North I fell in love and almost abandoned my trip altogether.

I was seduced by the captivating black eyes of another guest who lived in the garden of Dr. Dickenson, where I stayed in luxury in Chengtu. He was a giant panda in the irresistible teddy bear stage. When I learned that a local hunter would get me a panda for the equivalent of about ten American dollars I decided to turn benefactor to zoology and take one home by Clipper. But the Government banished the notion from my head by announcing that pandas, like foreign exchange, could not leave the country except by special writ of the then Premier-Finance Minister Kung.

4

Chinese Acadians

The Chinese have been well said to "reduce poverty to a science."
Arthur H. Smith

I FELT the vastness of Szechuan when, upon leaving Chengtu, itself in the middle of the province, we drove north for another three days through farms and wilderness before creeping through the historic pass of Chengkuanmen, high in the mountains where warriors of the Three Kingdoms fought great battles many centuries ago.

Fortunately, I had been able to borrow a sleeping bag from Spencer Kennard in Chengtu, so that I was troubled no more by vermin, yet I was glad to see the last of Szechuan's foul inns and find myself once more in the familiar landscape of Shensi, with its crumbling hills of yellow loess. The contrast really was immediate: right beyond the pass, at the frontier, Szechuan's miserable road gave way to smooth surfaced highway that rolled along between fine trees and relatively well-swept villages. Coming into one of these you felt the nearness of war again and an old excitement. Peasants drilled up and down the main streets, marching and quick marching. And families and friends actually gathered to watch the "good iron made into nails," occasionally singing a song or cheering encouragement, whereas in Szechuan it is still common to see conscripts pulled through the streets with ropes round their necks.

The first night in Shensi we were back on the Indusco Line again, when, near the town of Paocheng, we stopped at the cottage of Dr. Yang Yu-cheng, chief technician of an industrial alcohol co-op. In Dr. Yang, a German-trained engineer, I found an admirable love of order and cleanliness.

"He must maintain his standard of living," Lu Kuang-mien warned indulgently before we arrived, "wherever he is. If he goes broke, no matter, he says he'll have fun while it lasts, and who knows where the next bomb will fall?"

In front of his alcohol plant Dr. Yang had built a five-room brick cottage, with a wide veranda, and an interior furnished with foreign chairs, tables, and beds, a setting climaxed by a bathroom provided with porcelain tub, lavatory and water closet. Excluding furnishings brought from his house in Sian, the place cost Yang, who paid for it from his own pocket, only 2,500 *yuan* (then about U.S. $200) but that ranked him as a "local lord." More astonishing than the cottage was the table he kept. He had his own milk and butter from a herd of 11 Swiss goats, and he had taught his Chinese cook to turn out baked bread and rolls light as a feather. Through the midst of all this pomp and circumstance moved the modest overall-clad figure of Dr. Yang, a handsome gray-haired man of 50, and the eldest of the Indusco technicians.

Yang was a Manchurian exile and, like most of them, intensely anti-Japanese. In the Mukden Arsenal he had been director of a machine shop until 1931, when, it will be recalled, the Japanese misplaced a piece of railway track (as they misplaced a soldier near Lukouchiao in 1937) and in compensation took over a territory twice the size of Japan. After the "Manchurian Incident" Yang came down to the Northwest, where, with German engineers, he set up the Shensi provincial alcohol industry, located near Sienyang. Enigmatically, the Government ordered the Sienyang plant closed after the war began, apparently as part of a general plan to withdraw basic industry to Szechuan. Yang was left unemployed.

It was a piece of extraordinary good luck for Indusco. Realizing the necessity for continued alcohol output in the Northwest, and anxious to be of some service, Yang volunteered to join the staff, and after conferences with Lu Kuang-mien and Engineer Wu Chu-fei they worked out plans for a co-operative plant. A cosy hill was found, and inside of it—literally—Yang built a big still, which began production at 10,000 gallons a month. The whole plant cost only $60,000 (then about U.S. $3,500) and was so prosperous that $11,000 was repaid within three months after production began. Yang was making a copy of the still from local materials and expected a doubled capacity.

Alcohol was in demand not only for military, medicinal and industrial purposes, but found a ready market as fuel, and C.I.C. now had the only plant in the Northwest. Mixed with gasoline it represented a substantial saving, where the foreign import was

retailing at 20 dollars a gallon. There were about 40 workers in the co-op. In connection with it Yang operated a school for apprentices. The place was full of "little devils," and they all seemed to adore the eccentric who drank goat's milk. Though he was spending twice as much money as C.I.C. could pay him, "to maintain his standard of living," Yang was supremely happy and said he felt useful for once in his life.

A couple of hours' drive east of Paocheng lies the historic city of Hanchung, hugging the Han River that empties far to the south into the Yangtze and was once an important route of travel and shipping. Today its banks are lined with gold hunters, most of them organized as industrial co-operatives—altogether 467, when I passed through. The fall of the Chinese dollar made this work highly profitable; in 1940 the metal was bringing $500 an ounce in Chungking. I spent half an hour watching one co-op at its primitive washing process, working over a hundred pounds of sand. At the end of all their sieving they found at the bottom of the bed a microscopic flake of gold, but seemed well satisfied.

"Rape its mother!" one old naked miner wearing a queue cheerfully remarked. "It's not big enough to spit at, but if you have enough of it you can spit at anybody!"

The Hanchung depot of Indusco was well organized under its able chief co-operator, Li Hua-chun, a graduate of Northeastern (Manchurian) University, and but 27 years old. He and his staff of 18 accountants, technicians and organizers were housed co-operatively in a rambling compound for which they paid a monthly rent amounting to an American dime per person. Here also was a sun-splashed "Directors' Room," where I attended a meeting one morning with delegates from co-ops in the surrounding villages. Though the Hanchung depot was scarcely six months old, there were already 51 units in production, making cotton and silk cloth, leather goods, ink, paper, soap, candles, tools, machine parts, glassware, knitted goods, clothing, cosmetics and enough odds and ends to fill a department store.

A little carpentry shop near Hanchung won me over with its ambitious title, the "Kiangsu-Chekiang Engineering Co-operative." It had but seven members, with a joint loan-share capital of $2,400, and though it had been operating but five months it was doing a business of over a thousand dollars monthly. Members were proud

of the fact that the provincial government had given them an order to make the new bi-lingual (Sino-Russian) signs for the Silk Road to Russia, which passes near by. The Kiangsu-Chekiang Engineering Co-operative adopted its name because most of its members were refugees from those Eastern provinces. It was fairly typical of the small Indusco unit in this region.

Members lived communally in a dormitory faultlessly (at least when I saw it) clean, with double tiers of beds, and adjoining a club room which combined facilities for study and recreation. There was a small library of co-operative literature and a file for the regional co-op newspaper. The day's schedule of work was prominently displayed with the rules of the association. On the walls hung the usual hortatory slogans:

Industrial Co-operatives are *really* the workers' shops!
Industrial Co-operatives are the method of boycotting Japan!
Cleanliness is health and good health means better work!
Industrial Co-operatives are the "livelihood principle" in action!
In our society only those who work shall eat!

The chairman, who brought his fellow members to a snappy salute over their saws and chisels when I entered, showed me the regulations which they had adopted by unanimous vote, to govern their routine. Breakfast was at 5:30 and work began at six. There was an hour for lunch and work continued again till six. A 12-hour day of their own choosing; apparently men don't mind long hours if they work for themselves. Other mutual agreements prohibited smoking and spitting in the workshop, time killing, shouting, leaving the premises without the chairman's permission, and carelessness with tools. Members rotated as "officer of the day" to enforce the regulations. A worker who repeatedly transgressed, or disobeyed the chairman, could be expelled in general meeting, his share purchased by other members.

Another interesting refugee co-op near Hanchung was a weaving society which advertised over the door of its retail room: "We work for all and all work for us"; and "At the front they kill the enemy, at the rear we produce goods." Here the chairman was a great admirer of Li Tai-po, but had turned his talent to practical ends by writing the co-operative regulations in verse, so that they could be more easily memorized. One of his efforts ended something like this:

If you register every transaction
The trial balance brings satisfaction.
Be friendly and kind to each other,
In our society each man is your brother,
But there's no need for endless rules
The point is, do your duty with the tools!

This poet-weaver, Kuang Sheng-fu, was a native of Hangchow, where he once studied dyeing and weaving in a technical school. When C.I.C. put up its sign he came in hesitantly one day to ask how a co-op was formed. "I know how to weave cloth and towels," he said, "and I once worked in a weaving plant locally, but after it went bankrupt I took a job teaching school. I know where the looms and knitting machines are buried. If I had a little money I could get some of the old workers together and start production."

When asked how much he needed, Kuang ventured to demand capital enough to buy *one bale of cotton yarn*. He got more than that ($3,000) and with the help of an Indusco engineer he soon had some jobless workers mobilized, and eager to start a co-operative. Production was $3,000 a month in the weaving plant when I inspected it, and members were planning to start a new dyeing unit.

Out in the country, back on the main road to Paochi, I came upon a masterpiece of improvisation deserving special mention. It was a co-operative glass plant capable of turning out all kinds of glassware, including articles of medical and military use. I figured its total loan capital amounted to only about U.S. $120. By using local materials exclusively, its ingenious builder had with that insignificant sum erected two furnaces, six melting chambers with a capacity of 120 pounds each, a drying furnace, and various other fixtures which seemed mostly mud and straw, but apparently met the purpose well enough. The smokestack of the main furnace, about 30 feet high, had a mud exterior (incidentally a good piece of war chromatics) built round a lining of tile, somehow held together by a bamboo frame. The whole thing was the creation of Hsu Hung-ling, a Japanese-educated student who had been working in the Shansi arsenal until its capture by the Japanese. He was an expert on lenses. The unit had 30 members, the majority refugee women trained for the work by Hsu. Seven male blowers and molders were the only skilled labor.

A day beyond Hanchung was another Indusco depot which had perhaps best remain nameless, though I feel quite certain the

Japanese have it well charted by now, with the help of Wang Ching-wei & Co. There were over 50 co-ops in this district also, and the little town was enjoying unprecedented prosperity as a wartime communications and industrial center. One of the main streets had been renamed *Kung-Ho Lu*—Indusco Road—and here C.I.C. maintained its own primary school for orphans and children of co-op workers, its own hospital, a technical training school and the only testing laboratory in the Northwest—all these cunningly camouflaged in the suburbs.

Near here was the biggest co-operative machine shop on the Indusco Line. Run by its own water-power plant, it was this organization's first attempt in "heavy" industry. When I went through, it was engaged chiefly in the manufacture of spinning and weaving machines, to meet the army's rush order for blankets, but had in the past produced many kinds of machinery for other co-ops. It also made sub-machine guns and rifles at one time and in a month produced 70,000 hand grenades. But the Government now forbade it to make munitions, nobody knew exactly why. Many of the workers were Manchurians from the small arsenal of Chang Hsueh-liang's Tungpei Army which had been disbanded by the Generalissimo. Learning that their old machines were to be sent somewhere to the South, or sold as junk, the workers got together, formed a co-operative under C.I.C., and recovered some of their lathes and tools.

Other co-ops in this Indusco depot included coal mines, transportation, leather factories, wool textile plants and a paper mill. The latter was, I believe, then the largest paper factory in the province. In connection with the plant, which had a spacious compound, Indusco operated its primary school. Special Indusco textbooks used were printed in *Kung-Ho* shops, on *Kung-Ho* paper. Among other things the students from the youngest up received instruction in co-operative principles and also in drill and maneuvers. The small boy captain, for my benefit, wheeled his schoolmates in and out and back and forth through the compound as smartly as Whampoa cadets.

Another feature here was an Indusco hospital, the only one in the town, which was originally opened as a clinic for factory workers. Its director was a Christian-educated youth, Dr. Tang Wen-ho, who looked upon his work as both evangelism and patriotic service. His salary was then 30 Chinese dollars a month—the equivalent, at

this writing, of about U.S. $1.25, which I believe sets a record low for the medical profession. His little hospital boasted a total of six beds; for in-patients the charge was a dollar a day—four cents in our language. Doctor and nurse apologized for this extortion, "because food here is rather expensive." Since its opening, the hospital had inoculated several thousand co-op workers and their children, and hundreds of villagers, against smallpox, typhoid and cholera. Among others, he inoculated your correspondent, for half a cent, American.

A day's drive beyond this little crossroads, which is still shaking its bewildered head at all these innovations transforming it after the lapse of centuries, you get to Paochi, and learn more about the valiant little organization which has come late, but better than never, to help build a new nation in the birthplace of the world's oldest. And before going on into the guerrilla state I want to pause a moment to describe the home of *Kung-Ho* in the Northwest.

5

Tomorrow's Hope?

If we are bombed once we will rebuild once. If we are bombed ten times we will rebuild ten times.

An Indusco slogan

PAOCHI was the Northwest Headquarters of C.I.C., and under it were 12 Indusco depots in five provinces, which in 1940 embraced nearly 800 co-operatives reaching all the way from the Szechuan-Shensi border northward to the Great Wall at Yülin, and from Lanchow in Western Kansu to guerrilla areas as far east as Shansi and Honan. It was an immense territory, four or five times the size of France, and the largest covered by any of the five regional headquarters of C.I.C.[1]

This little town was at the beginning of the war a sleepy hamlet where muleteers and camel pullers dumped their loads at the terminus of the Lunghai Railway, but it now has about 70,000 inhabitants and all the bustle of a frontier boom town. It grew so fast that before the new "outer" gate was finished it was in the center of the city. There is a wild-west shaggy look about it, with the muddy streets full of mules, horses, carts, camels, trucks and marching men. By a stroke of good fortune Paochi had a highly enlightened magistrate in Mr. Wang Feng-jui, and his enthusiastic support helped the co-operative movement to take root quickly and win for the town the nickname *Kung-Ho Ch'êng*—Indusco City.

Here, within a year after Lu Kuang-mien arrived to open an office, I found Indusco proudly operating its own wholesale and retail stores, its own schools and training classes, and its own clubhouse equipped with the only shower baths in town. Co-operatives in the vicinity were making shoes, canvas bags, clothing, tools, soap,

[1] The headquarters were: Southeast, Southwest, Yünnan, Szechuan-Sikang and Northwest. In 1940 a sixth headquarters was set up for the guerrilla areas of North China.

dyes, electrical goods, confectionery, military uniforms, leggings, canvas cots, tents, blankets, etcetera. The co-operative store was the largest in town, and, when I visited there, carried over 200 different articles, representing the work of 63 shops and factories. Subsequently, it was partly destroyed by bombing. But the Chinese took it philosophically. They remarked that the Japanese had saved them the trouble of pulling down premises already too small, and proceeded to rebuild on a larger scale. When a near-by co-operative ironworks was also hit, the canny smithies claimed a prior right to all scrap metal from the bomb and recovered enough to pay for repairs. Such casualties among Indusco shops are rare, however; most of them are built in the suburbs; from the air they look like farm huts, and if struck it is by chance.

Paochi's big co-operative store was under the general direction of the Union of Co-operatives, but since most workers had a limited business experience the headquarters staff helped manage it. Three members of the board of directors were from headquarters and four were elected by the Union. Retail sales were averaging $5,000 a day and wholesale business was larger. While I was there, the army bought $100,000 worth of medical gauze and $24,000 worth of clothing. Not long afterward it ordered 250,000 woolen blankets, 30,000 pounds of bandages, 30,000 pounds of medical cotton, and thousands of greatcoats and stretchers. None of these necessities was made locally until Indusco entered the market.

Rapid expansion placed quite a burden on the headquarters staff of 46 organizers and technicians, but they were recruiting help through a training school which had already graduated 61 men and 10 women. These young people, paid the equivalent of but one or two American dollars a month, wore cotton shorts and shirts and straw sandals, and ate and lived like the workers among whom they preached co-operation. In Paochi both headquarters and depot staff members dwelt communally in modest dormitories where their food cost very little. The shower baths, a luxury adjoining the clubroom, were gravity-fed arrangements made of Standard Oil tins, with little knobs that adjusted the water flow. You got a bath lasting ten minutes for five cents.

One morning when I was sitting on my cot eating a bowl of puffed rice—an Indusco product—a bright-eyed young woman wearing a boyish bob and a blue cotton gown came in diffidently and introduced herself as Jen Chu-ming. A graduate of the London

School of Economics, Miss Jen was head of the Women's Work Department of C.I.C., and "the best man around here," as somebody put it. This gallant little lady had just returned from a month's hard travel in Kansu and Shensi, where she had been setting up literacy and training schools. She thought nothing of personal hardships and adventures which a generation ago no Chinese woman would have dreamed of facing alone; she was interested only in talking about her work.

Here in the ancient valleys of the Wei and the Han and in the loess villages in fields of waving wheat, thousands of women and children came to a halt after fleeing hundreds of miles westward from the Japanese or from lands flooded by the Yellow River. They lived in mat-shed villages beside natives of the province who were themselves often as poor and ignorant as the refugees. Hsien governments gave them rice, but nothing more. Jen Chu-ming had the novel belief that these hopeless people could be organized into an asset instead of a liability of the State.

Miss Jen and her four assistants—five girls to tackle two vast provinces!—began their mission first with refugee children, for whom they conducted primary schools. Sometimes they used co-operative premises; sometimes the open fields were their classrooms. In six months they had organized 19 classes and had recruited volunteer teachers to lead them. Besides literacy, the homeless and the orphans were taught arithmetic, geography, simple hygiene, progress of the war, songs of freedom—and co-operative principles. Through the children the confidence of the women was won; and through the women, the interest of the community.

Miss Jen said that while mere eagerness to learn enabled them quickly to organize the children, this did not work with women. "In woman ignorance is a virtue," an old Chinese proverb says. Women in the Northwest are still very conservative, many have bound feet, and tradition teaches that woman must obey man, and take no step without his consent. In one village a woman who wished to join a co-operative and learn to read was beaten by her husband with a cattle whip. Everyone from the magistrate down agreed it was the proper method of chastisement for a "rebel wife."

"So we turned to recreation and told jokes and stories of mothers and wives who understood the cause of their nation, and who urged their sons and husbands to join the fight," Jen Chu-ming explained. "We told stories of brave deeds done by girls. We found these tales very effective and stimulating. Thus we came back to the traditional Chinese way of teaching morals and conduct—by stories of sacrifice and heroism."

To win acceptance for co-operatives in the village it was necessary to bring local women into the movement as well as refugees. Once Miss Jen found some destitute families living in caves only a short distance from middle-class village women who were quite unaware of their neighbors' misery, but who were idle themselves and wanted something useful to do. She organized training classes for both groups and presently both formed co-operatives. Finding themselves with a common interest they discovered a new strength in the community through organization.

Jen Chu-ming's work had gone just far enough to demonstrate its possibilities. After nine months of teaching, she and her assistants had organized 21 co-ops involving approximately 6,000 women. Although only a small percentage of them had yet found the courage to make the deep plunge of buying shares, by risking an investment of a dollar or two, they were all learning about a new mode of production, and seeing and hearing things nobody had bothered to explain before. Two textile training schools had taught over 1,000 women how to use improved spindles and looms, and many of these were teaching others, in after-work classes, what they had learned. The Women's Work Department maintained 17 primary schools for the children of co-op members and for women and poor boys. In Paochi, women as well as men were admitted to an advanced textile training school where they learned technical aspects of the business, and how to organize co-operatives, so that upon graduation each student could go out and lead a village in this work.

Now these little achievements were not impressive numerically as yet, but the transformation wrought in the human lives affected was startling. Men and women were discovering a new way of living together; for the first time they felt a purpose in life, a sense of belonging to a group. For the first time they worked for a larger personality than a "boss" or the family or just themselves. Many contributed generously from their tiny profits to the soldiers at the front. Some of them voted to give all overtime free to the making of comforts for the troops. The war began to take on reality and acquired a meaning in their own future.

No wonder Miss Jen wished for a million dollars instead of the

$20,000 then allotted for her work. From the Government she received no direct help, but Mme. Chiang Kai-shek granted her the sum mentioned out of relief funds. Later, overseas Chinese and Americans contributed enough to enable an enlarged staff to extend training to thousands of other women in the Northwest.

The miracles of economy accomplished in China are, expressed in terms of foreign currency, quite incredible unless you see them yourself. I gave some small change to an orphans' training school run by C.I.C. at Paochi; it was only 246 *yuan* or about U.S. $13. This amount bought winter suits and coats (Indusco-made) for 22 girls! Miss Jen set up her first spinning and weaving co-operative of 40 persons, for the equivalent of only about U.S. $300. The figure included the cost of food and books for the 40 women during a preliminary training period of two months, and the wages of four teachers, *as well as* the capital investment in 14 spinning wheels, four looms, initial raw material, and the rental of a farmhouse for workshop-schoolroom!

Thus China fights and lives on a decimal point and a cipher.

Alley used to dream about what could be done in China for the price of an American battleship or a day's income from the slot machines. But the whole thing became absurd to the point of fantasy when I realized one day that the average American woman spends every month on cosmetics and beauty aids alone a sum which would provide food, clothing, shelter, education, and a job in co-operative industry for a Chinese woman. With the annual toll the beauticians collect from American women (the equivalent of four billion Chinese dollars in 1940) you could give permanent productive relief to 20 million people in China. It seemed to me life's strangest contrast in human values that the pay-off which Barbara Hutton gave one of her ex-boy friends could have provided fellowship and a means of livelihood for over *one million* men and women in China. We are indeed eyeless in Gaza.

I visited co-operatives in Paochi for a week but I never saw the last of them. Several new ones were formed during my stay there. In their phenomenal growth many problems of theory and practice remained unsolved. Accountancy, for instance, was a mysterious affair which critics said Indusco workers would never learn. Yet in its training schools the staff was evolving a simple method of bookkeeping, and youthful students recruited from the co-ops caught on with astonishing speed. After six months, many co-operatives were

keeping entirely satisfactory accounts, as the weekly inspection of books by staff accountants showed. Purchasing and marketing were other pitfalls for inexperience; but in the Indusco Union, which was handling this business, men and women from the ranks were learning all its intricacies. Lu Kuang-mien assured me that despite present weaknesses there was no problem in the whole organization which could not ultimately be mastered by owner-operators of co-operative industry.

There hung in the distance, however, the major question of a post-war future for all this vest-pocket industry, and the danger of its obliteration by capitalist competition. Men recognized that Indusco's first task was to help win the war. Everybody agreed that if China were conquered no Chinese industry, co-operative or otherwise, could live. But the co-op workers as well as staff leaders were thinking about tomorrow.

"Many of us work with hand tools now," one of them said. "But we are making machines and we know how to run machines. We are making profits and we can pay off our loans in a year or two. If we put all our shops together and all our profits together, our combined labor can become strong. If we can make machines, and operate them, we can manage big factories as well as anybody."

The Northwest headquarters staff and the Union had already adopted a plan to fund all their assets in a regional treasury. It would eventually take over all co-op loans and conduct a general banking and insurance business, becoming the common depository for all Indusco units. Control of the stock would reside in the co-ops themselves, which would purchase shares to the extent of 20 percent of net profits and five percent of gross profits. When a National Industrial Co-operative Union was formed the Northwest regional treasury would merge into a national treasury, itself conceived as forerunner of a National Industrial Co-operative Bank.

It was obvious that co-operative industry could survive only if in that manner it quickly built up strong collective financial resources of its own. The first loans came from national relief funds which Dr. H. H. Kung, Finance Minister and Chairman of the National Relief Commission, earmarked for the experiment. After business success had been demonstrated, and some potentialities were recognized, the banks became interested. In 1940 C.I.C. concluded a contract giving it access to a loan fund of approximately $40,000,000,

from the four Government banks, at an interest rate of eight percent per annum.

Meanwhile the Government continued to help finance C.I.C. staff operations as part of its re-employment program.[1] Since Indusco remained responsible only to Dr. H. H. Kung, and refused to become a *chi-kuan* or bureau under the Kuomintang, it was possible for it to develop as a democratic movement relatively independent of party patronage. But if this democratic character was to be defended C.I.C. had got to evolve its own method of financing the services now paid for, as an emergency measure, by the Government. That assistance might either be withdrawn arbitrarily at any time, or require a *quid pro quo* in the form of bureaucratic political control of the organization.

Most Indusco leaders fully realized that. They were confident that *if the war lasted long enough* the co-operatives would become sufficiently strong to finance the whole technical and administrative side of the business, besides supporting the training schools, hospitals and social services. The latter operated with virtually no Government support, but were in fact made possible chiefly through the help of enthusiastic sponsors abroad—especially in the Philippines, where by 1941 about a million Chinese dollars had been raised to promote the movement. But the Northwest Industrial Co-operative Union was already contributing substantially to the maintenance of its own co-op schools, hospitals, and widows and orphans training centers. If other regions federated and all pooled their resources in a central treasury, planned co-operative production on a national scale would become possible, and the organization could meet the competition of private industry in any field. Such, at least, was the faith of Indusco's devoted builders and its thousands of workers.

Opposition to such ambitions was expected to increase, however, from political groups affiliated with the bureaucracy, the gentry and industrial capital. Till now Government policy has favored State monopoly of basic industry and communications and private capitalist control of other industry. Until Indusco won national recognition, as we have seen, Government plans identified wartime

[1] The overhead of the entire C.I.C. administration, including nearly 1,000 technicians and organizers, was in 1940 only about U.S. $6,000 monthly. Overseas contributions to the C.I.C. were twice as large as Government subsidy to the staff.

"industrial reconstruction" almost exclusively with the concept of industry and capital concentrated in a few big cities of the Southwest. The idea of decentralized industry built over the widest possible areas found few sponsors among Government economists and worker-owned industry was at first ridiculed. It was only in 1940, when the blockade immobilized many Government schemes based on imports of foreign machinery, while repeated heavy Japanese raids wrecked much of the new industrial concentration near Chungking, that the strategy of the Indusco plan was fully vindicated.

All the new conditions favor the rapid increase of the Industrial Co-operative system, which, if it is allowed to compete for capital and markets on equal terms, may eventually supply 70 or 80 percent of the manufactured consumer goods in Free China. But it will tend to raise wage levels and improve working conditions in all industry and may even oblige the Government to increase wages and to introduce employees' benefits in order to hold skilled labor in State industry. Hence the Government may in the future either fundamentally revise its concepts of industrialization or exclude co-operative enterprise from heavy industry. The latter procedure might be fatal, as co-ops cannot be secure unless they possess their own primary and servicing industries.

Opposition to the co-operative industrialization of China might altogether dissolve, and the survival of Indusco be assured, if the United States would extend a substantial loan to the organization, through the Chinese Government. Many Americans in the Far East now believe that the best way to prevent Japan from engulfing world markets with Chinese "rice-labor" goods, forcing down our own wages and living standards, and precipitating war, is to support co-operative production to back up resistance in China. Owner-producers will not exploit themselves and this kind of industry will raise Oriental wage standards and purchasing power, it is argued, thereby building a future market for American exports, especially of modern tools, machinery and transport.

If, on the other hand, America and Britain ever give any really substantial *unearmarked* credits to the Chinese Government for purchases of machines and supplies, it is as possible that Indusco would be speedily liquidated as it is that the spending of such credits would be accompanied by graft, profiteering and speculation by Chinese

officials. Some of the latter have already doubled their fortunes[1] or better since the war, despite the terrible economic degradation of the people. If I here refrain from speaking in more detail it is not because of lack of evidence but because—to be candid—it is difficult to do so without gratuitously injuring a cause which on the whole richly deserves the help of the world.

Nevertheless, if America and Britain irresponsibly release fat credits for the free use and manipulation by the present bureaucracy, and before necessary democratic controls are established by the people, one result may be not only the effective throttling of such hopeful developments as Indusco in economics, but marked setbacks in political progress. What a strange paradox! Much as China needed foreign aid, its very denial helped create the conditions which, compelling the Government to seek the closer co-operation of the people, enabled one to consider democracy a possibility in China at all.

In August, 1940, hundreds of Americans, including about 70 engineers in the Philippines, signed a petition to President Roosevelt, asking that future American loans to China be earmarked for the development of internal production through the extension of Industrial Co-operatives. The petition suggested that instead of simply turning money or credits over to the Chinese banks, or pouring millions into soup kitchens to feed refugees from whom Japan recruits her factory slaves in the occupied areas, Washington should help build up productive relief in China, by extending credits to C.I.C. for the purchase of tools, machinery, transport and other necessities.

I am not yet through with the subject of Industrial Co-operatives. We shall see a little later how they are spreading to the guerrilla areas and how vital a function they serve in the strategy of mass resistance.

[1] An astounding thing: there is no evidence that personal income taxes have been paid, aside from insignificant wage deductions, by any of the high officials from the Generalissimo down.

Part Seven

RETURN TO THE NORTHWEST

I

Rip Tide in China

The "unchanging" Chinese are going to win the war because after all they are changing and in a progressive creative direction.

Owen Lattimore

However vehemently the pacifist may deny it, history demonstrates that there really are "progressive" wars and "reactionary" wars, and that the material damage of conflict is sometimes relatively small compared with social headway achieved. Generally speaking, a progressive war is one in which the old order is superseded by a pattern of society clearly more adaptable to new conditions, while in a reactionary war the old tradition simply succeeds once more in beheading the new or engages in rivalry of a futile and inconclusive character with another tradition or society on the same level as itself.

In China the Communists clamored for resistance against Japan because they claimed it was a progressive war, an extension of the national democratic revolution for which they insist they have been fighting all along, as a phase in the "transition" to socialism. "If China defeats Japan," Mao Tse-tung told me at Pao An back in 1936, "it will mean that the Chinese masses have awakened, have mobilized, and have established their independence. Therefore the main problem of imperialism will have been solved."

Whether the world accepts their logic or not, most of it now agrees (theoretically at least) that China's cause is progressive and worth supporting. Even pure pacifists among missionaries in China are putting all their energy into helping to "win the war," and seem convinced that the aim and the struggle are abundantly worthwhile. Here I want to leave aside the broad fields of politics and economics for a moment, and see whether there is other evidence of change.

Although there has been no revolution, the war has done "revolutionary" things to the social and cultural life of the people which

may be the prerequisite of revolution. These are, in the case of the Border Governments, a continuation of mutations begun in the old Soviet days, which often occur as part of a change consciously directed by a new social philosophy. Aside from copying Communist battle tactics and technique of guerrilla training and organization, the Government has certainly made little conscious effort to duplicate Communist methods. But the war itself duplicated many of the conditions under which those Red methods evolved, and the impact on the people sometimes brought comparable results. It is obvious to anyone who has lived long in this land that few generalizations can be made of the Chinese as a whole of which the contradictions are not also true. Absolutes do not exist; the last word is always a synthesis of opposites which nobody, including the Chinese, ever quite grasps. The whole makes a pattern, but it is so amorphous that it defies accurate confinement to any shape in words. No country in the world is changing as fast as China and no country hangs on more tenaciously to the past. Most of the "new" phenomena, mentioned at random below, were inchoate in Chinese society long ago, began to assume form during the Nationalist Revolution and now once more emerge in bolder relief.

For one thing, possibly this war has more profoundly shaken the Chinese clan-family system than any previous catastrophe. Of course the system is not unique to China but characteristic of many feudal and semi-feudal societies surviving in Asia. It is still vigorous in India and is probably stronger in Japan, with peculiar differences, than in China. Total war imposed on the individual Chinese heavy and complicated problems which the limited resources of familism were no longer able to meet alone. The mass need for security in the face of unprecedented catastrophe results in new forms of social combination and interdependence, and a greater readiness to submit to broad group authority.

Millions of people have been separated from their relatives and even their parents, some by army conscription, some in the confusion of escape from death, but thousands by voluntary desertion of family for country. If a Chinese Gallup could circulate a questionnaire among China's youth today, to ask, "What is your first duty?" the finding might be considered revolutionary. Quite a percentage would answer, "To China" instead of "To my family."

Confucius said *wu wei* meant simply that the highest duty of man is to serve one's parents while they are alive, to bury them with

propriety when dead, and to worship them with propriety when buried. "All you need to take with you to govern China," Akira Kazami advised the Japanese Cabinet of which he is chief secretary, "is the Confucian Analects." But in many ways the 2,500 years of Confucian domination of the Chinese intellect is being overthrown. Filial piety is no longer the glorified thing it was once.

Children often exhibit more interest in the boy who rescues a Chinese flag from an enemy trench than the ancient tale of the lad who froze himself in a stream, in order to attract carp to feed his grandmama. Personally, I know dozens of youths who have broken from their families completely in order to work for "national salvation." I know families that have split up because insubordinate sons refused to stay behind in the occupied areas dutifully to serve their parents. A prominent illustration is the daughter of Wang Keh-min, head of Japan's puppet government in Peking, who denounced her father as a traitor and fled to Free China to fight against him. Thousands of youths who sacrificed their virgin lives on the battlefield committed what Mencius held to be the greatest crime against filial piety, "to have no posterity." Can Chen Li-fu, struggling so hard to revive Confucianism, teach his students that it is more important to propagate than to die for China? What is the value of a life for descendants for which one is not ready to die?

China could have no army at all, and most certainly could never have a revolution, without demolishing the servitudes imposed by filial piety. There may be social revolutionaries who observe all the rites, but among sources I know I have never met a single fighter in the field who has not renounced the traditional obligations to family. Hence I conclude that this action is in the life of a Chinese a decisive step, psychologically necessary before he can accept the idea of a new society. Until he takes it one can never be sure that he will not desert, at the critical moment, or embezzle, or turn traitor, or reactionary, in order to enhance the family fortunes. Orthodox filial piety is a pillar of feudalism. It is irreconcilable with social revolution.

Of course no one with sense imagines that Confucius will not always be a national hero in China and be revered in his proper historic setting, just as nobody who realizes the necessity of phonetics or latinization, in converting the Chinese language into a modern idiom, fancies that this reform can in any way affect the permanent archeological value of Chinese ideographs.

"In our history books Confucius will live and occupy many important chapters because of his definite role in Chinese civilization," wrote the revered widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. But "the structure of our present society is radically changing and it is difficult to solve the many problems that arise from great changes. Confucianism cannot help to solve these problems; it has lost every practical value. . . . Confucian teachings are feudalistic and autocratic from beginning to end. We must realize how deeply Confucian influences have been imbedded in our art, literature, social sciences and morals. We must make great efforts to uproot Confucian ideas out of every nook and corner of our life and thoughts."

Another thing of interest: religion, or at least idolatry, seems in a period of advanced decay. Christianity, where its leaders practice their faith through social and war services, is accepted as a useful institution. But people have little faith left in prayer and appeals for supernatural intervention. Already moribund before the war, the social influence of Chinese Buddhism is now practically nil. Hundreds of Buddhist and Taoist temples have been destroyed during the conflict, and the impotence of the outraged gods has probably deepened traditional Chinese scepticism concerning their celestial influence.

Far up in the interior I saw an ancient temple transformed into a printing shop run by workers who were all atheists. Elsewhere in China the gods are tossed into the rain and temples are converted into hospitals and barracks, with little protest from anyone. I have seen painted gods propping up weaving machines and workers complacently striking matches on their faces. I saw peasant children, who a few years ago would have trembled before such idols, mischievously adorning them with Hitler mustaches and chalking "Down With Japan!" slogans on their faded robes of clay. Scores of native crafts have been restored by Industrial Co-operatives, but the paper prayers and incense industry, once the most flourishing in every village, is not represented among them.

Some prejudices are breaking down. Thousands of people from the Eastern provinces have inundated even small villages in the West. In restaurants of Szechuan and Shensi you can often hear half a dozen dialects spoken at once. Hundreds of doctors, engineers, nurses, soldiers, and students have migrated to work in alien districts where they cannot speak the local phrases. Overseas Chinese engineers have returned to work in places where prejudice or "wind and water" taboos would have banned them before.

Shanghai women are training Yünnanese and Kansunese to spin and weave. Manchurian refugees can be found making bandages and uniforms for Honanese troops and Cantonese doctors are operating on soldiers to whom their speech is unintelligible. In Shantung the wheat-eating peasants are being organized by rice-eating Hunanese. Crippled soldiers from Shanghai are marrying widows in Hunan. So much admixture of provincials and dialects is taking place that natives in backwoods places who never saw a map of China are discovering with amazement the variety and immensity of their land, and are prepared for a new wonder a day.

Many middle-class families have lost nearly everything they owned and some are now quite proletarianized. Poor material conditions in many places throw scholar, merchant, soldier and worker into the same environment and the same income group. Middle-class people are learning a little of the philosophy that sustains the poor. The economic basis of conservatism and class distinctions has in some cases been destroyed and replaced by a fellowship of war and misfortune and hope. In Chungking some ricksha pullers earn more than merchants, and stonemasons are better paid than some officials. All through Free China the importance of skilled workmanship has a money value and consequently a prestige it never had before. Emphasis on building everywhere calls attention to the man with trained hands. It is these workers—the masons, the carpenters, the ironsmiths, the mechanics, who are really making Free China—on whom the scholar and the politician are wholly dependent, and beside whom they seem utterly futile people who can do nothing but talk. There seems to me a growing consciousness of power among these men with useful hands.

The amount of material destruction caused by the invasion is enormous and incalculable. Yet you hear people say that it has been a big *help* in reconstruction. Except for the loss of life and means of production some of the destruction of cities was not unmixed tragedy. Roads, factories, schools, hospitals and other institutions are being built in districts where they might not otherwise have appeared for decades. These improvements often become the focus of new activity which really "revolutionizes" the life of whole communities. Social effects of the changes in modes of production, the superimposition of an advanced part of the population on the

backward West, and the conversion of the latter into the Government's main war bases, are obviously too complex to begin to examine here.

There is certainly a growing spirit of self-reliance and self-confidence, born of the realization that somehow China has managed to stand off the mighty war machine of Japan, endure a steady hail of British and American scrap iron, and inflict grave defeats on the enemy with precious little help from anybody. Quite a lot of vanity and conceit have been knocked out of China. A deeper self-respect has replaced them, as the Chinese have watched European peoples, once thought to be made of far sterner stuff than the amiable Chinaman, go down before aggression one after another.

China has produced no traitors worse than Europe's Fifth Columnists, no errors of command more costly than the blunders of the Allies, and no crimes of diplomacy to surpass the miscalculations of Chamberlainism. Defeatism now seems confined largely to bureaucrats and still wealthy people homesick for the comforts and fleshpots of the coast. There is a new kind of pride in race membership. In the army especially you see a coalition of the basic virtues of a philosophical people. The average soldier gives an astounding exhibition of patience, indifference to suffering and pain, cheerfulness, endurance and calm courage in the face of inevitable disaster.

Who knows with what mental activity this ill-clad, ill-fed, ill-equipped warrior rationalizes the probability of his death? Belief in God or in any religious mythology seems to play little role in it. The Japanese goes into battle armored with Buddhist amulets and thousand-stitch belts supposed to make him invulnerable to bullets, and knowing he will be apotheosized and reborn a higher god. The Christian can die believing in salvation and a hereafter. The Mohammedan confidently looks forward to the Prophet's paradise to come. But the Chinese soldier wears no charms and says no prayers and dies without a confessor. Confucius promises him no heaven and in the depths of his sceptic soul he rarely believes in one. He loves China but he also loves life. What secret cheer prepares his ego for the night?

Everybody is demanding wider education and because of the war great strides have been made in literacy. The army finds that literate men make better soldiers; uneducated men cannot be taught to use modern weapons. Propaganda goes wasted on an illiterate public; if people do not know what is expected of them they cannot perform

it. Adult education has been introduced in many villages and volunteers are teaching in many improvised ways. Together with a broadening popular demand for mass education, there is an atmosphere of intellectual activity and freedom of inquiry which belongs to the dawn of a democratic society, and is a weird paradox in a State where political oppression is still widely practiced. Yet there is often a real enthusiasm for truth, and an ability to "take" it, apparently based on a spreading conviction that truth is on the side of China.

There is a change in some old attitudes and somewhat less resistance to the introduction of useful knowledge. It is reported that the head of the National Pharmaceutical College was sacked because he refused, in the midst of war, to substitute a certain official's frog-skin remedies for Western medicines; but among the mass of the people modern medicine and science have won a wide acceptance. Every hospital could treat ten times as many patients if it had the staff and equipment. "Science" is a word heard often now among ordinary soldiers. Thousands of farmers have seen airplanes flying overhead and dropping death and realize there is a lot going on in a world Confucius never knew. They are curious and eager to hear explanations, if any are offered, and are often as anxious to have their sons study the answers of science as they once were to have them become Han-lin scholars.

While there is little democracy in political practice, there is a surprising degree of democracy in animated discussion. As a rule a man can feel free to voice his real opinion among his friends. The tea houses buzz with political gossip and scandal. Nobody's name is sacred. "He who is not in office has no concern with plans for the administration of its duties," is now an obsolete Confucian aphorism. Politics is everybody's business and criticism in talk is widespread. When graft is uncovered the guilty are no longer admired as filial sons. They may still escape with their heads, but there is a wide section of opinion which ardently desires their death.

Japanese policy in the occupied areas offers a striking contrast to these tendencies and clearly establishes the reactionary role of the conquerors in restoring outlived and rejected social practice. Religion is fostered in its most superstitious forms but opposed as any kind of progressive social action. Primary education is retrogressive and higher education is being extinguished. The study of natural sciences is discouraged and social science and history are offered only in a primitive bowdlerized version. Opium and narcotics have sup-

planted intellectual freedom. Men are jailed or executed for chance remarks revealing the capacity for political thought. Squeeze, corruption and total lack of social conscience are the best qualifications for puppet office. Devotion to the truth is a grave offense. Orthodox filial piety is, however, rewarded. Classical Confucianism is now Japan's method of "thought control," of combating nationalism and democracy, and of exacting unquestioning obedience to authority. Kazami's advice is being followed. Japan is trying to rule China with the Analects.

Now, the fact that Japan finds Confucianism, in however bastardized a version, useful in controlling her conquest is a matter worthy of deeper analysis than can be offered here. The degree to which ruling intellectuals share this ideology with the invaders is a measure of their failure to represent a "new pattern of society." It is one key to the weakness of Chungking's wartime leadership, and one statement of the surviving feudalism in the Chinese scholar class and bourgeoisie. Fortunately, despite all attempts to superimpose orthodox Confucianism from above, the basic mass tendencies of Free China seem to be moving in the opposite direction, and in this lies the war's promise of progress to revolutionary Chinese.

Although in many respects Kuomintang policy and the real conditions of Free China provide an alternative to Japan's pattern of rule, the latter's sharpest antithesis seems offered in areas where the Communists are not excluded from organization. The fact that Communists are specifically anti-Confucianist has probably aroused as much antagonism in the nostalgic scholar-bourgeois conservatives of China as their frank advocacy of socialism. Anti-Communist intellectuals attack Marxist philosophy as an "alien" teaching, but I sometimes suspect it is hated more because behind its irreverences for Chinese tradition the Confucianist soul of the literati hears the tinkle of the laughter of Lao Tzŭ, who has been ridiculing them for two millenniums.

Confucius was perfectionist and stands in the main world current of traditional thinking. Lao Tzŭ, the founder of China's rival philosophy of Taoism, was one of what William James called the "tough-minded philosophers"—naturalistic, realistic, materialistic. Taoism denies any anthropomorphic god and regards idea and matter as equal in the all-embracing principle of *Tao*, the Way, the totality and spontaneity of things. It chuckles at filial piety: dust is dust and all ancestors are equal in *Tao*. Its anarchist soul revolts at the "300 rules of ceremony and 3,000 rules of behavior" between superiors and inferiors; in *Tao* the peasant is as good as the prince. Lao Tzŭ and Chuang Tzŭ did not believe in fixed morals and institutions, but, like Hegel, recognized the inevitability of change in all things. Confucius would be anomalous in a "withered away" State; *Tao* would be quite at home there. But though Communists may get temporary philosophical support from Taoism in fighting tradition, Lao Tzŭ, the "Old Boy," will be laughing at them as soon as they set up a new tradition of new morals and institutions of their own.

Nevertheless, Lao Tzŭ and Chuang Tzŭ were mighty democrats who believed in the "equality of all things," including the sexes, and in this were more in harmony with social changes in wartime China than Master Kung. For Confucius taught the inequality of all things, and specifically of the sexes. "Women are human," he admitted, "but lower than men. It is the law of nature that woman should not be allowed any will of her own." But in today's changing society Chinese women are, as everybody knows, demanding and getting a new equality of treatment. Their emancipation may be one of the real social gains of the war. Chinese women do everything nowadays that men do, from leading bands of guerrilla snipers to operating factories and managing schools. No force but national defeat is likely to deprive them of a newly won voice in the social and political life.

What would the mandarin's delicate, lily-footed, not-to-be-glimpsed lady of 1911 have thought of a Mme. Chiang Kai-shek in slacks and sandals, going through the stink and blood of hospitals to cheer and comfort the heroic "coolie"? And Mme. Chiang's energy and many-sided competence is but one example of thousands of women whose character and personality have matured under the hammerings of war. How many an awakened peasant girl, compelled to shoulder the burdens of a family, has discovered the strength to meet it, and how many a craven male has been shamed into action by the courage and indignation of his womenfolk?

Of course "mobilization of women" is still incomplete and millions are innocent of any kind of instruction, just as millions are exceptions to every other tendency of social change I suggested. There are regions where war has brought only death and disease and retrogression and over great areas all the old evils flourish as before. Still, in other places, often far back in remote villages where you might least expect it, the war has set loose an epidemic of ideas

and changes which nothing else than revolutionary struggle could have achieved.

Who would have dreamed a few years ago, for example, that far up in the loess crevices of barren Shensi, where society had been static for 2,000 years, there would today be a great university training hundreds of girls to become nurses, teachers, journalists and warriors of freedom? It is among such young Amazons as these rather than among peasants who can still beat their wives for wanting to learn to read, that Chinese see the hope of the future growing out of the ordeal of the present.

2

The Border Governments

If there were no Communists, no Eighth Route Army, and no Border Governments, China would be in chaos.

Mao Tse-tung

FROM Paochi I went eastward for 90 miles over one of the few railways remaining in Chinese hands—the Lunghai Line—to Sianfu, the capital of Shensi. Japanese airdromes were but a half hour's flight across the Yellow River, and the city had been bombed repeatedly for over two years. Big areas were burned out. The dining room and one wing of the famous Guest House had been somewhat demolished, but I was lucky enough to get a room with a spring bed and only a few holes in the walls. I went to sleep at once and heard nothing more till the *chin-pao* sounded at dawn. You got only ten minutes' warning here, hardly enough time to pull on your pants, and we got under the city wall just as another party of enemy hens, as the Chinese call them, arrived to befoul the skies.

Here in the Sian Guest House I first met, in 1936, the Chinese Reds who escorted me through the lines of the anti-Communist troops into the then Soviet Republic. In the same Guest House, a month after my return, virtually the entire General Staff of Chiang Kai-shek's army was made prisoner in Chang Hsueh-liang's coup, when he tried "military persuasion" to convince the Generalissimo that it was no time to begin resisting Japan. Subsequently my wife eluded a police cordon in Sian to make her own trip to the Soviets; and when, in 1937, I came to meet her and escort her through the war zone to the coast, I could not help noticing that our joint adventures had won us the local popularity of a form of plague. I had no particular love for the city myself, but I had to go through it to get to Yenan.

Sianfu was almost as much an anti-Communist stronghold under

the Kuomintang as any place held by the Japanese, but the Eighth Route Army still maintained a liaison depot here, whence occasional trucks, carrying passengers and supplies, were permitted to depart for the guerrilla front. It was thus a kind of jumping-off place for the political patchwork known as the "Border Regions."

Since my last visit to the Northwest, Yenan had become the base of that curious string of guerrilla dependencies, each of which led a more or less autonomous existence. Their territory lay almost entirely behind Japanese lines. One must constantly remember that much of North China is, despite its nominal conquest by Japan in 1937, still under the direct control of Chinese troops. The Border Regions that fill the interstices between Japanese garrison zones are the scene of the greatest effort at mass mobilization ever made in the history of China. Although the governments which co-ordinate the work of mobilization get most of their leadership from the Communists, they are not (they of course *could* not be) socialist states at all. They are wartime improvisations, founded on a radical-democratic interpretation of the *San Min Chu I.*

The unique system grew logically out of the regional political peculiarities of North China and conditions imposed by the war. It is necessary briefly to recall the position here just prior to July, 1937. The settlement of the Sian Incident left the Communists and their Red Army in control of a region about the size of England. It included Northern Shensi, from the outskirts of Sanyuan, a few miles north of Sianfu, to the Great Wall, and on the west extended to the edge of the Kansu plain, embracing several counties in Kansu province itself, and one or two in the province of Ninghsia. After the abolition of the Soviet Republic in this area, and the changes in Communist policy already mentioned, a special administration was set up, called the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Government. It proclaimed itself a democracy, established on a united-front basis, and actually did extend to the people, without regard to classes, the right to elect officials—the first attempt of this kind ever made in China. When, in September, 1937, the Red Army was incorporated into the national forces under the name of the Eighth Route (now the Eighteenth Group) Army and assigned to war tasks in Shansi, this border regime was given *pro tempore* sanction by the Generalissimo.

Yenan became the capital of the new provisional government, as it had been before the Soviet Republic. It was rear headquarters

for the Eighth Route Army as well, and it remained the political center of the Communist Party. As the Communist troops marched eastward and northward, behind the Japanese lines, Yenan's influence extended to wider and wider areas. Today it is a kind of guerrilla headquarters directing much of the anti-Japanese activity from Shensi eastward to the Yellow Sea, and from the Yellow River in Honan and Hopei far into Manchuria and Mongolia in the north.

The Border regimes in the guerrilla empire control a total area about twice the size of pre-war Germany. They differ somewhat from their Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia prototype, however, and there are variations in the political pattern of each. All of them owe allegiance to the Central Government, and their defending forces are under the supreme command of the Generalissimo. But their leaders are often politically closer to Yenan than to Chungking, and the methods of mobilization adopted inherit more from the old Soviets than from the pattern of landlord-gentry-party rule in the Kuomintang districts. Unlike the latter, which rigorously exclude Communists from the army, public office, and participation in general mobilization work, the Border Governments are organized on a united-front basis, do not ban any anti-Japanese party, and permit Communists as well as Kuomintang members to hold office and take part in the activity of the regime.

Shansi means "west of the mountains," and is named in juxtaposition to the province of Shantung, or "east of the mountains," which borders the ocean. Shansi lies across the Yellow River from Shensi province, where the old Soviets had their base. Now, the relative "liberalism" of Shansi and the extraordinary tenacity of its resistance derived from a curious chain of circumstances. This province had for 30 years been the bailiwick of the picturesque old warlord, General Yen Hsi-shan, whose influence once extended across all North China. At one time people spoke of Shansi as the "model province," but ideas of progress changed and in later years it was more often called the "backward province." Yen held on to his regional autonomy and his own army, printed his own currency, made his own laws and yielded but little to the central authority of Nanking. The latter made its greatest dent in his autonomy when, in 1935, Yen had to call in the Central Army to repulse the then Red Army, which badly defeated his Shansi forces.

Plenty of people were ready to predict that Yen Hsi-shan would

sell out to the Japanese; but many of the "patriots" who used to ridicule Yen have in the meantime turned puppet, while the old warlord still fights for his sacred hills. It is true his administration was corrupt, feudalistic and incompetent; but Yen was no traitor. In 1935 he seemed to realize something was seriously wrong and began groping for remedies. He drew some progressive young men into his regime and made an effort to unite and organize his people. In 1936 he even gave sanctuary to a few who advocated the "united front," when the phrase was enough to land you in jail in Nanking. He was in his thinking quite a lot like Sung Cheh-yuan, the Governor of Hopei. He found he needed popular support in order to resist pressure from both Nanking and the Japanese, and he balanced himself between the two forces as long as possible.

When Japan finally invaded North China, Yen had to make his decision, and he acted as General Sung did: without much success, but with loyalty to China and with courage. The Japanese easily rolled back his ill-equipped, poorly trained and poorly led Shansi army, and his semi-feudal administration quickly collapsed, many of the officials fleeing with his troops. More than half of Shansi, "the strategic key to North China," was occupied in a month. General Yen did not know how to conduct mobile warfare, and the unorganized people had no local governments capable of leading guerrilla resistance. Magistrates had never sought the co-operation of the people, who were untrained militarily and uninstructed politically.

Clutching at straws to save his beloved Shansi, old Yen was in a mood to listen to the younger and more radical men who had invaded his inner circle, and who had so often urged him to reform the administration and mobilize the masses. Now they advised Yen to make a friendly liaison with the Communist troops whom the Generalissimo had ordered in to help defend the province—to learn their fighting tactics and organizational methods, and to adopt those methods, in belated efforts to prepare the people for protracted resistance. And that is just what General Yen did, with the result that Shansi was transformed into the strongest hold of China's defense system.

The Eighth Route Army entered Shansi, therefore, with General Yen's welcome and under his orders, for he was in supreme command of the Second War Area, which included the provinces of Shansi, Chahar and Suiyuan. Already the northern part of Shansi had fallen to Japan, and as the Communist troops marched north they met the bulk of the provincial army in demoralized flight toward the Yellow River. With Yen's consent the Reds began at once, along the route they followed, the work of training the people and building mass organizations to support the army and to strengthen civilian morale. They detached political workers to rally and reorganize some of the Shansi troops for mobile warfare and loaned commanders to start schools—all this in the midst of the Japanese offensive!—to train leaders for a new Shansi army. Moving outside the flanks of the Japanese lines, the main forces of the Eighth Route gradually worked their way back into North Shansi and Hopei into the positions they hold today.

That great bodies of Chinese troops could exist in the Japanese rear when thus supported by an organized people, and that large areas of Chinese territory could remain under their administration without either side being able to exterminate the other, was a discovery for General Yen as well as for many old-type militarists. And this is of course the most peculiar characteristic of what Evans Carlson calls the "unorthodox war." Topographically, the phenomenon is possible in North China because of splendid natural obstacles, such as wide rivers, deep forests and inaccessible mountain ranges, behind which big armies can find shelter in relative security against surprise attack. Since such obstacles usually correspond with provincial boundaries, the control of the latter is of utmost importance, and no conquest can be said to be complete until all the "Border Regions" are subjugated.

In one of the most strategic of these "joints" in the anatomy of the North, where Shansi meets Hopei and Chahar among the rugged peaks of the Taihang Mountains, the second Border Region Government is located, in territory recovered from the Japanese by the Eighth Route Army. Soon after their arrival in Northeast Shansi, these veterans of partisan warfare succeeded in dissolving most of the local puppet regimes set up in the *hsien* cities to carry out Japanese orders. The latter can now exist, in fact, only under the direct protection of strong Japanese garrisons, but as the Japanese lack sufficient forces to occupy more than the most important walled towns, they can assert their "control" in the hinterland only by sending in periodical punitive expeditions which raid and plunder the countryside.

In place of the puppet regimes the Shansi political workers taught

the people how to form their own political and military organizations everywhere, and encouraged them to elect their own village, district and county governments. All these were unified when the Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Border Government was formed in January, 1938, following a representative Conference summoned at Wu T'ai Shan, with the consent of the Generalissimo. While mainly defended by the Communist troops and the self-defense units which they have armed and trained, the Government includes representatives of the local Kuomintang as well as the many people's organizations which now embrace millions of Chinese in the guerrilla districts. The extent of its authority naturally varied according to the military situation. In July, 1940, the Government held direct control of about 70 counties in Northeast Shansi, Central Hopei, and Southern Chahar, covering an area roughly the size of Italy.

Once this Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Government had organized secure bases in the Taihang Mountains, the Eighth Route Army sent strong detachments through the Japanese lines far to the east, into Northern Shantung. Here a number of counties were recovered from Japanese domination and a third border region was established. Still other detachments filtered between the Japanese garrisons near Peking and Tientsin, and entered East Hopei, the scene of Japan's first attempt at puppet government south of the Great Wall. Later they penetrated into Jehol, the mountainous eastern extremity of Inner Mongolia, which Japan incorporated into Manchukuo in 1933. They entered Suiyuan also, which lies above the Great Wall north of Shensi and Ninghsia.

The well-organized Border regime in Northern Shantung had organic connections with the Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Government, and in fact guerrilla overland communications were maintained from the suburbs of Tientsin, on the gulf of Chihli, clear back to Yenan. In Jehol and East Hopei, however, the guerrillas had only primitive military bases, incapable of supporting a stabilized political regime at any point. But they nevertheless exercised a certain degree of administrative control through mass organizations which form the human bases of all anti-Japanese activity in the hinterland.

Very important militarily was another Border Region which included most of South Shansi, Northern Honan, and Southwestern Hopei. It spread over an area perhaps twice the size of the State of New York, with a population about the same as that under the Shansi-Hopei-Chahar regime—roughly 12 millions. The Shansi-Honan-Hopei Border Region is known in Chinese history as "Shan-

tang" (not to be confused with the *province* of *Shantung*) and it has always been considered of great strategic importance, so that the Chinese in ancient times had a saying, "Who holds Shan-tang holds the world." The "world" was the great Northwest; and it is still true today that Shan-tang commands the most feasible approaches to the Wei and the Han valleys. Until it is swept free of Chinese troops the Japanese cannot undertake a large-scale invasion west of the Yellow River.

More important even than its strategic assets, in modern times, are Shan-tang's rich undeveloped reserves of coal and iron—billions of tons—the lure of which was one of the primary reasons for the Nipponese invasion. Until resistance is completely broken, the Japanese cannot exploit this prize with profit. Repeated punitive drives were hurled against the irregular strongholds in Shan-tang, but after three years of effort there were more Chinese troops in the region than when Japan first entered it. The Japanese held the main cities and their connecting communications, but from the fastness of the mountains an immense land area was dominated by over 250,000 Chinese troops—the strongest force boasted by any of the Border Regions.

Shan-tang's defenders were a mixed lot, composed in the main of two armies which were formerly bitter enemies. General Wei Li-huang, noted for his civil-war successes against the old Red Army, was in command, at the time of my last visit to the Northwest, of about 100,000 Central Army troops, based on Northern Honan and Southeast Shansi. His nearest neighbors and co-defenders of Southeast Shansi were three divisions of the Eighth Route Army, led by the redoubtable Chu Teh, and the famed guerrilla commander, Peng Teh-huai—with whose old First Front Red Army I traveled for a while during the civil war in Ninghsia. Then there were some 50,000 troops of the New Army of Shansi, consisting of local volunteers trained with considerable help from the Eighth Route Army, but supported by General Yen Hsi-shan. And in the southwest of Shansi province were the reorganized remnants of General Yen's own original forces, numbering some 60,000 men.

Shan-tang was not united under a single command, as were the Shansi-Hopei-Chahar and the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Governments, but was composed of nine different administrative districts, each of which reflected the character of the military forces stationed in it. Where the Eighth Route Army operated, the pattern of village mobilization resembled that of the other Border Regions, and

the same thing was true in areas defended by the New Shansi Army. In the Central Army districts, and those under the reorganized Old Shansi Army, however, which still had bases inside Free China and consequently were less dependent on popular support, the regime was nearer the old Kuomintang pattern. Yet even in the latter case many peoples' societies flourished which in other areas were banned, and there was a better spirit of co-operation between the army and the civilians, and between different armies with different political ideas.

Generally speaking, the Border Regimes now provide the peasants with the ablest and the most democratic administration they have ever known, and to a considerable extent the gap between the people and the officials has been closed. Farther on I shall try to show in more detail how one of the more advanced Border Governments operates and how the people, from young children to old men and women, are mobilized so that each contributes his share of effort for the good of the community.

Yet in a larger sense one must despair of revealing all the subtleties of this mixed-up picture so that it assumes a shape of logic in Western eyes. The struggle behind Japanese lines is not simply between invader and defender, but includes clashes of party, class, military, political and social interests and ideas inside Chinese society. What is going on often seems to the Westerner *involution* rather than revolution, and perhaps to see its full significance one must understand nothing less than the history of China, and I do not know any Occidental who really does. The events occur on a canvas so vast that only something in epic form can hope to reproduce them. What brave men and women are doing here will be the material of folklore and legend for a thousand years to come, but perhaps only Chinese will understand and remember its heroes and its villains, and cherish its principles and its truths, just as only Chinese can find exaltation in the pages of mingled fact and fiction in that strange classic, *The Romance of the Three Kingdoms,* which the present period in many ways so oddly resembles.

But I digress. All this was to have been a mere introduction to an account of my return visit to Yenan. If, after the foregoing confession of my limitations as an interpreter, the reader is still willing to follow me to the strangest "capital" on earth, it is yet possible that we can learn something of value about the men and ideas behind one of the most valiant struggles history ever witnessed.

3

Rainy Journey

The road to Yenan is for China's youth the road to life.

Lu Hsün

WHEREVER I went after the war began young people would appear in the most unexpected places, with a copy of *Red Star Over China* (in the pirated Chinese edition) tucked under their arms, to ask me how they could enter one of the schools at Yenan. In one city the commissioner of education came to me like a conspirator wanting me to "introduce" his son, so that he could enter the Yenan Political and Military Academy. In Hongkong a prosperous banker astonished me by making the same request. Looking at the comfort which surrounded his offspring I said, "Your son would have to sleep on a mud *k'ang* up there and grow his own food and wash his own clothes."

"I know that," he replied, "but if he stays where he is he will sooner or later have to wash the Japanese!" Perhaps he had a clearer view of the future than most of his treaty-port colleagues.

If I had set up a recruiting station in Shanghai or Hankow or Chunking I could have enlisted several battalions; and it might have been the best service one could render China, at that. Unfortunately I had no commission as a recruiting sergeant and my "inside connections" with Yenan went no further than the scars left on my kidneys by its war diet. I could not help these would-be bachelors of guerrilla arts very much. As far as I knew, the easiest way to "get into" North Shensi was to walk in. And thousands of young people did walk—from distances of hundreds of miles. They were still coming in, from all over China, when I returned to Sianfu; but it now seemed to amount almost to a crime against the state, in the eyes of General Hu Tsung-nan, whose troops controlled most of the roads leading into the ex-Soviet districts, for a young man or woman to join the Eighth Route Army or study at Yenan.

This little Anhui general was one of the ablest and most powerful of Chiang Kai-shek's Whampoa veterans and indeed had been Chiang's golden boy ever since the "Gissimo" trained him at Canton. He commands the First Group Army, best equipped and best drilled of all the Central troops—and Chiang Kai-shek's personal pride and joy. It had done practically no fighting since the war began, but had garrisoned the Northwest, apparently as an insulation against the spread of Red influence there, and also as a training cadre for the development of new forces. Ironically enough, much of the military supplies from Russia went to General Hu's troops—which, if major civil war were resumed, would form the backbone of the anti-Communist drive.

An efficient officer and an attractive personality, General Hu Tsung-nan was the leader of the *Fu-Hsing Shê*, or "Regeneration Society," which was formed secretly during the Generalissimo's anti-Red campaigns. Composed mainly of Whampoa and Nanking cadets, impressed by the methods of the Nazis and no doubt encouraged by some of the German advisers, it was at one time frankly modeled closely after the Gestapo. In 1937 the organization accurately mirrored the political ideas of Chiang himself; and it was not till after Hitler's desertion of the Generalissimo's army, which the Fuehrer described[1] as "mentally incapable" (how the "mentally" wounded the intellectual pride of the Chinese!) of defeating Japan, that some of its pro-Nazism vanished. But it still stood for the principles: destroy the Reds, follow the Leader and support the authoritarian state. The first slogan was of course now carried out chiefly by political means. General Hu himself was credited with the organization of the Special Service Section and the political gendarmes of the Central Army, one of whose duties was to keep youth free from Marxist contamination. Probably Hu had more influence among younger officers than any junior general except his Whampoa classmate, Chen Cheng. Many considered him to be Chen Cheng's main rival in the line of succession to the Generalissimo.

Naturally it irked these "Regenerationists" more and more, as the war went on, to see many young people going into the "bandit lair" of the North, and they took what steps they could to prevent it. Inspection stations were set up along the roads, where special gendarmes stopped young travelers, searched them, and often sent

[1] In a speech recalling the German advisers, in 1938.

them back to General Hu Tsung-nan's reform school, which the Communists called a "concentration camp." That was maintained in connection with the General's political and military training school, which was modeled somewhat after the Yenan Academy, and in fact turned out some quite capable young officers. But would-be Yenanites were called "backward students," and not till they had renounced interest in Communism were they admitted to regular classes or sent home as unsuitable material.

These queer inter-army kidnappings even included Eighth Route men in uniform, who were seized from the army's own trucks—which were also confiscated now and then. One day an over-zealous anti-Red gendarme made the mistake of trying to detain an Eighth Route officer, however, and even told him that "Communist bandits" had no right to travel on buses or trucks. The officer, dressed in ordinary soldier's uniform, happened to be Peng Teh-huai, field commander of the Eighth Route Army. He promptly arrested the gendarme and personally took him to Central Army headquarters at T'ienshui, after which the practice temporarily ceased. But a new annoyance, when I reached Sian, was the denial of its quota of gasoline to the Eighth Route Army. In fact, I considered myself quite lucky when I got a ride on an overloaded truck, for it was the first to leave for Yenan in several weeks.

Piled high with luggage and supplies, the big Dodge was in addition festooned with 14 passengers, including three women, as we lurched out on the dusty road to the north. By mid-afternoon we reached Sanyuan, where we stopped for the night at the *Balu Chün* (Eighth Route Army) communications depot. At dusk it began to rain and by dawn the road had become impassable. Shensi rains, once begun, tirelessly go on and on, sometimes for more than the biblical forty days. This one stopped after five days but it was a week before we were back on the road. A week in Sanyuan is the dreariest prospect imaginable, yet I seemed to be the only one who resented the delay. My companions settled down to read back numbers of the political and military magazines and newspapers which were on file in the depot library. Time meant no more to them in war than in peace; and in this attitude, incidentally, lies one key to the understanding of China which no Westerner can quite grasp till he has experienced it. Whereas with us the hours of the clock seem real measurements of victory or defeat, it is the other way round

with the Chinese. War and peace are themselves but units of time against the clock of their long history.

Our delay at least enabled me to get better acquainted with my fellow passengers, with some of whom I played *poka p'ai*—poker—by the dim vegetable-oil lamp every night, and argued large questions of war and revolution. There was Mêng Yung-cheng, inspector of the guerrilla units of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, on his way to a conference with the Yenan depot. There was Mrs. Chen Chang-hao, the lily-footed wife of the Communist leader, taking her young son up to see his famous father, over whose head once hung a large reward. On the road she had a splendid spirit. Again and again she painfully scaled down the side of the truck on her bound feet, when the driver negotiated a bad stretch or we had to scatter for an air raid. Yet she never once complained and gave the impression of having been bouncing on and off trucks all her life. The younger Chen reminded me so much of an old schoolmate in spirit, devilment, and even in looks, that I christened him "Bert" at Sanyuan, and taught him to play a good hand at rummy. "Bert" had only recently discovered that his father was still living, and who his father was, for during the years of civil war his mother had kept her identity a closely guarded secret.

There was a young girl, the daughter of a Hunanese merchant, who had run away from home to join the New Fourth Army. After a year there, she was now on her way, clad in a captured Japanese greatcoat, to the Women's College at Yenan. A pretty child, smiling and cheerful, but tough as leather, she was quite able to take care of herself and boasted a medal in marksmanship won with the New Fourth. Then there was another Hunanese, a young officer from the New Fourth, who had fought with Hsiao Keh and Han Ying for the old Southern Soviets. He also wore an olive drab greatcoat—"a present from the Emperor," he called it. He had put the bullet through the man who had owned it and in the torn fabric he proudly displayed the record of his aim.

This little Hunanese looked upon the present as a "period of prosperity" in contrast to the hard life he had led as a Red partisan. One day there was an argument about what was "bitter." One man said it was "to have nothing to eat but corn." Another said that the worst single diet was potatoes. Many Chinese, especially Southerners, regard neither corn nor potatoes as fit for human consumption.

"But grass is still worse," said a third, "unless there are grasshoppers in it."

"No grass, no grasshoppers, only rats—that's all we had once," broke in the Hunanese, with his sly grin. "Now that's real bitterness," everyone agreed. But the faraway look of the epicure stole into the veteran's eyes as he slowly shook his head. "People should not speak harshly of rats," he observed. "They are really not bad, if you know how to cook them." You have to know how to select and skin and clean them, how to cure them—honey-cured is best, but of course in a famine you have no honey, still—how to broil and fry them. *"Hên hsiang,"* he ended dreamily. "When properly seasoned with red pepper they taste better than young pullets. Quite *de-licious*!"

Well, if a Frenchman can grow rapturous over fried toad and an Englishman grow atavistic over raw cow and an American over the slime of oysters, there may also be something in a tastily prepared rat. Personally, I remained unconvinced and thankful for my bowl of rice.

Speaking of food, and you speak of little else in these moments of stymie on the road, Mêng and I recruited a cook for Yenan's new Foreign Guest Cave while we dawdled in Sanyuan. One day we were walking down a muddy street hunting for a bakery when I stopped to buy some hot chestnuts from a peddler with a basket on his arm. "What country are you from?" he asked me. I told him I was an American, and he said he had once cooked for an Englishman near Sianfu. Mêng became interested and asked him whether he would like a job as foreign-style cook at Yenan.

Now, it happened that among the supplies on our truck there was, in fact, a complete foreign-cooking outfit—pots, pans, ladles, etcetera—and dishes, knives, spoons and forks. The officer in charge had purchased all these in Sian and then had gone hunting for a cook. He had been unable to find a single candidate willing to work for less than $80 a month. At last he had come to the decision that all foreign-style cooks had been spoiled by the imperialists and that it would be a bad thing to set up a privileged class at Yenan by hiring a chef at a wage many times greater than that paid to Mao Tse-tung himself. So he had set off with his dishes but without his cook, with the intention of calling a conference to discuss the matter when he reached Yenan.

Mêng asked the young chestnut peddler enough questions about

foreign food to satisfy himself that he was not lying. He then explained that his job would be to feed occasional foreign guests, and prepare banquets for visiting generals and other firemen. The peddler agreed to take $15 a month, after Mêng described the attractions of life at Yenan and told him he could get an education there. Next night the cook came round with his aged mother, however, and it was clear they had both begun to suspect the whole thing was a plot to kidnap the son for the army; he had been dodging conscription for some months, it seemed. The soldiers there kept me up half the night explaining to the old lady the difference between the Eighth Route and other armies, and why they did not want conscripts, but only convinced volunteers. At last she seemed satisfied, and next morning, when we left Sanyuan, the cook climbed aboard, where apparently the other passengers must have gone to work on him at once to convert him to the "cause." Anyway, a couple of days later I saw him wearing an Eighth Route Army cap.

"What's this, have you been conscripted after all?" I asked him.

"No," he grinned, "but neither am I selling chestnuts any more at a time like this."

My Chinese had grown very rusty, with long disuse, and these days on the road enabled me to brush up on it. One of the hardest tasks I assigned myself was to put a riddle to my companions, varying it a little from the version I had heard at Chunking.

"In the reign of Hsienfeng," I said, "the Prime Minister needed the wisest man in the Empire to become Viceroy of Canton, for the duties were very difficult. He therefore called all the best scholars to Peking and gave them the most severe examinations he could devise. Finally, he narrowed down his selection to three men who by all tests seemed of equal intelligence. He called these three men to the palace one day and explained his difficulty in selecting any one of them, for the Emperor had threatened his head if he did not find the most brilliant man in the Empire. The Prime Minister then picked up from his desk five colored disks, and three of them were blue and two were green. He said to the candidates, showing the five disks:

"'I shall put one of these disks on the forehead of each of you, and then I shall put you together in a room in which there are no mirrors, and where you cannot speak or signal to each other. The man who first emerges from the room and tells me the color of all

three disks, and gives me a logical explanation for his answer, will become the Viceroy of Canton.'

"The Prime Minister then carried out the operation and left the men in an adjoining room. After ten minutes, one man came out and announced that all three disks were blue. He was right; after he had given his explanation the Prime Minister made him Viceroy. What was his explanation, and why could none of the disks have been green?"

The truck was silent with thought for a long time. Just before we reached Yenan, however, the little Hunanese who liked rats had the correct answer. Which was more than I could do with the riddle he then gave me.

4

Reunion in Yenan

In Yenan the Chinese Communists realized the communal life dreamed of by the primitive Utopian Socialists of the Owen-Fourier era.

Nym Wales

THE Communists were all very proud of their new "capital" at Yenan, and veterans from Pao An were always asking me what I thought of the improvements since my last visit. The question at first seemed pure irony. Nearly every building inside the walls was in ruin, and Yenan was in fact the only example I have seen of complete demolition of a sizable town by air bombardment alone. Apparently the Japanese did not realize they had achieved their mission, however, as they still attacked the place nearly every day. Japan must have spent several million yen on this one pattern of lacework alone.

But reconstruction kept up with the intramural destruction. Outside the city walls a new metropolis was growing up. Hundreds of buildings were strung along the shadow of the cliffs or bloomed in little hollows between the endless waves of yellow loess, while tier upon tier of newly dug caves opened their yawning mouths along the mountainside for miles. About 40,000 people, engaged in all the tasks of wartime life, burrowed in and out of the caverns all day long. Its ingenuity and courage were admirable, if also uncomfortably prophetic of housing that may yet become universal, as the bombing plane circumnavigates the earth.

But Communists had been dodging bombs for many years, and even demolished Yenan was a big improvement on the past. Optimism is a permanent habit of these people; they wear it like an armor of the mind. "Yenan is better than Pao An, isn't it so?" asked Mao Tse-tung. "We have made progress in every direction since you visited us in 1936. Give us time. If we keep on improving at the present rate we shall have something to show you in 1945."

And when you looked at things down their own particular funnel of experience, it had to be admitted that despite their cave-dwelling capital they were enjoying better days. Their army had trebled or quadrupled and now garrisoned thousands of miles of new territory. They were no longer completely blockaded from the rest of China. In North Shensi they had a compact little base where they could, except for the interruption of bombing, train thousands of new military and political leaders in peace and build up their own institutions.

Material conditions had improved. Mines and crude industries were developing. In Pao An days only the most adventurous merchants traded between the then Soviet districts and the "White" areas. Now several big private trading companies, operating their own trucking transport, were flourishing, Yenan having abolished all merchant taxes to encourage business. North Shensi had an export surplus of cotton, wool, hides, vegetable oil and grain. Industrial production—mostly handicraft—had impressively increased. Industrial and producers' co-operatives were filling many of the needs of the civilian population and the army. Consumers' co-operatives had shelves well stocked with the simple necessities of the farming population. Government control kept prices down and they were generally from 30 to 40 percent less than elsewhere.

Agricultural production had also expanded. Despite recruitment of large numbers of youths for the army, the Border Government had, in a campaign mobilizing all able-bodied people in the area to take part in planting and tilling, opened over one million *mu* (about 200,000 acres) of wasteland. Local guards and garrison troops took part in this work, as well as all students and "functionaries." Even bankers were not exempt. Calling at the Border Government Bank one morning I found the office closed for the day. The whole staff was out harvesting. As a result of the production drive, the former food scarcity in North Shensi had been overcome. The markets offered an abundance of grain and vegetables, and mutton was plentiful and cheap. In food, the region was self-sufficient.

Many new institutions were housed in the hills or in new administration buildings camouflaged in narrow defiles. Great strides had been made in education and a new publishing house was turning out books, magazines and newspapers, for the front and the rear. Many foreign works had been translated and printed in a standard edition, and the Chinese were adding their own texts to the history

and theory of revolution. Several of my Pao An friends had now become authors and presented me with autographed copies of their works. Selected writings of Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, Lo Fu and other political and military leaders were offered in cheap editions. There were novels, reportage, essays, military and political books on the war and translations of works on natural science, art and literature. To my regret, however, I discovered that the collective history of the Long March, which was being compiled when I left Pao An in 1936, had been abandoned. It was considered "inconsistent with the united front."

Public health work had improved and sanitary arrangements seemed on the whole quite good. Though plague is endemic in this region, it was under control and there had been no epidemic for two years. Yenan had its own Medical Factory, which was turning out medicines in 31 standard formulas, besides quantities of dressings, gauze and apparatus. It had a staff of 80, under the supervision of foreign-trained pharmacists. A Border Region Central Hospital, with 100 beds and an out-patient clinic handling about 200 persons daily, offered free treatment to civilians and included an obstetric ward. In a near-by village also was the Branch International Peace Hospital of the Eighth Route Army, which had special facilities for surgical and orthopedic work. Here such badly wounded soldiers as were lucky enough to get back to the rear received expert attention from a staff of medical men which included the Indian delegation of four, headed by the famous Dr. Atal, a surgeon in the British medical service in World War I.

Another innovation: among its eating places the town boasted a modern restaurant, with little booths set against the walls, and a kitchen that could turn out Northern or Southern food with equal expertness. Here I went soon after my arrival, to attend a welcoming tea for the "comfort corps" of Chinese writers and students who were touring the various fronts, under the wings of the veteran Kuomintang leader, General Chang Chi, and the Whampoa cadet, General Ho Tsúng-han.[1]

General Ho's presence made the occasion unique, for he was the first leader of the "Regeneration Society," the so-called fascist clique already mentioned, to visit Yenan. It was said that he had at first opposed the comfort corps' visit to "rebel" Yenan at all, then refused

[1] Not the same as General Hu Tsung-nan, commander of the First Army, mentioned on p. 259.

to go himself, but at the last moment unaccountably changed his mind. Rather surprised, the Yenanites treated him with scrupulous courtesy and politeness and gave him every facility for investigation. One could not tell whether he was impressed. Stiff and unsmiling in his polished boots and well-tailored uniform, with his bright golden sword sparkling from his belt, he made an odd contrast with his cotton-clad hosts, who represented various cultural organizations of the place.

General Chang Chi, on the other hand, once a bitter enemy of the Reds, was now strong for party co-operation. I watched Ho fidget nervously as Chang Chi, a large gray-haired man, and something of a philosopher, made a genial speech praising the Eighth Route Army for its energy and patriotism. It seemed to me he was by implication offering a word of advice to his younger colleague, and the situation was intriguing.

"I am an old man of 58 now," Chang Chi began, "and I have no more personal ambitions or party ambitions. Why should I not speak frankly to you young people who all love China? Well, I have been a revolutionary for 45 years and for 30 of those years I fought by the side of Sun Yat-sen. But though I have labored long for my country, can it be said that I have made no mistakes? For example, I regret my error in 1924, when I opposed Sun Yat-sen's alliance with the Communists. I did not agree, then, with his interpretation that the *San Min Chu I* had no conflict with the Communists. My attitude was probably harmful to China. It is regrettable that Sun Yat-sen died. He alone had the genius and the wisdom to have avoided the tragedy of the years between 1927 and 1937."

The silence was open-mouthed as he continued. It was the first time any Kuomintang delegate had spoken so humbly before this audience. Chang Chi touched on recent Kuomintang-Communist conflicts and assured his listeners that the older leaders of the Kuomintang really did believe in the united front and wanted no more civil war. It seemed to me that this old man talked from an honest heart as he offered this wisdom to China's youth: that unity of the nation was paramount to everything else, and that only under this belief could China survive. He sat down amidst thunderous applause.

It would of course take more than good intentions and unselfish patriots to heal the old wounds between these two rivals for leadership, even if they were not constantly reopened by new conflicts,

but the Communists seemed anxious not to ignore any chance at reconciliation. When, a few days later, the troops of General Ho Chu-kuo retired through the Border District, after two years on the Shansi front, another huge entertainment was held to welcome this erstwhile battle enemy of the Reds and his officers and two Soviet Russian advisers.

Now this General Ho Chu-kuo was the last of the Tungpei (Manchurian) Army commanders who stopped fighting the Reds, after Chang Hsueh-liang's truce in 1936. In that year, in fact, when I was with the old Red Army in Kansu, it was General Ho Chu-kuo who was attacking. Some of Ho's captured horses—he led a cavalry division—provided the Reds with mounts for their first cavalry detachment. I had ridden on several of them myself. And so it gave me a queer feeling now to sit in an audience welcoming that man. There must have been 2,000 others packed into the new theater—a large building in the suburbs—on the night of the *huan-yin*. Men and women cadets, students, soldiers, workers, farmers, youth and old age came drifting in on foot from all directions.

General Ho made a fiery anti-Japanese speech, full of quite-to-be-expected phrases. He was followed by one of the Russians, a blond young man with gay eyes and an extraordinarily attractive smile. Few people could understand a word he said, but his resonant voice rang with such confidence and his wide gestures were so fine in their defiant sweep that his listeners, than whom nobody better appreciated a good display of first-rate histrionics, rocked the hall with applause. For myself, I was convinced he must be promising no less than an armored division or two to conclude the war. But his well-trained Chinese interpreter, copying his gestures perfectly, and as nearly as possible his voice, soon cleared up the matter. It seemed that the Russian had only told of the Soviet Union's sympathy for the oppressed peoples of all the earth, praised the brilliance of China's resistance, predicted the early collapse of Japan and the certainty of Chinese victory.

It was good to be young and whole in faith, and I wished I could share his optimism. In the midst of my reflections I was, to my dismay, requested to say a few words myself.

I never felt less like addressing anybody. I knew well enough what those young people would like to hear. Nothing would cheer them more than an assurance that America was with them. But everybody there knew that the United States supplied Japan with

metals used to destroy Yenan and other cities, and with the materials of war that had killed thousands of their comrades. Could I in any way deny or extenuate the crime? But maybe they would like to hear that it was the capitalists who were doing this business, against the will of the American people? Was it? In my heart I agreed with Eleanor Roosevelt, that "the responsibility for selling scrap iron and munitions to Japan rests squarely on the shoulders of the American people." The truth seemed to be that a few were making money out of it and the rest didn't give a damn. Yet would it cheer these lads to be told that American women would rather see them smeared about than give up silk stockings?

Suddenly I remembered what Rewi Alley's old man on the bus had said about the big-nosed foreigner and his handicap in aviation, and I realized it was true. Instead of a speech, I told them all this story.

So foreigners cannot see very well because of their big noses, my friends, and how, then, can we expect them to see across an ocean or two and understand your suffering, or why they should not help Japan to kill your brothers and your sisters? It is a short-sighted world we live in and a mad-dog world, and it is true nobody can see beyond his own nose. China cannot wait for other nations to be fitted with long-range spectacles. Your leader Mao Tse-tung has said that every man and woman must learn to "fight with his teeth, his hands and his feet," so that China can win alone. And he is right; depend on no one but yourselves. . . .

But by what right did I impose my gloomy platitudes upon these youths about to die? I mumbled out some optimistic hopes, another joke or two and found my seat again as quickly as with decency I could. And then the symphony began.

Yes, *symphony,* for here I first heard the work of Hsi Hsu-hai, the youth whose melodies and operas are now sung from the Yellow River to the Yellow Sea. Composer Hsi himself was there, leading his queer orchestra, Oz-like with its mass of Chinese tom-toms and *yang-chins* and flutes, its foreign strings, cellos and violins, and those odd inventions of his own, cut from Standard Oil tins strung with local gut. Leading it was Hsi himself, a madman or a genius I know not which. They say his European tutors were quite convinced it was the former.

But what I heard was good. It lived, it spoke, it held its audience entranced. Was he a thief? There was a bar from Beethoven, but

not quite, there a phrase of almost-Bach, here some minors from the *Red Chamber Dream*, but now it was only a mountaineer's yodel, a boatman's toilsome chant, the roar of a river, a rattle of musketry. Hsi called the composition *Yellow River*, and it was epic in form, its vocal parts sung by a mixed chorus of 60 voices, telling of a nation's triumphs and defeats, and of a people's death and its regeneration. The singing was good, with no trace of the horrible operatic falsetto. Here were rich natural voices, full and strong, in pleasing Mandarin. Yet despite its strong borrowing from abroad, it remained China—but China of tomorrow, with a door half open to the West.

What accident had brought Professor Hsi to far-off Shensi with his hybrid notions of harmony and orchestration? The answer, I discovered, was Yenan's Lu Hsün Academy of Fine Arts. Here about 500 writers, artists, dramatists, composers and their students, including talent from many provinces and recruited from abroad, had built in a near-by village an artists' colony of their own, housed—of all places!—in a Catholic cathedral and its monastery. With this Academy, Yenan was now as much a mecca for radicals in art as in politics, for here mass art was no crime against the State, and they could "raise the cultural level of the masses" to their hearts' content. A few days later I was the guest of some of these "cultural bandits," as they are known to China's cultural conservatives, and among them found old friends from Peking and Shanghai, who lectured me on their own theories of wartime art.

I filed out, after the performance of *Huang Ho*, beside Mao Tse-tung.

"How did you like it?" he asked.

"Excellent. It's the best chorus I've heard in China since Yenching sang the *Messiah*."

"Yes, it is a big change since our theater in Pao An."

But changes having occurred in most other directions, what had happened to Mao Tse-tung himself, since I last saw him in his cave at Pao An three years earlier? A foreign missionary, after visiting Yenan, excitedly informed me that Mao now had a private motor car and hinted darkly at corruption. And when, soon after my arrival, Mao said he would "send the car to bring me over" for a visit, it did sound plutocratic. I looked forward curiously to this reunion.

5

College of Amazons

I like babies as an institution but don't want any myself. I have to keep fit for my work in the army.
Kang Ke-ching (Mme. Chu Teh)

YENAN still lived in an intellectual world of its own values; there was a different approach to all problems, and markedly so in education. No other comparable area showed such rapid educational progress as did the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Government during the past four years. The little town of Yenan, which even most Chinese had never heard of six years ago, was now one of the nation's largest educational centers. Despite its wretched material conditions and almost daily visits from enemy bombers, it offered a wide variety of training and new cultural influences.

Old Hsu Teh-li, the former president of a normal school in Changsha, Hunan, and famous as the man who became a Communist when he was 50, laid the foundations for the new educational system while he was Commissar of Education in Soviet days. Before his arrival in North Shensi there were only 120 schools scattered across the whole area, and they taught nothing but the Four Books. At the end of 1939 there were 773 primary schools, 78 model primary schools and 16 higher primary schools. Mass education was ahead of any district in Free China. There were over 700 character-study groups and 208 night schools for adults. Formerly Shensi's only schools of higher education were in Sian. Now Yenan had four middle schools and three colleges, besides an art academy, the largest in China, a technical training academy, and an Industrial Co-operative Vocational Training School for Boys. The latter recruited its students from "little devils," mostly orphans, rewarded for their loyalty and intelligence in patriotic service.

The old Red Academy changed its name, after the end of the civil war, to the Anti-Japanese Military and Political University, but

luckily this is usually cut down in conversation to *K'ang Ta*, the University of Resistance. Its classrooms, planted here and there in caves near Yenan, held 2,000 students when I was there, while other branches in Shansi were attended by 8,000 more. Until 1939 the entire college was concentrated in North Shensi, but so many students were detained or imprisoned, while en route through the Kuomintang districts, that it was decided to move the larger part of the college behind the Japanese lines. Thus friction could be avoided with anti-Red groups, the Japanese evidently being considered a minor worry. Altogether, *K'ang Ta* graduated nearly 10,000 students a year from its military and political training courses. These were essentially the same in content as the curriculum of the old Red Academy, except that technical and material equipment had improved. Political training, while Marxist, was chiefly devoted to explaining the united front and the *San Min Chu I* in relation to Communist program and policy.

But an utter newcomer in Yenan's institutions of learning, and I suppose unique in the world, was *Nü Tzu Ta Hsüeh*, the Women's University, a veritable College of Amazons. It girdled two mountains near Fushih and was made up of a series of some 200 caves connected by a neat highway and stairs circling down to the green valley below. On the flanks of other hills near by lay geometrical patterns of millet and vegetables, where students tilled their own crops every morning, rising at dawn to work two hours in the fields before attending classes. Here about 400 girls and women were engaged in the study of everything from spinning and the care of infants to the complexities of English and Russian grammar.

I rode over with a friend one morning to *Nü Ta* and spent a wide-eyed day there visiting the college classrooms and dormitories, and consuming a tasty vegetarian meal prepared in the students co-operative cafeteria. Pao An, the old Soviet capital, had boasted nothing like this. Communist women were improving in looks, I could not help incidentally observing when Wang Ming's pretty wife, Meng Chin-hsu, head of a department in the University, took me from cave to cave, accompanied by three other teachers. Faculty and students all wore cotton uniforms, cloth or straw shoes or sandals and army caps on their bobbed hair. No rouge. From a distance you could not tell them from boys. You did not, as in the case of *Ninotchka*, have to fall under a table to get a laugh out of them. They had the ready smile you see in working people every-

where in China, without which the country would be as intolerable to most foreigners as an eternally overcast sky.

This Women's University had girls of all ages from all over China, but what surprised me was the preponderance of Northerners among them. People used to say the Communists could never interest North China people in their ideas; it was believed Chinese "Communism" was indigenous to the South. But among these Chinese revolutionaries it was a maxim that "local leaders must be developed in every new region added to the revolution." They knew that leaders from the outside could be imposed on the villages only to a limited extent. Today everywhere the armies go they add new recruits and pick the best for further training in their schools in the rear.

Shantung, "conquered" by Japan in 1937, furnished more students for *Nü Ta* than any other province. Honan ranked next, and after that Hopei and Shansi. Kiangsu was fifth, and Szechuan, Shensi, Kwangtung, Hunan, Hupeh and the Manchurian provinces were about equally represented. There were two girls from remote Chinghai and Sikang. About 60 percent of the students were 19 or 20 years old; the rest were over 20 but under 30, except for five over 30. One student, a factory worker and famous labor organizer, was 41. The majority were unmarried, but about one out of ten had a husband in the party, at the front or in some kind of war work. A state university for women in this remote corner was surprising enough; to find it with women from nearly all provinces of China, in the midst of war, was astonishing. I wondered how they had got there, and upon inquiry discovered that most of the women from the occupied areas had come by dangerous guerrilla trails, from hundreds of miles behind the Japanese lines. Here was a real hunger for education. How many American girls would hike 500 miles through war zones to enter a college of caves where they had to grow their own patch of vegetables?

Most of the students were daughters of workers or peasants. The rest were from middle-class families, except for a dozen or so known as "the capitalists." Outstanding among the latter was the daughter of the Singapore-born Chinese millionaire, Hu Wen-hu, who made his fortune out of a panacea known as "Tiger Balm," celebrated to cure anything from warts to cancer. Forty-one of the students had attended university, and 129 had gone to middle school, but over 200 had been no farther than higher primary school. I wondered

what kind of curriculum could be found to suit women with such varied class, provincial and educational backgrounds, and I questioned Kuo Chin, *Nü Ta*'s efficient secretary.

"We have three classes of students," she explained. "Several could not read or write when they arrived. We put them, and others with only primary school education, in a Special Class, where they study the Chinese language, social problems, hygiene, political and military 'common sense,' and a brief history of the Communist Party. After a year, some will be promoted to the Secondary Class. This has required courses in social history, political economy, problems of the Chinese Communist Party, the Three Peoples' Principles, military problems, elementary philosophy and problems in public health.

"There is a Higher Research Class. University education or its equivalent or completion of two years of training in our Special and Secondary classes are entrance requirements. Higher Research students take political economy, Marxism and Leninism, philosophy, history of the world revolution and one foreign language. Here we train leaders for special tasks in war work or in some existing institution, for political work in the occupied areas, teaching, medical work, propaganda, co-operative organization and so on. We offer optional courses in English, Russian and Japanese, in literature and music, and in bookkeeping, shorthand, journalism and weaving and spinning."

Attended jointly by all three classes were lectures on Chinese social problems and "the women's movement." Needless to say, this education differed radically from anything offered elsewhere in China. None of the courses corresponded in content to teaching in Kuomintang or Christian schools, which put little emphasis on vocational or military training, and naturally none at all on Marxism or the Kungch'antang! In the Women's University all courses were salted with Marxist philosophy, including the Communists' own interpretation of the Three Principles.

The whole thing was war improvisation or "emergency education," as they called it. But it seemed intensely practical; they were adding nothing to the overproduction of useless lawyers and Ph.D.'s. And of course it was nothing less than an earthquake in the lives of North Shensi people to have a school of any kind *for women*. Before the Reds entered this area they were still hired out

MRS. WANG MING,
DIRECTOR OF A COMMUNIST
GIRLS COLLEGE

CHOU EN-LAI AND HIS WIFE

OPEN-AIR CLASSROOM OF WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY, YENAN

STUDENTS HIKE FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES TO REACH YENAN UNIVERSITY

as "labor," like donkeys and mares, while the males stayed home and collected their wages.

General entrance requirements for *Nü Ta* were simply sound health, a co-operative spirit and a readiness to fight in the national struggle for emancipation of women. Preference was shown to working-class women or women engaged in anti-Japanese work or students from some of the many improvised political and military training schools operated behind the Japanese lines. The majority of the students were not Communist Party members. After matriculating, women were assigned to study in one of the three classes through a series of examinations determining their qualifications. Applicants were far more than could be accommodated and capacity was to be expanded to a thousand students.

The students had a good social life, with plenty of intervals for games and sports. They had their own theater, constructed at the bottom of a mountain and beside a clear stream where they did their own washing. Here also were playgrounds and basketball courts. They had a drill ground and a riding circle. A wall surrounded the administration buildings and the co-operative buildings in the valley below, and the big gate was guarded by girl sentries with businesslike bayonets. Visitors were admitted only on special occasions. Morals were probably a good deal better than in most girls' schools in America.

The majority of the graduates went into rural education work, with the second largest number returning to their homes in the guerrilla districts, to lead in mass organization. A few entered the Resistance University for further military training. Many of the students had already fought in partisan warfare. Female leadership in the fighting zone consists for the most part in mobilization work, education and the organization of peasant help for the fighting forces.

Occidental professors may find difficulty imagining a university in caves, but the *yao-fang* is not a damp gloomy hole, but really a "cave house," which makes a warm comfortable dwelling. Cave architecture had developed in my absence. Ceilings were higher and rooms were wider. Local cave-diggers had always maintained the loess walls would not hold plaster, but experiment produced a white plaster, now widely in use, which greatly improved interior lighting. When the floors are paved with bricks and the open façade covered with Chinese rice-paper windows—which admit

ultra-violet rays, incidentally, that don't penetrate glass—you get a room better than many a slum school, far cleaner than the average East Side tenement. An additional advantage of the cave is its virtual invulnerability to bombs, as it usually has a cover of 30 or 40 feet of soil. Interconnecting passageways in the rear of the rooms give adequate protection against bomb splinters and take care of concussion, in case of possible direct hits at the entrance.

Lodging, food, books and tuition at *Nü Ta* were all free, but students were required to furnish their own bedding and uniforms. Since they grew most of their own food, as did other colleges, in the hillside plots recovered from wasteland—part of the Border Government's production campaign—this was a small item. It cost $10,000 to excavate the classrooms and dormitories and supply the simple equipment for the school, an expense defrayed largely by public contributions and help from patriotic Overseas Chinese. Monthly overhead and operating costs, including salaries for faculty heads ($5 each) and a staff of 70 teachers, amounted to less than $3,000, Chinese.

The whole thing figured out at about $7.50 per student per month, or roughly 40 cents, in American money.

Part Eight

HOW RED THE RED?

I

The Red Prophet

We cannot even speak of socialism if we are robbed of a country in which to practice it.

Mao Tse-tung

THE limousine which coughed tubercularly at the bottom of the path leading down from my cave looked like a Black Maria. When I got close enough I saw that it was an ambulance, and on its paneled door was neatly lettered:

> Presented to the Heroic Defenders of China
> By the Chinese Hand Laundrymen's Association
> of New York City.

So this was Mao's extravagance that had shocked my missionary friend. A number of these laundrymen's gifts had accumulated in Yenan, where sometimes they were used to carry civilian air-raid victims to near-by hospitals. But generally they remained idle; there was no petrol to move them.

Motor ambulances were actually of little use on a guerrilla front; the mobile character of the war, the roadless countryside, and lack of fuel and servicing facilities indicated a medical service of a special type. If overseas Chinese and foreign friends had sent to Yenan the money they spent on costly ambulances and foreign drugs it would have had permanent value once invested in local production—in the expansion of drug factories and guerrilla industry. But it never seemed to occur to such people that the Chinese were quite capable of making their own necessities, if given capital to buy machinery, for a fraction of the cost of imported articles. The price of an ambulance, presented in cash to the Eighth Route Army, could really have saved hundreds of lives by financing the organization of practical army medical work and developing local war industry. As it was, the chief value of the ambulance lay in the horse

power of its engine when harnessed in a factory, and in its eventual knock-down value as scrap.

Yenan, which many thought of as the "anti-capitalist" center of China, needed *capital* and capital goods more than anything but guns.

The ambulance bounced its way a few *li* beyond the city wall and turned up a ravine, exactly like a hundred others, where it stopped to deposit us below a paved walk leading up to Mao's home. "Us" included Huang Hua, who had volunteered to accompany me; he wanted to hear Mao's interpretation of the European situation. Huang Hua was an old friend whom I had first met during his student days at Peking, when he was president of his class at Yenching University—a brilliant idealistic youth with a natural talent for leadership. He was one of the first of many students who left the lovely Northern campus of America's finest missionary college to join the Reds.

Huang Hua had greatly matured and was now a man of quiet self-confidence, full of duties; he was secretary of a youth salvation association, and dean of a school somewhere farther north. Like all the Christian-educated students I met in the Communist camp, and there were now scores of them, he somehow made me feel that he was more at peace with himself, psychologically, than Christian youths in other parts of China, who were seldom able to reconcile their religious background with the kind of society in which they lived. Perhaps it was that these Christian Communists, having dropped the supernaturalism of the faith, which is irreconcilable with Chinese rationalism, were really able to synthesize the social teachings of Christianity with their daily political catechism. Perhaps it was simply that the elemental and apostolic equalitarianism of life in this region gave them the illusion of doing so. Perhaps it was that kind of practical brotherhood of the place which attracted the late Father Vincent Lebbe, an elderly Belgian priest who took his Christian medical units to join the Eighth Route Army, and startled Catholic China when he said he felt no conflict between his principles and those practiced by General Chu Teh.

I found Mao still living in a cave; but a modern and improved version, a three-roomed place with a study, a bedroom and a guest room. The walls were of white plaster, the floor was lined with bricks and there were some touches of feminine decoration, added by Mrs. Mao. But here signs of affluence ended. I discovered that

Mao still owned only a couple of uniforms and a single padded coat. He had no personal wealth at all.

I cannot add much, after my second visit with Mao, to impressions I have recorded previously. The years of war had changed him little. No longer on a starvation diet, he had put on some weight; his hair was clipped short; he was dressed as always in the uniform of an ordinary soldier. He was still the plain man of the people, the queer mixture of peasant and intellectual, the unusual combination of great political shrewdness and earthy common sense. His revolutionary optimism remained unshaken; he was just as confident as ever that his Communist Party would eventually triumph in China, and he still worked all night toward that end. He was still the student of world events and the political analyst; before he settled down to the night's tasks he read through a huge pile of the day's dispatches which were picked up by the near-by army wireless station—from the battle front in Shansi, from all over China, and from countries abroad.

Mao's political intelligence explains his command of the Communist Party, but not the real affection in which he is held by the men of the army and the country people. In speaking, he has a way of presenting a most complicated subject so that even the uneducated man can seem to understand it. He is full of homely idioms and instances; he never talks above the heads of his audience but he never talks down to them either. There is a real flow of intimacy between him and the people; he always seems to be in contact.

A revolutionary movement demands of a leader the ability to know a little ahead of anyone else what is going to happen; and in this respect Mao has been so successful that his followers have come to repose immense confidence in his judgment. At the time Mao made some important political predictions to me, in 1936, they seemed to many people preposterous. Few men then believed the Communist Party could survive; fewer still foresaw a united front between the Kuomintang and Kungch'antang in resistance to Japan. Only a handful of foreign experts doubted that Japan could compel China to submit within a few months. Among the Chinese, a few optimists believed that Japan would suffer an economic break-up shortly after the war began; pessimists considered it certain China would collapse once Japan had blockaded the coast and seized the main cities.

However they may feel about the Communists and what they represent, most Chinese now admit—and in the admission one often detects a secret pride—that Mao Tse-tung accurately analyzed the internal and international factors involved, and correctly depicted the general shape of events to come. Civil war did end and the Communist Party and the Red Army not only survived but were strengthened in the national united front. His suggestion that at a certain stage in the war part of the Kuomintang would betray China and turn puppet for the Japanese was long resented; but after the defection of Wang Ching-wei, deputy leader of the party, it could not be denied that he had correctly understood the forces inside the Government. Mao's prediction that the war would be long and difficult, if certain conditions were not realized, must be one of the few instances in history in which an advocate of armed struggle has not promised his followers a quick and easy triumph. But this candor disarmed in advance the kind of defeatism that preys upon shattered illusions. On the other hand Mao helped to build up a more durable self-confidence in the nation by correctly estimating the immense staying power guaranteed by China's own resources, human and material, when mobilized in a revolutionary way.

"Many people," he said in July, 1936, "think it would be impossible for China to continue to fight against Japan, once the latter had seized certain strategic points on the coast and enforced a blockade. This is nonsense . . . China is a very big nation and it cannot be said to be conquered until every inch of it is under the sword of the invader. If Japan should succeed in occupying even a large section of China, getting possession of an area with as many as one hundred or even two hundred million people, we would still be far from defeated. We would still have left a great force to fight against Japan's warlords, who would also have to fight a heavy and constant rear-guard action throughout the entire war."

Again, Mao indicated the kind of strategy necessary to win—and the one eventually adopted:

"The strategy should be that of a war of maneuver, over an extended, shifting, and indefinite front: a strategy depending for success on a high degree of mobility in difficult terrain, and featured by swift attack and withdrawal, swift concentration and dispersal. It will be a large-scale war of maneuver rather than the simple positional war of extensive trench-work, deep-massed lines

and heavy fortifications. . . . Fortified warfare must be utilized, but it will be of auxiliary and secondary importance. . . . Japan's economy will crack under the strain of a long expensive occupation of China and the morale of her forces will break under a trial of innumerable but indecisive battles."

But the prophet is not yet fully vindicated; for Mao predicted an ultimate Chinese victory, based on complete internal mobilization—not yet achieved—and "important foreign help." If by "important" Mao meant *major*, that condition is also still to be realized.

Some of Mao's comments[1] during my return visit seemed about as dubious as had his earlier speculations; yet a number of them have already been upheld by history. It was mid-September of 1939 when I reached Yenan; and there was but scant news of the diplomatic and political upheaval of Europe. Many observers then believed that Russia had, by signing the non-aggression pact with Germany, become Hitler's war ally. Mao ridiculed the notion, and explained that the Soviet Union's antagonism with German imperialism remained as acute as with Anglo-French imperialism. He said Russia would drop her policy of neutrality only if directly attacked, or if revolutionary movements arose in Europe. He regarded the Soviet-German non-aggression pact primarily as a "strategic military necessity," claiming that it had no political implications, but merely safeguarded the Soviet Union against attempts by Chamberlain to make an anti-Soviet alliance with Hitler.

The latter contention then seemed unsupported by fact. The world had been led to believe that the Anglo-Russian "conversations" at Moscow had been making progress. Only a few weeks earlier British, Soviet Russian and Chinese diplomats had all assured me, quite sincerely, I believe, that the Anglo-Russian pact would definitely be signed. It did not seem possible that in such a critical moment Chamberlain had still been offering more appeasement and even an alliance to Berlin. I asked Mao for proof and he admitted he had none; it was merely his analysis of the objective situation. Some months later I read the British Blue Book, and Sir Nevile Henderson's own memoirs, *Failure of a Mission*, which revealed the persistence of the Chamberlain dream, up to the last five minutes.

At that time Mao also predicted that the Japanese would not enter the European war, but would attempt to compel the Western

[1] Interviews covering some of these questions were published in the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai, Jan. 13, 20, 1940.

Powers to help force a decision on China. Only after Japan had wrung sufficient appeasement from Britain and America to weaken their own political and military position in the Far East, he believed, would she proceed to move on Indo-China, the Dutch Indies, and finally the Philippines. Mao said that the British would seek to "stop the war in China," and once he said that Chamberlain considered it necessary "to sacrifice China in order to make an ally of Japan." He also anticipated that, in the event of a British or American attempt at a Far Eastern Munich, a Russo-Japanese non-aggression pact might follow—"on condition that it would not interfere with Soviet support for China."

Mao's views created a sensation in Chungking. They were in direct contradiction to the opinion of the Generalissimo, who had already made a speech declaring that the European war would not affect British policy in China, which would continue to uphold the Nine Power Treaty and the Open Door pledges. Even some of the Communists believed Mao had gone too far; they expected Chamberlain to give concrete help to China, as a bastion of Britain's own security in the Far East. I must confess that Mao's expectations also appeared improbable to me, they seemed so obviously against British interests; and when in succeeding months Britain did little to hinder Chinese resistance, I concluded that he had miscalculated. July, 1940, however, found the British Tories making their last appeasement play to Japan by blockading China's remaining trade outlet through Burma, in violation of the Nine Power Treaty and Britain's solemn pledge at Geneva to "refrain from taking action which might have the effect of weakening China's power of resistance."

During the war, all Communist troops, like Kuomintang soldiers, acknowledge Chiang Kai-shek as the supreme military leader. But they make no fetish of this obedience; they do not, for example, rise and come to attention every time Chiang's name is mentioned, as other troops are taught to do. "Lao Chiang" is respected as the Generalissimo in the anti-Japanese struggle and the leader of the Kuomintang.

There are striking similarities and dissimilarities between Chiang and Mao. Both are men of strong will power. Mao is probably capable of as much ruthlessness as Chiang, in his own cause; he is also a man of energy, initiative and decision, and he is an able political and military strategist. But whereas ethics and morality,

based on traditional concepts of filial piety, are for Chiang the core of his philosophy, the words are to Mao probably no more than a cross-reference in the propaganda index of two sides of a social struggle. Mao is essentially a social revolutionary; Chiang is essentially a social conservative. Chiang is something of an introvert and his qualities of aloofness from the mob often seem consciously emphasized to preserve the old Chinese tradition of a power personality. There is little mystery about Mao. He does not claim infallibility. I have heard him admit mistakes, and he is not ashamed to change his mind.

Mao can rarely speak long without making a homely wisecrack or an epigram and he seems to maintain his leadership by winning all the arguments. He is very well read and an accomplished dialectician in debate. He has an interesting technique. He seldom makes a frontal attack against opposition. He delivers a blow here, another there, he outflanks his opponents' case, he breaks down its defenses one by one, until gradually he has it completely encompassed and it falls apart before a last witticism, or a telling stroke of logic. He likes people and their laughter and is at home in any group. He has a lively imagination. I remember once seeing him laugh till he wept when somebody described to him a comedy he had seen in Shanghai. It was an American movie—Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*.

Although Mao is unquestionably the outstanding personality of the Communists, he is in no sense a dictator. He is a leader only by common consent and all his decisions are the result of discussion and a collective judgment. There is no office in the Communist Party similar to the position of *Tsung-tsai* which Chiang Kai-shek holds in the Kuomintang. Mao's influence is exercised mainly through his position in the party Politburo and on the military committee. He holds no official posts in the Border Government. He is still known to everybody simply as the *Chu-Hsi*, or Chairman—a kind of honorary title which goes back to Kiangsi days, when he was elected head of the Soviet Government.

The solidarity of the Chinese Communist Party, and the comparative absence of cliques within it, is extraordinary in the history of political movements in China, and rather unlike the history of Communist parties in other countries of the world, not excepting Russia. Part of this may be due to the fact that for

the past decade the Chinese Reds have been too busy avoiding extermination by their enemies to work out on each other.

There is no doubt that a revolutionary party acquires in the process of armed struggle a depth of fellowship which no armchair theorists, who run no risk of life to advocate an opinion and a cause, can achieve. This is perhaps one reason why Communist parties in the democracies where they enjoyed legal rights and a certain amount of prestige among the intellectual elite, failed to develop the emotional basis of a great movement. I remember that Dick Watts told me of a conversation he had with Heywood Broun not long before he died. Broun had been reading about the Chinese Reds and said, "These people seem to have something I have never found among Left Wing groups in America: a sense of genuine brotherhood among people with common aims. Our Leftists are always waiting for you to express an opinion so that they can cry 'Out, traitor!', though you may be with them on nine things out of ten." Suffering endured in common, or the shared feeling of an early doom, bring men together in a way that reduces minor conflicts of personality and ideology to insignificance and this experience is probably the deepest fellowship men ever know. For the Chinese Communists it has no doubt been a cement which concealed inner fissures from the outer world.

Nationalist sentiment seems more pronounced in Mao Tse-tung and his followers than among Communists in advanced capitalist countries. It must be repeated that in Communist theory China is a semi-colonial and semi-feudal country struggling *not* for immediate socialism but to achieve national emancipation on the one hand, and to liquidate "remnants of feudalism"—to achieve social democracy—on the other. Adhering to this doctrine for over a decade, and building up an army on the basis of it, have naturally developed quite a degree of self-reliance, self-confidence, and independence of judgment. Often, during its years of struggle, the Chinese Communist Party was entirely cut off from the Comintern and the advice of the super-minds there. Chinese Red leaders had to solve their theoretical problems on the battlefield where a decision was always promptly translatable into terms of comrades' lives.

Due to its long history of armed struggle, the development of its own army with no physical help from Russia, the conquest of its own territory, and its immense practical political experience in the use of insurgent power, the Chinese Communist Party stands quite apart from all other offspring of the Comintern. To other Communists the proletariat may have no fatherland except the Soviet Union; but the Chinese have a fatherland in their own revolutionary victories.

Disgruntled liberals, radicals and armchair revolutionaries and reformers all over the world may find an escape mechanism in blaming Stalin for their own failures and incompetence; as a rule the Chinese blame their defeats on nobody but themselves and objective circumstances. In other countries the pros and cons of the Moscow trials and the purges obscured much more urgent issues in the internal politics of every Communist party. It seemed to me the Chinese took the claims and counter-claims with a grain of salt. Anyway they were too occupied with their own problems of survival to worry too much about events in Moscow beyond their knowledge or control.

I remember being impressed with this especially when Miss Freda Utley, the English journalist who wrote that very interesting volume, *Japan's Feet of Clay,* came to Hankow in 1938. Miss Utley was a sheep strayed from the Comintern fold, of which she had been a follower for some years before the intervention of a personal catastrophe destroyed her enthusiasm. She had a keen political mind and her recent release from her obligations to Moscow had left her in a back-swing of cynicism which gave to her remarks and judgment a highly pungent quality.

Miss Utley had joined the difference-between-Nazi-Germany-and-Soviet-Russia-is-that-it's-colder-in-Russia school of thought. "There is no fundamental difference between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany," she told me, "except that the Nazis are more efficient. Of the two I prefer Nazism." In her search for a faith she had fallen back upon resurging dreams of a new liberating force in Western capitalism. One could not but be moved by the authenticity of her experience. At the same time it seemed to me not much more surprising than it was tragic that the bolsheviks had found in Miss Utley's Russian husband, if his views at all approximated hers, a "dangerous influence" and had—as she said she suspected—removed him somewhere in Mongolia.

I had considerable respect for Miss Utley's talent as a journalist. She badly wished to interview some of the Chinese Communist leaders, but she told me she knew they would have nothing to do

with her. I made a bet that they would, and not long afterward found myself in the odd position, as one of those despised petty-bourgeois journalists, of suggesting to Po Ku and Chou En-lai that they see their exiled comrade and tell her whatever she wanted to know. A little even to my astonishment they took an entirely objective view of Miss Utley, remarking that they were immediately engaged in fighting the Japanese, not the battles of the Comintern, and had no objection to telling Miss Utley their own case. Not long afterward they arranged a tea party in her honor.

It is doubtful whether Mao Tse-tung, who was not put in his post by Moscow, could now be retired by anybody but his Chinese comrades and the army. As a matter of fact Mao was twice expelled from the party, for alleged violations of the Comintern line; but the order was never carried out. He is, incidentally, the only important Communist party leader who has never made a pilgrimage to Moscow. He has never met Stalin. He has not been outside China.

Chinese publicists, missionaries and other pro-China people did their best to convince the world that the Chinese Communists were "not real Communists" and Chiang Kai-shek himself recently told a German correspondent that there were "no Communists in China." The British Ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, once said to me that the Chinese Communists were really Keir Hardeians—nineteenth-century agrarian democrats—and that it was regrettable their name unnecessarily frightened conservatives. Some think that because the Chinese Reds are now fighting for democracy and national independence they cannot be bolsheviks but are "only a peasant reform party." How all these people reconcile such interpretations with the Chinese C.P.'s loyal adherence to the Comintern I do not know.

But if I understand Mao Tse-tung correctly he would not be bothered about these aspersions cast upon his Marxism. He would chuckle and say that if it would solve the contradiction in the sentiments of liberals who want to be known as pro-China but anti-Stalin they might call him anything they liked—as long as they did something to stop America from arming Japan and helped China and the Eighth Route Army to win victories.

My personal feeling in the matter is that liberals who build up hopes that the Communists of China are "different" and "only reformers" and have abandoned revolutionary methods to achieve

their program, are doomed to ultimate disillusionment. These men are nationalists because they are in a nationalist united-front phase of revolution, and they are perhaps strong enough in their own right not to fear becoming submerged as puppets of anybody. But their religion remains international socialism and if conditions change they may adopt whatever methods they believe necessary in order "to stay on the locomotive of history."

2

Chinese Reds and Soviet Strategy

There is not, at the present time, any other means of bringing socialism nearer than by complete political liberty, a democratic republic . . .

Lenin

I SUPPOSE it is about as logical for the Chinese followers of Marx to call themselves Communists as it is for followers of Christ to call themselves Christians. The devout Christian will usually admit that the Kingdom of God has never yet, after 1,900 years, been realized by any nation, least of all in any contemporary society; yet he does not think it odd that he go on describing himself as a Christian. The Yenanites just as readily admit that they have never practiced Communism, which has in fact nowhere been realized, but they are convinced that all society is now entering a social revolution which will end in Communism. The fact that they are not living in a Communist society, nor even advocating immediate Communism in China, does not in the least diminish their conviction that they are fighting in the vanguard of a world revolution.

"Many people," I said to Mao Tse-tung in a written question, "now assert that the Chinese Communists are in fact no longer social revolutionaries but mere reformists. How do you answer them? Do you still maintain that the Chinese revolution is [I quoted] 'anti-imperialist and anti-feudal, with the possibility of transformation, at a certain stage, into socialist revolution,' and that the responsibility of the Communist Party is to lead the nation toward that revolution?"

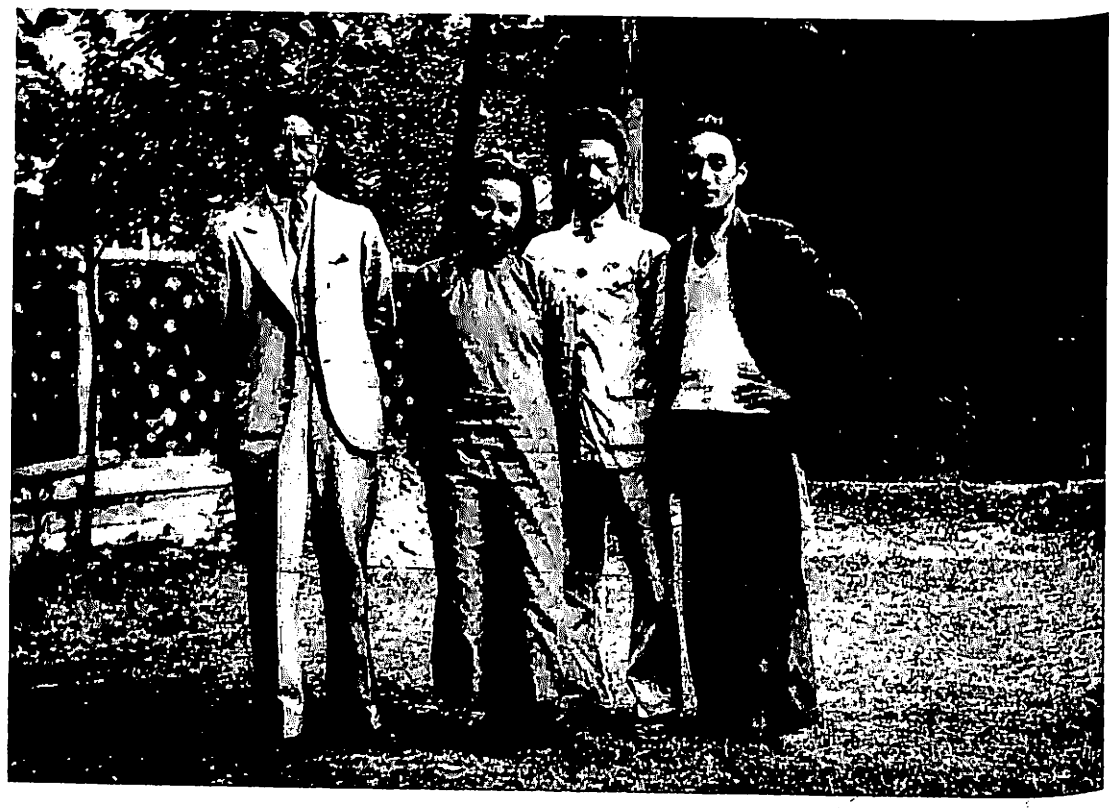
"We are always social revolutionaries," Mao replied, "and we are never reformists. There are two main objectives in the thesis of the Chinese revolution. The first consists of the realization of the tasks of a national democratic revolution. The other is social revo-

HAN YING, FIELD COMMANDER OF THE NEW FOURTH ARMY

GENERAL CHEN CHENG, DIRECTOR OF THE POLITICAL DEPT. OF THE CENTRAL ARMY

MAO TSE-TUNG

PROFESSORS AT YENAN WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY



KOREAN REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS

lution. The latter must be achieved, and completely achieved. For the present the revolution is national and democratic in character, but after a certain stage it will be transformed into social revolution. The present 'becoming' of the social revolutionary part of the thesis of the Chinese revolution will turn into its 'being'—unless our work in the present phase is a failure, in which case there is no early possibility of social revolution."

Mao denied the danger of China turning toward fascism, since all reactionary elements could in present conditions only be traitorous and pro-Japanese in character. Any group which opposed democracy must necessarily oppose the national interest; any group which advocated "attacking the Communists," or suppressing any other anti-Japanese movement, must objectively weaken the united strength of resistance and hence advocate surrender. "Half of the country is already colonized," Mao said, "and the other half is menaced with the same fate. Chinese economy is still semi-feudal in character. China is fundamentally too weak (economically) to support a fascist movement. Those who imagine otherwise, and try to 'create fascism' in China, are destined to break their necks."

Mao was very positive about the need for genuine democracy in China. "In the present stage of the revolution," he said, "the problem of primary importance is resistance to Japanese imperialism. Anti-feudal tasks may for a while be subordinated to the major anti-Japanese issue. Our anti-feudal program in this period consists of demands of nation-wide democracy, and the improvement of the people's livelihood."

While admitting that political progress made since the war began was quite slow, Mao believed that there was "a democratic movement growingly widespread among not only workers and peasants but also among students and youth, intellectuals, scientists, statesmen, military men, writers, teachers, and so on. The obstacle that confronts this movement is an archaic political system. The problem is how to change that political system (without endangering resistance), for *unless it is changed, and unless democracy is realized, there can be no victory*. Resistance and democracy are the two edges of a single sword. Some people pretend to support resistance but to reject the principle of democracy. In reality they do not want to use either edge of the sword."

How sincere are the demands of the Communists for a democratic republic? The Reds say, in answer, that they fought ten

years of civil war to establish that sincerity; that theirs was a struggle against a "counter-revolutionary" Kuomintang which had rejected democracy for dictatorship. In any case, just as their demand for a "united front" was honest simply because it coincided with all the dynamic needs of the Communist position—and hence has been loyally upheld by them—so the agitation for democracy may be taken as sincere just because it also corresponds with the objective realities of the living situation.

The Communists have always maintained that only a democratic republic can accomplish the "bourgeois-democratic" tasks of the revolution—attainment of national independence and the liquidation of remnant feudalism. Only a democratic republic could guarantee to the peasantry and the working class the right to organize and win their internal demands. And only a democratic republic, they believe, can enable the workers and peasants to take the leadership of the government in a *peaceful* transition—the Chinese Communists believe in this "possibility"—toward socialism.

While admitting the fact that the Kuomintang, which they call the "party of the landlords, capitalists and compradores," now holds the national power, the Communists do not recognize its leadership of the main stream of the Chinese revolution. This, they believe, belongs to the peasants and workers—over whom they themselves claim "hegemony." When the leadership of the national power in the Government coincides with the leadership of the working class then the tasks of the national democratic revolution will be quickly accomplished, they believe. The struggle for leadership thus continues now during the united front as in the past during civil war, and as it shall in the democratic republic, if realized. "We must struggle for leadership everywhere and at all times," Po Ku, one of the leading members of the Communist Politburo, told me at Hankow. "We do not deny that. A political party that does not lead has no reason for existence."

"From beginning to end the Chinese Communists are believers in Socialism," wrote Wang Chia-hsiang, Politburo member and vice-chairman of the former Soviet Government, in a recent official publication of his party.[1] "They will never abandon their ideals and the theories of Marxism and Leninism. . . . The whole program of the Chinese Communist Party consists of two parts: (1) the maximum program, for the overthrow of capitalism and

[1] *"San Min Chu I* Versus Communism," *Chieh Fang,* Yenan, Oct. 10, 1939.

the establishment of socialism, and for radical emancipation through the elimination of classes; (2) the minimum immediate program of the national democratic revolution. . . . In order to realize socialism, the Chinese proletariat *must first of all secure the emancipation of the Chinese nation.* . . . The Three Peoples' Principles are the program for this period of national emancipation and democracy."

The theoretical basis of these conceptions is extremely complicated. Each of the contentions has a history of years of polemics.[1] Meanwhile, there is little likelihood that the Communists will abandon their "whole program," though they may adopt widely different tactics and strategy. But my chief point here is that they do not believe, as do the Trotskyists, in the possibility of "skipping" the "immediate program," the democratic stage of the revolution, which they admit may last a long time. Actually, therefore, the Communists are today the last people to suggest that China is "going Communist" in the near future. There is only a "danger" that the country may "go democratic," they say.

How much can we read, through Chinese Communist theory and policy, about Soviet Russian political strategy in the Far East? Here a brief comment on the subject seems relevant. First let us condense, in a few paragraphs, the history of recent Soviet-Chinese relations. It divides conveniently into three periods.

After the end of the Russian civil war and the expulsion of the anti-Red forces of the Allied Intervention (chiefly Britain, France, Japan and the United States), the Soviet Government annulled all its unequal treaties with China, and published and denounced all secret agreements with Japan and Great Britain concerning "spheres of influence" relating to China and Mongolia. Soviet Russia "renounced all special rights, privileges and concessions, except her part in the Chinese Eastern Railway which, on the advice of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, remained under the joint management of Russia and China."[2] The new Soviet-Chinese treaty was the most generous ever made with modern China by a foreign power and laid the foundation for close Sino-Russian relations.

Not long afterward the Nationalist Revolution, led jointly by the Kuomintang and the Communists, was armed, financed, and

[1] Cf. Nym Wales' *Inside Red China,* N. Y., 1939, for lucid explanations of the different stages of the revolution by Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, Lo Fu and others.

[2] *Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East,* by Victor A. Yakhontoff, N. Y., 1931, p. 137.

instructed by Soviet Russia, at the invitation of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The period of co-operation continued until 1927, when the Kuomintang Rightists expelled the Communists, killed many Russian consular officials, and severed relations with Moscow. From 1927 to 1933—while civil war raged internally—China remained isolated from Russia, the Chinese Red districts being cut off even more completely than the Kuomintang areas. This era may be said to have closed when, following the Japanese conquest of Manchuria, Nanking resumed diplomatic relations with Moscow late in 1933.

About this time Moscow offered to China a non-aggression pact, and even hinted broadly at a mutual defense pact—such as the Soviets actually concluded with Outer Mongolia. The offer was rejected by Chiang Kai-shek through Wang Ching-wei, who was then responsible for foreign affairs, and who instead authorized the conclusion of the Ho-Umetzu agreement, seeking to carry out a policy of appeasement toward Japan. Heavy civil war continued between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists, and the Nanking-Moscow rapprochement remained lukewarm.

It became clear, however, that Moscow would welcome an end to the civil war in China, and a restoration of co-operation between the two parties, so that China might be strengthened in its friendship with Russia and as a strategic bulwark against Japan. Moscow backed up the Communists' united front agitation—through the Comintern—and began to speak of Chiang Kai-shek as the "national leader." It is improbable that the Generalissimo would ever have ceased his efforts to exterminate the Communists, however, had it not been for Chang Hsueh-liang and the Sian Incident. At that time Moscow revealed very clearly the great hopes it had placed on Chiang as the one man capable of leading a regenerate and united China against Japan.

It is well known that the chief reason why Chang Hsueh-liang so quickly released Chiang Kai-shek, without having obtained Chiang's acceptance of his demands, was because of the unexpected attitude adopted by the Chinese Reds at Sian. The latter, who had earlier supported a long detention, and even a "public trial" for Chiang, pending the complete reorganization of the Nanking Government, abruptly urged his release after he had verbally agreed to only one of the rebels' eight demands—to end the civil war. There is no doubt that the attitude of Soviet Russia influenced this

quick disposition of the Sian Affair, and that Moscow was quite pleased with the peaceful settlement that restored Chiang to power.

Soviet foreign policy in this case, as in others, was apparently determined by what, ever since the adoption of the "build-socialism-in-one-country" idea, had been its main, if not its sole, objective: *the strengthening of the strategic security of the U.S.S.R.* Moscow considered the Sian Incident a putsch or adventure and did not believe that it represented a legitimate mass movement through which a revolutionary party could seize power. The Russian Communists feared that the elimination of Chiang Kai-shek would result in a protracted civil war complication on the Spanish scale, in which the Japanese (with German-Italian aid) might succeed in turning the Nanking Government into a real Franco regime of the East. China would thereby not only be rendered strategically valueless to, but a potential belligerent against, the Soviet Union.

Now, the main objective of Comintern strategy is, in final analysis, identical with that of Soviet strategy, and this explains much about what appear to some people to be capricious changes in the "line" of Communist parties elsewhere in the world. Certain key ideas have long dominated the strategic thinking of both Soviet and Comintern people everywhere. These may be summarized in Communist idiom about as follows:

First, a second imperialist war against the U.S.S.R. is almost inevitable. Lenin said, "All the events of world politics are inevitably concentrating around one central point, namely the struggle of the world bourgeoisie against the Soviet Russian Republic," and this remained the belief of every bolshevik at all times and places. Second, the U.S.S.R. is the "threatened base of the world revolution" and the central task of all the Comintern parties is to defend it by every maneuver of "practical politics." Third, the central necessities of the political strategy of the U.S.S.R. take precedence over all "partial" or "mere local needs" of other Communists. Fourth, the preservation of international peace was the best guarantee of the security of the U.S.S.R. and the easiest way to bring about socialism. As long as the capitalist class could be prevented from seeking to solve its contradictions through predatory war the internal problems of the States compelled them inexorably to move in the direction of Socialism. However, when imperialist war could no longer be avoided, it might be diverted in such a manner as to preserve Soviet security as long as possible. Fifth, and most impor-

tant, final bolshevik victory depends upon keeping war out of Russia until the Red Army is fully prepared to meet any combination of violence, and any tactic necessary for that purpose is justified.[1]

It is within that framework of logic that every maneuver of Soviet-Comintern policy must be understood. Thus the Soviet-German non-aggression pact was as logical a necessity in the general strategy, after war became inevitable following Chamberlain's isolation of Soviet Russia by the Munich Pact, and Anglo-French efforts to complete the isolation through an entente with Berlin, as the "democratic front against war and fascism" had been before it. So, likewise, did subsequent Soviet moves in the Baltic and the Balkans.

In this perspective, it was perhaps not the Reds, but the muddle-class intellectuals who were inconsistent. Personally, I have never been in the U.S.S.R., having been refused entry to that country on the one occasion when I applied for a visa. But it seems to require no eyewitness to note a self-contradiction on the part of those many Left-Wing intellectuals who did claim first-hand knowledge of the Soviet Union, and poured out a spate of pro-Soviet books on the world, only suddenly to decide, after the diplomatic events of August 23, 1939, that they had been entirely misled, and begin to write of "Communazism" and cry for a crusade against all that they once apparently cherished. Plainly their position was illogical, unless a mere shift in the tactics of Soviet foreign policy—which continues to have the same strategic aim—can change the internal physical facts of the U.S.S.R. on which their former enthusiasm presumably was based.

We have all been writing many good things about China since the war began, for example. What if the Chinese were to make a peace—as Britain urged them to do in July—but a peace which enabled Japan to devote her full attention to attacking the Western Powers? It must be considered a possibility. Could anybody honestly say that it was China who "betrayed democracy"?

At the same time the position of the Communists in Britain and America is likely to give apoplexy to most patriots. Before the war began they called upon their followers to "crush fascism." After Russia had got her temporary security through the non-aggression pact with Germany, but the Anglo-French war against Hitler went ahead anyway, the Communists had to oppose it as imperialist. British Communist policy has now run the gauntlet from (1) supporting the war but opposing the Government, to (2) demanding an immediate end to the war as imperialist, to (3) warning against "counter-revolutionary efforts to stop the war"—the position reached at this writing. Each change may be a logical necessity in Soviet-Comintern strategy, but one does not envy the lad who has to make it comprehensible to somebody who does not share his faith in the key credos behind it.

[1] See "The Program of the Communist International," from which most of these implications of Soviet-Comintern strategy are clearly to be drawn.

As for American Communists, their ability to put themselves out on limbs to be sawed off by Soviet foreign policy seems to be inexhaustible. It is hard to see how this party is to become a serious contender for political leadership in the near future unless it shakes off its preoccupation with Moscow, or unless the most ruthless oppression from backward elements in American political life compels it to seek shelter in the immediate needs of the American people. As long as it continues to symbolize so successfully the opposite of what the majority of Americans consciously desire, it would seem to be in no danger of that.

What else can one say of a party which persists for many years, for example, in nominating a Negro for the vice-presidency, after it has been overwhelmingly proved that neither the Negroes nor the working class are yet prepared for such an advanced (and ultimately necessary) aspiration, any more than the Russians are yet prepared to impose one of their Eskimos as head of the Supreme Soviet? (This does not mean that I might not personally prefer Mr. Ford to Mr. Garner, of course.) Or which persists in advocating an autonomous Negro state when it is abundantly clear that the deepest demand of the Negroes is for political equality as Americans? Or which now reserves Gropper's splendid talent, for example, for attacks mainly on Roosevelt and rearmament, when the evidence shows that the vast majority of the American people want rearmament because they identify it with security, and that Left leadership should go far enough with that opinion to mobilize it against the capitalist misuse of armament in organizing fascism at home for imperialist war abroad?

It must be admitted that the Chinese Communists occupied a far more favorable situation in relation to Soviet strategy. For, as a semi-colonial country bordering the U.S.S.R., China's resistance is neces-

sarily in the interest of Soviet strategic security, regardless of the changing political climate of Europe. As long as China is under attack, Soviet Russia must continue to support her resistance because whatever Power threatens Chinese independence also menaces Russia.

Russia would cease to support the Chungking Government in the world cataclysm now upon us only if the latter gave up the struggle against imperialism, or only if the aggressors, or one of the colonial Powers, succeeded by unusual concessions in inducing the Chinese Government to form part of an international encirclement against the Soviet Union. Similarly, Russia could really co-operate with Japan only if the latter canceled its assault on China's integrity, as an earnest of its abandonment of anti-Soviet intentions.

Soviet Russia, with an area nearly three times the size of the United States, and with an economy based on the development of the domestic market, rather than exploitation of foreign markets, would seem to have little reason to acquire territory simply for the sake of expansion. Russia has no monopoly capital groups demanding new markets to exploit because she has no class which has accumulated more capital than it can profitably invest at home. Her economy being socialist, and industrialization being far from complete, internal buying power is still far greater than production and could be expanded indefinitely under State-co-ordinated planning.

Russia appears to have resorted to rearmament not as an economic necessity, and means of conquering new markets, as in the case of the fascist Powers, but to defend the markets of socialism. Whereas in the fascist countries the tremendous capital investment in armament eventually has to be expended in war in order to keep the economy functioning, or until enough capital has been destroyed to open new internal markets, or until new foreign markets are acquired to exploit, these laws would not seem to apply in the case of Soviet armament. The latter should be able, whenever world conditions permit it, to dismantle and waste its armament and convert its munitions industry to the production of useful goods for internal consumption, without economic dislocation.

Whether Soviet Russia will in the end do that nobody knows. Even though it is economically possible, her armament still represents "unconsumed production" and economics may here influence Russia's political policy in an unpredictable way. How far even a socialist society can economically militarize without becoming politically militaristic is yet to be discovered. Up to the present time, at any rate, such moves as Russia has made by the implementation of her armament appear to have been necessary to strengthen the security of her enormous frontiers, and to discourage invasion. As long as near-by countries are not actively hostile to the U.S.S.R. and do not provide a base for the "inevitable imperialist attack," the requirements of Soviet strategy seem satisfied. Hence Russia would support any Chinese Government which resisted conquest. Hence it would not take any aggressive step—or engage in any political adventure—which might weaken the unity upon which such resistance was based. Hence it would support Chiang Kai-shek as long as he continued to lead the national anti-imperialist war.

But what about Chinese Turkistan? Is not Russia preparing to annex this territory as a buffer state, such as was made of parts of Poland, Finland and Rumania which formerly belonged to the Empire? Since that enormous province is one key to present and future Soviet strategy in Asia, as well as Moscow's relationship with the Chinese Reds, it is worth the brief inquiry devoted to it in the following chapter.

3

Red Star Over Turkistan?

The Soviet Union . . . ardently respects the sovereignty of the whole of China, including Sinkiang.
Izvestia

AFTER the Nazi invasion of Poland, and its division between Germany and Russia, many Chinese cast apprehensive eyes toward Sinkiang, seeing an analogy between that province and Poland. Some feared the Red Army might march in to "liberate the oppressed masses" in Sinkiang, as in the case of those east of Warsaw. The Japanese lost no time in broadcasting categorical reports of a Russian invasion, which were widely believed.

A long ear of China reaching into Central Asia, bordered on the east and north by Mongolia, on the west by Russian Turkistan and Afghanistan, and on the south by India and Tibet, strategic Sinkiang—the name means New Dominion—is China's largest province and would make two states the size of Texas, or four Californias. Chiefly desert, it is cut in half by the east-west Tien Shan or "Celestial Mountain" range, and by one of Asia's great rivers, the Tarim, which starts and ends wholly within the state. In the south the Kunlun Mountains raise a mighty barrier against India; in the North, the gold-bearing Altai range stands sentinel against Russia. Along these ranges are wooded hills and grazing lands and in the valleys of the Tarim and other rivers are fertile oases. Here the four million inhabitants, of 14 different races—predominantly Turkish and Chinese Moslems, but with big Mongol, Tartar, Kazak, and other tribal minorities—live by herding, breeding camels and fine horses, farming, trading, and digging gold and jade from the ancient mines.

The oldest part of China, Sinkiang has long been to foreigners the least known, and remains today the most difficult of all to penetrate. Always a land of mystery and romance to the outer

world, a few Western explorers such as Obruchev, von Lecoq, Aurel Stein and Richthofen first revealed some of its archaeological treasures, to be followed by occasional hardy scientists and travelers, men like Sven Hedin and Owen Lattimore, in our time. For centuries under Chinese suzerainty, Sinkiang revolted often; in 1864 it became independent. But a famous Chinese soldier, Tso Tsung-tang, reconquered it in 1878. Sinkiang then became a Chinese province, but was actually ruled more like a colony until 1931, when rebellion once more broke out on a wide scale, and was suppressed by a new regime set up with the help of Soviet Russia.

As a strategic buffer state separating India from Russia, Sinkiang for many years was the scene of intrigues and counter-intrigues between Czarist Moscow and Delhi. Soviet Russia followed a non-interventionist policy until 1932, when it could not ignore the political menace of the Mohammedan uprising led by Ma Chung-ying.[1] The Nanking Government had no diplomatic relations with Russia and was anyway powerless to suppress General Ma's revolt. Japan had invaded Manchuria. When some Manchurian troops were driven into Soviet territory the Soviets decided to permit them to retreat to Sinkiang and to reinforce the beleaguered Chinese garrisons there. Partly to counter Japanese intrigue—active in supporting the Moslem insurrection—the Soviets backed General Sheng Shih-tsai, who took command of the situation, and with the help of the Manchurian troops managed to re-establish Chinese power. Some 50,000 White Russians, who had fled to Sinkiang following the bolshevik revolution, were also involved in the civil war —another reason for Soviet concern. Having helped to stabilize the new regime under General Sheng, however, Moscow withdrew all Soviet troops from Sinkiang, and made no attempt to establish an autonomous regime there such as now exists in Outer Mongolia.

Here it may be recalled that the Mongolian People's Republic was set up after the Mongols, armed by the Russian Reds, rose against the terror of the "Mad Baron," Ungern Sternberg,[2] who used the country as a base of White-Russian Allied attack on the

[1] For an eyewitness account of the rebellion, see Sven Hedin's *Flight of the Big Horse*; for more recent developments, Owen Lattimore's *Inner Asian Frontiers of China*, N. Y., 1940.

[2] See *America's Siberian Adventure*, by Major-General William S. Graves, N. Y., 1932, for a description of the rule of this sadistic maniac.

bolsheviks. Sternberg was driven out and the Lama government was overthrown. The new regime in Outer Mongolia, though controlled by the Mongolian Communist Party, calls its revolutionary program "bourgeois democratic," not socialistic. It has a mutual defense pact with the U.S.S.R. but the latter still recognizes China's suzerainty over the country. In fact the Soviet-China treaty of 1924 provided for the eventual withdrawal of all Soviet troops from Outer Mongolia; but before negotiations were completed China broke off diplomatic relations with Moscow in 1927.

Later, when relations were resumed, Japan had already occupied Manchuria, and was threatening to invade Ulan Bator, the Mongol capital, which China was in no position to defend. Hence it was in China's strategic interest, as well as that of Russia—who was determined not to permit Japan to extend the ulcerous growth of Manchukuo far into her midriff in Central Asia—that the latter should assume responsibility for Mongolia's defense. After Soviet Russia had, in reply to a routine Chinese note concerning the meaning of the mutual defense pact, reiterated its recognition of China's suzerainty in Outer Mongolia, the matter was dropped by Nanking. China's claims in any case appear dubious, as they rest largely on the former allegiance of the now overthrown Mongol princes to the old Manchu Throne, the Chinese themselves never having effectively conquered the country.

Some observers have compared the Mongolian People's Republic with Manchukuo, but there is obviously a vast difference between the one, as an autonomous republican protectorate of the U.S.S.R., and the other, a Japanese colony masquerading as a puppet empire. The point is, as Owen Lattimore, an expert on this region, has explained somewhere, that the Mongolian regime, being in fact based on a genuine people's revolution, would stand even if every Soviet soldier were withdrawn tomorrow, whereas the fiction of Manchukuo would immediately collapse once the Nipponese took to their heels. Intelligent Chinese diplomats privately admit as much, and now hope only that some day Mongolia may join in a loose union with an independent China. Mao Tse-tung expressed this expectation to me in 1936, saying that "When the people's revolution has been victorious in China the Outer Mongolian republic will automatically become a part of the Chinese federation, at their own will."

It seems probable that Outer Mongolia might even today enjoy

a relationship with China and Russia comparable to that of Sinkiang, were it not occupying a position which, as part of the Soviet Far Eastern defense perimeter, clearly necessitates a strong Soviet garrison. For it must be admitted that if Russia were out simply to grab for the sake of grabbing she could have annexed Sinkiang with little difficulty. That she has refrained from doing so is another indication of the long-view considerations that determine Soviet political strategy in Asia.

This is particularly interesting, when one realizes that the economic life of Sinkiang is now much more closely related to Soviet Russia than to China. The province has a favorable commercial treaty with Russia, which loaned Sheng the money with which he set up the present regime. With the completion of the Trans-Turkistan railway to Alma Ata in 1930, skirting close to Sinkiang's Western border, the region was economically reoriented toward Russia. Some 1,600 miles of sand and mountains lie between Tihua, Sinkiang's capital, and the nearest Chinese railhead. Soviet trade organs opened offices in Sinkiang, Soviet machinery went in to exploit new mines, and Soviet tanks, airplanes and armored cars were imported, along with Soviet instructors—in exchange for Sinkiang's exports of gold, jade, horses and wool.

After the Chinese Government's retreat to the Western provinces, Sinkiang acquired a new significance in China's future. Its vital importance as a focal point for Russian supplies has already been stressed. If anything should now happen to close this frontier the blow might be altogether fatal for China. Thus far there has been remarkable progress in communications and co-operation. Following the Sian Incident, the conclusion of the non-aggression pact of 1937, and a new Sino-Soviet commercial treaty, Chiang Kai-shek improved relations with General Sheng, and negotiations conducted in Moscow by Sun Fo further strengthened China's position on its farthest frontier.

The new Sinkiang-Kansu highway, over 1,500 miles long, was speedily completed with Soviet engineering assistance and road-building equipment. In 1940 a Chungking-Tihua-Moscow air service was finally inaugurated. Nobody can go by air or highway without the approval of General Sheng—and possibly Sheng's advisers—but these restrictions have not prevented a number of young Chinese from migrating to Sinkiang to participate in the intensive efforts of the progressive new government there. Teachers,

editors, scientists and doctors are welcomed by Governor Sheng, and readily find a role in his own "three-year plan."

General Sheng Shih-tsai is an energetic and capable man of 50, a native of Manchuria, who was educated in Japan and Canton. He participated in the Nationalist Revolution till 1926, when he was sent—apparently with Kuomintang and Soviet Russian agreement—to Sinkiang. There he remained in a minor position until the former Governor was assassinated, when in the suppression of the ensuing revolt he emerged as local strong man. But his mission was not to restore the old, but to remove the causes of the insurrection itself. He became the leader of what Sinkiang now calls the April Revolution, and the official beginning of "New Sinkiang." An honest, plain-living, democratic man, Sheng has proved an able administrator devoted to the interests of the people. The program of the new Government stressed racial equality, religious freedom, road-building, industrialization, agricultural improvement, and the development of education and self-government. It adopted, in addition, two slogans: "anti-imperialism," and "friendship with the U.S.S.R."

Surprising everybody, Sheng's government adhered to the announced program so energetically that it is now not only the best administration old Turkistan ever had, but one of the most enlightened in China. Racial minorities for the first time receive equal treatment, freedom of worship is protected, and honesty in government has become proverbial after the summary execution of a number of offenders. Hundreds of miles of new roads have been built, Tihua and Hami are busy with new machine industries, and much has been done to improve agriculture, including the establishment of model state farms, experimental stations and agricultural colleges. There has as yet been no land revolution; but there have been reforms, including rent reductions, utilization of wasteland, and heavy taxation of the landlords.

An interesting form of local self-government has been developed, in which all classes, races and religions are represented. District councils elect minor officials and also send delegates to a state congress convened annually, to which the Government is accountable for its expenditures, planning and policies. In education the advances are especially marked. There are 20 times more schools now than there were in 1933. Literacy has vastly increased. The former imperialist policy of "Sinicizing" the minorities has

been abandoned and consequently there is a renaissance in tribal literature and culture. Mobile schools now even accompany the caravans, in the crusade for adult education, and teach the camel pullers to read and write their own language.

Here we are concerned more particularly with Sheng's two slogans, anti-imperialism and "friendly relations with the U.S.S.R." These are fundamentals of policy elsewhere in China only in the Border districts ruled by Communists, to whose present policies the Sinkiang regime bears other striking similarities which cannot be entirely accidental. Yet Sheng is no Communist and Sinkiang enthrones not Marx but Dr. Sun Yat-sen and the *San Min Chu I*. Sheng quite correctly points to the historical fact that every part of his program is consistent with Sunyatsenism. The two slogans were indeed first advanced by Sun Yat-sen himself. While in practice abandoned when Chiang Kai-shek broke with Moscow in 1927, they were never formally renounced by the Kuomintang.

It was clear that in Sinkiang's policy anti-imperialism was bilateral, being directed against British as well as Japanese influence. Sheng himself cited as "the most characteristic case of imperialist intrigue" a recent allegedly British-backed uprising in Southern Sinkiang. As for friendship with Russia, he explained, "Under such complex surroundings, the pro-Soviet policy did not come into being incidentally. Everyone understands that to be friendly with Soviet Russia does not mean Communism. The Soviet Union has demonstrated that it does not seek territory or special privileges, but on the contrary really helps our construction."[1]

Though there was no Communism in Sinkiang—the idea was ridiculous in a state almost devoid of industrial proletariat—and Marxism was not taught in the schools, there was no oppression of Communists. Contrary to practice under the Chiang Kai-shek Government, Communists were permitted to enter the army, and take part in mass organizations. Quite a few Moscow-trained Korean and Chinese Communists became instructors in Sinkiang's military training. More prominent in educational and administrative work, however, were adherents of the National Salvationists, a body of Left-Wing Chinese intellectuals who early advocated Kuomintang-Communist reconciliation, and of younger Manchurians of the radical *Tungpei P'ai*, which backed Marshal Chang

[1] In an interview with Chen Chi-ying, of the *Ta Kung Pao*.

Hsueh-liang's "military persuasion" against the Generalissimo at Sian.

Beyond these circumstances, however, Chinese Communists benefited very little from the pro-Soviet voice in Sinkiang. The airplanes and military supplies consigned to China through Sinkiang went exclusively to Chiang Kai-shek, not the Chinese Reds, contrary to the claims of the Japanese. The latter were laughable to anyone who knows anything at all about the geography and the disposition of military forces in this part of the world, though some gullible people were taken in. The truth was that over a thousand miles of desert separated Sinkiang from the nearest Communist troops, in North Shensi, and even camel trails were everywhere held by hostile forces.

North of the Great Wall were Chiang Kai-shek's anti-Red generals, Fu Tso-yi, Kao Kuei-tze and others. To the west, in Ninghsia, were the Moslem troops of the three Ma generals, who in 1937 inflicted against the Chinese Red Army perhaps the worst single defeat in its history. Reinforcing the Moslems in Kansu and Shensi, and elsewhere surrounding the Chinese Reds, were the best-equipped of all the Chinese forces, the First Group Army of General Hu Tsung-nan, already mentioned. The only motor highway system connecting the Northwest with Sinkiang was closely patrolled by Chungking's gendarmes, and the only roads leading into the Communist areas were likewise guarded continuously. If, in spite of these precautions, a caravan or two somehow found its way across Mongolian deserts into the Border Region it could carry munitions of but scant significance. The fact is that the Soviets were believed by all those competent to judge to have adhered faithfully to their agreement to deliver supplies to the Chungking Government alone.

Likewise disproved were Japanese canards of Russian military seizure of Sinkiang.[1] The friendly Sinkiang Government, plus control of Outer Mongolia, provided Stalin with adequate flank protection in Central Asia. Seizure of Sinkiang obviously might provide a basis of reconciliation between the Japanese and the anti-Communist, pro-peace element in Chungking, enabling Tokyo

[1] Sir Stafford Cripps, now British Ambassador to Moscow, was the first Englishman permitted to fly over the new Moscow-Chungking airline. He ridiculed the report in a statement made in April, 1940.

to create a Franco situation in all China. Moscow, as we have seen, definitely wished to avoid that.

Well, but what if Chungking were to make a compromise recognizing Japanese mastery of parts of China and Manchuria, or to join the Anti-Comintern Pact with Japan? Or if a general anti-Red offensive were renewed as part of Chungking's "unification and reconstruction" campaign? Or if Britain were suddenly to alter her policy and intervene on the side of Chungking in such a manner as to make the Kuomintang confident that it could fight both the Reds and Japanese, with the result of intensified repressive measures against the former? What then? If the situation became grave Russia might counter by making a mutual defense pact with Sinkiang, and put it under Soviet protection. Conceivably, the Chinese Communists might seek to consolidate power in a region covering the entire Northwest, and hold on there until a recovery could be staged throughout China as a whole.

In the event that part of Free China were turned into an anti-Soviet base, along lines suggested above, it might then at last become manifestly in the strategic interest of Soviet Russia to extend all aid to the Chinese Reds and their allies, including guns, planes, munitions, credits and the technical advice which have till now gone exclusively to Chiang Kai-shek as the head of the nationalist coalition. A new red-colored state might then emerge across the whole Northwest, with a profound significance for the colonial and semi-colonial countries. Some kind of consolidation would probably occur between the Northwestern provinces, Chinese Turkistan, Outer Mongolia, and Western Inner Mongolia. Such a federation of republics, vast in extent—some two-thirds the size of the United States—would probably not attempt to establish Socialism and might not enter the U.S.S.R. It would simply adhere to the "national democratic" program such as is already being enforced in Sinkiang, Outer Mongolia and the Border Regions.

There is no danger of that kind of development as long as the Chungking Government continues to fight Japan and its anti-Communist groups fail to persuade the Generalissimo to renew the large-scale anti-Red offensive. But, as Mao Tse-tung recently warned those groups now most active in promoting sporadic armed attacks on the Red troops, their actions are the surest method of achieving eventual self-annihilation. Mao humorously suggested that people so much keener to suppress the internal political oppo-

sition than to fight Japan, should adopt a formal resolution, one article of which should be worded as follows:

Resolved, that in view of the fact that there are too few Communist Party members, and it is necessary to develop their numbers to the maximum extent; that in view of the fact that there are too few rifles and arms in the hands of the Eighth Route Army, and it is necessary to increase their rifles and arms to the maximum extent; therefore, we, the reactionary elements, take upon ourselves the obligation of launching a punitive campaign against the Communists.[1]

In fact the same thing might apply to European Powers, so fearful that Asia may go Red. In paraphrase, one might say this: Resolved, that, in order to increase the Communist influence in China to the greatest effectiveness, and in order to compel Soviet Russia to intervene in a revolutionary way, we must deny aid to China's struggle for independence, assist Japan in completing the blockade (e.g., the closure of the Yunnan railway, the Burma Road, etc.), and continue to supply Japan with all the war materials she needs to destroy Western interests.

Well, we shall now see what there is about these Border Districts that makes Mao's "reactionary elements" hate them more than the Japanese. But first let us have a look, by way of contrast, at a typical county, run by the gentry under the Kuomintang's *pao chia* system, as seen through the eyes of the magistrate himself.

[1] From an address by Mao Tse-tung at Yenan, March 6, 1940.

4

Lessons from a Magistrate

The district magistrate represents 10,000 abilities, in the eyes of the government; 10,000 evils, in the eyes of the people; 10,000 difficulties, in the eyes of the district magistrate.

Chinese adage

DURING my recent travels in Western China I met many local officials, all running the country along the well-worn grooves, until I came upon a certain magistrate in whose *yamen* I spent some days as a guest. Frequently I dined with him and his gentle and courageous wife; and above the chaos which surrounded the *yamen* secretary who, sitting at the same table, demolished bowl after bowl of noodles with a din more terrible by far than anything I ever heard on a battlefield, I learned quite a lot about the anatomy of that *hsien*.

Now this magistrate had a reputation as the best district official in that part of Kuomintang China, perhaps because he had never been trained as a magistrate at all. It would be unforgivable if, out of mere interest in social science, I were to identify him in this interview so that perchance it became a boomerang and the certain *hsien* lost its model magistrate. I shall therefore simply call him "Mr. Chen," of the mythical district of "Ningfu."

Mr. Chen came from an Eastern province and he was a capable, well-educated man. The war found him in a responsible executive job, to which he clung until the Japanese took over his office. Then he went, like many in his profession, to offer his services to the Central Government. How he finally ended up as magistrate of Ningfu is his own story; suffice it to say that by a happy chain of circumstances he was put in his post without incurring the usual obligations.

Now for 95 percent of the people "the Government" still means the district magistrate, appointed by the Son of Heaven in the past and by the party bureaucracy today. He is all-powerful as far as the people are concerned but he is responsible to all the higher provincial officials and the central ones also. For the vast majority of the peasantry, however, the magistrate is the beginning and end of authority, a one-man government. Under him are districts of widely varying size, some less than 30 square miles in area, others as large as countries in Europe, the average roughly corresponding to an American county inside a provincial state. Obviously it is here in the fundamental governing unit that the people must win political power first, if ever the word "democracy" is to have meaning in their lives.

The *hsien* government organization is almost identical throughout the country and Ningfu, a county of some 300,000 souls, was no exception. As a rule the *hsien yamen* consists of six or seven sections, under the magistrate, such as civil affairs, public safety, finance, reconstruction, vital statistics, and, during the war, conscription. Above the section chiefs there is a district secretary who ranks as a kind of assistant magistrate and is often the boss of local politics. The *hsien* is subdivided into a number of *ch'ü*, something like boroughs, each headed by a *ch'ü-chang*. Under the *ch'ü* is a group of villages known as a *hsiang*. Since the restoration of the *pao-chia* system the villages are organized into groups of 100 families known as a *pao*—which is further subdivided into *chia*. Each *chia* consists (nominally) of the ten households and all the members are held mutually responsible for each other's conduct.

Much of the work of the magistrate is actually passed on to the various sub-district chiefs. Their duties consist in keeping the peace, suppressing non-Kuomintang political organizations, enforcing conscription, settling land disputes, arresting debtors and "rebels," collecting taxes, and recruiting and commanding the local militia. The sub-officials are appointed by the magistrate and sometimes receive no salaries; often the posts are considered hereditary or honorary. In practice they get their compensation by pocketing a share of the taxes they can collect, or in the form of gifts from the landlords, in whose interests they usually work. This is understood by the magistrate, just as the latter's squeeze is understood by provincial officials. It all works out very well except for the unfortunate lad on whom all the orders descend, for the whole system provides for

only one-way traffic, from the high bureaucracy down to the individual family. There has been no method by which the latter can turn the tables and remove any link in the long chain above him.

And now we go back to Magistrate Chen, and his "10,000 evils and 10,000 difficulties," to see how things worked inside one of the 1,905 cells that make up the huge political body of China.

"The first thing I have learned," said Magistrate Chen one day, "is that although China has had a revolution for 30 years it has not yet touched the *hsien* government. Economy has changed, society has changed, people have changed, but the *hsien* government remains the same.

"When I arrived," Magistrate Chen told me, "there were about 50 tax collectors in this *hsien*. None of them received salaries. They were all appointed by the gentry and in many cases their families had been tax-collectors for generations. These men had their own secret records of land ownership and collected according to reckonings made out by the gentry. They paid over to the magistrate only as much as he could beat out of them."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It was customary to bring these collectors to the *yamen* and beat them," Chen repeated, "because only when they were beaten would they begin to turn over the money due the *hsien*. Even so, they always managed to squeeze a big part of the taxes."

Magistrate Chen decided he did not like that system so he sacked all those tax collectors and began a new land survey. He sent officers to the villages to advise each owner and tenant about the change and to invite them to come to the *hsien yamen* personally and pay the correct amount of taxes. Many honest farmers discovered that they had been extorted for years and tenants discovered that they had been paying taxes which should have been paid by the landlords. The gentry themselves were outraged when they learned that the "great ones" were expected to abide by the law. The *hsien* revenues began to increase.

"There has been a big change. Most people like the new system much better," according to Chen. "They pay promptly and go away with an official receipt, well satisfied. But the gentry always try to avoid payment and I have to use my policemen to bring them into court."

The gentry also disliked Chen because he brought an end to the opium traffic, which had been largely in their hands. Opium was

considered better than money and landlords forced their tenants to grow it and then hoarded it and sold it at fat profits. The *hsien yamen* drew more than half its revenue for the province from the same source. But Chen enforced the opium prohibition law and suppressed the poppy and some of the "local rascals" had to go to work.

"After the tax collectors were abolished," Chen said, "those gentry who controlled them combined and made formal charges against me to the provincial Governor, accusing me of embezzlement. But I had installed a modern bookkeeping system and was able to refute all their charges. On the contrary I was able to show that many of these men had paid no taxes to the state for years."

He was very proud of his accounting system, which was balanced daily to record every cent received or spent by the *hsien*. One day he brought in a vast pile of accounts in which he soon had me buried to the ears. Out of it all I got the strong impression that it is next to impossible for a magistrate to be honest and balance his personal budget. Chen's salary, it appeared, was $140 a month, and that of the district secretary and the section chiefs only $56 each. While those were living wages in that region they were not adequate to maintain the standard of entertainment and "face" expected of *yamen* officials.

In plain fact, according to Mr. Chen, it was customary for the section chiefs to sign receipts for their salaries, which were actually kept by the magistrate. In exchange for this courtesy the magistrate let them squeeze what they could out of the people in the form of miscellaneous taxes.

To the horror of all concerned, Chen remedied the situation by inducing his provincial superiors to permit him to raise his subchiefs' wages to $70 each. Then he brought an end to petty embezzlement by making all accounts legally payable to the treasurer alone. Most of the old chiefs resigned in protest against this "rebellion." Considering it good riddance, Chen appointed some able young college graduates, whose "radical" ideas about honesty in government concurred with his own. It was only because of his personal relationships with the new assistants, and their patriotism, Chen explained, that they were willing to live on such salaries. Though he increased everybody else's salary, Chen did not improve his own, and though he gave up the practice of expensive banquets

and dropped some useless *yamen*-runners from his staff, he found himself owing the treasury $88 at the end of the first year.

"When the war is over I will leave and so will the honest men working with me. Our war service will be over. Things will then go on in the old way, as they were before we arrived."

"Then you think permanent reform is impossible?"

"This kind of reform at the top does not work. Now there are many honest officials, but what can they do against a system like this? The whole structure is wrong because political change can only come from above. Though I am a member of the Kuomintang, I say this, I don't think any dictatorship can save China. In my opinion only the whole people, working together as a democracy, from the village up, can bring about an improvement. The Kuomintang dictatorship is wrong at the top just as the *pao-chia* system is wrong at the bottom. To do away with the wrong methods at the top the *pao-chia* and *hsien yamen* must first be changed at the bottom.

"What is the *pao-chia* system? It is a very good method for the officials to keep the people under control, but what we need is a method for the people to control the officials. *Pao-chia* originated in the Ch'in Dynasty, when the empire was being subdued. By the time of the Sung and the T'ang Dynasties the people were satisfied under their Chinese rulers and *pao-chia* was unnecessary and was discontinued. Then the Mongols conquered China and they restored the *pao-chia* system to hold the people in subjection. Afterward the Chinese recovered, and overthrew the Mongols and the Ming Dynasty was founded; the *pao-chia* system was again abolished. Who restored it? Once more it was a foreign conqueror—the Manchus. We finally abolished it after the revolution in 1911, as it was considered unfit for a free people.

"Yet now it appears once more. First the Japanese brought it back again in Manchuria, to terrorize the people. Then even Nanking adopted it, when it was found useful in fighting the Communists.[1] Today we no longer have civil war, yet this system still applies. Is it right that our government should be unable to find any better method for winning public support than the same one the Japanese use in the occupied areas?

"Actually, *pao-chia* is against all humanity. How can nine families

[1] It was restored by the Generalissimo in 1933 on the advice of General Yang Yung-tai, then leader of the Political Science Group, as a means of destroying the Soviet system in Kiangsi.

be held responsible for a crime committed by a member of the tenth family? How can you punish me for something you know I did not do? The head of the *pao* is nearly always a fellow selected by the gentry. If the gentry want a family accused the *pao-chang* can write out an order against him. If they want a family excused from conscription, after the payment of a bribe, they can also get the head of the *pao-chia* to arrange it."

So much for *pao-chia*, and Ningfu and the observations of its model magistrate. Let us now examine one existing alternative to the system—the Border Districts formerly known as Soviet China.

5

Experiment in Democracy

The Chinese Communists will become the bedrock of Chinese democracy.

Lin Yutang

Semantics, as Stuart Chase has demonstrated, are one of the modern black arts, and the capacity of people to deceive themselves and each other with words is wonderful to behold. Why, for example, the decision of the Chinese Soviet Republic to exchange the imported word "Su-wei-ai," which in the original Russian "Soviet" simply means "council," in favor of the Chinese word "tsan-yi-hui," which *also* means "council," should have convinced many people that everything had completely changed, and that the Chinese had satisfactorily "betrayed Marxism," is not at once comprehensible.

Nevertheless, this renaming process had remarkable results. Even missionaries who formerly saw nothing but evil in the Reds now returned from brief visits to the ex-Soviets singing the praises of the "liberals" of Yenan, who had overnight "abandoned Communism in favor of democracy." The Communists had written and preached till they were black in the face to prove that the Chinese Soviet was *not* Communism, but a stage in the democratic revolution; as long as they clung to the word, however, few doubted that they were agents of the devil.

Life under the old Soviets in Northwest China seemed to me to differ mainly in nomenclature from life under the Border Region Government. All the social reforms remained. The mass organizations were there under new names; and a representative form of government, formerly called "su-wei-ai," and now called "tsan-yi-hui," was essentially the same. Opium had been thoroughly suppressed; there were no beggars, gangsters or prostitutes. The land reform had been upheld; farmers who had shared in the equalization of land were confirmed in their ownership. But additional land

redistribution was suspended, and in areas where landlords had not been fully expropriated they were allowed to retain possession, except in the case of absentees.

The decision to abolish the Soviets was made in the spring of 1937, after the cessation of civil war, by a congress of Soviet delegates before which the "needs of the united front" were debated. There followed a period of six months of intensive propaganda led by the Communist Party and the Red Army, in which members of all popular organizations, the Young Vanguards, the anti-Japanese societies, the co-operatives, school teachers, even the Children's Brigades, took part. Discussion and debate were held throughout the local Soviets before a common decision was secured and a nomenclature was adopted to conform to the terms of the Red Army's agreement with the Generalissimo.

The new election law was based on certain enactments which had been adopted by Nanking years before, but never enforced, and the dormant "Outline for Reconstruction" of the National Government. These provided for local self-government to be established if and when provincial officials discovered that the people of the borough had demonstrated the ability to govern themselves.[1] However, no such discoveries were made, since the provincial bureaucracy invariably proved unwilling to eliminate itself. The Soviet Government was thus the first to concede that its villages had demonstrated the required self-governing ability.

Suffrage rights were modified in several respects. The legal age was raised from 16 to 20 and suffrage was made universal and equal, in the new law, regardless of sex or class. Many landlords, who had fled during the civil war, now returned to their homes, where they received new land as tillers; and these men were accorded equal suffrage, including the right to hold office. Merchants and small capitalists were also permitted to take equal part in political life. In the Soviets the key to political initiative lay with the revolutionary committees in the village, borough and district. These were now superseded by election committees, which led the work of instruction and election preparation before the village met, *en masse* —the *pao-chia system* had of course been abolished—to elect delegates to the borough nominating congress.

[1] *Cf.* N. C. Shen, "The Local Government of China," in *The Chinese Social and Political Science Review,* Vol. XX, No. 2, for a discussion of the legal foundations for initiating self-government, prior to the Chungking period.

In the Soviets the poor peasants and workers had larger representation than others, but under the new law an equality of voting power was established and the elections became wholly direct and popular. As in the Soviets, all the armed forces, regular troops, militiamen and police formed part of the electorate, though they were naturally ineligible for public office while on active duty. It was provided that a group of villages known as the *ch'ü* (which I have unsatisfactorily translated as "borough") should be entitled to elect one delegate-representative for every 30 inhabitants. This borough council then elected the *hsien* or district council, which had the power to elect its own district executive council, headed by a popularly chosen magistrate. The *hsien* council consisted of one delegate for every 700 people. It had the right and obligation to elect delegate-representatives to the central or Border Region Council, one member for every 5,000 inhabitants. This Border Region Council elected the Border Region Executive Council, which itself formed the Border Region Government.

The law provided for semi-annual election of the borough councils and annual election of the *hsien* and Border Region councils. Elections for borough and *hsien* councils first took place in October and November, 1937, when the self-governing executive committees replaced the Soviets. It was claimed that 80 percent of the voting population went to the polls—a high percentage compared even with advanced democratic countries. Soon afterward delegates were elected to the Border Region Council, but because of delays in some *hsien* it was not possible to convene the Council for several months. Then it was discovered that half the elected representatives had already gone to the front! A second election was held and the vacant posts filled. Early in January, 1939, the Border Region Council met at Yenan and elected the First Executive Council, to which the former regime transferred the governing power.

From all I could gather during my trip, the elections were held without coercion, though they had of course been preceded by months of propaganda carried on by Communists or pro-Communist organizations. "Generally," says the official report of the First Executive Council,[1] "from 80 percent to 90 percent of the population participated in the election. Even small feet (women with bound feet) and old ladies felt that they must take part," and hobbled over long distances to cast their vote. The report indignantly

[1] "The First Executive Council," *Chieh Fang,* April 4, 1939, Yenan.

takes note of suspicion that the voting privilege would not really be extended to the "remnant landlords." "It was said that this law was only nominal and a deceptive mask, while the so-called democratic system was in reality a worker-peasant dictatorship." There follows a table of electoral statistics to show that the landlord-merchant vote amounted to six percent of the total poll, and thus about coincided with their actual numerical strength. Obviously it did them little good, however, for the same report states that 97 percent of the delegates elected to the self-governing councils were workers and peasants. About half of them were Communist Party members.

The Border Region Executive Council consisted of 13 members and had as its first chairman the veteran revolutionary, Lin Pai-chu, an old comrade of Sun Yat-sen, and one of the founders of the Kuomintang. In the latter Lin Pai-chu held a number of high posts, and after Dr. Sun's death he was one of half a dozen elders in the inner circle of the party, until 1927, when he denounced the Generalissimo, and was expelled. He then fled to Kiangsi where he joined the Red Army. When I first met him, in Shensi, in 1936, he had, at the age of 52, just completed the Long March. A handsome white-haired old gentleman, erect and spry, with a pair of twinkling black eyes, Lin looked more like a supreme court justice than a bolshevik, and was a walking encyclopedia of Chinese political history, and seemed more widely venerated in the Red Utopia than anybody but Chu Teh. Recently he was reinstated as a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, so that he is now a member of both the Communist and Kuomintang parties!

Forty-two miscellaneous taxes collected under former regimes had been abolished and the Border Government drew its main revenues from an export tax on salt and wool and hides, and from some state-owned industries. No land tax had been collected for three years. Instead, farmers were required to make a minimum contribution to what was called a National Salvation and Public Food Consumption assessment. From this all government officials and employees received an allowance of a pound and a half of cereals daily. The rate of contribution actually amounted to about one-third of the former land tax. The whole quota was voluntarily brought in by the farmers within one month after the appeal,

and in 1939 the contribution exceeded the minimum requested by over 50 percent.

Almost unbelievably small were the sums required to maintain an administrative system of this kind, geared to the low money income of the country people and their simple needs. Executive officers in the *hsien* governments were paid only five dollars a month, plus their allowance for cereals and four cents daily for vegetables. This was, of course, in most cases augmented by food grown communally and by income from crop sales. Expenses incurred in traveling and on other special duties were either met by funds raised by the local government or were paid by the Border Council, depending on their nature.

It was a truism throughout China that nowhere had mobilization of fighting power and labor power been so effective as in the first Border Region. How was it attained? Chiefly, of course, through the unique system of self-governing councils and their mass organizations, seeking to embrace the whole population in the war effort. Response was no doubt stimulated by the imminence of direct invasion, for the Japanese were just across the Yellow River. Frequently they made sorties into Northern Shensi, and every *hsien* city in the region had been bombed, so that the free farmers now readily understood the necessity for sacrifices if they and their families were not to lose their newly won rights.

Basic mass organizations were the Self-Defense Armies, the Young Vanguards and the Cultivation Corps. Self-Defense Armies, successors to the Red Guards, existed in every village and included many able-bodied (and able-footed!) women as well as men. Nearly all youths from 11 to 17 were in the Young Vanguards, where they received military training from regular army commanders and were given semi-military tasks to perform. Most of them volunteered for the regular army on attaining the age of 18, while many of their leaders entered the training schools for political and military commanders. In the Yenan garrison area alone, with a population of a little more than a million, Self-Defense units and Young Vanguards had a combined membership of more than 250,000.

Then there were several different *yun-tung*, or movements, in which farmers and farming families participated. Thousands of youths had been drawn from production for enlistment in the front armies, and all available labor had to be mobilized to maintain

and to increase production. To meet the emergency an Autumn Harvest and Spring Planting Movement was organized all through the Border Region, growing to some extent out of the former Saturday Brigades and the Red Army Land Tillers. All students, teachers, public officials, political workers and garrisoned soldiers, as already pointed out, took part in this cultivation and harvesting work. Some public institutions, such as the military and political academies, grew all their own grain, and so lightened as much as possible the labor burden placed on the farmers.

Co-operative cultivation emphasized the working of land owned by families who had sent sons to the war. Under the direction of village and borough councils all farmers were mobilized, farm women and children included, in brigades which collectively tilled and harvested crops on farms suffering from a labor shortage. Thousands of refugees from Shansi and Honan, many of them *Balu Chün Chia* or Eighth Route Army Families, entering the Border Region, were given plots from the former Red Army Land, and with the help of the cultivation corps were put at once into production work. There were no depressing refugee concentration camps in the Border Region, but land and work for every able-bodied person. Through these intensive efforts not only was former production maintained, but thousands of acres of wasteland were reclaimed, much of it high up on hillsides formerly never cultivated.

One of the most striking achievements of the Border Region was the intimate connection established between the people and the fighting forces. The people were constantly reminded of their debt to the defenders, and families with sons or daughters at the front received many little courtesies which are so much prized in village life. Besides being helped by cultivation brigades, soldiers' families were exempted from all grain contributions and were privileged to buy supplies from the co-operatives at cost price. In the theaters and at meetings they were entitled to the best seats such as elsewhere are reserved for the gentry. Disabled veterans themselves were given a small cash honorarium and allotted a piece of land by the Executive Council.

"Small feet" and young girls, organized in knitting groups, made comforts for the village boys at the front; in 1939, for example, they sent over 100,000 pairs of gloves and woolen socks to the Eighth Route Army. Young Vanguards devised ways and means of raising contributions and many stories were told of the ingenious methods

adopted by different families to scrape together a few cents for the purpose. One lass climbed every day high up into the mountains to gather firewood to sell for a few coppers. In another place the poorest man in the village dug up his savings, a couple of hundred copper coins, and gave them to the cause. A coal peddler volunteered to work an hour or two overtime every day to earn a few *cash* for the boys at the front. School children saved their watermelon seeds (considered a great delicacy by the Chinese for some reason obscure to all foreigners) to be distributed as comforts. And so on. In six rather poor *hsien* over $850 was raised in one year for comforts for the soldiers and their families.

Of course all this must sound elementary to people used to civilian co-operation with the military in advanced countries, but it is something new in the Chinese tradition. The idea that the civilian owes anything to his armed defenders, and especially to any "useless fellow" who crawls back from the front with an arm or a leg missing, is quite recent except among the Reds, who early recognized the importance of enforcing respect and honor for the revolutionary fighter, I suppose because they soon learned its value in strengthening their only "base"—the poor. Mme. Sun Yat-sen, who has done so much to awaken the nation to this responsibility, expressed what was to many a new conception, in declaring, "When a man has spent his life in the service of his country and returns crippled it is the obligation of the State to care for him."

Even today this truism is taken far too lightly in most places and the Government itself is backward in this duty. Looking over the report of the National Relief Commission for 1939, for example, I was quite astounded to note that out of a total of $1,485,000 popularly contributed for various projects only $1,807 was raised for the comfort of wounded soldiers. Much has been done on a local scale and by different refugee organizations and particularly by the Red Cross, with and without Government aid; but it was not till 1940, when Mmes. Chiang and Sun founded the Friends of the Wounded Soldiers, that a movement was launched throughout the country to elevate the dignity of the disabled man to that of a hero deserving lasting honor and the gratitude of his countrymen.

Another reason why people in the Border Region gave more freely seemed to be because of public confidence that their money was honestly spent. Certainly they did not have to worry about its being used for self-enrichment by crafty officials, or for speculation

on the foreign exchange market, or to buy new concubines. There were no millionaires to make graft out of the munitions racket or gentry to exploit the labor of refugees and crippled soldiers in the local war industries, as was the case elsewhere. These organized farmers knew how much money was paid into their local government and their delegates could demand audited accounts from their councilmen. Embezzlement was not unknown, of course; but scamps who made money out of the toil of honest folk were not honored. Indeed, after exposure, several of them lost their heads as traitors, by popular request.

Under such conditions, one could think of several distinguished gentry who would not find life healthy in the ancient hills and the "bandit lair" of upper Shensi.

Part Nine

BEHIND ENEMY LINES

I

Guerrilla Industry

The outcome of the war will be decided more by economic than by military strength.
General Pai Tsung-hsi

THE money Americans spend on butter every year would equip and maintain all the armies of China. If only one out of ten Chinese drank as much coffee as the average American consumes, the cost of that import alone might bankrupt China in one year of war.

But here the guns-or-butter dilemma signified very little. If you offered the average Chinese farmer or worker his choice of a rifle or a hundred pounds of butter, he would unhesitatingly take the rifle and conclude that you were simple-minded. Nor could you tempt him away from the rifle with value equivalents in coffee, milk, cream, cheese, chocolate, beer, beefsteaks or other items the total lack of which suggests extreme hardship or even the conditions of mass revolt to Western political economists. These things meant nothing in the lives of the majority of the Chinese, who had never acquired a taste for them. And in fact they are not as "essential" even in Western diet as is widely supposed, as I discovered when perforce I had to live without them for months myself.

China's economic strength at war lay in two things: this simplicity of her consumer demands and the country's relatively high potential self-sufficiency in meeting them. Preserving the economic basis of resistance meant maintaining agricultural production to feed the armies and civilians; and secondly it meant (in addition, of course, to adequate munitions) the maintenance of industry sufficient to supply the population with the few manufactured articles considered really indispensable.

It was this second problem, the support of the rural market, which presented a major economic difficulty to the Border Regions, just as it had to the Soviets during the civil war. Lack of native indus-

tries in the backward hinterland impoverished the market, opened it up to Japanese economic exploitation and threatened the basis of the morale of guerrilla war. Japan's military offensives could be repulsed; her economic offensives were more subtle and hard to combat. If Japan continued to flood the villages with her goods, and to extract raw materials from them in exchange, this economic immobilization would, most guerrilla leaders admitted, eventually be followed by military immobilization.

Large quantities of raw materials were moving from behind Chinese lines into urban markets controlled by Japan—materials such as cotton, wool, vegetable oil, iron and coal. Filtering back from the cities came cheap Japanese manufactures. It was true not only in all the front-line provinces held by the Central Army, where many officials openly engaged in the smuggling trade, but even in certain guerrilla areas defended by Communist troops, who found it extremely difficult, in practice, to enforce a complete trade embargo against the occupied cities. The Reds knew from experience that a Chinese farmer will go on making sacrifices as long as he can buy, in exchange for his labor production, necessities such as cloth, shoes, tobacco, medicine, fuel, towels, soap, vegetable oil and agricultural implements. But when the market is empty of these for long periods, his morale breaks, he concludes resistance is futile, he loses hope and the revolutionary army loses its only "base."

Not long ago Mêng Yung-cheng, inspector of front-line units of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, wrote to me from beyond the Yellow River, in Shan-tang:

> Southeast Shansi is one of the most vital war areas in all China and the tremendous concentration of troops here has put a terrible strain on local resources. It is our job to relieve the strain and help materially in fighting the war. If we can support the armies in their everyday needs for cloth, shoes, paper, ink, candles, flour, uniforms,[1] blankets and so on, we shall not only be helping them and replacing Japanese trade that has grown to quite serious proportions, but shall also be helping the stricken peasants of the province, whose standard of living has been sadly affected by the shortage of these commodities and the rise in prices.
>
> If resistance were to give out in the guerrilla areas there is no doubt China would lose the war. It is clear that C.I.C.'s task in these areas is not merely to set up co-operatives but to combat Japanese economic penetration and to help the army and guerrilla forces to attain economic self-sufficiency. One of the characteristics of Japanese "mopping up" movements in Shansi since last July (1939) is that wherever they go they try systematically to destroy every kind of means of production, even the most primitive, such as spinning wheels. At the same time they try to dump certain kinds of goods and blockade the importation of others. They seek to undermine resistance from the bottom; they want to break our strength and morale through economic methods. And for want of any alternative source of goods, Japan's economic offensive in Shansi is showing good signs of success.

[1] Before Indusco entered the Northwest, many of the Chinese armies were forced to buy Japanese cloth, made from Chinese cotton and wool, for their own uniforms!

Red leaders pointed to another fact little understood abroad, and generally ignored in China: that the largest numbers of refugees and unemployed were not in the rear or in West China, but in the villages of the occupied areas, near cities held by the Japanese. In 1939 a new phenomenon developed. A steady stream of migrants began pouring back into the region of their former homes. The great floods in Hopei, Shantung and Shansi inundated hundreds of villages and placed on the guerrilla regimes a tremendous burden of tens of thousands of destitute men and women. The situation required heroic efforts to restore production in the advance war areas, in order to provide a livelihood for the huge surplus labor power which otherwise inevitably drifted toward the cities to seek work in Japanese-held factories, or was pressed into puppet armies.

Meanwhile, all through the Border Regions valuable natural resources lay idle, such as anthracite and coking coal, iron, sulphur, salt and soda. Millions of bales of cotton were drawn into Japanese markets because of the collapse of local Chinese demand and difficulties of transportation to the rear, and in the case of the short-staple cotton of Hopei and Hupeh this was a material of military value to the enemy. Some of this crop could and would be suppressed by the new people's Border Governments; but farmers needed a subsidy to make crop changes and army and civilian industry was needed to absorb all local raw materials and maintain a market in the free villages.

To control and manage crops, to create industry and jobs, required capital—in guerrilla areas, as anywhere else. And capital was just what these guerrilla bases did not have. Local capital had fled to the treaty ports or to the rear and government and banking capital had retreated with the Kuomintang to the far West. Perhaps I have not anywhere sufficiently emphasized the basic shortsightedness of government war economic planning in this respect. Officially,

there was much talk about the imminent counter-offensive and struggle for the occupied areas. But in practice Government economic measures, which give us the true judgment of intentions, extended virtually no aid in the re-financing of production in the guerrilla areas, where the armed forces and civilians were fighting against terrible odds in an effort to deny to the invader the economic control of his conquest.

Ten times more Government money was sunk in the one province of Szechuan (the most backward and reactionary, hence the most amenable to techniques of the bureaucracy) to finance agricultural and industrial production than in all the guerrilla bases combined. The Military Council went on making claims of "developing a new front in the enemy's rear." Economically they did little to make it possible; they wrote off these areas as lost. In 1940 the Government announced a plan to increase agricultural credit loans by a sum of $400,000,000—of which not two percent was made available to the front-line areas!

For the guerrilla-controlled parts of seven provinces, which were economically and militarily the focal point of the war, there was no banking capital available. Nowhere, therefore, was the Indusco movement given a warmer welcome than among guerrilla leaders, who daily saw the direct effects of Japanese economic warfare, which in remote Szechuan either were but vaguely realized, or which, as one official put it to me, will "anyway keep the Reds from getting too strong!"

It was the Soviets who had first demonstrated the practicability of small-scale co-operative industry in wartime economy. In Kiangsi the Soviets operated their own spinning and weaving plants, machine shops and other small co-operative industries, the first ever established in China. These produced sufficient manufactured goods to supply many simple needs and were an important factor in maintaining economic solvency. After the main Red Army entered the Northwest the same kind of economy was introduced. Consumer, production, marketing and credit co-operatives were organized throughout the territory when I first visited here in 1936.

With the abolition of the Soviets, a co-operative congress was summoned in Yenan, which adopted a new set of Administrative Principles. Existing co-operatives were reorganized to conform to Co-operative Laws and Regulations promulgated by the National Government, but with "consideration given to the special situation

in the Border Region."[1] Credit and marketing co-operatives were consolidated. Producers' and consumers' co-ops became the two main types and each was authorized to conduct virtually any kind of business—production, credit and retail and wholesale marketing and purchasing. Basic capital was supplied by the co-operative members, and the Border Region Bank was also entitled to membership. The co-ops were authorized to negotiate loans, through the Construction Bureau of the Border Government, "from the various great domestic banks." In practice, as remarked, the latter exhibited no enthusiasm for financing any industry in the guerrilla areas, and capital suppliers were confined to impoverished villagers of the North.

Despite the paucity of capital and capital goods, Border Region co-operatives were a true popular government, with a membership representing over 100,000 families. Producers' co-operatives alone had 28,326 members in 1939, or more than the combined membership of all existing C.I.C. units in China at that time. The extremely low cost of membership aimed not only to mobilize all possible free capital and labor productive power, but also to organize village life around the co-operative as a central economic force. Many of the producers' co-operatives represented the savings and the surplus labor power of one or more entire villages mobilized for production.

Of the producers' co-operatives, 114 were engaged in cotton spinning. Many villages were so poor that they could jointly purchase only two or three spinning wheels. These were passed from house to house, each part-owner working a certain number of hours at home. The greater part of the co-operatives' capital was invested in oil-pressing, salt-refining and weaving plants, and in flour-milling, charcoal, bean-curd and porcelain and pottery co-operatives.

Yenan presented an urgent challenge to Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, which from the beginning recognized the development of war-area production as its major task. Here were thousands of people already organized and educated in co-operative production, lacking only capital and machinery with which to exploit local raw materials.

A start was made early in 1939, when an organizer went to Yenan and established the first "front-line" Indusco depot, with a small initial loan from the Paochi headquarters. Political opposition to

[1] *Cf.* "Development of Co-operatives in the Border Region," and "Administrative Principles of Co-operative Enterprise in the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Region," pamphlets published at Yenan, 1939, for detailed description of co-operatives in the Border Regions.

this extension to the Northern war areas developed at Chungking, however, and compelled the C.I.C. Administration to desert its Yenan depot for some months. Every unit there would have collapsed had they not been "adopted" by the local co-operatives and the Border Government Bank. The latter, an amazing institution, whose capital consisted chiefly of savings and contributions of students, soldiers and the people, made the C.I.C. depot a loan (of about a fourth of its total assets!) to see it through its difficulties.

When I arrived in Yenan the largest of the then 15 Indusco factories was a clothing co-operative, which every month turned out 13,500 uniforms. There was a chemical co-operative making soap, tooth powder, chalk, ink, medicines, alcohol and soda. Other units manufactured metalware, oil lamps, shoes and stockings, paper, agricultural tools, gauze, bandages, leather goods, fur coats and leggings. A spinning and weaving co-op had a monthly production of 14,740 yards of cotton cloth.[1]

Here the industrial co-operatives were able to draw upon the technical help of a local Academy of Natural Sciences, established by the Border Government. Headed by Dr. Chen Kang-pai, a scientist trained in Germany, and formerly a research expert with the China Foundation, it included about 80 technicians. A fourth of the latter was engaged in survey and research work, while others were attached to schools, industries, co-operatives and various industrial organizations in the Border Regions—some behind the Japanese lines in Shansi and Hopei. Chao Yi-feng, formerly with the National Economic Council and an industrial research worker, was loaned to Indusco as a technical director.

C.I.C. personnel in Yenan voluntarily agreed to accept the same living scale as prevailed in other institutions under the Border Government. Staff members, regardless of their training, then received a maximum wage of $5 a month, or considerably less than many skilled workers in the co-op industries themselves.

Efforts were made to induce Chungking to permit the C.I.C. to back up its orphaned depot at Yenan and to extend Indusco activity to the Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Border Region, far behind enemy lines. In 1939 the producers' co-operatives met at Yenan and voted to abandon all the special features of their own constitution.[2] Then they adopted in its entirety the constitution of the Chinese Industrial

[1] *Ibid.*
[2] *Ibid.*

Co-operatives, with whom they sought to merge. It was hoped, I was told, that this gesture would stimulate industrial co-operation throughout the country, serve to remove suspicions at Chungking and demonstrate the Communists' sincere welcome for any united-front organization. Results were disappointing; Chungking politicians continued to oppose the spread of C.I.C. to the guerrilla districts, despite its obvious value in attaining "economic unification" of the country.

Ironically enough, it was not at Chungking that the importance of maintaining Chinese production in the occupied areas was first recognized, but among patriotic overseas Chinese. Over Ch. $400,000 was raised by Chinese in Java and the Philippines for the establishment of an International Center for C.I.C. at Yenan and in Shansi and Hopei. In fact, virtually the entire work of Indusco in guerrilla territories defended by the New Fourth Army in the South and the Eighth Route Army in the North was financed by special gifts and capital raised by overseas Chinese, and by Americans opposed to Japanese conquest of Eastern China.

Such sums were pitiful compared to actual military and civilian needs, but they were far from inconsequential. Elsewhere in China it was reckoned that seven American dollars would finance a worker in Indusco production; in the Border Regions half that sum was sufficient. Elsewhere the rate of capital turnover in C.I.C. light units, in terms of production value, ranged from 12 to 15 times a year. In Shensi and Shansi, owing to unbelievably low overhead and marketing costs, and to other special factors, annual production value averaged considerably higher.[1]

Even with the small capital available, the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Region attained a certain degree of industrial self-sufficiency. In October, 1940, there were already over 80 industrial co-operatives in the area, in addition to the old producers' co-operatives, and these included iron and coal mines and an iron works, machine shops, drug factories, transport units, two small oil wells and—a sporting-goods factory to supply the schools and the athletes of the Eighth Route Army. Yenan had hopes of becoming the "guerrilla industrial base" for much of North China.

The pity of it was that a couple of million American dollars (say Ch. $40,000,000) invested in machine shops and "semi-mobile" in-

[1] *Cf.* Monthly Production Report, Yenan Depot, C.I.C., Sept., 1939, which indicates a production value of 25.2 times invested capital!

dustries throughout the Northern guerrilla areas might have effectively frustrated Japan's plans for economic exploitation of the Eastern hinterland. That industry, with an annual production of half a billion dollars' worth of commodity necessities, could have brought economic security, fortified civilian livelihood and morale, and made the defending armies virtually self-sufficient in secondary war supplies—explosives, rifles, grenades, bayonets and individual equipment.

Unfortunately the importance of this was not understood even among those few key officials, politicians and bankers whose patriotism might have overcome their political prejudices. Indusco was one organization whose leaders did understand it. They were consequently charged with "Communism" for urging the extension of industry to the guerrilla districts, and many technicians and organizers were thrown into jail by over-zealous nitwits. Meanwhile, Chungking's great minds apparently saw nothing wrong, for example, with the practice of shipping hand grenades from Szechuan across hundreds of miles to the iron and sulphur regions of Shansi, where they could be produced locally for a quarter of the transportation costs alone. They criticized the Eighth Route Army for poor demolition work, but would supply them with no high explosives—and were horrified when Yenan technicians wanted to buy a sulphuric-acid plant at Sian to make explosives of their own. Periodic blockades were imposed against the Border Regions, and exportation of machinery into them was frequently forbidden. It was often found less troublesome to raid Japanese-held towns just to get tools or machines than to buy them in the Kuomintang areas.

At last in 1940 the C.I.C. managed to secure limited Government sanction for extending its activity east of the Yellow River, and Indusco set up a new headquarters exclusively to develop production in the Northern guerrilla areas. Many units are now operating in Shansi and Hopei, and hundreds are planned or already organized, awaiting only the release of capital, still blocked by the Kuomintang.

2

The Eighth Route Army

Chu Teh[1] *has the kindliness of a Robert E. Lee, the tenacity of a Grant and the humility of a Lincoln.*

Major Evans F. Carlson

OTHER armies of China were better drilled, better fed and far better equipped than the Eighth Route. Miracles were expected only of the latter. Other armies might be defeated and destroyed without public morale and confidence being severely shaken. But if the Japanese were really to exterminate the Eighth Route Army, millions of Chinese might lose hope of final victory. Somehow it had become a heroic legend that symbolized, in the record of its ten thousand battles, those fighting qualities which every people at war must believe it possesses: endurance, ingenuity, courage, genius of command, tenacity and, perhaps above all, invincibility of spirit.

What were the secrets of this unique military organization?

The most important thing about it, more significant than its military tactics or the skill of its veteran leaders, undoubtedly lay in its very high degree of revolutionary consciousness. In this respect I found no fundamental difference between the Eighth Route Army of today and the Red Army of yesterday. When the old warriors took the red star from their caps, as part of the united-front agreement, they did not discard it. Many of them pinned it to their tunics, just inside their left breast pockets.

We have already seen, in the case of the New Fourth Army, something of the role of political indoctrination in the training of Communist troops, and its value in fortifying morale and discipline. Leaders said that 40 percent of all instruction given in the Eighth

[1] Commander of all the Communist troops, and C-in-C of the former Red Army. For an American military observer's estimate of, Major E. F. Carlson, *Twin Stars of China*, N. Y., 1940.

Route Army was political in nature and only 60 percent was military. From bottom to top, every unit had a political as well as a military leader, and the former began work where the latter left off. Command during combat was exclusively in the hands of the military leader, but in other matters the two functioned as a team.

Every unit, from the company to the division, had its elected soldiers' committees to co-operate with the political leader and carry on the group's wide range of extra-military activity, such as character study (reading and writing), cultural clubs, games and songs, propaganda work among the civilian population and enforcement of the "eight disciplinary rules." The latter were, with some alterations in wording, the same in the *Balu Chün* (the Eighth Route Army) as they had been in the Red Army and aimed chiefly to establish friendly relations with the people. Red soldiers sing them on the march:

1. Secure the owner's permission before entering a house and see that all is well, before you leave it;
2. Keep the house clean;
3. Be courteous and helpful to the people;
4. Return all borrowed articles;
5. Replace all damaged goods;
6. Be honest, pay for everything you buy, at market price;
7. Be sanitary, dig latrines a safe distance from people's homes;
8. Do not kill or rob the captives.

In this army the recruit's education began when he enlisted, and never stopped. I suppose no army in the world was so keen on self-improvement. It was a fact, too, that the lowliest "coolie" could become a commander if he demonstrated ability and intelligence. Hundreds were regularly chosen, from the rank and file, to be trained in the political and military academies which turned out some 10,000 new officers annually. I personally met several men from the peasant and working class who had risen from the lowest rank to become regimental and brigade commanders.

The incentive to promotion was certainly not monetary compensation, however, since officers and men lived alike and their truly beloved Commander-in-Chief, Chu Teh, himself drew the handsome wage of $5 a month. Rather it lay in the desire to distinguish oneself in the common cause of a fellowship which, to such an unusual degree, this army provided. Many methods were adopted to stimulate the competitive spirit between individuals and groups, and men

who showed progress were honored in small but important ways. "Old boys" kept after the new recruits, striving to awaken their understanding, self-respect and sense of responsibility. For example, I once traveled for several weeks with a young officer in a transport brigade, who had joined the Reds as a "little devil," years earlier. Along the road or at night, I often overheard him lecturing one man after another about the necessity to improve his work and about the "opportunities for advancement." It struck me as odd, because this lad was obviously no better off, materially, than any of his listeners, but they seemed to attach no importance to the fact. I never heard one of them even mention it.

The high political élan was very necessary, for several practical reasons. First, the army was made up entirely of volunteers; with the New Fourth it was, as far as I know, the only army in the country which did not have conscripts or impressed men in service. Secondly, it was almost entirely dependent on popular support for survival, and this support was conditioned by the treatment it gave the people. Thirdly, the Eighth Route troops were the most poorly paid in the country. When men die for nothing per month they must be convinced of a very great mission and have implicit faith and confidence in their leaders.

Elsewhere "mobilization of the people" was confined to conscription and other compulsory measures imposed from above—which may be quite all right in a democratic country but are another matter in an autocracy against which the masses have but recently been in revolt. In the Northern guerrilla districts, where the Japanese were forever seeking a political foothold, it was necessary to secure *total* mobilization by arousing voluntary enthusiasm and vigilance in all quarters. Everywhere the peasants and workers, led by the political corps, were organized into militant unions; among all elements of the population anti-Japanese societies were formed. From these organizations local leaders emerged; and with their help every village set up its own mobilization committee, its self-defense corps and its partisan detachment. These many peripheral and semi-military groups were the protective screen behind which the Eighth Route Army operated, and from which it constantly renewed its strength, drawing in eager and patriotic youths as they reached the standard required.

All the political propaganda would have been meaningless for the canny Chinese peasants, of course, had the Eighth Route not

lived up to its promises, and had its arrival not brought an improvement in the lot of the people. By 1940 self-government had already become a reality throughout most of the villages in the Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Border Region. Representative councils had been elected in the *ch'ü*, and district magistrates were elected by district peoples' councils. The Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Border Government itself was responsible to an elected advisory council, while over 80 percent of the newly elected magistrates were non-party men and natives of the locality.

"Because the masses are interested only in the practical solution of their problems of livelihood," Peng Teh-huai, field commander of all the Communist troops once told me, "it is possible to develop partisan warfare only by the immediate satisfaction of their most urgent demands."

Economically, the new regime brought prompt relief to a peasantry almost bankrupted by excessive debt and taxes. Under the slogan of "equalization of the burden of resistance" a moratorium was declared on all pre-war debts and interest. Land rent was reduced from 25 to 50 percent. Miscellaneous taxes were abolished, to be replaced by a single income tax, collected on a graduated scale, but in no case to exceed 35 percent. Land of absentee landlords, who had fled to the occupied cities, was apportioned among landless peasants; but the ownership of landlords who remained (and some did, taking active part in the political and military life) was in no way disturbed.

Co-operatives were encouraged among both farmers and handicraft workers. Even before the C.I.C. entered the Border Regions, the local government had developed producers' co-operatives with the help of the war-economy corps of the Eighth Route Army. Prof. R. Lindsay, of Yenching University, who traveled through Hopei and Eastern Shansi late in 1939 told me there were 559 producers' co-operatives in that area, operating their shops mostly with hand power. The "scorched earth" policy has been improved. When under Japanese attack Chinese forces temporarily withdraw from a town, industry now goes with them. Organized in compact units, the mobile guerrilla factories can all move their machines and workers to safety within a few hours.

Up in a Shansi town behind the Japanese lines there is a printing plant, lately converted into an industrial co-operative, with the help of loan funds raised abroad. Most of the 600 printers are young men

who can shoot as well as set type. That plant prints, among other things, 30,000 copies of a daily newspaper which circulates among Eighth Route Army organizations. Recently the Japanese invaded the area on a "mopping-up" expedition. The whole plant (I got the story from Mêng Yung-cheng, who was there) was moved by the workers in a single night—and the next day's paper came out on time!

As in Shensi, efforts were made to increase agricultural production, irrigation works were repaired and crop control was enforced, to prevent the Japanese from getting cotton and other products which they could sell for foreign exchange. In general, and as rapidly as people could be educated to support them, economic, social and political changes followed the pattern which inherited much from the old Soviets.

Thus, by the middle of 1940, millions of peasants in the North China countryside had been organized, indoctrinated with revolutionary ideas for the first time and had attained some measure of political and economic emancipation. They now constituted, for Chinese resistance, a human bulwark far more subtle and elastic than many miles of earthworks and trenches and one which neatly accommodated itself to tactical needs of the mobile Eighth Route Army. They were the healthy corpuscles that China had mobilized to fight off the malignant invasion of fascism. It was, incidentally, when a young Communist commander used that metaphor in talking to me that I first understood why the Chinese always preferred to speak of "resistance" against Japan, rather than of "war."

"As far as China is concerned," he said, "Japanese imperialism is a contagious disease, and our people mobilizing are just like good blood cells in a man's body resisting the invading germs, as intended by nature." Then he added, chuckling, "And the difference between us and the Kuomintang is that we think it is a *deadly* disease, and our blood cells need the help of scientific medicine, while the Kuomintang thinks our medicine is too revolutionary and worse than the disease!" Which, now that I think of it, is almost exactly the way Chen Li-fu put the case to me from the Kuomintang viewpoint.

In any event, the dosage of the medicine, whether scientific or otherwise, had greatly increased in potency since the Eighth Route Army first entered the blood stream of Shansi and Hopei, in 1937.

Originally only about 55,000[1] Red Army veterans marched across the Yellow River. Today the Japanese command estimates the "Communist-bandits" in North China at 250,000 rifles, and foreign military observers put the figure as low as 100,000 and as high as 300,000. My own rough estimate, based on conversations with various Eighth Route Army staff commanders, on personal observation and on estimates made by the few observers qualified to give a judgment on the matter, is that the Eighth Route *regulars* numbered toward the end of 1940 approximately 260,000 men with a rifle power of about 170,000.

No small achievement: a 350 percent increase in rifle power, in the midst of war, and without Government replenishment. How was it accomplished? The sources of the increased fire power included rifles captured from Japanese and puppet troops, bandits disarmed and rifles contributed from the people or purchased from dealers. About 30,000 rifles were added to the Eighth Route strength through the acquisition of arms left in the Taiyuan arsenal when Yen Hsi-shan retreated. These were broken out and given to self-defense corps and the Shansi Youth Salvation Association, which later became the Shansi New Army and is now incorporated under the Eighth Route command. Some 40,000 new rifles were acquired through the re-training and enlistment of deserters, stragglers and remnants of defeated provincial troops, independent guerrilla bands and local defense forces. In the three-year period the Eighth Route's own losses of rifles were only about 30,000, this being due chiefly to the Army's fighting tactics and its practice of two rifles for three men—so that often a third of the force deployed is engaged in recovering arms from warriors wounded or killed in battle.

Besides rifles and side arms the Eighth Route's equipment consisted of machine-gun and artillery armament and large quantities of miscellaneous military supplies captured from the enemy—to which further reference will be made. The estimate mentioned excludes the various weapons—mostly antiquated rifles, hand grenades, swords and spears (!)—of approximately half a million men (and some women) in the local self-defense armies, which form the reserves of the main forces. It also excludes the fire power of various "friendly armies" in North China which co-operate with the Eighth Route militarily and to some extent politically. Nor does it include the arms of the Manchurian Volunteers, who are being

[1] 15,000 remained in Northern Shensi.

re-trained and re-organized under Eighth Route Army leadership, in response to a request from their high commander, the redoubtable General Li Tu.

During its first three years of fighting, the Eighth Route Army received from the Military Council only $600,000 a month (now about U. S. $30,000), or the standard pay allowance for three divisions. Other armies were issued new weapons and new equipment for their replacements; the Eighth Route received only a meager allowance of ammunition. By 1939 the monthly pay check was insufficient even to feed the army in the field. It could not have existed had it not become organically inseparable from the mass organizations whose freedom it defended. Chungking furnished these warriors no blankets, no winter uniforms, no shoes or socks, no doctors, nurses or medicines. In the bitter sub-zero weather many attacks were carried out by men who tramped barefoot across the frozen hills and streams leaving crimson stains behind them on the icy paths; wounded youths shivered in thin blood-clotted jackets of cotton cloth; hundreds lost toes, fingers and ears from frostbite.

And yet back in the security of the distant rear I sometimes heard some well-clad official say, waving a fat hand: "The Eighth Route Army? They do not fight. They only play hide-and-seek. They do not worry the Japanese. The Government should stop paying them. They use all the money for propaganda, not for resistance."

They conveniently ignored one question. How had the non-fighting Eighth Route Army managed to hold its North China bases for three years, while the main Chinese Army was retreating far into the West? Let us try to find an answer for it.

3

Guerrilla Combat Efficiency

The greatest lesson we have learned is that a people can fight victoriously with what resources it happens to have.

General Chu Teh

THROUGH many years of dearly bought experience on the battlefield, involving the sacrifice of over 300,000 Communist party members, the Red Army and later the Eighth Route Army developed guerrilla warfare from a minor adjunct of military tactics, where Colonel Lawrence left off, into a major strategic concept known as *total-mass protracted resistance*.[1] Thus far it is the only method which has succeeded in denying a totalitarian invader the full fruits of his conquest. Who can say that it may not be the road along which the colonial subjects of European and Asiatic imperialism, who now number nearly half the men and women of the earth, shall travel to attain their freedom? Or that it may not finally prove of wider significance in the political re-mapping of society than the theories of General Ludendorff?

Millions of words have been written by guerrilla leaders, in their military and political journals, on the tactics of total-mass warfare, and of course no summary can hope to reveal its rich variety or its full potential. But as I have attempted in previous chapters to suggest the social, political and economic organization of this unique pattern of resistance, so here I want to point out a few fundamentals in the military tactics of its armed defenders.

"Total-mass protracted resistance" is based on the widest use of China's numbers and space. The Japanese lacked the man power to police even half of the roughly 300,000 villages in the territory they overran, and to attempt it would anyway have been financially ruinous. They therefore sought to immobilize resistance and con-

[1] A phrase first used, I believe, by General Peng Teh-huai.

solidate their power by seizing the strategic "inner lines," the walled cities, roads and railways, and "squeezing" the hinterland into submission. But the theory of total-mass resistance rests on the possibility of converting Japan's strategic "inner lines" into defensive "outer lines" *by turning every village into a base of resistance and compelling the Japanese to rely solely on armed force and to immobilize each of these bases, one by one.*

In practice the Reds use three main types of operations and develop each by different tactical methods. These are: (1) guerrilla, (2) mobile and (3) maneuvering warfare. The first two are conceived as exclusively offensive in character; and a speedy and disciplined dispersement, according to prearranged plan, is virtually the only defense precaution against combat reverses. Only in maneuvering warfare do Red tactics include preparation for the defense of points and lines in depth. Even in the latter case, however, the positions are regarded as temporary, to be abandoned when they have served their function as a screen for short-attack operations or the withdrawal of moving forces. In no case will the Reds offer a prolonged defense of a basic position against a superior accumulation of fire power. It is in this conception of combat almost exclusively in terms of offensive tactics and the constant initiative—based on extreme mobility and the speedy massing of superior numbers and fire power—that the Communists differ from other sections of the Chinese Army.

General Peng Teh-huai gave me the simplest definition of all partisan tactics when he listed what he called six minimum essentials of a successful operation: "Fearlessness, swiftness, intelligent planning, mobility, secrecy in movement, and suddenness and determination in action." He went on: "Lacking any of these it is difficult for partisans to win victories. If in the beginning of a battle they lack quick decision, the battle will lengthen. They must be swift, otherwise the enemy will be reinforced. They must be mobile and elastic, otherwise they will lose their advantages of maneuver."

The Chinese equivalent of guerrilla is *yu-chi-tui* or literally "roving attack corps" and the difference between *yu-chi-chan* (guerrilla war) and *yun-tung-chan* (war of movement) is chiefly the distinction between small local bands operating independently and larger units operating in time and geographic co-ordination with the main irregular forces. There is a saying that "guerrillas *attack* to annihilate and *rove* to avoid annihilation." In other words,

their main principle of preservation requires both constant attack and constant movement. A guerrilla band may be "based" on a single village, and its "reserves" consist of a single self-defense corps; or it may embrace several villages in a valley or on a mountain or a plain. Usually it numbers not fewer than 50 or not more than 1,000 men. It is in the maintenance of discipline in these small bands that political education plays such an important role; and it is the lack of such education, and the lack of revolutionary leadership, which explains most of the failures of old-type troops attempting guerrilla warfare. Without revolutionary education the guerrilla band becomes more of a liability than an asset in defense.

Often the local guerrillas wear plain clothes; sometimes they are farmers by day and soldiers by night. If conditions are unfavorable they may take no military action for days, but keep local spirit alive by various acts of sabotage: cutting enemy telephone and telegraph wires, digging up roads wherever possible, damaging bridges and culverts and organizing local opinion against traitors. Perhaps their most effective work is the immobilization, by these methods, of enemy political influence in the village. As long as local guerrillas are active, the gentry dare not co-operate with the enemy.

Militarily, the local guerrilla band acts as antenna for the mobile forces, collecting intelligence, eliminating spies and keeping headquarters informed of changes in enemy dispositions. Under favorable circumstances, when enemy patrols are reduced or bad weather handicaps the movement of reinforcements, the local guerrillas combine under district leaders and carry out a series of short assaults and rapid raids. They may even attempt fairly lengthy attack operations. But they always quickly fade back into the countryside.

In storming fortified positions the guerrillas invariably attack at night, depending on surprise, superior offensive spirit and knowledge of the terrain, to give them victory. In pouncing upon enemy troops in movement they attempt to separate the column by a variety of diversionist tactics, by allurement and decoy. Then they attack the weakest point in the divided echelon from a position well prepared in advance. They constantly waylay small groups of Japanese and capture and disarm stragglers. Generally they make the countryside as inhospitable as possible to moving troops, seeking to keep their nerves always on edge, and robbing them of rest and sleep.

Posing as guides, local guerrillas sometimes lead enemy troops into an ambush: such "dare-to-dies" usually perish at once. Occasionally, learning of an enemy itinerary from spies in Japanese employ, a group of guerrillas evacuates all the civilians from a village where moving troops plan to rest. Taking over all the domestic functions of the village, they wait till the weary invaders, suspecting nothing, settle down for the night; then at a signal the peaceful villagers arise and annihilate the detachment.

Another example of "allurement" and one frequently used with success: A number of guerrillas, disguised in the bright attire of young women, are planted as peasants working in fields near some Japanese encampment. Pleasure bent, the Nipponese steal out into the fields to seize the women. The latter begin to run, keeping just far enough ahead to encourage a pursuit. Thus the would-be Romeos are led into a trap, where they are disarmed or destroyed by the peasant girls' confederates.

Ravenous hunger for meat also leads many an unlucky Japanese to disaster. Cows or sheep are ranged attractively on distant hillsides, and the unwary new arrival who chases after them runs to his doom. Sometimes "Quaker cannon" are set up to mislead enemy reconnaissance planes. Sometimes regular roads are obliterated, and false detours are built, so that the Japanese, unfamiliar with the topography, march into a *cul de sac*. Hundreds of different devices are employed. As fast as the Japanese learn one trick the guerrillas invent another.

Second, "mobile war" consists of larger operations based on the concentrated fire power of Red regulars, who provide the main attacking force in this kind of combat. The force may be anything from a regiment to a full brigade, supported by everything the Reds possess up to medium artillery and accompanied by cavalry. Speed, secrecy and careful preparation are of utmost importance in "the war of movement." The development of maximum fire power without impairment of mobility (on attack march the Reds average 30 miles, day or night) is its special genius. Battles of this nature are fought to achieve total annihilation of moving columns, to destroy vital strategic points, to cover major sabotage operations against railways, roads, blockhouses, and so on.

Japanese encirclement tactics against the main forces of the defenders are frustrated by skillful co-ordination of guerrilla and mobile-war operations. Mobile-war tactics are usually confined to carefully chosen combat zones and have objectives clearly limited

in time, space and military purpose. An outstanding example, which German military journals described as "a classic of mobile warfare," was the battle of Pinghsing Pass, on the Great Wall. Here the Eighth Route Army administered to two crack Japanese divisions the most humiliating defeat the Imperial Army ever suffered at the hands of the despised Chinese. Through superior maneuvering the Reds lost but 300 men in a battle during which they inflicted over 6,400 casualties on the invaders.[1]

The third type of tactics, called "maneuvering warfare," can be successfully carried out only after organizational effort among the people has reached an advanced stage. It involves the co-ordinated movement of two or more divisions of troops, operating from separate bases in Chinese-held territory behind enemy lines, and sometimes in co-operation with offensive action on the main fronts.

In North China the Eighth Route now has six principal strongholds (Northwest Shansi, the Shansi-Chahar Border, Southeast Shansi, Southern Hopei, Northern Anhui and Northern Shantung). Around each area extend waves of popular anti-Japanese organizations, which thin out gradually as they approach the Japanese garrisons. It is of course possible for the enemy to penetrate in force to the heart of the main irregular bases, one by one, and carry out brutal and demoralizing punitive measures. But they lack sufficient troops to encircle all of them simultaneously, and they lack men, money, supplies and communication facilities to support permanent step-by-step occupation. Hence when they launch an "annihilation" campaign against one base, the main forces from the others, not under siege, attack to immobilize the rear and flank of the Japanese columns engaged in the offensive.

This co-ordinated action, called maneuvering warfare by the Reds, requires a perfection of timing, staff work and proper radio, courier and other communication rarely attained by other Chinese armies operating from secure bases. It is not always successful—chiefly because it tends to reduce the mobility and opportunities for hand-to-hand combat on which the Reds depend so much in order to offset the enemy's superior fire power. Nevertheless, every encirclement campaign thus far attempted by the Japanese has been frustrated by mobile and maneuvering battle tactics. Though the invaders have several times reached the bases of the main mobile forces, they have done so only after being forced to fight as separate columns on the

[1] See Haldore Hanson, *Humane Endeavour*, N. Y., 1940, for a vivid account.

march, and before attaining the rendezvous which is the final act of the converging maneuver. With their offensive power already weakened, they find nothing in the broken net from which the big fish have escaped.

Maneuvering warfare is, however, extremely costly and hazardous for lightly equipped troops like the Eighth Route, and its objectives can only partially be realized without co-ordinated help from the main fronts.

As long as China's main forces continued passive and did not bring into play the heavier fire power which they alone possessed, the recapture of enemy positions and the annihilation of major enemy concentrations would be impossible. Red commanders believe that final victory can only be achieved by maneuvering warfare carried out on a vast scale. But they admit that this could take place only if the high command, overcoming its anti-Communist prejudices in the search for broad political and military unity, extended major assistance to the mobile forces, and together with them planned a co-ordinated offensive over the widest and deepest fronts.

How, then, does the combat efficiency of this new type of Chinese army compare with the bulk of the forces? Figures published by the National Military Council[1] covering the first two years of the war indicated that the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies together accounted for a very sizable percentage of all enemy equipment immobilized by the combined Chinese forces. These two armies alone captured or destroyed about six percent of all enemy artillery pieces lost, 15 percent of all machine guns, 28 percent of all trucks and 34 percent of all rifles. More than one-third of the enemy troops taken prisoner all over China were captured by the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies. Combat effectiveness increased as the armies enlarged; in 1939 they participated in nearly 25 percent of all encounters recorded, local guerrilla combat excluded. This percentage rose still higher in 1940, when the Japanese halted their frontal advance and massed over half their troops against the guerrilla areas in an attempt to complete the pacification of the conquest.

Early in 1940 the Eighth Route commanders jointly made public a formal statement[2] to the Government asserting that "in the last two and a half years the casualties of the Eighth Route Army have

[1] Quoted by Hsiao Hsiang-jung, "Two Years of Resistance," *Military and Political Magazine of the Eighth Route Army*, Yenan, Aug. 1939.

[2] Feb. 15, 1940.

aggregated about 100,000 (or almost twice the size of the original combat force in Shansi) while it has inflicted more than 200,000 casualties against the enemy." If this statement was correct, and observers were inclined to credit it because the Eighth Route published day-to-day reports covering over 6,000 different engagements during the period, its combat efficiency was roughly 400 percent better than that attained on any other front. For elsewhere, according to General Pai Tsung-hsi, Deputy Chief of Staff, the ratio of Chinese losses was about two to one in favor of the Japanese, and in some regions averaged five to one, to the enemy's advantage.

"Of the enemy's 40 divisions in China, 17 are engaged in fighting the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies," the statement reminded the Military Council. "Thus we are occupying the attention of two-fifths of the total enemy forces." At the same time the Communist commanders reported that they were paid for only about one-fifth of their forces, so that each man and officer received an average of only $2.72—or about 13 American cents—per month! They lodged other grave complaints of which it is necessary to speak in the next chapter—for upon reasonable solutions to the questions they raised the whole edifice of unity in China might stand or fall.

4

Unity or Destruction?

We demand unity under the banner of resistance, solidarity and progress.
Mao Tse-tung

THE Japanese strategy of conquest, like the strategy of Chinese resistance, may be divided broadly into three stages. These are: the Period of Great Offensives, in which Japanese troops occupy the key cities of China and seize control of the coast and the principal waterways and lines of communication and the main developed Chinese bases; the Period of Military Consolidation, in which the Japanese attempt to stabilize a frontier of conquest beyond which to confine the main Chinese forces to a passive and purely defensive role; and a Period of Pacification, in which Japan seeks to annihilate the mobile and guerrilla armies and their bases in the population, thereby winning a political decision through the extermination of the last but most determined opposition to her final economic, political and cultural subjugation of the conquest.

By 1940 the Japanese had completed the first stage in this strategy, had made considerable progress on the second and were devoting their main efforts to the third stage. It should be abundantly clear to the reader by now that only the guerrilla (and largely the Communist) troops stand between the Japanese and successful pacification of Northern and Eastern China. In so far as it is not directly connected with strengthening resistance in the occupied areas, what happens in "Free" China will not affect the outcome. If the Japanese were to succeed in their "mopping up" operations in the penetrated provinces (and if the war were decided between Japan and China alone), Chungking would become merely the capital of an economically backward country over near Tibet.

Since 1938 the Japanese have made many extermination drives against all the chief guerrilla bases, with most emphasis on the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies, whose various organizations

now fight in about four-fifths of all engagements in the occupied areas. Against Northeast Shansi and Southeast Shansi alone, for example, more than a dozen different "final annihilation campaigns" had been hurled one after another, by October, 1940, while six major expeditions had been sent against the New Fourth Army in Anhui and Kiangsu. In all these attempts the Japanese failed to achieve their objective, suffered heavy losses and were unable to prevent the continued increase of enemy fire power. But they learned lessons from each failure, and it required all the ingenuity of the veteran Red commanders to develop new tactics and win.

The Japanese have changed their contemptuous and careless attitude toward Communist troops, which in early months cost them some stinging defeats. They now carefully study and analyze all the methods of an enemy which General Itagaki is reported to have described as "the most obstinate and dangerous of our foes." The Japanese are making use of troops specially trained to conduct mobile and guerrilla operations and have learned to employ gas effectively in small engagements. An Eighth Route commander of Northwestern Shansi described to me a campaign in that region in which the Japanese used only small bands of fast guerrilla fighters disguised as peasants, who sought to surprise the Communist detachments in their village outposts.

But the weakness of ordinary Chinese troops attempting mobile and guerrilla warfare, without the support of an organized self-governing people behind them, becomes all the more pronounced in the case of the Japanese. Another major obstacle to effective guerrilla counter tactics is the lack of initiative on the part of the rank-and-file and non-commissioned officers of the Japanese army. Once cut off from their officers, they often become incapable of improvising a command, and are helpless to meet unexpected conditions. The Japanese dare not tamper with their feudal samurai tradition of discipline by encouraging the common soldier to believe that he has a brain, whereas this is absolutely basic in the training methods used by the Communists. Commanders not only explain every operation to their men before a battle begins, using maps and miniature battle sets, but they analyze every engagement after it has occurred, explaining their own mistakes and requiring every soldier to offer his own criticism and his own version of how he would have conducted the battle! Thus during an engagement every Red fighter is cere-

brating from start to finish, and if a leader is killed the corporal or even the squad leader can pick up the command and carry on.

Japanese operations all pivot round their fortified cities and an attempt is now being made to enlarge these zones into a blockade system similar to that with which Chiang Kai-shek finally drove the Reds out of Kiangsi. But Chiang used over a million troops to surround only one Communist base and still could not prevent a breakthrough, while today the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies have a half dozen larger and stronger bases than Kiangsi ever was. Even by extensive use of puppet troops for garrison work, the Japanese lack sufficient attacking forces to encircle all these vast areas simultaneously. To enclose each with blockhouses would be enormously costly and in the end perhaps inconclusive, for the Japanese might still fail to achieve an annihilation.

On the whole the Japanese seem to make little headway against the Communist troops militarily and more and more rely on terrorism and punitive measures against the civilian population. A missionary who recently traveled through Hopei and Shansi said that the Japanese had burned every third or fourth village and murdered thousands of civilians in their punitive operations in the areas he saw. All large Japanese anti-guerrilla expeditions are accompanied by hundreds of empty trucks in which they haul off every conceivable article of value when they retreat back to the cities. Whole herds of buffalo have been driven off and slaughtered. It is said that about half the farm animals of Hopei and Shansi have been destroyed. In many villages you can no longer buy an egg, for not a single fowl has survived.

"It is a common practice," a Chinese professor from the guerrilla regions of Northern Shantung told me, "for the Japanese to seize all the produce for miles round a market town and leave the farmers empty-handed. They take the goods back to the town and keep what they want for their own use. Then they put the rest on the market and sell it back to the people they have robbed."

When the Japanese trucks do not contain the farmers' furniture or clothing or grain they are often filled with Chinese girls. These are taken to the cities and hired out to brothels run by the S.S.S. of the Japanese Army. Sometimes both boys and girls are kept for ransom if the Japanese suspect the parents have some money hidden away. Frequently whole villages are suddenly surrounded at night and machine-gunned as a "precautionary measure." Millions of

farmers living within the range of Japanese guns have been forced to abandon their tiny plots of land which, though it never gave them more than subsistence living after the exactions of landlords and tax collectors, was the only home they knew.

The Japanese have now grasped what is, after all, the fundamental fact about this pattern of total-mass resistance: that it can be destroyed only by wholesale depopulation. In some areas on the fringes of the guerrilla bases this has been undertaken, both by outright extermination and by transportation. Thousands of farmers have been conscripted to labor for the army and to rebuild the blockhouses and city walls and roads torn up by the guerrillas. Thousands of able-bodied young men and women have been forcibly transported to become rice-labor for Japanese military or industrial schemes in North China and land schemes in Manchuria. Those who are not thus directly enslaved are by a hundred different methods harnessed to support the Japanese occupation. Wherever the Japanese can enforce their mandate, farmers are required to sell their rice, wheat, silk, cotton and wool to Japanese monopolies at prices far below market values and in exchange for often worthless puppet banknotes. Those who resist are beaten up or killed as "traitors." And so on. The sordid story has already been well told by plenty of reliable observers.[1]

But these totalitarian practices have this compensation: they serve to strengthen the anti-Japanese determination of the people and to make it difficult for the enemy to find any shelter beyond their own rifles. The Chinese are not stupid. While there is murder and burning and rape going on at one end of a town, few of them can be impressed by Japanese posters stuck up on the opposite end, denouncing "the Communist-bandit Chiang Kai-shek," or showing kindly faced Japanese soldiers patting the heads of cherub-like Chinese children under the slogan "Asiatics unite." Instances of just such situations are so numerous that a reasonable doubt whether the Japanese possess any sense of the ridiculous seems justified.

Tactics of this kind do more to educate the peasants in patriotism than anything preached to them by the Communists. It teaches the importance of organization and co-operation with their own defending forces. Only in this way, they learn, can they make it impossible for the Japanese to exist outside their own fortifications. Only through mobilization—which means "to make mobile"—can the

[1] *Cf.* Especially the publications of the American Information Committee, Shanghai, which give vivid and documented reports of the methods employed.

millions of villagers find protection, by identifying themselves with the armed forces organized to defend their lives and their freedom.

Nevertheless, the destructiveness of Japanese punitive forays is so terrible that only a superb morale, based on a revolutionary hope of ultimate victory, enables guerrilla forces and the people who support them to continue the struggle. I have pointed out the grave position of guerrilla economy and the absence of government aid in strengthening guerrilla industry and agriculture. I have mentioned the inadequate payment of troops and the denial of essential arms, especially of high explosives necessary for effective demolition work. Despite these admitted weaknesses in their position, however, I never met a single man or woman in or from any guerrilla district who doubted that Japanese efforts to consolidate in the occupied provinces could be finally defeated. But I also met scarcely a single one who did not regard the anti-Communist activity of semi-official groups behind the *Chinese* lines as a far graver matter and one so serious that, if it enlarged, might lead to a Japanese triumph.

It was no secret in China that anti-Communist groups in the army and among Kuomintang and Government officials, working in collaboration with gentry and local militarists with dubious connections, were responsible for countless "incidents" in the guerrilla regions and their environs. I first began to hear hushed reports of these clashes in the last days of Hankow. Later they became almost daily occurrences known to everyone.

I have discussed the effort of the Kuomintang Right Wing to preserve the one-party dictatorship and to suppress other activity in the unpenetrated areas of China, and have told of the formation of a War Areas Party and Political Affairs Commission to eradicate the anti-Japanese movement led by the Communists behind the enemy's lines. Sponsors of these measures were frank enough in their avowals, though reports were kept out of the public press. In Chungking, General Chang Chün, Vice-Chairman of the Supreme War Council, told me that the local administrations elected by the people in guerrilla China were "illegal" and spoke of the determination of the War Areas Commission to abolish them. At Sianfu, General Chiang Ting-wen, commander of the Generalissimo's headquarters, left me with no doubt that he shared Chang Chün's views.

Factions in the Central Army and the Kuomintang, and of course prominent in the Government, sabotaged the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies in ways which elsewhere would be called

Fifth Columnism. Such secret organizations as the Blueshirts under Tai Li, the "Regenerationists" under General Hu Tsung-nan, the Army Gendarmes, the Three Principles Youth Brigades, and other groups whose names would be meaningless without explanations for which there is no space here, all collaborated to carry out what was known as the "Procedure for Curbing the Activity of the Alien Parties."

Incidents multiplied rapidly and in 1940 became so serious that progressive people everywhere half feared the Kuomintang might altogether abandon the effort against Japan and concentrate on what appeared to be its main interest: a renewed civil war against "the Reds." There were repeated instances of arrest, imprisonment and execution of men and officers of the Eighth Route. Cases included everything from the kidnapping of students bound for Yenan to armed attacks on Communist army garrisons. Neutral generals appealed to the Generalissimo to intervene but he seemed either powerless or uninterested. Finally General Pai Tsung-hsi, Deputy Chief of Staff, himself went to the Generalissimo and requested him to repudiate the instructions contained in the secret "Procedure for Curbing the Alien Parties." Chiang denied any knowledge of it. But the "incidents" continued.

For a long time the Communists seemed reluctant to air their grievances for fear of making the situation worse. Even after the entire staff in one of the New Fourth Army liaison depots was killed by a militarist in Kiangsi they only held a small memorial meeting in Chungking—to which they invited the militarist's representative! When units of the Central Army attacked the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Region and lopped off five counties, they withdrew their forces and appealed to the Generalissimo to intervene. He stopped the hostilities but made the Central Army's occupation permanent. In desperation, the commanders of the Eighth Route Army divisions finally dispatched a dramatic open telegram[1] early in 1940 addressed to the Generalissimo, all members of the Government and commanders of the War Areas, in which they protested against the continued attacks on them and demanded an end to sabotage and discrimination. It read in part as follows:

In Hopei, Shansi, Suiyuan, Chahar and Shantung provinces the Eighth Route Army has recovered lost territory and established anti-Japanese

[1] Feb. 15, 1940.

bases which defend the vast central plains and all Northwest China. Yet there are people who proclaim that the Eighth Route Army must be wiped out. Those very generals who but yesterday abandoned their territories and fled in the face of Japanese onslaught, now order their forces to attack the rear of the Eighth Route Army and call such action 'recovery of lost territory'. . . . Special agents have been sent into the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Region to create disturbances, while huge armies have been sent to surround it. One day they raid a city, another day they seize a county. Many of these unfortunate incidents have occurred. Yet our fighters stand firm on the anti-Japanese fronts and do not yield an inch. Thus the Eighth Route Army demonstrates its devotion to the whole nation.

The Sian-Yülin highway and the Lunghai Railway are communication lines of the Eighth Route Army. They are dotted with special agents, and members of the Three Principles Youth Corps intercept and kidnap travelers along them. "Reception houses" have been established for the purpose of "rectifying youths who blindly follow the Eighth Route Army." Students of our University have no right to travel freely. Once kidnapped, they disappear or are forced to sign "statements of repentance" and join the "training corps." Many innocent young people have been persecuted in this way. . . .

The insolence and audacity of the special agents know no bounds. They have even established graduated rewards for captured Eighth Route Army men—$200 to $300 for first-class workers, $150 to $200 for second-class, $40 to $100 for third-class. Thousands of dispatches circulating false and baseless rumors have been sent out. Tremendous sums have been wasted on disruptive activities. . . . Does not this gathering storm warn us that there is danger of a repetition of the disastrous tragedy of ten years ago?

In the course of the nation-wide anti-Japanese war China has clearly shown progress in the military field but has failed to show relative progress politically. Corrupt officials and greedy local gentry are still freely running about, and profiting from the national crisis. Such people thrive on internal dissension. Innumerable scandals are hidden behind veils; government officials shield each other, preventing true information from reaching the highest authorities. The situation has developed to such a point that our army, fighting under most difficult conditions, is threatened at the rear, subjected to derision and has its vital communication lines interrupted.

An ancient proverb says, "When high officials refrain from comment, minor officials must speak." We cannot remain indifferent to the protests of our men who are fighting the enemy nor can we any longer suppress our own feelings. Continuation of the present abnormal condi-

tions will be detrimental to the interests of national unity as well as those of the war of resistance.

After thorough deliberation, we respectfully request you to dispatch General Chen Cheng (Political Director of the National Military Council) to the front so that he may obtain a clear picture of the casualties suffered by the Eighth Route Army, the number of Japanese it has captured, the amount of territory it has recovered, the number of battles it has fought—and the number of times it has been attacked in the rear and had its communication lines cut.

General Chen Cheng ignored the invitation, but his Political Department replied by publishing a collection of tales which gave the impression that it was the Kuomintang which was everywhere being oppressed by the Reds, who were accused of themselves perpetrating the crimes against which they protested. The evidence was too well known for it to be obscured, the situation had become a national scandal and the Generalissimo was obliged to order an investigation. But negotiations dragged on for months without much visible result. It was not till the middle of 1940 that an improvement was finally promised by the Generalissimo.

Today, although the Communists are still excluded from participation in the political life of the "free provinces" (representatives in Chungking and elsewhere are recognized only as liaison members of the Eighth Route Army, the Communist Party being still officially banned), the Generalissimo has recognized certain front-line areas where Communist troops should have the same right as Kuomintang troops hold elsewhere. The Military Council now also pays three additional divisions of the Eighth Route and two additional divisions of the New Fourth. It is perhaps not without significance that this adjustment (which still leaves about half the Communist troops unpaid by the Central Government) was not granted until the closure of the Burma Road made the Kuomintang regime almost completely dependent on external aid from the Soviet Union.

But the big question in my mind, as I flew back from the Northwest in a Eurasia plane to Chungking, was whether this kind of improvisation could continue to hold the country together under the trial of far greater hardships that in all certainty lay ahead. How long, I wondered, could a government continue to claim to be "national" and "united" which officially denied the political existence of a party whose withdrawal of support could at any time expose it to utter disaster?

Part Ten

EMPIRE OR DEMOCRACY?

I

The Promise of Free China

Against the full strength of a resurgent China any armies in the world must break and fail.
James Bertram

CAN the struggle of this economically backward, disadvantaged country have any lesson for us? Yes, it can; for the same universals are at stake here as everywhere else. We must learn them if we are to fight on the winning side ourselves.

I would put as point number one an item which may surprise the reader. It is this: China's war has proved that democracy can fight more effectively than dictatorship. China is not a true democracy, and this has accounted for much of its failure. But the vitality of such democracy as the people have developed during the war has saved the nation from decisive defeat. The contrast in qualitative results obtained by resistance as led in the guerrilla areas, with that achieved elsewhere, underlines the point. Though the Government is not democratic, this has nevertheless been a people's war imposed on the rulers at the beginning against their will. Democratic sentiment, far greater than is reflected in any political bureau, has actually denied to the anti-democratic and defeatist forces the power to enforce a surrender.

Spain first demonstrated that a true democracy can be defeated only by an immense superiority of armament. The defeat of France, as we now know, was due not to this fact so much as it was to the betrayal of democracy from within, by anti-democratic political and military rulers. Challenged by the dynamic of fascism, democracy must be dynamic and ever-advancing or it collapses, as in France. Although China's democracy is primitive, it is relatively dynamic. While it remains so there is still hope of victory.

Secondly, democracy cannot fight a successful war based on the *levée en masse* without equalizing the burden among all classes.

Total wars involve total populations. There is little distinction between the civilian and the front-line fighter, either as a target of enemy attack or as a factor in the mechanism of defense. Just as the mercenary army can no longer be relied upon to defend a modern state, neither can money profit remain the basis of civilian morale. Greed and exploitation must be replaced by an extension of the logic of democracy to the full range of economy. Economic democracy alone can unite a people in the same kind of brotherhood that must exist to hold an army together under fire.

Thirdly, self-reliance is the strongest bulwark of democracy and a necessary antidote to defeatism. "A people can fight with the resources it happens to have," says Chu Teh. The loafer and the idler and the appeasement class must be thoroughly eliminated. Every citizen must be provided with productive work and responsibility, he must be given not only economic rights but economic duties and not only political rights but political duties. Defeatism begins with irresponsibility and the frustration of personality and ends in an escapism that blames external causes for internal failure.

Finally, the integration of human personality with a great movement of history requires a doctrine which can successfully identify individual salvation with social regeneration. Both fighters and civilians must be absolutely convinced that a great positive cause is at stake, the triumph of which can radically *improve* their lives and those of their descendants in every way. It must be a cause sufficiently universal to penetrate into the consciousness of the enemy and politically immobilize his forces.

The degree of China's failure to provide these conditions of victory accounts for her failure to bring Japan nearer to defeat, while the extent to which they are gradually being realized may yet give her victory. The development of political, economic and military democracy has been very uneven and the mobilization of self-reliance in the utilization of internal resources has consequently lagged far behind actual possibilities.

"China itself," General Falkenhausen once remarked, "does not know the strength of her own resources." That is perfectly true if by China one means the rulers of China; but it may not indefinitely be true. If ever a Government discovers and acts upon the discovery of the immense latent energy lying unmobilized both in the millions of peasants and in the ground beneath their feet China will indeed be, to quote Falkenhausen again, "unbeatable by any one nation."

One cannot be dogmatic about such a complex matter, but from what I have seen of China at war it seems to me conservative to state that not more than one-third of the country's visible war potential has been mobilized. This applies both to man power and to resources. The key weakness has been the failure to integrate these two factors for the greatest productive efficiency. Back of that lie political and economic contradictions which cannot be solved until full recognition is given to the potentialities of the human energy at the nation's disposal.

Many people are so astounded that China has fought at all that they forget that China had a very good chance for victory. I suppose I was one of the few people who maintained this; I had the melancholy satisfaction of predicting the year of the outbreak and more or less the course which the war would follow.[1] But I overestimated the speed with which the catastrophe would force upon the State the changes necessary to bring about the efficient reorganization of Chinese society. It now seems quite possible that the opportunities may be altogether lost if political and economic changes are not greatly accelerated in the new stage which the battle for Asia entered when it enlarged to become an organic part of the second World War.

China must in the near future complete the mobilization of her man power and resources, or the initiative in this process will pass into other hands. The war has ripened the conditions for necessary changes and made them easier to realize; but only the dynamic of revolutionary leadership can now carry out their implications.

Militarily, a dozen important things remain undone. The vast revolutionary energy of the peoples of Manchuria and Mongolia has hardly been tapped. The revolutionary fervor of the Koreans has not been mobilized. Little has been done to achieve the political immobilization of enemy troops stationed in China and Manchuria. Inside China Proper the organized defense power of the peasantry in the occupied provinces has been utilized better than elsewhere, yet it remains far below its potential, owing as we have seen to the lack of political and economic reinforcement from the main Government bases. Sabotage work against Japanese military establishments in the cities is extremely poor not only because of the reactionary labor policy of the Government before the war, but because of the

[1] In *The Saturday Evening Post*, June 6, 1936.

political backwardness of the elements on which the Chinese command still relies to mobilize labor inside the enemy's bases.

Here is an illustration of other unrealized possibilities. I have already reported that, according to Chiang Ting-fu, Secretary of the Executive Yuan, there are no less than 2,000,000 *min-t'uan* and pacification forces in the "free" provinces, in addition to the regular army. *Min-t'uan* are local armed guards in the pay of the landlord-gentry, necessary to collect rents, taxes, and interest on usurious loans, to throw debtors in jail and so on. (A large number of China's able-bodied men are actually in jail for debt!) Pacification forces work with the *min-t'uan* and the police; they fight bandits and other lawless groups made up for the most part of dispossessed farmers.

If democratic mobilization were carried out all over China it would be possible to release for the use of front-line fighters at least a million rifles and other arms now needed by the mercenaries to enforce property privilege and money rights. A democratically mobilized people could—as is now the case in many guerrilla districts—adequately maintain peace by communal self-defense corps. And not only would the people be strengthened, but a million or more parasites could be converted to producers—perhaps mobilized, for example, through Industrial Co-operatives, to make military equipment for the new fighters, or settled on co-operative land reclaimed from the idle estates of absentee landlords.

One more illustration. General Chen Cheng says that he has about three million regular troops deployed behind the vast "front" against the Japanese. In many places no contact is maintained and there is a wide "neutral" zone between the two forces in which all roads and communications have been completely obliterated. Here any further enemy advance is not feasible without extensive and easily detected preparations. The Chinese forces holding such "fronts" are therefore passive, static and even superfluous. Moreover, about half of all the Chinese troops are not deployed near any potential battle line at all but are far behind the front, in garrison life.

In the Northwest, for example, there are three times as many Central Army troops west of the Yellow River as there are east of it on the fighting line—which is itself often for weeks inactive. That these troops serve a purely political purpose is obvious when their disposition is compared to that of the Eighth Route Army. The

latter retains in its rear defense zone in North Shensi and Kansu only 20,000 troops, mostly local volunteers—and this is less than one-tenth of its total combat forces east of the Yellow River behind enemy lines.

The Eighth Route depends upon the attacking power of its main forces behind the enemy to immobilize any invasion of its own rear in the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia border area. Thus far it has successfully done so. Although the Japanese have three or four times crossed the Yellow River to invade North Shensi they have always been compelled to withdraw to meet counter-attacks in Shansi. And so from the beginning of the war the Japanese have never been able to get beyond Shansi province, though they have penetrated the one-dimensional positional defense everywhere else with little difficulty. However, though this disposition is capable of holding up Japanese military advances, the weak garrison force in the Border Region is not adequate to defend the area politically against pressure from other Chinese troops.

It is suggested that major Government concentrations are being kept behind the lines for the day of a "large-scale counter-offensive" when they are presumably to become the attacking force along the fixed front. *But it is now abundantly clear that China cannot accumulate the heavy fire power necessary to engage in this kind of battle competition with Japan, unless a large part of the enemy's strength is diverted elsewhere.* Wherever that diversion is to appear, the strengthening of Chinese operations behind the enemy's line must in any case play an important role in it. In fact it seems to me that the main counter-offensive power must itself be developed from the "diversion," and that only when it has been sufficiently strengthened would it then become possible for a blow from the west to supply a climax.

The meaning of this is simply that about half the main Chinese forces in the "free" provinces are militarily "immobilized" because they are not performing a primary defense function at all. They merely serve to maintain a political balance of power for a Government which does not feel internally secure. This is one of the problems that only "democratic mobilization" could solve. And that raises the whole question of political and economic changes necessary to strengthen the Government, in order to release the maximum fighting power of the nation.

The measure of China's military weakness lies in the Govern-

ment's failure to symbolize the political implications of a great historic cause. China has such a cause and it is not confined to breaking Japan. Its broad meaning is that it leads the vanguard in the emancipatory struggle of all Asia. As for China herself, there can be no question that if Japan is defeated no other force on earth could now restore the pre-war semi-colonial status of the country. But to be victorious, this tremendous cause, full of special meaning for half the men and women of the earth, must carry in it not only the distant promise of improvement in men's lives, but an immediate fulfillment by the realization of a better, democratic, society.

Machiavelli was quite right when he said "dictatorship for offense, democracy for defense." A defensive war of freedom can be won only by imposing heavy responsibility on the masses through the widest use of democracy—I have forgotten the Italian's exact words, but this is the essence—for whereas the aggressors have the incentive of plundering the wealth and power of others, the defense can find a dynamic only if the people really exercise the power at stake.

China urgently needs democracy in its truest sense, in which men possess not only economic and political rights, but economic and political duties. It is absolutely necessary to reconcile internal antagonisms and achieve complete mobilization. Here I mean a democracy which starts in the smallest village and passes right through to the Central Government, with the power to delegate authority through chosen representatives in the hands of the people from bottom to top. It is complete rubbish to maintain that the Chinese peasants and workers, some of whom are illiterate (and will continue to be until there is democracy), are because of that ignorant and incapable of responding to political responsibility. What democracy on earth would have been established if it had waited for mass literacy, and what country on earth can continue to be literate for long without democracy? The alleged incapacity for self-government of the Chinese masses is the greatest of all the myths fostered by China's own semi-feudal mandarin monopolists jointly with imperialism. I confess it once seemed plausible to me also, but now that I have seen it proved false I take this opportunity to deny it.

Such a democracy can come about in China, however, only if an economic foundation is laid for it, either by peaceful or violent means—for it is idle to pretend that anything less than revolutionary

change can solve the contradictions—and in this respect the Government falls far short of responding to the implications of the cause which it must symbolize to win. For ten years preceding the invasion, the Kuomintang attempted to deny the necessity in civil war; and now under the dynamic of Japanese invasion it still seeks to avoid it. That is why two million property guards are needed to police "Free" China. That is also why the productive power of the nation cannot be fully mobilized.

A fundamental cause of the economic stagnation of China before the war, as all candid students of the question know, lay in its quasi-feudal rural economy, based on the concentration of land ownership in a gentry class which for complex reasons could not lift itself out of the pre-capitalistic rut of usury, hoarding and commodity speculation. This weakness became all the more pronounced with the war. The Nanking Government never released any comprehensive figures on land ownership, but various estimates indicated that over half the peasantry owned no land at all, a good two-thirds of it fell in the class of tenant or half-tenant tillers, while from 10 to 15 percent of the population owned well over half the total land. We have seen in the case of Szechuan that on the rich densely populated Chengtu plain over 70 percent of the land was owned by 7 percent of the people. While this is doubtless higher than elsewhere, it is significant because this is the setting in which the Government now functions.

Currency inflation has deepened the peasants' distress. Prices on farm products lag far behind the rising cost of manufactured commodities. Usury is rampant and debt interest constantly mounts. In Szechuan the Government ruled that rents should be stabilized at pre-war rates, but here and elsewhere the gentry and the *tangpu* found many methods of evasion. Landlord tribute became more than ever non-productive in its economic uses, being employed chiefly for speculation in land and exchange, for hoarding and for profiteering in agricultural and manufactured commodities, and in smuggled enemy goods.

At the same time it is well known that a very different course was followed in the occupied areas wherever democracy has been established under guerrilla leadership. There the non-tilling and absentee landlord class could no longer collect feudal tribute, while the disadvantaged peasant was being enfranchised as a producer and land settler. Usury was abolished and land rent reduced from

25 to 50 percent, in cases where the landlord stayed on his soil. A moratorium was declared on rural debt, and hoarding and speculation were drastically punished. Landlord power was being converted into state taxing power as the capital base of resistance. Despite the terrible destructiveness of constant war and the quarantine of the guerrilla districts from access to capital accumulations, the reorientation was effective enough to maintain a pattern of defense built on democratic economic foundations.

"What we aim to establish," said Chiang Kai-shek at last in 1940, "is a thoroughgoing democracy." We do not know just what the Generalissimo now has in mind, but it can only be hoped that he has come to realize the necessity for a thoroughgoing reconciliation with the peasantry, and to understand the maturity of the opportunity which now lies before the Government. The hegira of money-lenders and landlords from the occupied areas to the treaty ports, foreign concessions and Hongkong, the disturbing role of landlord tribute in speculation, the flight of landlord hoardings into foreign exchange, the currency inflation, and other factors all posed inescapably the need for a land reform to strengthen the Government and increase its revenues. This could now be relatively easily accomplished provided the will to lead a transition existed: by expropriation of absentee landlords, by Government purchase in bonds or currency, by low-interest Government loans enabling the peasants to purchase, individually or co-operatively, the land they till.

It cannot be said that the Kuomintang entirely ignored this question. Laws were enacted providing for reclamation by refugees of public lands, wasteland, and under certain conditions, the untilled land of absentee owners. Dr. Chen Hanseng has described[1] three ways in which the regulations empower the Government to reclaim untilled land from absentee owners: (1) by purchase at a minimum price; (2) by compelling the owner to sell to the reclaimer; (3) by ordering the owner to lease rent free for from three to five years, to a tenant. In the first two alternatives the tenant can purchase the land on a reasonable instalment plan. Dr. Chen points out, however, that only about a half million refugees (there are 30,000,000) could benefit from such land reclamation organizations, while other Kuomintang reclamation schemes in no way alter the already existing landlord-tenant relationship. Even

[1] "New Soul Comes to Old Soil," *T'ien Hsia*, Hongkong, April, 1940.

so, such measures "do represent an earnest attempt for a new economic development."

But it is regrettable that meanwhile, instead of sanctioning the progressive changes made under the Border Governments, and recognizing the urgency of the situation elsewhere, the backward elements in the Kuomintang and its armies speak, as we have seen, of "recovering lost territory" from the "rebels," and wish to reimpose the old pattern in these regions. Moving in the opposite direction, the bureaucracy adopts economic measures which strengthen and restore the landlord-gentry semi-feudal basis of its power. I have mentioned the huge sums poured into the hands of the gentry in the form of "co-operative" credit and agricultural rehabilitation schemes.[1] It is hardly necessary to emphasize that much (by no means all) of these credits are converted by the gentry into money which reaches the peasant majority only in the form of usury and the tribute exacted in speculation, thus prolonging the degradation of Chinese economy at a pre-capitalistic stage.

If the Government were so willed it could, with little to lose and much to win, easily use its wartime underwriting of rural economy as a means of building the economic foundations for democracy, instead of perpetuating the present stagnation. I do not wish to exhaust the general reader with detail. It is perfectly evident that all the millions now used to re-prime the gentry class could quite as readily enforce a progressive economic transition by re-financing the peasant masses in such a manner as to enable them to recover control of the land, bring about an equalization of the burden, vastly strengthen the national economy, and establish the firm security of both the Government and the Kuomintang.

In this respect Industrial Co-operatives have proved beyond any doubt that both the peasants and workers are perfectly capable of assuming the responsibilities, with the privileges, of economic democracy. In this movement indeed one sees a true example of fulfillment of the promise of China's tomorrow. Upon the outcome of Indusco's present struggle to maintain its democratic character one may well form a judgment on the whole question of whether the Government is capable of leading the transition from feudalism to democracy. If the backward elements of the bureaucracy succeed in imposing on C.I.C. the same pattern of control already estab-

[1] $400,000,000 in 1940, through the Government banks. About one-third of it was earmarked for Szechuan.

lished over the rural credit co-operative apparatus, those who hope for a democratic China may have to look elsewhere for encouragement. If the Industrial Co-operatives, with all their special advantages, prove unable to resist subordination of the movement to gentry domination, then we may have to conclude that Kuomintang hegemony has indeed exhausted all its possibilities of leading a successful transition.

The program of a co-operative state, based on a true rural co-operative movement closely integrated with a true co-operative industrialization, co-ordinated in state planning, seems to me now to offer the only chance of laying the economic foundation for a victorious democracy in China without renewed civil war. This is also, I suggest, the only kind of China in which the Foreign Powers would find any possibility of developing a market in the future, as I shall show a little later.

Meanwhile, it is urgently necessary for the Kuomintang to strengthen its present improvisation by admitting other parties into the Government and thereby narrowing the gulf between the bureaucracy and the people. It seems to many neutral observers to be sophistry to continue to maintain that the Communist Party does not represent as legitimate a voice of the people as does the Kuomintang, or to suggest that the Communist armies are any more "private," or any less "central," than the Kuomintang troops. Both symbolize legitimate interests in the national cause. These interests could be temporarily reconciled through a working coalition between the parties which have a national following. Until a democratic political system exists there is no other means of reconciliation, and without this preliminary stage it is hard to see how a democratic system can exist.

"Unification without representation" appears to be, after 13 years of effort, impossible to attain. The Communist troops and the Border regions they defend, like all other troops and regions, can probably be "unified" only under a regime which reconciles itself to their political existence and gives them a genuine voice in national decision such as to safeguard them against extermination.

The Communists have at no time since the war began asked for more than legalization of their party and some steps in the direction of democracy. It would not seem desirable for the Communist Party to replace the Kuomintang if it is at all possible for the latter

to carry out the necessities of the period. It is inconceivable that such a change could take place at present without a civil war that might benefit only Japan. Whoever "won," the nation as a whole might lose a great deal.

The Communists lack trained technicians and administrators and would have to enlist many of the present bureaucrats to form a government. If they were not merely to impose a new name on an old bureaucracy they would be compelled, in order to complete the democratic revolution, to break the latter's counter-revolutionary alliance with the gentry with a ruthlessness and terror that would be widely misunderstood abroad. What industrial capital remains in the interior would speedily take flight. The capitalist Powers might take active steps to close China entirely as a capital market. The regime would have to rely solely on Soviet Russian aid, and Russia has not developed sufficiently to finance the modernization of China through the export of capital and capital goods on the scale required.

Nevertheless, the transition to a "thoroughgoing democracy" must be made, and speedily made, or the Kuomintang may lose its mandate under circumstances painful for the entire world. China must achieve a dynamic democracy now, during the war; China must quickly complete her mobilization, or she may be colonized by a dynamic feudal imperialism which might temporarily obliterate her from the pages of history. It is the reward of China's resistance that it is now easier for the country to climb over into a new world, and if the opportunity is realized no one can doubt that it was abundantly worthwhile. The costs of war have been enormous, but they are clearly small compared to the riches of a present and a future which China still retains, or to the long imprisonment in a darkness without hope which awaits the peoples who prefer slavery to struggle.

It would therefore be the most profound tragedy if a compromise "peace" were to be made while the full implications of China's cause remain unrealized. Once economic and political democracy has been won under any Chinese Government, however, only the cruelest combination of world events could then deny a great people's final victory.

In China three centuries of history are being telescoped into three decades, and into a struggle which, to succeed, must combine

certain achievements of the French, American, and even the Russian revolutions. Time no longer marches on; politically it dashes. Men in power cannot continue to walk in a world on fire, but must jump while they can still make a safe landing. The longer democratic mobilization is rejected in China, the nearer Japan comes to success—for Japan might yet win.

2

Japan's Chances

The war now goes on . . . as an attempt to insure the survival of Japan as a nation.

Rodney Gilbert

Scattered throughout this book the reader has encountered references to the errors of judgment, the miscalculations and the vulnerability of Japan in China. Japan's militarists are unable to redeem the cost of the conflict in terms which mean anything to the Japanese people but dubious glory and new entanglements.

Japan has now spent about ten times as much on the "China Incident" as on the two-year Russo-Japanese war and her casualties have been four or perhaps five times as large. Her internal debt has about trebled; it has increased nearly 500 percent since 1930, just before Japan began to exert a "civilizing influence" (the slogan in those days) in Manchuria. This debt actually is nearly three times the size of Japan's pre-war total national income. Service costs on war loans floated just since 1937 alone eat up about half the internal revenues of the Government. The entire nation seems fully mortgaged to war. Japan's economic relationship with the occupied territories appears to hold forth little promise of early liquidation of the enormous cost of the conquest.

Yet it would be a mistake to underestimate the striking power Japan still has in reserve, or to conclude that she could not under any circumstances make good in China, or that her war economy is incapable of supporting the strain of further expansion. Few of the experts who predicted Japan's economic collapse after the occupation of Manchuria can today read their own essays with the same Adam Smithian complacence with which they wrote them. Looking back through the forecasts made by American and European economists concerning Japan's prospects in Manchuria in 1932 and 1933,

I find only one or two that are not as worthless as similar cheerful predictions of "economic collapse" made about Nazi Germany.

In Manchuria the Japanese got an area twice the size of pre-Nazi Germany, which held such riches as 80 million acres of arable land, 400 million tons of iron ore, six billion tons of coal, 150 billion cubic feet of standing timber, and gold deposits estimated to be worth two billion American dollars. This does not begin to assess the extensive resources or the value of communications, industrial plant and other capital goods seized. Yet, as I read over the orthodox economists' analyses now it is clear that they were singularly convinced that the more of Manchuria Japan acquired the more she would collapse. They never seemed realistic except in one sense (and this was not the economists' sense): that the aggression was certain not long hence to compel Japan to go to war for all-or-nothing stakes—and she might lose.

Japan built in Manchuria the continental base which enabled her to invade China, and her success was possible because under the appeasement diplomacy of the European Powers and the Chinese Government she was able to take over the country with virtually no armed opposition. Today, Japan is engaged in extending that base into China itself, for the purpose of conquering Asia. If she has thus far failed it is not because of any barrier of static economic laws but because of the counter-dynamic of China's resistance.

It is not wise for the amateur to venture deeply into a field in which experts have so badly erred, and there is, anyway, no space here for so thankless a task. But it seems important to illuminate a few of the peculiarities of Japanese military fascist imperialism, so that we shall not underestimate the menace it constitutes for the world.

What is meant by "military fascist imperialism"? How does it differ from the familiar pattern of laissez-faire imperialism as practiced before and after the first World War? The older imperialism apparently arose when a nation's exporters and capitalist groups accumulated "surplus" stocks of commodities and capital which they could not dispose of in the domestic market without increasing the income of the non-owning groups by greatly lowering their own profits. Such nations engaged in imperialist wars which served the function both of creating a profitable internal market, in the form of government purchases of armament goods (which not only did not improve the real income of the non-owning groups but speeded up capital monopolization) and at the same time provided export

markets in backward colonies from which capital could temporarily extract a pleasing tribute. Though much oversimplified, this explanation suggests the basic objective cause of imperialism. There are, of course, other objective and immanent factors—social, political, geographic and ideological.

Japanese imperialism certainly also possessed these characteristics, but it was further conditioned by Japan's own historical peculiarities. In other countries the development of modern empire arose gradually and "naturally" out of the contradictions of laissez-faire capitalism, and armed forces were created to serve the needs of the latter. In the case of Japan, there was a far greater degree of conscious planning from the first on the part of the ruling class, and a much greater urgency about it, due to the sharp limitations of an internal market clinging to a semi-feudal economy, and Japan's late arrival as a competing force in the capitalist world.

The modern Japanese army and navy grew out of the old feudal ruling clans, as we have seen, and when Japan adopted a Constitution they remained responsible to no one but the Emperor. Real state control was kept in the hands of the fighting forces, the bureaucracy, the great landowners and the Imperial circles. All of them subjectively planned for Japan to become a great empire. Objectively, this could only begin by the militarization of semi-feudal landlord and mercantile capital, together with the imperial subsidy, as the basis of foreign conquest.

The first fruit of empire-planning was the Sino-Japanese war, in 1895, which marked the beginning of Japan as a capitalist Power. Japan acquired a large credit in the form of indemnity from China, which was loaned to the Manchu Empire by British banking interests, and her rulers also got some little wealth in territory, and special access to Korea. Further conscious planning by the armed forces and the state hierarchy, with financial help from foreign bankers, enabled Japan to defeat Czarist Russia in 1905-6, when she emerged as the youngest contender for world power.

During the Russo-Japanese war Japan spent ten times more than her highest previous budget. This money was raised by internal loans which were used to develop armament factories, communications, mining and light industry. No change was made in the archaic land system, however, which even now still retains its feudal character. The war also emancipated Japanese capital from foreign extraterritoriality, giving the government complete customs autonomy and full taxing power, and enabling Japan to enter

the external market. Her credit improved. By 1913 foreign investment in Japan and her conquests increased by ten times, most of the capital being furnished by British bankers, who really laid the foundation of Japanese capitalism. Through subsequent industrialization of Japan's resources, helped by high tariffs and generous state subsidies raised by heavier taxation of the peasants, capital expended its foreign markets and enriched itself through the accumulation of high profits made at the expense of the world's cheapest labor.

This latter process was accelerated during the first World War, when Japanese industrial investment increased by 14 billion yen. For the first time, Japan became a creditor nation, to the extent of two billion yen. Heavy industry developed on a moderate scale. Mines, shipping, communications and electrical industry made marked progress.

Throughout these years the driving force behind Japan's rapid development was war and empire. It had the political function of checking every rise in the anti-feudal and democratic forces in Japanese society, and the economic function of constantly renewing its own necessities for new external markets to exploit. Because Japanese expansion was never checked externally, democracy never became strong enough to control the fighting forces, the big capitalist families, the permanent bureaucracy which represented especially the landlord elements, or the Throne Circle. Despite many internal differences these main political forces always united in times of crisis to co-operate in waging war as a means of averting the internal democratic revolution. Political and social as well as economic imperatives therefore decided the Japanese ruling oligarchy to seek a way out by war in Manchuria in 1931, when the sharp contraction of foreign markets was accompanied by the most critical internal conditions in Japan.

What caused the extension of invasion to China in 1937? Many complex factors contributed. Chinese industry had recovered and was again competing for its own domestic market as well as Japan's "own" foreign markets—which were also being monopolized more completely by rival imperial Powers. Manchuria did not solve the internal dilemma of Japanese monopoly capitalism. Democracy was raising its timid head again in the Diet and blocking increased military expenditure. The public was restlessly demanding "reforms." The fighting services could not force through the great

appropriations they wanted for their secret huge rearmament program without a Big Incident.

The nature of the economic development of Manchuria also must have had a decided influence on Japanese policy. Manchuria absorbed billions of yen in Japanese capital savings, but this was invested in production which had few outlets abroad and little internal market except in armaments. The forced capitalization of the Manchurian conquest was a strange and unorthodox thing. Apparently, little of the banking capital exported to the colony was used to purchase real property or existing equipment. Everything in Manchuria, all mines and other resources, developed communications, railways and industries were in effect confiscated. Such genuine Japanese capital as was brought in was used mostly for operating resources and plant seized by the military and hence to develop projects chiefly of military value.

In Manchuria, Japan grabbed an enormously valuable accumulation of resources and raw materials, plus cheap labor, and needed only operating capital to make it genuinely productive. All her mounting debt was really an expression of a kind of synthetic capitalization of new internal assets. The development should have been "sound" except for one thing. Most of it was focused on the army as a market. The driving force behind it was the army itself, which was interested in Manchuria primarily as a military base.

The queer feature of Japanese imperialism is that the Emperor, or Imperial treasury, nominally symbolizing the people but in reality the controlling group in State capital, has a half share in many capitalist projects and gets a half interest in the new assets seized by conquest. Japanese monopoly capital takes over the other half, partly subsidized by the State.

Now, through its physical possession of the huge spoils on the continent, the army increased its partnership with State and private capital. In reality it controlled the economic development of Manchuria, and through it deepened its voice in economy at home. It naturally arranged for the "militarization" of most of the capital that came to Manchuria, which became to a great extent dependent on the army as purchaser both at home and colonially.

To keep this market expanding, and to increase its own power, the fighting services planned bigger and bigger uneconomical projects and forced more and more debt on Japan. In order to win people's approval for still heavier taxation to support this mounting capital

debt, which produced little of value to the people, the army soon needed a "national emergency" and so did heavy industry. The fighting service had to find, in the form of war, an export market for the surplus commodities they owned, to maintain and increase production.

I do not suggest that this explanation should satisfy everybody. It merely seems interesting as one of the main factors which made the invasion economically inevitable.

Japan thus seems to have departed fundamentally, in Manchuria, from the laissez-faire type of imperialism. It became militarily fascist as the army gradually established control of capital security which enabled it to dictate the nature of investment, when it became itself a major customer of business, and when it took over what amounts to virtual monopoly of capital resources and many kinds of state revenues. This monstrosity could only perpetuate itself by continuing to expand its main enterprise of military operations.

Of course, that was merely the objective situation. Subjectively, the army's invasion of China was dressed up for the Japanese people as a "liberation of the Chinese from Communistic oppression," as the building of a "New Order in East Asia," and later as the "elimination of foreign imperialist exploitation." To carry out the Divine Mission the fighting services appealed to the deepest mysticism and superstition in the Japanese soul by restoring, with considerable internal violence, the teachings of the former feudal State.

The complicated connection of the Japanese army and navy with State and monopoly capital partly explains their extremely predatory conduct in China. As organizations drawing their recruits from the Japanese poor they must try to keep down the burden on producers at home by seizing as much existing wealth as possible abroad. The army especially, as part owners of the production system, so much of which they have diverted to the manufacture of armaments, must continue to expand their own markets. As business men with personal stakes in many of the enterprises seized, the military leaders also wish to fill their own pockets as quickly as possible.

Japanese military imperialism seems to need to capitalize itself ever more speedily by skipping the intermediary stage of amassing profits through trade and uses the simple expedient of expropriating the investment and accumulation of others. In China it aims

to seize capital not only in money but by total expropriation of all existing wealth, resources, and means of production, including a monopoly of labor power, which can be harnessed to the military machine while the same process is completed at home. Japan must, in the end, eliminate all capital holders in China, first the Chinese and finally the foreigners. No attempt to balance the books of Japanese imperialism can be realistic if it ignores this basic aim of expropriation of capital.

Early in the war the Japanese got control of most of the Chinese revenues on which foreign loans were secured. They have plundered China of millions in gold and silver which appear on no customs return. Most of the silver has been purchased at a good price by Washington. They are gradually acquiring the main economic bases of the currency. No trade statistics reveal the amount of foreign exchange the Japanese have accumulated by totally assimilating the goods market and imposing their manufactures in return for Chinese Government banknotes convertible to gold. From the official trade returns we get no true idea either of Japanese imports or exports, since the army and the capitalist families working with the army, in practice often treat China as an internal market. They therefore bring in and take out vast quantities of commodity and capital goods which never pass through customs at all.

Possibly the Japanese already dispose of more revenue than the Nanking Government ever did. Although their taxing power does not extend far into the hinterland, they have complete control of the customs, salt and railway revenues, which were the bases of foreign loans. China formerly paid out 30 percent of her customs revenues alone in tribute to foreign capital, but Japan has virtually canceled customs as well as salt and railway loans and now pays no tribute on them whatever. Thus she has in effect *already* expropriated foreign capital investments amounting to three-quarters of a billion American dollars.

The Japanese have not only seized all Chinese Government property but have confiscated all the means of industrial production and established monopolies over all the distributive services. They have seized all the mineral resources of the country and much of its private fixed capital investment. The total of this wealth aggregates billions of dollars and is more than Japan could have hoped to *borrow* from Wall Street and the City for many years. She does not have to repay any part of it except in the form of

further investment in armament and ultimately war. *If it could be held,* who can say that it might not eventually compensate for the cost of its seizure?

Meanwhile, the last step in this expropriation of a whole nation has yet to be taken. Internally, the Japanese are accumulating capital by eliminating the functions and wealth of the young Chinese merchant and capitalist classes; externally, they must eliminate the rights of foreign capital to direct access to the China market. In the end Japan must complete her capitalization of the conquest by taking over the physical assets of foreign business investment in China. This latter amounts to nearly two billion American dollars and represents a developed continental base of considerable war value—especially shipping, mining and industry. But Japan can get hold of it only by methods which must bring her at last into a head-on collision with Britain and America.

The question is whether Japan possesses the military might to attempt this. It would be a mistake to assume at once that she does not, because of apparent unstable economy. If we make a judgment of Japanese economy against a static peace-time pattern, or against its pre-war or even its present assets alone, or on the basis of production in relation to present mass purchasing power either in Japan or occupied China, we may go astray. The thing about Japanese economy is that since the Manchurian occupation it has been constantly changing and enlarging and reconstructed within a framework in which the military becomes the main consumer, while the people "consume" only in proportion to their relationship with the military purposes. This economy does not envisage the restoration of a peaceful society in our lifetime. It is based frankly and *inevitably* upon continuous expansion and continuous war as the solution to all its own contradictions.

Although about three-fourths of the Japanese budget has been going to the army and navy, "it would probably be wrong," writes Guenther Stein, who is not inclined to overestimate Japan, "to ascribe more than half of the Japanese military budget expenditures to the cost of the China war."[1] The other half, and since the Japanese army has become to some extent self-sufficient in China perhaps as much as two-thirds, of Japan's "war" expenditure has been devoted to preparation for final expropriation of the Western Powers in Asia.

[1] *China Air Mail,* No. 6, Hongkong.

Nobody knows exactly how much reserves of war materials Japan has accumulated, as no detailed reports on imports from abroad have been published since 1937. For years America alone sold considerably more war materials to Japan than the latter consumed in China, and lent Japan the technical aid and foreign exchange with which speedily to develop her war industries. Japan's purchases of Anglo-American war materials until recently exceeded those used in all British war industries.

Increases in Japanese heavy industries, based on foreign imports and loot from the continent, were given by the economist Guenther Stein[1] for the one year 1938, since when rapid growth has occurred, as follows: engineering and machine tool plants, 20 percent, metal industries, 10 percent, chemical industries 5 percent. This excludes the industry seized or built on the continent during the same period. Japanese industry may prove less vulnerable to air bombing than is generally assumed. The greater part of the 112,000 factories in Japan are small plants employing an average of 28 workers each, and thousands of them are located in villages away from the main centers of communication. Moreover, thousands of small machine and metal works have been voluntarily or compulsorily moved to the continent in recent years, where the army has built considerable heavy and munitions industry which should be able to assimilate larger amounts of iron and other raw materials than Japan now commands.

The islands are probably self-sufficient in food, from a war standpoint, unless Japan could be blockaded in her own narrow seas from access to Manchuria. Her reserves of war materials are estimated to be sufficient to support a war with a major Power for about two years. Her full war potential is still small compared with either the British Empire or America. But if, in the process of a war, Japan seized the total resources of Greater East Asia she might become self-sufficient in a military economy, besides depriving the foreign Powers of some vital war essentials now drawn from weakly defended colonies. It would only be on the gamble of successfully grabbing those colonies before exhausting her own reserves that Japan would go to war against Britain and America.

Japan's seizure of Manchuria and Mongolia was part of a major shift in the forces of decision in Asia from sea power to land power. Admirals may not all agree, but many now doubt whether sea

[1] *China Air Mail,* No. 18, Hongkong.

power alone, even if it could be massed in superior weight on Japan's own sea frontiers, could quickly subdue Japan. As she has developed continental bases—which at this writing reach clear to the borders of Burma and give her access to the heart of the British colonial empire—she has become more secure against blockade by sea. In this respect she at present enjoys an advantage over the European colonial Powers in the East, who still hold their possessions fundamentally by sea power, which is itself inferior to Japan's.

Japan still has large reserves of men with which to invade Southeastern Asia. Her losses in China have been heavy, including perhaps 800 thousand men disabled and killed. However, as 400,000 physically acceptable Japanese youths come of military age each year, losses in China have not much more than kept Japan's man power stationary. Russian experts estimated at the beginning of the war that Japan could mobilize six million fighting men. That was before she had got access to huge reserves of Chinese labor to conscript for the production of food and equipment. The five-year army reorganization and replenishment program begun in 1936 and since then enlarged with German assistance has further improved her military equipment and efficiency. It is believed that the present trained reserve now numbers about three million men, in addition to approximately 1,200,000 troops permanently garrisoned in the occupied areas or engaged on the China front.

The key weakness in Japan's scheme of conquest is perhaps neither economic nor military but lies in her political tactics and strategy. Of course in a total war these three factors cannot really be separated. But perhaps we can say that in the inadequacy of Japanese political strategy we see most clearly manifested the deepest contradictions in Japan's whole position—and the point at which her armor is thin as paper.

The anachronisms of Japanese political strategy in China grow out of the feudal basis of her own imperialism, her inadequate resources, and the necessity to secure them quickly by seizure from every class which possesses even the tiniest stake. Beyond this there would seem to be also a certain amount of "natural" political ineptitude inherent in Japan's political inexperience which is further emphasized by her feudal methods of military training.

I have pointed out that the political strategy of Japan leaves no room for an alliance with any legitimate class interests in China. From the beginning Japan attacked both Chiang Kai-shek and Mao

Tse-tung, both the Kuomintang and the Communists. There were Japanese who saw the necessity for co-operating with the gentry, and some who even told me they intended to win over the peasantry —Matsumato, for example, whose uncle, Prince Konoye, has now made him one of the Permanent Board of Seven, charged with the task of converting Japan to a Corporate State. But the army chiefs were so short-sighted and so avaricious for loot that they indiscriminately attacked landlords and peasants, merchants, bankers, students and workers. Similarly they invaded North, Central and South China almost simultaneously, thereby sacrificing sectional antagonisms which might have been manipulated in their interest.

The lies of Japanese propaganda were not big enough and they were too big. I have mentioned the implausibility of disemboweling men in one end of a town while preaching pan-Asianism in another. In the same way the Japanese foolishly scattered anti-Chiang Kai-shek propaganda among Central Army troops and anti-Red propaganda among Communists, instead of vice versa. The doctrine of Emperor-worship and myths of racial divinity excluded any Chinese from even spiritual participation in their triumphs, whereas a doctrine of racial affinity—preached by a disciplined army—might have won useful allies. Many fascists in the Kuomintang camp sympathized with Japan's Anti-Comintern slogans; but the Japanese attacked them indiscriminately with the Reds. Similarly, they unnecessarily antagonized the Western Powers on all fronts, when with a little adroitness they might easily have lulled them into an even sounder sleep than they were enjoying. At least they could have isolated Britain from America by bringing into the full support of their schemes all the help of the Chamberlain-Halifax appeasement diplomacy, with which the misguided Sir Robert Craigie so exhaustively sought a basis of "understanding," until they were prepared for the final betrayal à la Hitler.

Even some of the gangsters and corrupt gentry hired by the Japanese to help exploit and "pacify" the countryside have been estranged. Scarcely do these mercenaries perform their duty when the Japanese impatiently rob or even murder them to recover their full share of the loot. The puppets live in fear more of the Japanese than the Chinese. Because everybody knows Wang Ching-wei is a complete prisoner of the Japanese he can be of little help in winning political authority for them.

All these tactics have been of wonderful educational value to the Chinese as a whole and have made many see the full reality of an oppression which, had Japan pursued a subtler political policy, they might not have realized was worse than they had previously endured. Japan's political strategy explains the determination and unity of China's resistance. It explains her inability thus far to bring about the cleavage necessary to win a political decision in China.

These weaknesses naturally reflect the reactionary density of the Japanese army's internal leadership. What this now amounts to, politically, is a resurrection of the old Shogunate, which ruled Japan before the restoration of the Emperor, 70 years ago. Under this system in pure feudal times the Shogun ruled for the Emperor (who was a powerless puppet like Henry P'u Yi in Manchukuo) through a series of alliances with different feudal chieftains known as daimyo. Although there is as yet no Shogun, the dictatorship of the High Command resembles the Shogunate. It is dependent upon the support of various political leaders within the fighting forces and representatives of the bureaucracy, the great capitalist families, and the Throne Circle, who all correspond to the old daimyo. The feudal character is evident, for example, in the semi-autonomous nature of the five separate army headquarters on the continent. Each competes for its own regional monopoly of resources, rackets, and special powers, all compete with the navy, and each seems not much more dictated to by, than dictating to, the home command.

It is as natural that military fascism in Japan should turn back to such a political form as the Shogunate as it is for it to revive all the feudal myths and superstitions which were being broken down by democracy, but which are now the "spiritual" basis of education in Japan's New Structure. It would seem logical to expect that ultimately the Emperor may be altogether interred as a factor in the political alliance which constitutes the Shogunate. He might be replaced by the present Premier, Prince Konoye. It may not be mere coincidence that the fighting services chose Prince Konoye to organize the "Corporate State," for he is a direct descendant of the ancient House of Fujiwara, which several times in history, when the Emperor was a puppet, held the real feudal power.

Many of the modern army daimyo have become very rich since the invasion of China, and their officers also share in the loot and exploitation. The poorly paid common soldiers are not entirely ignorant of that and it is not surprising that the officers encourage

them to do petty looting and robbery. The extensive slaughter of cattle and fowl by Japanese troops in China provides the soldier with beef, pork, chickens and eggs stolen from the peasants, whereas at home he is too poor to taste such luxuries except at weddings and on one or two sacred days a year. This is quite important to the miserably poor Japanese boys; I have read again and again, in their captured diaries, notations of great days featured by such feasts. Another form of compensation is for officers to permit their boys to rape the village girls, and to furnish them free beer and prostitutes in the cities.

Can you preserve a great army morale on such a basis in the modern world? Some of these political contradictions have become obvious to the Japanese troops as well as to the Chinese. There is considerable evidence that their fighting morale has steadily declined while that of the Chinese has definitely risen. Even at the beginning of the war the Japanese lacked the spirit of politically trained Chinese troops and were no match for them in hand-to-hand combat. Foreign experts who have made a close study of Japanese army tactics find the feudal characteristics of training and discipline behind nearly all its weaknesses: the lack of imagination in maneuver, the poor estimation of enemy fighting strength, the lack of physical endurance on campaign, the absence of initiative in lower officers, and the wasteful substitution of fire power for attacking force.

Soviet Russian observers have pointed out to me personally, and also often in print, that Japanese officers have no confidence in the offensive spirit of their infantry. They shell positions long after they have been effectively destroyed, before ordering an attack by the infantry, and then it is not launched until the tank corps has actually taken the position. On the few occasions when Japanese infantry has been compelled to attack while isolated from its superior fire power and tanks, it has been badly defeated by the Chinese—at Taierhchuang, for example, and more recently in Hunan. I do not think any military observer will quarrel with my statement that Japan's successes have been built solely on her immense technical and armament superiority rather than on the Japanese conscript.

But Japan's advance has most of all been facilitated by outside aid. The new military Shogunate is like fascism in Europe. In the beginning its worst enemies were at home and its best friends were

abroad. It won too many easy triumphs with too much help from the Powers, so that its internal opposition was gradually immobilized. It has been unbelievably lucky. Even in 1937, when the last token election was held in Japan, impotent though its results, the people overwhelmingly repudiated the army's pro-war candidates —which was another reason for the invasion. Where are these anti-militarists today? Many of them are conscripts in the army and navy.

Eighty percent of the Japanese troops are taken from peasant families whose living conditions have steadily worsened since the war, which has not yet solved any of the contradictions in Japan's own semi-feudal agrarian economy. One million landlord families collect a tribute from 70 percent of the peasants, and 90 percent of the entire agricultural return goes to landlords, usurers, taxes and the Government. In the industrial world one dozen princely families control over 90 percent of all the nation's capital. Whatever the economic gains Japan has made in China they have all gone back, with more loot extracted from the Japanese people at home, into the Frankenstein that now rules them. One could make out a good case, based on sound evidence of deepening suffering and growing protest, to prove how low the morale of the people has fallen. But it would not prove that the Empire-builders are in imminent danger of overthrow from within. It would simply further reveal the deep congenital necessity for them to wage a continuous war which can be halted only by an application of superior force together with the skillful exploitation of their political weakness, in the rear and in the field.

But ineffective though Japan's political strategy has been thus far, and tenuous though her hold on conquest surely is, the situation can change. It can become different as Japan turns her armies into the colonial pastures of the European Powers, as she is now doing. For the political position of the Powers in those colonies is in some ways as backward as Japan's. If they are to defeat her they will need a defense based on a much higher concept of political strategy, one which offers the dynamic antithesis to Japanese imperialism, and one in which both the colonial peoples and the Japanese masses can share.

3

Whom the Gods Would Destroy

Perhaps it is historically true that no order of society ever perishes save by its own hand.

J. M. Keynes

BEFORE we can understand the profound need for thoroughgoing change in Western policy in Asia, and in our whole mental approach to this part of the world, it is necessary briefly to review some of our truly cataclysmic mistakes in past relationships.

The "problem" in the Orient is indissolubly connected with the "problem" in the Occident and it is useless to try to seek a solution of one without the other. The roots of the conflict here lead back to the failure of the first World War to decide the issue between empire and democracy or to find any method by which imperialism could prolong its life without another titanic catastrophe. We can blame it on America's non-adherence to the League or on the Versailles Treaty or wherever your pet aversion begins; but the fundamental causes are deeply historic and far too complex to unravel here. The most important is the whole system of imperial colonies and its basic denial of every feasible scheme of international co-operation. The world is now again divided between "ruler" peoples fighting each other for control of subject peoples. We will not have any peace and order on the earth until the subject peoples become free.

Let me say first of all that I completely support the English people in their struggle for freedom. It seems to me important for us to do everything we can to help defend and regenerate democracy in England. But Britain and the democratic dominions are not the same thing as Britain the colonial Power. Here is the contradiction which may have to be resolved both in Europe and Asia if England the democracy herself is to survive and develop.

The British Empire is (or was?) an area one and a half times

as large as Russia; it covers 27 percent of the habitable surface of the globe and embraces a quarter of its population. Of these, half a billion men and women, fewer than one-seventh, including the dominions, have democratic self-government. Four-fifths of the Empire's total population, and about eight-ninths of its subject population, are Asiatic. Most of them have been clamoring for freedom for many years.

Since we must have a point of departure in the Far East, let us begin with the results of the Versailles Treaty. It did nothing to redress the colonial system in the Orient, but left in the hands of European empires the control of half a billion Asiatics and an enormous hunk of this part of the earth. To Japan's demagogic expansionists, like Italy's, the cynical re-division of empire afforded rich opportunities of diverting the mass dissatisfaction with internal conditions of the country. Japan's share of the loot of the World War consisted of only a few little German islands in the Pacific.

The world having been re-divided to the satisfaction of Britain and France (they took over another million square miles of German Africa and Asia), a disarmament conference was called at Washington, which in 1922 resulted in the Nine Power Treaty. This guaranteed the territorial and political integrity of China (what was left of it) and bound all the signators to respect the principle of the Open Door. Each nation should have equal rights of trade, investment and residence. China should continue to enjoy her unequal right to tolerate extraterritoriality and remain, as Dr. Sun Yat-sen put it, a hypo-colony of the great Powers. The first assault on the treaty came from the Chinese themselves. The Nationalist Revolution began with the purpose of recovering China's sovereignty and the foreign concessions and abrogating the unequal treaties to replace them with treaties negotiated on a basis of equality. The effort was abortive, as we have seen.

Meanwhile, after the frustration of Japanese imperialism's schemes for expansion on the continent at the expense of Russia and China, there was a brief flurry of liberalism in Japan, corresponding to the period of the Weimar Republic in Germany. Democratic forces demonstrated considerable vigor and showed signs of grappling with the task of completing the overthrow of feudalism. It was a bitter struggle and Japanese democracy finally lost in 1931. The army and civilian reactionaries, confronted by the menace of an awakening people, managed to destroy the democratic movement

very much as Hitler did in Germany, by turning men's minds back toward war and conquest as a way out of their dilemma.

Japan's military fascism in Asia bears this resemblance to fascism and nazism in Europe: it is a counter-revolution in which the internal democratic movement, seeking to solve its problems by eliminating its own exploiting classes, has been cleverly put into reverse by the latter and sent marching abroad to seek a "solution" by eliminating the "exploiters" there. The internal "have" class deluded some of the "have-nots" into believing in the common cause of a "have-not" imperialist against the "possessing" imperialists. Thus internal struggle has been temporarily converted into imperialist war. In the case of Japan, the war against China was ideologically represented to the Japanese people all along as a prerequisite to the spoliation of the Western imperial Powers.

That this sophistry should, after the militarization of national policy, seem plausible to large numbers of people in Japan is perhaps even less mystifying than in the case of Germany and Italy. Japan was a small dynamic country with 70 million people and an average density of 473 persons to the square mile, much higher than that of any major Power. She was a semi-industrialized nation which had to import the greater part of her raw materials. Looking abroad, her rulers saw that Britain, France, the United States and the Soviet Union together held over 60 percent of the earth's surface, roughly 81 percent of the world's cotton, 70 percent of its iron, 74 percent of its coal, 76 percent of its petroleum, 92 percent of its tin and zinc, 92 percent of its manganese, and 86 percent of its gold. Vast areas within these sovereignties lay undeveloped and "under-populated."

In the Orient, Japan could see few signs of European "democracy." It seemed this was a privilege which perpetuated white men as lords of the brown. Down in the rich East Indies, three times the size of Japan, a few thousand Dutchmen continued to amass fortunes out of the labor and resources of 60 million underfed natives. In Indo-China (also larger than Japan) a few thousand Frenchmen squeezed handsome revenues out of peoples whom they had detached from China. Japan saw a few thousand British gentlemen raking in the pounds across vast territories they ruled as colonies from Baluchistan to the South Seas. Above all, Japan's rulers noted that the wealth and riches of the East had been seized by violence

and was held by force—but was not immune to the blows of a powerful and unscrupulous fist.

Of course Britain and France and Holland "could" have politically disarmed the "have-not" imperialists by emancipating their advanced colonies, within a democratic federation. Other colonial territories "could" have been brought under the international mandate of the League of Nations, been guaranteed democratic rights and rapidly trained for self-government and membership in a commonwealth of nations. The League could have provided, meanwhile, for equality of trading and investment opportunities in the colonies by all nations. Then the Japanese and German and Italian demagogues and war-mongers could not have deceived their peoples with any slogans of "have-not" nations. They would have had "equality" with all the Powers, and a basis for world disarmament and collective security could have been created. The various peoples might then have turned their attention back again to their domestic problems. They might have sensibly gone about the task of raising internal purchasing power to increase production and wealth, and developing an economic and political democracy, instead of building false hopes of riches to be squeezed from the colonies by exporting to them "surpluses" of production which none of them (Japan least of all) actually possessed, in view of the unsatisfied consumer needs in their own internal markets.

And why was it not done? Why did the lords of Geneva reject this brilliant plan? It was sometimes indelicately mentioned by an ill-mannered delegate from one of the smaller democracies. But would you expect Dutch capitalists to think of giving up their monopoly of quinine and oil and rubber, or the British Colonial Office to conceive that any "natives" could possibly know what was as good for them as the lads from Harrow and Eaton, or the French or Belgian bourgeois to believe that freeing any morsel of their colonial soil would not be synonymous with the "end of culture and civilization"? The trouble with the scheme was that it meant the abolition of empire, and at the same instant the abolition of the "menace of Communism." If you read carefully the speeches made by the delegates of the great colonial Powers at Geneva and elsewhere, you will see that such was indeed the real difficulty. The emancipation of the colonies would have meant a planned transition everywhere to a co-operative world democracy, and it seems that this was the last thing the imperial Powers desired.

They thought it was not as late as that. There was a little more of the earth to be divided up at a cost of nothing more terrible than a second World War.

And so the military lords led by Minami and Araki and Honjo rose to power and committed infanticide against Japanese democracy, Mussolini found an "ideology" and a blueprint for a second Roman Empire, Hitler lifted the swastika high over Germany, and all the little fuehrers followed after. In 1931 the flame of a world commonwealth died at last in Manchuria and the sacrifices were prepared anew on the altar of empire.

As far as Britain and France are concerned, the second assault upon their hegemony of world power probably became inevitable with the success which they permitted Japanese militarism to achieve in Manchuria, which encouraged Mussolini to go ahead in Abyssinia, and really laid down a policy of appeasement of aggression followed toward Hitler. Subsequent disaster pyramids upon this primary error.

I covered the Manchurian war, the main conflict of which was perhaps not so much between the Chinese and Japanese as between the then still existing Japanese democracy and the Japanese army extremists and their internal allies. Had a vigorous stand been taken at this time in support of the Nine Power Treaty and the League Covenant, to back up the fight of the Japanese Government, the militarists would have lost. I saw this dramatically demonstrated when, for example, following a note of warning from Colonel Henry L. Stimson, who was then Secretary of State, Baron Shidehara secured an Imperial rescript ordering the Japanese troops to withdraw from a projected attack on Chinchow, the seat of the Manchurian Government. The army moved back immediately and in Mukden it was clear that the expansionists had suffered a serious defeat. Had Britain and France led the League at that time to take action of a restraining nature, the situation might have been restored to normal. It might have yet led to an international settlement of colonial questions. No such follow-up occurred. The militarists recovered from the blow and denounced Stimson as a bluffer. Shidehara's Government was overthrown.

On January 7, 1932, Colonel Stimson made another effort when he delivered to both Japan and China a note enunciating his "non-recognition" policy, declaring that the United States would not recognize any changes in the international status of China brought

about by force. Copies of the note were handed to the six other signators of the Nine Power Treaty, in the expectation that they would subscribe to the declaration so that a common basis of action could speedily be laid—inasmuch as the United States, not a member of the League, could not take part in its deliberations. This note also had an immediately chastening effect on the Japanese army. It was quickly dispelled, however, by the inexplicable communique which, under Sir John Simon, the British Foreign Office issued shortly afterward. The communique maintained that Japan had promised she would not violate the Open Door principle and in effect saw no cause for undue alarm. It was received by the Japanese army in Manchuria like a vindication and helped it enormously to overcome political opposition in Japan.

It was within these wide gaps between foreign policies that the militarists found a road opened to them for aggression. I remember having dinner one night in Harbin with Chuichi Ohashi (who is now vice-minister of foreign affairs at Tokyo) about the time Stimson's notes were getting such an impressive lack of response from Downing Street. Ohashi, then consul-general in Harbin, was already identified with the expansionist wing of the Foreign Office which was at that time still rather weak. Inclined to be somewhat loose with his tongue under the influence of too much sake, he told me a long yarn about an adventurous trip he had made (before the Incident) to carry a big wad of money to some bandits up in the mountains of Heilungkiang. Then in the same breath he said: "Japan has no worries. Colonel Stimson does not understand Japan, but Britain understands us better, otherwise we might get into trouble."

Ohashi was always full of the Red Menace. The next time I saw him he told me that it was this thing that America failed to understand about Japan's purifying mission. An amazing lad, Ohashi. On the same occasion he spun me an amusing reminiscence of the time he had traveled all the way from Peking to Suiyuan, during a famine, to pick himself out a choice Chinese slave girl, only on arrival to find that all the girls had been sent to Peking. How could an idealist like Colonel Stimson understand realists like Ohashi?

But after the rebuff of the communique Colonel Stimson persisted. Early in February he proposed to Sir John Simon that Britain and America deliver a joint dèmarche to Japan invoking the Nine Power Treaty, to be followed by declarations from other

signators. Sir John, according to Colonel Stimson's cautious memoirs, evaded the issue. "I finally became convinced from his attitude," wrote Stimson, "that . . . the British Government felt reluctant to join in such a dèmarche."[1] News of this immediately reached the Japanese; Tokyo got behind the Kwantung Army with full support, and the conquest was quickly extended to all Manchuria.

The League procrastinated for months, and the "reluctance" of Britain and France to organize effective measures against Japan became quite evident. At times, Sir John Simon appeared to many to plead the case of Japan rather than the League. It is well known that Japan's chief apologist, Yosuke Matsuoka (an old pal of Ohashi) rose to his feet at Geneva to congratulate Sir John for having defined Japan's cause better than he could have done it himself. It was the same Matsuoka, incidentally, who is now foreign minister at Tokyo, and who recently repaid Sir John handsomely by announcing that Japan and Germany and Italy would presently divide the British Empire among themselves.

"The small powers," wrote Colonel Stimson in a guarded criticism of British and French somnolence, "had a much livelier sense of vindicating the principles for which the League was striving than their larger colleagues and were naturally less troubled by the difficulties. . . . But, in spite of that, they had no thought of flinching. There were very frank expressions from them as to the importance of vigorous leadership on the part of the great powers and that such leadership had not been manifested."[2]

The leadership was never manifested. The League later adopted a non-recognition doctrine, but it dangled the controversy for months. When Japan had occupied nearly the whole of Manchuria, Lord Lytton came out with a large entourage to investigate a "dispute" already settled by force. It was pointless, as Will Rogers remarked at the time, "to lock the stable when the horse was already stolen."

The British Government never issued any official rejoinder to Colonel Stimson's memoirs, but recently attempts were made with the obvious approval of the Foreign Office[3] to suggest that no good could have come from invoking the Nine Power Treaty with

[1] Henry L. Stimson, *The Far Eastern Crisis*, p. 164, N. Y., 1936.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 200.
[3] Cf. especially Sir John Pratt, letters to the *Times* (10/11/38 and 30/11/38) and in *Amerasia* (July, 1939).

America. These rebuttals rather unkindly hinted that Colonel Stimson was a victim of amnesia. It was also suggested that Britain was afraid that if invocation of the Treaty had led to sanctions, and possibly to war, America would have scuttled. This is sophistry to anyone who was then in the Orient, since Japan was at that time quite unable to contemplate major war against anybody, not to mention seven great Powers plus China, who could then jointly have broken the militarists economically in a few months—especially had Geneva proposed any decent settlement of the whole colonial question. In any case there is no evidence that the British showed the faintest interest in sanctions or ever asked Colonel Stimson whether Washington would support such a move.

Of course the policy of the Chinese Government itself facilitated the Anglo-French method of appeasement. Subsequent events showed that it was a grave mistake for China to have accepted their advice in ordering Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang to withdraw without fighting the Japanese. Resistance at this time, however ineffective it might have been, would have dramatized the issue for the world and hastened the unification of China. Chiang Kai-shek's dictatorship was so complete that he would perhaps have been compelled to accept the Chinese Communists' offer of a truce and an alliance in a national front against Japan. The next five years of costly civil war—which ended in a truce anyway—might have been avoided or at least compressed into a much shorter period. But perhaps the menace of such a compromise itself influenced the Powers to advise the Generalissimo, with whom a little of such encouragement then went a long way, to leave the fate of Manchuria to the League.

Now, I have no idea whether America would really have applied sanctions had Simon agreed to invoke the Nine Power Treaty; unfortunately, the British will never know either, since they neglected the opportunity to find out. But the really amazing thing, when you look back upon the period, was that Colonel Stimson took such initiative as he did, and secondly that the British should have ignored any opportunity to draw America (obviously moving back toward isolationism) into a defense of their empire interests —which the status quo in China surely constituted. American investment in China was negligible, less than one-tenth that of the British. In fact, if Britain and France lost all their dominions and colonies (Canada excluded) and American investment therein completely disappeared, it would mean a loss to Americans of less than five dollars a head. America had but small economic interest in the empire setup in the East. Indeed early in 1932 Congress recognized this when it voted complete independence to the Philippines. The evidence was that American foreign policy was to be one of non-involvement in future struggles for colonies. The value of all the American capital invested in the Philippines was, incidentally, less than the price of a couple of super-battleships.

Of course there are things in the world greater than capital investment and immediate trade and with these I shall deal farther on. But the odd thing is that Britain let slip any chance to bring America into any responsibility for collective security when the Japanese first attacked the outer bastion of their empire in the East.

The British and French and the Dutch had the enormous responsibility in this part of the world of defending and emancipating nations of empire with a population of half a billion men and women in them. One should have thought that an intelligent foreign policy would have foreseen the certainty that a Japanese advance through China would bring the aggressor to the doors of their colonies. What was the explanation of their complacency? Here I cannot examine all the springs of Anglo-French-Dutch diplomacy at that time, but we may note two or three key ideas which were influencing decisions.

Many of the British and French governing class, for one thing, sincerely believed that Japan had a legitimate right to expand, just as they thought Hitler had, and should be kept moving in the "right direction." Given "living space," Japan would fall back into line and resume her traditional respect for the older colonial Powers.

Second, some of the most influential British peers believed that Japanese control of Manchuria, Mongolia and even part of North China, might not be injurious to the interests of empire. They were perhaps not unaware of the contradiction in their own position in denying empire to Japan. A little room at the expense of China could not seriously harm anyone. It would build a needed barrier against the spread of bolshevism in the North, just as Hitler was a good check on Stalin in Europe.

Third, it was widely believed (I have no space to cite documents; the evidence is abundant) by British Tory rulers, and heartily seconded in similar quarters in France, that once the Japanese army had "removed the bolshevik menace from its frontiers" it would

restore to East Asia the scheduled reign of "peace, order and security of investment." Re-division of territory might render both China and Japan better markets for capital. The City and the Bourse were sublimely sure that Japan could not succeed without their capital and must make terms. And here, curiously enough, there is some basis for the European criticism of American policy, in so far as it influenced Geneva at all to decide not to co-operate with the Japanese exploitation of Manchuria. This policy did just enough to compel the Japanese extremists to continue their aggression, without effectively hindering them. But it was not American "non-recognition" which forced the League to take up that stand, but world mass opinion.

Few hopes of statesmen died so slowly and so painfully. Many of Britain's rulers remained unconvinced of their error until Japan recently signed her sweeping military-political alliance with Germany and Italy—a combination which had been inherent in the political strategy of aggression ever since Hitler rose to power. I have in my files dozens of statements by, and records of interviews with, leading Japanese militarists, just since 1931, in which they unequivocally announced their determination to take over all British interests. So had the Powers, but evidently they took them no more seriously than the promises and prejudices of *Mein Kampf* on which Hitler won in Germany.

The responsibilities lay, of course, with the home Governments. It was perhaps naive to have imagined that Mr. Chamberlain and his followers, for example, who believed they had a friend in Mussolini's Franco, should see in Japan's conquest of China any cause for urgent alarm. "Beware!" cried La Pasionaria. "You must aid the Spanish people! Today it is us, tomorrow your turn will come. We need rifles, airplanes and big guns to fight the fascists at your border!" But Mr. Chamberlain and Sir John and Sir Samuel and Lord Halifax and others to whom the King had entrusted his empire persisted in the view that Franco would come round under the persuasion of British gold. Similarly as regards Japan in China. There is Mr. Chamberlain's famous refutation of a worried M. P.'s contention that Japan meant permanent injury to British interests.

"The fact that so much capital (capital?) is being destroyed during this war" Mr. Chamberlain evidently considered not a bad thing, because he said, "it means that even more capital will have to be put into China when the war is over. Who is going to supply

that capital? It is quite certain that it cannot be supplied by Japan. Therefore, when the right honorable gentleman appears to contemplate a future in which Japan will have the monopoly of Chinese trade, and we shall be excluded, I say that he is flying in the face of facts."

Mr. Chamberlain seems to have been mistaken. The capital was not going to Japan and it was not going to Franco. It was going into armaments and it was going to the United States.

Repeatedly at Geneva, after the Japanese invaded China in 1937, China's Dr. Wellington Koo appealed for effective aid. "It does not require a fertile mind," Dr. Koo said in his last appeal, on May 22, 1939, "to imagine the effect upon the present tense situation in Europe and what would happen to the rights and interests of the Powers in the Far East, if China capitulated." Dr. Koo did not ask for much: financial aid to China, the withholding of war materials from Japan, help for millions of refugees, and fulfillment of the League's pledges. But it evidently required a more fertile mind than Britain could then dispose of. In reply to Dr. Koo, Viscount Halifax, the British Foreign Minister, once more voiced his profound sympathy and wound up with the generous assurance that "His Majesty's Government will certainly continue to bear in mind the needs of the Chinese people." Thus, Britain ignored the last opportunity of mobilizing for her defense in the East the collective aid of the League. Halifax was ably supported in the decisions by his French colleague, M. Georges Bonnet.

On the same day at Geneva "Great Britain and France vetoed China's proposal to extend an anti-aggressor front to the Orient. The Soviet, New Zealand and Bolivian delegates supported Dr. Koo's requests which, however, were flatly opposed on several occasions by the British and French Foreign Ministers when the Soviet Foreign Minister showed disagreement with the British and French. Dr. Koo's argument was resisted by Lord Halifax and M. Bonnet. Their opposition has virtually killed the scheme. M. Maisky said the conviction is growing throughout the world that firm resistance against aggression is only a war to prevent a general war. 'This principle is fully applicable to China,' he said."[1]

Was M. Maisky bluffing? It is regrettable that we may never know. A quarter of the world was already at war but Lord Halifax did not want an anti-aggressor front while Mr. Chamberlain told

[1] *United Press*, May 22, 1939.

the House that "no useful purpose" could be served by it. Perhaps Stalin was scheming to organize a collective anti-aggressor front at Geneva and then abandon it if war came? Perhaps. We may never know that, either. For Lord Halifax did not believe in calling anybody's bluff, not even the Russians' bluff of enforcing peace.

I had just read H. N. Brailsford's account of Chamberlain's rejection of Maxim Litvinov's earlier offer of a triple alliance, right after Hitler's seizure of Czecho-Slovakia, for which defeat the Anglophile Litvinov was promptly sacked. And Stalin had clearly warned in his speech before the party at Moscow in March that two could play at Mr. Chamberlain's appeasement game. The Anglo-French policy against Maisky at Geneva seemed to me all the more remarkable.

With what irony history may look back upon this scene when Russia, the bolshevik, still searching for security in a doomed world, pleaded the case of capitalism before the apostles of empire who, rejecting the last means of their salvation by peace, perhaps won for themselves, in this final triumph at Geneva, a magnificent defeat for civilization as they knew it.

And yet, at this moment, when at Geneva Britain was rejecting a comprehensive collective security arrangement to cover aggression both in Europe and Asia, Mr. Chamberlain sent to Moscow Mr. William Strang (who was barely persona grata there) to carry on "conversations" about another pact of which we do not know the details. Perhaps a White Book will some day tell us what went on.

I followed with close interest, through the press and what diplomatic information was available, the course of the conversations at Moscow which dragged on for weeks. The Russians continued to demand a bi-continental pact with an extension to the Orient based on co-operation with China. There were also their Baltic demands and the request for the right to move troops into Poland in the event of war. Perhaps the Soviets had already made up their minds before these conversations even began. Perhaps there was never any chance of an agreement after Chamberlain rejected Litvinov's offer and Lord Halifax voted down Maisky at Geneva. We do not know. But I had it on very good authority all through the talks that Britain would never extend the pact to the Far East.

On June 19th, I read two London dispatches the irony of which seemed to confirm that and which together could hardly have

escaped the eagle eye of Moscow. Viscount Halifax had called Japanese Ambassador Shigemitsu to the Foreign Office "to lay particular emphasis on the disapproval with which the Government received the unhappy news of insults to English women at Tientsin, and the totally unnecessary stripping and searching of British subjects." The other item was a dispatch quoting the *Food Industries Weekly*, which had announced that the British Government department of food purchases had just concluded a deal with the Japanese for 68,000 cases of tinned salmon. The transaction gave the Japanese 30,000,000 yen in foreign exchange with which to buy war materials from Britain. "Newspapers ask," concluded *Reuters*, "why the money was not expended on the hard-hit British fishing industry instead of going to the biggest commercial racketeer in history."

Perhaps M. Molotov asked Mr. Strang the same thing. It was a minor matter, but it showed how the wind was blowing. We only know that a German-Soviet non-aggression pact was signed in August.

4

The Paths Before Us

Make no mistake, the outcome of the war in Asia is as important to us as that in Europe.
Admiral Harry E. Yarnell

I CANNOT imagine that there could have been in the last hundred years a moment more inconvenient to write a political prognostication. Yet this book would be incomplete without some attempt to examine the prospect to which the events it describes have led us. America may be committed to a decision before this appears, so that it may be of purely academic interest. Yet perhaps there is a certain value in clarifying in our minds the directions in which we move.

The wars of Asia and Europe now seem about to coalesce as Japanese troops, the allies of the Axis, draw up along the hilly frontier of Indo-China to confront Britain's troops in Burma, while the imperial Japanese fleet threatens the British at Singapore and the Dutch in the East Indies. Here the war immediately assumes the character of a struggle for the redistribution of colonial territories. The Tonkinese and the Annamites had no voice in the decision of puppet France which turned them over to the Japanese. The Malays and the 400 million Indians and Burmans had nothing to say about the policies which involved them. Likewise the 60 million East Indians. As long as China's struggle for independence is also involved, however, the war is two-sided, possessing already the revolutionary aspect which it is very likely to develop in many other areas before the catastrophe comes to an end.

France in Asia is at the mercy of the Japanese. The Dutch rely largely on the sea strength of America to keep Japan's fleet from attacking their rich island empire. Britain herself, hard-pressed to defend England and hold the seas in Europe and her territories in Africa, can detach few ships and troops to guard these distant

outcroppings of empire in the East. She must depend upon the help of the American fleet to aid Singapore, her main naval base, and to guard her rich estates in Malaya. And she may have to turn at last to her subject peoples to assume the main burdens of land defense in southeastern Asia.

What will America do? Time narrows the choices before us. Japan has signed an alliance which automatically makes her a partner in war—though perhaps it will remain as "undeclared" as her war with China—against any nation which joins Britain in opposing the "new orders" by force. Secretary of State Hull and our Secretary of Navy, Colonel Knox, have inferred that this Eurasian Pact is aimed at us: the alliance is directed against the United States as a potential declared British ally—instead of an undeclared one, as at present. Matsuoka has warned that Japan would do battle with the United States if we obstructed the "forward movement" and the "program of mutual prosperity" of the New Order in Greater East Asia—Japanese hegemony of the Western Pacific. Thus it may be that an enlargement of Japan's attack on China, in which we have been the principal economic collaborator for over three years, into an immediate menace to Britain's imperial interests in Asia, may now bring about an alteration in our objective position. At this point of seeming incompatibility with Japan, let us briefly review the main paths which were closed or still open to us.

Appeasement. Theoretically, America could still recognize Japan's New Order and permit her to proceed against Britain without opposition. We could even "save" China at the expense of Britain; Japan would probably meet any terms in order to be free to occupy the British colonies right now. The policy would throw the main burden of defending the status quo on Russia and Britain. Americans could even do a profitable business with Japan a little longer, as the businesslike Mr. Walter Lippmann has argued with noble objectivity. We would, of course, earn the enmity of Britain and perhaps of Russia. But the reader familiar with the facts of life may note that the world is round, that we could not forsake Britain in the East without appeasing her opponents in Europe. We could not repudiate a policy based on the preservation of the status quo in one ocean without duplicating the performance in the other. The truth is that no American administration could easily get away with such diplomatic somersaults. The other reasons against general appeasement of Japan, except perhaps in so far as it might

concur with Britain's needs in Europe, are too obvious to need repetition.

Non-participation. Here is another theoretical possibility for which we might have laid the foundation before Japan renewed her assault on China. I somehow found the temerity to suggest, in 1936,[1] that we should renounce extraterritoriality and all our unequal treaty rights, and withdraw our troops and gunboats from China, before the inevitable Japanese invasion—which I happened to predict for the year 1937. It was already clear that whichever side won we would lose all those concessions in the process of the war. I pointed out the patent objective conditions which would make us Japan's principal economic supporter in aggression as soon as she had seized the China coast. By renouncing our unequal privileges before the conflict began we could have achieved a position enabling us to insulate ourselves against involvement by discontinuing trade with both belligerents. If that argument had any merit it was only because "non-participation" then seemed the logical corollary of our renunciation of empire in the Philippines, and because pretty plainly it was the only way for us to be genuinely "neutral" in the coming conflict.

Another reason was because we had on our books at that time neutrality legislation which could have been improved to realize such a policy. What might have been the effect had we cleared decks for non-participation? No one can know. But one thing is clear: the European Powers would have been obliged to assume full responsibility for the defense of their Eastern empires. Britain, France and the Netherlands might have either followed our example or joined in a collective security arrangement with China, and possibly with Russia. In either case, the Japanese economic system, robbed of its economic buttresses of foreign trade in the early days, might have been unable to carry on more than a couple of years.

Is it too late to try such a policy today? Suppose we were to declare now that the United States would not become involved and to enforce complete non-participation? Suppose we stopped perhaps all but token trade with the Japanese empire, China, and the belligerent empires in the Orient, and retired to the waters of our own territories, at least until the war here approached a decisive stage, when we might intervene cynically, to pick up the pieces of shattered empires, or idealistically, with some new Ten Command-

[1] *Saturday Evening Post, op. cit.*

ments, but in any case on our own terms? Taking advantage of Japan's preoccupation elsewhere we could make a democratic defense pact with the Philippines, which could be rendered impregnable for much less than the cost of entering war now.

If Japan attacked Malaya, Burma and the Dutch Indies the British would be compelled to mobilize all the resources and man power from India eastward in order to resist the invaders. That implies a reconciliation with Indian nationalism and the closest co-operation with China and with the liberating forces elsewhere in Eastern Asia. The net result might be the gradual transformation of the war for colonies into a war of colonial emancipation. Japan might eventually be defeated somewhere in Southern Asia, or perhaps in the Yangtze Valley, or perhaps when, toward the end of the conflict, Soviet Russia sent some divisions into Manchuria.

Meanwhile, however, what would be happening in Europe? Would British Tories, faced with the necessity to concede India equality in order to mobilize her against Japan, throw up the sponge and join the totalitarians? Or would they be removed by a revolutionary government in England which could lead and consolidate mass resistance throughout a socialist commonwealth, including the Asiatic colonies? Could Washington complacently await this imponderable verdict of history? Could we declare non-participation in the battle for Asia without doing likewise in Europe? Hardly. And to stop arming Britain now would seem to most Americans morally more reprehensible than our continued arming of Japan against China. (Actually, to reproduce the situation, we should not only have to stop arming Britain if she lost command of the Atlantic, or if her money gave out, but to sell Nazi Germany most of the war materials now going to Britain.)

No, we are too deeply committed to support England in Europe for us to permit Japan to immobilize the bastions of empire in the Orient. So now as the Eastern war develops in its fourth year we are reversing our objective policy to impose a partial embargo against Japan, while extending some real help to China. If the embargo is made complete it may now compel Japan speedily to secure near at hand the oil, iron, rubber and tin of Burma, Borneo, Malaya and the Dutch Indies. Non-participation also seems "out."

There is (or was) another possibility: *Collective Security.* The old arrangement formulated by the Nine Power Treaty collapsed under circumstances already described. Other opportunities existed for

several years. Probably none of them, as in Europe, could have succeeded without bringing into the peace structure Asia's strongest power—Soviet Russia. As far as can be ascertained no effort of that kind appears to have been made between 1931 and 1940.

The possibilities diminished rapidly after the Munich Pact, from the consequences of which our inactivity isolated us no more in Asia than in Europe. Likewise our absence from the conference tables at Geneva, when collective security built upon the basis of support for China's struggle was proposed as a means of preventing general war, did not immunize us from the impact of its defeat. In an organic world the most remote events affect every land. The spectator who imagines himself wholly passive, because an unconscious and inactive element, is only deceiving himself. His inactivity merely bestows on others the power to utilize his own dynamic potential in achieving a balance of forces.

But it seems that even until recently an anti-aggressor front could definitely have defeated Japan in the Far East without involving us in war. In Europe, Russia got her *quid pro quo* of security through a non-aggression pact with Germany, but her position in the Far East remained vulnerable. In the spring of 1940 the weakness of her Oriental flank became particularly apparent. Although Japan had been temporarily embarrassed by the dissolution of the former basis of the Anti-Comintern Pact, this left her free to re-combine with or against Russia in the Far East. Had the United States or Britain at this time or a little later proposed to the Soviets a pact jointly supporting and implementing the integrity of China, it seems probable that Russia would have been seriously interested. Such a pact might then have effectively formed the basis for a common anti-aggressor front in Asia. Unfortunately no effort appears to have been made in this direction.

Later on, Britain's political position in Europe gravely weakened following the collapse of the Low Countries and France, while in the Orient it reached a nadir with the closure of the Burma Road. This latter act, while it may not at once be fully apparent, probably served somewhat the same role in the Orient as the Munich Pact in Europe. It was the last gesture against collective security, made at the expense of a weaker country, and it shocked Oriental opinion from Manila to Bombay. Oddly, however, it seems that British statesmen were at the time sincerely unaware of its far-reaching political significance.

Mr. Churchill defended the closure of the Burma Road as an act of peace, intended to facilitate the end of the China-Japan war "by a process of conciliation and not by war or threat of war." Down in Singapore the British colonial secretary, Mr. S. W. Jones, more candidly admitted just what His Majesty's Government had in mind, stating that it was necessary to "put aside many hopes, many ideals, many an association of friendship, many bonds of mutual trust and co-operation" in order to "overcome the world's enemy of humanity and good faith"—Herr Hitler.

What the action did was to impose on China adverse conditions—what amounted to a Japo-Franco-British complete blockade—for negotiating a surrender. Had such a "peace" been accepted by China it could only have had the most disastrous ultimate consequence for the British colonies. Attempts were made to minimize the affair by pointing out that the road was being closed during the rainy season, when its capacity was reduced by about one-third anyway; but it was clear that it could probably be reopened only by American pressure. It was a tragic moment for such a test case of Britain's political morality, suggesting as it did a readiness once more to sacrifice a weak country to win the friendship of the strong.

The Burma Road capitulation was followed almost at once, as was widely anticipated, by the overthrow of Baron Hiranuma's Cabinet, which had been holding out against immediate alliance with the Axis partners. The action strengthened the most reactionary political elements and contributed to the selection of Prince Konoye as premier to abolish the remnants of democracy and reorganize Japan as a completely fascist state, with the help of the Nazis. What was more serious, Japan's prompt adherence to the Axis alliance itself perhaps destroyed the last possibility of a collective security arrangement including Russia in Asia. For the Eurasian Pact was so designed as to approximate in the Far East certain conditions which give Russia temporary security in Europe—specifically, by directing Japan's war machine directly against Britain and her allies.

Moscow has, of course, never been concerned with preserving the British colonial empire as such, but only in conditions which best guarantee security on her far-flung frontiers. After having been subjected to periodic border attacks for many years it would not be surprising if Russia now made a non-aggression pact with Japan,

which would not interfere with Soviet support for China. Russia has several times offered such a pact to Japan in the past.

However, until such a pact is signed, or even afterward, there would seem to be nothing to prevent the United States from seeking some basis of co-operation with Russia, thus nullifying any diplomatic advantage Japan might thereby gain. Could we now get anything from Russia in the form of collective security? Such an arrangement requires a *quid pro quo* from each participant. What could we now offer to Russia? Unless very carefully worded, a security pact with us might put her at once into war on two continents, immobilizing the basis of her political strategy in Europe.

Nevertheless, this should not prevent American (and British) diplomats from seeking such a formula in Moscow as long as possible. The mere continuance of conversations would have deterrent effect in Japan. But collective security as a war preventive, though still a possibility, is a road now blocked by political strategems of the Axis Powers against which we have thus far failed to devise effective counter-measures. If it becomes entirely closed there remains:

Resistance—war? America has now adopted a policy of active resistance to further Japanese expansion. Following the signing of the Eurasian alliance, Washington abandoned conciliation of Japan and turned frankly with help to China and Britain in Asia. Mr. Cordell Hull evidently urged Britain to rectify the Burma Road decision as quickly as possible. He announced that America assumed "her full share of the responsibility" for reopening China's door to the seas.

Thus we tacitly guaranteed to assist Britain in the East if and when Japan retaliates. Colonel Knox has mobilized the navy. We are preparing to call Japan's hand. War may prove *objectively* unavoidable. It is with that reality in mind that the remarks below are offered.

The nearness of war need not exclude us from maneuvering within the margin of peace which still exists, and making every attempt to strengthen and secure our position on all sides. One of the first things we must realize is that the Axis Powers have to date won nearly all their battles politically, with military action playing a secondary role. This is true from Manchuria onward. Germany conquered Czecho-Slovakia by superior political strategy in rivalry

with the other Powers. She likewise took Norway and the Low Countries so easily chiefly because she had politically immobilized those countries before her troops ever entered them. France was defeated as much from within as from without, and as much politically as militarily.

It appears that militarily we are already in a preliminary state of undeclared war against Germany and her allies. We are throwing our military help behind Britain in both seas and are preparing to deny economic help to Japan. It is hard to see how we can escape the political consequences of such a role. If it is correct to say that we cannot, then it would seem obvious that we should no longer deceive ourselves about it, but should seize the political initiative to the same undeclared extent that we find ourselves engaged in support of battle—for to that extent we cannot be immune from political attack by the side which we disfavor.

Japan could perhaps still be defeated politically, without our entering the war. It is important for us to find a dynamic political strategy and show some portion of the globe that democracy can mean something besides adherence to a status quo which has long been anachronistic. Is it not time that we showed the capacity for political action as well as preaching? Let us exploit to the fullest the potential enemy's political weaknesses while he is still vulnerable.

Any American who fancies that our political position is impregnable should quickly bestir himself to the facts—particularly what those facts would be if we were to become involved in a war in the East confined to the defense of a static concept like the European colonies. The first thing we should recognize is that if, while restraining Japan, we lost the full co-operation of China, we should lose the most valuable political slogan of the controversy. We should therefore establish our relations with China on the firmest foundation by negotiating, *with as much speed and noise as possible,* an entirely new treaty done on a basis of complete equality and reciprocity.

It has been announced that all Americans are to be evacuated from Japan and occupied China. This will probably be followed by the withdrawal of American troops and gunboats. It would be a grave error of omission not to anticipate this move by negotiating their withdrawal as part of a new agreement with the Chungking Government. Extraterritoriality has ceased to have any real value to us beyond two or three treaty ports. Japan ignores it. A victorious

China would cancel it. These are the facts. We must recognize them as the beginning of a new association between democratic America and a Free and Democratic Asia. It is important that we give to China's Government the prestige of recovering all the symbols of national sovereignty before we are obliged to leave them in the hands of the Japanese and the puppet Nanking regime to exploit as a political victory.

Therefore, it seems to me urgent that (long before this appears) the United States voluntarily abrogate her present unequal treaties with China. It is essential to renounce extraterritoriality and all remaining special privileges which we claim. This should include renunciation of the Boxer Indemnity, restoration to the Chinese Government of our remaining naval and military establishments on Chinese soil, the withdrawal of our troops and ships from Chinese waters, and the relinquishment of our administrative rights in the Shanghai Settlement. It should cover all our special rights in Manchuria and Mongolia as well. It should include the cancellation of obligations which infringe on China's sovereignty or come within the category of political loans. It should include the cancellation of all loans made prior to the beginning of war. The amounts are small, less than 100 million dollars, much of them have been repaid in interest already and the security is now in Japanese hands. It is highly dubious that we shall ever be able to collect them. They are not worth a fraction of the political value of their renunciation. Let us remember that possibly a million people have been wounded or killed in China by American war materials used by the Japanese armies, and no amount of compensation can bring them back to life.

Not one of any of the above non-reciprocal prerogatives is now worth anything to the American people. If we cannot trade with Asia on a basis of equality in the future we shall not be able to trade at all. We should recognize this while we have the opportunity to do so to political advantage.

In place of the former unequal treaties we should negotiate an entirely new treaty with China on a basis of full equality and reciprocity. We should perhaps include a mutual guarantee for citizens of both countries of freedom of speech, publication and assembly. We should require a mutual guarantee that the contracting parties shall remain perpetually at peace with one another, and that neither shall permit within its jurisdiction organizations or groups whose

purpose is to disrupt by violence the friendly relations of the two countries.

Having done this, we should have perhaps mollified the resentment felt by the Chinese people against our continued arming of Japan. Britain would probably take the strong hint, promptly amend her own status by negotiating a new treaty on a basis of equality, and strengthen her friendship with a valuable ally. The Dutch and other minor Powers still enjoying unequal treaty privileges would be obliged quickly to surrender them, and China would become legally a free and sovereign country, except in relation to the Axis Powers Italy and Japan.

We should thus relieve ourselves, very cheaply, of the onus of political imperialism in China, lay down the basis of a political front behind which to battle, and immobilize Axis propaganda. But this is only a beginning. It would seem desirable for Congress to authorize the administration to follow it up with a friendship Pact of Democracy made with Britain and separately with the self-governing dominions, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. These pacts, *signed with a great deal of speed and noise,* should contain provisos which, *if* the United States became involved in the present war, could automatically be implemented in a military way. We might sign a similar pact with the Philippine Commonwealth, elevating that nation to the dignity and responsibility of a Pacific democracy. We should sign such a pact with China and in that way keep open a last line of co-operation with Russia.

We should, of course, offer such a pact to Soviet Russia, with or without military clauses. Russia for a long time claimed to be a democracy, while we engaged in assuring her that she was not. Was it wise? If the British Empire is a democracy, with six-sevenths of its total population denied democratic rights, perhaps we should have been able to stretch a point in the case of Soviet democracy. There are many levels of democracy. For purposes of international political mobilization against a common menace, it might have been well to take a nation's word for the kind of government it prefers to think it has.

Such a program could politically disarm the Axis in Asia, especially if it were followed up by new and bolder actions of economic and political co-operation to widen a democratic front. The Japanese imperialists are now desperately seeking a way out of their entanglement in China and need new slogans with which to flagellate public

interest at home. From the Axis Pact they expected to derive a certain political strength which heretofore they have lacked. Matsuoka has said that its main value to Japan is "propagandive," by which he means political.

Dynamic strategy is all the more important because if, as seems to be coming, we now impose a complete embargo on Japan and give China major military assistance, the Japanese may be compelled to adopt a radical political concept in order to break through the encirclement. The Germans are quite anxious to have Japan disentangle herself in China and devote all her energy to attacking the British. If, in a China supported by Britain and America, the Japanese army could see nothing but stalemate, possible economic catastrophe, and internal revolution at home, it is not inconceivable that they might offer generous terms of co-operation to Chungking, provided the latter joined the Eurasian Axis. Japan might never have the political wisdom and courage to make such a move alone, but her Nazi advisers see the necessity for it, understand the powerful support which it might secure from certain sections of the Chinese, and might persuade Japan to take the step.

The Japanese have repeatedly declared that they have no territorial ambitions in China. A military withdrawal from much of China, now that they have actually secured bases in Indo-China and Siam, might be made acceptable to the Japanese people. If Japan could get a peace which isolated China from the Western Powers it would be more valuable to her than an extensive military occupation, for China would remain dependent on her at a minimum cost. The militarists still have the trump card of a declaration of war. If it were finally made not against China, but under an anti-imperialist slogan for the emancipation of the Asiatic races, it might get considerable response not only at home but in China.

It would be foolhardy, therefore, to rely too much on the permanence of any national sentiment, even China's hatred of Japan. "The memory of the people is unbelievably short," says Hitler, and it must be admitted that evidence suggests he is correct. Consider how the French, a proud people, seem to welcome the escapism of Nazi propaganda which blames Britain for their defeat. They may yet, under their present puppet fascist regime, join up with Hitler against their former allies. It would be a mistake to imagine that China is incapable of diplomatic maneuver or that it is altogether impossible for the present regime to rationalize as a victory an attractive offer from the Eurasian bloc. The advantage of the Eurasian alliance for Chungking was that, by definitely aligning Japan with the fascist Powers, it restored to that Government a certain political bargaining power and the possibility of combination. The Chinese are not unaware of this, and are hardly likely to put a less realistic interpretation on the sudden Anglo-American interest in their cause.

If Japan succeeded in making such a peace with Chungking, or with an important part of the armed forces, she would be freed to turn her whole attention to winning over Siam and the Annamites and the Javanese, and attacking Malaya, Burma and perhaps India, in an attempt to outflank Singapore by seizing its rear.

Any such scheme would mean a virtual revolution in the Japanese army, but nothing could be ruled out today simply because it is fantastic. Britain and America could anticipate this possibility and eliminate it by sealing their political ties with China. It need hardly be added that, in extending financial and military help to China, both Britain and America should take care to see that it is employed and distributed in such a way as to strengthen the internal unity of the country. If it is used to prop up the most backward elements in their efforts to suppress the democratic forces the results might be the opposite of those desired.

If a durable political front is forged between Britain, the British Dominions, America and China, if Japan is economically quarantined, if Britain holds her position in Europe, and unless the British forces in India and Malaya are far weaker than they have any reason to be, the Japanese Empire would face nothing less than an early catastrophic end. With Anglo-American help, and with Russian aid, China should eventually become strong enough to deliver fatal body blows to the Japanese military machine, while a Japan cut off from Anglo-American economic support must soon undergo unendurable suffering. If the Japanese decided not to fight Britain and America, and got no political settlement in China, the situation would become so serious as to result in a social revolution in Japan within not more than two years. This is perhaps now the best denouement to be hoped for in resolving the whole Far Eastern conflict, and the sooner the better for all concerned.

If, however, the Japanese became convinced that they could but grow weaker in relation to Britain and America as time went on, and that the only alternative to economic collapse and revolution

lay in an all-or-nothing attack before American armament reaches a deeper pitch and before we build up a strong political front, the outcome might be somewhat different. The army and navy might prefer hara-kiri to surrender.

What would happen if Japan now invoked her Eurasian alliance in a war against Britain in Asia—and America?

latter. Japan has promised to return these areas to Siam as the price of her help.

Britain's political weakness in India is quite apparent, otherwise there should be no necessity for American aid to hold her position in Asia. India is a nation of nearly 400 millions, with a war potential far richer than Japan and China combined. If the British are unable to defend India and its frontiers at Singapore and Burma without American help it is a significant commentary. The same thing applies to the Dutch in the Indies. The Dutch were there long before the Meiji Restoration in Japan and had the East Indians made sufficient progress under them they would be quite able to take care of themselves, having much richer resources than Japan.

British empire in India began, it is illuminating to recall, as a purely commercial adventure under the East India Company. Taking advantage of a period of decaying feudalism, the Company gradually acquired political power and, with the intervention of the Crown, Britain established control. (British Borneo is actually still run by a company today, whose stockholders collect "dividends" on the land and its production.) The Indian Empire has become increasingly anachronistic in a modern world and is probably the main cause of the decadence of British political life in recent years.

No one who has lived in India can have failed to be depressed by the immense time-lag between the archaic social life of this huge nation and the rest of the world, even in the Orient. It is an enormous millstone round the neck of Oriental emancipation and the progress of the whole world. While this is no place for a study of India, it is pertinent to indicate the nature of Britain's vulnerability here, in what Mr. Churchill called "that most truly bright and precious jewel in the Crown of the King."

Americans may not realize that British India is a generation older than the United States. After 180 years of British rule, 93 percent of the Indian population is still illiterate. In 40 years of American rule in the Philippines, illiteracy was cut down from 98 percent to 45 percent (the best record ever made in any colony), while in 20 years the Soviet Union reduced illiteracy from 78 percent to 8 percent. In the Soviet Union in a single year (1937) there were 45,900 graduates of industrial and agricultural schools. In India, with twice Russia's population, 960 engineers were graduated.

Perhaps a better indication of the Indian anomaly is seen in the failure to develop heavy industry and the basis of a modern industrial nation from its rich resources. India has generous reserves of coal, but produces only about one-sixth as much as Russia and even less than China. Although India has the third largest iron reserves in the world (surpassed only by the United States and France) her production of steel increased in ten years only to 879,000 tons, where it stood in 1935. In the same period in the Soviet Union steel production rose from a million and a half tons to 16 million tons. Little Japan, one-seventh the size of India, and with extremely meager iron resources, produced seven times as much steel. India's water power resources are second only to those of the United States, yet she has developed only 3 percent of them as against the latter's roughly 40 percent. Russia increased her electric power output in 20 years from 1,900 million kilowatt hours to 36,500 million in 1937, when India's output stood at 2,500 million hours.

India not only has a landlord-peasant agrarian crisis as acute as China's, but in addition suffers from the double incubus of British imperialism buttressed by a string of 563 feudal princes fastened upon masses of men who live in a social darkness unimaginable to a Western mind. The princes' territories, covering a third of the nation's 1,800,000 square miles, constitute the social wastelands of the East, the regions of "permanent decay." Purely parasitic, the princes contribute nothing to Indian society but oppression for the people and glamor for the tourist, while they exact astounding tributes for their personal amusement and luxury.[1]

The King of England receives from Parliament a bounty of about one in 1600 from the taxation of his subjects. Some of the Indian princes collect as high as one in two; the least backward (the Maharani of Travancore) gets one in 17. The Prince of Bikanhir, a personable potentate, who struck me as the best of the princes, retained from his annual budget for the royal family purse, when I met him, 224,000 rupees, or more than he spent on education for all his subjects. The royal family, the royal weddings, the royal palaces and the royal retainers absorbed two-thirds of Bikanhir's entire budget. Contrasts between the vast wealth and plunder of the richest princes and the British officials and merchants with the

[1] In this connection read Jim Marshall's "India Won't Wait," *Collier's*, June 8, 1940, which is probably the best report on the British dilemma published since the war began.

poverty and degradation of the Indian people is the measure of the inadequacy of 180 years of rule by the British Raj.

For though the princes enjoy the pomp and display of power and are allowed to indulge themselves in Hollywood settings of Byzantine splendor, they function objectively to obstruct the political unification of India. This explains why they are retained in the apparatus of a rule based on the principle of *divide et impera.*

Japanese imperialism with its methods of direct plunder in many ways resembles the first hundred years of the exploitation by the East India Company. The latter's depredations provided England with the enormous wealth which subsequently was converted into industrial domination of the world. It is only relatively recently, since the control of colonial exploitation passed from the hands of industrial to finance capital, that the subtler needs of the latter provided for a small native bourgeoisie. Out of that the present Indian Nationalist movement has largely developed its leadership, until its following today embraces the majority of British India. It has become so powerful, in fact, that at this moment the British have mainly to thank Mahatma Gandhi for not having on their hands an armed revolution.

Despite the recent establishment of quasi-representative Indian assemblies, and the majority control of elected members therein by the Indian National Congress, the Viceroy ignored Indian opinion on the outbreak of European war and arbitrarily declared India a belligerent. The Congress, while vigorously opposing this action, subsequently promised its full support to Britain's war effort provided the British Government would demonstrate the sincerity of its slogan of "a war for democracy" by promising India post-war independence and democracy. This the British rulers refused to do. The Congress has now withdrawn its offer. The assemblies have been dissolved. The Viceroy has full dictatorial powers throughout the nation. Thousands of Indian political leaders are in jail. Britain cannot fight the Indians if she fights Japan. She may be compelled to seek a reconciliation.

It is of course not American business to decide the destiny of India or any other British colonies. But it is important for us to understand the difficulties of the British political position. For it may become inescapably our business if we identify our own fate with that of the British colonial empire.

It seems to me (as one evidently about to be conscripted) that

there are questions to which the American people should now be devoting their earnest attention. If we fight, we must have victory and we must have it in a progressive cause which can be proclaimed for the satisfaction first of all for our own people and secondly for the peoples of the world. America is potentially the most powerful nation on earth. We could, if attacked, take on the armies of the world and drive them back into the seas and hold our freedom, provided we fought as a united people. Our decisive frontier is not in China and it is not in England. It is in our own soul and on our own soil. We are in no serious danger from anyone else. And we are, therefore, under no obligation to fight any battles abroad on anything but our own terms.

What should those terms be? If and when war comes to us, is America to line up behind undemocratic concepts of empire or stand forth with the promise of a better way than fascism to lead men ready to build a truer democracy?

Behind this war of empire there is a complex world movement toward social revolution, on both sides and in every land. Let no one imagine that because we are sitting on most of the wealth of the world everyone else is satisfied patiently to await largess dispensed from Mr. Hoover's refugee funds. The deepest meaning of this struggle is man's needs for social and economic progress and in the end it will be won or lost everywhere in terms of the political strategy which best expresses those needs. History is dynamic, it will not long permit static objects to obstruct its movement. Regimes which have exhausted the positive possibilities of their political slogans will eventually be obliterated.

As far as laissez-faire old-style imperialism is concerned, it is clear that it is rapidly destroying itself. It may win a battle or two here and there, but in the process it is liquidating itself and something new must arise to replace it. Fascism proposes to fill the space with a new type of imperialist totalitarian enslavement. Democracy, if it is to survive, must pose a mightier antithesis which can capture the political will and invoke the courage of the peoples. Democracy in England in particular needs to reinforce itself with something no less than a new charter of human liberty, a new declaration of the rights of man. Rulers in England may not see this, but men in England's colonies do: and it is there in her flanks that England is weakest.

Britain and the Dominions—if they wish to preserve their unity as a political force—need to proclaim a program of emancipation of the colonies as the basis of a world commonwealth of democracies. Such a declaration might include: (1) the promise of post-war Indian and Burmese independence, with compulsory education and self-government to begin immediately in a role of co-operation with the present Governments in full mobilization for anti-fascist war; (2) a comprehensive program of compulsory education for rapid democratic self-government in the backward colonies, to begin immediately as part of war mobilization, and to end in independence; (3) the promise of independence to all the colonies or conquered nations of the fascist empires who struggle for their own emancipation, including Korea, China and Indo-China; (4) the promise of financial, technical, industrial, medical and other social help to the colonial countries, and a program of colonial industrialization on the basis of state-co-ordinated co-operative economy; (5) immediate negotiation of conditions for liberation of the advanced colonies, including their admission to a federation of democratic states of the world under a customs union, mutual defense agreements, compulsory arbitration of international disputes, joint support of an international army, air force and navy, the adoption of a democratic form of government, perhaps a common currency, and international disarmament within a framework of collective security. The declaration might be accompanied by an invitation to all free democratic nations to join the federation in the struggle against fascism, and contribute its share of talent and capital to the reconstruction of the world.

Fantastic? Is it not on the contrary perhaps the only possible method of giving modified capitalism an extension of life and preserving the British Empire as a political unit re-orientated as the focus of a democratic mobilization of the world? It will be suggested that the emancipation of India would mean the end of British "unity." It may be the only way in fact to create it. The strongest allies democratic England has today are Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and without the help of a certain former colony south of Canada she might not survive at all. A Free India could become as valuable an asset to England as a free America.

As a matter of fact, India is so crucial in the whole imperialist structure that once it were liberated the rest of Britain's colonial problem would be simple to solve. India's population constitutes

four-fifths of the overseas population of the Empire, and nearly nine-tenths of Britain's subject colonial population. Two-thirds of the British capital investment in the colonies, or 438 million pounds,[1] is in India, but on the other hand this is only 12 percent of the total British capital invested abroad.

The colonial empire means little to the British people as a whole. What does it mean to British investors? The whole thing brings them an income of about 38 million pounds a year, which is less than one-fifth of the total overseas investment income, and less than one one-hundredth of Britain's total national income. India's importance in Britain's trade is also often exaggerated. Nine-tenths of Britain's production is sold at home and more than half of the tenth which goes abroad is sold outside the Empire. India takes only about two percent. Jobs? All the imperial colonies combined employ at most less than half of one percent of the British population and nearly all belong to the upper-bracket income group which constitutes but five percent of Britain's people.

Thus, if Britain lost India altogether it would mean the sacrifice of only about four pounds per capita in her national investment income and a two percent reduction in her total market. The loss in income would in fact be felt by a small group of Britain's monopoly capitalists. Such an item is infinitesimal compared to the terrific levy now being exacted by war and what is yet to be paid in the future. But there is no reason to suppose that Britain would lose her Indian economic connections. On the contrary Indian reconstruction should need greater help (of a quite different type) than ever before, and Indo-British co-operation might at last become a reality, unless Britain now repeats the errors of 1776, and compels the Indian people to resort to early violent revolution.

The American people have no stake of any importance in Britain's colonial empire. Would it be defensible if, in the guise of fighting for the liberation of China, we became involved in the support of a British effort to impose totalitarian imperialism in a reconquest of India—which may be the only alternative now to an extension of democracy there? From the standpoint of American finance capital, it appears that one main cause of its own dilemma is the fact that half the population of the world is living in back-

[1] This is the figure given by the *Economic Journal*, London, December, 1937. R. Palme Dutt, *India Today*, London, 1940, estimates it at a billion pounds. The larger figure would not much change the essential picture.

ward undeveloped colonies which, under laissez-faire imperialism, are unable to exploit their resources, develop as modern states, and expand the world market. The emancipation of such countries as China, India, the Dutch Indies and large parts of Africa is positively essential to the regeneration of external markets. Most of the world's capital will be in America at the end of the war and, unless it is meanwhile entirely consumed by armament, America must find markets for it in countries with which it can co-operate.

Another thing. The old idea of the "political loan" and the old type of imperialist loan are both moribund. Future exportation of capital can perhaps no longer be made to private individuals, corporations or compradore groups within national states without strengthening fascism. If democracy is to prevail, our loans must be made direct to democratic organizations inside those countries, such as Industrial Co-operatives in China, concerned with developing their own internal market and strengthening the economic basis of democracy, and not with the exploitation of cheap labor and raw materials for purposes of collecting tribute at home and abroad. This would appear to be the only kind of loan which could bring about security for democracy either internally or externally. It implies close international collaboration and control of capital in planning the development of co-operative and collective production among the democracies.

It is not to be imagined that the program I have very roughly outlined—which Marxists will at once ridicule as a mere absorption of British imperialism by American monopoly capital—would "solve the contradictions" of capitalism. But it seems to present a feasible method of planning a transition toward a new economy and of reviving hope in men's minds that there is a genuine alternative to a settlement by total and prolonged imperialist war.

If such an emancipation proclamation were made now in the East, it would either altogether immobilize the fascist movement in Japan, or at worst compel it to commit suicide in a short and hopeless war. Do not imagine that political frontiers can really be sealed in war and that men's minds are not reaching out everywhere for a weapon with which to defeat their own oppressors. Britain offers her allies behind enemy lines little to fight *for*, and, in this transitional world, it is not enough to have something to fight against.

A dynamic political strategy is the first necessity. Carrying it into the enemy's camp is not difficult. The radio can come to life if it

offers the answers to man's needs. Ideas do spread behind battle lines; no one can stop them. Half the battles of this war are fought with ideas and he who remains ideologically disarmed will be defeated.

The political uses of the airplane, for example, have not begun to be realized. If we get into war with Japan (which I hope we do not) we should load every flight of American bombers that goes over the Japanese cities with millions of leaflets containing the emancipation proclamation. Experience has taught that the bombing of civilians enhances enemy morale, and America has a bomb sight which should make it unnecessary to attack anything but military objectives in Japan. We should shower Japan with millions of photographs of atrocities committed by Japanese planes in China, and under them explain in a few dramatic sentences why American planes drop leaflets instead of death. We might do this day after day, accompanying every political bomb with the most frightful noise-making to stir the imagination of the people. We might drop quantities of paper geisha dolls, resembling mangled corpses, or toy children broken to bits. We could vary the technique every day. But everywhere, co-ordinated political propaganda about a democratic world commonwealth. Not once but a thousand times, and in a thousand different ways, so that men and women would come to understand that they were fighting a battle politically already lost. Included on every leaflet should be a promise to the Japanese people of full co-operation from the rest of the world as soon as they overthrow their own fascists and establish a people's government.

With such a strategy, worked out in more detail, dynamic democracy could outflank its enemies in Europe as well as in Asia. No democratic nation wearing such moral armor need fear any ideology. The democracies, having divested themselves of hypocrisy, would have seized the initiative in vitalizing men's minds with a new promise and hope, in its period unassailable from any quarter. The democracies would win not only the war but the peace. Such a program could politically not only immobilize the fascists, but would in all probability win the support of Russia. Surrounded by a co-operative world, the Soviets could feel secure in fulfilling the promise of democracy inherent in their own system, particularly if that world offered them a friendly hand instead of an endless stream of ecclesiastical and secular bulls and encyclicals and holier-than-

thou official sermons encouraging a crusade against the infidels. In any case, the point is that Soviet Russia could offer no serious menace to dynamic democracy.

But is there any chance that these necessities will be realized in time for democracies based on capitalism to recover a role of political leadership in the world? It must be admitted that it seems improbable. The evidence of history to date indicates that capitalism is incapable of intelligent co-operation or planning or anticipating change in any joint international scheme combining progress with security. The Eastern war gives us fewer reasons for optimism in this respect than the struggle in Europe.

Instead, it is now possible to see emerging on the Asiatic front certain tendencies toward changes of major significance. We can perhaps already draw the following tentative conclusions:

First, empire as we have known it, laissez-faire imperialism, is fighting its dying battle. Disintegrating at home as a result of its inner contradictions, abroad it is attacked both by totalitarian imperialism from without and by colonial revolutions from within. (In Indo-China the Annamite Nationalists fired as many shots at their French officers as they did at the invading Japanese.) To resist the fascist imperialists in the colonies the old regime must either adopt many of the enemy's methods, and begin to resemble totalitarian imperialism itself, or it must realize the implications of its own institutions and carry out a program of democratic mobilization in order to release the full war potential of the subject peoples.

Second, Japanese military imperialism is historically an economic and political monstrosity, destined, I think, to fairly early oblivion. It is caught between the Soviet enigma in the North, the irrepressible forces of the colonial emancipation movement in Asia, the anti-feudal forces within its own perishing structure, and the mutative but still powerful forces of Western imperialism. It may for a time win battles against each of these enemies. It may temporarily survive by compromises with each of them in turn. But its front is too vast—both in the geographical extension of its battle lines and in the range and potential power of its political opponents—for it to win a decisive triumph. The tragedy of Japanese imperialism is that it must of necessity serve as a dynamic which everywhere activizes the forces which will consume and obliterate it.

Third, the colonial revolutions, accelerated in the process of social, economic and political mobilization during imperialist war,

may rapidly merge into agrarian pre-socialist revolutions in several Asiatic countries. Years of battle may lie ahead. Any compromise reached between the old and new imperialisms, the national revolutionary movements, and agrarian pre-socialist revolutions, can in its nature only be provisional unless the necessity for change is reconciled by some new scheme of intelligent world planning.

The fate of laissez-faire imperialism mirrors the fate of capitalism as we knew it. The requirements of mass mobilization for total war will everywhere compel the advanced states to assume responsibility for controlling production, consumption and distribution. It is not likely that we will be able to unscramble these eggs. Out of the omelet in America there may come either some variety of fascism and preparation for participation in further redivision of the earth, or a system somewhat resembling the "democratic collectivism" described in a brilliant article in *Harper's* by the American engineer, Carl Dreher.[1] If people in the older democratic countries fight hard to retain their essential rights—especially the voting franchise and majority rule—and if they are willing to assume the full duties *and* sacrifices of a co-operative democracy—or a "democratic collectivism"—a transition may be made without an intervening dictatorship. In that case the violence and destructiveness of social revolution may be minimized and economic and political co-operation may everywhere become a reasonably early possibility.

It seems to me that the important thing is for us to see clearly now that the waste of war between nations is but a tragic dramatization of the waste of pre-war peace. What is the essential difference between dumping thousands of tons of food into the sea, or paying farmers to burn or destroy their crops, and paying aviators to accomplish comparable missions with bombing planes? "Peaceful society," said Thurman Arnold, "has its atrocities no less than war." Which is the greater atrocity, to sell war materials to Japanese morons who think that machine-gunning civilians is good sport, or to sell machines of production to other morons who will feed the precious lives of boys and girls into them, in exchange for exhorbitant profit? Which is the greater waste, spending ten billion dollars of "surplus labor value" on armaments now or *not* spending another ten billion to enable our 12 million unemployed to produce and consume useful goods? Which is worst, London's East End tenements or the bombers which destroy this barbaric housing or the City of London which loaned the Nazis the money with which to build the bombers? And so on.

[1] "Why Hitler Wins," October, 1940.

Horrible and wasteful and primitive as total war is, the objective truth is that we have apparently given history no alternative method of awakening us to the imperative need for better ways of releasing the creative energy and the technological knowledge which now belong to man. If we understand this, then the goal of the many-sided struggle need not be "the end of civilization" but can lead to its reconstruction on a higher plane. The restoration of peace therefore seems to demand the earliest acceptance in the advanced countries of an organic conception of society, economic and political planning on a world scale, an emergence from the barbarism to which the breakdown of an archaic economic system has returned us, and the realization of a broader and more responsible democracy which can open up for mankind the limitless possibilities of a civilization based on science and truth.

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