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**INSIDE RED CHINA**

NYM WALES

INSIDE  
RED CHINA

Rene Roy

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FIRST EDITION

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**To THE SPIRIT of free inquiry in general and  
to one honest and independent co-inquirer in  
particular.**

*“China? There lies a sleeping giant. Let him sleep! For when he wakes he will move the world.”*

—NAPOLEON I.

## FOREWORD

**T**HE LABORING CLASSES of China have no peer. They ask less of life and give more than the people of any race. They are so intelligent of hand and brain, so capable of cheerful endurance and ceaseless struggle, so competent in any given field of work, that to know them is to admire them without question and to wish to see them rise to the stature to which sheer natural superiority entitles them. And these constitute nearly 90 per cent. of the population of China. Why, then, is there weakness where there should be strength in China? How long can the irony of history mock this giant in his sleep? Not long, I think, for he is stirring and is being violently bestirred.

What does he lack—the incomparable Chinese farmer, the proverbial Chinese “coolie,” the boy apprentice whose handicraft art has amazed the world throughout centuries? Not brain. Not physical strength and tenacity. Not potential fighting spirit and the will to survive. After seeing for myself what the mass leaders of China, the Communists, have already created out of the superb human material at their command, I have decided that he lacks only one thing—information. Tell him the truth and the truth will make him free. Give him a fighting idea and he will struggle for it through a thousand deaths. The gallant Soviet youth who built a brave new world in China had no guns. They could

## FOREWORD

not read and write. They captured their guns, built their own schools, burned the slogans of revolution into the consciousness of the people in the smoking blood of ceaseless sacrifice. Nothing was given them. All was created out of their own potentialities. Out from the shadows of defeat in 1927 they marched and within five years built a Soviet Republic nine million strong. This new world was lost, but out of the depths of another defeat they rose again. The more he was crushed to earth, the more strength the body of this Antaeus derived.

The rise of revolution among the multiple millions of China is one of the most interesting phenomena in the world today, and since this chameleon revolution was given form and direction by the Chinese Communists, it has become a struggle of the greatest international social and political importance. To have lived in China during this historic moment is to have felt the forward movement of one of the mightiest forces of human freedom. I arrived in China in 1931, just a few weeks before the Chinese Soviet Republic was established. As soon as this rival government was formed, the bitter civil war began in earnest, a war which did not cease until the Sian Incident of December 12, 1936.

All during those years of class war, the most fantastic stories were told of these Chinese Soviets. Clearly no one could understand China who did not have correct information about the nature of this amazing Soviet movement, yet no outside observer was able to penetrate the closed Soviet territories until 1936, when my husband, Edgar Snow, finally broke the nine years' new blockade. I, myself, made my first expedition of exploration to this new world in September, 1936, hoping to be able also to enter the Soviet areas while he was there. This expedition failed, however, as the new anti-Red campaign was beginning and the tense situation which soon culminated in the mutiny of the Kuomintang armies in the Northwest was rapidly approaching its climax. The Northwest was blockaded during this Sian Incident, but as soon as the gates of Sian were again open to travelers, I made my second attempt. I left Peking on April 21, 1937, just after the mutinous Manchurian army had evacuated

the besieged city, and arrived at P'eng Teh-huai's Red Army headquarters on April 30—after evading the Sian police, who had orders to prevent journalists from penetrating the Soviet districts. I spent four months in the Red citadel, Yen-an, gathering historical material and talking nearly every day with one or another of the extraordinary Communist leaders. After being marooned by floods and the war, I did not return to my home in Peking until the middle of October, so the entire expedition lasted nearly half a year.

It was a journey of discovery for me—of a new mind and a new people, creating a new world in the heart of the oldest and most changeless civilization on earth.

N. W.

## GLOSSARY OF CHINESE TERMS:

*Chin* (or *catty*)—a measure of weight corresponding to a pound, but equivalent to 16 ounces.

*Hsiao kuei*—literally “little devil,” the pet name for the little boy orderlies in the Red Army.

*Hsien*—the county, or district, subdivision of the Chinese province. Each province contains about 100 *hsien*. The *hsien* is the political unit, and a Chinese always refers to his place of birth as in a certain *hsien* and not in a village. The “*hsien* families” of China are of the same social status as the “county families” of England.

*Hsiu-ts'ai*—a scholastic degree under the Ch'ing dynasty, a sort of “B.A.” The *hanlin* degree was highest, and *hsiu-ts'* *ai* next in rank.

*Li*—the unit for distance. One *li* is approximately one third of an English mile. However, the Chinese are not very accurate in estimating *li* usually, and often say that a mountain is “two *li* up and one *li* down.” They reckon time and space in terms of Einstein relativity, so to speak, and one *li* uphill is twice as long as one *li* downhill.

*Li hai*—full of spirit, of fiery, courageous disposition.

*Min t'u'an*—(literally “people's corps”) the local *hsien* armed forces for keeping “peace and order,” usually mercenaries hired by the landlords. The bitterest warfare

## GLOSSARY

of the civil war was fought between the local *min t'uan* commanded by the landlords and the local peasants in revolt.

*Mou* (or *mu*)—a land measure equivalent to about one sixth of an English acre.

*Shêng*—province. China proper is divided into 18 provinces, the ones most frequently mentioned in this book being Shensi, Shansi, Kansu and Ninghsia in the Northwest, and Kiangsi, Hunan, Honan, Hupen, Kwangtung and Yünnan in the South. Szechuan is the big province in the West, bordering Tibet.

*Tan* (or *picul*)—another measure or weight equal to 100 *chin* (Chinese) or 133.33 English lbs.

*T'u-ti*—apprentice, and sometimes used as follower or disciple.

## OF NAMES FREQUENTLY MENTIONED:

**CHANG HSUEH-LIANG**, “Young Marshal”—commander of the Tungpei Army from Manchuria, and Vice-commander of all the National Air, Naval and Land Forces of China at the time he arrested his superior officer, Chiang Kai-shek, creating the Sian Incident.

**CHIANG KAI-SHEK**—has been Commander-in-Chief of the Central Government armies since the Northern Expedition in 1926 and led the Right Reaction in 1927 which suppressed the Leftist elements and ended in the decade of anti-Red campaigns.

**CHU TEH**—Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army and now of the Eighth Route Army. He is the military arm of the “Chu-Mao” combination.

**MAO TSÈ-TUNG**—the Lenin of “Red” China. He was Chairman of the Central Government of the Soviet Republic of China and later also of the Revolutionary Military Council.

**P'ENG TEH-HUAI**, No. 2 military leader of the Red Army, and now Deputy Field-commander of the Eighth Route Army.

SUN YAT-SEN—the “father of the Chinese Revolution” and founder of the T’ung Meng Hui and its successor, the Kuomintang.

YANG HU-CH’ENG, General—Pacification Commissioner of Shensi, commander of the local Shensi 17th Route Army, and co-leader with Chang Hsueh-liang during the Sian Incident.

#### OF NAMES OF INCIDENTS AND PLACES:

CANTON COMMUNE—the seizure of Canton by the Communists for three days beginning December 11, 1927.

FIFTH CAMPAIGN—this refers to the last campaign against the Communists in Kiangsi in 1934 which forced them to retreat on the Long March to the Northwest.

KUOMINTANG—the “National People’s Party” of China, which has controlled the Central Government for ten years. This was formed in 1924 by Sun Yat-sen, by completely reorganizing his former revolutionary party (originally the T’ung Meng Hui) along the general organizational lines of the Communist Party of Soviet Russia. Most of the present high leaders of the Communist Party were concurrently members of the Kuomintang from 1924 to 1927, when they were expelled.

LONG MARCH—the 6,000-mile march of the Red armies from the South to the Northwest which began in October 1934. The First Front Army left Kiangsi and the 25th Red Army left the Ouyüwan Soviet in 1934, but the Second Front Army did not leave the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet until the next year, and the Fourth Front Army in the Szechuan Soviet was the last to begin this quadruple Long March.

MUKDEN INCIDENT—the day of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria, September 18, 1931.

NANCHANG UPRISING—the uprising in the Kuomintang “Ironsides” Army on August 1, 1927, at Nanchang, Kiangsi, which founded the Red Army. This was led by Chu Teh, Ho Lung, Yeh T’ing and others.

**NINGTU UPRISING**—the uprising of two divisions of the Kuomintang's 26th Route Army (reorganized from Feng Yu-hsiang's Kuominchün in Ningtu, Kiangsi, on December 14, 1931, during an anti-Red campaign. The whole two divisions deserted to the Red Army.

**NORTHERN EXPEDITION**—the march of the revolutionary Nationalist armies from Canton in the South to the Yangtze Valley in 1926, jointly organized by the Kuomintang and Communist parties.

**SAN MIN CHU I**—the "Three People's Principles," which were laid down by Sun Yat-sen as the program of the Kuomintang—these three principles are Nationalism, Democracy and the People's Livelihood (the latter contemplating a confused form of Socialism).

**SIAN**—"Western Peace," the Western capital of China, in Shensi Province, and headquarters for the anti-Red campaigns.

**SIAN INCIDENT**—the revolt of the Tungpei Army and Yang Hu-ch'eng's 17th Route Army (Shensi) which resulted in the arrest of Chiang Kai-shek at Sian on December 12, 1936.

"**SPLIT**" OF 1927—the Communists always refer to the break between the Kuomintang and Communist parties as the "1927 Split." In that year the Kuomintang began suppressing the Communists, and they in turn formed a rival independent Soviet Government.

**TUNGPEI ARMY**—the "Northeastern" army from Manchuria commanded by Chang Hsueh-liang, which was exiled from Manchuria in 1931 and mutinied at Sian on December 12, 1936, creating the so-called "Sian Incident."

**YEN-AN** (known also as FU SHIH)—the capital of the Provisional Central Soviet Government of China in 1937.

**PLEASE NOTE:**

1. All money is in Chinese currency unless otherwise mentioned. The Chinese dollar ("mex." from the Mexican silver dollar) varies in exchange value from year to year, but since 1933 has on the average exchanged for

roughly \$3.30 mex. to U.S. \$1.00. To reckon this exchange, however, gives a false conception of its value, for the dollar in China is about the equivalent in purchasing power to the dollar in the United States, in the cities, and has even higher value in the interior where commodity prices are lower.

2. Names of persons and places are spelled according to the Wade (Mandarin) romanization except where they have become commonly known by more erratic spellings and southern pronunciations, such as in the case of Chiang Kai-shek, Kiangsi, etc. They are seldom pronounced as spelled, however, even so. For instance, Mao Tsê-tung is pronounced "Mao-dze-doöng" and Chu Teh, "Ju-deh." All *a*'s are broad, and aspirates indicate soft tones: thus Chang Hsueh-liang is "Jong-hsueh-liong," but Ch'en Cheng is Chen-jeng.
3. All ages are given according to the ordinary Western reckoning. In China a child is considered a year old at birth, so ages are reckoned as one year higher than in Western countries.

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**FIRST BOOK:**  
**ESCAPE TO THE SOVIETS**

## I. "ILLEGITIMATE BUSINESS" AGAIN

**H**E LOOKED TIRED. There were dark circles of sleeplessness under his eyes. But these eyes were bright with the light of discovery, and beneath the stiff little mustache he was hiding a smile of triumph in the best Chinese manner.

"Good morning, madame," he bowed solemnly, handing me a card from the Bureau of Public Safety as the sword clanked at his side. "Have you come back to Sian again?"

"Yes, I believe I have, Captain Wang," I replied airily in what I hoped was also the unconcerned Chinese manner. "I've been expecting you."

He looked around the small room furnished with my sleeping bag, camp cot and two suitcases. The smile very nearly exposed itself.

I had arrived in Sian\* the morning of the previous day and passed the gendarmes at the railway station successfully, leaving with them details of my passport and my future address as the Sian Guest House, which was the only hotel in the city at which foreigners could stay. I had not taken a room at the Guest House, however, but arranged instead to stop in the Chinese house of the friend of a friend, hoping to remain secret for a few hours. It had also been arranged

\*The capital of Shensi Province. It was the scene of the kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek, on December 12, 1936, by the forces of General Chang Hsueh-liang, commander of the Northeastern armies of the Central Government who had been sent to Shensi to suppress the rebellion which had broken out a year before. Chiang Kai-shek had gone to Chang's headquarters a few days before to investigate the reports that these troops were in collusion with the rebellious Communists.

that I should leave the city at five o'clock this very morning before Captain Wang could find time to call on me. But a downpour of April's cruellest rain had prevented the military truck from leaving. Until the moment of Captain Wang's visit I had been expecting to depart at five the next morning.

I knew that news of my arrival had been sent to police headquarters by the gendarmes. But I did not learn until later that Captain Wang and the Chief of Police himself, together with most of the detectives of Sian, had stayed awake the entire night looking for me. They had insisted upon searching every one of the missionaries' homes in the process. How many equally innocent Chinese householders had also been urgently awakened during the quest, I never learned. At the same time all cars and trucks leaving the city gates had been searched, and the sentries ordered to look out for me.

"May I have a look at your passport?" Captain Wang inquired politely, in his commendable English.

"I have a visa." I spread it out on the page, nicely stamped and sealed in Peking by the Foreign Affairs Bureau of the Central Government.

He was not impressed. "But this was made out last year. No Sian visas for foreigners have been granted for 1937. You can only stay in the city twenty-four hours without a proper visa."

"But it doesn't expire until September." I pointed at the characters. "*Chiu-i-pa!* The same date as the Mukden Incident, September 18.\* Sian is not a rebel city still, is it? Do you mean to say that you won't acknowledge a Central Government visa?"

I had gained a point. But he picked up my passport with an air of possession.

"Is that all?" I asked, gently taking my precious document out of his hands.

I was in terror. It is an old Chinese custom in the interior

\*On September 18, 1931, the blowing up of a section of the Manchurian Railway at Mukden led to a Japanese attack on the city as a preface to the conquest of all Manchuria, now called Manchukuo.

cities for the police to "examine" your passport at headquarters for an indefinite length of time, during which the foreigner cannot stir outside the city walls. I knew that, a few days before, this same Captain Wang had tried to take the passport of one of my newspaper friends, who had promptly put up manual resistance and caused quite a scene. He did not insist this time, however.

I had arrived on April 23, only six weeks after the mutinous Tungpei Army had evacuated the besieged city, following their arrest of Chiang Kai-shek, and it was a difficult matter for anyone to enter Sian. No new visas were issued. Two German businessmen had been sent back, together with several missionaries. In fact, only the old foreign residents had been permitted to return to their posts to carry on their highly legitimate businesses. But there was another angle.

"In your special case," he announced, "it is not only the question of a visa. The Central Government has sent a special military order forbidding any journalists to enter the military area around Sian, and you will not be permitted to leave the city. For instance, you cannot go to Sanyuan, because the bandit situation there is very bad. We have received from Nanking a list of the foreign correspondents, and your husband's name is right at the top. It is better for you to go back to Peking immediately."

"But *my* name isn't on the list, is it?" I demanded to know. "You need not pay any attention to me."

"That's of no importance. You are the same as your husband, and you are doing newspaper work, anyway."

I did not know how to get around this. They had me down on their books as a virulent species of the journalist plague because while in Sian the previous October I had published an interview with "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang, which had nearly caused a premature Sian Incident.

Just at this moment we heard someone in difficulties at the gate. One of my Chinese student friends had entered, asked for me, and been pounced upon by four plain-clothes police waiting inside the compound. I heard him giving a false name and address in his excitement, thus unnecessarily mak-

ing himself liable to arrest if this should be discovered. The terror of the police in China, where people are thrown into a detention prison for weeks at a time merely in order to have them handy for questioning if desired, is so great that the average Chinese will subconsciously do anything to slip out of their immediate clutches.

Captain Wang pulled on his white gloves and prepared to take his departure. He called to the plain-clothes men. "I am giving you these personal bodyguards to protect you while you are in Sian. Conditions are very unsettled, and it is not safe for foreigners here."

"Mercy!" I said, glancing at the four tough-looking plain-clothes men. "What would you do if Mata Hari came to town?"

"No Japanese ever come to Sian," Captain Wang replied.

My best-laid plan had gone astray. There was nothing to do but thank my hostess and remove myself to the official foreign hotel to save her from further trouble. There I could reconsider my situation. I set out for the Sian Guest House with only one suitcase, pretending that the remaining outdoor paraphernalia did not belong to me. Flanked by the bodyguards and my student friend, we were a dreary little ricksha cavalcade in the rain.

At the hotel the student left me, and I never saw him again in Sian. He dared not come back even to call, because the police would be likely to discover that he had given a false name and become suspicious of him. After a day or so I received a postcard through the mail stating laconically that "it is still raining." As I learned later, the police had discovered his lie and he had gone into hiding for a while.

I was given a room overlooking a balcony on the second floor of the Guest House, and my so-called bodyguards likewise took up residence—one of them in a somewhat Romeo effect on the balcony. Their ranks had swelled to the mystical number seven by that time. There was one at the door on each side of the lounge, and two mobile units to escort me wherever I went, to dash to the telephone to listen in, and interrogate all callers. The others were relays. At night they stayed awake at their posts.

Mr Chou, the suave, foreign-style manager of the Guest House, was cordial but distant. He was a good Christian, a leader of the Y.M.C.A., and very popular with all the foreigners who visited Sian. But his duties as the perfect foreign-style Christian host did not extend toward assisting in any such banditry as I was contemplating, clearly. He paid me a friendly call on my first day and announced blandly:

"If you are planning to go to Yen-an, you may as well give up now and return to Peking. There isn't a chance for you. I have been warned by the police that I'll be held responsible if you try to escape, and every boy in the hotel has been threatened. So you're entirely surrounded. They've even given an order to all the garages to refuse to rent you a car to go anywhere, and you can only take the hotel cars. The trips that Leaf and Keen made to the Red districts have ruined your chances. A new chief of police was appointed a few days ago, and he is not going to let anybody else through to the Red districts, I can tell you."

I did not admit that I wanted to go to Yen-an. I didn't want any such admission on record.

"Of course, I can't get to Yen-an," I agreed, "but I'd certainly like to go out occasionally and see the Chou tombs or some such tourist places."

"You won't be able to stir out of your room without two spies, so you might as well go back to Peking."

My military truck had left for Yen-an at five, I knew. The sun in the rainless sky was mockingly bright and beautiful, which made my situation all the drearier. The Forbidden City was no nearer to me than Tibet. I sat down to contemplate the Himalayas on my lost horizon.

I soon gathered enough information to estimate my situation. Mine was what the Chinese call "a special case," so it was not in the passive routine sort of way that the local forces of law and order had combined to mobilize against my expedition. It was not my first offense, and it was the Snow family's third.

There were two major accounts outstanding, for which the local authorities demanded full redress, with me as the luckless victim:

First of all, there was the fact that the name Snow in itself was anathema to them. "Where are the Snows of yester-year?" was an unpopular theme song to be reviving now for the Sian police. In June of the preceding year my husband, Edgar Snow, had smuggled himself out of Sian into the Soviet districts, where he spent four months, and then returned through Sian on the very day in October that Chiang Kai-shek arrived for a military inspection. At the beginning of that same October, I had myself arrived in Sian escorted by a secret Red Army messenger, with the same innocent intention of exploring the Soviet Republic of China. I had failed ingloriously in this first attempt. The Second and Fourth Front Red armies were just arriving from the south, a new anti-Red campaign was under way, and the stage was being set for the tremendous mutiny which reached its climax in the arrest of Chiang Kai-shek himself on December 12, so I was obliged to return to Peking to try again some other day.

Although at that critical time Chiang Kai-shek's Blue Shirt secret police, modeled after the Gestapo, were concentrated in Sian and functioning at maximum efficiency, these attempts to run the blockade against the Soviets were entirely unknown to them. They thought we were merely legitimate traveling journalists. In fact they did not discover the situation until the end of the month, when a missionary reported the death of Edgar Snow at the hands of bandits in Kansu and his obituary had been duly published in the home-town paper in America. Then not only was there a general reorganization of the inefficient police force but even the Governor, Shao Li-tze, was called to account, for at the same time Snow *ux.* was reported in the press as massacred by another and quite different set of brigands in Sinkiang, though the Sian police dossiers reported me safely returned to Peking after my trip there in early October. There were Snows all over the landscape, and all unknown to the local military in the Northwest, who were about to launch an investigation of the pair of us when we discovered the situation in time to wire Sian headquarters from Peking. And the Nanking Government itself was involved in the affair. On

the strength of the ignorance of their Secret Service, they issued a denial that Edgar Snow had ever penetrated the Soviet areas. Indeed, they would not believe that nine years' news blockade of the Soviet districts had been broken until confronted with unquestionably authentic photographs in the newspapers. The loss of "face" to officialdom had been incalculable. And here was one of the sinister Snows again!

The second, and more immediate, retribution I had to make concerned two other errant newspapermen. As soon as the Northwest Revolt had been settled and the siege against Sian lifted, six or seven foreign correspondents in Shanghai decided to make a tour to the Red areas, as the Soviets had invited the China correspondents to visit their region. One of them very discreetly tried to get a visa for Sian from the Nanking Government, which promptly forbade them to go. Victor Keen, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, had been detained just as he was putting foot into a plane. Nevertheless he eventually succeeded in reaching Yen-an, the Soviet capital. On his return through Sian, however, he nearly came to fisticuffs with my friend Captain Wang. Earl Leaf, of the United Press, next slipped passed his Sian "bodyguard" at four o'clock one morning, spent a few days in Yen-an and passed through Sian again before the police realized exactly what had happened. About the same time a young newsreel man had also made his way to the Red front and escaped through Sian with his films strapped around his waist to avoid confiscation. As a result of these successful excursions, the Nanking Government sent a military order to Ku Chu-t'ung's military headquarters in Sian with a list of the names of eight correspondents for the police to look out for on arrival. The "military area" around Sian was to be closed tight to newspapermen by military order. I could be arrested and bundled out of Sian any time I was caught outside the city walls. The fighting against the Red Army had stopped, and the military blockade was lifted, but not the news blockade.

It seemed that I was engaged in adventurist "putschism" of the most hopeless variety, for I found that I had no "mass basis" whatsoever in Sian. Indeed, I knew not where to turn ||

to find a single fellow conspirator. At the time of the other-Snow's trip, the Tungpei Army had been an ally and escorted him through their lines. Now this army was being shunted along the railway sidings on their way to Anhui. The rebel spirits who had held Sian during its "Fifty-five Days" of mutiny had dispersed. Only the law-abiding citizenry remained. The city was enjoying a period of reaction against the Sian Incident. On December 12, five months before, Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang and General Yang Hu-cheng had created the Sian Incident, arresting not only Chiang Kai-shek, but all the government officials, gendarmes and Blue Shirts in Sian, and now all these Nanking people were hurrying back to their posts and had complete control of the city in a vengeful mood. The Young Marshal was a prisoner in Nanking, and General Yang Hu-cheng's departure for Europe was imminent. All the Young Marshal's Tungpei people had left Sian, and Yang's followers were in hiding, expecting to suffer for their Fifty-five Days as soon as he left.

The temper of the Nanking military was very uncertain, and nobody was likely to risk going against a military order to smuggle me out of Sian and into the Forbidden City. I had not even a messenger. I had come to Sian with a Chinese newspaperman who wanted to accompany me as interpreter, while touring the Soviets on his own assignment, and with a student delegate to a conference to be held in Yen-an in May. Neither of these would now dare to come near me, so as not to prejudice their own chances of getting through. My only other friend in Sian was the student who had put himself on the spot by giving a false name.

And, even worse for my present purposes, the Red Army itself had become the most law-abiding and respectable of all. They were engaged in delicate negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek and could not be a party to intrigue of any species. They did not approve of the Nanking order forbidding foreign visitors to their regions, but neither were they prepared to mutiny against it. I had arrived with the address of their Sian office written on the metal clasp of my handbag and promptly got in touch with them. A Red Army man had

called on me the first night of my arrival in the Chinese house, welcomed me heartily and arranged for me to leave next morning on a military truck—but it had rained. It did not take him long to discover what had happened to me and that the Nanking order meant business. He was very anxious to help with moral support, and after I had successfully “escaped to the Soviets” he wrote me a letter of congratulation. But I did not see him again until five months later.

At the same time, the Red Army did not want to antagonize the police in the slightest, for their delegates were arriving for a general conference in May. It was not difficult for Chinese to make their way to Sanyuan and from there to Yen-an, but the police were photographing any arrivals whom they suspected of being Communists and keeping watch on them to get as much information as possible for future use.

I had no acquaintance among the native Sianese to whom I might turn for help. Missionaries? Yes, there are always missionaries in China. But I had little hope of encouragement from them. They might have helped me out of trouble but hardly into it. This was amply demonstrated as soon as I paid a few social calls, accompanied by my bodyguards. The reception was uniform. Without listening to my prayers, they first of all reminded me that their houses had been searched from attic to cellar the night Captain Wang had stayed awake sleuthing me. They then announced that the invasion of newspaper people trying to go to the Soviet districts had nearly ruined the missionary business. Several young men had volunteered to work in these dangerous areas, but when they arrived, the police had thought that beneath those innocent exteriors might be hiding a journalist or two, and had bundled them back on the railway posthaste. People engaged in “legitimate business” in the Northwest were being made to suffer for the silly curiosity of transients. Missionaries were hardly permitted to stir out of the city gates. I was too much overwhelmed by my own illegitimate position to defend the profane Fourth Estate against the charge of not being a “legitimate business,” as compared with evangelizing, so let the whole matter drop forthwith.

Their real grievance was to begin, however, only after my own escape had succeeded. I did not realize the extent of the depredations wrought by my transient curiosity until I saw the formidable Mr L. in Peking seven months later. I mean until the formidable Mr L. saw me, for he burst out in the first sentence with long-slumbering wrath at the inconvenience I had caused him, a "*legitimate traveler.*" It seems that he had sailed through five thousand miles of "China's Wild West" by motorcar with no major problems until he arrived in Sian shortly after I had made my escape. Mr L., a dignified veteran Old China Hand, was no more interested in escaping to any place Red than I should have been in traveling five thousand miles by motorcar, as anyone except the jittery Captain Wang could have decided at first glance, and certainly after his first remarks. But then—it all served to show Mr L. that the imperial saber-cut of honest Saxon speech is no longer an unfailing password in China—even for the most legitimate of the King's travelers and businessmen.

The Guest House itself had been neutral territory for the maneuvers of my previous illegitimate-traveler colleagues. But when I arrived it was definitely a hostile zone.

Poor Mr Chou, the manager of this oasis for the traveler to the Northwest, with its modernistic furniture, foreign food and proper plumbing, was a hero in his own right. He was like a lone Roman sentry holding the farthest outpost of civilization. All through the Fifty-five Days and its aftermath, he had stayed with his hotel. A modern businessman from Shanghai, he had tried for months to establish in Sian the new idea that the "guest is always right," in a feudal city where innkeepers were held responsible for their customers and the "police are never wrong." And strange customers he had had, legitimate and otherwise. His "Grand Hotel" had been built just in time to serve as upholstery for a hotbed of sedition.

When I stayed there in October 1936, seven months before, his hostelry had somehow become the real center of military and civil affairs in the Northwest. The affairs of Chinese politics are always carried on in teahouses—but in Sian the ancient teahouses had so many ears just before the

Sian Incident that political intriguers had migrated en masse to the Guest House, seeking safety in variety and numbers. At that time the rooms were overflowing with officers from every army in China, all busily engaged in private discussions. The air was as full of intrigue as the proverbial Court of St Petersburg during the World War.

Strangely enough, it was in the whispered conspiracies in those hotel rooms, with only a thin plaster wall between, that the major political and military questions of China came to their final clash, resulting in the so-called Sian Incident. Here Chiang Kai-shek's arrogant Whampoa officers in khaki flannels, and with boots-and-spurs and clanking swords, talked with their Nazi advisers about how to destroy Communism in China and whether China should join the anti-Comintern pact, demanded their squeeze from munitions and oil salesmen, and connived with all the "pro-Chiang Kai-shek" elements. Here the wily little Southerners from Kwangtung and Kwangsi discussed high treason against Chiang Kai-shek with the tall, unwily Manchurians. Here General Yang Hu-cheng's local Shensi men of peasant-bandit origin lent one ear to one side and one ear to the other. Here the virtues of Fascism or Communism or Democracy for China were discussed, and whether the Chinese army should demand joining with the Soviet Union or permit agreement with Japan on the Hirota program. And here the forbidden question ran like an undertone all through these discussions: Should the armies permit their generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, to begin a new anti-Red campaign or force him to start the fight against the Japanese invading in the North?—a question which was soon answered by a mutiny of 150,000 troops. Lobbying in all the corridors were open or secret delegates from every war lord and clique in China sent by their chiefs to keep abreast of the always *sub rosa* political situation. Here in this Guest House also a Red Army delegate to Chang Hsueh-liang's headquarters called on me and advised me to return to Peking as quickly as possible.

And out on the dusty streets in that October swarmed the common soldiers in all varieties of uniform. The homesick, ragged Tungpei men from Manchuria spat after the trim

figures of Chiang Kai-shek's Central Government officers, and had their honest, weather-beaten faces punched by loyal well-fed Nanking followers. And General Yang Hu-cheng's native 17th Route Army soldiers punched the faces of all the invaders of their province alike. Wounded soldiers from the campaign against the Reds begged for alms and were pushed off the sidewalks by their officers. Everywhere there was an atmosphere of high treason at the top and mutiny in the ranks.

Words are inflammable among men of arms, and all this was changed to action that December 12, two months later, when the Commander-in-Chief was arrested by the Vice-Commander-in-Chief of all the Army, Navy and Air Forces of China.

Before dawn of that day Mr Chou and his staff at the Guest House were ceremoniously awakened by a salvo of bullets and the sound of imperious rifle butts on closed doors, and ordered to stand by while their guests cowered under the beds in fear of their lives. The hotel was full of Nanking officers and officials, and Yang Hu-cheng's regiment descended upon it for a wholesale capture. They wounded several and killed Shao Yuan-chung as he tried to escape. At the same time they took occasion to collect various personal articles from Mr Chou's guests, as well as a quantity of his best wool blankets. In the meantime Colonel Sun Ming-chiu, commander of Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's bodyguard, was speeding toward Lintung to arrest Chiang Kai-shek, taking for this task his Special Training Regiment, made up of insurgent students from various schools in China whom the Young Marshal had invited to join his forces in Sian. Coincidentally, December 11 was the anniversary of the Canton Commune, when a "Chao Tao Tuan" regiment of the same name and student constituency had captured Canton ten years before.

During the Fifty-five Days of mutiny, the Guest House had been almost deserted, and after the general exodus from Sian in February poor Mr Chou's hostel had become merely a thoroughfare for newspaper people with embarrassing plans for travel into forbidden territories. Now, at this time

of my second visit, in April, the hotel rooms were full of ghosts and as desolate as the streets outside. None of the important officials found it expedient to stay there at the moment because Yang Hu-cheng still had two regiments in the city who would soon be invited to leave. The much-harassed Mr Chou expected these old friends to pay him a farewell visit en route, and was clutching his woolen blankets to his bosom.

## II. ESCAPE TO THE SOVIETS

I HAVE OFTEN BEEN IMPRESSED with the effectiveness of medieval city walls. In China, whenever the authorities care to do so, they can simply close the city gates or inform their sentries and nobody can enter or leave the city without an official pass.

However, I never realized the full value of walls around a city until, during those few April days, I looked at the capable ancient ramparts encircling Sian and wondered how to pass the sentries at its gates. . . .

When I left Peking, I had determined to let nothing—much less a city wall—stand in the way of my endeavor, though I must confess I had not expected such an array of opposition, or the dispersal of my allies. Even if I had not considered myself engaged in the sacred and entirely "legitimate" business of gathering materials for history, I would have put up a struggle. The smug smile on the face of Captain Wang somehow roused a strain of mongrel Irish, and mongrel Irish is the fightingest kind. I was one against the world, apparently—and I had never been able to resist the appeals of oppressed minorities, anyway, so the pathetic picture of myself completely won my heart.

It was not principle, however, but the stench of the burning bridges behind me which made me resolve not only to try but to *succeed*. This was my last chance to escape to the Soviets, and I had to succeed in my very first attempt, or I would never even see the unfair city of Sian again, much less

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Yen-an. Once I was caught trying to flout The Order, I would be put under military arrest and bounced out of the province. There was need to hurry, too, if I wanted to see the last of the Soviets and the "Red Star Over China" before it passed away. I had seen Earl Leaf in Peking the previous week, on his return from Yen-an, and he had told me that the reorganization of the Red Army was imminent. Then there was the fact that I knew a Communist Party conference had been called for May, at which time all the Red leaders would congregate in Yen-an. I was anxious to get short biographies of all these elusive commanders and knew I would miss them forever as soon as they had gone back to their various fronts in Kansu, Ninghsia and other far-flung places.

P'eng Teh-huai and his First Front Red Army were posted at the village of Yün-yang, only a few miles from Sanyuan, which in turn was only about three hours away from Sian by motorcar. Sanyuan itself was still held by Yang Hucheng's troops, and once I had passed the intervening hostile Central Government troops and arrived there, I would have every chance of success.

My problem was, in successive stages, how to evade my bodyguards, how to arrange to find a car to get to Sanyuan, how to smuggle out of the city gates and along the road to Sanyuan, and how to make a connection with the Red Army people to get into their lines.

But in order to attempt any of this I had first of all to find a fellow conspirator. None of the remaining respectable Chinese would even consider running afoul of a military order in the tension prevailing in Sian at that time. It had to be a foreigner, and there were only a dozen in the city, all highly unsympathetic with the general idea. And I had to have two such connections—one open acquaintance whom the police could suspect to their heart's content, with impunity to himself and the plan, while the real conspirator worked secretly on the plot.

Luckily I discovered the one young Galahad in the community, and happened to know some of his relatives. My predicament did not require much explanation, as the case was known throughout the city by that time. This young

Galahad had a strong sense of the sacredness of extraterritoriality for foreigners in China and of duties toward *madams* in distress, so appointed himself knight of arms and volunteered to escort me here and there. We began making social calls on all kinds of people and visiting historic places, in order to diffuse the scent as widely as possible. In the meantime I innocently tried to get subscriptions for a new magazine, *Democracy*, of which I was co-editor in Peking. In the course of these excursions I was able to enlist reinforcements for my offensive.

But not for a moment could we shake the gendarmes. Two of them invariably rode in the same motorcar, and when we arrived at a place, one posted himself at the gate and the other kept alongside. The minute the car stopped, one rushed to find the nearest telephone to keep the Chief of Police informed of my whereabouts. We discovered to our unbounded amusement that the first thing my "bodyguard" announced to his superior over the wire was: "*We* are safe!" The bodyguards actually thought themselves in great personal danger; that any moment we might have some gang of conspirators set upon them in an alleyway and leave the two bound and gagged while I made a dash for liberty and the Soviets. They kept their chief informed in minutest detail of every move I made, so he could send a patrol immediately anything untoward should occur.

And we discovered that Mr Chou's information was all too correct—not a single one of the few motorcars in the city could be hired for my use except the one at the Guest House, whose driver was officially on the side of the police.

After much speculation we concluded that there was absolutely no possibility of getting away, except to escape from the Guest House at night, find a private car and a driver willing to take a personal risk. Bribery is the usual way out in such situations in China—but in this instance it was flatly impossible all around.

The final arrangement of the plan was all very complicated, and even now I dare not reveal some rather interesting details, or my generous accomplices might be identified and still get into trouble. In this critical and delicate situation

the first plan had to be perfect—not because of any risk to me, but because if it should fail, nothing more could be done. The authorities would seize upon the opportunity to bundle me back to Peking with scant ceremony—and my last chance to see the Soviet Republic of China would have evaporated.

My personal contribution toward the execution of the plan was to escape from the Guest House in time to leave three hours free for running the blockade to Sanyuan before the police should discover I had gone and telephone the several Central troop garrisons en route to apprehend me. The rest of the plan was to be arranged by my new-found friends.

The first thing to do was to make the police believe I had abandoned all hope and would soon be leaving the city peaceably. So, as our plot matured, I let it be known, not too obviously, that I considered the city fathers inhospitable and would be leaving any day.

At the same time I lulled the suspicions of the bodyguards as best I could. One afternoon I even took them to see the movie, *Spy No. 13*, then showing in Sian, which doubtless gave them several pointers about the American Secret Service. They seemed grateful and began to enjoy their new job.

On the day set for my escape, I told Captain Wang that before leaving Sian I wanted to see the historic spot Lintung, which was the bath of the famous beauty, Yang Kuei-fei, and also the scene of Chiang Kai-shek's arrest on December 12. Lintung was headquarters for the Central troops, so it was safe enough, and Captain Wang agreed to my request, as a last gesture of farewell—giving a full set of instructions to my two bodyguards and the chauffeur for any emergency. We climbed up to the rock crevice where the Generalissimo had hidden in his nightclothes at the time of his arrest, the face of which was now being carved with all kinds of classical verses in memorial. The trip passed uneventfully for my bodyguards, and I returned to the Guest House like a little woolly lamb. That night I stayed up rather late in order to have an excuse to "oversleep" in the morning, sent a telegram to my husband in Peking saying: "Expect leave tomorrow. Meet at train," and locked my door for the night.

I had previously engaged in a few guerilla tactics, such as establishing a precedent for sleeping late and removing my residence from the second to the ground floor, with a window opening out at the back of the big walled compound. According to plan, I was to jump out of this window at exactly 12:45. At that moment a fellow conspirator would be waiting on the outside of the wall. A cigarette glowing in one of the open-work designs in the brick wall at the designated spot would let me know that all was well. I was then to climb over the wall and be taken to a house to wait until the city gates opened at four o'clock or so, at which time a car would call for me. Then we would storm the city gates and make a dash for Sanyuan by a little-used road instead of the main route through Central troops garrisoned at Hsienyang. At Sanyuan the Red Army had its office. This office would be expecting me and would take full charge of all operations after that.

Of course, the hotel boys on night duty were as usual on the lookout for me; one night spy sat alert on each side of the lobby, and a bodyguard was stationed in the room across the hall. These sentries I expected.

But I did not expect the final stroke of bad luck for my flagrant disabuse of law and order: only at eight o'clock I learned that martial law had been proclaimed that very night, and the Guest House had a company of soldiers patrolling outside the very wall I was to climb over. They had the liberty, certainly, to fire at any mysterious night marauder on sight. General Yang Hu-cheng was leaving the city next day, and the authorities were expecting his two regiments still stationed inside the walls to start a riot, or at least to loot their favorite hunting ground, the Guest House. (Varnished-over bullet holes from their last visit were clearly visible on the door of my room.) All Chinese guests had evacuated the hotel; it was deserted save for a museum curator, who was leaving town the next morning, and myself.

And—at the same time the dozens of hotel servants were patrolling the grounds inside at intervals of fifteen minutes all night.

But I had no way to communicate with my co-conspirators,

and I must make a try, because the difficult plan was at last arranged after great trouble all around. If I did not carry out my part, I feared they would desert me. And anyway, in accordance with the adage about ill winds, nobody would suspect that I would try to escape on such a night, so there was even a little advantage in my surprise maneuver. . . .

I designed a human-looking mound in the bedclothes—so that anyone who might unlock the door next morning might think it was I—and put on dark glasses, a pair of slacks and my camel's-hair coat—with as many layers of intermediate clothing as I could wear without making myself so unwieldy that any climbing expedition would be hopeless. I then strapped over my shoulder a handbag containing all my expeditionary equipment, and waited at the window, timing the Guest House servants' patrol.

. . . At 12:45 no lighted cigarette showed in the brick open-work. My heart sank. But I was not going to miss any possible chance. I took the deepest breath of my hitherto quiet life and jumped down out of the window—without spraining my ankle.

It was a bright moonlight night. As I made the sprint across the twenty-yard space between the building and the wall, my shadow stretched an endlessly betraying length beside me. Part of the wall was in shadow, and I nosed along it, looking for the truant cigarette. It was not to be found.

In the corner of the compound was a pile of concrete and dirt. This was in deep shadow, and there I hid while I watched the patrols of the Guest House staff walking around the building within a few yards of my hiding place. This heap was the only spot at which the wall could be easily scaled—it was the place where the Kuomintang official, Shao Yuan-chung, had been shot when trying to escape from Yang Hu-cheng's troops on that midnight of December 12. I climbed up the wall several times for a reconnoitering glance around on the other side. The top of the wall was in bright moonlight, so this was risky business—when one remembered the unfortunate Shao Yuan-chung. Under the arclight in the main street were about ten gendarmes on special guard. The soldiers' helmets were visible down at the other end of

the wall. I waited about forty minutes and concluded there was no possibility of secretly climbing over the wall—and that nobody would come to help me. . . .

The window of my room was too high to climb back into anyway, so there was nothing to do but try the last measure: I waited until the inside patrol had just passed, then made a dash for the front gate, meaning to somehow peremptorily order my way out. . . . I had to cross the edge of the big compound and disentangle myself from some barbed wire on one side, while that gigantic telltale shadow about ten yards in length bobbed up and down maliciously in the bright moonlight. . . . I reached the entrance walk without being seen by anyone at the front of the hotel, and walked with a dignified pace up to the big iron gate. It was not locked. I rattled it boldly and opened it to confront several police standing guard on the outside.

"Where are you going?" they demanded.

"I want to return to my home," I replied, in Chinese, of course. "Are there any rickshas around?"

A lone ricksha was just making its way down the street, so I started toward it calling fearlessly:

*"Yang-chê, lai, lai!"*

If these police had orders not to permit a foreign woman to leave the compound, they did not recognize me in my boy's clothes. Or they may not have known I was a foreigner because the entrance was in the dark shadow of the big gate and they could not see my face. My ruse was a success, at any rate.

*"Tung Ta Chieh,"* I directed the ricksha man, faking some number or other.

Because of martial law the streets were almost entirely deserted except for the police patrols. . . . It was eerie.

The police stopped me only once and were satisfied with my formula: "I am a foreigner. I am going home." In China the foreigner is a kind of law unto himself under ordinary circumstances, and the police are never surprised to see us venturing around at inconvenient times.

Actually I did not know where I was going. Not anticipating having no guide to take me, I had no map of the location.

I only knew it was so many blocks past the Drum Tower, and that there was a big red gate which was not the place, but which marked the prelude to a spot farther on where a side street went off into nowhere, along which were doors equally big but not painted at all. . . .

I never saw so many big red doors in my life as on that short expedition, although all Chinese streets are literally a scarlet fever of them.

And all the time I was in terror lest the police at the entrance of the Guest House had sent inside to inquire about me, and the sleuths were already in pursuit.

I had nearly abandoned all hope of finding my directions, when a bicycle whizzed past.

"Hi!" I called out, somehow recognizing the figure as my friend.

He fell off his bicycle in amazement at seeing me, and burst into a broad smile.

"Did you actually make it! Congratulations! I thought you wouldn't dare try tonight. What was the shot for? I couldn't get near the wall because of the soldiers on patrol, so I waited on the street for about twenty minutes. Then I heard a shot fired and thought you wouldn't dare try the wall. In fact, I thought it might have been meant for you. I was just going home to bed."

"The shot wasn't fired at me, I am happy to say," I assured him.

"This way!" he directed, sweeping about on his bicycle with a grand gesture.

We went down the side street and into a walled compound. A motorcar was waiting inside and with it the Chinese who was to take me to Sanyuan. He was a rebel spirit on the Yang Hu-cheng side and not averse to a little sniping at the conquering Nanking authorities. He greeted my arrival with delight—not unmixed with nervous apprehension, however—and we all shook hands in solemn triumph.

We spent the next few hours waiting for dawn. . . . Every sound in the street outside caused me to leap behind a sofa to hide, in case it should be the police in pursuit.

Just about dawn the rebel spirit went out of the room,

making no explanation to the rest of us. Half an hour passed and he had not returned. We searched the compound, but he had gone out of the gate and disappeared!

"U'm," said my other friend, taking a long breath and pounding himself on the forehead. "I might have expected this. Do you know what he said to me last night? He calmly remarked, 'You know, I always feel very brave and fearless at night, but I never seem to have any courage left in the morning.' He smokes opium at night, that's why!"

It was a dark moment. A party of search was just leaving for the nearest opium place, when the deserter returned with bright eyes and a buoyant step. We piled into the car and started for the city gates before the opium should wear off. I had sacrificed my long hair to facilitate my First Expedition to Red China, and now put on a man's hat and dark glasses, which together with my slacks and camel's-hair sports coat made me look slightly like the pale tubercular son of a missionary—I hoped. In addition I wrapped myself up to the ears in a quilt in order to look sick if necessary.

Our car belonged to a general, and a military license usually gets by any kind of sentry in Sian. We planned to drive fast through the gates, with all the hauteur and nonchalance of poetic if not military license. . . .

This maneuver we carried out with brilliant success—and, with just the right amount of arrogance, nearly ran over a squad of soldiers outside the gates who were repairing the road.

"I wouldn't have stopped even if the sentries had fired," announced the driver, as we bounced over the cobblestones much too fast for comfort.

We took the little-used route to Sanyuan as planned, thereby avoiding Hsienyang and the main Central army posts. This road was certainly paved with bad intentions—as if the builders had only one purpose in mind: to keep the machine out of the countryside. We were nearly stuck in the mud several times and had to cross the swollen Wei River on a raft, as well as having chance encounters with Central troops and officers now and then. But we arrived in Sanyuan only two hours later than expected. Sanyuan was in the hands

of Yang Hu-cheng's 17th Route Shensi army, so we were in neutral territory.

Now how to find the office of the Red Army? We had the address—it was in a godown near the city gate. We were to call and ask for a Mr Wang. We bothered about for some time before we could find the place, and eventually sort of stumbled blindly right into it and were confronted by a very young sentry wearing a blazing Red Star on his cap even before we could formulate our password about Mr Wang. My friends promptly confiscated his red-starred cap to keep as a souvenir, rushed back to their car to return to Sian before the search for me should begin, and left the sentry scratching his head in wonder, hardly knowing whether to shoot or smile at the invasion of imperialist robbers.

I didn't want to go direct to Yen-an, but to visit first the First Front Red Army at the front near by. "Mr Wang" notified P'eng Teh-huai's headquarters by telephone that I had arrived.

I sat down on a *k'ang* to wait for the car which P'eng Teh-huai was sending to take me to the front at Yün-yang, and tried to relate my adventures in broken Chinese to the throng that gathered round, as they regaled me with tea and cakes. It was a big compound, and several delegates to the May Conference in Yen-an were waiting there for a truck to carry them to their Mecca.

I had left Peking on April 21 and achieved my first glimpse of the Red Star on April 30.

I wrote a note to Captain Wang of the Sian police, telling him that I had gone to Sanyuan to visit some friends and would be safe for a few weeks, so not to worry.

Later on I learned what happened after my escape: The authorities telephoned to posts as far as Tungkuan on the Lunghai Railway in order to be able to report accurately what had become of me. (They thought I might have taken the train, then come back cross-country on the road.) The Chief of Police took occasion to reorganize his department.

My future problem was how to return secretly through Sian after my trip was over, in order to avoid confiscation of

films and notebooks. This cost me several sleepless hours later on. My luggage at the Guest House was ordered detained pending my return, and as usual all kinds of persons were asked to report my arrival.

### III. AT THE FRONT WITH P'ENG TEH-HUAI

THE CAR THAT TOOK ME TO P'eng Teh-huai's headquarters at Yün-yang was a new enough Dodge touring model, and I was surprised to find such affluence at the proletarian front.

"Where did you get this bourgeois car?" I demanded of the two Red Army members of the Political Department who came to greet me.

"Chang Hsueh-liang gave it to P'eng Teh-huai, along with two others," they replied. "We have about twelve trucks now, too."

"I came with the car," the driver in a red-starred cap announced with a grin. "I used to be one of Chang Hsueh-liang's chauffeurs. And my wife came with me. After the Double-twelfth, many Tungpei people joined the Red Army."

They took me to the Front Political Headquarters. A girl came out, put her arms around me and beamed all over. She led me to her room and, patting a pink silk *pei-wo* beside another lavender silk quilt on the *k'ang*, announced:

"You will stay here with me, *hao-pu-hao*?"

A little boy in uniform rushed up with a basin of hot water, grinning at me shyly.

"*Hsieh-hsieh, hsiao kuei*," I said, anxious to show off my knowledge of local custom, gleaned from my husband's experience with these dignified small soldiers, who don't like to be called "boy" or "hey."

He shrieked with amusement and rushed out of the door to tell his pals that "the foreigner called me '*hsiao kuei*.'" This is the pet name used by the Red Army for the innumerable little boys attached to it in the capacity of orderlies. Literally, it means "little devil," but has the same

general content as that epic expression in English, "little shaver."

The girl then took me to a large ancestral hall where Lo Ting-yi, the head of the Front Agitprop Department, was waiting to talk with me. He spoke excellent English and welcomed me to the Red Army very warmly. He knew all about my affairs in Sian already—the Communists' radio intelligence was amazing. As head of the propaganda work, he was in charge of "press relations," and had piloted the other-Snow around when he was with the Red Army. He was very interested to know when Snow's book would be written, and made me promise to send him a copy as soon as it was published.

"Mr Snow gave me his camera when he left and told me to take pictures and send to him," said Lo Ting-yi, taking some snapshots out of his pocket. "I haven't taken any worth sending yet, as I'm just learning how to use the camera. But I have one really good photograph."

He had made enlargements of only one of his prints. This single enlargement he showed me with infinite pride. And what do you think it was? A leonine study of one of the invaluable heads of the Stalins of the Red Republic of China? No, it was—a branch of plum blossoms!

Astounded, I turned around to get a good look at this Bolshevik propagandist of plum-blossom propensities. I saw a gentle, typical Chinese intellectual looking a little hurt behind his thick-lensed spectacles.

"Don't you like it?" he asked wistfully. "Everyone else does. I had many enlargements of it made to give to friends to hang in their rooms." And, sure enough, I later on saw many copies of Lo Ting-yi's plum-blossom masterpiece in the offices of the Red Army people.

"I'll bet you're a poet—or at least a student," I accused the Agitpropist.

"I am thirty, and I have been an active Communist for twelve years," he protested.

Later on Lo Ting-yi brought out a frayed picture of a baby to show me.

"It isn't my baby," he said. "I found this picture in a

magazine. But it looks exactly like him. I don't know what happened to mine—my wife was executed in Fukien nine years ago."

I often think of Lo Ting-yi carrying these two pathetic pictures around with him at the front—now somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Shansi. . . .

It was surprising enough to find someone like Lo Ting-yi at any army front, but I found the girl whose *k'ang* I shared to be equally as appealing and extraordinarily sweet and gentle. She was Li Po-chao, Director of the Front Theater, and the wife of Yang Shan-kun, Chairman of the Front Political Department. She had written many plays that were great favorites in the Soviets.

Li Po-chao was delicate and pretty, with beautiful white transparent skin. And indeed she was a Camille—she had tuberculosis and coughed blood every morning.

She refused to let me take her picture, in case she should want to do secret work in the "White" areas someday, but told me something about herself:

"I am now twenty-six. I was born in Chungking, the second largest city in Szechuan, where my father was *hsien* magistrate. I went to school in Szechuan and first became interested in revolution during the May Thirtieth Movement in 1925. The teacher who influenced me in this girls' normal school was Yün Tai-yin, a famous Communist. I joined the Communist Youth and had to go to Shanghai in 1926 to escape the White Terror. There were three uprisings of the Shanghai workers in 1926 and 1927, and I did agitation work during these. In the summer of 1926 I was imprisoned for two months.

"The Party sent me to Moscow in 1927, and I studied there at Sun Yat-sen University—which is now called the Communist University—until my return to China in 1930. When I passed through Harbin in Manchuria I was arrested on the train as a Communist and imprisoned for a week, but I insisted I was only a housewife and was finally released.

"I then did Party work in a cigarette factory in Shanghai for two months and in the same year went to the Soviet

districts in Fukien, where I worked in the Political Department. After the Third Campaign I went to Juikin, the Kiangsi Soviet capital, and became editor of the *Red China* newspaper. I was interested primarily in cultural work—literature, drama and music—so I organized a dramatics group called the 'Lan Shang Tuan,' or Blue Clothes Brigade, meaning the common blue coolie clothes of China. At the same time Chiang Kai-shek's Fascists started their 'Lan Shang Tang,' or Blue Shirt Society, so we changed the name of our group to the Gorky Dramatics School in May 1934.

"In October 1934 we started the Long March, passing through nine provinces. When the First Front Red Army reached northwest Szechuan, I left the main army and joined the Fourth Front Red Army under Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien, staying in Tibet during the winter. I did not see my Kiangsi comrades again until we met the other armies in Hui-ning, Kansu, in September 1936.

"I crossed the Grasslands three different times. This was the most difficult place of the Long March. The first time took five days, the second four days and the third twenty-nine days, as we passed through the middle of the Grasslands.

"There were no villages in the Grasslands, and animal transport was impossible, so food as well as guns and other things had to be carried on the backs of the men as they jumped from one clump of grassland to another over the deep boggy pools of black mud. In these hideous yellow-and-black marshes, the whole surface was spongy, and one had to move fast to avoid sinking in. We passed several rivers each day, and walked seventy or eighty *li* in the rain.

"The Political Department had to work very hard then to conquer pessimism among the troops, and the Communist Party members had to measure up to carrying the burdens of the weak. The soldiers hated the Grasslands very bitterly. The Propaganda Department tried to amuse the men with dances and songs and slogans, in order to keep their spirits up and encourage them. But during this time the fraternity between classes became very close, because under such hardship we all co-operated with a single heart.

"At night we made fires along the riverbanks and had

recreations. The scene was very beautiful. Each night we examined every military leader for sickness and checked up to see how many had been killed. And every night we had to wash the poisonous mud off our feet with warm water, or we could not walk next day. Once I fell into the bog, but was pulled out and saved. It was terribly cold, but I lost nothing but my hat.

"Fortunately we had no heavy fighting when crossing the Grasslands, as the Kuomintang troops dared not try to follow, except a few belonging to Hu Chung-nan who only went part way. When we had crossed the great Snow Mountains previously, many soldiers died because of the rarefied air, as they had had to fight at the same time.

"During those times of great trouble we did not worry, but as I look back on the Long March now, it seems to have been terribly difficult.

"None of the thirty women with Mao Tsê-tung's troops died on the Long March, but, on the contrary, it improved their health. Those who had been weak are now strong."

"What is the class basis of these thirty women?" I asked Li Po-chao.

"They are all either students or peasants, I think, except two—Liu Chien-hsien and Ch'en Hui-ch'ing, who were factory workers. Would you like to meet Comrade Ch'en? She's here at the front."

I would indeed. She soon appeared—a short, healthy, plain-looking woman of twenty-seven, who took my hand in a very friendly manner. She was the wife of Teng Fa, himself also a proletarian, and head of the OGPU. I asked Ch'en Hui-ch'ing—the Soviet women all used their own names and had work independent of their husbands—to tell me about herself.

"I was born in Hongkong, but my home is in Canton. My father, who was a machinist, ran away and left my mother to support my younger sister and me. We were very poor, and at fourteen I went to work in a stocking factory.

"When I was about sixteen the big Hongkong Strike occurred in 1925. I participated in the strike, joined the Communist Party and went to Canton to work for three

years, where I was a member of the Propaganda Department of the Kuomintang. I was active in the Canton Commune on December 11, 1927. Almost all the workers in Canton joined the Commune, and many were killed, especially ricksha men. I have no idea how many girls were killed then—fifty or five hundred—but there were many. Two of my own girl comrades were executed after the Split with the Kuomintang."

In the afternoon the famous commander, P'eng Teh-huai, paid me an official call. He eyed me quizzically as he shook hands and wasted no time in idle talk. He had delegated all the sweet phrases of welcome to his subordinates and wanted to begin only where this ceremony left off. In spite, or because, of his gruffness of manner, I found the No. 1 Fighting Hunanese of the Red Army one of the most interesting and attractive personalities of all the Communists.

We had supper together, and afterward he talked about the tactics and strategy of the coming war against Japan, among other things. Commander P'eng already had the campaign mapped out.

P'eng Teh-huai ranks next to Chu Teh and Mao Tsê-tung in the councils of the Soviets. While Mao is regarded as the mysterious "genius" directing behind the lines, and fatherly old Chu Teh has become almost a legend, it is P'eng Teh-huai who seems nearest the life of the army itself, for he is always in action at the front as field commander, either at the head of his First Front Red Army, or as deputy commander-in-chief of all the Red armies for Chu Teh. P'eng was a Kuomintang commander until July 1928, when he revolted, seized P'ingkiang in Hunan and joined forces with the Red Army. He first became famous when he captured Changsha, capital of Hunan, in 1930.

P'eng Teh-huai is bound to become a great national leader in China. He combines certain qualities of leadership which seem to fit the historic necessities of the moment. Others, Right or Left, may be more brilliant militarily or politically and just as enthusiastically revolutionary or wholeheartedly absorbed in the task of liberating their nation from bondage.

But none can command greater faith, and therefore loyalty, from the people than the clean honesty of Puritan P'eng Teh-huai. This strain of Puritanism is a quality very much needed for leadership in China today, just as it was needed in Europe at a similar stage of development.

P'eng is a man's man and regards women as a nuisance—which naturally causes them promptly to take an interest in him. He is practically the only high Red commander who refuses to marry, so not a few of the Communist girls were angling for him—from a respectful distance. His distrust of women derived, I heard, from the cruelty of the women in his family when he was an orphan boy, and his disinterest in marriage partly from the fact that he had once, long ago, been in love with a girl who died. P'eng fêtes nobody, and it was characteristic of him that when he was host to the Kuomintang mission which went to the Soviets in May, he gave them a taste of his own plain fare of *hsiao mi*, whereas all the other commanders heaped high the festive board.

At the same time, few have the rare combination that makes up this veteran commander. He is himself shrewd and competent politically as well as militarily. As commander of armed forces, he would be capable of co-operating fully with any civil governmental power in China—provided only that such a government should not become corrupt.

P'eng Teh-huai is without doubt the tough warrior, but underneath his leather-skin exterior he has a very warm heart. You feel that he really loves the men in his army in a warm personal way. As for the boy orderlies, he makes pets of all the *hsiao kuei* in sight—and they simply worship him. He has no time for official receptions, but always time to carry on arguments with the "little Red devils" in his headquarters, with whom he exchanges opinions on military tactics in a very solemn manner.

"It seems to me that these young *hsiao kuei* are the real heroes of the Red Army," I said to Commander P'eng one evening.

"Yes, they are, and they are real little revolutionaries, too," he commented. "Two or three hundred boys made the Long March, and they walked every step of the way. There

must be a thousand in the whole army now. In my army most of the *hsiao kuei* came from the Anyang Mines in Kiangsi, where they were practically slaves, beaten and scolded by their masters, or else they were orphans from Changsha, or younger brothers and sons of revolutionaries killed in 1927. These children of the revolution were very much oppressed after 1927. They had no money to study, and often their homes were completely broken up. So when the Red Army reached their home places, they hurried to join it.

"Many are very brave in battle. I remember one little boy who was wounded in battle in Kiangsi. He sat down and said to me: 'Don't pay any attention to me now; after you win the battle, somebody can come back for me.'

"Another time in Kiangsi, the troops were marching out to fight, and air bombs were raining down. One *hsiao kuei* was wounded in the leg and couldn't move. He sat down without even crying and pretended to be only resting, so as not to slow up the troop movement.

"On the Long March through Kansu, a *hsiao kuei* was left behind during a quick retreat. He ran into a house. The old woman in this house liked the boy's appearance and hid him in her bed under a heap of clothes, so the Whites wouldn't find him when they came. When the Whites came, the old woman sat on the bed all night long to hide the boy. She wouldn't move, and they became suspicious and pushed her out of the way, found the boy and pulled his red-starred cap out of his pocket.

"'You're a spy and a bandit!' they shouted at him.

"'No, I'm not a spy. I wouldn't be here if I could run fast enough. And I never in my life robbed anything from anybody. The Red Army is the only patriotic army in China; we are not traitors.'

"This *hsiao kuei* was a clever boy and argued with the White soldiers and their commander about stopping civil war and fighting Japan. He defeated them so badly in this debate that the commander lost face and ordered him to be shot.

"When the sentry took the *hsiao kuei* out to be shot, the boy said:

"'Why do you shoot me? Why not just cut off my head?  
Use the bullet for the Japanese instead of me.'

"The sentry was very much impressed with the boy, and decided to go back to the commander and ask him to change his mind.

"'I don't want to execute this order,' the sentry said. 'Why should we shoot this boy? He really is anti-Japanese, and what he says is not bad to hear.'

"The commander was furious and ordered the sentry to kill the boy instantly. Then all the other soldiers gathered around and opposed the shooting, so the commander dared not insist. The boy finally escaped and is here with the Red Army now.

"Many times the *hsiao kuei* have been shot as spies, while carrying messages and doing their duties."

I had several talks with P'eng Teh-huai on different subjects, including a discussion of the perspectives on the Sian Incident, the proceedings of the Third Plenary Session of the Kuomintang and the slowness of the development of the Democratic movement, and the ways to victory in the anti-Japanese war.

When I expressed solicitude about the future of the Red Army as I left his headquarters, Commander P'eng pounded on the table and shouted like a slogan:

"You need never worry about the Red Army. The Red Army is invincible!"

#### IV. INCREDIBLE ARMY OF YOUTH

MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE Red Army was at a big mass meeting on May First—International Labor Day.

Early in the morning my roommate, Li Po-chao, brought me a regulation slate-blue Red Army uniform and cap to wear so I would not be conspicuous and attract too much attention in public. All women there wore exactly the same uniform as the men and with their short boyish bobs were

practically indistinguishable. Puttees were regulation, which everyone wrapped about their legs with elaborate care. I personally didn't fancy the puttees, so wore my own pair of blue slacks, the full cuffs of which the Reds declared feelingly to be a disgrace to their uniform.

Yün-yang was a "White" village, the Soviet districts proper being two days away by motorcar. P'eng Teh-huai's Red Army had been stationed here only five months before, during the Sian Incident. Nevertheless a few partisans had been organized, and these, together with the villagers, came to the mass meeting. These old farmers and their sons marched through the village streets in pairs, carrying old-fashioned red-tasseled spears and battle-axes, just as in the *Shui Hu Chuan* days of *All Men Are Brothers*. Red is a lucky color for the Communists in China. The people have traditionally loved it as the symbol of happiness. It was the first time I had ever seen a poor Chinese farmer permitted to carry a weapon in the streets. When the partisans arrived at the village square, the Red soldiers gave them paper banners to fasten on their weapons. The village women and girls wore red silk or paper flowers in their hair, and the whole effect of the meeting was quite festive.

The Red Army units gathered in squads, singing and shouting slogans spontaneously from time to time, and raising their arms in the Red salute so often that it looked like a class in setting-up exercises, everyone in high spirits. Every rifle had a colored triangular paper pennant, with a slogan written on it, which rustled gaily in the spring breeze. These slogans said: "Support the Anti-Japanese National United Front!" "Down with the Trotskyists who want to break the National United Front!" "Demand the Eight-hour Day!" "Reduce the suffering of the people!" "Down with Japanese Imperialism!" "Long Live the Chinese Revolution!" Some of Yang Hu-cheng's 17th Route Army soldiers were present as guests, and a group of primary and middle school students and teachers from Sanyuan had been invited for the day. They were all extremely interested in staring at the legendary Red Warriors.

An hour before the meeting began I had accompanied a group of about twenty middle school girls on an inspection tour of the camp, during which they had asked innumerable very intelligent questions of our guide. A Sanyuan school principal sat on the rostrum and made a revolutionary address during the meeting. All the students joined in the slogans and were having the time of their lives.

Most of the speeches dealt with organizing a united front of all armies, parties and classes for resistance to Japan, and the *pièce de résistance* was a very energetic speech by Commander P'eng Teh-huai, which must have been witty in spots, for it sent everybody off into gales of laughter periodically. At intervals the meeting burst into song or slogans in response to the cheer leaders on the platform, the Red Army units starting a kind of roundelay competition at the top of their lungs. All of these songs were set to modern, or Western, music, which the soldiers sang very well and in perfect unison. They sang their version of the "Marseillaise" with the same spirit the heroes of Marseilles must have had during the French Revolution as they marched with "all hearts resolved." Like everyone else the Chinese seem to think it the most stirring song ever written. The old farmers and their wives didn't know the songs, but listened with jaws hanging open and waggling unconsciously to the music. It was the sort of Wake-Up-and-Live atmosphere that startled even these somnambulist old Chinese peasants out of their ancient sleep. (Some of the students had tears of excitement in their eyes; I noticed.) The mass psychology was such that you expected someone to stand up with a thin, small voice and say "Shoulder arms," and the whole meeting would proceed across country and occupy half a dozen towns before lunch. However, this meeting was tame in comparison with the days in the hot-spirited South, I was told. In that heydey, five thousand farmers' sons would have rushed to enlist in the Red Army during such a meeting—and the landlords would have escaped to Shanghai five thousand times faster.

I looked down at the living waves of gray-blue uniforms, the red-starred caps and sun-tanned young faces bobbing up

and down like phosphorescent flashes on a tropical sea during a typhoon, and wondered if the bayonets glittering in the brilliant sun did not have a kind of hypnotic effect on the observers like the juggling knives of Indian fakirs. . . .

Reconnoitering around the edge of the meeting to get a close-up of the Red Warriors, I was astounded at their youth—and at the immense pride and sense of personal dignity of the individual soldiers. Their clean, faded uniforms were patched but not ragged, and they carried themselves with an indescribable air of braggadocio.

They seemed bubbling over with some secret source of inexhaustible happiness. You could never doubt that they were perfectly satisfied with themselves. And you felt that they enjoyed dying together as much as living together. . . . There were a few field pieces, automatic rifles and machine guns on dress parade, too—all brightly polished and decked with colored paper banners and festoons. One of them carried a red silk banner for special courage. As I looked, I saw one of the soldiers in charge of a big gun glance anxiously at another gun near by, then spit on the barrel of his own and rub away industriously with his sleeve at some imaginary speck. It was the highest honor in the Red Army to be entrusted with a “big gun,” and the artillery-men obviously thought they owned the world. Some of them had their arms twined affectionately around their shining charges—and the look of pride on their faces did not indicate that it was because of tiredness and need of something to lean on. The Red Army soldier, I soon found, really *loves* his gun—and they have a saying, “My gun is my sweetheart.” All guns and rifles in the Red Army were captured from the enemy in hard-fought battles. A big gun cost scores of lives, and every rifle or two could not have cost less than one human life. But how many human lives had these same guns saved for the Red Army, too! Small wonder then that the Red soldiers considered their guns not as weapons but as comrades and part of the flesh and blood of the army. They *were* flesh and blood. . . . I was reminded of the old Chinese stories of human sacrifice in metal casting—when a young person was thrown into the molten mass alive by the



P'ENG TEH-HUAI

In a Familiar Pose, Commander of the First Front Red Army, He Is a Favorite with Youth in the Red Districts, and Is Seldom Without Three or Four of the Red Army's "Little Devils" Trailing Him as Self-appointed Bodyguards. Here P'eng Is Standing in the Doorway of a "Lenin Room," Discussing Affairs with Some of His Youthful Entourage.



THE TWIN GENIUS OF THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS, "CHU-MAO"  
Mao Tsê-tung, at the Left, Is the Cool Political Brains of the Com-  
munist Movement in China, While Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of  
the Red Army, Is Its Warm Heart.

metal workers, in order to provide a "spirit" for the finished object.

The troops acted with an organic precision that seemed uncanny to me after living so long in haphazard China. They started to sing at exactly the same moment—and they shouted slogans with a single voice. I was concentrating on photographing one small-boy soldier, I remember, when I saw him suddenly raise his arm and begin to shout a slogan—the deafening mass voice was so exactly timed that I nearly dropped my camera at the terrific sound that seemed to come out of one small pair of lungs. Another example of this single mass mind which startled me was when I stood in front of one squad to take a photograph. Two or three soldiers caught a glimpse of my face first and exclaimed to each other, "*Wai-kuo nu i'ung-chih,*" then the whole regiment turned to look as if the commander had ordered "about face." As soon as I was in focus, at exactly the same time a mass grin spread over their faces. (I didn't deserve that welcoming smile. They thought I was a "foreign girl comrade," because I was wearing their Red Army uniform. Li Po-chao, who thought I would avoid being conspicuous by wearing a uniform, certainly underestimated the mental telepathy in her army.) I was so embarrassed that I nearly stumbled over myself to escape, and dared not take any more pictures. Within five minutes, however, the whole army seemed to have heard the news—there was a buzz like a message passing along an old-fashioned telegraph wire. It is easy to see how the army keeps itself informed of everything that happens, just by tuning in on each other. This is the reason, I suppose, for their extraordinary high political consciousness and the spread of education. What any one man knows is promptly relayed to all the others. After further experience I decided that the whole Red Army seemed to have developed that mass interest which guides a flock of birds or bees—they took action together spontaneously without any apparent signal. Their discipline was automatic. After living and fighting together for several years, I suppose they all think exactly alike. They seemed to be a kind of self-mesmerizing and self-educated body.

It would be a very hard-bitten old "imperialist" sourpuss indeed who would not register a few calories of enthusiasm at seeing this incredible army of youth—the average age of which was only nineteen. And it *is* incredible—for several reasons. Most incredible is the *fact* that such an army actually exists in China, that such a phenomenon could even be produced out of the despairing decadence that China has been forced into for so many generations—or de-generations, to be exact. It is not surprising that for nearly a decade hardly anyone would believe in the possibility of this Nine Years' Wonder of China. It even took Chiang Kai-shek until 1933 to wake up to the quality of the Red Army, and most Chinese could not imagine a Chinese variety of Communist except as a new species of banditry. As to the foreign observer on the outside, you need not be a defender of The Oppressed to take an interest in this gallant little army. It requires only the jaundiced eye of the arch-Tory believer in the aristocracy of natural superiority. For these are all survivors of the fittest, the finest specimens of the human race that China has produced. And for those die-hards who persist in regarding the Chinese as inferior and "fit only to be a nation of slaves," it may be added that these are a new species of what they call "Chinese." They *are* what they are, struggling to create—revolutionaries—fighting to purify their nation of all the ancient death and colonialism and corruption of the old China. These are Fighting Chinese on crusade, taking history in their stride.

Several things surprised me about the Red Army: their discipline and morale, their equipment and first-rate training, their political consciousness and the high quality of the leadership, their wholesome democracy and immense pride in themselves—and the fact that without doubt they are the happiest people in all China while living what is proverbially the hardest "coolie" life in the world, a life on the edge of nothing.

But, most of all, I was impressed with two special qualities which give this army a unique personality—Youth and the Spirit of Sacrifice. The latter quality is so important and

elusive that it deserves a whole chapter in itself, for it has become a new cult of belief in the Importance of Dying. Youth is always ready to fling its ashes to the four winds, but in patriarchal China this spirit lends a peculiar sacrificial quality to revolution.

There have been many kinds of revolution, and each has its distinctive personality, but the Red Army movement in China is somehow a totally new phenomenon. If the French Revolution was a *sans-culotte* waving the red cap of Liberty behind the barricades of Paris; the American Revolution a grim militiaman firing his flintlock from Indian-ambush behind trees; and the Russian Revolution a vociferous bearded workman storming the Kremlin—the Chinese Revolution is a mobile young rifleman fighting every hour as he crosses and recrosses whole provinces in his straw-sandaled feet, with no possessions but a captured gun and a confiscated bag of rice slung over his shoulder, a new Idea in his head, a new song in his heart, and an enthusiastic grin on his sun-tanned beardless face.

Although the average age of the Red Soldiers is nineteen or twenty and of the officers twenty-four, they seemed much younger in appearance (largely, I suppose, because none of them had bearded chins). And, in fact, an integral part of the Red Army is a Children's Crusade which reminds you of that heroic little expedition across Europe during the Crusades of the Middle Ages. Their hundreds of little boy-soldier *hsiao kuei* are a revolution within a revolution.

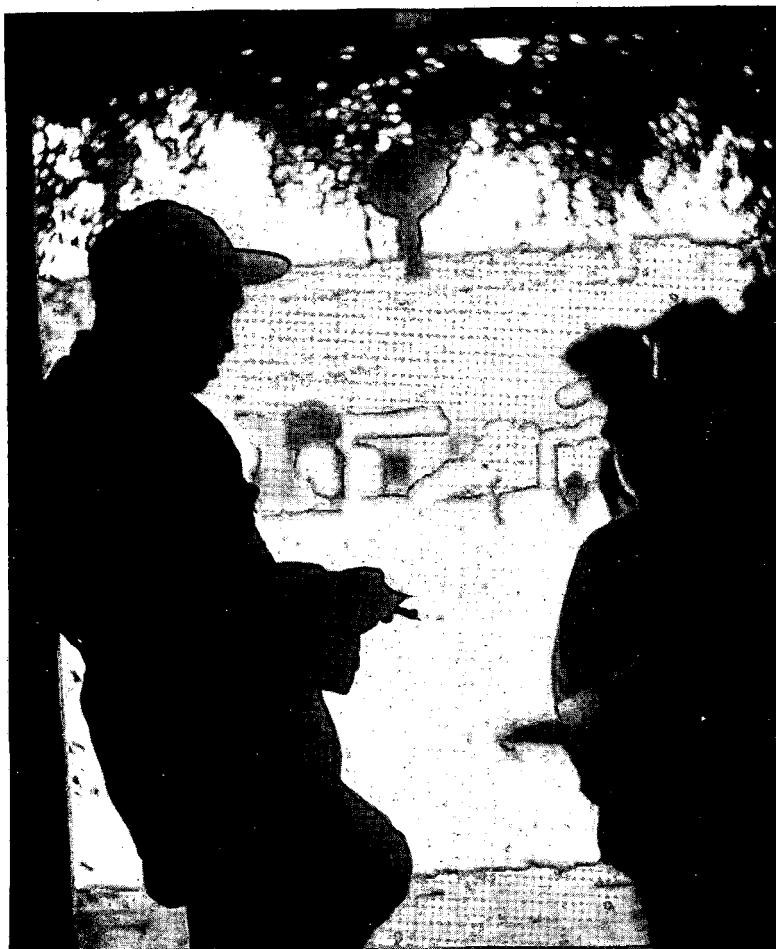
In China extreme youth is not a drawback in an army—nor indeed in any field requiring hard work and courage. It is precisely because this Red Army is an army of extreme youth that it is overflowing with energy, idealism, sacrificial courage and enthusiasm.

The Red soldiers are as respectful to women as the most chivalrous of medieval Galahads. This is part of their program for winning over the population. Undoubtedly one of the main reasons why the Red Army keeps the support of the people is that it religiously protects women and prevents rape. When I asked Chu Teh about this, he replied: "Since the regular Red Army was organized in about 1930, rape

has not been a problem. Discipline on this question is 100 per cent good. In the early days in the past, however, it was necessary to court-martial such offenders, and all guilty soldiers were shot immediately."

Not only does extreme youth provide the bantam fighting quality of the Red Army, but it also provides the high intelligence of the rank and file. This sounds like a mystical notion, but it is based on hard facts. The precocity of youth in China is one of the most outstanding characteristics of Chinese society. There is a group of foreigners in China, who have lived there many years, who actually have a theory that the Chinese develop more rapidly than other races, then at a certain stage stop growing mentally and remain static. In any case precocity is a cult in China. Nobody can deny the genius of Chinese children, as compared with others, and every Chinese aspires to having what they call a "clever child." The parents of the educated class ruin their children's eyes and bodies with premature study from which they never recover, but remain bespectacled fragile creatures all their lives. In the working classes children actually do nearly all the work requiring fine skill. When I first arrived in the country I was amazed to find that nearly all the fine-arts and handicraft work for which China is so famous is done by clever hands of child apprentices. I have investigated the shop industries from Canton to Peking—and found all the difficult carving in jade, ivory and wood done by little apprentices from ten to sixteen years of age. The silver filigree and jewelry of Flower Street in Peking are made by little ragged urchins in the dark rooms at the back of the shops. The fine embroideries and cobweb lingerie of Yates Road in Shanghai are made by small boys, too! And you will find that all the famous cooking of China is done by the No. 1 cook's little *t'u-ti*, if you investigate the kitchen.

China is a nation that lives on child labor. In every Chinese shop the set-up is the same. You walk in through the door. There the owner greets you with a bow—but at his elbow is always what he calls a "small-boy," who awaits orders with bright, inquisitive eyes. If you try to speak Chinese to the owner, he will usually look at you blankly for



P'ENG TEH-HUAI

In a Familiar Pose. Commander of the First Front Red Army, He Is a Favorite with Youth in the Red Districts, and Is Seldom Without Three or Four of the Red Army's "Little Devils" Trailing Him as Self-appointed Bodyguards. Here P'eng Is Standing in the Doorway of a "Lenin Room," Discussing Affairs with Some of His Youthful Entourage.



THE TWIN GENIUS OF THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS, "CHU-MAO"  
Mao Tsé-tung, at the Left, Is the Cool Political Brains of the Com-  
munist Movement in China, While Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of  
the Red Army, Is Its Warm Heart.

about five minutes—but in the meantime the “small-boy” has already brought out on the counter everything you were trying to ask for. I have finally learned always to look around for the “small-boy” first and waste no time in getting the sluggish brain of his master attuned to my species of mandarin. At the back of the shop you will find the master craftsman sitting on a high stool overseeing the work of ten or fifteen other “small-boys,” sitting in rows with nimble fingers flying. Long ago arts and crafts were standardized in China—and the children set to copying the old models. And not only do these old semifeudal shops depend upon children, but the modern factories of Shanghai and elsewhere employ a majority of young boys and girls and child-labor.

These “small-boys” actually work better and faster than older persons at handwork. This phenomenon has given rise to the theory that it is a national characteristic in China for the endocrine glands to function early and speed up nervous reaction—and when this period of youthful energy and brightness is past, the body relapses into laziness. In any case the Chinese race has had to pay dearly for the over-work of its youth, which results in equally early exhaustion. The basis of Confucianism was the subjugation of youth to the service of its elders through the strict rules of *hsiao*, or filial piety. Ancestor worship is only a euphemism to give religious sanction to this process. It is an inverted Chinese way of exploiting the children of the race and impressing them into the service, not of the ancients, but of the living. The greatest tragedy that can befall a man is to have to say, “I have no son to take care of me.” The only way to freedom for this son is to marry early and have a son of his own. So each generation tries to shift as many of the burdens of society as possible upon the shoulders of its children. Even the students in the middle schools and colleges are admittedly ahead of their teachers and parents in political consciousness and realistic judgment of given situations. They take action while their elders are still asleep and dreaming—and this is why the student movements of China have had such great historical importance in rousing the nation to its responsibilities.

It is these apprentices who join the Red Army in hundreds and make up the majority of its little sub-army of *hsiao kuei*, just as it is the rebellious young farm boys and laborers who make up the regular army. In the Red Army about 38 per cent come from the apprentices and young village workers, and it is the students who have made up the vast majority of the intellectual Communist membership in China.

The fact is that Chinese society is still semifeudal and Confucianist even in the social relations of modern industry. The elders keep a monopoly upon jobs, and young people cannot get employment without becoming a part of this system of *tan pao* or guarantees. There are several classes—but underneath them all is the *t'u-ti*, the apprentice. There are actually in China, in all forms of work, the owners, the workers and the coolies. And even the coolies have their *t'u-ti!* Indeed, even the bandits have their *t'u-ti*—just as a young boy who turns bandit in the country must send his “earnings” home to his family! The worker, the coolie and the apprentice *are* the heavy and light machinery of China. The coolie takes the place of the steam engine and the motor, and the apprentice of the delicate machinery.

It is a very dramatic thing to see this living machinery in revolt like a young Frankenstein. My first impression on arrival was to decide that what China needed first was a children's revolution against the ancient shame and injustice imposed upon them—not because they are the most oppressed layer of society, but because they are the most intelligent, competent and hard-working, and a great deal of the productive power of the nation is in, or rather *on*, their hands. For their labor they receive *nothing* but their rice, shelter and rags. They never handle their earnings. Their parents sell them into the factories by contract. I sometimes think half the people of China are idle parasites upon the labor of youth. And this is one reason for the extremely reactionary nature of Chinese society even today. Every parent of any class has a stake in preserving the ancient subjugation of children to labor for him, and it is this horizontal split in the oppressed class itself which tends to keep them from progressive change. Even the fabled hard-working old

farmer can be seen, as often as not, sitting in the shade smoking his pipe, while his son is out in the fields! This is the reason for the eternal demand for more children in China, even though the country is over-populated to the point where this demand is actually anti-social in nature.

I was glad to discover that if the Chinese Communists have done nothing else, they have liberated all the children under their jurisdiction and given a little dignity and meaning to their lives. One of the most noticeable things about their Soviet society is the *respect* accorded to children. They are considered a part of the revolution, from the *hsiao kuei* attached to the army to the Young Vanguards and Children's Brigades in the agrarian regions. The Soviet children work as hard as children anywhere—but they receive thanks for their labor, and it is an act of free will and participation in society on an equal basis.

The Red Army really loves its *hsiao kuei* and has sympathy for them, not only because many of the rank and file are grown-up *hsiao kuei*, but because a number of the high commanders themselves ran away from oppression at home and joined the army as boy soldiers, such as P'eng Teh-huai, Hsiao K'eh, Lo P'ing-hui and Hsü Hai-tung.

I shall always cherish the thought of the huge tough Red commander Lo P'ing-hui for one thing: Yünnan is his home province, and when we were talking about the Long March through Yünnan, he remarked:

"I wish we could have made a detour to Ko-chiu\* to free the child slaves in the tin mines there for a few hours at least."

But there are other unique and interesting characteristics of the Chinese Red Army, aside from its extreme youth and its *hsiao kuei*. . . .

\*These tin mines, owned by the officials of the province, are notorious in China. All work is done by boy children because the shafts are so low that even they must walk on their hands and feet through the passages. About 50 per cent of these children die every year from mineral poisoning and exhaustion. I once saw some movies of this mine taken by Dr A. Stampar, who wrote a report on the subject for the League of Nations—which was suppressed in China. Dr Stampar's comment was that he had "never seen such inhuman slavery."

## V. THE IMPORTANCE OF DYING

ONE OF THE MORE PRECIOUS BITS of ancient Chinese wisdom is the adage: "There are thirty-six ways to meet the enemy, but the best of all is to run away."

This basic strategy expanded into a national philosophy may be roughly described by borrowing Lin Yutang's apt phrase, as "The Importance of Living"—as opposed to the Japanese samurai ideal of "The Importance of Dying." The result is that far more Chinese atrophy from Lin Yutang's beloved lying-in-bed or die from over- or undereating than from the glories of hara-kiri. But then, as one of my Chinese epicurean friends once said after having lived two days on Japanese raw fish, seaweed, radishes and salt pickles, "Who wouldn't want to commit hara-kiri if he lived in a country with a national diet like that? Cutting open is too good for a stomach full of such atrocities." Like many other people, no Chinese enjoys dying a natural death, much less having the positively morbid desire to perform his own post-mortem.

Traditionally, if not accurately, speaking, no Japanese would go to war unless he was sure of being killed and becoming canonized as a hero. No Chinese, on the contrary, would go to war unless he was convinced first by a Taoist boxing teacher that he was invulnerable to bullets—like the Boxers and Red Spears. The Japanese call their soldiers "cherry blossoms," and tell them that the most beautiful thing in the world is to die heroically in young manhood. The Chinese, on the contrary, say, "You do not take good iron to make a nail, nor a good man to make a soldier." Whether the Importance of Being Called a Cherry Blossom is a sufficient explanation of the pathological fondness of the Japanese for dying in battle, I cannot say.\*But I do know

\*My personal explanation of this phenomenon may be called the Iodine Theory. The Japanese develop into hyperthyroids from getting too much iodine in their raw-fish-and-sea-weed diet, and the excitable belligerent tempera-

to succeed is largely because of the economic stranglehold of the foreign powers on the nation's infant industry, which has prevented native industry from developing independently and the rise of a strong capitalist industrial class which could decisively lead such a revolution to destroy feudalism and rise out of a semi-colonial position. Now Japan threatens to destroy the whole of what industry China has developed and to complete the colonization of China begun in the last century by all the major foreign powers together. Therefore revolution in China has become a defensive *struggle*, rather than an offensive *power*, and therein lies all its special pathos and heroism.

Theoretically, I think, classical revolutions are supposed to occur when a new productive class has the power of production in its hands. In China, however, the *economic* basis for seizing revolutionary power is very weak; therefore, the hope for China to realize any kind of revolution lies in *struggle*, in organization, in sheer human flesh and will power. That is why the soldier occupies a special revolutionary salient. But as somebody once declared, "Force is itself an economic power." It is this fact which gives the heroic human quality to the Chinese Revolution. It is the Revolutionary Idea directing sheer human *struggle*. It is not one class but a whole *people* fighting for life. That is why, during the past decade since 1927, it has been led by a young *Communist soldier*, who may have been either a student, a peasant, a worker, or the son of a bankrupt mandarin, but was transformed by education and organization into a revolutionary rifleman by profession.

The fact is that the Chinese Red Army is not a purely *peasant* army, nor does it have the so-called peasant ideology. The nature of this army is the same as the complex nature of the Chinese Revolution itself, which is still in the stage of being a bourgeois-democratic revolution but aims to transform into a Socialist revolution later on. The peasant partisan in the Soviets fought for his land, yes; that was his particular task. But his son, the regular Red soldier, has not been fighting for land alone but for the revolution as a *whole*, for the agrarian and all other stages of the revolu-

tion, which is now concentrated on the overthrow of Japanese imperialism. This is not a fantasy but a fact. The answer which the Communists make to the criticism that they are only a "peasant movement" is this—and it is demonstrably true: that the Communist Party itself represents and *is* a "proletarian leadership," not because it is made up mostly of proletarians, but because it is fighting for the ultimate victory of Socialism; the Red Army is under the control of the Communist Party, therefore it has become an instrument of proletarian power just as in Soviet Russia, because it carries out the will of its Communist, hence "proletarian," leadership and is educated to understand its duties as an armed force whose purpose is to carry out *all stages* of the revolution. And in understanding the nature of this army and of the movement which it defends, one must not forget that it is allied with, and considers itself to be an organic part of, a world revolutionary movement, which fact is responsible for part of the morale of the Chinese Communists in struggling for their own far-away Socialist future.

The character of the Chinese Red Army is really a most extraordinary phenomenon. It is so amazing that during the ten years of its existence hardly anyone believed it possible. It was quite naturally thought to be either banditry or merely agrarian uprising. Even the foreign Communists seemed to have the most caricatured ideas about it, as symbolized by the horrible monstrosities their artists drew of Red soldiers in their magazines—ragged figures with cruel, stupid-looking faces, milling about in hordes. No wonder the missionaries were terrified. In their anxiety to avoid the neat little Chinese-laundryman type, they quite unnecessarily produced a kind of aboriginal nightmare! They wrote about the Red Army movement as if it were itself tens of millions of peasants in uprising, sweeping all before them. But that is not the story. The story of the Chinese Red Army itself is the story of a small, disciplined, superior body of men, with astonishing morale, fighting every day against immensely greater forces. Its successes were due to superior strategy and fighting power, not to numbers. And it was not only leading an agrarian revolution against feudal landlords, but

was at the same time maintaining the political authority of the Communist Party over this agrarian movement and struggling against combined provincial and central armies which represented, during those years, the interests not only of the reactionary bourgeoisie but also of the foreign imperialisms with which it had allied itself and of all reactionary elements in the country. It seems to me that in fact after several transformations the Chinese Red Army has become almost a professional revolutionary army and a garrison force defending what remains of the much-massacred Chinese Revolution.

It must be remembered that the Chinese Red Army has gone through several different stages of development. To begin with, its original units were formed of the best revolutionary troops of the Kuomintang, and had a very large percentage of Communist-trained proletarian workers from mines and factories. The second stage was one of peasant partisans who were not organized into the regular Red Army until 1930. In the third stage, from 1930 to 1934, the army was highly specialized and trained in regular maneuvering warfare, while the peasant partisans and Red Guards were completely differentiated from the Red Army itself as auxiliary units. After the Long March began in 1934, the Red Army had transformed into one vast Communist cadre, no longer defending the land revolution, but carrying out the next stage of the Communist program—the anti-Japanese struggle.

First of all, it is of considerable interest to note the following facts:

The best fighting troops of the ten\* Kuomintang armies in the 1925-27 Revolution were Chang Fa-kuei's "Iron-sides" Second Army Corps (which included the Fourth, Eleventh and Twentieth armies); Chu Pei-teh's Third Army, Li Tsung-jen and Pai Ch'ung-hsi's Kwangsi troops (the 7th

\*Altogether the "National Revolutionary Army" of the Northern Expedition was composed of eight armies numbered consecutively, together with the 11th Army (under command of Chu Hua-yeh and Yeh T'ing, a Communist) and the 20th Army (under Ho Lung, who joined the Communists in 1927).

Army) and Feng Yu-hsiang's Kuominchün in the North, all of which were "Leftist" armies. Chiang Kai-shek, the Commander-in-Chief, actually had no troops of his own, though he was put in command of the First Army with Ho Ying-ch'ing in field command, which did not distinguish itself during the Northern Expedition.

All of the six armies first mentioned revolted against Chiang Kai-shek after his Reaction and Split with the Left in 1927. First of all, several of the best units of Chang Fa-kuei's "Ironsides," which were the most Leftist troops, revolted in Nanchang in 1927 and formed the first Red Army. In March 1929 the Kwangsi generals revolted again against Chiang Kai-shek—in fact they had been sporadically revolting since 1927 and continued to do so until 1936. In June 1929 Feng Yu-hsiang revolted. On September 17, 1929, Chang Fa-kuei himself revolted. He and Ch'eng Ch'ien had first mobilized against Chiang Kai-shek in July 1927. In the meantime the army of Chu Pei-teh, who had been on the Leftist Wuhan side and mobilized against Chiang Kai-shek in 1927, had been deserting to the Reds in wholesale lots, together with two of his commanders, Lo P'ing-hui and Chu Teh.

Of the other important Kuomintang generals of the 1925–27 revolution, T'ang Sheng-chih of the Eighth Army was on the side of Wuhan and mobilized against Chiang in July 1927, together with Ch'eng Ch'ien (of the Sixth Army), and T'an Yen-k'ai (of the Second Army).

In short, all of the ten Kuomintang armies of the Northern Expedition, except Chiang's own First and the Fifth, revolted against Chiang Kai-shek at one time or another. And the Fifth Army was the Honan Garrison at Canton!

During all these civil wars the revolutionary soldiers of the "Grand Army" of the Chinese Republic which had marched triumphantly through half China in six months in 1926 gradually disintegrated, and the remnants either joined the Communists or were reorganized and scattered into the new armies formed after 1930.

Of the original six crack Kuomintang armies the Communists fell heir to a great number of troops from the armies

of Chang Fa-kuei and Chu Pei-teh, though practically none of Kwangsi troops deserted to them. And after Feng Yu-hsiang's defeat by Chiang Kai-shek, a part of his old Kuo-minchün, which had been reorganized as the 26th Route Army, held the Ningtu Uprising on December 14, 1931, and joined the Red Army, bringing ten thousand rifles and ten or twenty thousand men.\* The story of this first stage of the Red Army formed by Leftist troops from the Kuomin-tang was this:

The original Red Army was formed on August 1, 1927, when about twenty-five thousand troops of Chang Fa-kuei's famed "Ironsides" army corps revolted at Nanchang, demanding to carry on the revolutionary program of 1925-27 and opposing the new movement under Chiang Kai-shek which had turned reactionary. The Ironsides army was the finest body of Kuomintang troops of the whole Northern Expedition. These units of the Ironsides army were joined by three thousand men under Chu Teh, then Nanchang Commissioner of Police, consisting of training cadets, miners and other workers. The Nanchang Uprising was led by such first-rate Ironsides commanders as Ho Lung, Yeh T'ing, Lin Piao, Chou Shih-li, and Hsiao K'eh, together with important Communist leaders of the Kuomintang like Chou En-lai, Chang Kuo-t'ao and others. In the meantime Mao Tsê-tung was mobilizing the peasants and workers into a partisan army. The Communists had hoped to recapture Kwangtung as a revolutionary base, but suffered disastrous defeats in their Kwangtung Expedition from Nanchang, and also in the Canton Commune and the Hailofeng Soviet. Hundreds of Whampoa and Wuchang cadets and students were sacrificed, together with thousands of well-trained proletarians and soldiers. Making a new start, the Communists decided against such "putschism" and in favor of concentrating on the gradual organization of agrarian Soviets. This was very successful, and in 1931 the Soviet Republic of China was

\*Chu Teh says only ten thousand men joined from the Ningtu Uprising, but all other accounts from men in the Uprising, such as Chi P'eng-fei, state the number to be ten thousand rifles and twenty thousand men. They were formed into the famous Fifth Red Army Corps, a basic unit of the Red Army which was almost annihilated later on in Kansu in 1937.

proclaimed. According to Mao Tsê-tung in 1934\* this claimed direct jurisdiction over a population of 9,000,000. In addition to these Soviets in the South, there was the Szechuan-Shensi Soviet of 1,000,000 population, and then later the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Soviet of some 2,000,000.

The Red Army itself is not to be confused with other armed Soviet units. There were several different kinds of armed forces defending these Soviets. In the rear were the Red Guards, made up mostly of immobile farmers on the land, and the partisans, made up of more active roving units of peasants. These were non-uniformed militia volunteers, using assorted weapons but seldom modern arms. At the front was the highly disciplined regular Red Army, wearing neat uniforms and red-starred caps, made by its own factories, and thinking itself the finest army in all China. This army took only the best young recruits—a precious gun could not be wasted on anyone not in perfect condition for duty at the front. And this fact accounts for its superior human material. The regular Red Army was not completely organized until the end of 1930, according to Chu Teh.

What is the social basis of this army? Mao Tsê-tung told me, "The social origin of the army is made up mainly of poor peasants, and partly of rural and city proletarians. We have no percentage estimates of this, but there are not so many landless peasants and rural proletarians as poor peasants. . . . Poor peasants who have not land enough to support themselves are regarded as semiproletarian."

Figures are available, however, for the First Front Red Army from the Central Soviet in Kiangsi and borders. According to Yang Shan-kun, Chairman of the Political Department of this army, 58 per cent of the men in this army came from the peasantry; 38 per cent came mostly from

\*According to Mao Tsê-tung there were in 1934 under direct control of the Central Soviet Government, the following Soviet populations: of the Central Soviets in Kiangsi and its borders, the Kiangsi Soviet had 3,000,000; the Hunan-Kiangsi-Hupeh Soviet, 1,000,000, and the Kiangsi-Hunan Soviet, 1,000,000; then there was the Chekiang-Fukien Soviet of 1,000,000 (under Han Ying), the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet of 1,000,000 (under Hsiao K'eh and Ho Lung) and the Ouyüwan or Hupeh-Hunan-Anhwei Soviet of 2,000,000 (under Hsü Hai-tung).

the "rural proletariat," which included farm laborers, apprentices, craftsmen in village industry, transportation workers and such, while part of this 38 per cent was made up of industrial workers from city factories, mines, pottery works, etc. The remaining 4 per cent came from the petty bourgeoisie and were usually the younger sons of small landlords, merchants, intellectuals, and such.

Some of the Red Army officers were sons of bankrupt scholars and gentry families, such as Chou En-lai, Hsiao K'eh, and Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien, while nearly all the political commissars were highly trained Marxist labor leaders, such as Kuan Shang-yin, Tsai Shu-fan, Ho Ch'ang-kung, Wang Cheng and Fu Chung.

It must be understood that the demoralized *lumpen* proletariat of China has practically no place in the Communist movement, but on the contrary is utilized as mercenaries by the ruling class. In the cities they form the huge gangster societies such as the Ch'ing and Hung *pongs* (which are strike-breaking opium-running organizations—and in 1927 killed about five thousand revolutionary workmen in Shanghai). Elsewhere they are recruited into the opium-sodden provincial armies, or in the Central armies or *min tuan*—which the Communists call "White bandits"—or they become plain bandits. It was only through these mercenaries that it was made possible for the landlords and Chiang Kai-shek to defeat the class-conscious Communist revolutionary elements.

It is very difficult to get figures on this subject, but as nearly as I am able to find out, at no time did the Central Red Army and its reserves exceed about 180,000 men and about 100,000 rifles—and this was at the time of the Fifth Campaign in 1934. Then it was supported by about 200,000 or more Red Guards and partisans. Against this force and against Hsü Hai-tung in the Ouyüwan district across the Yangtze, who had only between 10,000 and 20,000 troops, Chiang Kai-shek mobilized about 900,000 troops, of whom 400,000 took active part in the offensive and the rest in the blockade.

During the process of the Fifth Campaign, the Com-

munists decided to give up the Soviet districts and to save the Red Army by breaking the blockade and marching it to the north. This Long March began on October 14, 1934. Chiang Kai-shek did not occupy the Soviet districts until November 10, although they were defended mostly by Red Guards and partisans and women and children. When the Red Army left the Soviets, only the peasants and workers remained to guard their territory, all being poorly armed. There were 300,000 men in the trade unions and 10,000 women, and of these workers 20 per cent were mobilized into the peasant Red Guards, to defend their homes against the invasion.

The Red Army's losses during the Fifth Campaign, however, were very heavy, and only about 90,000 soldiers joined the Long March. Just before the March began, however, the Red Army was able to recruit about 6,000 new soldiers from Kiangsi.

Losses during this Long March of "25,000 *li*" were terrific, but somewhat offset by thousands of new recruits who joined the army. Chiang Kai-shek tried desperately to annihilate the fast-marching columns with constant air bombing and pursuit, and by the time the First Front Red Army crossed the River of Golden Sand into Szechuan they seem to have lost about 45,000 men. Further losses from fighting, death from exhaustion, starvation and sickness, and attacks by the tribes and regular troops, in Szechuan and Sikong, greatly diminished the remaining forces.

Mao Tsê-tung took the First and Third Army Corps of the First Front Red Army to North Shensi arriving with less than 20,000 men, while Chu Teh and Lo P'ing-hui stayed behind in Szechuan with two of the armies of the First Front Red Army. In the meantime Hsü Hai-tung had also finished his Long March from the Ouyüwan Soviet, arriving with about from 5,000 to 3,000 men in Shensi, where his 25th Army was changed to the 15th Army Corps. These two armies connected with Liu Tzü-tan's two local armies, the 26th and 27th Red armies, of about 10,000 men, thereby forming the Fifteenth Red Army Corps. In the spring of 1936 they undertook the Shansi Expedition and enlisted 8,000 new recruits there, together with about 7,000

new regulars from Shensi. There were additional partisans and Red Guards numbering perhaps 30,000. This little army held out for a year against an encirclement of troops numbering about 400,000 altogether, of which about half were actively on the offensive, including Chang Hsueh-liang's Tungpei Army in the Northwest of 100,000 troops.

There were two other main Soviet areas. The Second Front Red Army in the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet was composed of Ho Lung's Second Red Army, which had 20,000 men in 1932, and Hsiao K'eh's 6th Red Army, which certainly never approached that number. In September 1935 they enlisted about 8,000 new recruits, then began their Long March of eight months on November 19, 1935. How many troops the Second Front Army had then, I do not know. At its highest period in 1930-31 it had 30,000 men. However, if that is so, many were lost, for Hsiao K'eh told me, "In those [eight] months the numbers of the enemy who chased us in the rear, attacked in the front and on the flank were altogether 130 regiments [130,000]. We had only 20,000 men in our armies. But the Kuomintang could not blockade us. We defeated the enemy and left them behind everywhere."

The other main Soviet was the Szechuan-Shensi Soviet, where Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien told me that his Fourth Front Red Army had 38 regiments, or 60,000 men, at the end of 1933. This army had originally been composed of the 4th Red Army and the 73rd Division from the Ouyüwan Soviet. In Szechuan recruits flocked to join the Reds, and the army expanded the 73rd Division into the 31st Army, and added the 30th Army, the 9th Army, and the 33rd Red Army, each having seven or eight regiments. Against these 38 Red regiments, the Szechuan militarists mobilized about 170 regiments, and after ten months of fighting the Reds "killed and wounded at least 100,000 White soldiers" according to Commander Hsü, who admitted 10,000 wounded of his own troops in the hospitals. How many of his men were left after this huge massacre of "Whites" Hsü did not say, but at any rate when his Fourth Front Red Army left its Szechuan Soviet and began its Long March in 1935, Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien told me, "We had so many new recruits for the Red

Army that within one month our forces had increased about two fifths. At that time the Fourth Front Red Army had more than 80,000 troops." Fighting continued, but at the end of 1935, Hsü says, "the Fourth Front Red Army and the 32nd Red Army [under Lo P'ing-hui] turned into the T'ien-lu [Ti-chu] district . . . adding 10,000 new recruits to our army." The Fourth Front Red Army later on had very severe losses in the Northwest, however, during 1936 and 1937.

The Fourth Front Red Army, together with the two armies\* of Chu Teh and Lo P'ing-hui from the First Front Red Army, spent the winter of 1935 in Sikong (Tibet). In June the Second Front Red Army from the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet arrived, and in July all three army forces marched northward to join with the original First Front Red Army forces under Mao Tsê-tung and P'eng Teh-huai, which they met in Kansu in October 1936.

When I arrived, these three main Red Front armies were garrisoning the immense expanses of the Northwest occupied by the Soviets in the provinces of Shensi, Kansu and Ninghsia. Though the Reds naturally kept their numbers secret they were generally thought to have about 100,000 troops altogether. I asked Mao Tsê-tung later on what figure he could give me for this, and he replied, "You can say we have about 100,000 troops at present." This may be thought an exaggeration. However, at that time the Reds were negotiating with Nanking on this subject, and when they received support for only three armies, this was actually not enough for the numbers of their troops. But the size of such an army as this at any given time is not very important. They intentionally keep it down to the size which can be supported by a given local area, and can expand it at will. They have big losses but equally big recruitings to make up these losses, so it is a thankless task to try to judge their strength by figures.

As nearly as I can make out, the Chinese Soviets at their various highest period had 9,000,000 population in their Soviets in the Central areas and 1,000,000 in the Szechuan-

\*Made up of the 5th, 6th, 2nd, and 9th Red Army Corps originally.

Shensi Soviet, together with about 2,000,000 in the Shensi, Kansu, Ninghsia Soviet. If we estimate that at their highest periods the various units which made up the First Front Red Army had 180,000 men, the Second Front Red Army (in the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet) 30,000, the 25th Red Army (in the Ouyüwan Soviet) 10,000, the Fourth Front Red Army (in the Szechuan-Shensi Soviet) 80,000, and the 26th and 27th Red armies (Liu Tzü-tan's North Shensi troops), 10,000, the total strength of the scattered Red armies was about 310,000, of whom only about 100,000 survived after the last campaign and the Long March. A loss of this many men looks to be a great defeat. It would seem incredible that the morale of troops could be kept up after such a shattering experience. However, the incredible fact remains—that the morale was there, and was in fact *created*, not destroyed, by their desperate venture. It is all in the way you look upon the Importance of Dying. The Long March was a crucible which fused the elements together. The veterans of the March justly considered themselves, not an ironclad camaraderie, but a unit of refined steel, and a spiritual distillate of revolution.

Actually, it was the Long March which transformed the Red Army from the character of being the champion and defender of the agrarian revolution into the conscious vanguard of a new revolutionary stage. And had it not been a conscious revolutionary army it would never have taken orders to begin the Long March, but would have stayed in its home areas and either fought over its land or surrendered to the Kuomintang. No doubt there were many deserters en route, but the cadres who remained faithful could hardly escape being dependable revolutionaries by the time they finished their travail.

In any case, the Chinese Red Army represents one of the most unusual experiments in mass education in social history, and a monument to the power of leadership of the Chinese Communists. How can any Communist exist in a backward semifeudal country like China, and how can an army created out of agrarian noncapitalist China be considered Communist? This is the first question asked when the Chinese

Reds come up for discussion. The answer is that the fact is demonstrable that the whole army is so much under the absolute control of the Communist Party that it actually is a conscious Communist force. The underlying reason lies in the complex of social problems in China, but it was an Idea that molded the plastic material into form in such a short time. This idea was first dedicated to the world of revolutionary action by Lenin when he insisted upon realizing a Socialist revolution in backward Russia, instead of stopping short at the orthodox bourgeois stage. I think Chinese Communists would undoubtedly make their complicated revolutionary program much clearer if they stressed its *Leninist* character more, so that outsiders would not confuse their theories with the pre-Leninist era of Marxism, when it was thought that Socialism could only be created out of the last stage of capitalism.

## VI. ON TO YEN-AN

THE SECOND LAP of my journey through the front lines ended at the village of Yao-hsien, where Ho Lung's Second Front Red Army, recently arrived from the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet, was stationed. I was still two days away from the Soviet capital, however.

After bidding farewell to my new friends of the First Front Army, I proceeded by motorcar across a Red-White-and-Pink checkerboard of alternate garrisons of Red Troops and Yang Hu-cheng's 17th Route Army. A company of Central Government troops was also moving about the countryside like a predatory kingpiece, and this I meant to avoid encountering at all odds, much afraid that if they should discover the forbidden "foreigner" they would "protect" me on my way back to Sian. With my usual bad luck, I arrived at Yao-hsien just an hour or so before this reconnoitering company marched up. Which fact caused me to hide in the darkest corner of the remotest *k'ang* in the local Red headquarters. I had meant to pay a little social call next

morning on Ho Lung, whose headquarters was at Chuang-li-chen, only four hours away by horseback. A telephone call to Ho Lung informed us, however, that next day the "Kuomintang general" and his company would visit him. Which further fact caused me hastily to change the pins on my campaign map and decide to go forward to Yen-an in double-quick time. I shall never forgive that nameless but namable "Kuomintang general" for depriving me of meeting the elusive Ho Lung, for my plan to see him on the return journey never materialized—at that time in September Ho Lung was already far away in Shensi "setting monkey-traps for the Japanese," as the Manchurian guerillas label this occupation.

By this time my entourage had enlarged to include two fellow travelers and volunteer interpreters, Messrs Ch'en and Wang, who had caught up with me en route. Ch'en was none other than my student friend in Sian who had gone into hiding after coming to the attention of Captain Wang. He had decided to improve the time in retirement by making a short excursion to see the Soviets. Wang was none other than my original Tungpei newspaper friend from Peking, who had traveled with me on the Lunhai Railway to Sian and then been lost in the shuffle. I was overjoyed to meet with them again. They were just as much explorers of a new world as I was, and spent a great deal of time writing impressions in their diaries. Wang afterward wrote some interesting articles about his trip to the Soviets.

In Yao-hsien there was one brigade of Yang Hu-cheng's troops and only one company of Red troops. The two fraternized in a friendly spirit, and Yang's men learned all the Red songs and slogans.

A squad of twenty Red soldiers was quartered in the headquarters compound, so during two days there we had a close-up of Red Army life. This compound was the home of a middle-class family, which had squeezed itself into two small rooms to make space for the Reds. There were four women and four men, together with several children, and they were very cordial to the Red soldiers, who liked playing with the

children because they were homesick for their own little brothers and sisters. When I asked two of the women if they weren't afraid of the fierce Red soldiers, they replied: "No, the Red Army is the best-behaved army we have ever seen. All those stories are lies. They are kind to all people now, not only to the poor, and much better than Yang Hu-cheng's men."

The Red squad slept on straw mats spread on the stone floors of two big rooms. All their belongings were hung on the walls symmetrically—knapsacks, towels, bowls, chopsticks, toothbrushes and rifles. Each had only a thin cotton *pei-wo*—though it was very cold at night. There were only three communal washbasins for the lot of them. These "master" basins fitted every need: they were used for washing feet, rinsed out (I hope), then used to carry food, and finally placed with a flourish in the center at mealtimes, when everybody attacked the contents with privately owned chopsticks. Eating was no ceremony. They stood or sat around the washbasin, and it was all over in about five minutes. It was not easy for me to get used to eating from a washbasin, but I so much enjoyed seeing the contrast between the way these soldiers lived and the simply disgusting thirty-six-course dinners insisted upon by the merchant and official classes that a little honest instead of dishonest dirt ceased to matter.

The Red soldiers spent the mornings exercising, drilling and listening to lectures, the afternoons droning away at their lessons like workers in a beehive, with recess for singing and harmonica concerts. Their quarters were kept very neat and clean and were plastered all over with slogans in Latinized Chinese and with pictures of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Sun Yat-sen and Mao Tsê-tung. The doorway to their Lenin Clubroom was wreathed with green boughs, and the soldiers had made colored-paper festoons which hung from the ceiling. They were immensely proud of these decorations. It was "home" to them wherever they lived. Even at the front the Red squads spent their few collective dollars buying paper for beautifying their quarters, and every day was a holiday in appearance.

Just before taps were sounded at night, all the Red squads assembled along the street and sang songs for half an hour. In the distance a faint echo came from Yang Hu-cheng's army barracks, where his soldiers had learned the same songs since the Sian Incident.

A Tungpei school teacher and his wife who had been active in the National Salvation work in the Northwest, came to call on us for lunch. The influence of lone school teachers in interior *hsien* of China is incalculable. Around them centers the whole intellectual life of the villages. They are poor and usually either openly or secretly revolutionary. The Japanese often claim that "nearly every primary school teacher in China is a Communist." In Sun Yat-sen's time nearly everyone was a Kuomintangite. The first thing the reactionary militarists of China do when they begin suppressing a threatening mass movement is to remove the heads of the village school teacher and his favorite students. The sacrifice of these valuable progressive leaders has been enormous during the past twenty-five years.

There was only one *hsiao kuei* in the compound, who was always around dutifully offering to help me with anything I might need. He was from Chungking, Szechuan, and had joined Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien's army in 1934 at the age of eleven!

"How did you happen to take up with the Red Army?" I wanted to know.

"My father was a poor tenant farmer and our landlord was cruel, so he liked the Red Army as soon as he heard they suppressed the *t'u-hao*. He told me to join and become a soldier for the revolution against the cruel *t'u-hao*. About ten other boys of my age joined the army when I did."

This *hsiao kuei* was probably the most pathetic and appealing figure that I saw. His growth had been stunted by the hard life, and he looked to be hardly more than nine years old. Most other *hsiao kuei* looked strong and healthy, except for broken arches and trachoma. This one was lame from a wound received during the Long March and was extremely grave of countenance for some reason, with enormous sad eyes, very badly affected by trachoma. I suggested

giving him a treatment, and he agreed immediately. None of the Red soldiers were afraid of "foreign" medicine, unlike most villagers in China, but always seemed to prefer everything *mo-teng*.\*

When I had jumped out of the window at Sian to escape, I had been able to take in my kit only the barest essentials to sustain life: a jar of cold cream, small boxes of powder and rouge, a lipstick, a fountain pen, a pair of sun glasses, half a dozen handkerchiefs, an extra bright-red shirt, my passport, a modest bank roll, a jar of Vicks "VapoRub," a bottle of aspirin—and a bottle of silver-nitrate solution to guard against the everywhere prevalent trachoma. This latter I offered to the *hsiao kuei*.

"This will hurt you very much all night long," I warned him.

The promise of a night of martyrdom almost brought a smile to the serious little face, and he eagerly demanded to experiment with the silver nitrate. I put a few drops in his eyes, and the sight of his suffering caused a sympathetic streaming of the eyes of everybody in the compound. The *hsiao kuei* went off into a corner with his misery like a little wounded puppy, but he never complained until about four o'clock in the morning, when he knocked on my door hesitantly and announced:

"*Ai-ya, ai-ya! T'ung-ti hên! Wo'ti yen-ching, huai-la!*  
[Oh dear, oh dear, bad pain! My eyes are ruined!]"

His alarm was certainly justified. When I got his face focused in the candlelight, I found it simply covered with a thick yellow discharge from his eyes. Silver nitrate has the effect of stimulating such a discharge even from normal eyes. We spent a miserable two hours comforting each other on the *k'ang*, for I was more upset than he was. Next morning, when I pried his lids open, his eyes peeped out bright and clear, however—to our mutual infinite surprise. Then the impossible happened—like sunshine through clouds, a smile actually appeared behind the habitual stern expression on the face of the grave little hero of the Long March.

\**Mo-teng*—modern.

This experience was enough to cure me of any Florence Nightingale tendencies, as I am one of those sissies who cannot bear the sight of pain of any kind, so I never again inflicted my silver nitrate on anybody. My only other contribution to science in the Red Army was to try to inaugurate a campaign among the *hsiao kuei* for pigeon-toed marching and exercises. Most of these children of the Long March had flat feet and broken arches from their hard prolonged marches because the plastic unformed bones of their little feet were not strong enough to stand the strain of daily marches without rest. I shudder to think of the suffering they must have gone through day after day during the Long March.

Also waiting in the compound for the next truck to carry them to their Mecca in Yen-an were three students. There they planned to enter the Military and Political Academy. These three students came from Taiyuanfu, Shansi, which was at that time the most liberal center in China where the United Front was in best operation. The Communists in Shansi, however, had had an up-and-down history. When the Red Army made their Shansi Expedition into Yen Hsi-shan's private domains in the spring of 1936 and captured a great deal of his military equipment as well as enlisting eight thousand new recruits, Governor Yen had been very much alarmed and had promptly begun executing everybody under any suspicion of being Communist.

"How many were executed in the spring of 1936?" I asked these students.

"Forty or fifty students and primary-school teachers," was the reply. "However, Yen Hsi-shan is more liberal now, and just before we left Taiyuanfu fifty-one political prisoners were released."

When the Red Army truck finally arrived, it was already loaded down with other student pilgrims, but we all piled in and started on our way. I was pleasantly surprised to find that the truck also contained my camp cot and sleeping bag (which I had wisely left behind in the Chinese house in Sian

on the day of my discovery by Captain Wang) and a tin of soda crackers. The Red Army communications service was very efficiently organized! I had picked up my interpreters at one station and my equipment at the next.

The next night we spent at Lochuan, where we found Red soldiers quartered in the same compound with Yang Hucheng's troops, apparently a harmonious symphony in Red and White.

During the trip I sat in the driver's seat with two drivers. One of them had to use the brakes and the other to concentrate on the wheel. One was a fat, jolly-looking chap who was delighted to find that I lived in Peking.

"I was the No. 1 chauffeur at the foreign Peking Club before," he announced. "I used to make eighty dollars a month there."

The other driver—who was at the wheel—was making his first trip over the dangerous road to Yen-an, and demonstrating his skill with magnificent flourishes at every difficult point. He certainly "took us for a ride"—and a half. I was terrified the whole time, and the old driver wriggled about nervously, with the perspiration of anxiety appearing on his face at every dangerous turn, as he kept up a running description of what lay ahead for the information of his comrade at the wheel. This road had been built by Chang Hsueh-liang as part of the anti-Red campaign. It was a feat of loop-the-loop engineering and a breath-taking experience. It swerved around hairpin curves, skirted ravines so deep you could not see the bottom of them, climbed up short precipices and slithered down the other side, with so many frequency curves and zigzags that it looked as if it had been copied from President Roosevelt's depression-and-recession chart.

During all this time the golden youth packed in the rear of the truck were singing away at the top of their lungs and chattering incessantly with three Red guards protecting us, as they bounced about on, under and around the luggage. There were five dust-covered co-eds and about eight boys, all wearing bright-red skullcaps and carrying cameras, knapsacks and thermos bottles. They were practising a new song

which somebody had learned in Peking from the movie *Soviet Russia Today*, and which later spread all over the Red Army within a few weeks. The Chinese all love Russian music, which has just enough of the Oriental in it not to be alien to their ears.

When we arrived in Yen-an, I personally felt like an unidentifiable corpse, but the students were more active than ever, and it was only their eagerness to make an expedition around the town that prevented them from turning their revolutionary energies into handsprings then and there.

Then I discovered that my delay in Sian had been lucky for me: just a week before—when I had originally expected to arrive—a Red truck in which Chou En-lai was riding had been ambushed, attacked and looted by bandits near Yen-an. Ten Red soldiers on it had been killed and a Chinese newspaperman wounded. Only four of the travelers escaped: the wounded newspaperman, Mao Tsê-tung's Chief-of-Staff and, miraculously, Chou En-lai himself!

The next few days were busy ones for me, spent mostly in recovering from the bruising handshakes of getting acquainted. Shaking hands was considered an integral part of the Chinese Revolution, so it was done with a will whenever anybody met anybody else. The Red Army handshake is an iron fraternity grip to be found nowhere else in China. For some reason the bourgeoisie have never really taken to this democratic foreign custom, which was the mark of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality during the democratic revolutions in Europe, and consider it a great favor if they condescend to hold out a limp hand like a cold, dead fish.

I soon met everybody in the place, including two other non-Orientals in Yen-an: Li Teh and Miss Agnes Smedley.

Li Teh, the famous German volunteer with the Red Army whose solitary foreign presence had given rise to all the false legends about dozens of "Russian" advisers, was a pure Aryan, blue-eyed, blonde, who considered it a special dispensation even to permit himself to be introduced to me under his Chinese name. This Olympian figure promptly announced to me, "I am maximum antisocial," in a severely scientific way designed to discourage further inroads on his

privacy. Li Teh spent a good deal of his time aloof in his summer "castle" on the top of the mountain. He was an esthete, as well as a military expert, and kept a supply of phonograph records of Ravel, Debussy and others, and read every line of non-Chinese print that came into the Soviet districts. At his more gregarious, he played tennis, poker or rummy with his friends. He had a very spirited horse which he prized enormously and took out every afternoon for long rides across country. There were never any Russians in the Soviet districts, so far as I could make out. This German military expert, who entered the Kiangsi Soviets in 1933, was the only European connected with the Red Army or the Soviets all through the years in the South after 1927.

Miss Smedley was the well-known American author who had arrived in Yen-an in February. She managed the "Lu Hsun Memorial Library" on a hill just above the city, and was collecting material for a new book. This extraordinary woman has already become an East-West institution. Her career in support of the "oppressed nations" began during the World War, when she was imprisoned in America for activities in connection with the Indian Revolution. Arriving in China about 1929, she has since devoted herself to the cause of the Chinese Revolution. I had met her first in Shanghai in 1931 at a dinner party during which she told us about seeing the unbearable miseries of some mud-hut dwellers on Soochow Creek.

"But how do you know they're miserable?" asked the philosopher, Lin Yutang, who was present. "Maybe they don't mind being dirty and lazy. Maybe they're happier than you materialistic Americans who are always struggling after progress and bathtubs."

"Why, *of course* they're unhappy," she pounced upon the questioner, indignantly.

"I don't know," said Lin Yutang waggishly. "It's all in the state of mind."

"Well, then, if they're not unhappy they ought to be," she clinched the argument.

Agnes Smedley can make the word "bourgeois" sound more like an epithet than anybody extant, and when she

looks at you out of the corner of her eye and prefixes it with "petty" you feel like a sea slug.

And now begins my Soviet Summer. I had meant to spend only a few weeks in Yen-an collecting material for writing, but what with floods, wars and rumors of wars I was thoroughly marooned until September 7.

**SECOND BOOK:**  
**A SOVIET SUMMER IN CHINA**

## I. INSIDE THE RED CITADEL

Y

EN-AN WAS AN ANCIENT CITY wise in the ways of history long before it became the seat of the mobile Provisional Central Government of the Soviet Republic of China. Even before its lichen-whiskered Sung gates were built, it had been either main or side entrance for great dramatic movements in the life of China. Again and again the vast cavalry hordes of Central Asia swept through its narrow strategic valley as the corridor to conquest of China's Great Northwest, just as the Japanese now threaten it from Manchuria. Every hilltop bristles with fortresses and battlements built long ago, but hiding ambushed rifles and machine-gun nests today where poisoned darts and spears lurked then. And like Yen-an, every village is surnamed "*an*," or "peace." A cry for peace, where there is no peace. A wistful hope in the magic of a name.

I do not know whether Yen-an looks upon history as a riddle or as a process in economic determinism. I rather think it has still an immemorial Taoist philosophy of *ahistory*, of the *ahistory* that seems still to be the mocking ghost of China. Here, in the protective elbow of the great Huang Ho, this North Shensi valley and its rich Sian Plain nourished by the muddy waters of the Wei River provided the cradle for the Chinese race. And here, in the rock cave dwellings which gave birth to its earliest civilization, the sons, not of the parvenu Han, but of Huang Ti, still live and have their famished being. And these dwellings are as

satisfactory against air bombs today as they were against the saber-toothed tiger. That is why the Red-starred youth who marched 25,000 *li* from the South thank their provident ancestors as they take up quarters in the troglodyte mansions of the past. A bomb cellar in London could be no safer—and never so cozy and dry.

Surrounded by the ruin and desolation of dead centuries, Yen-an is the quaintest and most picturesque little fortress city imaginable. It is set like a jewel in a crown of hills, each sur-crowned by crenelated walls and towers of defense. Around the city wall a lazy muddy river provides a natural moat. On one hill a *feng-shui* pagoda stands sentinel against "bad luck," and on another an ancient mound commemorates the forgotten ritual of a primitive matriarchal period. Tombs, pailous and effaced stone tablets lie everywhere, covered with dust brought on high winds from the Gobi Desert, and their varied designs provide a record of whole epochs of change. The desert climate somehow preserves the oldest monuments very nearly as well as the newer ones.

The usual Buddhist and mixed designs are plentiful, but there are also primitive animal motifs and *t'ao-tieh* which elsewhere seem to have been buried with the ancient bronzes. And every dwelling has a little Taoist nature-god at the gate, loyally preserving the dignity of some remote animistic faith of the past.

Every tiny house had collected its share of these beautifully carved old stone monuments. There might be only two stone drums or lion dogs at the doorway, or a hollowed-out column made into a drinking trough or threshing stone. But if you brushed the dirt off the surface of steps or any common thing of stone, you usually discovered a carved surface underneath.

The more ephemeral modern part of the city itself seemed to be Mohammedan in character, with the many stone pailous on the streets designed in arabesques, free floral arrangements and other such motifs. Windows were often shaped in the Moorish arch, especially those in the vaulted cave dwellings. And indeed Yen-an had been, in its last incarnation, a prosperous Mohammedan center. During the Mo-

iaimedan Rebellion only a few years ago, these Mohammedans in the valley had been massacred, however, leaving only their art motifs behind as evidence of transient glory.

At sunset, this medieval citadel reminded me of Maxfield Parrish's illustrations for the *Arabian Nights*. Its unreal luminous blues and purples were almost phosphorescent in the clear desert atmosphere. The bare cliffs of yellow oess were as satiny in texture as pastel chalk. As the sun went down they threw back its rays with blinding brilliance, then gathered color in sharply defined masses of light and shade and absorbed it, so that long after dark the phantom faces of the cliffs reflected an eery after-death of their own.

It was the custom for the entire Soviet population to turn out en masse for exercise every afternoon. At five o'clock the valley suddenly resounded with a fearful din. There was an initial tumult and shouting, as when children rush out of school, then ten minutes of relative quiet while everybody raced to the athletic ground—and the real uproar began! The walls of the little valley shut in the sound, rather than echo it, and you could actually distinguish words from far distances. You could hear the goatherds coaxing their flocks down from the mountain overhead almost as clearly as the war cries of a squad of Red soldiers practising boxing and big-sword exercises on the opposite hill-garrison plateau, after which they sang always the same song written to the tune "Dixieland," which was one of the most popular. There were volley-ball and basketball courts in every available place, but the favorite playing fields were outside the city walls. On one side of the city the river was freckled with sun-tanned bathers. On another side a big athletic ground was a medley of all kinds of sports. The more dignified—or azier—played tennis or rode bicycles leisurely up and down the road, while the serious sportsmen played football. There you could find Chu Teh wistfully waiting to be chosen on a basketball team, or Lo Fu wheeling about solemnly on his bicycle, dutifully taking doctor's orders to stop working once n a while. At another end of the field the Red Academy students or the Yen-an garrison drilled at the even more serious game of war. On these occasions everyone aspired to wear-

ing proper white athletic shorts and tops with bright red designs and stripes at the sides, for the Red Army loves everything *mo-teng* or "modern." One of the most popular designs looked familiar.

"What is that funny little animal?" I asked one of the students from Tientsin who was wearing what looked like a fat middle-aged Mickey Mouse on his shorts.

"It's a Mickey Mouse," he replied.

It might have been a Boy Scout summer camp—or a Y.M.C.A. outing. The west or sunset side of the city was the tourist showplace of ancient ruins. There the gentler sex and convalescents under doctor's care engaged in the lesser sport of walking for exercise, though sometimes you could also see a few young Red officers gallantly teaching girl students how to ride horseback. A pleasant sanitarium, surrounded by the only trees in the valley, sat beside the hill in splendid isolation.

I sometimes took my bodyguard and interpreter and a victim or two for interviewing out among the ruins, talking as we went. The usual promenade routine was to walk out to see the river, which was always in a state of sporadic flood. (Because there were no trees on the hills, a short rain would cause the river to rise at a terrific rate and subside almost as quickly, and rain being an unusual phenomenon in Yen-an the villagers never tired of watching the unsuspected potentialities of their little river.) We then walked along the top of the city wall and out into a petrified forest of old stone monuments, where a ruined Temple of Heaven sat in slatternly neglect. Near by was the crumbling wall of a city built by the son of Ch'in Shih Huang-ti, the "First Emperor," about 200 B.C., at the time of the completion of the Great Wall, which takes a sharp curve not many miles away and forms the frontier between North Shensi and Inner Mongolia. This city had been used as a center for impressing labor to build the Great Wall, and the memory of those harsh days still lingers. The Shensi natives say the reason for the indestructibility of this mighty piece of masonry is that mixed in its mortar are the blood and bones of the hundreds of thousands of impressed workmen who were buried

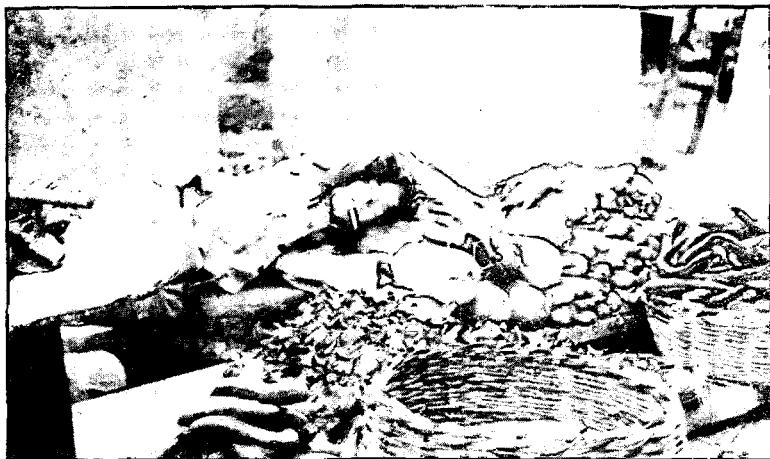
in the wall when they died from the hard labor. At the village of Yün-t'ai they showed me the tomb of Meng Chiang-nu, the heroine of a famous Chinese legend: When her husband did not return from his work on the Great Wall, the devoted Meng Chiang-nu set out to search for his body. By intuition she found the place in the wall where he was entombed, tore down the masonry with her own hands and rescued his bones from oblivion.

But one thing Ch'in Shih Huang-ti and his son did of which the Communists approved: they valued the artisans of China. Among the memorials in the valley were many erected to the eternal glorification of some *ironsmiths*.

The North Shensi villagers are considered to be among the most backward in China. Discouraged by the repeated destruction whenever a barbarian wave surged over the Great Wall and down upon their civilization, they seemed to have given up hope and retired in the *yao-fangs* of their remotest cave-dwelling ancestors. In those early days the valley had not been arid but fertile and green. Now, however, the deserts of Central Asia were creeping down to assert a sovereignty of thirst. The yellow loess had been blown down originally from the Gobi Desert, and the desert was now coming in search of its truant soil. How human life persisted where the vegetable could not survive is a mystery. But there they were—leather-skinned gaunt old farmers and herdsmen trudging doggedly over the bare sun-baked hills, forced to wear sun glasses to protect their eyes from the pitiless glare and dust. Many of them wore earrings and bracelets and had hooked Mohammedan noses. Some had curly hair, and I saw three or four with gray or blue eyes characteristic of certain Turks. Most of them still wore their queues or had long flowing bobs. The feet of the girl children were bound, and their mothers had the tiniest stumps I have seen in China, always encased in highly embroidered shoes. The men were as fond of embroidery as the women, and the heels of their stockings were always designed in brilliant floral effects, as well as the triangular cholera-belts they wore around their waists. However poor they might be, the old farmers flaunted red tassels and pompons on their

donkeys or camels as they brought their crops into the city to market. But something of the spirit of the sons of Huang Ti must have still existed in North Shensi, for Liu Tzü-tan and his people had started a rebellion in 1929 and formed their own little Soviet in 1933, long before they had had any contact with the far-away Soviet movement in the South.

The Chinese Communists realized in many ways the communal life dreamed of by the primitive Utopian Socialists of the Owen-Fourier era, with the heroic motif taking the place of the village Arcadia. (At the time I visited them in Yen-an the Roving Revolution was enjoying the first period of sweet peace in ten years—even so it was only a seven-months idyll, from the cessation of civil war at the time of the Sian Incident in December to the war with Japan which began in July.) It was the simple life at its simplest. Even personal possessions hardly existed, and material necessities were reduced to a bare minimum. Food, clothing and one cotton-padded quilt were provided by the State, and shelter by the local people—such as it was. It was the duties of the soldiers to capture their guns and war supplies. Fuel was used only for cooking. For warmth in cold weather the soldiers huddled closer together on their mud floors or *k'angs* and put a little extra pepper in their food. I am sure that under no circumstances could anyone put as many people in one room or feed as many mouths out of one bowl as the Chinese Communists. Privacy is nonexistent even in the best-regulated Chinese families, and everyone eats out of the common bowl in the middle of the table, but Chinese Communism is communism in the raw, share and share alike, down to splitting the atom. And it's pot luck the year round in a friendly spirit. For ten years these people had been living according to the most exacting kind of War Communism. It was "from each according to his abilities—to each according to his *minimum* needs." Everyone lived and dressed almost exactly alike, except that the Army people wore slate-blue uniforms, while the political people usually wore black. Cigarettes were considered a minimum need for the intellectuals, however, and some of the brain workers got five dollars a month al-



ASLEEP IN THE "BANDITS' LAIR"

The Respect for Private Property by the Red Soldiers Is Really Quite Alarming in an Army Whose Aim Is Eventually to Do Away with This Idea Entirely.



VIEW OF YEN-AN, SHENSI

Provisional Capital of the Chinese Soviet Republic, Taken from a Hill-top Fortress. This City Is a Famous Old Strategic Post Commanding the Valley of North Shensi through Which the Mongols of Genghis Khan Entered China.



#### A TYPICAL CHINESE RED SOLDIER

Mickey Mouse Is Part of the Insignia of the Chinese Reds too. These Bright Red Mickey Mouse Shorts Were to Be Seen all over Yen-an—on the Outside, Not as Lingerie—on the Proud Legs of the Chinese Red Soldiers. Vials of Perfume, Shown Beside the Pile of Shoes, Were also a Favorite of the Very Ferocious Young Bolsheviks.

lowance for this. Those under the watchful eyes of the doctors got a special allowance of eggs and cod-liver oil. One's social batting went up in exact ratio with one's ability to lower one's living standards—and still maintain working efficiency. It was a mark of inherent superiority to be able to keep alive on as little as possible, and a quality of natural leadership. Here was where the Spartan habits of P'eng Teh-huai and Chu Teh netted them vast adulation. The whole army lived on a minimum quantity of millet twice or three times a day, with a few vegetables for trimmings and a few scraps of meat once a week, on Sundays. Any other army would have been seething with scurvy, beriberi, rickets and all such diseases, from malnutrition, but the Red Army thrived on it. Of course, they got plenty of exercise, fresh air, and vitamines from the sunshine. Yet the fact was that local peasants looked like famine victims for the most part—while the Red soldiers were bursting with health and vitality. It was all a matter of psychology, I decided. I suppose the hormones of the soldiers were always on emergency duty under the perpetual stress of danger, and they kept happy and therefore well. Or maybe they derived their energy from the incredible quantities of pepper they insisted upon eating!

The intellectual food was not so scanty as green vegetables, however. There were night and day schools and classrooms scattered throughout the city. In addition to the special Communist Party school, the old Red Academy had been expanded into "The Chinese People's Anti-Japanese Political and Military Academy." Non-Communist students had been invited to come to Yen-an for special training—and they had responded by a tremendous migration. Some of the poorer ones made the pilgrimage the whole way on foot. This was a revival of the same academies\* established by the Kuomintang during the 1925-27 Revolution to influence progressive students toward revolutionary activity.

\*Two other academies were later organized in 1938 by the Communists near Sian and at Linfeng, Shansi, after the war with Japan began. When Linfeng was captured by the Japanese, the students defended themselves, and several hundred were killed.

The forty-hour course at the Academy lasted four months, after which an enrollment of new students would arrive. Fourteen hundred students were enrolled during the first term, and the Communists had so many applications they could not take care of them. These were divided into twelve companies, of about one hundred each. The 1st Company was made up only of young Red Army commanders receiving special training, except for ten Red Army women students. An entrance examination was required, but there was no distinction on a class basis. Many of the best student leaders from all the big cities in China had come. I met about a dozen that I had known in Peking during the Student Movement of 1935, two of whom were from Yenching University. The Tungpei students numbered one hundred. Only fifty of the 1,400 were girls, but these girls were all exceptional students, and made up what they lacked in numbers by superior ability.

The curriculum included courses in Dialectics, Leninism, the History of the Chinese Revolution, the Theory of the United Front, the Analysis of Japanese Imperialism, Tactics of Partisan Warfare and Military Training, together with special lectures from the important Communist leaders such as Mao Tsê-tung, Lo Fu and others.

Branches of the Academy were established wherever a large building was available, but the main concentration of girl students from the Kuomintang cities was in the 13th Detachment, under the supervision of three of the tallest and handsomest of the Red commanders—Nieh Ho-ting, a Whampoa graduate of the class of '27, previously Chief-of-Staff to P'eng Teh-huai; Pien Chang-wu, a Paotingfu Academy graduate of '23, and Chief of Military Affairs of the Yen-an District; and Ho Ch'ang-kung, who became a Communist in 1921 and studied in France and Belgium many years—he had been Lo P'ing-hui's political commissar. How many red-starred feminine caps were set for these three cavaliers I cannot say, but together with Lin Piao, the president of the Academy, they were definitely a drawing card for recruiting girl students. None of the three were caught so far as I know, but during the summer Lin Piao, the

twenty-nine-year-old expert in maneuvering warfare, found his famous tactics entirely inadequate in escaping the marriage net and was thoroughly captured by one of the pretty girl students.

The Nieh-Pien-Ho trio escorted me through their branch of the school when I first arrived. Of their four hundred students, 20 per cent were college students and the rest middle school. Everything was under military discipline, but the students seemed to be having the time of their lives. They had to rise at five-thirty, take half an hour of setting-up exercises and a few minutes for "self-criticism" (an admirable time of day for this), then settle down to a stiff round of classes. There was an hour of military training and one hour of amusement after supper. Then, after an hour and a half in discussion groups or meetings, they retired at nine-thirty. Once a week they were permitted to have a party.

"We have only graduated about four thousand students from the Academy here in the Northwest," they told me, wistfully. "In the South the Red Academy was much better. We had two infantry schools, an artillery school, an engineering school and others. At present we have one other branch of the Academy in Ch'ing-yang, Kansu, with two thousand students, all of whom are lower officers in the Red Army."

## II. A ROOM OF MY OWN

I HAD A VERY GOOD INSIGHT into the gregarious Chinese Communist mode of life in my own compound—and a good introduction to other forms of life as well.

On arrival in Yen-an I was temporarily given the guest room previously occupied by Miss Agnes Smedley, the other American visitor, while she took up habitation in a big loess cave isolated on the hillside. My room was part of a very big labyrinthine compound made up of many detached sets of rooms, which had once been the ancestral home of a landlord family.

This single compound housed about fifty persons, and provided space for the editorial office of the magazine *Chieh Fang*, or *Liberation*, the headquarters of what they called the "Org" or Organization Department, the Radio Department, a doctor's office, one room in which four or five Communist women lived, and a very big "guest dormitory." The dormitory was a sort of caravansary for the first night for visitors to the Red citadel. Usually it was full of student pilgrims, boys or girls, who stayed there pending the finding of dormitory space for them in the Red Academy. Several times Red Army officers and their bodyguards coming from the front took up residence for a few days. And there were also many interesting delegates from the "White" districts, such as Teng Feng, the vice-chairman of what remained of the Soviet in the Kiangsi districts, in the South. This room took care of the overflow from the Waichiaopu, or Foreign Affairs, Guest House—which was usually full. In this improvised dormitory, the guests slept on the mud *k'ang*, on straw mats on the floor, or on borrowed doors, and early in the morning all of their belongings were whisked out of sight, so the room could be available during the daytime for big classes of fifty or sixty in Marxism.

The compound "garden" was made of flagstones, with four little patches of dirt, where two stunted trees struggled uncertainly toward the light. This was always full of *hsiao kuei* and bodyguards, and the steps of the main entrance, which faced one of the two main streets, was always lined with visiting friends of these boys. Others of the inhabitants, with more of an individualistic deviation, seemed to spend a good deal of time on the roofs, overlooking the life in the street below. At the rear of this compound was a big athletic square, with several basketball and volley-ball courts. At six o'clock every morning this square became a bedlam—and again at five in the afternoon. Across the wall, in the neighboring compound, lived some local Yen-an Christians, who held meetings there on Sundays, and all Sunday morning the place was sonorous with hymns. (Some of these were the same tunes as the Communists used for their revolutionary songs.)

These rooms were furnished with nothing but plain tables and chairs and straw mats, and all windows were made of paper. During the day the place was a buzzing beehive, but at night there was a beautiful golden silence. After supper this silence began, and by eight o'clock everybody seemed to have retired. When taps were sounded at nine, the entire city was blanketed in darkness and complete silence, while martial law reigned on the streets outside. You could hear the challenges of the sentries in the stillness, as latecomers returned to their houses and had to give the password.

Space in Yen-an at that time was infinitely more precious than on Wall Street. All over the city living quarters were much the same—if not even more crowded. The garrison, in fact, lived in deserted caves in the hills, or just anywhere for the most part. Now North Shensi is one of the few places on earth where black plague is still endemic (the same plague which once destroyed half the population of the known world, and even three fourths of the students of Oxford's godliness, but which did not start a fashion for cleanliness in China as in Europe). Smallpox, typhoid and typhus epidemics usually occurred regularly in Yen-an, and dysentery and such minor diseases were sort of a habit. How dared the Communists bring an army into such a place—probably the worst disease area in China? At any rate they did—and none of the usual epidemics took place. They cleaned up the streets, made the food vendors put mosquito netting over all their wares, and had a big campaign against flies during the summer. The people of Shensi, where water is very hard to get at and Mongol tradition still lingers, are said to be the dirtiest in all China—which is an achievement—and actually only bathe twice in a lifetime: once at birth and once at marriage. It must have been the malnutrition of the natives and their uncleanly living habits which caused the epidemics, because the climate was really very healthful—high and dry, cool in summer and with clear invigorating air and brilliant sunlight—except during dust storms.

With North Shensi as background, the Red Army people in contrast seemed extremely clean to me—having expe-

rienced no small quantities of dirt in my travels about China. They used the muddy river for wholesale bathing, but had installed two public hot-water baths, one for men and one for women. Coming from the South, the Reds were much cleaner than the Northerners, and not superstitious about water. There wasn't a single private bathtub in all Yen-an —indeed in all North Shensi, I'm sure. (I was told that as soon as Communist members went to Sian for a visit, the first thing they did was repair to the public bath houses, and that the Kuomintang Gestapo agents knew this habit and promptly went there to find them. Whenever they saw somebody really enjoying himself, he was a suspect Southern Red.)

During the summer in my own compound there was one bad case of dysentery and one of typhoid, however, and my own bodyguard contracted tuberculosis. And one day I went to have an interview with a Politburo man; when I asked for him a *hsiao kuei* accidentally led me into a room curtained off by a big white cloth. There he lay groaning on a *k'ang*. I decided he was in no condition to be bothered, and next day learned that he had had a sudden attack of typhoid and was not expected to live.

At night the roof of my room was a training ground for Olympics in the rat kingdom. The champion seemed to be practising for a special hundred-yard dash, which ended up with a kind of hurdle jump that shook down the dust, while one or two of his friends were more interested in a leisurely marathon, round and round in carefully timed circles. I had a huge rat trap under my camp cot and several others near by, but I bagged only one. He was as big as a small cat and fought for life with a terrific banging and thumping, which woke me up with a scream. Three of the bodyguards rushed in with their Mausers drawn and were very chagrined to find nothing more heroic in the offing than the despatch of a rat. I lost a good deal of face over that scream and was considered a mere sissy ever after. Another night I reached out my arm and felt something soft and furry on my cot. I was too terrified even to scream. The creature refused to move—but began to purr instead. When

I finally got a candle lighted, I discovered a sweet little stray kitten looking up at me in innocent surprise. I was so glad I hadn't roused the guard and created another disgraceful "incident" that I hadn't the heart even to scold it. On such occasions as this, a major decision was involved. The floor, which was made of bricks, was the province of the local scorpion and centipede families, and I never could decide whether the risk of putting a bare foot on the floor and running away was not greater than the rat menace. (I had had a complex about scorpions ever since one of my servants in Peking had been badly bitten by one, because shortly afterward I was standing in the courtyard one night in a pair of toeless sandals when I felt something crawling over my bare toes—which was, of course, a friendly scorpion.) Stone-flagged places in China seem to abound with these creatures, so while I was in Yen-an I always religiously put my shoes on a high place at night and shook them out carefully in the morning.

I also learned to have the greatest respect for fleas during my sojourn and travels in the Northwest. I overcame my objection to rats *per se* and concentrated upon worrying about their fleas, which infested the floor of my room. After all, it is not the rat but the flea that carries the plague.

I put the legs of my camp bed in cigarette tins of kerosene, according to regulation, which kept out the gentler species of insect, but the fleas seemed to have some kind of invisible pole-vaulting apparatus, for there was no limit to the size of jump they would attempt. The siege was so bad that I had to keep the floor covered with lime dust—though even that didn't seem to create much change in the pestilence. Ah, Nature—age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety!

As soon as I arrived in Yen-an the OGPU had sent me a personal bodyguard, or *t'e-wu-yuan*. I was a little surprised when this arrived in the shape of a pretty rosy-cheeked boy with fair skin, lugging a big Mauser and encased in a wide cartridge belt almost as big as he was. He saluted smartly and stood blushing shyly.

"What is your name?" I asked, in my best Chinese, expecting to launch into a long friendly conversation.

"Excuse me," he replied and bolted out of the door.

In a minute or so he returned with my interpreter, who announced, "Your new bodyguard wants me to tell you that he doesn't understand English."

"English!" I wailed and turned on the guard, very much hurt. "That wasn't English. That was Chinese—and my best *kuo yü* at that!"

The guard looked perfectly vacant until this was retranslated, then his expression changed to incredulity.

Now I always practise my Chinese on everyone in sight, and so far as I could see this was the main purpose in having a bodyguard around. I was very much upset.

"Tell him," I said to the interpreter, "that he has only one important duty and that is to puzzle out my Chinese. What kind of secret-service sleuth is this who can't even follow good Pekinese!"

This made the poor little guard very depressed, and he looked as if he'd rather start the Long March backward than have to climb over such a mountainous difficulty every day. We had a lesson right then and there, and after I had had my interpreter impress on him that I had religiously studied Chinese in Peking and that none of my houseboys there could speak a word of English, he seemed to develop a little more confidence in the work and to believe that I actually was struggling with a species of his native tongue. (I do fear though that he privately thought he was learning to understand English instead of Chinese all summer.)

"Now," I essayed hopefully, "what is your name?"

"Teng Ming-yuan," he answered.

"How old are you?"—I had to repeat this several times.

"Eighteen."

"Okay," I said to the interpreter. "But I wonder if that shy little rosebud is expected to hold off an anti-imperialist outbreak against me!"

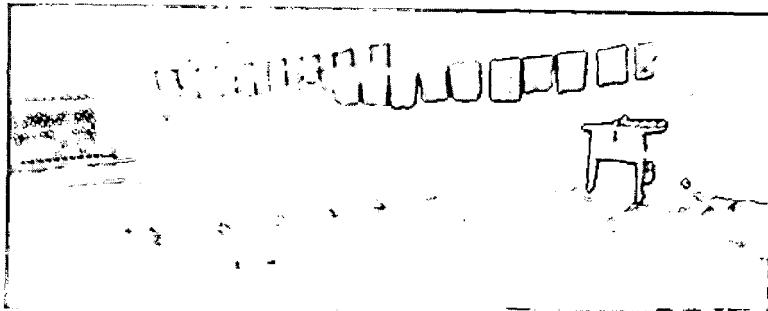
"He was sent to you to guard against germs," I was informed. "He's clean and neat and specially trained in personal hygiene—that's the only kind of guard you need here."



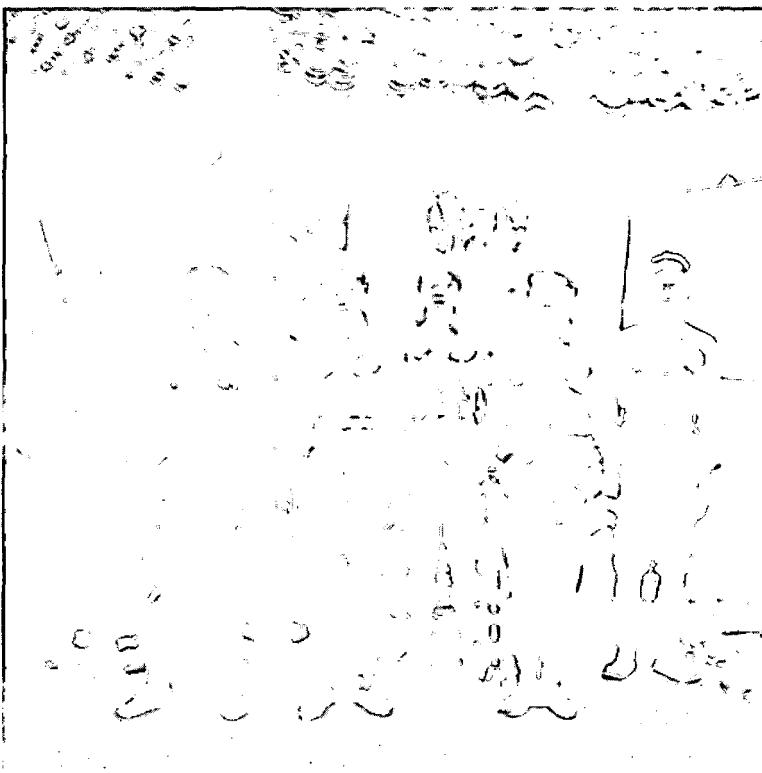
HO TA-CH'ING  
After His Release from  
Prison. The Background  
Shows Red Slogans  
about the United Front.



LAO WANG  
Who Kept the Famous Mushroom Hat all the Way from Kiangsi, Is in  
the Center. These Two Red Soldiers Are Playing with the Peasants'  
Dogs. The Reds and the Peasants Were Always Very Friendly.



THE HOME OF THE CHINESE RED SOLDIER  
This Is the Simple Life Reduced to Its Bare Essentials: a Towel, a Gun,  
a Small Knapsack and a Small Blanket.



THE SPECIAL OGPU BODYGUARDS  
In the Courtyard in Which the Author Lived. Second from Left Is Her  
Personal Bodyguard, "Demmy-erh—the Intellectual."

The Gaypayoo selects its members because of high intelligence and political consciousness rather than brawn, anyway."

Eventually we got a code working which dealt efficiently enough with the everyday exchange of pleasantries, but Teng Ming-yuan could never suppress a grin of triumph whenever he actually understood something new which I sprung on him.

"I'd rather he'd carry an elephant Flit gun, then," I declared seriously enough, "than all those other trimmings."

So Teng Ming-yuan took up quarters with five other *t'e-wu-yuan* and two mafoos who lived in my corner of the courtyard. I think they had a kind of gambling sweepstakes on who could puzzle out my Chinese first whenever I made a public statement. (The rest of the time they spent guessing how old I was.)

How the Red Army solved the language difficulty of China was of some scientific interest, as the soldiers living together spoke every kind of provincial dialect. Some of the Southern dialects are absolutely unintelligible to the Northerner and vice versa, and in fact many Chinese gatherings in other parts of the country find it simpler to carry on conversations in English. Even the Chinese Women's Club in Shanghai, after experimenting in the use of language, had to give up and use English instead of Chinese. In the Red Army, I discovered, each person learned *all* dialects by ear—but continued to speak his own. The political people usually knew *kuo yü*, or the official Peking mandarin, but I could not see that in ordinary conversation they troubled to use it. Usually it was only the sound that differed in the dialects, though many words and phrases are totally different. Therefore, they had merely to remember certain key tones and mentally translate them into the other dialect. When the words were different, the two provincials supplied each other with the translation, as they knew the term in other dialects from experience though never personally used it. At any rate this continual strain in language seemed to sharpen the minds of the soldiers, for they understood each other easily enough. (In fact, it was a game among them to

slur over their words in the most vernacular way possible to keep each other guessing.)

On the whole I found it easier to practice my Chinese with the people there than in other parts of China, because they were alert for strange sounds and accustomed to such hard mental translation work. Another reason was that we were genuinely interested in understanding each other, so my Chinese, which had suffered infantile paralysis in Peking, developed nicely under the strain. Luckily, for several weeks I had no interpreter, during which time my Chinese vocabulary took a sharp upward curve. I learned more in those four months than in all my years in Peking, where I had only been repeating the few stock workaday phrases that are necessary to make one's way around the city. I always had an interpreter during my interviews and talks with people, but soon found myself understanding a good deal of it, although I had no such command of vocabulary for speaking purposes.

The eight Red soldiers quartered in my compound as bodyguards and mafoos were an endless source of interest for me and provided a good cross-section of life in the Red Army. They were what we Americans call "a good gang," and I soon became very fond of them. In this town of Babel four were natives of North Shensi, three from Szechuan, one from Kiangsi. They lived in the "kitchen," a two-room affair just across the way from my own room, where they all slept like ninepins in neat rows on mud *k'angs* built along the wall. Each had two uniforms, one for dress and one workaday, a leather belt, Mauser and bandolier, a knapsack, a thin cotton-padded quilt—and that was about all. Each owned six or seven precious iron nails, which he put up on the wall symmetrically and hung his few belongings on. Each had a toothbrush, a comb and a pocket mirror, and it was the collective ambition to own a white shirt, a handkerchief and a pair of shorts as "lingerie." Two or three seemed to have acquired some of these luxuries (but I never could tell whether it was a single rotating shirt or actually several). They wore these only on state occasions. Ordinarily

they received no money at all—nor could any Red soldier in the past take any single thing by confiscating it for himself—but at the time I was there every soldier had received a bonus of two dollars to buy necessities, and the town was an orgy of spending. They would not accept a copper from me for anything. On the anniversary of May Thirtieth I tried to give them six or seven dollars to buy a special dinner. They sent it back to me two or three times; then, when I wouldn't take it and made it clear that I felt very unhappy about their refusal, they called a Soviet congress and discussed the tainted imperialist bribe—but they refused to buy any special food. Such a thing was a disgrace to the uniform. I did succeed in giving them a small token, though. I had bought several yards of white cotton cloth to use in the kitchen for dishcloths—and a delegation promptly came in and asked to use a corner or two to wrap their Mausers in. This gave me an idea, so I searched the town over for the brightest red silk I could find and bought enough to wrap their pistols and leave an end trailing out gaily behind. Of this they were very proud—and I won a place in their hearts immediately. These enormous heavy Mausers—all captured from Kuomintang officers—were carried in a wooden holster on a belt, and the silk was wrapped around the metal to keep it from being scratched. How they loved those guns! Every minute of the day one or two of them could be seen industriously overhauling these valuable adjuncts of the soldier, oiling and shining away like diamond polishers.

They kept their quarters neat and clean, and covered the walls with old newspapers—putting the pictures in proper position. Their favorite wallpaper was the rotogravure section of the *North China Daily News*, and just over the kitchen stove was a nice display of movie stars and Shanghai White Russian ballet dancers. Lao Wang, the mafoo, had a very nice rotogravure picture of Janet Gaynor. Each had a collection of Chinese movie stars from coupons in cigarette packages, all spread out in a neat design over his part of the *k'ang*, though none had ever seen a movie. Not one had any of the usual old colored pictures of ancient Chi-

nese gods of war and such which the Kuomintang soldiers usually have. All the Red soldiers wanted to be as modern as possible, which I thought rather an interesting fact.

One of the North Shensi boys wore embroidered patches on the heels of his socks—a gift from his mother, I suppose. And when summer came they all make themselves pink and green and red and blue yarn sandals with pompons on the toes.

Six of these guards were specially trained bodyguards from the OGPU, attached to different people in the compound, and two were mafoos who took care of two ponies, the stable being next door to the kitchen. These musketeers served as orderlies, carried messages, and cooked food if necessary. It was a highly responsible position, and such guards often became Red commanders in the army after serving tutelage as bodyguards to their leaders. "Bodyguards" were given only to those who were extremely busy and needed an assistant to save time, or to those who actually might need protection. There were no servants, of course, among the democratic Reds. The high Red commanders and political men had one or two guards. Chu Teh and Mao Tsê-tung had a squad each, who lived in their compounds with them. Although Yen-an was surrounded by Soviet areas, the city itself was a Red-and-White district, as the Reds had occupied it under the terms of the United Front. It had a White magistrate and a Red garrison. At any rate it was full of travelers, peasants, and all sorts of people, as well as merchants and bandits and landlords—and naturally it was no harm to have a bodyguard for people who had previously had tens of thousands of dollars on their heads. There was never any trouble while I was there, however.

These bodyguards rose at five, ate breakfasts of rice or millet gruel, had their exercises, studied their lessons, and went to class every morning and afternoon for one hour. Twice a week they went to OGPU headquarters for special two-hour lectures. They read their lessons aloud, just as during the old school days in China, and each had a pencil and notebook full of characters and aspired toward acquir-

ing an old broken fountain pen as decoration. They studied both Latinized Chinese and the old characters.

They lived under strict military discipline, and the squad commander was a big strong goodhearted Szechuan farm boy of twenty named Tsao Hsing-tsun, which his comrades pronounced "Sashingtsun." (They always called each other formally by these three-syllable names.) Sashingtsun was my special cavalier—and I always mentally called him Porthos, as he reminded me of that robust musketeer of the Queen's Guardsmen. He had a ready smile, a round moon-face and a high girlish voice. It made one good-humored only to look at him. He took his duties very seriously, and seemed to leap out of his skin at the sound of a voice calling "*T'e-wu-yuan* [Guard]!" and came rolling up "at your service" like a big overgrown bear cub. Porthos once came to my rescue. I had gone across the river for an interview with old Teng Pi-wu at the Red Academy, and while we were submerged in a long talk about his role in the revolution against the Manchus, a cloudburst arrived. My interpreter and I rushed to the river to get across before the flood—but it was too late. When we arrived at the bank, the cable of the ferry was already drawn up, and the boatman—the boat was under private monopoly—wouldn't consider going across. The river was steadily rising, and it was said that I might not be able to get back "for a week." Sometimes the opposite shore actually was marooned for a week during the floods. Then we heard a shout and looked across the river to see three or four of the musketeers dashing to the rescue. Just at that time a Red commander on a white horse had made his way across, clinging to the horse's tail, after having been thrown off midstream by the animal, who was afraid of the flood. I was in terror. Five or six people had already been drowned in the past few weeks. . . . Then I saw Porthos, without wasting a minute, grab the horse from the Red commander and set out across the river. He made it safely and ran up and threw me over the saddle before I could resist—I had almost decided that I'd rather spend a week anywhere than brave the elements. The horse was by this time in a fine state of the jitters, but with the iron hand of Porthos at the

reins he could do nothing but obey—and I landed on the opposite shore none the worse for the experience. After that Sashingsun was my personal hero.

But the real dictator of the eight musketeers was none other than my little Rosebud himself. The other boys called him "Demmy-erh"—their idea of how to pronounce "Teng Ming-yuan" in a hurry. He was their Brain Trust—and helped them with their lessons—which they regarded as infinitely greater an achievement than disarming a couple of Kuomintang battalions. I soon discovered that he had been one of the favorite mascots of the OGPU (the Chinese name is Pao Wei Chü) regiment, and had been loaned to me as a special favor. Wherever we went, I would hear a friendly shout from somewhere, "Demmy-erh!" And someone would rush up, slap him on the back and walk up the street with us. He was certainly Public Pet No. 1.

It was interesting to find that the Red Army kept the same old reverence for the literati as has been the Chinese tradition ever since the wise old literati themselves designed such Chinese puzzles for characters that it took witchcraft to decipher them—thereby making themselves high priests over all. The Red soldiers showed the gravest respect to all the students who came, and were delighted to have them join their revolution. It was somehow pathetic to see a hero of the Long March looking at these students as if they were gods just because they could read and write fluently. But it was good capital for Demmy-erh, the intellectual.

Demmy-erh had been a primary-school student of the *wen li* Classics in Szechuan when he rebelled and became a soapbox orator and secretary of the local C.Y. That was why he was considered an "intellectual."

"Did your family want you to join the Red Army?" I asked him one day.

"Yes," he replied. "When the Red Army came to Yi Lung hsien [Chu Teh's native place] they redistributed the land, and my family liked this policy and wanted me to join to help the poor people of China. My family had owned sixty *t'iao* of land, but became bankrupt, so the eleven members had to divide in 1933, after selling part of our land to pay

my grandfather's debts when he died. My eldest brother owned a Chinese medicine shop which supported us. Many Szechuan people joined the Red Army when I did—more than ten thousand—and they made up two new divisions in the Fourth Front Army.

"The Red Army came to our *hsien* in July 1933 and stayed about a year. I joined the revolution two months after the Army arrived. I was then fourteen. About twenty others of the same age joined from my village. At first I studied in a political-training class, then was a leader in the C.Y. The young people always love the Red Army and want to join. In 1935 even many of the landlords and their sons joined the Red Army government work in Szechuan.

"Every one of the six districts in my *hsien* had one C.Y. team of thirty to forty members. We made propaganda speeches everywhere and organized new movements.

"When the Long March began in 1935, I joined the 91st Division of the 30th Red Army under Wang Wen-chou, which was all Szechuan men. At the time we arrived in Kansu I was sent to the rear for more political training, then I joined the Pao Wei Chü (OGPU)."

"Did you ever kill anybody?" I asked him.

"I fought every day during the Long March. I don't know whether I killed anybody or not—you can't see the enemy clearly at the front."

"Wouldn't you rather be with the army now, instead of being bodyguard for imperialist foreign newspaper woman?" I inquired.

He blushed, stood on one foot and said, "They told me you're not an imperialist. Anyway, all kinds of work are revolutionary, including guarding a foreign newspaper woman. We must try to promote the United Front against Japan with America."

The other six of the Eight Guardsmen were four of them natives of North Shensi, and two from far-away Szechuan and Kiangsi. Kao Chung-yen at nineteen was a huge strong "reliable" type who, like Porthos, developed a sizable waistline by the end of the luxurious peaceful summer. Yang En-p'ai was the chef. He was an elusive prima-donna per-

sonality, with a sardonic expression on his face and two front teeth missing, who spent a great deal of time whittling on a stick while telling the other boys the secrets of his cooking art—and watching them do the work. When he was in the mood, his cooking was really phenomenal. I was very respectful to Yang En-p'ai, needless to say. T'o Chi-t'an was the bright boy—and the most reserved and hard-working of the lot. He was an improviser *par ex.*, and if any bit of carpentry came up, or a knotty commissariat problem, he fixed it casually with a few sarcastic remarks to all who had failed before him. T'o Chi-t'an was certainly an OGPU expert in detecting the new fruit and vegetables on the market, and could find a chicken or some fresh eggs by the scent. Straight as the crow flies he went for them. The other Shensi guard spent most of his spare time teasing, playing tricks or singing. These native sons of Shensi were an amazing transformation of the farmers and their boys who came to market. I suppose they must have worn silver earrings and bracelets and long hair like most of the natives, just before joining the Red Army. But they were moving fast along the road of revolution. All three had fought in the Army for several years.

The two mafoos took care of the two horses stabled next door to the kitchen. One was a good-natured roly-poly fat boy from Szechuan. But the other was a Kiangsi veteran of the Long March whom the guards honored by calling "Lao" Wang—in China this is the same "old" as in other countries in the phrases "old fellow" or "old Bill," etc. I think "Old Wang" was twenty-three. Lao Wang provided a legend for the otherwise workaday life in the compound. The Kiangsi veterans of the Long March were already beings apart from mortal men. All mafoos have to be responsible persons. It is as great an honor to be entrusted with a horse as with a piece of artillery, and the mafoos were definitely on the superior side. Lao Wang was a handsome boy with clean-cut features and sparkling eyes that looked wistfully over the bare mountains and far away toward the green paddy fields of Kiangsi. He was tall and muscular, with square shoulders that made even his sagging uniform look tailored. I made a

terrible *faux pas* when I first arrived in the compound. When I saw Lao Wang I asked someone, "Who is that *piao-liang* Red soldier over there?" *Piao-liang* means "pretty." Of course someone immediately reported to Lao Wang what I had said, and after that he would have nothing to do with me. Whenever I went into the kitchen, where he slept just over the kitchen stove, he quietly folded his tent like an Arab and spirited himself away. He was unmercifully kidded all summer about being *piao-liang*. Lao Wang was homesick and sometimes sang sad little Southern ditties, when nobody was around to hear. Once he stayed out after curfew and came in smelling of wine and talking about Kiangsi. He had only one personal possession—his mushroom-shaped varnished straw hat carried on the Long March. This is the last thing a Southern soldier will lose. It is a part of his equipment and a friend against sun and wind and rain. I think it was the only one left in the army, and Lao Wang loved it dearly. The boys used to borrow it to wear in the rain, but he made it clear to them that though it might be common property, it was no uncommon hat, and to be respected as such. I borrowed it once or twice myself.

### III. YOUTH SERVES ITSELF

AGAIN AND AGAIN in China everywhere you are impressed by the potentialities of the insurgent youth of the nation. But in the areas under protection of the Red Army, the children and young boys and girls have demanded and been given a life of their own. More than any other one thing in the Soviet districts I think I was impressed by the independence, the courage and sheer heroism of the Soviet children. Everywhere you turned you found them—they made up the personnel of the dramatics troupes, they were an important part of the courier service, they were in the vanguard at the front and in every kind of activity at the rear.

The activities of youth were co-ordinated under the Communist Youth, of which Fang Wen-ping was secretary.

Actually the first revolutionary activity along any kind of Socialist lines in China was under the Chinese Socialist Youth formed as early as 1918, and active both in France and China. The Socialist Party in China was practically a non-entity, but the S.Y. was very active from the first. In May 1920, according to Fang Wen-ping, exactly a year before the Communist Party was founded, the S.Y. leaders held a meeting and decided to join the C.Y. International. The founders of this branch of the C.Y. International in 1920 were Chang T'ai-lei, Shih Tseng-tung, Hui Tai-yung, Shao Chu-nu and four others. By the time of the second conference, called in August 1923, the S.Y. was already organized in most of the provinces, but it was then limited only to students. At that meeting they made a decision to expand the movement to include other groups and classes, and also to establish a close relation between the S.Y. and the C.P. of China.

"In 1924 the Central Committee called an enlarged meeting and proposed that the C.Y. should be proletarianized," according to Fang Wen-ping. "In February 1925 the third delegates' meeting was held in Canton and voted to support the C.P. program. It turned its attention to the mass and labor movements. The slogan then was 'The S.Y. must be proletarianized!' and at that meeting the name was changed to the 'Communist Youth of China.'

"In August 1927, the fourth delegates' congress was called in Wuhan and adopted resolutions condemning Ch'en Tu-hsiu's Opportunism and voting against continuing the C.P. co-operation with the Kuomintang as in the past. In the same year the fifth congress was held in Moscow, just after the meeting of the Chinese C.P., and adopted a new line in accordance with the resolutions of the C.P. During the Li Li-san period in 1930 the C.Y. was abolished and became a department of the C.P. This was the gravest crisis in the life of the C.Y. However, in January 1931, at the fourth meeting of the Central Committee, the C.Y. was revived and began organizing in the Soviet districts and the Red Army. After that, however, there was no new All-China Congress of the C.Y."

Several of the consecutive National secretaries of the

C.Y. have become front-rank leaders in the Communist movement. Let us see what happened to them:

The first secretary, Shih Tseng-tung, gave up the Communist movement and joined the Kuomintang;

The second secretary, Chang T'ai-lei, was the No. 1 leader in the organization of the Canton Commune on December 11, 1927, and was killed in action at that time;

The third secretary, Jen Pi-shih, became political chief of the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet, and in 1937 was appointed Chief of the Whole Political Department of the Eighth Route Army;

The fourth secretary, Kuan Shang-yin, a Manchu, became political commissar to Ho Lung;

Of the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth secretaries, Yuan Ping-hui, Wang Yung-sheng and Hu Chin-hao were all active though not so distinguished as the others;

The ninth secretary, Ku Tso-lin, was elected one of the seven Central Executive Committee members at the formation of the Soviet Republic in 1931, together with Jen Pi-shih, another secretary, Mao Tsê-tung, Chu Teh, Han Ying, Teng Fa and Wang Chia-hsiang; he died from overwork while ill in 1933;

The tenth secretary, K'ai Feng, became Chief of the Agitprop Department;

The eleventh and present secretary, Fang Wen-ping, elected to this position on July 30, 1936, organized the whole C.Y. United Front movement.

Fang Wen-ping was only twenty-six when I met him in Yen-an. He had worked in a match factory in Shanghai as a child, together with his father and sister, and joined the C.Y. in 1927. After that he was an apprentice in a coal company and became active in trade-union activities. He entered the Soviet regions in 1930.

The heroic years for the C.Y. had been in the South, of course, before the Central Soviet Republic had been given up. According to Fang Wen-ping, in 1933 the C.Y. organized a "Movement for Expanding the Red Army" and by their propaganda brought 70,000 new recruits to the army. Again, in the eight months from January to August of the strenuous Fifth Campaign in 1934, the C.Y. brought 60,000 new recruits to the army. Of these 130,000 recruited by the

C.Y., about one third were C.Y. members. Altogether in 1933 the C.Y. had 60,000 members and in 1934, 100,000 members. In Kiangsi the C.Y. Brigade in the Red Army, led by the C.Y., had 8,000 soldiers. These composed the whole 15th Division. The C.Y. members took special care of their 15th Division and cheered and comforted them during the fighting as their own particular heroes.

There were three youth organizations in the Soviets:

1. The Communist Youth, with members from sixteen to twenty-three years of age (Chinese reckoning)\*;
2. The Young Vanguards, sixteen to twenty-three years of age; and
3. The Erh T'ung T'uan, or Children's Brigade, eight to fifteen years of age.

The Young Vanguards had their own Slogan Squads, Singing Squads and Dancing and Dramatics Troupes. Whenever the Red Army passed by the villages, it was they who organized entertainment for them and marched out to welcome them with songs and flying banners.

Fang Wen-ping said that 50 per cent of the soldiers in the Red Army were under the age of twenty-three (or twenty-two in Western reckoning), and of these, 50 per cent were C.Y. members. The C.Y. had its own *hsiao* and *ta* Ch'ing Nien Tui or "little" and "big" Youth Brigades in every company and regiment of the Red Army. These had their own cultural groups, "Lenin corners," educational and political work and entertainment.

The Young Vanguards were all little busybodies, and enjoyed nothing so much as seeing that all regulations were complied with, demanding *lu-t'iao* or being spies in the enemy camp or self-appointed critics at home.

At one time the C.Y. even had what it called the "Light Disease Brigades," which functioned as a kind of "critic squad," M.P.'s or political gendarmerie, as you will. The purpose of these was to report all abuses and criticize pathological conditions in the life of the army. If, for instance, an

\*According to Western reckoning these ages would be one year younger, because the Chinese consider a child a year old at birth and ages are reckoned accordingly.

'officer were overbearing—"not comradely," they called it—the "Light Disease Brigade" would send its agents to report to headquarters. Their criticisms received careful attention on the part of the command.

In the Central Soviets in the South the Young Vanguards had numbered 400,000 members, of whom 30,000 were model cadres, and the Erh T'ung T'u'an also 400,000. Here in the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Soviet in the Northwest the C.Y. had 200,000 members, Fang Wen-ping told me. How many there were in the whole of China he would not say, as the number was kept secret, but he added: "The Vanguards are developing fast in Peking, Changsha, Hankow, Shanghai, Taiyuanfu, Canton, and even among the Chinese in Lyons, France, we have a branch." The Erh T'ung T'u'an numbered 80,000 children.

The Young Vanguards organization was attached to the C.Y. and resembled it in form. It had been changed in character after the Long March to become a wide, open mass organization. It was originally a semimilitary organization, supplementary to the Red Army and the C.Y. They helped the OGPU with its espionage work, acted as nurses for the Medical Department at the front, recruited soldiers, held sentry posts whenever necessary, did inspection and policing work and various other duties. It even had "Saturday Brigades" to till the fields of the families of Red soldiers in their absence at the front, and a "Swatting Flies Brigade." They were graded and promoted in accordance with military regulations. Of course, they all wore the regulation Red Army uniforms with a special red kerchief, called their assemblies with a great fanfare of bugles and military drill, and considered themselves generally the main feature of the Red Army.

The purpose of the Erh T'ung T'u'an, or Children's Brigade, was to train the children in the spirit of Communism in playing games, study, sports and everyday life. Their slogan was "Be Prepared Every Minute." They had a special salute—the open hand touching the forehead outward, the five fingers symbolizing "the fraternity of the proletariat on the five continents"—but wore only a red necktie with their

ordinary clothes usually. Their special duties were to learn to read and write (so as to encourage their fathers and brothers at the front, with letters), to help their families with production in the rear, and to support whatever project happened to be under way at any time. They also practised drilling with wooden guns, and on the anniversary of the founding of the Red Army on August 1, the three hundred members of the Erh T'ung T'u'an in Yen-an put on quite an impressive parade at the drill ground. Many of them were ragged but proud little urchins whose fathers were partisans or Red Guards from the near-by Soviet villages.

All the various branches of the C.Y. obeyed the "Three Musts" and the "Three Don'ts." These were:

- |         |   |
|---------|---|
| Musts:  | Obey Discipline<br>Keep Public Health<br>Be Polite                    |
| Don'ts: | Don't Drink Wine<br>Don't Smoke Cigarettes<br>Don't Drink Cold Water* |

A great change was taking place in the Communist Youth organization while I was in Yen-an. When the Soviets abdicated and the name of the Red Army was given up, the C.Y. also changed its name in order to take in a much broader mass of members, although the Young Vanguards and Erh T'ung T'u'an kept their names. The C.Y. was going to call itself "The Youth Union for the National Salvation of China," and to make a drive for membership in all the areas of China as well as in the Soviet districts.

"Anyone can join the new Youth Union," said Fang Weng-ping, "disregarding whether he believes in Communism or not. The purpose of the Union is to build a broad mass basis for the United Front to fight the Japanese."

On April 12, 1937, just before I arrived in the Northwest, the C.Y. had called a big Youth Congress in Yen-an which organized "The Alliance of Northwestern Youth for National Salvation." Three hundred delegates had come

\*This is because of the danger of infection. All water has to be carefully boiled.

from various provinces, including Mohammedans, Mongols and Koreans. An Executive Committee of eighty-five persons had been elected, of which Fang Wen-ping was elected a member of the Presidium of seven. This "United Front Youth Congress" was the first big congress to be called by the C.Y. since the Fifth Congress held long before. It pointed out that the "closed door" policy of the past was a mistake, and that now they wanted to open wide a new mass organization, and to unite with all youth organizations throughout the country.

One heroic branch of the Young Vanguards deserves special mention indeed. These are the Young Vanguard nurses who came on the Long March. Every time I discussed the Long March with anyone, he never failed to tell stories about the courage and splendid service of the boy nurses and other Young Vanguards who carried on so gallantly during that terrible ordeal. This is what Dr Chi P'eng-fei, Chief of the Medical Department of the Military Council, had to say about these nurses:

"The real heroes of the Long March were the Young Vanguards who came along as nurses. There were one thousand nurses with us, and all were little boys from eleven to seventeen years of age, except about a dozen women. The whole Red Army is more than proud of its nurses."

"Perhaps you can imagine how difficult any kind of medical work was at such a time. The sheer labor involved in nursing made this work extremely taxing. Yet the nurses worked as steadily as in ordinary times. They kept up not only their own spirits but those of the wounded that crowded in on them every day, and never showed anything but courage and unselfish endurance of hardship."

"We were, of course, in the rear, on the Long March. The rear was the most dangerous place of all because the White armies pressed us closely, and all who lagged behind were lost or killed. After marching all day themselves, when evening came and others could rest, the real work of the nurses only began. Because they were such little boys, they would be so fatigued in the morning that many could not wake up

and were left behind. The nurses always lagged in the rear, and as soon as they caught up with the column they had to hurry on to keep up again, so could never take any time to rest as those in front were able to do from time to time.

"Besides a countless number lost in the rear, many were captured or killed in battle, many died from sickness or fatigue, and others were drowned crossing the rivers. The rivers were very deep and swift, and the boys could not swim. Often the soldiers had to cross hand over hand along a rope bridge. The children were not strong enough, and their little tired arms gave way. When they fell in we usually had no way to save them.

"The most difficult time for the nurses, as well as for everyone else, was in the boggy Grasslands. After making camp and building fires for their patients at night, the nurses had to heat the ice-cold water to wash the feet of everyone, or they could not walk next day because of the poisonous minerals in the mud. They also had to take special care of the patients, such as rubbing their bodies and feet to keep up circulation. Because of the rarefied air it was difficult to breathe, and many of the wounded died. Any extra exertion caused great pain in the lungs and heart—but the nurses could not spare themselves. At the same time the problem of getting food was serious. We had only raw wheat. This the nurses had to cook specially in washbowls with great difficulty and give to the patients.

"There are so many stories of the brave little boys on the Long March that I wouldn't know where to begin telling them. You know, the *hsiao kuei* and nurses never rode but walked every step of the way. Not only did they carry all their own blankets but also things belonging to others. Many had to fight in battle, and they never showed any fear. We in the Red Army ourselves were astounded at their courage and determination during the Long March. Our nurses saved the lives of hundreds of soldiers only by a little timely attention. Their cheerful presence had so much influence in keeping up the morale of the wounded that I could not estimate how important even their little jokes and songs were. Often when a wounded soldier could no longer walk

and there were no stretchers, two little nurses would volunteer to stay behind for a while to encourage and comfort him. Often also they gave their scanty rations to their patients when food was scarce. The patients all loved the little nurses like brothers, and they earned the respect and gratitude of the Red Army for all time to come."

Dr Chi P'eng-fei could not tell me how many of the thousand nurses died on the Long March—but there were only about three hundred left in the Red Army as far as I could find out. In addition to the nurses, there were about a thousand or more *hsiao kuei* generally on the March—Dr Chi said he thought "about two thousand children altogether started out."

I must confess that the particular part of the Soviet youth which won my heart were the *hsiao kuei* proper. "*Hsiao kuei* [little devil]" is a generic, not an organizational, term. It referred to those tiny little boys, usually orphaned, who had elected to share the fortunes of war with the Red Army. They had many different duties, but their hearts and homes were always with the Army. Most of them said they were about eleven or twelve years of age, but they looked younger to me. There were as many heroic tales about them as there were *hsiao kuei*. I was always accidentally discovering a new boy hero beneath a ragged nondescript cast-off uniform. Everywhere you turned there was one or another of these boys—busy about something. You often saw them going through the streets intent on their business but swaggering a little just as if their ill-fitting uniforms were specially tailored to impress the public with proletarian nonchalance. Most of them came from Szechuan, Kansu, Hunan, Shansi, and a few from Kiangsi.

For instance, there was Ho Ta-ch'ing.

One afternoon I was returning from the tennis court along the city wall when a small boy with enormous soft brown eyes came up and took hold of my hand with a grimy little paw as he walked along with me.

"How do you like Yen-an?" he inquired politely.

"It's not bad at all," I replied.

"The front is much better," he volunteered.

"What did you do at the front?" I asked.

"Not much," was the answer. "I was with Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien's Fourth Front Army. I haven't been at the front since August."

"How old are you and when did you join the Red Army?"

"I am eleven. I was an apprentice to an old-fashioned doctor in Ch'eng Lai *hsien*, Szechuan, but I ran away and joined the Red Army as a water carrier when I was eight."

"Come to see me some time," I invited, on parting.

"All right. I'll come as soon as I have time. I work in the Communications Department,"—he pointed at a package of letters—"so I'm busy until late afternoon."

A few days later he kept his promise. After that he came several times. I could never get him to say anything about himself. He merely sat around for a few minutes, then saluted and went away again.

By accident I discovered that Ho Ta-ch'ing had been captured by Kuomintang troops in battle in Kansu in August 1936 and imprisoned in Sian, together with forty-nine of his comrades in the Children's Brigade, for four months. On January 1, after the Sian Incident, Chang Hsueh-liang's officers had released them,\* given them new uniforms, and paraded them through the city singing revolutionary songs.

It had been a terrific battle, I knew, and many children had been killed.

"But you're a real hero," I exclaimed admiringly, after I learned who he was.

"No, I'm not," he commented dryly. "The real heroes are those who get killed, not captured."

Another day I was buying some candy at a street stall when two little *hsiao kuei* walked up with their arms around each other, curiously and a little hungrily eyeing the transaction. I tried to give the candy to them, but they refused it indignantly and marched off with their noses in the air.

\*Later on I found a picture of Ho Ta-ch'ing taken at the time of the release of the forty-nine prisoners.

"Anyway, let me take your picture," I demanded, running after them.

They didn't want their pictures taken, either.

"I like those little boys," I said to Demmy-erh, my guard. "Help me to get a picture of them."

After a long argument they finally consented to pose. One of them looked particularly neat in his uniform, with puttees wrapped around his legs in a very fine design. The *hsiao kuei* inherited the cast-off puttees and would never cut off an inch, hoping to grow into them almost immediately. When they got these frayed bandages wound around their little legs, they usually looked almost like bowlegged mummies.

"Well, come to see me some time," I invited, in my most intriguing manner.

"Maybe," they said. "We're busy all week."

"Then I'll come to see you," I insisted. "Where do you work?"

"In the Red Academy. I'm Liu Ting's orderly. He's head of the Motor School."

"I know him," I said. "I'll be there."

I went around next day to keep my assignation. Chou Yang-ch'ing, for that was the name of this proud and handsome young man, was practising broad-jumping in proper white trunks and sweater.

"I would like to have an interview if you can take time off," I said.

He rushed away and soon returned—the puttees nicely wrapped and his hair newly combed.

We went into Liu Ting's room and sat at a table very formally.

"I was a cowherd in the Soviet district in Nanchiang, Szechuan," he explained, as I prodded him with numerous questions. "Now I am twelve. I joined the Children's Brigade in 1933 when Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien's Red Army came. My father took care of the landlord's cows. He didn't get any money for this, but only food. He was very happy when the Red Army came and was glad when I joined. About a thousand other boys from my district joined when I did, but only six from my own village came on the Long March with

me. Some rich boys joined, too. We poor boys used to fight with the sons of the *t'uhao*, who didn't join.

"We left on the Long March in April, and in the Grasslands I was wounded on the leg by a shot from a Man-tzü cavalryman. The cavalry followed us in the rear, and I had to walk fast to keep up with the column. But a doctor put on a bandage and some medicine, and I was all right after a while."

"Didn't you ride a horse while you were wounded?"

"No, the children never ride horses. We always walk. During the Long March I was orderly for Commander Ch'en Chung-sun of the 8th Company of the 93rd Division, and I carried a blanket and food for us both all the way.

"It took us twenty days to cross the Grasslands. One of my comrades named T'o Wu-tzü got sick and died there, but not very many children died.

"We spent the winter in Sikong [Inner Tibet], and the snow was cold, but I had a fleece-lined coat, so it didn't matter. We had good food, much better than here in North Shensi—butter and mutton and beef.

"I spent most of the winter knitting woolen socks for the commanders."

"Did you ever fight with a gun?"

"No, I wasn't supposed to," he replied a little unhappily. "One time I did, though. When we were fighting T'ien Tsung-yao's army in Szechuan, they all ran away, so I went out and picked up a gun one of the soldiers had thrown down and ran after them, firing it as fast as I could. But many *hsiao kuei* do fight with guns. I know several who were killed fighting."

"Wouldn't you like to come back to America with me? You would be a little hero there."

"No, I don't know much about foreign countries—except Soviet Russia."

"How do you like changing the red star and wearing the Kuomintang button?"

"It's all right for a while, so long as we are fighting the Japanese. We *hsiao kuei* don't have to change for a long time, anyhow, because we wear the old cast-off caps."

"You seem to have quite a few friends here," I remarked. By this time, the room was crowded with *hsiao kuei* of every size and description.

"Yes. The Red Academy now has four companies of *hsiao kuei* working here. There are one hundred in each company. We have to clean all the rooms, take care of the food, carry hot water, and all such things."

"I'd like to take a picture of all of you," I said.

They were all fifty delighted, and although it was a cloudy day, we spent the next hour thinking up ways and means of taking photographs.

#### IV. THE LIFE STORY OF CHU TEH

CHU TEH HAS ALREADY become almost as legendary in China as the ancient heroes of the "Three Kingdoms." As commander-in-chief of the swift-moving and elusive Red Army whose maneuvers seem to the enemy to be as miraculous as a mirage on the landscape, he is declared by the more superstitious to be possessed of magic. He is a figure clothed in all those colorful fancies with which the Chinese love to invest their folk heroes: nine-times-nine-league boots, eyes that can see ten thousand *li*, invulnerability to any kind of weapon and suchlike. Some of the more credible tales circulated about him are even repeated by his comrades in the Red Army, for every story of his life told by them reveals startling divergencies from every other. As the accounts of his life so far published are incomplete, I was lucky enough to prevail upon the "legend" to render an account of himself. The following simple outline of his career is bare of dramatic detail and does not do justice to Chu Teh as the historic personality that he has already become, but it is invaluable in its plain authenticity.

Chu Teh came to call on me as soon as I arrived in Yen-an in May. I found him the complete opposite of the popular picture of himself as a ferocious warrior leading his legions on to the attack with the wave of a red-tasseled big sword.

He is fatherly, kind, quiet-spoken and above all modest, even to the point of self-effacement. He is one of those persons who could never write an autobiography because for himself his personality does not exist apart from his work.

In appearance Chu Teh is of average height and very sturdy and well built. The most remarkable feature that one notices is his liquid brown eyes that seem infinitely compassionate. I had the impression that he is at heart that rare thing in China, a humanitarian; and even rarer, that he is a military man to whom war is not a business but a means to an end of suffering. He is undoubtedly a person of feeling and great generosity. Commander Chu is a grizzled veteran of fifty years, at least half of which have been spent in active fighting, and in the deep furrows of his much-lined face the tragic stories of all the campaigns of the endless civil wars in China seem to be written. His mouth is habitually set in a rather sad and serious expression, but when he smiles his face lights up in a surprisingly charming manner, which I happened to catch in a photograph. Chu Teh has none of the mannerisms of the military. One could no more imagine him with a gilded saber dangling around his legs, than Von Hindenburg in one of Chu Teh's unpressed, faded cotton uniforms, with tennis shoes and puttees. His movements are not brusque, but gentle, slow and deliberate. He seems as calm and imperturbable as a contemplative Buddha.

Chu Teh is a popular leader rather than an authoritative commander, by nature and habit unaffectedly democratic. When I asked his wife, K'ang K'e-ching, what she considered Chu Teh's distinguishing characteristics, she thought awhile, then said:

"His primary characteristic, I think, is that he is extremely kind by nature. Second, he takes full responsibility for everything, great and small. And, third, he likes to be a part of the life of the common fighters and to spend his time talking with them.

"He is really loved by the mass of the army because he lives the simple life of the common soldier and does the same work if necessary. His nickname is 'Hou Fu-t'ou,' or 'Chief Cook,' because he is like a common fighter. He orig-

inally got this nickname in 1927, when he was in Tsalin, South Hunan. The Kuomintang troops made a surprise attack one night, and Chu was in a small house with only one bodyguard when the enemy soldiers came in demanding, 'Where is Chu Teh?' Comrade Chu promptly stood up and pointed down the street, saying: 'He is not here. I am the cook. I know Chu Teh is still down the street there.' When they left in a hurry to look for him, Chu Teh was able to escape.

"Chu Teh speaks in a very plain way to the men, and they understand him clearly. Sometimes he helps the farmers to plant their crops when he is not too busy, and he used to carry grain from the valley to the mountain. He is very strong and healthy and likes to play basketball and to watch the track meets. He eats any kind of food, and doesn't care for any special thing except plenty of pepper, for he is a Szechuan man. He does not go to bed until eleven or twelve at night, but always gets up at five or six.

"He likes athletics, but he is studious, too. He always has a carefully planned reading schedule of books on politics and economics, and reviews his German one hour every day now, as well as teaching at the Academy. He also likes to talk to friends and is not always serious, though he is not humorous like Mao Tsê-tung.

"He has no temper ordinarily, and I have never had a quarrel with him, but he gets angry in battle. In fighting, Chu Teh always takes command at the front, but he has not been wounded."

The Red Army is an army of extreme youth, entirely new to the background of old China. For this army Chu Teh is a symbol of stability and a link with tradition and past history, for he has experienced the whole revolutionary movement since the Manchu Dynasty in its slowest but most fundamental phase, in the interior. He lived in the two most backward provinces, farthest in the interior, Yünnan and Szechuan. By the time the mercurial coastal changes reached these backwaters, they had to be valid and proven. Unlike many dominant figures in modern Chinese armies, Chu Teh is not a "returned student" from Japan, Russia or Germany.

His experience is rooted deep in the bedrock of native interior China, and this is not the least of the reasons why he has the complete confidence of his men, as well as the respect of old-style Chinese generals in China's armies. He knows intimately most of the terrain of this interior from north to south, as well as its people and general conditions.

Chu Teh was trained under the brilliant Yünnan republican general, Ts'ai Ao, at one of the first modern military schools in the country. He then learned the special guerilla tactics, which served the Red Army so well later, in his garrison duties on the French Indo-China border and in the mountain fastnesses of Szechuan and Yünnan. Politically, he began fighting for democracy as a member of the Tung Meng Hui in 1909, later joining the Kuomintang and then, entirely on his own initiative, searching out and becoming one of the earliest members of the Chinese Communist Party in 1922. Chu Teh's expedition in search of the Communist Party in Shanghai, Peking and then Berlin reveals the intellectual initiative and sure determination of purpose that have made him a leader in three revolutions.

It would be difficult to imagine the course of the history of the Communist movement in China without its twin-genius "Chu-Mao," which many Chinese actually think of as one person. Mao Tsê-tung has been the cool political brains and Chu Teh the warm heart of the struggle which gave it life-action. One of the reasons for the surprising discipline which the Communist Party maintains over the Red Army is Chu Teh's loyalty and submission to "civil" control. There is no struggle between the military and political power from Chu and Mao down to the army commanders and their political commissars. The Chu-Mao combination was fortunately not competitive but perfectly complementary. Chu Teh is not politically ambitious in any way; he accepts orders and is therefore able to give them in turn—a factor of no small value in the command of a revolutionary army.

Chu Teh has that rare kind of personality which is immediately and universally appealing to nearly everyone. It seems to come from a modesty which perhaps derives from his consciousness of solidity and personal integrity.

It was on May 21, 1937, that Chu Teh gave me the following autobiographical sketch, together with an account of the development of the Red Army:

"I was born in 1886 in a Szechuan village called Ma-an Ch'ang, which is in Yi Lung *hsien*. My family were poor tenant farmers. For the existence of its twenty members we rented twenty *mou* of land. When I was six years of age I attended the tutorial school of the landlord, named Ting. For this he demanded a fee and treated me as badly as if it were charity. I ate and slept at home, walking three *li* to the school every day. After school hours I worked at various tasks, such as carrying water and tending cows. I studied in this school for three years.

"Then the large family could no longer survive under the pressure of the landlord, so it was broken up for economic reasons. I was adopted by an uncle and moved to Ta Wan to live with him. Although my own father had been very unkind to me, this uncle loved me as his son and sent me to school to study the Classics for six or seven years. I am the only one in my family who received an education, and in order to achieve this I was obliged to work at various tasks while attending school.

"I took the state examinations in 1905 and in 1906 went to Hsun Ch'ing *hsien*, where I attended a higher primary school for six months and then a middle school for six months. In 1907 I went to an athletic school in Chengtu for a year, then returned to my native Yi Lung *hsien* to teach athletics in the higher primary school there. In 1909 I went to Yünnanfu, the capital of Yünnan Province, and entered the Yünnan Military Academy, where I remained until the 1911 Revolution. My ambition was always to be a military man, and this Academy was perhaps the most progressive and modern in China at that time. It had stiff requirements, so I was very happy to be admitted there for study.

"I had always worshiped modern science and felt the need for China to have an industrial revolution. I was also very much influenced as a child by the stories of the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion told by weavers and other itinerant workers, who

were news carriers in those days. Having a revolutionary bent, I joined the Tung Meng Hui, Sun Yat-sen's Revolutionary Party, during my first few weeks at the Academy in 1909.

### *The Militarist Period After the 1911 Revolution*

"In 1911, being then a company commander, I participated in the uprising to overthrow the Manchus as part of the Yünnan troops led by Ts'ai Ao, the famous Yünnan governor. The 1911 Revolution began on October 10 in Hankow, and twenty days later our Yünnan uprising was held. I was then, in the same year, sent to Szechuan to fight the Manchu governor there, Chao Erh-fêng. We defeated Chao and returned to Yünnan the next April or May. In the latter part of 1912 I was ordered to take the post of detachment commander over the students in the Yünnan Military Academy, and there I taught war tactics, field maneuvers, marksmanship and rifle practice.

"In 1913 I was appointed battalion commander in Ts'ai Ao's troops and stationed on the French Indo-China border for two years. In 1915 I was ordered to Szechuan as regimental commander to fight against Yuan Shih-k'ai's military forces there. After six months of fighting we were victorious. I became a brigade commander, and my troops were stationed at Hsuifu, Luchow, on the Yangtze River in South Szechuan. Mine was the crack 13th Mixed Brigade of the 7th Division (later changed to the 7th Mixed Brigade), which gained some fame at this time. However, we sustained heavy losses, over half the brigade being destroyed in the fighting. I stayed in this region for five years, fighting continually against the old traitor troops under orders of the Peking Government of Tuan Chi-jui.

"At the end of 1920 I returned to Yünnanfu to fight against the reactionary T'ang Chi-yao, as Ts'ai Ao had died. Ts'ai Ao, one of the most progressive young republican leaders of the South, had had considerable influence over me. He was first to raise the standard of revolt in defense

of the Republic against Yuan Shih-k'ai's plot to become Emperor in 1915.

"From September to October 1921 I was Commissioner of Police of Yünnan Province. Then T'ang Chi-yao staged a successful comeback, and I escaped with only one company of troops, though T'ang pursued me for twenty days. Another comrade who had left with me, taking one company with him also, was caught by T'ang and tortured to death. I led my company of refugees to Sikong [Tibet] along exactly the same route as the Red Army took later in the Long March of 1935. We crossed the River of Golden Sand, went to Yachow, near Tachienlu, stopped at Huilichou and entered Szechuan. I went to Chia Ting and then to Chungking, where I was received by Liu Hsiang, the governor-general, and Yang Sen, Chungking garrison commander, and saw the Dragon Boat Festival with them in June 1922. These two militarists of Szechuan were, of course, later attacked by the Red Army. However, at this time, instead of offering a reward for my head, Liu Hsiang was anxious to give me an appointment as division commander, which I refused because I had already decided to find a new revolutionary way for myself in searching for the Communist Party. Liu Hsiang's interest in procuring my services derived from the fact that my special tactics had already become known and feared. These tactics, which I had used with signal success against the troops of the monarchy, were mobile partisan tactics which I learned mainly from my experience on the Indo-China border and in fighting the Man-tzü tribes and bandits. I learned from a hard school of experience in fighting against mobile groups of bandit deserters from the armies, which was especially valuable. I combined with this guerilla experience, of course, what I had learned from books and in school.

"My own particular tactics in leading an army were these: I was myself physically strong, so I lived with my men and kept the closest contact with them, thus establishing confidence in them. Before any engagement, large or small, I looked over the topographical situation and planned every

detail very carefully. My main tactics were usually sound because of careful management and personal leadership of the troops. I always insisted upon getting a clear picture of the enemy position from all angles. I also usually had good relations with the people, which helped me very much. Ts'ai Ao, who was famous for his commanding tactics, taught me very much. The Yünnan Army then was new and modern and armed with German rifles, of course. I think that the other element important for both commander and men is an understanding of the political situation so they have the morale to fight firmly for a principle. The rest is experience —the more you fight, the better you are able to grasp the situation.

"After leaving Liu Hsiang in Szechuan, I took a boat down the Yangtze River to search for the Communist Party in Shanghai. At this time China had gone back into a period of militarist feudalism, and the outlook was dark indeed, and I was very depressed. During my last year as commander in Szechuan, which was 1920, I had taken up the habit of smoking opium. When I returned to Yünnan, however, at the end of 1920, I bought some medicine to cure myself before making my escape from T'ang Chi-yao, and took this cure during my first 'long march' to Sikong in 1921, continuing the treatment on the river trip to Shanghai. I was nearly cured of the habit when I arrived, and after one week of intensive treatment in St Marie's Hospital in Shanghai I was permanently cured.

"When I left Szechuan in 1922 in search of the Chinese Communist Party, I had no idea of how to get into contact with it, but I had determined to make a connection somehow. In fact, the Party had only been organized a few months previously, I learned later. My interest in Communism and Bolshevism developed out of my own reading on the Russian Revolution. My only other influence was a few talks with returned students from France. While I was stationed in Szechuan, I studied everything I could find about the World War and the Russian Revolution. Until this time I had given all my energies to fighting for the Republic and the realization of Sun Yat-sen democracy in China. But the

failure of the 1911 Revolution and the reaction into wasteful militarist war into which the country was plunged afterward discouraged me greatly. I realized that the China Revolution must go deeper and be as fundamental as that in Russia, the continuing success of which gave me hope.

"I could not find any trace of the Communist Party in Shanghai, so I went to Peking to continue my search. Sun Ping-wen, the editor of Sun Yat-sen's organ, *The People's Press*, went with me also in search of the Communist Party. In Peking, however, I had no better luck in finding the Communists, so returned to Shanghai. Thus, this year, 1922, I wandered about from south to north and back again like a horse without a bridle. My main impression of Peking was of the corruptness and farcical nature of Parliament. However, on the other hand I met many students, with some of whom I traveled, and their activities made a good impression on me.

"On my return to Shanghai I met Sun Yat-sen, Wang Ching-wei, Hu K'ang-min and other Kuomintang leaders. Sun impressed me as being a very sincere, determined and intelligent leader. He wanted me to go to Szechuan to fight against Chen Chiung-ming, but I refused. Sun then wanted me to go to America, but I was interested in going to Germany to study military science and to see the effects of the great World War for myself. In September I took a boat to Europe, passing through Singapore and Marseilles and then to Paris, where I proudly had my picture taken surveying that city from the Eiffel Tower.

#### *The Chinese Communists in Berlin*

"In Berlin, I met Chou En-lai (now Vice-Chairman of the Military Council of the Red Army) and other comrades. I had found the Chinese Communist Party at last—in Berlin! I arrived in Berlin in October 1922, being then about thirty-six years of age. I joined the Party as soon as I found it there and then; this was in October 1922.

"I stayed in Berlin one year studying German, then went to Göttingen, where I entered a college and took lectures

in social science for two semesters—partly as a protection to permit me to continue my stay in Germany. I carried on Party work steadily while I was in Germany. In Berlin we organized a branch of the Kuomintang in 1924. The Chinese Youth Party was the Nationalist party, and the students were then split into two camps. At the same time I edited a weekly political paper in mimeograph. Teng Yen-ta, who later founded the Third Party in China, was also there. I attended the World Student Congress, and in 1925 was arrested by the German police for activities in connection with the Chankoff case. Chankoff was a Bulgarian reactionary whom somebody tried to bomb in a cathedral, causing many arrests to be made. There were thirty arrested, and these included three or four Chinese. This was the first time I was ever arrested, and it was only for twenty-eight hours. My second and last arrest was made in Berlin in 1925 for activities in support of the May Thirtieth Movement during a conference called by the Communist Party. This second arrest resulted in only thirty hours' detention. Therefore, my revolutionary prison record is not very impressive, I fear—only fifty-eight hours in all. At that time I worked with many Indians in Germany. In the Student Congress there were many nationalities among whom I made friends. I was finally driven out of Germany for these activities, so I traveled around Europe and to the U.S.S.R. until my return to China in 1926.

"Home again, I went from Shanghai to Hankow and then to Wanhsien in Szechuan. I had been ordered by the Party to conduct a military movement in Szechuan and to do agitation work among Yang Sen's troops, being a good friend of General Yang. These were troops which had been under Wu Pei-fu, Yang being Wu's appointee, and had opposed the Northern Expedition of the Kuomintang. I succeeded, however, in helping to reorganize them as the 20th Army of the National Revolutionary troops. I was Chairman of the Political Department of this 20th Army and was concurrently the Kuomintang Party delegate, or commissar, but held no military position. In 1927, because Yang Sen still wavered in his attitude and his troops, though ostensibly re-

organized under the National Revolutionary army, still kept their connections with the enemy North, T'ang Sheng-chih of Hunan was sent with Kuomintang troops to fight Yang Sen. At this time I left Wanhsien and went to Kiangsi.

### *The Nanchang Uprising*

"In January 1927 I joined Chu Pei-teh's army in Nanchang and was made principal of the Military Training School in Nanchang as well as Chief of Police of the Nanchang Bureau of Public Safety, which positions I held up to the Nanchang Uprising of August 1. I helped organize this Uprising, which was planned under my protection as Chief of Police! After the Uprising I was made vice-commander of the new Ninth Army, created during the revolt, which consisted of about three thousand men. The 11th, 4th and 20th Kuomintang armies also participated in the Uprising.

"At this time I worked with Chou En-lai, Ho Lung, Chang Kuo-t'ao, Liu Pei-ch'eng, Lin Pai-ch'u, Lin Piao, Hsü Teh-lieh, Yeh T'ing and other revolutionary comrades. Mao Tsê-tung was not in Nanchang, and I did not meet him until later.

"I then led my troops to Tungkiang, the East River district near Haifeng, Kwangtung, as commander of the right wing of our revolutionary troops. I attacked San-ho-pa in Mei hsien, while Yeh T'ing and Ho Lung attacked Ch'aoshan and Swatow. After our mutual failures in these areas, I retreated to Fukien, then to Kiangsi and Hunan. By that time most of my men in the Ninth Army had been sacrificed. I had altogether only twelve hundred troops, which included also many retreaters from Ho Lung's and Yeh T'ing's forces who scattered after their defeat.

### *The Red Army*

"I then helped organize the South Hunan Revolt in January 1928. We changed our name to the '1st Division of the Peasants' and Workers' Revolutionary Army,' and carried the red banner, the hammer-and-sickle and the red star. We used the red star for the first time on our flag

during the South Hunan Revolt. Six months later, in May 1928, I went to Chingkanshan in Kiangsi with troops increased to ten thousand men. Here, at the foot of the mountain, Chingkanshan, where we were to establish our first base, I met Mao Tsê-tung for the first time. It was a very exciting and happy occasion.

"Before the South Hunan Revolt Mao Tsê-tung's troops had left for Chingkanshan in the winter of 1927. My only connection with him previous to 1928 was when his brother, Mao Tsê-tan, was sent to make connections with me after my retreat from the East River district in Kwangtung. At Chingkanshan in 1928 Mao and I combined our forces into the new 'Fourth Army,' using this name in order to keep the famous name of the Kuomintang Fourth Army, the 'Iron-sides,' which had been our revolutionary stronghold during the Great Revolution. I was made commander of the Fourth Army, while Mao was political commissar. We stayed on the mountain Chingkanshan for six months and defeated three campaigns to annihilate us. At this time P'eng Teh-huai, after his uprising in the P'ingkiang region, arrived in Chingkanshan. We left him to garrison Chingkanshan while Mao and I led our forces to South Kiangsi, Fukien, Kwangtung and Hunan, in 1929, to carry on our long struggle for the Soviets. After this my life is merely a part of the Red Army's history.

"To answer questions about my personal life: I was married twice before joining the Communist struggle. My first wife died, but the second is still alive. I had one son by this first wife, but I have no idea where he is now. During the Long March in 1935 I read in the press that my son, then eighteen, had escaped from his mother's native town in Na Ch'i, near Suifu, where he was living, in order to save his life. This first wife was a normal-school teacher, with natural feet and progressive ideas in support of the revolution. I married her when I was twenty-five and she eighteen. My third wife, with whom I lived during the South Hunan Revolt in 1928, was named Wu Yu-lan. She was then captured by Ho Ch'ien, governor of Hunan, and beheaded. My present wife is K'ang K'e-ching, whom I married in 1928.

"And no, the legend about my millions of dollars is not true. I had some property in Yünnan but not much, and my wife had a little. However, my property was all confiscated by T'ang Chi-yao when I was forced to run away in 1921."

I then asked Chu Teh whom he considered the best military men. His reply was:

"I admire the Germans very much—Hindenburg and Mackensen, a German military expert in maneuvering warfare. Marshal Foch was brilliant in his defense of France. And, of course, the Red Army commanders in the U.S.S.R. are now experienced and first-rate, such as Galen [Bluecher].

"Napoleon was not so bad in the old style. When I was a boy I liked him very much, and also George Washington. The story of the success of the volunteer farmers of the American Revolution used to excite me very much, and I knew that someday the Chinese farmers would fight for freedom and independence in the same way.

"In China I always admired Ts'ai Ao of Yünnan, who was the best early expert in modern military science. And I used to have great respect for Sun Yat-sen on the political side."

When I inquired what he thought of the Chinese soldier man for man as compared with the soldiers of other nations, Chu Teh replied emphatically:

"It is the officers and not the soldiers of China who are incompetent and bad. The men only need political training. If the Chinese soldiers could be properly trained they would be the finest fighters in the world, because they can endure any kind of hardship and keep up their morale under conditions which would shatter the fighting power of any other race, both spiritually and physically—just as the coolies of China have no equal for hard work and endurance."

## V. LO P'ING-HUI, HEAD OF THE "HUMAN CAVALRY"

LO P'ING-HUI LOOKS LIKE A "Chinese General." In the best Feng Yu-hsiang tradition. No wonder he was called the

"Model Soldier" of Yünnanfu at eighteen. He is the biggest Chinese I have ever seen. Tall and with a Gargantuan girth. But every ounce is iron muscle. It was natural enough that he should carry himself like a victorious wrestler who has just left a victim groaning on the mat.

When Feng Yu-hsiang went Christian, he baptized his troops wholesale with a fire hose. When Lo P'ing-hui went Communist, he took all the anti-Red *min tuan* of Kian with him—except ten. And the landlords' *min tuan* are the Reds' bitterest foes. In Red annals this is a feat paralleled only by Liu Tzü-tan in North Shensi.

My enjoyment in talking with jolly old Lo P'ing-hui was as enormous as he was. His open moonface reminded me of the Laughing Buddha—or rather, specifically, of the Jade Buddha from Indo-China in the Round City in Peking, which has the same fascinating Indo-Chinese eyes not curved but level on the top. And in fact Lo P'ing-hui was born in Yünnan, which borders Indo-China, and which is the most beautiful province in China, with high wooded mountains for which Commander Lo was a little homesick after his stay among the bare desert loesslands of the Northwest. When he talked about the flowers and crystal streams of Yünnan, he looked a bit wistful and said, after the manner of Feng Yu-hsiang's favorite verse about Manchuria, "Give me back my mountains and rivers."

Lo P'ing-hui enjoyed soldiering, enjoyed talking about his battles, about himself, and about anything which came up for conversation. In thirty-eight years he has lived a lifetime, and fought the length and breadth of China. He is a real Chinese, who would be dear to the hearts of the Chinese in any period of their history. The Kuan-ti kind that the Chinese love for folk heroes. "A strong man and a clever one." Always outwitting the enemy, and not afraid to thump on his chest afterward. The stories he tells of tricking enemy troops might be taken right out of the *San Kuo*—and will make heroic folk tales in themselves one day. (He even carried a book of poetry under his arm when he came to see me—in the approved Chinese tradition.)

Like Chu Teh and Ho Lung—and old Feng Yu-hsiang

who affects the simple garb and the simple life—Lo P'ing-hui is the product of some underlying wholesome democratic tradition in China, and proud of remaining a son of the people. He despises luxury and money and enjoys living a hard, dangerous life, enjoys eating the same food and going half barefooted with his men. The fact that he thrives on it proves to him his natural right to leadership among them.

The man-mountain had been in more battles than other Red commanders, he said, "because it was my business to go out and pick a quarrel in order to divert the enemy troops from our main columns. And during three years of battling, the enemy was always ten to twenty times bigger than my force—my troops being always a small mobile unit." Lo was always right in the front lines—I am sure he enjoyed being the biggest target on the terrain. When I asked how many times he had been wounded, he had to stop and think awhile.

"Let me see," he wrinkled his smooth bland brow. "I never stopped to count my wounds before. I think I have had six small wounds and one serious one. My clothes have been shot through several times, though, as I am often only twenty meters from the enemy lines. Once, when I had just walked away from a trench, a bomb dropped in the spot I had just left. And once I was hiding in a rock cleft when an air bomb dropped in the cleft but did not explode. Many times I have been covered with dirt and mud from bombs, but never been wounded by them."

"What was the worst enemy threat to the Red Army?" I asked.

"Nothing the enemy did bothered us much," was the reply. "Air bombing is bad for the psychology of the troops, but we just move into action with the enemy quickly, and they dare not bomb their own troops. For instance, in Ch'ang-hsien, South Kansu, only last year, the airplanes bombed and the enemy retreated. The Red Army chased them, and the planes bombed their own troops instead."

Lo P'ing-hui was fun to talk with, because the Red Army was new to him and he took nothing for granted in a bureaucratic way, but still had a great interest in the phenomenon and a long perspective from previous experience.

I could hardly keep him from drawing maps all over the furniture, and one day he nearly put me through a course in maneuvering warfare before I could stop him. As he talked, he usually pursued the enemy with his finger, then took a prodigious leap to the opposite side of the table to chase them back again, finally slapping the table a resounding smack and wiping his brow when the victory was won. He was very voluble, full of details, and got excited easily, looking at me in a childlike earnest way, as he talked in his husky voice. If I asked him a political question, he usually replied, with a grin, "My head is a little stupid. I don't know." He was attending classes at the Military and Political Academy in Yen-an when I met him.

"Why is the Red Army superior to the Kuomintang armies?" I asked Lo. "You have had much experience in both and should know."

"First, I think it is because the Red Army is under the strict leadership of the Communist Party; second, the soldiers are class conscious; third, the political work and education is good; fourth, the Communist cadres are model soldiers to follow, and there is perfect democracy in the army—the officers live exactly like the men; and fifth, our tactics are better because they have been created out of complex situations and hard necessity."

"You are the happiest-looking person I have ever seen. Don't you ever wear yourself out?" I inquired.

"Everybody in the Red Army is always happy and full of spirit and energy," was the pat answer. "This is because we have a determined aim and everyone knows the ultimate victory belongs to us. We are ragged, and sometimes we have to eat food that even a horse or pig wouldn't touch—and we may have only grass sandals—but we are never discouraged, year after year."

Lo likes children, and the picture he gave me showed him as an island entirely surrounded by *hsiao kuei*. One good-looking boy was a Miao-tzü. All his *hsiao kuei* wore good shoes, but Lo proudly displayed a huge pair of grass sandals.

"Where are these *hsiao kuei* now?" I asked, looking at the picture.

"I brought five with me to Yen-an," he replied, and pointed to a pocket-size figure. "That's my bodyguard, T'ang Tse-p'ei—a very intelligent Kiangsi boy only eighteen, who has been with me five years. I had two or three hundred *hsiao kuei* with me on the Long March, right through all my maneuvers. Many were with me during the fighting at Wu-kiang even. Most of them kept up with the troops somehow, but some lagged behind and were lost. They never desert the Army. Many fight in battle, and they are all brave and determined. I had one battalion commander who had been a *hsiao kuei* who was killed at eighteen—he was a very brave boy.

"I have three children of my own in Kiangsi," Lo added wistfully, "but I don't know what has become of them now—and one boy in Yünnan. . . ."

Lo P'ing-hui had all of the old-world courtesy for women. (I never could find out how many wives he had had—he had been an independent married householder at twelve.) He always bowed with cavalier courtliness. And he brought me a very nice gift on parting. It was a round piece of agate—a Lama bead from Tibet, to be worn for good luck. The bead was divided exactly by a white line, like the ring on Saturn.

"Have many other Kuomintang commanders deserted to the Red Army?" I asked. Lo P'ing-hui had been one of Chu Pei-teh's best commanders in the Kuomintang army before he led the Kian Uprising and joined the Red Army in 1929.

"Yes, many lower Kuomintang commanders especially have deserted and brought their guns over with them. The Ningtu Uprising was the biggest. This was led by Teng Chen-t'ang and Chao Pao-shen, and they brought twenty thousand men and ten thousand rifles with them after the uprising. Another was Ch'eng Tzü-hua, now Hsü Hai-tung's political commissar. He was a platoon commander in the Ouyüwan district, and led an uprising of his own and several other platoons to join the Red Army. After 1932, however, hardly any officers deserted from the Kuomintang, because the new Fascist movement influenced them against us."

Lo P'ing-hui has been for several years one of the ten best-

known Red commanders. (When I asked him whom he considered the ablest Red commanders, he replied: "P'eng Teh-huai and Huang Kung-liu who was killed in 1932 at Tungku, Kiangsi.") He and his "Human Cavalry" have become one of the most famous of all Red Army units. How the outsize commander could stay at the head of such a fast-moving professionally mobile column is a mystery. But obviously his legs are as animated as his personality. It took me several days to make out exactly which main front army he belonged to, he seemed to cover so much territory, and they all claimed him. The fact uncovered itself, eventually, that he had been attached to every one of them. He had left with the First Front Army on the Long March from Kiangsi, during which he commanded the dangerous rear-guard position. On their arrival in Szechuan, he had joined the Fourth Front Red Army as rear guard and spent the winter in Tibet with Chu Teh and Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien. Then later on he had traveled through the Grasslands with Ho Lung's Second Front Red Army. At the time I met him he was in command of the 32d Red Army.

Lo P'ing-Hui's personal history is a fascinating study of the revolutionary changes in the life of a soldier from the ranks. He was born in Yünnan in 1899 of a middle-class peasant family. At twelve he ran away to join the army, but was brought back by his family. At sixteen he ran away again and joined the artillery in the garrison troops of Yünnanfu in 1916. He wanted to join the army, he said, "mostly in order to have freedom to revenge myself upon the landlords. I got this idea from seeing two soldiers, who returned to my *hsien*, beating up a landlord with impunity."

He was promoted from the ranks and studied military science through lecture courses at the garrison. In 1920 he was made a member of General T'ang Chi-yao's staff, and went with him to Hongkong as "purchasing agent." This is the general who lost ten million dollars when the Sino-French bank went bankrupt. Lo P'ing-hui was honest, however. "My life with T'ang was luxurious, but I didn't like it," he explained. "Psychologically, I was revolted by an easy life and always enjoyed hard soldiering."

Lo became interested in Sun Yat-senism and in 1922 joined Chu Pei-teh's revolutionary army in Kwangsi, participating in the war against Ch'en Chiung-ming, as battalion commander. He was captured and imprisoned in Kanchow, Kiangsi, for nine months, narrowly avoiding execution, but finally escaped disguised as a peasant and rejoined Chu Pei-teh in Canton. He fought throughout the Northern Expedition, and his battalion was disarmed in Nanchang during the Communist uprising there on August 1, 1927. After this Lo fought against Chu Teh's Red Army two years.

When Lo P'ing-hui was commander of the Peace Preservation Corps engaged in an anti-Red campaign at Kian Kiangsi, the second largest provincial city, he was visited by a young Communist student from Peking National University named Chao Hsin-wu. Lo admired the audacity with which this student risked his head to influence him toward revolution, and fell victim to his arguments. Soon Lo was carrying on dialectical arguments with the local gentry: "In Kian *hsien* there are 300,000 peasants and only 20,000 of you gentry. You say all but you are bandits. If I kill all of these 300,000, how will you be able to live on their labor as you do? These Reds are just peasants trying to solve the problem of living."

Secretly under Commander Lo's protection, the Communists in Kian had a thriving underground colony multiplying. In July 1929 he became a Party member himself, and shortly afterward led the famous Kian Uprising of *min tuan*. He described this occasion to me as follows:

"One afternoon a brigade commander stationed in Kian called a conference with the *hsien* magistrate. This was secret, with locked doors. I was one of those present. In the conference this commander said, 'The Communists in Kian are very active, and we must clear them all out.' He then disclosed the plan to investigate every single room in the city, including all the Peace Preservation Corps quarters. We were all sworn not to reveal anything of what had been said.

"The conference finished at eight o'clock, and two *tuun* (two or three thousand men) were already moving out to

guard every house during the search. I was extremely worried, and could not find the Party secretary until ten o'clock. The 'clearing out' was to begin at twelve midnight, so the comrade rushed away to prepare for the search.

"During the conference, the brigade commander had said, 'We should arrest ten innocent people, rather than let a single Communist escape.' That night a thousand people were arrested and put in the local temple for detention. Then the order was given that those guaranteed by the gentry not to be Communist members could be released.

"A comrade came to me and said, 'Only two of our comrades have been caught, but they know you, and if they make confessions it will be very dangerous.'

"I managed to get their release.

"Of the thousand arrested only a hundred got guarantees, so the others were imprisoned a long time. Many must have been killed later after my uprising. I don't know what happened to them. No guarantee was acceptable except one from the gentry—naturally the poor people could not easily get this.

"It was possible at that time to concentrate all the important gentry in one big meeting and clean them up with one stroke, and to disarm all other troops, concentrate the Red troops near by, and capture the city of Kian without much trouble. This was my plan, but the Party disagreed with it and called it a 'military plot,' so I gave it up.

"Then . . . my connection with the Communist Party was discovered by my wife. I had a fight with her and sent her back to her own family without trouble, however. But once again a local Party organ was discovered and my connection became more and more apparent. So it was necessary to act.

"I led my *min tuan* to a place outside the city called Chih-hsia to stay, as I feared a *coup* against me and that I would be bottled up in the city walls. The brigade commander and the gentry wrote to me saying, 'You must come inside the city. We guarantee to give you so many new machine guns, to raise your salary, and to organize a new company for you,' etc. But I knew this was all a trick because I received,

not one, but several different letters, all unnecessarily urgent.

"I was in control of the main road and of the post office and mails. I ordered an investigation of all mail, and military punishment for smuggling. One night we found a letter from a landlord to one of my lower officers, saying I already had the Communist 'idea,' and that if necessary the officers should at any opportunity try to 'fix' me—that is, arrest and disarm me.

"So I made my plan. Most of the soldiers and officers were under my personal influence. That same night the officer to whom the landlord's letter had been addressed disappeared before I could get him, so I estimated that within three hours the Kuomintang troops would arrive to disarm my forces. Early in the morning I gave the order to concentrate without arms, because one of my detachments was not reliable but under the influence of the gentry. At this meeting I told my men:

"'We have been fighting the Reds a long time. We lead a bitter life with no salary, and now the local gentry accuse us of being Communists! To clear up this suspicion and to get our pay, I want to take you back to Kian.'

"Just as I thought, the soldiers began arguing among themselves, and many said they wanted to join with the Reds and not to go back to the city. We put it to vote then, and those who wanted to join with the Reds were separated and armed, and those who did not receive no arms. At that meeting four hundred joined the Red uprising, and only ten chose to continue with the Kuomintang! (Later on about twenty men deserted with their arms. Altogether only thirty or so rejoined the Kuomintang. *None* of the remaining original participants in the uprising deserted me afterward, however.)

"We left camp and began marching to meet with the Red troops. Soon a new agitation began among my *min tuan*, and some began to waver. They sent spies back, however, and found that the Kuomintang troops had already arrived at our camp to disarm us. Then others said, 'We dare not try to join with the Communists because we have fought the Reds so long they will surely take revenge and kill us.' I

said to them that I had fought the Reds longer than anyone else, yet I knew the Communists were sincere and did not hate the White troops personally, but only the gentry and the Kuomintang, and I declared that I had complete trust in them. We sent a messenger with a letter to the Red Army.

"This region was all White and far away from the Reds, but I took the men to a place where the Party had a strong secret organization. When we arrived, we gathered together, and the Party delegate and I made speeches. The men all tore off their Kuomintang insignia and said, 'Let these things go to the devil! We will wear the red star!' Everyone was jubilant and enthusiastic.

"Three days later, we marched back to our original camp at Chih-hsia carrying high the Red Flag!

"Kian was in chaos. The city gates were closed, and everybody suspected everybody else of planning an uprising. They said, 'If even the commander of the Peace Preservation Corps is a Communist, how many others must there be?' The whole *min t'uan* of the region was reorganized directly under the control of the gentry. The Kuomintang troops had fled inside the city walls already.

"We called a big meeting under the direction of the Party delegate, and three thousand peasants came. The delegate made a speech, then I made mine. I said to the people, 'Three days ago I was commander of the anti-Red Peace Preservation Corps. Now I come back with the red flag. I regret with all my heart that in the past I was utilized by the Kuomintang to fight against you poor people. I am glad to declare that now I have turned to your side to fight for you instead.'

"The peasants who were listening were very happy and shouted, 'Now you are the Red Army! Now you are our own troops! Let us forget the past!'

"When I heard this, I began to cry and could not speak. I felt that I owed the people my life to pay for my past misdeeds.

"Later on two or three hundred other *min t'uan* and regular soldiers deserted the Kuomintang and joined with me. The *min t'uan* are poor mercenaries paid by the landlords, but the Red Army in general doesn't want *min t'uan* because

they have lost their class consciousness in the service of the landlords, and not many of them want to join the Reds, either. If you become a *min t'uan*, a great number of people are held responsible for your actions. Not only your own family and relatives but three other families must guarantee for you, and the landlords usually have a perfect system of investigating their *min t'uan*.

"Now only a few of my *min t'uan* of the Kian Uprising are still alive. Later on over twenty became regimental, company or battalion commanders in the Red Army, and all fought very bravely on the front during the most violent engagements.

"After this we fought partisan warfare for a while, and my troops soon enlarged to over a thousand. We had no connection with the regular Red Army then, as they were far away, but we carried the Red Star and the Hammer-and-Sickle Red Flag. Some of the *min t'uan* wavered for a while, and a rumor started that there were counter-revolutionary elements among us and that I received money from the Reds and from Moscow! I made the men search my room, and finally they were all convinced that I hadn't a copper and was as poor as they, so their confidence was not shaken.

"The Kuomintang had two battalions near by, but they dared not come anywhere near our region because of fear of us. At this time we confiscated and arrested the landlords, but few were killed, and those only on demand of the local people by formal vote in a mass meeting.

"After several months of independent partisan fighting, in January 1930, P'eng Teh-huai and Huang Kung-liu came to meet me. One month later Chu Teh's troops also came to the Tai-ho region in Kian to unite forces. My command was enlarged to 2,000 men then."

In 1930 Lo P'ing-hui was made commander of the 12th Red Army, which the Reds called the "Biped Cavalry," a special mobile maneuvering force trained to attack and divert enemy forces away from the main column. He was later made commander of the Ninth Red Army Corps and fought in nearly every important battle during the Five Campaigns

in the South, then commanded the gallant rear guard during the Long March. The story of his maneuvers during the Long March matches the tales of the *San Kuo*. In Tung-chuan-fu, Yünnan, for instance, he confiscated the magistrate's official seal and the Kuomintang uniforms of the local soldiers, and ordered his Kuomintang-clad troops ferried across the River of Golden Sand in full official style.

From October 1935 to August 1936 Lo P'ing remained on the Sikong-Szechuan border. As he tells the story: "When the main Red Army left Szechuan on the march to the Northwest, my troops were five or six days behind them. I was also four or five days' march distant from the Fourth Front Red Army. I was surrounded by the Man-tzü tribesmen and had severe fighting with them. We defeated the Man-tzüs by climbing a mountain and going around to their rear. Being so far behind by that time, I joined the Fourth Front Army under Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien as his rear guard."

In Szechuan Lo P'ing-hui was given command of the 32d Red Army. What happened to the gallant "Human Cavalry," I couldn't find out—but I fear that not many survived to tell the epic tale of their adventures.

The Red soldiers always say of Lo P'ing-hui: "He is a one-man battle. He gets so engrossed in fighting that he is always in the front lines directing only one squad or company and forgets to command the rest of the troops."

## VI. HSÜ HSIANG-CH'IEN, WHAMPOA VETERAN OF FOUR SOVIETS

HAD I LEFT Yen-an in June, as originally planned, I should have missed Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien. This elusive commander was stationed far away in Kansu, but fortunately for me made a trip to the Red capital while I was there, so I was able to get the unknown stories of three isolated Soviets from the only person who was able to tell these. Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien had always been separated from the Central Soviets, so the Communist leaders themselves had hardly even been intro-

duced to him. I had asked nearly everyone in Yen-an to give me some notes for his biography, but nobody knew anything about his personal background except that he was a graduate of the First Class of Whampoa Cadets.

The mere name Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien is a flaming brand of Red Terror to the corrupt war lords and landlords of Szechuan. I remember very well when I first heard this name discussed. An old Szechuan landlord who was in Tientsin as a refugee from the Red Army had said:

"I understand that the Central Red armies are quite reasonable. But Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien is too fierce. There was too much killing in Szechuan. Otherwise, even the landlords might have welcomed the Reds, because we were so sick of tax extortion and the corrupt warlord regime there."

I had expected a dashing military figure, to say the least. But Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien did not look at all like an officer, much less a firebrand. He was an intellectual type, with fine sensitive hands and face. I noticed that he wore the only pair of foreign-leather shoes I had seen on a Red commander—and he knew a little English. He seemed moody, introspective, reserved, not inclined to talk much, and had a surprisingly modest manner with an occasional shy boyish smile. He was thin, pale and nervous, with a nervous tic in his throat. Now only thirty-five years old, he had been wounded three times in his long years of battle and had not escaped the psychological ravages of revolutionary life, as the other Red commanders seem to have done. He told me, however, that he had always been in good health during his campaigning, and others said he was famous for being unusually daring and brave as he led his troops in battle. When I met him, he was ill.

The doctor had given Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien orders to rest, and he was permitted to spend only an hour or so a day talking to me. It was a great effort for him to take time and energy to give me an account of his experiences, especially inasmuch as he had not previously collected this material together and had no notes as he talked. He had difficulty remembering dates and details.

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lives of the Red Army people, but with Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien I could get nowhere at all. He seemed profoundly disinterested in himself as a personality, and five paragraphs were all I could inveigle out of him, to my great disappointment. Being more the sensitive, intellectual type—he had once even been a school teacher—and therefore more conscious of the meaning of his personal experiences, I think his impressions and reactions in so many different revolutionary situations would have been intensely interesting to know. But he was stubbornly reserved and matter-of-fact. It is a tribute to his intellectual initiative that he rose out of the backward conditions of the isolated province of Shansi; he is the only Shansi man among the first-rank Communist leaders.

Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien represents the Whampoa tradition in the Red Army, a fact of which he is conscious. In his comments at the end of our interview, he added as one of the reasons for the superiority of the Red Army the fact that it "has carried on the traditional spirit of the true Chinese Revolution and maintains the revolutionary spirit of the Whampoa Academy of the period of the Great Revolution." Commander Hsü is one of the few surviving veterans of those idealistic revolutionary, and usually petty-bourgeois, youths educated at Whampoa in Canton, who were the life and spirit of the Kuomintang Revolution of 1925-27. A great percentage of the Whampoa graduates joined with the Communists either before or after the Split in 1927, and they were the first to be sacrificed when the Red Army movement began. Hundreds were killed in the ill-fated Canton Commune and Hailofeng Soviet, the backbone of which was the Chao Tao Tuan, the regiment made up entirely of Whampoa Cadets from Canton and from the Whampoa branch at Wuhan called the "Military and Political Academy." Dozens of other Whampoa men were killed with the Red Army later. Others left the Soviets and joined with the Third Party, so that today only a few remain with the Reds, such as Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien, Lin Piao, Yeh Chien-ying, Cheng Ken, Nieh Ho-t'ing, Ch'en Po-chün, Tso Ch'uan, Hsiao Ching-kuang and others not so well known. Chou En-lai had been political director of Whampoa—not a cadet—and his

background in revolution had an earlier beginning in Europe. Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien was a classmate of some of Chiang Kai-shek's best generals, such as Hu Chung-nan, and ranks with them in military ability. These Whampoa graduates have great respect for Hsü and usually rank his name along with Chu Teh when they mention the Red commanders in newspaper articles. It is said that once during a battle near the Sungpan, Hu Chung-nan sent a messenger to Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien with greetings from one Whampoa charter member to another.

Since the beginning of the Kuomintang revolution in 1924, Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien has fought throughout the length and breadth of China in nearly every province. He began as a political director, before engaging in pure military work. I think that perhaps he had the most varied experience of anyone during the Soviet movement, for he is a veteran leader of four different Soviet movements.

The outline of his experience tells the story of the bourgeois-democratic-nationalist revolution of China from its beginning under the Kuomintang to its transformation into a struggle for Soviets under the Communists, and up to the giving up of the youngest of the Soviets in Szechuan in 1936.

There were five main Soviet districts: The Central Soviets in Kiangsi, the Ouyüwan Soviet near Wuhan and the Yangtze River, the Hunan-Hupeh-Kweichow Soviet, the Szechuan-Shensi Soviet, and the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Soviet. Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien was a leader in two of these, as well as in the two earliest attempts which failed disastrously at Canton and Hailofeng in 1927. The history of the Ouyüwan and Szechuan Soviets has been very obscure, and indeed Hsü is the only individual who has all this material at his command. I consider myself very lucky to get this story in so complete a form, as well as the almost forgotten story of Hailofeng, of which few participants are now alive.

At the end of his narrative, Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien volunteered to express his opinion on the reasons for the success of the Red Army and to analyze the process of the development of strategy during the struggle of his Fourth Front Red Army,

which at one time had nearly a hundred thousand troops, although it suffered disastrous losses in the Northwest fighting against the Mohammedans in 1936 and 1937. Here are the five paragraphs of Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien's personal story:

"My home is at Wutaishan\* in Shansi, where the Governor, Yen Hsi-shan, was also born. My father was a *hsiu-ts'ai* scholar and taught school. He was also a small landlord, owning thirty or forty *mou* of land. In my family were one younger and two elder sisters, one elder brother and his wife and my parents.

"I was born in 1902. As a child I studied in school at home for three years, then went to the Higher Primary School three years. After this I worked as clerk in a bookshop for a while before entering the Taiyuan Normal School. Upon my graduation I taught in the primary school attached to the Ch'u'an Tze Middle School in Wutaishan—this school having been founded by Yen Hsi-shan. In 1924 I went to Canton to enter the Whampoa Military Academy of the Kuomintang.

"Shansi Province was very backward, both socially and politically. It was difficult to get the new progressive books to read. However, I was already interested in revolution. Even in 1915, when the Japanese took occasion during the World War to present the Twenty-one Demands to China, I was the leader of a student demonstration against this, and talked to the people on the street. The establishment of the Kuomintang had a great influence on me later, and I wanted to go to Canton because it was then the revolutionary center. I joined the Kuomintang as soon as I arrived in Canton in 1924, being then twenty-two years old.

"My father being very conservative and opposed to my ideas, I ran away to Canton without his knowledge. Only my brother knew my intention of becoming a military man at Whampoa. I had already been married and had a daughter. My wife died when I went to Whampoa, and I have no idea what became of the child.

\*Wutaishan is one of the famous sacred mountains of China, and is now the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army and the center of its new "Shansi-Hopei-Chahar" special area.

"I was a graduate of the First Class of Whampoa Cadets in 1924. There were six detachments—about seven hundred graduates. We had received six months' training. Whampoa then had two Soviet Russian instructors, Borodin and Korloff, who made speeches to the cadets and had considerable influence on us. However, at that time I was in the middle, between the Society of Sun Yat-senism on the Right and the Communist Party which many joined on the Left."

After graduating from Whampoa, Hsü Hsiang-ch'i'en fought in the North against the war lords Yen Hsi-shan and Chang Tso-lin, in the first phase of the Kuomintang revolution. He was active in forming the Special Training groups which were the revolutionary cadres of the army. During the period of the Wuhan Government in 1926, he was instructor in the Wuchang Military and Political Academy, a branch of Whampoa, and joined the Communist Party in 1926. After the Split with the Kuomintang in 1927 he did secret Party work as a member of Chang Fa-kuei's staff in the famous "Ironsides" army. Then he trained and led a detachment of factory workmen in the Canton Commune on December 11, 1927. After this failed, he went with the ill-starred Chao Tao Tuan to defend the Hailofeng Soviet, the first in China, which was destroyed within a few weeks, after terrific fighting. He escaped to Shanghai, and went to the nascent Ouyüwan Soviet near Wuhan in June 1929. This doughty little Soviet was perhaps the scene of the bitterest class struggle of the Soviet period, and had a population of two millions.

When Hsü Hsiang-ch'i'en arrived in the Ouyüwan area, he found only two hundred armed Hupeh partisans dignifiedly calling themselves the 31st Division of the Peasants' and Workers' Red Army. They held only two *hsien* in Hupeh—Huang-an and Ma-tsen. An uprising was held in San-tsen and Kwang-shan *hsien* in Honan in 1929, from which a new 32d Division was formed, and in the latter part of 1929 the "Hupeh-Honan Soviet" was formally inaugurated. In 1930 the Reds occupied four *hsien* in Anhui, and enlarged the Soviet, which was then called the "Ouyüwan Soviet," after the three ancient names of these provinces used by the local

people—Hupeh being called “Ou” by the people, Honan, “Yü” (the ancient Confucian state), and Anhui, “Wan.”

Upon arrival in this district Hsü Hsiang-ch’ien was made vice-commander of the 31st Division and later commander. For months the 31st and 32d divisions fought a running battle back and forth across the terrain—against the local Red Spears in the pay of the landlords and against a Kuomin-tang brigade stationed there. Then the First “Extermination” Campaign began, led by General Hsia To-yin, notorious, like Ho Ch’ien, for his brutal atrocities. The rebel peasants had to run away to the mountains, and the White troops occupied all the Soviet areas except the tops of the mountains, burning houses and massacring the population. This brutality had the usual dialectical effect, and soon great masses of the people joined the Soviet movement, even though until 1930 no land redistribution had been effected.

In 1930 the movement developed rapidly, and for the first time the Reds captured machine guns and artillery, which helped them immensely, and uniformed themselves in proper style. They captured telephones and radio but had no operators and had to destroy them. They also captured one airplane, and forced the pilot to carry out a bombing expedition for them once. (Speaking of airplanes, Hsü told me, “In a later period when I was in command of the 4th Red Army, we destroyed ten airplanes—all were brought down by rifle shots.”) By December 1930 the Red divisions numbered six thousand men, and had partially Sovietized ten *hsien*, numbering a population of about one million. The three Red divisions were in that month reorganized into the 4th Red Army, of which Kuang Chi-hsun was made commander and Hsü Hsiang-ch’ien chief-of-staff.

The Second and Third campaigns in 1931 resulted in big victories for the Red Army. On November 7, 1931, the troops were again reorganized into the Fourth Front Red Army, including the previous 4th Red Army and the 73d Division of the 25th Red Army, and Hsü Hsiang-ch’ien was made commander-in-chief. According to Hsü, “The Ouyüwan Soviet was at its highest period just after this defeat of the

Third Campaign in 1931. There was a population of about two millions under our control at that time."

After the Fourth Campaign in 1932, in which the Reds did not fare so well, Hsü says, "It was decided that this army [the Fourth Front Red Army] should go to Szechuan and organize a new Soviet, because this province was a good area for us, being richer and more heavily populated. We left the Ouyüwan Soviet guarded by the other troops (the 25th Red Army under Hsü Hai-tung), and marched through Hupeh, Honan and Shensi into Szechuan, arriving in December 1932. We first occupied T'ung-chiang, Nanchiang and Pa-chou in north Szechuan. Before the Red Army arrived in Szechuan, the oppression of the ruling class had been very great, so when we came the people were very excited and immediately began to struggle against their oppressors. Many were anxious to join the army, and we added a great number of new recruits."

On May 11, 1933, according to Hsü, the Reds annihilated about twenty regiments of T'ien Tsung-yao's opium-ridden Szechuan troops, many others deserting to the Red Army, and one week later organized the "Tung-nan-pa Soviet" from the three above-named *hsien*. Speaking of this occasion, Hsü told me, "At Pa-chou we held our Soviet Delegates Congress, attended by 3,000 delegates who represented nearly a million population. Pa-chou had 500,000 people, T'ung-chiang about 200,000 and Nanchiang about 200,000. After the Delegates Congress the Fourth Front Red Army increased tremendously." The original Red divisions were expanded into whole armies, including then the 4th Army, the 9th Army and the 30th and 31st armies.

After defeating Generals Yang Sen and Liu Ch'eng-hou, the Reds had partially Sovietized fourteen *hsien*. These fourteen *hsien* were then incorporated into the "Szechuan-Shensi Soviet," of which Chang Kuo-t'ao was the political head and Chairman of the Military Committee, while Hsü commanded the Fourth Front Red Army and Fu Chung was his Political Commissar.

A new 33d Army was created, and the entire Red forces

then numbered 38 regiments, or 60,000 men, against which the Szechuan militarists mobilized 170 regiments. The six Szechuan war lords co-operated in a campaign, and according to Hsü, "We fought against this six-route campaign for ten months and defeated them all. During those ten months we killed and wounded at least 100,000 White soldiers. We ourselves had only 10,000 wounded in the hospitals, and I have no estimate of the number killed."

Hsü was very proud of his strategy and tactics during this battle and told me about it at length. He had held a line of defense over a thousand *li* in length. In conclusion, he added: "In order to supplement our numbers, we surrounded one regiment of Hu Chung-nan's army. Then we went forward to Hanchung and expanded our troops very much there. When we started the Long March in 1935 . . . we had so many new recruits for the Red Army that within one month our forces had increased about two fifths. At that time the Fourth Front Red Army had more than eighty thousand troops."

The First Front Red Army under Chu Teh from the Central Soviets in the South arrived and met the Fourth Front Red Army at T'a-wei in Mo-kung *hsien*, Szechuan, in June 1935. Most of the First Front Army units marched on to the Northwest under P'eng Teh-huai and Mao Tsê-tung, while Chu Teh with two armies remained in Szechuan with the Fourth Front Red Army.

"In February 1936 we concentrated our forces in Sikong (Tibet) at such places as Tao-fu, Lu-huo, Kan-chi, Ya-chang, K'ang-ting and several other *hsien*, and formed the 'Special Independent Government of the Minorities,'" Hsü concluded. "At that time the Second Front Red Army had begun its Long March from Hunan and crossed over the River of Golden Sand in Yünnan province. They passed through Pa-t'ang, and at the end of June these troops arrived in Kan-chi and met together with our Fourth Front Red Army. In the beginning of July we all together began the March forward to the North and passed through the Great Grasslands for a month. In the first part of August we arrived in southern Kansu and . . . in the beginning of October 1936 we met

together with the First Front Red Army in the Hui-ning district in Kansu."

## VII. THE CHINESE CHARACTER CHANGES

IT WAS A DRAMATIC THING TO SEE: the ideograph in revolt. The Chinese language liberating itself from its ancient tomb.

I found the Chinese Communists engaged in an intensive mass education program through the use of Latinized Chinese, or *hsinwenz* (new characters), as they called it. This is a revolution in China of great significance. Such a step was basic in the Renaissance of Europe, and is a great stride forward in the cultural renaissance of China. It means more than the emancipation of thought and the quickening of new intellectual life among the illiterate masses of China. It means laying the foundation for a new cultural and political democracy.

At present the Chinese intellectuals find themselves unable even to communicate with the mass of their own people, except through lectures, the theater and the graphic arts. Much less have the illiterate 80 or 90 per cent a means of communication with each other. Although the dead *wen yen* classical style of the Confucian scholars was overthrown in the literary world by the "Literary Revolution" of 1917, led by Hu Shih and Ch'en Tu-hsiu, the new *pai hua*, or "plain speech" written language, simply became a new cult of the literati among a circle of modern-educated students. Although it created a medium for writing the spoken language, it still retained the ancient ideograph, which takes years of eyestrain and hard study to master. And advanced students of the modern sciences and mathematics had to learn foreign languages in order to have a sound scientific terminology for their work, as well. The *pai hua* movement advanced the spread of a *kuo yü* or "national language," based upon the "Mandarin" or official Peking dialect, but so long as the ideograph was retained, it was impossible to write in the true vernacular of the various local dialects. The literature

of the country people still remained in the Homeric stage of itinerant storytellers, and their newspaper was the irresponsible rumor-monger for the most part. The people themselves did not share in the new cultural movement.

With a Latinized alphabet instead of the hieroglyphic, anyone who can speak Chinese can learn to write it within a few weeks. It is elastic and simple. The local dialects can be written easily and village education in the "reading and writing and 'rithmetic" stage made immediately universal. Spelling is very simple in Chinese and presents no such complicated problem as has developed in English, for instance. China, of course, is a linguistically divided continent almost like Europe. However, a single letter of the new Latinized alphabet has a common written form, but various pronunciations, just as in Spanish, English, Scotch, French and Italian. Latinization makes it phonetically possible to spell every conceivable word, with tones indicated by diacritical marks, somewhat as in French and is readily pronounceable by all who speak a common branch of the language.

This is so logically the answer to the vast problem of enlightening the "dark masses" of China that it is astonishing it has not been nationally instituted before. On the contrary, however, the Nanking Government has for several years prohibited the teaching of *hsinwenz*, and banned all magazines using it as "Communist." In 1935 there was even a tendency to restore the old *wen yen* in the schools. Too many people knew too much already, they decided, after the peasant revolts and general popular criticism leveled against the corruption of the ruling class. "We must preserve our national heritage," they said. "We must never put the ancient writing of our ancestors in the museums, with the rest of our old culture."

Actually, the fear that Latinization will drive out the ideograph is unimportant. It will create a vast new educated people, but those who have time and money to spend in higher education can still learn the old characters, just as in the West we still produce our scholars of Latin and Greek. Actually, giving the mass of the people a means of becoming literate will tremendously increase the knowledge of the old

Literature and culture, by giving them the rudimentary ability to read and write which is the first step toward higher education of any kind. In the same spirit it will increase the spread of a *kuo yü* standard dialect rather than prevent it, by stimulating the tempo of education and increasing intercourse throughout the *hsien* and provinces of the interior generally. It is a positive contribution in every sense.

The Chinese character is a curious phenomenon. Consciously or unconsciously it has been so elaborately specialized by the canny old scholars as to become an instrument of political power for keeping a monopoly over the national culture and a dictatorship over the people. For the ignorant masses the character was almost magic, and they worshiped those who were able to read and write like priests. It was actually a branch of art, not a form of communication. The villagers even thought a few characters by Tu Fu would cure malaria!

Not only has the ideograph prevented the spread of education among the people, but it has imprisoned the minds of the intellectuals of China. Just how much it has been responsible for the conservative and reactionary nature of the educated class of China in the past could probably be determined by mathematical ratio. In the past a man spent a lifetime merely learning to read and write and was considered a scholar if only he were able to read the *wen-li* classics and write a *pa-ku* essay at examination time.

It is undoubtedly true that if only a democratic system of education were introduced into China, the Chinese would take vast strides toward the leadership of the whole of human culture just as in early times. It has been only the stalemate whereby the educated class held tight to its monopoly of learning, preventing mass education, at the same time that its own intellectual initiative was destroyed by being bounded by an ideographic frame of mind, that has prevented a tremendous development. The Chinese have achieved prodigious memories, but the avenues of creative thinking have been crowded out by so much mere storage lumber.

This potentiality was shown in the Soviet districts. Being

able to read and write seemed to raise the Red soldiers to a different plane of thinking. The people of China are all pathetically eager to grasp at any straw of education. To send his son to school, a farmer will make almost any sacrifice. This is one reason for the popularity of the Communists. Though they had little personnel to spare for school teaching and little time between battles, the first thing they did in every district was to start primary schools for adults and children, trying to educate enough teachers quickly to disseminate all available knowledge as widely as possible.

In Yen-an there were night schools everywhere. Brick-layers and apprentices, merchants' sons and poor farmers sat at their desks eagerly learning to read and write after their day of hard exhausting labor. Both the old Chinese characters and the *hsinwenz* were available. The people usually preferred that their sons learn the old characters, looking upon *hsinwenz* as a kind of fake short cut. It was so easy they could not believe it was actually a proper way of writing. But many of them had no time for the luxury of learning the "proper" characters, and for these the Latinized alphabet was like a dispensation from heaven.

Old Hsü Teh-lieh was the Commissioner of Education of the Soviet Government. A charming old man over sixty with wonderful humorous eyes, rosy bronze cheeks, unruly boyish hair, a wispy mustache and broad shoulders a little bent with age, Hsü Teh-lieh was himself a living record of the progress of education in China from *wen yen* to *hsinwenz*. One of the Fighting Hunanese, he had begun teaching the classics at the age of sixteen. After studying in Shanghai and Japan, he returned to Changsha as principal of a girls' normal school for eight years, then went to Paris at the age of forty-three to work his way through three years' study at Paris University and one at Lyons. In 1928 he went to Moscow to study two years more at Sun Yat-sen University, then entered the Central Soviets in Kiangsi.

He was valiantly struggling to establish universal education in the barren isolated villages of the Northwest, and was an ardent enthusiast for Latinizing the language.

"Do you think mass education is possible in China through the continued use of the old character?" I asked him.

"I think it would be impossible under our present economic conditions. The peasants and workers cannot attend the classroom. They must learn individually and from each other. That is one reason why the Thousand Character method of Tinghsien cannot easily be made a basis for popular education in the villages. Poor people in China must educate themselves. And they should be able to write everything they speak—so a thousand characters is not enough, anyway.

"In three months we can teach a person to read and write through the Latinized alphabet. In two years we can make him entirely literate so that he can read newspapers and the ordinary political and social lectures. To achieve this same result by the use of the old characters would take at least ten years of study in a classroom."

"How many are now able to use the *hsinwenz*?" I inquired.

"We have no statistics on this, but I should estimate that in the Party and among the Red Army officers alone at least twenty thousand can read and write *hsinwenz*. Comparatively more of those who were originally illiterate in the old characters know *hsinwenz* than those who were already literate before we began teaching *hsinwenz*, of course.

"We now have a plan to promote *hsinwenz* on a grand scale. We are publishing songs in it because it is so much easier to read, and this summer we have sent out a hundred traveling teachers, who will go to the villages and workshops to carry on classes in *hsinwenz*. Last winter we had a hundred night schools in *hsinwenz* for the peasants."

"When did you start teaching Latinized Chinese?" I asked.

"When Lin Pei-ch'u was teaching in Vladivostok in 1932 he made a special study of the methods of Latinization used in the Soviet Union. He returned to the Central Soviets in Kiangsi in 1933. At that time, however, we had more stable conditions and could carry on with our ordinary schools easily, so we did not stress *hsinwenz*. For instance, in our

model *hsien* in Kiangsi, Hsingkuo, every person under forty-five could write the old characters, and today every soldier in the Red Army from Kiangsi writes the old characters well. All propaganda slogans are written by the common soldiers, not by the officers. Then during the Fifth Campaign in 1934 and the Long March our work was interrupted, so we are only now really mobilizing on the *hsinwenz* front."

The original impetus toward Latinizing the ideographic languages of the East came from Soviet Russia. According to Tass News Agency under date of May 21, 1936, "Since 1917 the new Latinized alphabet has been adopted by sixty-eight nationalities, mainly oriental, i.e., over twenty-five million people. Prior to the Revolution, many of these nationalities did not even possess a written language of their own, while in 1935 they had newspapers printed in fifty-three languages."

Chinese was first Latinized in Soviet Russia. About 1931 a professor named Dragunov in the Oriental Institute at Leningrad worked out a twenty-eight-letter alphabet for Chinese. He first experimented with this among the thousands of Chinese miners near Vladivostok in Siberia. It was immediately successful. Soon a few Leftist Chinese students and writers in China began agitating for its adoption in China proper, and in 1935 a "Mass Language Movement" based on Latinized characters was begun, which was more or less suppressed by the Nanking Government.\*

The students, however, took it up immediately and wrote their letters in it during the revolutionary student movement in 1935 and 1936—to the mystification of the government censors.

This twenty-eight-letter alphabet adopted from Soviet Russia discards only three of the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet, namely, h, q and v, and adds five new combinations, namely, ch, ng, rh, sh and rh. Phrases are

\*After the war with Japan began, the Government changed its mind somewhat about Latinization, finding an urgent need to rouse the mass of the people to the anti-Japanese struggle and having no method to do so. In 1938 a "New Chinese Language Movement" began in Hankow, sponsoring the promotion of Latinization for emergency education during the war.

made into polysyllabic words. The great number of homonyms in Chinese creates a problem but in practice these serve much the same purpose as suffixes and prefixes in Greek, and become differentiated when combined into compound words in the same way. Actually, spoken Chinese is not monosyllabic at all, but cannot be understood except in word groups and phrases. In the old written form, however, each syllable had to be represented by a complex character, sometimes made up of fifteen strokes. A Chinese typewriter, suitable only for the most ordinary usage, has to have two keyboards of five thousand characters, for instance. According to one authority, "The Chinese written language is composed of 23,265 monosyllabic characters. . . . One has to commit each one of them to memory both with regard to its sound, meaning and the way it is written. . . . On the other hand, in the case of the Latinized language, there are only twenty-eight letters. An experiment made in refugee camps in Shanghai shows that an adult of normal mental capacity learns how to read and write it within three weeks. . . . Now if the Chinese language is Latinized, a simpler typewriter can be manufactured. This will revolutionize the Chinese printing and newspaper industries. For, if a handy typewriter can be built, Chinese linotypes will come as a matter of course."

Among the educated classes, the movement toward establishing the *kuo yü* national language has been a useful unifying influence. However, this has had no meaning whatever among the mass of the people themselves. They are still as isolated as before, and lack of education has continued to nurture provincialism and feudal suspicion of strange ways and ideas. Latinization would help to break down these provincial barriers. It would make it easy for persons from different provinces to learn each other's dialect phonetically, thereby hastening the process of rousing national consciousness and creating fellow understanding and the spirit of nationhood. This is especially true in the case of the national minorities of China and of all the various ideograph-using peoples with which China has contact—the tribesmen, the Tibetans, Moslems, Mongols, Koreans, Japanese and others.

With the aid of a Latinized alphabet they can learn Chinese easily, and the Chinese can learn their native languages. An international alphabet would have a tremendous influence in establishing interracial and international understanding—not the least important of which would be the bridging of the linguistic chasm which now separates Europe from China.

While I was in Yen-an, the Chinese Communists were already successfully experimenting with the use of Latinization among the Lolos, Man-tzüs, Miao-tzüs, Mongols, Moslems and other national minorities attending the Communist Party School.

### III. NEW PROPHETS FOR MONGOL, MOSLEM AND TRIBESMAN

IN THE DORMITORIES of the "National Minorities School" I found the fighting tribesmen of China living in perfect collective harmony with the sectarian Mohammedans and the individualistic Mongols—though the Moslems had the upper hand, I was told. There were four Man-tzüs, one Tibetan, eight Lolos, ten Mongols and ten Moslems. Of these only one was a girl—a tubby little butter-fat Mongol.

These "unoppressed minorities" were all gay and happy in their little Red schoolhouse and studied their lessons as hard as anyone. The nomad Mongols, however, were insurgent against having to sit still too long at a time, Dean Ch'eng told me, and wandered about the campus wishing for a more peripatetic system of education in the good old Aristotelian manner. In fact, if they had been given real autonomy, they would have instituted Marxist classes on horseback, no doubt.

These representatives of the national minorities of China were being trained in revolutionary theory so they could go back to their homes to work as missionaries of the new Marxist-Leninist faith. Central Asia is now doing a brisk trade in exchanging old prophets for new. With the dynamic

Chinese Communists on the east and the vast Sinkiang-Outer Mongolia influence on the west, the priests and princes of the old order are between the hammer and the anvil. A regenerate nationhood is being pounded into shape, with the conflicts between China, Japan and the Soviet Union acting as a bellows for fanning the fires of national and racial independence. And at the same time a new internationalism is being created on a basis of national equality and self-determination—and Latinization of the various languages.

"At present, because their education is just beginning, these students study only four courses," Dean Ch'eng Fang-wu explained. "These are: Latinhua [Latinized characters], the Chinese language, elementary Marxist political science, and the natural sciences, such as zoology and botany, which last they enjoy very much. We use Latinhua to teach Chinese, and after they have learned Latinization it is not difficult for them to learn Chinese, as well as other languages. All of them have learned Latinhua easily except the Iolos, who find it hard because their own language has practically no written text at all."

The problem of national minorities has always been a very important one in Chinese political administration, but now it is greatly intensified. Sun Yat-sen had a liberal self-determination policy, which was not realized, however, when the Kuomintang came into power and put most of his principles on the shelf. In this, as in agrarian and other fields, the heirs to his progressive program were the Communists, who shifted it a little to the Left—but actually carried out substantially his basic concepts. Since the Chinese began suppressing and driving out these original inhabitants of China centuries ago, there has been only bitter hatred between the two contestants for the land. The tribes have been in continuous revolt against the harshness and cruelty of the invaders, and have gallant and patriotically defended their homes through a long bloody history of warfare. Many have already been destroyed.\* But others are holding their

\*Since the war with Japan has already forced over thirty million refugees into the crowded interior, the pressure on these minorities will become greater than ever in the near future.

own in the mountain fastnesses of frontier regions. Indeed, the warlike Lolos have captured tens of thousands of Chinese and still use them as slaves in their little kingdom. Of the eleven million inhabitants of mountainous Yünnan Province, about two thirds are aborigines—Lolos, Lisus, Musus, Man-tzüs and Miao-tzüs, and others, including some fifteen or sixteen main tribes. Kweichow has six or seven tribes, and Kwangtung, Kwangsi and Szechuan not less than three or four. They also exist in Hunan, Honan and in various bordering districts, as well as on the island of Hainan. In western Szechuan there are said to be about forty tribes and sub-tribes, and on the Szechuan-Tibetan border and the Sungpan region they have well-organized states, particularly in the case of the Hsi-fan (Sifan) and Man-tzü tribes. According to J. Dyer Ball, in *Things Chinese*, "in the provinces of Hunan, Kweichow, Kwangsi, Yünnan, and Szechuan, the aboriginal tribes—Miao-tzü and others—occupy an area of country equal to that of France, and are some millions in number, representing numerous tribes and sub-tribes; as many as one hundred and eighty being mentioned, though perhaps not so many are in existence now."

These tribes still cling to their own culture, customs, language and dress. They are very clean, of fine physique, and possessed of the highest qualities of courage and racial solidarity.\*

The most interesting of the tribes are the Lolos (who call themselves I-chia). They are the largest of the tribes, and Independent Lololand occupies a territory of eleven thousand square miles on the Yünnan-Szechuan border. Lololand lies in a bend of the great Upper Yangtze River, and few Chinese had ever voluntarily penetrated its borders and come out alive before the Red Army ventured to do so.

The Chinese Soviets originally had much the same broad general policy toward the national minorities of China as the U.S.S.R. of Russia. In this all the various tribes in

\*Mr Ball also states: "It has been suggested that the Japanese are descendants of the Man or Miao tribes, who crossed over from the south of China to their future island home. At the time of their emigration they were the only inhabitants of the South of China."

southern and western China would have their autonomous republics, as well as the Mohammedans, Manchus, Mongols and others. Through the class struggle they hoped to see the old feudal or slave societies changed to more progressive forms. On the principle of democracy, religious freedom and national independence were guaranteed, and the cultural heritage of the various races was not to be destroyed but revitalized and transformed into a new historical era.

While remaining in the South, the Soviets had little occasion to worry about the minorities question, but during the Long March and when they arrived in the Mohammedan-dominated Northwest, it became very important indeed. One of the most dramatic things about the Red Army's Long March across a continent was that its route audaciously passed through the closed tribal territories of interior China and halted in the fiercely anti-Chinese Mohammedan regions of the Northwest. Negotiating a thoroughfare required the most skillful diplomacy as well as the highest test of fighting power. The tribesmen and the Moslems have been traditionally considered better warriors than the Chinese, and when their territory is invaded they fight a desperate holy war. The Communists tried every possible measure to win the confidence of the tribespeople and other minorities, but in spite of their efforts, their worst losses occurred in the Man-tzü region and in Mohammedan Kansu. On the whole their success was amazing, however. Hundreds of tribesmen who had never before co-operated with any Chinese army gladly joined the Red March, including the elusive Lolos, while others assisted the army on its way. Even earlier in their Soviet history, however, the Second Front Red Army under Ho Lung had established friendly relations with the Miao-tzü tribesmen in Kweichow. Wang Chêng, Hsiao K'eh's Political Commissar, had been the Red Army delegate in these early negotiations, and when I talked with him proudly gave me a photograph of himself surrounded by his Miao-tzü friends.

In passing through Kwangsi, Kweichow and Yünnan on the Long March the Red Army had little trouble with the tribesmen, but when they reached Independent Lololand

they had to take time off for a little first-class diplomacy and disarm the warlike Lolos of their traditional hatred and distrust of all Chinese. (They couldn't aspire to disarming them of their guns even if they had wanted to, but on the contrary had a taste for their own medicine, the Lolos looking upon them as a caravan of "ammunition carriers," just as the Reds had previously looked upon their Kuomintang enemy.) The Red Army leaders had to do a great deal of plain and fancy talking about their theories of "national autonomy" and enter into a formal alliance with the Lolo chieftains, giving them arms and ammunition as the condition of their common front against the "White" Chinese. Commander Liu Pei-ch'eng, a native of Szechuan familiar with Lolo ways, became a blood brother by going through the ceremony of drinking the blood of a chicken. Thus was the first Lolo-Chinese peace treaty signed and sealed. Lo P'ing-hui, who was in command of the rear guard at this time, remarked to me in discussing this occasion:

"Five or six thousand Lolos were concentrated, meaning to fight and they had already captured about six or seven hundred rifles from the Red Army. . . . However, the Lolos hated the Central Government troops, and after making an arrangement with them we gave them rifles and they protected us on the march. The Lolos captured many rifles from the White troops, just as they had from us, and fought the Whites along the way. The Miao-tzüs and Man-tzüs also attacked the White outposts."

All the Red commanders I talked with agreed that the best warriors they encountered on the whole Long March were the Man-tzü tribesmen in western Szechuan—and they had fought against ten different provincial armies and the best Central Government troops on the way. The Man-tzüs used the same tactics in defending their homes as the Reds had used so successfully in defense of their Soviets. They were experts in ambush and guerilla warfare, and in addition had a few tricks of their own. They moved the whole population and all food supplies out of reach of the marching Red column, then settled down to individual sniping from

behind rocks and trees. The Reds could not even see their invisible enemy, but he was all around them. At first they could not capture anybody, and negotiations were impossible. The effect was very demoralizing. The Man-tzüs sat back and annihilated the vanguard units as they came along. Their favorite method was to ensconce themselves beside some narrow defile through which the Reds had to pass in single file. They were infallible sharpshooters and never wasted a bullet. Their way of using firearms was curious. They trained their guns on a certain spot, then shot every victim right in the center of the forehead as he passed by. Or at other times, when the exhausted and harassed Red soldiers lay down to rest, the Man-tzüs stole up silently and cut their heads off, making away with their guns before the nervous patrols could come around five minutes later. They also made swift cavalry forays. We may quote Lo P'ing-hui, the veteran fighter, again:

"In the Grasslands we were constantly attacked by the Man-tzü cavalry. They can shoot on horseback and are crack marksmen. The Man-tzüs are very *li hai*\* and hard to fight. They fight better than the Kuomintang troops because they are expert at ambush and mountain warfare, and their morale is invincible."

A part of the First Front Red Army under Chu Teh and Lo P'ing-hui remained in the Man-tzü regions in Sikong (Inner Tibet) during the winter of 1935, together with the whole Fourth Front Army under Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien and Chang Kuo-t'ao. There they organized the first Soviet "Special Independent Government of the Minorities," which included a population of two hundred thousand local inhabitants. The Reds had fought a severe battle at Tei-ke (Day-Geh) and captured the local Tibetan chieftain named Hsia-k'e-to-teh, and also one very important lama. This chieftain had been wounded, and during his convalescence the Red leaders made friends with him and converted him to their "national minorities" program, after which he agreed to serve on the Executive Committee of the Government. Their

\**Li hai*, in Chinese, means full of fighting spirit.

capital in Sikong was at K'ang-ting. This government existed for four months until the Second Front Army arrived and all the Red forces moved on to Kansu.

Upon arrival in the Northwest, the Communists were confronted with a tremendous Mohammedan problem. The First Front Army under Mao Tsê-tung and P'eng Teh-huai, which arrived in late 1935, had been busy doing political work among the Moslems before the rest of the Red troops arrived a year later. They had had considerable success in forming Soviets in Moslem villages and calling delegates' congresses. A provisional Moslem Soviet Government Committee had been formed in 1936, and the Reds had even recruited whole regiments of Mohammedans in their army. However, their success had galvanized the reactionary Moslem militarists into fierce antagonism, and when the immense new body of Red troops arrived in the Northwest in 1936, these generals became thoroughly frightened and mobilized a terrific campaign against the Reds, whom they expected to occupy Kansu and Ninghsia and all roads between Northwest China and Sinkiang and Outer Mongolia. A great battle was fought in Kansu between the Fourth Front Red Army and several other Red Army units and the Mohammedans. This battle occurred after the Sian Incident of December 12, 1936. In January the Mohammedan generals Ma Pu-ch'ing and Ma Pu-fang attacked the Fourth Front Red Army, assisted by Central Government bombing planes, though no Central troops were involved. By February the Reds had suffered tremendous losses at the hands of the fierce Arab-blooded Moslems and had to admit defeat. This battle is said to have caused the greatest single loss the Red Army had ever had, and the catastrophe was blamed largely upon Chang Kuo-t'ao, political head of the Fourth Front Army, who was later expelled from the Communist Party. The famous Fifth Red Army Corps (originally part of Feng Yu-hsiang's Kuominchün which had suppressed the Moslems in 1926-28) was nearly destroyed and its commander Teng Chen-t'ang, who had led the Ningtu Uprising, killed.

The Mohammedans first came to China overland in the seventh century and have been rebelling against Chinese administration for generations. It is estimated that Moslem religious adherents now number from fifteen to twenty millions, most being of mixed Turkish, Arabic and Chinese blood, and mosques may be found in half the provinces of China.

The great Panthay Rebellion in Yünnan province lasted from 1855 to 1873, and the Mohammedans had a Sultanate with its capital at Talifu until 1873, when an incredible massacre followed their surrender. From 1861 to 1877 the Mohammedan Rebellion in the Northwest occurred, which was also suppressed. Again in 1889 and in 1905 two smaller revolts broke out in Kansu. The last rebellion occurred in 1926-28, when Feng Yu-hsiang's Kuominchün entered Kansu Province. Now the tension developing in the Northwest as a result of the general Far Eastern conflict seems to portend a new uprising. It is estimated that about ten million Mohammedans live in China's Northwest, and Chinese and Japanese are making competitive bids for their passive or active support.

From the above it may be concluded that the Chinese Red Army has been involved in practically every complicated problem in China, and set foot on all its forbidden territories. One can but admire their audacity in rushing in where lesser angels have long feared to tread. Under their "Soviet" thesis, the Chinese Communists had placed much stress on the class struggle, encouraging organic progressive changes within the body of the national minorities. When the "United Front" thesis came into operation after the Long March, however, they concentrated all attention upon forming an anti-Japanese common front and abolished all Soviets just as in Chinese areas. A part of this program was the realization of political and economic reforms—abolishing of sur-taxes, lightening of land taxes, and general democratization of the form of government.

There is no doubt that, delegated authority from the Chinese Government to deal with the Mohammedans and Mongols in the Northwest on a liberal basis, the Communists

are competent enough to realize a program of co-operation and thereby defeat the Japanese "autonomy" puppet schemes. But whether the Kuomintang itself can be trusted to carry out such delicate diplomacy and win the confidence of these elements is very doubtful in view of their past history in such dealings. The one who first guarantees—not promises—national independence and self-determination will be the winner of Mongol and Mohammedan affections.

Most of the thirty-three representatives of the national majorities attending the Party School had joined the Red Army during the Long March, though the Mongols came from Inner Mongolia near the Great Wall. These thirty-three had been chosen for special training out of others in the Red Army. All were young and intelligent-looking, and as friendly to the visiting American as the Chinese. When I suggested taking photographs, they saluted courteously and stood at attention to await the ordeal.

One by one we invited the different groups in for interviewing. It was hard work for several interpreters, but they were all full of ideas and clearly in the proselytizing mood, regarding themselves as future leaders of the renascent youth of their various nations.

The blue-eyed Lolos fascinated me. And I them. They stared at me so intently that I felt uneasy, and whenever I looked up they burst into unembarrassed friendly and delighted grins. It didn't occur to me that they considered me a sort of fellow tribesman until they asked if all Americans had blue eyes like mine. These Lolos came direct from Independent Lololand. The Lolos are a fair-skinned race, and many have blue eyes. This fact has given rise to the theory that they are a "lost white tribe" probably surviving from some forgotten Aryan march across Central Asia.

One of these student Lolos appeared to be a pure aborigine Lolo type. He was about six feet tall, raw-boned and very fair, having clear blue eyes and a long face with sharp features. Most of the others had hazel-gray eyes and were mixed descendants of Chinese slaves captured by the Lolos, or what the Lolos call "White-bones," but all had

distinctive un-Chinese features. Two handsome young Beau Brummels were very neatly uniformed, with watch fobs and chains dangling from their pockets (I didn't investigate whether a watch was attached to these trimmings, but I think not), a neat row of paper clips around their limp collars to keep them standing upright, and *mo teng* basketball shoes on their feet. They had all joined the army at the Ta-t'u River on the Yünnan-Szechuan border during the Long March.

Big-bones, the all—"Aryan," was very intelligent and seemed to be the squad commander and spokesman.

"Why did you join the Red Army?" I asked him.

"I joined the First Army Corps at the Ta-t'u River," he replied. "Many hundred Lolas joined the Red Army then. We joined because we were oppressed by the Black-bone landlords and war lords and heard that the Red Army saves poor people."

"Who are the Black-bones?" I inquired.

"In Lololand," he explained, "there are two classes—Black-bones and White-bones. The Black-bones are the ruling class and slave-owners, and the White-bones are slaves. Every Black-bone has about fifty slaves, and can beat them or hang them as he likes. The slaves are very oppressed and unhappy, so many White-bones took the chance to escape when the Red Army came. No Black-bones joined the Red Army. Most of those who joined the Red Army are descendants of Lolo slave mothers and Chinese slave fathers, so they are slaves at birth. The Chinese were originally captured by the Black-bones to use as slaves. But they intermarry with the Lolo women slaves."

"Aren't you afraid you will be hung by the Black-bones if you go back to Lololand talking revolution?" I asked.

"No, we're not afraid, because the Black-bones themselves are very afraid of the Red Army and will treat us respectfully because we belong to it. And also they like the Red Army because they know the Reds are the enemies of Liu Hsiang, whom our Lolo war lords hate very much. That is why the chiefs and slaves alike welcomed the Red Army when it came."

"Do you believe in your old religion?" I asked.

"No, we believe in Marxism," they all agreed.

The Lolo tribe has its own distinctive dress (usually a long gray felt cloak), culture and religion. Their language is said to be unlike any other tribal Chinese dialect. They live near the haunt of the giant panda and are just as seclusive.

The four sons of the indomitable Man-tzüs from the Tibetan border were all good-looking young boys of the most engaging personalities. They had rather light skins and light brown eyes. These had lived in the Great Grasslands on the Tibetan-Szechuan border. When they joined the Red Army in July 1935, about a thousand Man-tzüs and Tibetans from Sikong joined with them, including thirty Man-tzü cavalrymen and their ponies.

"Why did you join the Red Army?" I inquired of them.

"Because we were oppressed by the Szechuan war lords, and by our own landlords and war lords, too," was the reply. "We were all poor peasants before. No rich people joined the Red Army."

"And because the priests are not revolutionary," an impish little *hsiao kuei*, who had entered the room with the Man-tzüs, piped in.

I turned to look at this interlocutor. A dimpled grin appeared on his little moonface fringed round with straggling fleece of hair. The sleeves of his uniform were about a foot too long for his arms, but otherwise he was very trim with his leather belt, foreign-style white-pearl buttons, and a fountain pen in his pocket—they all had fountain pens and pencils prominently displayed.

"Come here," I—or rather we—said to this appealing little figure. He came over and remained unabashed when I put my arms around him. "How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"How do you like life with the Red Army?"

"It is good," he announced emphatically. "Nobody oppresses us, and we have good food and clothes and can sing songs all day."

"This boy is not a Man-tzü but a pure Tibetan little-lama

from Sikong," I was then informed. "He can write Tibetan-Sanskrit, and is very bright and advanced in political thought."

"Are you still a Lamaist?" I asked him.

"No," the boy replied. "I was only a little-monk training to become a lama, anyway. I entered the lamasery to study when I was seven, but now I don't believe in any religion. Religion is feudalism, and it is the opium of the Tibetan people."

"Did many lamas join the Red Army?" I inquired.

"No, but many young monks joined the Red Army when it came."

"How do you like the British?" was my next question.

"British imperialism is very bad in Tibet," was the answer. "And the lamas work with the British instead of standing for Tibetan independence."

The Communists gave their minorities students full freedom of religion, but nobody took advantage of this except the Mohammedans, I was told. Although the Mohammedans of China are much less fanatical than those in Islam proper, these believers in Allah were still loyal even after inoculation with the virus of Marxism. When I questioned the Party School Moslems on this question, they replied:

"Yes, we all still believe in our religion, but we did not bring any of the holy books here with us. At home we read the Koran every day."

"Do all young Moslems still believe in the old religion?" I asked.

They took several minutes to consult together on this question, then answered:

"All the old people still believe, but maybe about 1 per cent of the young men no longer accept the religion of Mohammed."

The Moslem students were very proud and more aloof than the others in the school. They looked quite Arabian, with heavy eyebrows and reddish beards and mustaches. They were very clean, and I was told that the number of

baths they took was a source of constant amazement to the Mongols—for whom water was only a substitute for mare's milk and strictly for drinking purposes.

The hundreds of Moslems who joined the Red Army came mostly from Kansu and Ch'inghai (Kokonor). Two of those whom I interviewed separately were from P'ing-liang, Kansu. Their families were sympathetic, but all the others had run away without their parents' consent. Two others were from Ho-tso-hsien, Ch'ing-hai, and had joined the Red Army together with a hundred other young Moslems from the same *hsien*. None had been married. All came from poor families of four, five or six members. One, who had joined in April 1936, had been a bricklayer and liked the Reds because he heard they "helped the workmen specially." Twenty-seven other Moslem workmen had joined on the same day, he told me.

Two tall competent-looking students had been officers of Ma Hung-ping in Kansu, they told me, and added:

"We were both captured by the Red Army during a battle in March 1936, in which three thousand other Moslem soldiers were made captives, but after talking with the Red Army people we decided to become Communists, so we voluntarily enlisted in the First Army Corps."

"Why?" I asked.

"To begin with, we were conscripted and forced into the White army," they answered. "Ma Hung-ping and Ma Pufang force every family to send one or two sons to their armies. The poor Moslem masses all hate the four Ma generals, because they conscript their sons and because taxes are very high and they have no power to oppose them. We say, 'when one Ma goes, another Ma comes; and the oppression of the people never stops.'"

"Is the revolutionary idea now spreading among the Moslems?" I inquired.

"Yes," they answered. "Both against the landlords and against Japanese imperialism. The poor people consider it a religious duty to purify corruption and restore the early teachings of Mohammed. In ancient times Mohammed himself fought against the landlords. In our district there are

only a few big capitalists and landlords, but they treat the people very cruelly, so all the poor hate them very much."

"What do the Moslems think of the *San Min Chu I?*" was my next question. Nobody volunteered to reply for a while, then one of them said:

"All of the Moslems hate the Kuomintang very much except a few leaders who intrigue with them. But the Kuomintang never realized the real *San Min Chu I*. Sun Yat-sen's original *San Min Chu I* was revolutionary, and now if the Kuomintang fights Japan it must restore these three principles, and especially the principle of autonomy for minorities. Marxism is much better than the *San Min Chu I*, anyway."

"Will you go with the Red Army to fight the Japanese?"

"Yes," they all declared, emphatically.

"Is the race struggle between the Moslems and Chinese better now?"

"Yes, in some ways, because both the poor Hans and the poor Moslems are beginning to see that they are oppressed by the same kind of war lords and that they must have a common struggle against feudalism."

"I suppose you have a new slogan now, that 'There is no God but Allah, but both Mohammed and Marx are his prophets,' haven't you?" I suggested.

But not one of them would commit himself on such a ticklish question. They were prepared to march under the Red Star and the Crescent, but had not yet embroidered the name "Karl Marx" on their prayer rugs. I noticed that they had his picture all over their dormitories, however. I shouldn't be surprised to find that the race-proud Mohammedans secretly think Karl Marx was one of them—otherwise how could he produce such a superlative luxuriant beard? And "Ma," which is his Moslem name, is the most ancient and respectable Mohammedan name of all. After all, Marx was an Oriental—a Jew—a fact which Asiatics often point out to those who accuse them of "importing European prophets." Jews are Semitic; so are Arabs; and the Moslems are of Arabic origin. And also Lenin has the kind of Russo-Oriental face which appeals very much to all

Orientals—no doubt a scratch at his genealogy would produce a Tartar. I think that the not un-Oriental faces of the prophets of Marxism, Marx, Lenin and Stalin—a Jew, a Russian and a Georgian—have had not a little to do with making them beloved among the peoples of the East. They do not think of them as racial foreigners and aliens, but as stepsons of their own. And for the same reason semi-Asiatic Soviet Russia is looked upon as the natural leader in the regeneration of Asia and as an authentic teacher not only of internationalism but of interracialism. All that remains now is for Russia to practise Latinizing its own alphabet as it is preaching to all other hieroglyphic-users to do!

Now as to the Mongols: The Chinese Communists had not had time to do very much work among the Mongols, except at Tingpien and places bordering the Great Wall, and the Japanese seem to have stolen a march on them. Nevertheless here were ten training to become Marxist teachers, who told me that "some Mongols have already joined the Red Army, but not many."

Inner Mongolia is made up of the provinces of Ninghsia, Suiyuan and Kansu. There are few Mongols left to enjoy their patriarchal domains in Ninghsia and Kansu, these areas being largely populated by Moslems, and altogether Inner Mongolia (including the Mongols in Jehol and Chahar, now part of Manchukuo) probably numbers a population of no more than two million Mongols. The fall of the Manchu empire did not liberate the Mongol race, but on the contrary was the signal for the Chinese to move in as fast as possible, just as they migrated by hundreds of thousands into the previously closed doors of the Manchu homeland, Manchuria. "Squeezed" by Chinese merchants and officials, and "squeezed out" by Chinese and Moslem farmers, the Mongols resent their shameful treatment at the hands of the so-called "Chinese Republic," and the fake Japanese promise of "autonomy" is sweet music to their ears. Much sweeter, however, would be a guarantee of real autonomy from the Chinese side, if the Chinese Government could accept the

Communists' slogan of "self-determination" and revolutionize its diplomacy to meet the situation, in spite of its domination by the landlord-merchant interest who have thrived on Mongol helplessness.

"What do you think about Teh Wang and his Mongol 'independence movement' which is now working with Japan?" I asked these young Mongols of the Party School.

"Every Mongol wants national independence," they agreed, "but Teh Wang's new government is wrong because it cannot secure real independence by working with the Japanese. If it were really independent—of the Japanese, too—it would be good. There are five races of China, but the Han is the strongest, so we Mongols must unite with the Han to fight Japan, which threatens to destroy all the races of China."

"Which form of government do you think is best for the Mongols—that in Outer or Inner Mongolia?" was my next question.

"Outer Mongolia is best," they declared enthusiastically, "because they have a revolution there. They still have *wangs* [Mongol princes] but also a Communist Party, and the Communist Party controls the Government. In Inner Mongolia there are also some Soviet districts, though."

One of the ten Mongols was the son of a rich Mongol family near Tingpien, and had joined the Communists only six months before.

"Why did you join the Communists?" I asked him.

"My family owns many cattle, but they did not oppose having me join with the Chinese Communists," he replied. "We don't want to be slaves of Japan, and we think that only the Communist Party can lead the fight against the Japanese. I want to fight in the army against the Japanese. Besides this, all the Mongols who know about the racial-minorities policy of the Communist Party like it very much."

"But do you believe in Communism in practice?" I inquired.

"In Mongol districts all land is public, only the *yurts* are private. This is much like Communism in the U.S.S.R.," was the answer.

Another, older than the rest and with a rather fanatical glint in his eye, was a Mongol lama.

"Do you still believe in Lamaism?" I asked him.

"Yes," he replied. "But the reason I entered the lamasery was only in order to learn to read and write and get a special position in society."

"Don't you think Marxism and Lamaism conflict with each other?"

"No, according to the Communist Party program religion is freed from all ties. Many lamas, both rich and poor, are joining the revolution now."

Several others of the group had been with the Communists for two years, but the tubby little Mongol girl of eighteen had joined only five months before.

"Why did you join the Party School?" I asked her.

"Because I want to work for the Mongol revolution," she answered. "And because the Japanese are coming to take our lands away, so we must organize to fight them. My husband is a soldier in the Mongol army in Inner Mongolia, and he wanted me to come to the Communist school."

**THIRD BOOK:**  
**WOMEN AND REVOLUTION**

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## I. THE BETTER HALF OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

WHEN I ARRIVED IN YEN-AN, I found the Red Army engaged in the quaint occupation of defending itself against a dictatorship of thirty women. Where women are rare, they always wield immense power. In the case of this minority dictatorship of the proletariette, the thirty were in a very strategic position. Not only were they veteran revolutionaries in their own right, but as the well-beloved wives and long-time comrades of the highest leaders of the Soviets, they held also the traditional power behind the throne—or the Politburo, to be exact. These Communist women, moreover, multiplied their power by working not individually but collectively, thereby presenting a solid phalanx on every issue, small or great. It was a brave Red warrior indeed who dared oppose the phalanx on any major or minor question. They held a front within a front.

You expected a male suffragist outbreak any moment, and indeed, just as I arrived, an underground subversive parallel center demanding easy divorce had reared its ugly head. Whether this was caused by the indiscriminate new Democracy, by the influx of pretty girl students, or by Trotskyist wreckage, espionage, and diversion in co-operation with Germany and Japan, had not yet been determined by the OGPUette. But the anarchic reactionary tendency was there. A certain insurgent comrade Li had voted to divorce his wife on purely esthetic grounds. But the wife, who had come

with him on the Long March and just borne him a bouncing son, voted against the break-up of family life. The phalanx rallied to her support, and the war against a reaction into marital anarchy was on. Comrade Li was a professional warrior and, having nothing to lose but his chains anyway, determined to carry on the campaign. He discreetly retired into a cave with several bodyguards and a poker companion while sending his case to the highest tribunals in the land. (The only rebel companion he could enlist was an unmarried chap who had not even any marital chains to lose.) But all his bodyguards, except one, deserted to the wife, helping her meanwhile to redistribute the family property equally.

As a special dispensation to an oppressed minority, Comrade Li was finally granted autonomy rights. But alack and alas for him and his poker companion! When they finally emerged from their den, pale and exhausted but unbearded by the enemy, their fruits of victory turned to bitter ashes in the mouth. They were lepers of society under complete quarantine, not only by the unfair sex whose authority they dared flaunt, but by all who valued their wives, their skins or their prospects for acquiring a bride. This was particularly unfortunate for the poker companion, who had once aspired to the affections of a pretty young actress.

Comrade Li escaped physical injury because his person belonged to a Bolshevik of long standing, valuable to the future of The Revolution, but I should like to see one of those Kuomintang men who fancy that the Communists are able to "nationalize women" in the clutches of these Amazons! He would be denationalized in short order and shipped back to his concubines in several little pieces—one for each.

On the subject of monogamous modern marriage the Soviettes are adamant, for equality in marriage rights is a revolutionary idea in the Orient, and a barricade behind which the "new women" have to firmly entrench themselves. The revolutionary women in the Chinese Soviets have no patience with any silly bohemian notions about free love and whatnot. For them the new marriage is a serious social institution and to be defended as such. All "petty-bourgeois romantics" were long ago weeded out of the revolutionary

movement like noxious flowers, I was told. Progressive Chinese women today are fighting the same battle against a degenerate society that the Puritan women fought during the Reformation in the West. Burning is naturally considered good enough for the bewitchers who trade in charms and philters.

And their new marriage has been amazingly successful. In spite of all the difficulties and separations of long revolutionary careers, the Soviet leaders demonstrate an almost complete line of devoted model marriages. Practically all of the thirty women leaders are successfully married, and most of them over long periods of time. For instance, Tsai Ch'ang was married to Li Fu-chün when they were "work-and-study" students together in Paris in 1923. Liu Chien-hsien married Po Ku in Moscow in 1928, when he was her interpreter at an international labor congress. K'ang K'e-ching, the present commander of the Commander-in-Chief, married Chu Teh on Chingkanshan mountain in 1928, when she was a peasant partisan leader of seventeen. Teng Ying-ch'ao and Chou En-lai were devoted to each other from the time they were student leaders together in 1919 and imprisoned in Tientsin, though they were not married until 1925 in Canton, upon Chou En-lai's return from Europe. Ho Tzü-chün and Mao Tsê-tung were married in 1930 in Kiangsi. Ch'en Hui-ching married Teng Fa in Hongkong in 1929 when they were both leaders in the labor movement in South China.

The Communist movement in China values its women, not because of any tendency toward chivalry, but because they have won their legitimate place under the Red Star by long, hard struggle. They have certainly been the co-equal if not the "better half" of the Chinese Revolution. Most foreign residents in China reach the conclusion that Chinese women have more masculine characteristics than the men, and even the most anti-Chinese die-hards never fail to wax enthusiastic in admiration. It is not their quality but their quantity which keeps Chinese women under subjection. If they were a minority they would surely have established a dictatorship over China long ago. But superfluous numbers preserve

them as a cheap commodity in the marriage or labor markets. Even under the old feudalism, Chinese women held their own within its limitations and never sank to the indignity of Japanese or Indian women. Indeed I suppose the origin of bound feet was that their inferior "masters" found it necessary to break the arches of girl babies in order to prevent any kind of women's "movement" whatsoever! Bound feet were a prerequisite of marriage. The "masters" dared not subject their puny sons to an unfettered bride! It is seldom that individual women in China rise to power, but when they do it is with a vengeance. One need not point to the emperors who more often than not were playthings of their concubines, but to the formidable grandmother in the family, who derived power by sheer outliving of her physically weaker lesser half. Fortunately for the men, her tyranny was mainly diverted toward the daughters-in-law, where she met her match, so the stalemate continued. No doubt such power was given to the granddame as a bribe to enlist her services on the side of the reaction.

Before they turn reactionary as they grow older, Chinese girls of all classes are rebellious, determined and immensely courageous. In the revolutionary movement they have marched along with the vanguard. In the famous student demonstrations in China, girl students are usually a majority, and during the inevitable battle with the police they are last to be dispersed. During the Kuomintang revolution, the girl students and workers were very active, and when the Right Kuomintang joined with the reactionary forces in China in 1927 and turned against the Left, these young girls were shown no mercy. Tsai Ch'ang tells of this period in her autobiography. She told me that "more than a thousand women leaders were killed in that year alone in all of China—not all were Communists, some were bourgeois, and there were many students, but all were revolutionary leaders. . . . After the Canton Commune at least two hundred to three hundred girls were killed. It is actually true that if a girl had bobbed hair she was subject to execution as a Communist in Hunan and Canton." And afterward the prisons were full of those who continued to do secret revolutionary

work in the "White" areas, while others did not hesitate to enter the blockaded Soviet areas to share the fortunes of the Soviet movement there.

The girl students and primary-school teachers were the first women to join in revolutionary work in China, especially during the May Fourth Movement in 1919. Their first demands were for the right to attend school, the right to break arranged marriage contracts, and the right to own property. This was a kind of unorganized Feminist tendency, and its main result was in the leadership these students later provided for revolutionary action among peasant and working women in the Kuomintang and Communist movements. It was a courageous, dramatic struggle, however, and at least supplied good material for the new literature of the period. Kuo Mo-jo, for instance, spent most of his time idealizing the "new woman." The two leading woman Communists, Tsai Ch'ang and Hsiang Chin-yü, were students of this period.

The tremendously progressive influence of the Y.W.C.A. and other Christian institutions and schools on the women's movement in China must be noted. They defended co-education and made a success of it, which was a most healthful sociological influence. It is my observation that even today a majority of the revolutionary and progressive students, both boys and girls, were influenced by Christian idealism at one time or another—though it is fashionable now to deny it. However, it was the philosophical and ethical nature of Christianity, rather than its purely religious side, that interested these young Chinese. And most of those who were really influenced by Christian thought, like those who joined the Communists, originally had humanitarian instincts and a sense of justice for the oppressed. In its early influence, Christianity, especially Protestantism, was a very revolutionary concept in China.

During the May Fourth Movement in 1925, a new women-workers' movement developed under Communist influence, and the women's movement in general received great impetus. This new women-workers' movement started simultaneously with the beginning of the general labor movement

during the Pinhan Railway strike in 1923. Its founder was Miss Hsiang Chin-yü, who returned from studying in France in 1923 and became the first Chief of the Women's Department of the Chinese Communist Party, being later on executed for her activities, in 1928. She opposed Feminism and guided the movement into a Socialist channel. Hundreds of girl students joined the Communists, also, because the Communists not only talked equality of women but granted it in their revolutionary work, and had great respect for their abilities. According to Tsai Ch'ang, the National Women's Association dominated by the Communists had about 300,000 members during the period 1925 to 1927. Miss Liu Chien-hsien, a factory girl from Wusih, now one of the proletarian leaders of the Communists, was a product of that new proletarian women's movement.

After the Kuomintang Reaction in 1927 there was a swing Leftward of artists and writers, out of idealism and revulsion against the reactionary tendency on the Right, and previous individualists, Anarchists and Kuomintang Leftists began supporting the Communists, so that what remained of the "bourgeois" revolutionary women's movement was more or less absorbed by the Left. Ting Ling, the most famous woman writer in China, was one of these. She had been an Anarchist and a revolutionary-romanticist until then. Mrs Sun Yat-sen (Soong Ching-ling) and Mrs Liao Chung-k'ai (Ho Hsiang-nin), widows of the two most important Kuomintang leaders and revolutionaries in their own right, strongly opposed the Reaction and have since then given encouragement and support to the Leftist women's movement. I think they are the only two revolutionary Kuomintang women's leaders who continued active after the Reaction in 1927, and for this reason they are idols of the youth of China, from the Y.W.C.A. to the Communists.

When the Soviet movement began, after the Kuomintang joined with the landlords to suppress the peasant movement, the peasant women rose to the struggle. Indeed, at first the great "Red" hope of the Communists was the Tungkiang or East River district in Kwangtung, centering at Hailofeng, which is mainly populated by women who take entire care

of the farms, their husbands and sons having emigrated to the South Seas in search of employment. Li Chun-chen, the present head of the Women's Department of the Communists, was one of the militant women of the Tungkiang region, while K'ang K'e-ching was also the product of the revolt of peasant women in Kiangsi.

The girls' student movement has centered in Peking and Shanghai, where most of the schools and universities are concentrated, while the women workers' movement has been confined almost entirely to Shanghai since 1927. But the fighting women of China come mostly from the South, from Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Fukien and Hunan, where women do much of the coolie labor and are as strong as men. I once asked Chu Teh, the Red Army's Commander-in-Chief, which Chinese women he considered the best fighters. He replied:

"I think the women of Kwangtung are probably the most *li hai*, then maybe those of Fukien. In the Tungkiang region of Kwangtung only 30 per cent of the population are men, so the work of production falls almost entirely on the shoulders of women. These Kwangtung women never opposed the Red Army—not even those of the ruling class."

The Kwangtung and Kwangsi women were soon put under control after the 1927 Kuomintang Reaction, but those in Fukien, Hunan, Hupeh, Kiangsi and other Soviet districts rose in a very militant struggle during the Soviet Revolution in those provinces. However, though women seemed anxious to jump out of the frying pan into the firing line directly, except in Szechuan only a few individuals were ever permitted to join the regular Red Army, as this required the highest physical endurance even for trained men, although many fought with the partisan units. One of these was Ho Lung's sister, Ho Ying, in Hunan, who commanded a division of regular soldiers and was killed in battle, and another was K'ang K'e-ching, the wife of Chu Teh. In Szechuan, Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien seemed to have more respect for women fighters than the other Red commanders, for he had a regiment of women there, which K'ang K'e-ching mentions in her autobiography. When I asked Chu Teh why he had no women regiments in his main army, he replied:

"Many women are very anxious to join the Red Army, but we can't take them in. The main problem is one of discipline. Then, too, the Red Army is so mobile that they cannot keep up with such fast marching as our maneuvering requires in fighting, nor carry the necessary burdens easily, and also they get sick more often than men, as the life is extremely hard. However, their fighting spirit is good, and they would make good soldiers for any ordinary army. There have been many brave women in the partisan groups.

"In Kiangsi women were organized into fighting units, but never engaged in formal warfare, but only in sporadic skirmishes. They were good at capturing the enemy's supplies and arms and defeated one or two enemy regiments there."

Hunan seems to have produced more first-rate Communist women leaders than any other province, such as Tsai Ch'ang, Hsiang Chin-yü, Ting Ling and Ho Ying, mentioned above. The Chou Nan Girls' Normal School in Changsha, Hunan, was the cradle of the Chinese Communist women's movement, and the first three mentioned above went to school there.

In the Kiangsi Soviets nearly every kind of work in the rear was done by the women and children, including educational activities, and there were over ten thousand women in the trade unions, as Liu Chien-hsien tells in her autobiography. When the Red Army began the Long March, women were mobilized into the Red Guards to help defend the Soviets, and scores of Soviet women leaders were killed when the White armies occupied the Soviet districts, as only fifty left with the army on the March. Of these fifty, there were thirty Communist women leaders and twenty nurses and other women. None of these thirty leaders died on the Long March, although several were very ill at times. Liu Chien-hsien, who was Captain of this Women's Detachment, tells of their experiences on the Long March, when she and Li Po-chao went out together to supply their own commissariat from the landlords. In general the women received little chivalrous attention from the men in the army. But they were well able to take care of themselves, appar-

ently, and I suppose their authority in the Soviet movement when I arrived derived not a little from their successful survival of this arduous undertaking, which required as much of the heroic from the spirit as from the body and proved their mettle. Anyone would naturally think twice before offending such a veteran of the Long March—especially when automatically reinforced by twenty-nine of her buddies.

Who were these thirty women leaders who dared not only to begin but to survive the famous Long March over the highest mountains and most dangerous rivers in China? I asked Li Po-chao to tell me about them. She made up a list.\* Nine were students. Nine were peasants. Two were proletarians. Two were housewives. Two were teachers. Tsai Ch'ang was a teacher turned "professional revolutionary." Teng Ying-ch'ao (wife of Chou En-lai) was a student turned "political organizer" and had been a member of the Executive Committee of the Kuomintang. Ah Ch'ing (Hsiang) (wife of Lo Man) was a "Cantonese" which is enough said. And the origins of three others she could not remember. Most were young, Li Po-chao said, and all were married. These thirty leaders came from the Central Soviets in Kiangsi, but there were half a dozen others who came with the Second Front Red Army from the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet the year after, as well as the Szechuan women who came with the Fourth Front Red Army later, including the regiment of women soldiers.

I found these Soviet women extremely interesting, and all of them friendly and cordial. Most of The Thirty happened to be in Yen-an when I arrived, and I was introduced to them at a very proper and excellent luncheon given in the Restaurant Co-operative managed by the Soviets. This was

\*These thirty women leaders who survived the Long March were: *Proletarians*: Liu Chien-hsien and Ch'en Hui-ch'ing. *Students*: Wei Kung-ch'i, Liu Ying, Li Po-chao, Chien Hsi-chün, Chou Yueh-hua, Wu Tsung-lien, Hsieh Shao-mi, Li Chien-hua and Ch' Yi-han. *Peasants*: Li Chün-chen, Wei Hsü-ying, Liao Yueh-hua, Wu Fu-lien, Wang Chien-yuan, Ching Yu-lin, Liu Tsai-shang, Li Shao-hung and K'ang K'e-ching. *Housewives*: Chen Yü and Yang Hu-chen. *Teachers*: Ching Wei-ying and Ho Tzü-chün. "*Specialists*": Tsai Ch'ang and Teng Ying-ch'ao. *Kwangtung woman*: Ah (Ch'ing) Hsiang. *Of uncertain origins*: Liao Shih-kuang, Kan Shih-ying and Teng Liu-chin.

a model showplace designed to teach the native Shensi-jen how food should be taken care of. It had mosquito netting over the windows and doors, net covers for trays of food, and was kept very clean and bright, with the usual gay paper festoons over the archways and along the ceilings. In accordance with their new United Front policy, they served nonproletarian fare to guests, and treated visiting firemen—and firewomen—as royally as the local larder permitted. Not one of The Thirty could speak English, though several knew Russian or French, and there was only one girl interpreter in the town—Wu Kuang-hui, a new student recruit. Although I had to conduct all but the simplest conversations through an interpreter, I was able to become quite well acquainted with several of the women leaders and went about with them here and there every day or so.

Only three or four of the Communist women lived in the same quarters as their husbands. Most of them lived in the dormitories of the Women's Section of the ex-Red Academy, and others in the various departments in which their special work was located. Those who attended the Red Academy were studying military and political science in order to qualify for future leadership in special revolutionary work, such as the wives of Chu Teh, Ho Lung, Hsiao K'eh\* and others. The wives never used their husbands' names, however, but were known by their maiden names or revolutionary pseudonyms, and they considered themselves entirely independent units in the work of the revolution. All of them wore the regulation Red Army uniforms and boyish bobs under their caps, and from a distance you could never tell them from the regular soldiers.

The Dean of Communist women was Tsai Ch'ang, petite and gentle, but nevertheless a "professional revolutionary,"

\*The young wives of Ho Lung and Hsiao K'eh were sisters, and both startlingly beautiful, with fine aristocratic features. They had recently come with the Second Front Red Army from the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet, and both were weak and exhausted from the Long March, during which they had had many dangerous adventures. I was told that they were as intelligent as they were beautiful, and competent revolutionary workers. I asked them to tell me their life stories, but both refused either to have photographs taken or to talk about themselves—so they must remain the mystery women of my story, I fear.

now thirty-seven years of age. She was an early revolutionary, contemporary with Mao Tsê-tung and her famous brother Tsai Ho-shêng and his wife Hsiang Chin-yü. This group originated in Changsha, Hunan, and in telling me the story of her life, Tsai Ch'ang described the early beginnings of the radical movement there, as well as the interesting story of her brother and his wife. These three in her family became Socialists while studying together in Paris, as they carried on a fight against Anarchism which had won over most of the Chinese students in France. It was not Moscow, but the Chinese student migration to France, which began in 1919, that provided the most important single nucleus of Communist leaders in all China, as well as being the center of the Anarchist movement. This migration was organized by Mao Tsê-tung, who refused to go to France himself, however, and it created such other Communist leaders as Chou En-lai, Li Li-san, the two sons of Ch'en Tu-hsiu, Li Fu-chün (Tsai Ch'ang's husband, and acting Chairman of the Kansu Provincial Soviet), Lo Man (Principal of the Party School), Fu Chung (political commissar of the Fourth Front Red Army), Ho Ch'ang-kung (political commissar of the 12th Red Army) and Chao Shih-yen. Five of those listed were executed about 1927.

The proletarian woman leader was Liu Chien-hsien, revolutionary product of the modern factories in Wusih, near Shanghai, and a militant defender of the rights of women. She was the elected Director of National Mines and Factories in the Soviets, and was professionally interested in trade-union work, but spent a good deal of time keeping the women's movement going. Now only twenty-nine, she looks forward to a long future.

A most interesting personality was K'ang K'e-ching, the twenty-five-year-old wife of Chu Teh. Thoroughly disinterested in any woman's problem apart from the Red Army, her story is the story of the peasant movement under the Kuomintang, and later of the Red partisans under the Soviets.

I have already, in a previous chapter, introduced Li Po-chao, Director of the Front Theater, and Ch'en Hui-ch'ing,

a proletarian leader. Another very important woman's leader was Teng Ying-ch'ao, the wife of Chou En-lai, whom I did not meet until later in Sian, and still another, Wei Kung-ch'i, wife of Yeh Chien-ying, whom I met at the same time. I shall introduce these two later on.

Then there was Mao Tsê-tung's wife,\* Ho Tzü-ch'ün, a small, delicate woman with a pretty face and a shy, modest manner, who devoted most of her time to caring for her husband—whom she worshiped—and bearing children. She was also an active Communist worker, however, and had been a school teacher before marrying Mao. She had suffered more than any other woman in the war, for along with having borne several children, she received sixteen shrapnel wounds from an air bomb during the Long March. Ho Tzü-ch'ün was a graduate of Hunan Normal College. She entered the Communist Party in 1927, then joined Mao Tsê-tung's first army as a propagandist, and married him after his first wife had been killed.

Lo Fu's "pocket wife," Liu Ying, was the tiniest little creature conceivable. How she could possibly have kept from being blown away during the Long March I can't imagine. But there she was, as chipper and bright-eyed as a spring robin and busy with her work in the Communist Youth League. I suppose good revolutionaries also come in small packages.

Another interesting leader of the woman's movement, who should be introduced at more length, is Li Chun-chen, Chief of the Soviet Women's Department and only twenty-nine. The unwanted girl child of coolies, she had been active in one of the earliest organized peasant uprisings in Kwangtung—in April 1927. She lived in the famous Tungkiang region near Hailofeng, which Chu Teh has mentioned above as being under the control of its constituency of 70 per cent women. She was a tall, square-shouldered, strong-looking woman of obvious courage, intelligence and determination, and a fascinating example of what the most oppressed class

\*Mao Tsê-tung's first wife, Yang Kai-hui, daughter of a professor in Peking National University, was executed by Ho Chien in Hunan at the beginning of the Red Army movement.

in China can produce in the form of revolutionary leadership. She reminded me a little of a belligerent Irishwoman, partly because the Kwangtungese (or Cantonese) have often been called "the Irish of China," and partly because she spoke in a curiously Irish accent. Instead of saying "*erh-shih-erh*" for twenty-two, she made it "*oi-ssu-oi*," for example.

The story she told me gives a good picture of the Cantonese "Fighting Irishwomen of China":

"My father and mother were coolies. They were brick carriers for house building. My mother had ten sons, all strong and healthy, and two daughters. The family kept all these sons, but my sister died, and when I was a year old I was sent to another family to grow up as a 'little-wife.' I was born in Hung Hsun *hsien*, Kwangtung, in 1907, but the family into which I was adopted lived in the South, in the Tungkiang [East River] district near Hailofeng.

"I was adopted by the family of a petty merchant, who had three sons and no daughter, so he treated me very well. The father was a merchant, and the rest of the family cultivated his three *mou* of land. When I was eleven I began working in the field and carrying burdens. At seventeen I was married to one of the merchant's sons. He liked me, but I did not love him because he was ten years older than I. When a peasant uprising occurred in our region, I wanted to do revolutionary work. A Revolutionary Committee had been organized which selected men and women for revolutionary work, and I was one of those chosen. The revolutionary slogans then demanded equality of men and women and individual choice in marriage instead of the old family contract, and this was the main slogan which attracted me. I joined the Communist Party in 1927. My husband had joined in 1926.

"In April 1927 there was a peasant uprising in this Tungkiang region, led by my brother-in-law, who was executed during the uprising. The main cause of this revolt was the Split between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party, which resulted in the Kuomintang becoming cruel to the

peasants. The immediate cause was that it was the time of the Dragon Boat Festival in May, and the landlords came to collect money and produce for their rents. If a peasant could not pay, he was beaten, and the rent collector took away everything he owned. This caused the peasants to rise and fight. In the first uprising the peasants had no organization and put up individual fights against the landlords, but the second time a collective struggle was prepared. After the uprising began, the Kuomintang troops came to suppress it, so the peasants armed in self-defense. During the uprising only a few peasants were killed, together with my brother-in-law.

"My adopted family was very sympathetic with the revolution, and I was leader of the Propaganda Team during the uprising. Four of the family joined the revolution, besides myself, and were all killed. My husband was killed in battle in T'ai-p'u, Kwangtung, in 1930. His younger brother was killed in Fukien in 1929 when he was a soldier in the Red Army, and another brother was killed in Kwangtung in 1927. As to my own family, I have heard nothing about it for ten years now, and have not written to any of my brothers.

"After the uprising the insurrectionary peasants could not return to their homes, so they all went to another place to join with Ku Ta-ch'en's\* 11th Army, a Communist unit, which was still in Kwangtung. These peasants included about a hundred and twenty men and twenty women. I had not joined the main Hailofeng uprising which formed the first Chinese Soviet in August 1927.

"I stayed with Ku's 11th Red Army over a year. We redistributed the land and made propaganda as the army had wandering fights here and there, staying at Hsin-ling, Chang-lo, T'ai-p'u and Yao-p'ing in Kwangtung. I also helped in organizing the coolies and workers in those regions. During 1928 I did political work with the 11th Red Army; in 1929 I changed to do government work in a *hsien*,

\*Or Ku T'ai-ch'en. I think this is the unit which escaped from the destruction of the Hailofeng Soviet and later, under Ku Ta-ch'en, joined with Chu Teh and Mao Tsê-tung and became the nucleus of the 11th Red Army.

while in T'ai-p'u I was in charge of the women's work.

"In Kwangtung the women's problem is very important, because in that province all the coolies and carriers are women, not men. They are also coal miners and wood cutters. At the same time many of the farms and all domestic affairs are taken care of solely by women, because their husbands and sons go to the South Seas to work, or abroad elsewhere. Their life is very bitter, and their earnings extremely low. Because of the bad condition of women in Kwangtung, they are the most revolutionary in China and not afraid to fight.

"In Kwangtung I always helped the women with their problems so they learned to have faith in me. In T'ai-p'u, for instance, I took charge of the Coolies' Union, all coolies there being women. Their wage was only fifteen cents a day, but after a thousand women were organized in the Union we were able to demand twenty cents from the managers. This success encouraged the women very much.

"In 1930 the Party sent me to the Fukien Soviet, where I worked in a branch of the Fukien District Government. In 1933 I went to the Central Soviet capital, which was Juikin, Kiangsi.

"In 1934 the Long March began, and after a year's traveling I arrived in North Shensi with Mao Tsê-tung's column. During the March I was a political director in the Red Army. If one had a strong body, the Long March was not very difficult. I carried a gun, my own blanket and fifteen *chin* of food on the way. I rode horseback only a little while. Originally I had a horse but gave it to a wounded comrade on the way. There were only thirty Communist Party women who left the Central Soviets on the Long March, but the Fourth Front Red Army had about a thousand women, I think, when it left Szechuan. A few other women joined along the way. Most of these thousand women were wives of men in the Red Army, but some of the women fighters in the front were not.

"I have only one child, now twelve years old and still living in Kwangtung. My present husband is Teng Chün-hsiung."

The life stories of these Soviet women impressed one with two things: First, the immense potentialities of the workers and peasants of China as shown, for instance, by the development of Liu Chien-hsien, K'ang K'e-ching and Li Chun-chen, two of whom were sold as unwanted girl children; and, second, the heroic courage and determination of the frail girl students of the intellectual class in China, as shown by the revolutionary records of Tsai Ch'ang, Teng Ying-ch'ao, Li Po-chao, Wei Kung-ch'i, Liu Ying, Ho Tzü-chün and others, the first three of whom have suffered from tuberculosis during their hard life with the Red Army.

## II. THREE WOMEN LEADERS

### (1) MISS TSAI CH'ANG, DEAN OF COMMUNIST WOMEN

TSAI CH'ANG IS THE ONLY WOMAN admitted to the inner councils of the Chinese Communist Party leadership and was a delegate to the Comintern in 1928. Since the death of her brother's famous wife, Hsiang Chin-yü, who was executed in 1928 at Wuhan, she has been the leading woman Communist of China and the most active woman revolutionary since those days of the Kuomintang. Her opinions are listened to with respect in the Soviet capital, and she is given responsible work requiring the greatest discretion and ability. When I met her she had just come to Yen-an from Kansu, where she had been in charge of secret organizational work in the White areas. At the time I left Yen-an she had been appointed Chief of the Women's Department of the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Frontier Government and was in complete charge of delegating work to the women and girl students of all these areas.

Tsai Ch'ang is the earliest woman member of the Chinese Communist Party now alive. She joined the Paris branch in 1923, where she worked with Chou En-lai, Li Li-san and her brother Tsai Ho-shêng. After studying in Paris and Moscow, she returned to China and was one of the leaders of the Kuomintang. At the age of twenty-six, she was the

first woman to be appointed to the General Political Department of the Kuomintang during the Northern Expedition. After the Split in 1927, Tsai Ch'ang did secret Communist Party work in the Kuomintang areas, when the slightest misstep would have meant her arrest and immediate execution.

Tsai Ch'ang came to call on me as soon as I arrived in Yen-an. I was considerably surprised at the appearance of such a veteran revolutionary of thirty-seven. She is petite, dainty and delicate in appearance—extremely feminine, but perhaps this impression was much enhanced by the fact that she spoke French in a soft lisping accent. Her face is very unusual and must have been beautiful when she was younger, though now it carried lines of sad experience. It was triangular, with high cheekbones and a firm pointed chin. She has a charming smile, with strong, healthy teeth. In spite of her gentle, almost spiritually quiet manner, it was easy to perceive that Tsai Ch'ang was a woman of individual character and great determination. I liked her immediately.

As soon as I talked with her I discovered that she was a person of kind feeling and emotional depth, as well as being the cool "Party worker" entrusted with secret missions requiring complete self-possession at all times. In fact, she and Miss Liu Chien-hsien were the only two who displayed emotion as they told me their life stories. Even after ten years, Tsai Ch'ang's voice broke several times as she told me of the tragedies of 1927 and the executions of her brothers and sister-in-law. This restrained feeling affected me so much that I began to weep myself.

Tsai Ch'ang still worshiped her mother, that amazing woman who entered primary school at fifty and influenced her children to become Communists. She brought a worn picture of her mother to show me, a picture carried as tenderly as a fetish all through the Long March. It showed a strong face full of resolution like Tsai Ch'ang's own.

It was interesting to see that fifteen years of China's cruel revolutionary life had not destroyed this woman as it might have destroyed a lesser spirit. She seemed perfectly healthy psychologically, with a normal bitterness and not an abnormal lack of feeling in her attitude toward the enemy who

had killed so many of her close comrades that she could not even remember all their names. How she survived these tragedies without becoming a mere mechanical observer without feeling for life or death, I do not know. But there she was—intensely human, full of feeling, and as kind and considerate as any motherly person anywhere. For instance, it was characteristic of Tsai Ch'ang to send me flowers several times for no reason except a natural generosity and thoughtfulness for others—and flowers are very precious in Yen-an.

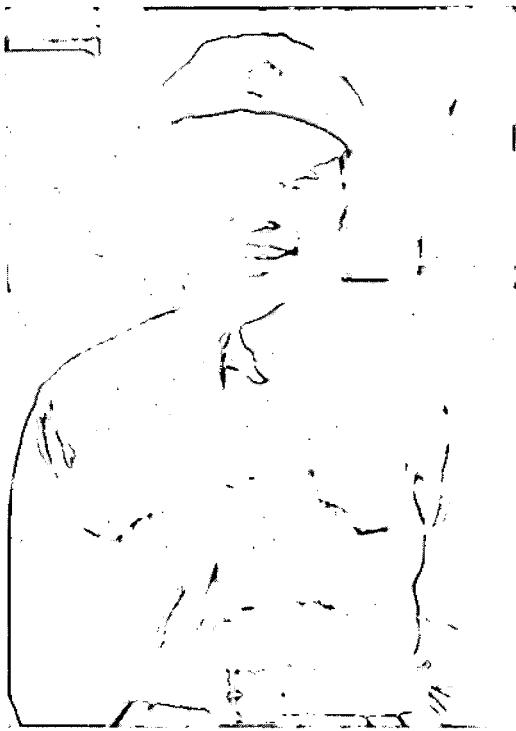
I have heard it said that Chinese women make the best revolutionaries of all because they do not go to pieces under the strain as Western women do. It often seemed to me that this was because they had a curious lack of feeling and callousness to the sight of suffering. But Tsai Ch'ang was not such a person. I do not think any nation could produce a more splendid woman revolutionary or a more beautiful character.

Tsai Ch'ang comes from one of the most famous revolutionary families in China, even though it was related to Tseng Kuo-fan. Her brother Tsai Ho-shêng had been a leader first with Mao Tsê-tung, then with Chou En-lai and Li Li-san in France, and afterward in the Communist movement in China from 1923 to 1931, when he was executed. His wife, Hsiang Chin-yü, the famous Communist and leader of the woman's movement in China, who is known as the "Grandmother of the Chinese Revolution," was executed in 1928. This woman was very much admired by Tsai Ch'ang, and when she told me her story, I thought that it might well be someone else saying those very things about Tsai Ch'ang herself, for the description of Hsiang Chin-yü's personality fits Tsai Ch'ang perfectly.

Tsai Ch'ang is the only one now alive and free of her family's revolutionaries: three were executed and two are in prison. And it seemed to me as she told her narrative that nearly every person she mentioned had been killed. I wondered how she could bring herself to co-operate now with the Kuomintang, with Chiang Kai-shek and Ho Ch'ien and others who had brought so much cruelty and suffering into her life, and after she had finished I asked if it were



TSAI CH'ANG, CHINA'S ROSA LUXEMBURG  
She Is the Most Important Woman Communist Revolutionary in China.



K'ANG K'E-CHING

Wife of Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army. She Is as Strong as a Man, and Was the Only Woman at the Front in Shansi, All Other Women Being Forbidden to Come.



MISS LIU CHIEN-HSIEN

Secretary of the Women's Department of Shensi Provincial Trade Unions. The Bar  
suppressors Offered \$25,000 for Her Capt

not very difficult for her psychologically to adjust her feelings to this co-operation. She replied a little wistfully:

"It's true that I am an emotional person and that I cannot forget. But I can try to lose the consciousness of my personal grief in the national interests. The crisis before us all is so great that personal affairs fade into nothingness."

"In the revolutionary process cruelty cannot be avoided, and unfortunate happenings are inevitable. My own losses are small as compared with Hsü Hai-tung—his entire clan of nearly seventy persons were executed in Hupeh."

#### (2) MISS LIU CHIEN-HSIEN, LEADER OF THE PROLETARIAT

I became quite well acquainted with Liu Chien-hsien during my stay in the Soviets. In Yen-an I saw her many times, then traveled with her on the way to Sian in September. A friendly, generous, warmhearted person.

When I met Liu Chien-hsien, she remarked, "The last American girl friend I had was Rayna Prohme in Wuhan."\*

The next time I saw her, Liu Chien-hsien took me to see her year-old baby. It was, I told her truthfully, the prettiest Chinese baby I had ever seen, and looked exactly like its father, Po Ku, head of the Foreign Affairs of the Soviets whom Liu Chien-hsien had married in Moscow in 1928. The mother promptly asked if I would not take the baby to bring up.

"I am too busy, and anyway conditions here are bad for children," she said appealingly. "It's a boy."

At twenty-nine, Liu Chien-hsien was a competent-looking, healthy little person. She had rough hands but was quite pretty, with a glossy boyish bob and a very fair skin, of which she took special care with cold cream and good soap. She was fussy about her appearance, though she wore only the regulation army uniform. One day she brought me a bottle of perfume and some pink note paper, thinking no doubt that I was feeling deprived of such bourgeois luxuries.

Her voice had a low, pleasant quality, and she had a

\*Rayna Prohme is the heroine of Vincent Sheean's book, *Personal History*. She edited a newspaper in Wuhan in 1927.

mannerism of blinking her eyelashes and looking up at you in a wide-eyed childlike way. She was the most emotional person that I met in the Soviets, given to sudden indignations and enthusiasms. And she did not spare the tongue-lash when correcting errors, as I learned from hearing her lecturing the labor unions in Yen-an. She was a very earnest and persuasive public speaker, which perhaps accounted for her popularity with the working class. But she was also kind and full of pity for suffering. There were tears in her eyes several times as she told me about the 1927 period in China and the Long March, when they "never had time to count the dead." In her story it seemed that every page or two dissolved in a flood of tears. For those who imagine Chinese to be undemonstrative and unfeeling, Liu Chien-hsien would be a startling experience.

The personal importance of Liu Chien-hsien was not as the elected Director of National Mines and Factories, but as the militant leader of a Feminist Front in the Soviets. She seemed to be a natural-born "delegate" to represent her sex in carrying on the fight to right the wrongs of women. Ten years ago she had been the delegate of the women workers in the Wusih silk filatures, then a delegate to various labor congresses and head of the women workers' department wherever she might be. On the Long March she was Captain of the Women's Detachment, and supplied their commissariat by direct personal raids on the fat larders of the landlords en route. The Soviet women were a minority of minorities, but they were ably represented by their revolutionary attorney, Liu Chien-hsien. She was alert to every slight attack on the hard-won rights of Soviet women, and mobilized a rush to the defense without delay. She certainly had her finger in the dike to prevent any threat to the newly-found freedom of Chinese women. I got the impression that not a few of the ferocious Red warriors were afraid of her.

### (3) THE RED AMAZON, K'ANG K'E-CHING

Miss K'ang K'e-ching does not shine by reflected glory as the wife of Chu Teh, the Commander-in-Chief. At twenty-

five she is called the "Girl Commander" of the Red Army in her own right, and is ambitious to rank with the regular commanders. She is the only woman who has ever commanded Red troops, except the sister of Ho Lung who was killed in battle in Hupeh. There was a regiment of women in Szechuan commanded by women, but K'ang K'e-ching will have none of this. She is not interested in Feminism but in equal rights for command over men for equal fighting ability.

I liked K'ang K'e-ching immediately. She has a perfectly charming personality, and it is easy to see why Chu Teh was attracted to the valiant little partisan leader of seventeen, who was a slave girl turned Captain of the Young Pioneers. She is pretty, with unusual light brown almond eyes and a round face with clear-cut features and beautiful strong teeth.

When she came to see me, she shook hands with the only rough, sizable woman's hand I have felt since I came to China and was very cordial to me. She is taller than the average, weighs 120 pounds and is very strongly but symmetrically and smoothly built, and has a quiet, dignified manner. She did not remind me of any peasant that I had ever seen, but I thought what a wonderful study in simple strength and character she would be for a Millet or Daumier. The picture of health, her bronzed face and red cheeks shone with honest scrubbing. I am sure she has never had a dress, and probably never will. After wearing the peasant girl's trousers, she stepped into a uniform. When I look at that ghastly spectacle in Shanghai which is so discouraging a feature of the Chinese scene today—the night clubs swarming with Chinese, women calcined and painted beyond all human recognition as they toddle on stilts that seem almost as painful as bound feet, and men perfumed, manicured and looking even less capable of any form of action—I think of K'ang K'e-ching as I last saw her gallantly trudging off to the war in the cold mountains of the Northwest. And when my friends comment, "What can you expect of a people who act like this under Japanese occupation?" I remark with secret satisfaction, "Oh well, there is another species of Chinese, you know."

As she talked in her low throaty voice, K'ang K'e-ching

practised rough characters with her pencil, with a kind of naïve pride. She refers to "guns" instead of "soldiers" when discussing the numbers of troops, and plots the curve of her life as a movement between work at the "front" and "rear." When I tried to ask her ideas about the so-called Women's Problem, she promptly put a stop to it: "I don't care much about the women's problem; I always work with men, not women. And I'm afraid I can't tell you about women's life in the Soviets, because I was never a part of it."

"But," I pursued, "you think yourself as competent as any man. How do you think women compare with men generally in revolutionary work?" In China women are often considered to be more courageous revolutionaries than men.

"In general," she finally consented to reply, "the political consciousness of women is much lower than that of men. Still, because they are more oppressed, they wake up more quickly when given an opportunity. If they are given freedom, they can do hard revolutionary work. In the bordering districts of the Soviets many women fought shoulder to shoulder with the men. In the peasant partisan movement nearly all are men, however. Those under twenty-five join the Young Pioneers and others the Red Guards. These partisans must be very strong and active, and women are too weak to keep up with them, as when the White army is not attacking, the partisans take independent action against them and disturb their rear. In Hsingkuo the women partisans used old spears and swords to fight the enemy, but often they get guns. Some women fought at the front in Kiangsi, these being mostly from the laboring class. Usually they do communications or hospital work. There was an Independent Women's Volunteer Corps of two hundred members in Szechuan. They learned military tactics and political training.

"The only woman in the Soviets who was really superior and important in armed revolutionary work was Ho Lung's sister, Ho Ying, who was killed when still young. She commanded a whole division of troops—all men soldiers. I admire her very much.

"Most of the troubles of the women with the Red Army are the babies they are always having. This is bad for their revolutionary work, and many of them are sick from the strain. Mao Tsê-tung's wife now has her fifth baby here in Yen-an. Hsiao K'eh's wife nearly died in childbirth during the Long March, when her boy was born in the Grasslands. We call him the 'Grasslands Baby.' Ho Lung's wife has just sent her year-old little girl to Sian to live with a family there.

"I like babies as an institution, but don't want any myself, because I want to keep in perfect physical condition for my work in the army. I keep in good athletic condition by playing basketball, tennis and jumping."

At that time in Yen-an there was a civil—it had not reached the point of military—war on the subject of divorce. As related at the beginning of the previous chapter, Comrade Li had just divorced his wife, with a new baby, against her will, and the women had organized in a phalanx against this, while the men for the most part took Comrade Li's side. I asked K'ang K'e-ching what her position was in this momentous affair. She replied:

"I think divorce should be easy and free. If the two do not agree politically, they absolutely must divorce. In this particular case, Comrade Li's wife was not a good housewife, and she was also backward politically, so I have no sympathy for her. Either one of them can get another mate whenever they wish, so why shouldn't each be free? Some women have the special characteristic of liking to be dependent on men and have babies, and she was one of this type."

"Does class consciousness exist between the women in the Soviets?" I asked.

"At the beginning, yes, there was a barrier of class consciousness between the petty-bourgeois intellectuals and the peasant women until after we began the Long March. All this was dissolved in the Great Grasslands, however, after the common suffering."

Then she put the single question she asked me: "What class do you belong to?"

"I am a sort of denationalized wandering free professional," I replied.

K'ang K'e-ching thought this was very nice and remarked: "You are the only foreign woman I have ever talked with."

"Well, what do you think of the variety?" I inquired.

She looked at me as if she wanted to reach over and feel my muscle, then said: "I think you are very brave to come here alone—you look delicate. American girls must be wonderfully free and educated and independent. Are they all excitable?"

As she turned to leave, K'ang K'e-ching reached into her pocket and handed me a picture of the Tibetan tribesmen.

"You know, I have no possessions at all except my clothes. I haven't even kept any letters from Chu Teh. But I want to give you this picture which we took of the Man-tzüs in the Great Grasslands on the Long March. We have hardly any pictures of the March, and I thought you might like to have it because it is so rare."

She then saluted smartly with her heels together and marched away.

Later I had lunch with her and Chu Teh and Chou En-lai at Military Headquarters. She socked the Commander-in-Chief playfully on the arm, and he seemed to like it enormously as he beamed at his young prodigy. She never refers to him as her husband, but as "Comrade" in a sort of third-person tone of voice. I beamed at them both and thought what a marvelous pair they were, and what attractive personalities they both happened to have. They were so honest and straightforward, so completely natural and unspoiled. What other race could produce such solid iron stock as these two who had fought and marched together for ten years and come out of it looking as if it had been a carefully nurtured experiment in physical culture?

It seemed symbolic of the tensile strength of the long-drawn-out Chinese Revolution that these two should be sitting there together on that rough bench making jokes with each other in a rollicking spirit: Chu Teh, the old campaigner of half a century who developed out of the war-lord period in China, a lone individual slowly but stubbornly reaching

out for new forms of revolutionary struggle with blind determination and searching out the Communist Party by himself; and this young amazon half his age, hatched out of the revolutionary process in the interior, one of the collective millions of rebellious peasantry freed and defended by Chu Teh's army—the newest product of this revolution who had learned to read from Marxist slogans on mud walls, and, as she told me, who had never believed in any of the old gods or superstitions.

### III. WOMEN UNDER THE RED REPUBLIC

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH of China are much more militant than those in the northern provinces—and the Northwest is the most backward part of China. But I was surprised to see the progress the Soviet movement had already created among women there.

Miss Kao Meng-chêñ was head of the North Shensi branch of the Soviet women's movement. A native of North Shensi, she had been one of the founders of the local women's movement, having joined the Communist Party as early as 1930. She had worked under Liu Tzû-tan, the founder of the Shenpei Soviet, which was not formally organized until 1933, although he had begun partisan fighting in 1929. Kao Meng-chêñ had piercing black eyes, and her mouth was set in a very firm line. She impressed me as having the local women's situation well in hand. She and Li Chün-chen came to see me several times to discuss the local women's work in the North Shensi and whole Northwest Soviet area.

In the whole Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Soviet district there were seven thousand active Communist Party women. This number of women, prepared to risk their necks as Party members, is remarkable in view of the extreme backwardness of the sparse population of these regions, where in appearance the native women seemed to me to be somnambulist survivals from the Middle Ages. Most of the men

who joined the Communists were very young, but the average age of women members was older, the majority being over twenty, with ages ranging from seventeen to forty.

In Yen-an alone there were seventy women Party workers, and in the local district there were 1900—all with no family connections and doing independent revolutionary work. These figures did not include the girl students in the Red Academy or the Party School whom I have already mentioned. Most of the seventy worked in the Party political department, in the Soviet Government, the People's Economic Department or in the Soviet factories and medical departments. Most of the co-operatives were managed by women.

Then there were many mass organizations and women's associations. Li Chün-chen said partial statistics showed that in the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia areas there were 130,000 women who participated in these movements, of whom 80,000 could be depended upon to attend all meetings. This showed that about 15 per cent of the total number of women joined the Soviet work. Nearly all local women had bound feet, except the Moslems and Mongols. Those in Yenshiah and Tingpien near the Mongol border did not bind their feet.

Women constituted 30 per cent of the working personnel in the productive organizations of the district and Soviet Government.

"There are three main problems to be solved in the emancipation of women," said Li Chün-chen, "the economic, the cultural and the marriage problem."

"Women in the Soviet districts achieve economic freedom because all have land distributed to them, therefore they are not so dependent on men and the family as before. This means that the family yoke which suppressed women in China so long is broken. They have a free voice in the government of the family and of society in general. They can also attend meetings, the theater and public gatherings, whereas previously they were restricted and not permitted to go out publicly."

"On the cultural side there is now a generally higher

standard of education, especially among the Red Army families, where the incentive to learn to read and write comes when the women want to read the letters from their husbands at the front and to understand their work. In the villages women are organized into family groups and small clubs called 'Clubs for Learning Characters,' or 'Clubs for Reading Newspapers.' And under our instruction the women have developed politically through Marxist clubs and classes. These groups exist in all Soviet districts, and after class sessions the club members call meetings and tell others what they have learned, thereby spreading their knowledge widely. Then we also stress physical culture, and now most young girls here take exercise out-of-doors every day and are healthier. Previously this was considered unladylike, to say the least.

"As to the marriage problem: Women here were formerly bought and sold as 'labor wives.' They were bought as children, treated like donkeys and finally married in order to produce children. This practice has not quite, but almost, been stopped in these districts, and we spend a great deal of time educating the people against such practices. Arranged marriages of the upper class were almost as bad for women as the purchase of labor wives.

"Under the Soviet laws every marriage must be registered in the local Government bureau, and marriage is by consent of the two parties, no interference by third persons being permitted. However, marriage is prohibited for those suffering from disease or otherwise unfit—this is in order to protect women. Divorce is by mutual consent, but if the case justifies it, may be granted in spite of the opposition of one party. This is decided by the Commissioner of the Interior. More women want divorces than men. This is because the old early marriages were often unhappy; women were purchased and had no love for their husbands, so wanted freedom from bondage. This new freedom of marriage and divorce is sometimes abused at the beginning of the application of the new Soviet laws, but such a condition is always quickly cleared up and the dignity of the new marriage firmly established. The men are responsible for the support of their

children up to the age of sixteen, and the property of the woman belongs to her after divorce.

"The weak points of our work here are that we found local conditions very backward. Communications were bad, the cultural level very low, and the productive forces primitive, compared with more advanced regions in China. Therefore, the women's movement has been limited by these factors. We are trying to work fast, however, especially in educating the women up to their new status. There was hardly any industry here except handicrafts, so the general economic condition was very backward. Also the North Shensi districts in the past were disturbed by constant civil war and often reoccupied by the White armies, so the anti-feudal struggle could never be completely accomplished, and the emancipation of women was not thorough.

"Formerly women worked only in the home, but now they are organized into the small productive co-operatives or factories for village industry, as well as in weaving and spinning wool at home. But everyone is engaged in production. Those who have nothing to do at home work in the Soviet factories—making shoes, socks, blankets and uniforms. In our factories women get the same wages as men, and better care.

"When the First Front Red Army first came to North Shensi in 1935 they had no shoes, and their clothes were in rags. Though they had no machines for this work, the local women mobilized immediately and made altogether 600,000 complete uniforms *all by hand sewing* within the year from October 1935 to the arrival of the Second and Fourth Front armies in October 1936. When the Red Army set out for the Western Expedition to Kansu, the women mobilized a special campaign to provide shoes and made 700,000 extra pairs of cloth shoes.\* Materials are supplied by the Government, and all the labor is handicraft work by women.

"When the First Front Red Army first came to the Northwest they were able, within a few weeks, to get about 20,000 new fighters in this sparsely populated area. Why? Because the women organized to carry on in their place in

\*The cloth soles wore out in about two weeks of marching.

the rear. And these Soviet women prepared not only clothes but also food to send to their husbands in the army. The women encouraged their men to join the army, and all who don't send their husbands to the front are despised by the others. Their moral pressure has been very great. At first many local women wanted to join the Red Army, but the Soviet Government did not permit this, but mobilized them into productive work in the rear instead.

"When the Red Army arrives at a village the women call a meeting and estimate how much food they can get together for the soldiers, and afterward distribute it to them. If each has only two *chin* of millet, half is put aside to send to the Red Army.

"In the beginning of the Soviet movement, the women didn't know how to cultivate their land after it was redistributed to them, so they organized in small groups to learn agriculture. In six *hsien* these groups had 15,000 members. These *hsien* in North Shensi are Yench'ang, Tze-tan (Pao-an), Tze-ch'ang, Antsai, Yen-ch'u'an and Anting. There are three or four, or seven or eight, members in each small group. According to our present figures the number of women cultivating their own land in these *hsien* is 39,994. We have no statistics for other areas, but there are also a great number elsewhere. Women receive the same allotment of land as men exactly. This is from three to nine *mou*, depending upon the location and amount of land available. Children also receive the same, and a family is entitled to three *mou* per person. If a member dies, the land shifts to someone else."

I asked Li Chün-chen about women in military work, and what had happened to Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien's famous women's regiment from Szechuan. She replied:

"This was a full regiment of a thousand when they left Szechuan in 1935, but so many were killed or captured on the Long March that only about eight hundred arrived here. They had severe fighting in the Man-tzü tribe region and with the Mohammedans. Many of the wounded are now in the rear, some of whom attend the Party School.

"At Yench'ang there are now six hundred women receiving regular infantry training, most of whom are from Szechuan. Many were factory workers originally. They have the same routine as men soldiers, except that sick leave is easier to obtain. These women are intended for local military and political work, and some graduates are already in charge of various women's departments.

"In the past in Kiangsi and Szechuan woman all joined the fighting during the partisan period, and were busy disturbing the enemy and disarming enemy outposts. In Kiangsi women went to the front with the Red Army as nurses and carriers, and transported the wounded either on their backs or on stretchers, or they supplied food and clothes to the fighters.

"Here in the Northwest women are physically weaker and have bound feet, so they cannot do heavy work like this. Still they do what they can. For instance at the battle of Wu Ch'i Chen they took care of the wounded, using donkeys or mules for transport.

"Now in Shen-fu, where there are many bandits, women are in charge of outposts, guarding important passes with arms. If necessary they fire on the bandits, or warn the men of their approach. Most of the spy work on bandits is done by women, and recently fifteen bandits were captured by women in Yen-men.

"The general demands of women in the Soviets are for freedom, equal economic opportunities, cultural development—and now they want to realize united peace and drive out Japanese imperialism. When the Soviets are changed to Democracy, there will be no great change in the status of women. They now have the equal right to vote in the local Soviets, but under Democracy they will also enjoy equal suffrage."

I found there was no "children's problem" whatsoever in the Northwest Soviets, therefore no day nurseries or other such institutions. The infant mortality rate was simply terrific, though I could get no figures on it. For this reason babies were a most precious possession, and every family

could care for its own. The peasant women begged to care for the children of the busy Soviet women, so this solved the "nursery" problem for them.

The most progressive women in the Soviets were the women factory workers, so I was anxious to find out about them. There were several state-owned factories for supplying uniforms, shoes and other necessities for the Red Army. Altogether in North Shensi, there were seven hundred men and six hundred women employed in these state, or "national," as the Soviets called them, factories.

There was one such "national" factory run by women workers in Yen-an, and I went there several times with Miss Liu Chien-hsien, who was officially Chief of the Organization Department of the Labor Unions Headquarters, as well as the elected Director of National Mines and Factories. The factory girls all wore Red Army uniforms and red-starred caps, had bobbed hair, and considered themselves leading a "proletarian revolution." They were very proud of the Red Star, and put it on their work aprons and in every available place. In this small factory most of the work was done by hand, but there were six old Singer sewing machines which had been carried about six thousand miles on the Long March. (The Red Army had had to bury or give away most of its machinery during the March.) They lived in the same room in which they worked, and it could not be distinguished from a Shanghai sweatshop in appearance. But the girls were different! They were healthy, talkative and sparkling with vitality and cheerfulness—quite a contrast to the dead hopelessness and misery of the usual factory girl's appearance in China. The outstanding difference was that these girls were happy—while those in the Shanghai sweatshops were utterly wretched. Whatever material goods they received, it was clear that they had been given a spiritual regeneration that could not figure in any pay envelope. They had been given freedom, dignity and a sense of participation in their work.

This factory was run according to the same regulations as other such factories; and the conditions were written into a

contract signed by the factory management. Every factory had its Labor Union, which carried on collective bargaining with the foreman. In Kiangsi, I was told, wages were very high and Soviet factory conditions infinitely better there than in the Northwest, where wages were from \$15 to \$3 per month, depending upon the nature of the work. Even so this was much higher than the average income of the local people. The Soviet factories, in addition, supplied clothes and food to the workers, together with free medical and hospital service and supplies and a special diet for any kind of illness, while the Labor Security Fund provided regular wages during the worker's time in the hospital. All women factory workers and those in any branch of Government enterprise were allowed two months of rest before and after childbirth, with full wages and \$20 extra allowance, while the baby also received an allotment for clothes and stockings, etc.

Young girls and women received the same wages, but their working hours were different—instead of an eight-hour day, girls worked only six hours, and the youngest only four. They had also seven Revolutionary holidays a year and four holidays a month with pay (the same as Sundays in Western countries), and if the management asked the workers for extra labor, overtime payment was double for holidays, and night work could be done only by permission of the Labor Union. The amount of production in the "national" factories was determined by the war situation. It was necessary to hurry during emergencies, but the workers could relax afterward. The factory management could not employ workers directly. All workers were hired through the Labor Union itself. And employees could not be discharged without the discussion and consent of the Union.

Each factory had a workers' wage committee, which determined salaries—therefore all wages were decided by the workers themselves. Wage increases were determined by the output of work. Members of this committee were elected by the workers. This system was quite satisfactory, according to Liu-Chien-hsien, "as the members never show prejudice and the workers have confidence in their committee. Any

member can easily be changed, of course, which often happens. Each factory usually has several departments, and each sends its delegate to the main committee."

The factory had to provide the rooms for a Workers' Club and Union Office, and also had to provide an educational fund for its employes. For every \$10 wage, the factory had to contribute \$2 to the Union for this purpose. Education was very much stressed, and according to Liu Chien-hsien, "every factory is like a school. The standard of education rises daily." After working hours, the workers divided into groups, went to the Club room or elsewhere for one hour of study, and every week a two-hour political discussion was held. They then read the Wall Newspapers and had various recreations. The workers had to study not only reading and writing, but cultural and political subjects, and every week the women had to spend one hour at military training. Once or twice a month tests were held, and the grades were published on the Wall Newspapers. The workers were very proud if they were able to publish high grades, and felt it a great honor. Other special meetings were held to improve the quality of production, where the workers were taught artistic designs and how to utilize their material to the utmost. They all love to sing, and learned all the new songs available.

"About 80 per cent of the women in the 'national' factories can write well enough to do editorials or short criticisms for the Wall Newspaper," Liu Chien-hsien commented, "as well as being able to keep diaries of their personal experiences. The women understand the political situation as well as the men, and when a serious crisis threatens, the news bulletins in the factories are kept up to the minute, and every change in the situation is discussed thoroughly.

"At the present time the anti-Japanese emotion of the workers is very high, and they have started a sort of 'Stakhanovite' anti-Japanese movement to increase production in the present crisis. Many patriotic workers now add one extra hour of labor for 'anti-Japanese work,' and others are following their example. The Labor Union authorities

have had to forbid this extra work in some cases, because the girls get so enthusiastic they may harm their health by too much extra work."

The Chinese Soviet workers also have their "one-year plans" just as in Soviet Russia. The plan of production is determined by the factory management, but its operation is discussed by the workers in detail, and the length of time required to complete the work is decided upon. According to Liu Chien-hsien, "every such plan is almost always completed in a shorter time than estimated. As soon as the plan is in operation, competition begins, and prizes are given for the best work. Individual girls get handkerchiefs, banners, soap or toothbrushes. They always organize a 'model group' for production. This works faster and better than others, and everyone competes to join this group as recognition of superior ability."

At the time I visited the factory, the anniversary of the Chinese Red Army, August First, was approaching, and the women workers were making sandals of bright-colored string for the Red Army men.

"The Soviet women workers always do special things for the Red Army," Liu Chien-hsien observed. "About 80 per cent of the women in the national factories have husbands in the Red Army, so they like their work and make the best possible effort to help the army. Most of the women workers are very young. The average age is nineteen or twenty. Even in the villages the young women are now very progressive in thought.

"The living habits of the workers are very simple, and they can save money. Once a young worker saved her salary for several months to use for materials for the factory Wall Newspaper.

"The political organization of women workers is the same as that of men, and in the factories department heads and foremen are all women, as well as the Communist Party workers. Factory workers always live far away from home, so they are organized into groups of eight with a captain, and are under discipline. After work they can go anywhere freely, of course. Their working hours are made as pleasant

as possible, and relatives and friends can come to talk with them whenever they like.

"In North Shensi the condition of women was extremely backward before the Red Army came, but at present we can say that most of the women in the Soviet districts are economically independent, and there is work for everybody."

In conclusion it seems simplest to comment that when the Red Star swept over the horizon of China's Northwest like a comet, nobody was so shaken out of slumber as the local women. It was more than a shock—a new world swam into their ken.

## I. THE CELESTIAL RED STAR PASSES

MY TRIP TO THE Chinese Soviet capital happened at a very dramatic historic moment—in time to see the last of the fighting Red republic after ten years that shook China and the insurgent Red Army marching under orders of the White generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek.

The Chinese Communists first hitched their wagon to the Red Star in 1927. Follows a decade of such bitterly fought class warfare as human society has seldom engaged in. Retreat from the Soviets in the South, but the Red Army carries on. Red March six thousand miles across a continent. New horizons in the Great Northwest. *Coup de théâtre* at Sian on December 12, 1936. Hundreds of thousands of troops mobilize on newly aligned Red and White fronts. Fifty-five days of armed suspense. Peace without treaty. March, April, May, June . . . July 7—Japan strikes at Liukouchiao. War or peace? July 15—the Communists set October 15 as the date for the voluntary abdication of the Soviet Republic of China to make way for a nationalist-bourgeois democracy. August—Chiang Kai-shek assigns the Red Army to the Shansi front. Off with the beloved Red Star. The Eighth Route Army marches to fight the Japanese—in Kuomintang uniforms. . . . So ends the long epic chapter of the Peasants' and Workers' Soviet Republic of China. What is the heroic story of the Soviet in China?

The prelude was the “Great Revolution” of 1925–27, when the Kuomintang and Communist parties marched tri-

umphantly hand in hand from Canton to the banks of the Yangtze River, proletariat in the vanguard of the revolution, peasants insurgent in the rear. The bourgeoisie is jittery in the cities, the landlords are terrified in the country. The foreign powers are indignant on the China coast. The Reaction begins furiously recruiting from all three elements. Then the landlords and war lords massacre the peasants in Hunan and Hupeh. The Shanghai bankers hire Ch'ing *pong* gangsters to massacre five thousand workmen in Shanghai. In the meantime Chiang Kai-shek goes over to the British, leads the "purgation" against Communists and Leftists and thereby gets his Nanking Government recognized by the foreign powers. Split in the Kuomintang. Split between the Communists and the Kuomintang. Split in the Communist ranks, too. Then, after all the miscellaneous "purifying" and "purgation," clear colors separate from the mixture—a divided China, Red and White, engages in a vast civil war.

After 1927 the Communists take independent leadership of the revolutionary movements of the peasants, workers and petty bourgeois young intellectuals. The Kuomintang allies with the feudal landlords and war lords and with the foreign powers on the coast, establishes a one-party military dictatorship at Nanking headed by Chiang Kai-shek and carries on a war without quarter against all insurgent peasants, workers, intellectuals, writers, artists and students—against Communists, Social Democrats, Democrats, anti-Japanese groups and all revolutionary elements, denying even the nationalist principle on which it was founded. Because of the extreme reactionariness of the Kuomintang, the Communists are able within four years to build up an independent Soviet Republic in the heart of China which challenges the Rightist Government at Nanking for control of the nation.

September 18, 1931. Japan takes Manchuria. The Communist and Leftist movement leading the anti-Japanese agitation at its height in the "White" areas. The Soviet Republic soon numbers a population of 9,000,000 in its Central Soviets and 1,000,000 more in its Szechuan Soviet. Then the bitter war begins in earnest. The Kuomintang

bourgeois-landlord bloc adopts Fascist methods from Europe and in 1932-33 in the White areas is able to destroy first the labor movement, next the student movement, then even liberal and militant anti-Japanese opposition. In the meantime the Soviets in the Red areas have triumphantly defeated four major campaigns.

The stage is set for the supreme struggle in 1934: Nanking mobilizes 900,000 troops for blockade and attack in its Fifth Campaign. It is a war of annihilation—for the civilians. Nanking troops move in slowly, burning villages to destroy the guerilla bases, killing the Soviet farmers and their women and children. The Red Army retreats slowly before the inexorable juggernaut, then, when the Soviet population can no longer stand the pressure, makes a break for liberty.

For a year the Red Army battles its way on the Long March to the Great Northwest, with tremendous losses. Arrived in the Szechuan Soviet in the summer of 1935, all the leaders call a council of war—and peace. It is a stormy session. Chang Kuo-t'ao and his Szechuan followers want to keep a Soviet base. Mao Tsê-tung and the new arrivals from the Central Soviets want to give up the Soviet slogan and begin to organize a democratic People's Front against the Japanese instead. The latter is decided upon. The Communist Party issues a new manifesto—on August 1, 1935, anniversary of the founding of the Red Army and of the adoption of the Soviet slogan.

In the manifesto the Communists make an offer to Nanking and to all progressive elements: they offer to give up their struggle for Soviets if the civil war is stopped and a representative democratic republic is realized, and they offer to form a United Front with all parties, armies and groups willing to fight the Japanese.

There is no response to this kind offer from any armies or parties. The Nanking Government ridicules it—and praises Hitler and Mussolini. But a valiant little group of eight hundred students in Peking agrees with it. On December 9, 1935, the vanguard of the People's Front begins to march on the streets of Peking. When the Communists in the far Northwest hear of this student demonstration, they are de-

lighted. They put a new date in their history textbook: "December 9 marks a new era—the petty bourgeoisie begins to swing over to the United Front."

The People's Front moves fast after this, almost too fast even for the Communists. The Tungpei Army and Yang Hu-cheng's Shensi troops take a nose dive to the Left and decide to turn the whole Northwest into barracks for the People's Front—and they want to fight! No namby-pamby for them! So in December they arrest the Generalissimo—and the Communists insist on his release! Why the anticlimax?

In October 1936 the Communists had begun a little wishful thinking about a "National United Front" with Chiang Kai-shek's army, the Nanking Government and the Kuomintang instead of a "People's Front" only on the Left. But it is already almost too late to stop the momentum of the People's Front movement against Nanking. However, the Communists divert it successfully into their National United Front—after negotiating with Chiang Kai-shek in and out of captivity. (Not, however, without having the Tungpei Leftist leaders put Chou En-lai and Po Ku down on their books for assassination because of their insistence upon a peaceful settlement.)

Only thin "threads of talk," as the Chinese say, bind Chiang Kai-shek to the United Front with his erstwhile bitterest enemies after the Sian Incident. Spun out at length throughout the summer, as Chou En-lai flies back and forth between Yen-an and Sian and Nanking, negotiating for terms. Their secret illicit relations seem slightly immoral—until Japan comes along as indignant minister and forces an open and honest marriage upon the pair. . . .

My arrival in May finds the negotiations still in process, and the Communists unwilling to make any public statements on the subject of the "Kuomintang-Communist remarriage," as Wu Liang-p'ing calls it. In an interview with Chou En-lai on June 22 at Military Headquarters, I ask:

"Do you regard the progress of the negotiations as satisfactory?"

"I don't like to reply to this question with one word,



THE FIRST PICTURE EVER TAKEN OF KUOMINTANG-COMMUNIST CO-OPERATION IN CHINA

In the Ten Years Which Preceded This Meeting,  
Half a Million Dollars Was Offered by the Kuomintang  
for the Capture of Chu Teh and Mao

Tsê-tung, Here Shown with Three High Kuomintang Officials. By Their Weather-beaten Faces  
They Are Easily Distinguished from the Suave Kuomintangites.



#### AFTER THE UNITED FRONT

A Red Soldier Propagandizing a Peasant in the Market Place in Yen-an in Favor of the New Kuomintang-Communist Co-operation. These Political Workers Waylaid the Farmers When They Came to Market and Lectured Them Long and Earnestly on the Subject of Co-operation with the Kuomintang and the Landlords to Fight Japan. They Had to Put out More Persuasion Than They Had Originally in Suggesting the Abolition of the Landlords. The Honest Face of the Old Peasant Seems a Bit Puzzled by the Right-about-face on the Part of the Communists.

'satisfactory,' " is the answer. "It is a dialectical question, yes and no. I can say that the fundamentals are settled but not the concrete details. . . .

"One must consider the anti-Japanese war preparations and Democracy like two wheels of a bicycle, one before the other—the preparation for the anti-Japanese war comes first, and following it the movement for Democracy."

"If Democracy is realized in China now, this will actually be the accomplishment of the long-delayed democratic revolution, will it not?" is my next question.

"If I should be asked if our fourteen years of political life have been a struggle for Democracy or for a proletarian dictatorship," Chou En-lai answers, "this question can be answered easily: It has been a struggle for Democracy.

"Again, if asked, 'What is the character of this revolution?' we can say it is a bourgeois-democratic revolution. It is not a proletarian revolution.

"Third, if asked, 'What was the political system of the past ten years?' we can reply that it was a workers' and peasants' democratic system, and not a bourgeois-democratic system.

"Fourth, if asked, 'Now do you want to change that system?' we can reply, yes, we want to change the workers' and peasants' democratic system into a national democratic system which will include the landowners, bourgeoisie and petty bourgeoisie with the workers and peasants, and exclude only traitors.

"Fifth, if you ask, 'What is the method of the democratic movement?' we can say that during these ten years we have used the revolutionary method—that is, the military struggle—to build up a workers' and peasants' democratic system, and now we want to use the political struggle—that is, a democratic struggle—to achieve the national democratic system.

"Looked at from this point of view, we can say that these ten years we have used the revolutionary method to struggle for Democracy. We cannot say we made the political struggle for the national democratic movement. Now we want to

create a big democratic movement among all classes of the Chinese people, except the traitors, for the purpose of the defensive anti-Japanese war.

"Now the Kuomintang will change its policy to realize the Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen,\* so we can now say that we want to give up the Soviet system in order to change into the national democratic system along the road of the Three Principles. This is our way of helping the realization of the Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen to achieve democratic freedom, national emancipation and social welfare."

"But suppose the Kuomintang decides to accept only the nationalist principle and not the democratic principle. If Nanking should utilize the anti-Japanese slogan to form a new anti-Communist Fascist movement, could such a movement develop?" I inquire.

"No, because the base of such a movement is too weak. And if it uses the nationalist anti-Japanese slogan, this is good. This would be emancipating an oppressed semi-colonial people. It would be a good slogan and give a stimulus to the masses to fight Japan, even among the troops. If the people, the soldiers and the officers receive the anti-Japanese slogan, it is no harm, for the masses will receive it in good faith and act upon it in the same spirit. If we analyze the character of Chinese Fascism, we find it has no real basis. These Fascists only wanted to study Fascist methods in order to be able to govern the masses."

Two weeks after this interview the war with Japan begins at Liukouchiao.

One week later, the world's second stable Soviet Republic begins the process of abdication. The new democratic elections begin.

On August 29 I write the following in my notebook:

"As I write this I am sitting in a small room in Yen-an. Today the *hsien*, or county, of Yen-an participates in the first democratic election ever actually held in China. Then this election, which began on July 15 and will be over at the end

\*Sun Yat-sen's Three Principles are: Democracy, Nationalism and the People's Livelihood.

of October, is completed in all the northwest Soviet areas, the last of the Chinese Soviets will have abdicated and the one-time Soviet Republic of China will be rather undramatically called 'The Frontier Districts of Shensi, Kansu and Ninghsia.' One of the major social experiments of our generation has ended—a Leninist attempt to establish Soviets in a semi-colonial land.

"Through a small hole in the paper window at which I occasionally watch the life in the courtyard, I can see my bodyguard from the OGPU fingering his new Kuomintang cap in gingerly fashion, rubbing the bourgeois blue-and-white enamel symbol. No doubt he is thinking of the tattered old cloth Red Star that he wore from Kiangsi on the Long March and resewed with his own loving fingers when it became unrecognizable. But the Red Star is no longer visible on the once-Soviet horizon. Even Chu Teh wears a Kuomintang cap. The whole Chinese Red Army is now clothed in regulation Kuomintang uniforms supplied by Nanking. It has not even a name, but only a number like all other armies under the Central Government; it is the Eighth Route Army of the National Revolutionary Armies of China.

"A few days ago I asked Mao Tsê-tung, Chairman of the Military Council, if the Red Army would carry the Red flag as well as the national flag in fighting the Japanese. 'No,' he replied. 'When we change the uniforms of course we must change our flag also.'

"In externals it is now impossible to distinguish China's Red Army from its one-time Kuomintang enemy, and it cheerfully accepts the command of Chiang Kai-shek—of the man for whose death the Communists have shouted slogans in half the provinces of China. The struggle for the Soviets in China is half as old as the U.S.S.R. and has been almost as bloody. Here is a revolutionary army of some 100,000 men, the nucleus of which has fought nearly every day for ten years against everything which the Kuomintang uniform they are now wearing has represented. This army lives on a basis of pure War Communism of the most exacting variety while it carries out orders of the Communist Party to support the ruling class of China in a war. Yet here are these

100,000 armed men meekly taking such orders from the Communist Party with no apparent opposition whatever, although most of their families have been massacred by that ruling class. How is this phenomenon possible? It is not so difficult to understand since Sino-Japanese hostilities began on July 7, but the whole question was decided two years ago, and when I arrived in Yen-an in May the change was expected immediately. The answer is that the authority which the Communist Party exercises over the mass is astonishing. But such discipline has not been gained without two years of intensive education in the nature of the Chinese Revolution since August 1935.

"Is this giving up of the Soviets victory, defeat or merely strategy for the Chinese Communists? Here in Yen-an it is not viewed in these terms but is looked at in a very unemotional, matter-of-fact way. Everyone seems to accept it as a part of historical determinism, as a new stage in the development of the unaccomplished Chinese Revolution—which they regard as a bourgeois-democratic revolution—a passing from the agrarian to the anti-imperialist stage.

"I could quote Mao Tsê-tung, the Chinese Lenin, at great length on this question; for instance, his instructions to the Communist Party Conference in May: 'We support the theory of the transformation of the revolution. The democratic revolution will change to Socialism. In this democratic revolution there are several stages of development, but all are under the slogan of the Democratic Republic and not under that of a Soviet Republic, . . . We are not Trotskyists, semi-Trotskyists nor Li Li-sanists. We are for the transformation of the revolution and not for the Trotskyist "permanent revolution." We are for passing through all necessary stages of the Democratic Republic to reach Socialism.'

"Some look at the change as 'one step backward to achieve two steps forward.'

"I stroll out into the courtyard to ask questions. The little rock-ribbed valley echoes with rifle shots as the soldiers try out their guns for service at the front. Across the wall I can hear some meeting or other singing 'Defend Madrid.'

In our compound the Organization Department is digging a bombproof cellar against Japanese air raids. A few days ago two Japanese planes reconnoitered and later five came again. Three little boy soldiers of the *hsiao kuei* variety, called 'little devils,' are sitting on the high earth heap chattering away like magpies about their adventures under air bombs during the Long March from their homes in Szechuan and Kansu.

"One of the ex-Red 'fighters'—the Red Army never uses the word 'soldier'—digging the bomb cellar is wearing a pair of Mickey Mouse shorts.

"Sitting in front of one of the rooms in the big walled compound is a group of student refugees from Peiping universities, who have walked many miles in tennis shoes. They are reading about the fighting in Shanghai and the North in the *New China* newspaper—which was until recently called *Red China*. Hundreds of petty-bourgeois non-Communist boys and girls have flocked here since the new policy was announced six months ago, to attend classes at the 'People's Anti-Japanese Military and Political Academy,' once the 'Red Academy.' I have heard it said that the Party membership in the White districts is increasing tenfold under the new situation.

"I interrupt my bodyguard's meditations on the passing of the Red Star to ask what he thinks about the changes in the Soviets. Of course, he knows all the answers. He has had special political training in the OGPU. But I must add that the OGPU is no more. It has been changed to a unit of the Pao An Tui or 'Peace Prevention Corps,' the same organization with exactly the same name as in other parts of China. All Red Guards and partisan detachments are now also incorporated into the Pao An Tui.

"My bodyguard replies patronizingly: 'In this crisis we must support the unification of China in order to fight a successful war against Japan. We cannot have two separate class governments at such a time, so we must give up all forms of Soviet power, of course. Japanese aggression has forced the Kuomintang to have a revolutionary tendency again, so now we can co-operate with it.'

"I have asked many this same question, and they all give substantially the same reply.

"I asked about the attitude of the people in the Soviets in a talk with Teng Pi-wu, now Chairman *pro tem* of the transitional Central Soviet Government. He replied candidly: 'The people all liked the Soviet better. It was simple and easy for them. The landlords will perhaps like the new democracy better, but there are few landlords left here to enjoy it. We find some difficulty in letting the landlord have the right to vote. The people don't understand why it is necessary, and the farmers are afraid their land might be distributed back to the landlords. There are two districts in Kan Lo Hsien, in North Shensi, where this problem is not yet solved and the people won't let the landlords vote. In general, however, the people give up the Soviet easily. They trust the leadership of the Communist Party to do what is right for them. Yet they don't see the necessity for such a complex change, and some don't see how it benefits themselves.'

"I also asked this question of Teng Feng, Vice-Chairman of the Hupeh-Hunan-Kiangsi Soviet Government, which has still some ten thousand people. His reply was much the same: 'The people don't understand the necessity of changing very clearly, but they trust the Communist leadership and will carry out any decisions of the Soviet Government.'

"'Some of the landlords in our district,' he added, 'have already sent letters to the Soviet Government asking for special permission to return.'

"In the new elections there is universal suffrage except for minors under the age of sixteen, mental defectives and criminals barred from voting by law. Under the previous Soviet form, landlords and capitalists could not vote, but they now have this right fully. All parties have the right to make public nominations and to carry on propaganda for their political programs in competition with the Communist Party, but so far no other party has availed itself of this opportunity. Most of the representatives elected are Communist Party members. For instance, in the northern district of Yen-an County eighty of the 109 persons elected were

Communist Party members, of whom fifteen were women. In some cases landlord groups organized a campaign in their own interests, but, according to Teng Pi-wu, so far all such attempts have failed because of the opposition of the masses. Voting is done by raising of hands. Originally a secret written ballot was planned, but because of illiteracy this was not feasible.

"The form of democracy selected by the Communists for their areas is unique. Teng Pi-wu told me that 'it is something like the French system of deputies, but it was not taken from any other country. It has developed spontaneously out of special local needs.' It is, in fact, just a start in the fluid process of experimentation. On July 15 the election of village representatives was begun. When this was completed in August, election of representatives of the *ch'u*, or district, was begun from the group of village representatives. Then the *hsien*, or county, representatives were elected from the ranks of the district representatives. From these the Assembly for the whole area of the 'Frontier Districts of Shensi, Kansu and Ninghsia,' will be chosen. The election ratio is one representative for every twenty electors in the village; one to every fifty in the district; one to every two hundred in the *hsien*; and one to every fifteen hundred for the Assembly. This Assembly for the 'Frontier Districts of Shensi, Kansu and Ninghsia' will have at least five hundred members, Teng Pi-wu told me. It will elect a governor, who will then be confirmed by the Nanking Government. The Assembly will be the governing body of the Frontier Districts area, with full legislative powers.

"At this writing the elections are not completed, but are expected to finish about the end of October. No general statistics are yet available because communications have been nearly cut off owing to heavy rains, but Teng Pi-wu estimated that between 60 and 80 per cent of the eligible population is voting in the election. Only the old men and women show no interest in their new government.

"So ends the long heroic chapter of the Chinese Soviets which began ten years ago, when the Soviet slogan was decided upon at the first Communist Party Delegates' Con-

gress held just after the Nanchang Uprising in August 1927. The first Soviet, which was organized at Hailofeng, Kwangtung, on August 17, 1927, was annihilated on February 29, 1928. On December 11 of the same year was formed the Canton Commune, which was destroyed in three days. From this time until 1930 was a period of uprisings and partisan warfare, culminating in the disastrous 'Li Li-san' six months' period from June 1930 to the end of the year, during which time the Red Army tried unsuccessfully to capture the big cities. After the Li Li-san line was corrected, the agrarian Soviets developed rapidly, and the year 1931 marked a new period of the transformation of partisans into Red Army regulars and of the partisan areas into Soviets. The period from the election of the Central Soviet Government on December 11, 1931, to the Second Soviet Congress, held February 1, 1934, marked the height of the Soviet power.

"Then Chiang Kai-shek succeeded in the Fifth Campaign in 1934 in forcing the Communists to give up their Central Soviets and march the Red Army to the north. The decision to give up the struggle for Soviets was made in the manifesto dated August 1, 1935, but the Kuomintang refused to negotiate on the terms asked. There was little development in the United Front movement until the whole national crisis came to a point in the Northwest Revolt at Sian on December 12, 1936. The Communists took almost full responsibility for the peaceful settlement of this revolt in the interest of co-operating with the Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek. After this, negotiations were conducted secretly, but the final agreement was made only after the fighting with Japan began. Early in August the Red Army received its order to go to the front as part of the national forces.

"In place of their previous Soviet program, the Communist Party is now trying to realize a ten-point program in co-operation with the Kuomintang:

"1. To fight Japan thoroughly and decisively and drive Japanese imperialism out of China;

"2. To stop all diplomatic negotiations with Japan and oppose the compromising and wavering attitude of the Nanking Government;

"3. To mobilize the armies of the whole nation on the front to fight against the Japanese;

"4. To mobilize the whole body of the masses to join the war front against the Japanese, to give the people the freedom of patriotic activity and the freedom to arm themselves;

"5. To organize a national defense government of all parties, clearing out the traitors and other forces of Japanese imperialism in China;

"6. To establish an anti-Japanese diplomatic policy, enter into a military agreement with the U.S.S.R. and into a Pacific anti-Japanese agreement with England, America and France;

"7. To adopt an anti-Japanese financial policy, the principle of this financial policy to be that everybody who has money must support the nation and that all the property of Japanese imperialism must be confiscated. The principle of the economic policy should be to boycott the use of Japanese goods and to increase the use of national goods;

"8. To improve and reconstruct the life of the people, including removal of the many unjust surtaxes, decrease of taxes and decrease of rent;

• "9. To develop the anti-Japanese national defense education;

"10. To organize a united front of the whole country with the unification of the two parties (Kuomintang and Communist) as the basis for the struggle against the Japanese.

" "This is our great program for resisting Japan," Mao Tsê-tung added, when he told me the ten points. "These ten points have been sent to Nanking, with the request that the Government accept them. If we realize them, we can strike down Japanese imperialism; if not, China will perish."

Behind the long and complex political and military struggle of the Chinese Communists for their various united fronts, splits and reunited fronts lies a broad political philosophy of revolution and a hard-won experience in tactics and strategy for its realization.

What is this philosophy? And what has been the experience of this struggle? What is the nature of the Chinese Revolution which the Communists have inherited from two generations of failure? What have been its historical stages? What is the future program for realizing their Socialist

dreams? Let us seek the answers from the veteran leaders of the Chinese Communist Party itself, from Mao Tsê-tung, Lo Fu and Chu Teh, and let them dissect for us the anatomy of the Chinese Revolution.

## II. THE ANATOMY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

### (1) ITS NATURE: MAO TSÊ-TUNG

MAO TSÊ-TUNG IS THE cool-headed political leader of the Chinese Communists, distinguished among them for his far-reaching vision and unerring judgment in estimating given situations. His opinion usually determines the bold strokes of policy, while flourishes and footnotes are added by others.

This Chinese Lenin has had a long and active experience as a leader of revolution, and it is this comprehensive experience, as well as any natural endowments, which equips him for his present position. He was first a normal-school student leader in Changsha, Hunan, which became the mass center of the radical petty-bourgeois student, as well as workers' and peasants', movement, and helped organize the Work-and-Study groups which went to France in 1920, a second most important nucleus for Communist activity. Then, while studying in Peking National University, he worked with Li Ta-chao and Ch'en Tu-hsiu in organizing and founding the Chinese Communist Party in May 1921. As Secretary of the Hunan Provincial Committee he was later active in organizing the most militant revolutionary province in China. In 1925 he was editor of a Kuomintang magazine and Chief of the Propaganda Department of the Kuomintang in Canton.

When the Split between the Communists and the Kuomintang began, Mao opposed Ch'en Tu-hsiu's Right Opportunist line in wanting to virtually surrender to the Kuomintang, and in 1927 started his own policy of organizing a revolutionary army and forming Soviets. The other Communists deprecatingly called this "the rifle movement." But Chu Teh

joined Mao at Chingkanshan, and their base eventually took over leadership of the whole Communist movement. In 1928 Mao won a campaign against "putschism" in favor of a moderate regular development, and in 1930 opposed the Leftist Li Li-san line, which was a sort of swing of the pendulum in the opposite direction from that of Ch'en Tu-hsiu. All political affairs being by that time in order, Mao then became first Chairman of the Soviet Republic of China in 1931. In 1934-35 he led the Red Army on its Long March to the Northwest.

It was Mao's opinion that the time for the war with Japan was rapidly approaching, and in August 1935 the Communist Party began its movement for co-operation in a democratic anti-Japanese United Front in exchange for giving up the Soviets, though at first Mao's estimation of the anti-Japanese situation was opposed by another veteran Communist, Chang Kuo-t'ao. Again, when the Sian Incident occurred in 1936, Mao threw his weight into the balance for enforcing a peaceful settlement, and a peaceful settlement it was. Bringing all the Communists and the Red Army into line with this United Front policy undoubtedly required first-rate political statesmanship—and Mao Tsê-tung succeeded without causing a split in his Party. Throughout all the confusion and obscurity of the period in China between 1935 and the outbreak of war with Japan in 1937, Mao held fast and unwaveringly to his thesis that the anti-Japanese problem came first and that a war with Japan was not only inevitable but imminent, and campaigned heartily against potential Trotskyists and Leftists who did not want to co-operate with the Kuomintang. He was correct again. And when the Liukouchiao Incident occurred on July 7, 1937, everybody in Yen-an looked worshipfully at their "genius," as they always call Mao Tsê-tung, and heaved a sigh of relief. Their apparently quixotic magnanimity in liquidating the crisis in Sian when there were no Japanese war clouds on the sultry horizon had looked like a desperate gamble—but Chairman Mao was in league with the Marxist gods. Mao Tsê-tung's achievement in carrying out his line so successfully would appear to be almost as great as when Lenin's

single iron will bent the wavering Bolsheviks of Russia in the direction of a proletarian seizure of power in the October Revolution.

But the test of leadership for the Communists is only now beginning. China is today, after six months of war with Japan, reaching the gravest political crisis in its immediate history. What will be the course of the future? This is a very problematical question. Will there be a split in the Central Government? Will there be civil war again? In relation to this situation, Mao Tsê-tung's analysis of the relation of class forces in China is extremely pertinent.

Because Mao Tsê-tung is fitted by experience to be able to make first-hand pronouncements on the problems of Chinese society, I was very anxious to get a complete analysis of this complex question from him. I made up a long list of questions dealing with (1) the nature of Chinese society and of the Chinese Revolution, (2) the historical stages of the Chinese Revolution, and (3) the perspectives for the future. Chairman Mao was interested in dealing with the subject and agreed to write a "handbook" of the Chinese Revolution, which would have been extremely valuable at the present moment, especially for all outsiders to read. He gave me the first interview on July 4, but when the Liukouchiao Incident occurred on July 7, had no time to continue and referred me to Lo Fu, the official Communist historian, and Wu Liang-p'ing, Mao's right-hand man.

Recently a good deal of scholarship has been brought to bear upon the study of the nature of Chinese society, and in particular upon the nature of Chinese "feudalism," notably by K. A. Wittfogel, the German authority on China. And various studies have been made of the "quadrilateral" character of the Chinese landlord and such. Therefore Mao Tsê-tung's comments are of particular interest. The nature of the Chinese Revolution was, in 1927, one of the major matters of dispute between the Trotskyists and Leninists in the Soviet Union and still seems to be agitating their stormy Marxist seas.

In this interview Mao Tsê-tung makes clear two complex features of the revolution in China which often are not

understood by non-Marxists (nor indeed by Marxists themselves for that matter) : (1) the fact that Communists are leading an avowedly bourgeois-democratic-nationalist revolution in China with or without the aid of the bourgeoisie; and (2) why they claim to be a proletarian party, while most of the leaders are petty bourgeois and most of their mass movement for ten years has been in the peasantry. One point in Mao's interview, which interested me in connection with the answer to the latter question, is that the Chinese Communists seem to consider their Party itself equivalent to direct participation by the proletariat; that it maintains a proletarian program, nationally and internationally, and so long as it keeps discipline over the Red Army, can realize this. That is, objectively their whole movement is under proletarian leadership through control by the Communist Party, though subjectively its main constituent elements may not be rooted in the proletarian class. Of course, the proletariat is a given quantity for the Communists in China; they have had control of it from the beginning.

Here is Mao Tsê-tung's analysis of the elements in Chinese society and the driving forces of the Chinese Revolution:

"In order to understand the nature of the Chinese Revolution, it is, of course, first of all necessary to understand the nature of Chinese society.

"The nature of Chinese society may be summarized in a single phrase: It is a semi-feudal, semi-colonial society. Different economic forms exist, but the feudal petty-commercial form is dominant, based mainly on rural economy. By petty-commercial economy I mean that stage of self-sufficient economy preceding the capitalist form and going back to the most backward stages, when goods are produced for self-consumption and not for commodity sale.

"However, China is also already in a stage of capitalist economy. To deny the existence of capitalist economy in China is incorrect. But this capitalist economy is made up of three parts: (1) individual capitalists, (2) the National Government, and (3) the imperialists. These three elements

combined together form the capitalist structure of Chinese economy.

"This capitalist form is a new form of economy in China, and it is in conflict with Chinese feudal economy. Its power lies in the metropolitan cities, in communications, industry, mining, etc. However, capitalism is not yet in the dominant position in Chinese economy because of imperialist oppression which creates a condition under which the native Chinese individual and National Government capitalism have no possibility of further development. In many phases of production the imperialist element is greater than the Chinese. Even in the case of the National Government enterprises such as railways and various industries, the capital resources came also originally from imperialism. Added to this is the fact that the Chinese customs are also restricted by the imperialists.

"From the above analysis, it is clear that the capitalist economy in China, as a whole, is under imperialist control. Likewise, the existence of a feudal form of economy hinders the development of capitalism in China.

"Looking at the economy of China as a whole, the feudal economy is in the dominant position. Looked at from the viewpoint of capitalist development, the colonial economy is the dominant form. This colonial economy, therefore, determines the nature of political and other relations with the imperialists and private capital, such as in the case of control of the customs, etc.

"From the above, we must conclude that Chinese society is semi-feudal and semi-colonial.

"Because these are the characteristics of Chinese society, the question of the nature of the Chinese Revolution is very easy to answer: It is an anti-imperialist, anti-feudal, bourgeois-democratic-national revolution.

"One group does not agree to this analysis: the Trotskyists. In 1927, after the failure of the Great Revolution, they arrived at the following conclusion: that the tasks of the bourgeois revolution in China are already completed; the independence of the customs proving that the anti-feudal, anti-imperialist stage of the revolution was over. The Trot-

skyist theory developed further to the point of declaring that the capitalist, and not the feudal, form was dominant in Chinese economy. I noticed that recently, in a Trotskyist magazine, they have changed their viewpoint on the problem of imperialism, i.e., they agree that China is still under the domination of imperialism, but still affirm that the nature of Chinese economy is capitalistic. That capitalism has the leading role in China is a very queer viewpoint to come out with suddenly, when referring to a society which has been for so long dominated by imperialism.

"In accordance with their estimation of the nature of Chinese society, the Trotskyists conclude that the nature of the Chinese Revolution at present is not bourgeois but proletarian. Without any hesitation we are opposed to this viewpoint. We restat<sup>e</sup> our position that the nature of Chinese society is semi-feudal and semi-colonial and that therefore the Chinese Revolution is anti-imperialist and anti-feudal.

"It will require a long period of struggle by the Chinese people to achieve the overthrow of the imperialist and feudal forces. The completion of these tasks of the revolution means, no doubt, the clearing of the road for the development of capitalism. But at the same time we hold that there is a possibility for the Chinese Revolution to avoid the future of capitalism and to turn into a Socialist revolution. Our reasons for this now follow.

"Now, in our discussion, we reach the third problem—the nature of the driving forces or dynamics of the Chinese Revolution. The main forces of the Chinese Revolution are the proletariat, the peasants and the petty bourgeoisie. Under certain circumstances the national bourgeoisie have the possibility of joining this revolution. Under certain other circumstances they have the possibility of wavering. The enemies of the revolution are the imperialists and the Chinese landlords. Sometimes the national bourgeoisie are enemies of the revolution and sometimes not.

"The Chinese Revolution is led by the proletariat. Why, in a bourgeois revolution, is the proletariat in the leadership instead of the bourgeoisie? Why is the Chinese Revolution

different from the bourgeois revolutions of past history? The reason is that China is in a state of semi-colonialism. Therefore, the force of the proletariat is relatively greater than that of the bourgeoisie. This is because the imperialists control the big industrial enterprises in China, instead of our native bourgeoisie. The combined workers of these big imperialist industries, together with the workers of the National Government and privately owned industries of China, are strong enough to take hegemony of the leadership over the weaker bourgeoisie.

"The working class in China numbers over two millions. Compared with the whole population, it is small in numbers, but compared with the bourgeoisie, it is a superior force. Under the combined pressure of the imperialists, the Chinese capitalists and the feudal forces, the Chinese proletariat has developed the strongest revolutionary character. Also, the Chinese proletariat is affected by the world revolutionary forces—that is, the development of proletarian revolution in the world as a whole. The establishment of the proletarian revolution in the U.S.S.R., especially, gave stimulus to the proletariat of China. After the May Fourth Movement in 1919, the Chinese proletariat rose to a politically conscious position and also began to play a role on the political stage of China. Beginning at that same time, the Chinese Communist Party was also created.

"Summarizing the above, we may say that the proletariat and the Communist forces together in China, though numerically very small, are the most energetic and strongest single force.

"Fortunately the Chinese proletariat has had a very strong ally in revolution: that is, the peasantry. The peasants include over 80 per cent of the population of China, and because they are under the double oppression of both the Chinese feudal elements and the imperialists, their revolutionary character is very strong. Under the combined exploitation of the imperialists and the Chinese landlords, the Chinese peasantry must bear the burden of paying from 50 per cent to 80 per cent for land rent, and from 30 per cent to 100 per cent as usury interest rates. That is, if a peasant's

land produces 100 *tan*, he must pay 50 per cent to 80 per cent to the landlord. And if he borrows money, which he must, he pays from 30 per cent to 100 per cent to the usurer.

"The problems before the peasantry are to own the land they till and to abolish the exploitation of imperialism. These problems cannot be solved by the bourgeois class. The peasant problem of China can only be solved by struggling decisively against imperialism and the feudal forces, under the leadership of the proletariat. Therefore, we say that the peasants are a strong, determined ally of the Chinese proletariat.

"The third driving force of the revolution is the city petty bourgeoisie. This includes the broad mass of the students, the cultural intelligentsia, the small producers, the petty merchants and many free professionals. The majority of these forces can stand by the side of the anti-imperialist, anti-feudal revolution.

"The national bourgeoisie occupy a special position in China. They stand in a position of being either enemies of the revolution or part of the revolution itself. Sometimes they stand by the revolution. Sometimes they waver and stand by the side of the imperialists and such counter-revolutionary forces. Sometimes they stand by the side of the landlords. Sometimes they stand by the side of the petty bourgeoisie. The reason for this is that many of the capitalists have the nature of being compradores and semi-landlords. We do not include compradore bourgeoisie in the class of the national bourgeoisie. The national bourgeoisie of China have their own capital for the most part, but it has a special relation to imperialist capital and also to the land. Those who rely chiefly on imperialist capital are to be classified with the compradore bourgeoisie, or, on the other hand, with the landlords. The landlords and compradores are fundamentally related with imperialism, so they become one of the main enemies of the revolution.

"The nature of the present Nanking Government is an alliance of landlords, capitalists and compradore bourgeoisie.

"Under a situation of the direct occupation of China by imperialism when the landlords and compradores face a direct menace to their own interests by this certain imperialist, these two have the possibility of not opposing the anti-imperialist struggle, and in an emergency they can stand by this struggle—except, of course, those whose interests are either not affected by this aggression or whose interests are united with that particular aggressor.

"From the above, it is clear why our anti-imperialist national United Front is actually national—that is, why it includes all Chinese except traitors. This is the special characteristic of our national front as compared with a 'people's front.'

"The second characteristic of our United Front is that it is initiated by the political party of the proletariat, and in its later development it is only under the leadership of this proletarian party that its organization can be completed and its tasks accomplished. This is because the proletariat is the only conscious and decisive revolutionary force in China. The bourgeoisie cannot take up responsibility for this task.

"Because of the nature of the political and economic conditions of China, there exists this possibility: that after the anti-imperialist, anti-feudal bourgeois-democratic-national revolution succeeds in a certain degree and the democratic revolution reaches a certain stage, this revolution will conclude its victory by transforming into a Socialist revolution. We Communists believe that such a possibility exists.

"The first stage of the revolution is the bourgeois-democratic revolution of the proletariat, the peasantry and the petty bourgeoisie. During its transformation it will pass through the Democratic Dictatorship of the Peasants and Workers.

"All of the above opinions are in agreement with the analysis of the nature of the Chinese Revolution as made in resolutions of the Communist Party at the Sixth Congress of the Comintern."

• (2) THE HISTORICAL STAGES OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION: LO FU

Lo Fu is the National Secretary of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, which has had its headquarters in Soviet territory for several years. He is considered to be one of its best Marxist theorists, along with Mao Tsê-tung and Po Ku. He has been Secretary since 1934, those preceding him being: Ch'en Tu-hsiu, 1927; Ch'u Ch'iu-pai, 1927-28; Hsiang Chung-hua, 1928-31; a Secretariat committee (no secretary), 1931-33; Po Ku, 1933-34.\*

In appearance Lo Fu is a most unusual intellectual type. "Bumps of knowledge" stick out all over his massive head, he wears thick-lensed spectacles, and his thoughtful features are very irregular. He is tall and thin and gives one the impression of being very much overworked. He is at present the only important Communist leader to have studied in America, incidentally, and also, I think, the only one born in Shanghai. He speaks good English and was once a fancier of literature and novelist.

Lo Fu has had a long background of study, and it is of interest to record his own account of his life:

"I was born of kulak peasants in Nanghuei, Shanghai, south of the Whangpoo River on the Pootung shore. I studied at the Woosung Middle School (a fishery school) for three years, then went to the Yellow River Conservancy College in Nanking three years, my teachers all being returned students from America. I left school to participate in the May Fourth Movement in 1919, and began to read for myself in literature, philosophy and social science. Formerly I had studied mostly natural sciences—physics and mathematics. Returning to Shanghai, I became an editor in the Chung Hua Book Company and edited a series of New Culture books. At that time I had become a bit of a *littérateur*. Mao Tun [the famous Chinese novelist] was a good

\*Of these secretaries, it is of interest to observe that Ch'en Tu-hsiu was imprisoned, Ch'u Ch'iu-pai killed in Fukien with the Red Army, and Hsiang Chung-hua arrested and executed in 1931. Po Ku is now in the Soviet districts with Lo Fu.

friend. We worked together in publishing houses, such as the Commercial Press. I also met Mao Tsê-tung through his brother, who was a Leftist.

"Then I went to Japan for six months and on to San Francisco, where I worked on the *Ta Tung Pao* newspaper for a year and a half as translator. In 1921 I studied in the library of the University of California. I had always been very much interested in America.

"While in America I joined the New China Party, a bourgeois-revolutionary party, made up mostly of merchants, but having also some students. It was dominated by the *pong* and *tang* men there. I resigned from this party and returned to Shanghai, after which I taught school in Szechuan during 1923-24. In Szechuan I organized a New Culture and revolutionary movement among the students in a girls' normal school. Because of this I was expelled from this school, and I got a new position in a boys' normal school, from which I was also expelled. I then started a newspaper, together with some students. I was working with Communists at that time but had not joined the Party. I then had the petty-bourgeois attitude of wanting personal freedom.

"I returned to Shanghai, and by then understood that the reactionaries could be conquered only through organized force, so joined the Communist Party in 1925. I worked for a while in Shanghai and Soochow, then went to Moscow in 1926 and studied at Sun Yat-sen University there for five years, after which I joined the Institute of Red Professors for three years. I then taught in Lenin College a short time and returned to Shanghai in 1930.

"After the arrest of the Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, a temporary Politburo was formed in Shanghai, in which I worked for two years. One of the members was arrested and betrayed my address, but I had a lucky escape. I fled to the Soviet districts in 1933 and made the march across Szechuan to Shensi.

"My first interest in Communist theory began when I read *The ABC of Communism* in 1925. Ch'en Tu-hsiu had a

great influence on me, as also on many others. After my studies in Moscow, I lost interest in literature as such and centered all my attention on Marxism and revolutionary work. I once translated D'Annunzio's *Gioconda*, Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, and some things from Tolstoy and Turgenev, and published a novel called *Journey*. I have written many articles on Soviet construction, theory, policy, tactics, etc. At present I write chiefly on the Japanese question."

Lo Fu wrote the textbook on the history of the Chinese Revolution which is used in all the Communist schools and academies, and has made a special study of this subject. Therefore his analysis of the historical stages of the revolution has special value as explaining the guiding principle by which the Chinese Communists have been directed during their long tumultuous struggle.

After I had interviewed Mao Tsê-tung on the nature of the Chinese Revolution, he referred me to Lo Fu for the second interview on the historical stages of the movement. The following talk was on July 14, Bastille Day, just after the Liukouchiao Incident of July 7:

"The prelude to the Chinese bourgeois-democratic revolution was the Reform Movement of 1898, but the revolutionary movement did not begin until 1911. During what we call the 'Great Revolution' from 1925 to 1927, the proletariat took the leadership of this bourgeois revolution.

"The T'aip'ing Rebellion in the middle of the nineteenth century, which preceded the bourgeois revolution, was a peasant uprising, but it was different from the agrarian rebellions of the past because it was the result of imperialist aggression in China. It broke out just after the Sino-British Treaty of Nanking in 1842 and during the negotiations between China, France and Great Britain in Tientsin. This rebellion failed because it was fundamentally a peasant movement and there was neither an industrial bourgeois nor a proletarian class in China at that time to give it leadership. Such a peasant revolt can succeed only under two conditions: (a) under the leadership of a bourgeoisie as in France, or

(b) under the leadership of the proletariat as in the U.S.S.R.

"When the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion failed, imperialist aggression in China was very successful and caused a great change in Chinese society, especially after the Sino-Japanese War. The intelligentsia began to realize the danger of national subjugation. This consciousness was reflected in the 1898 program of the Emperor Kuanghsu, which was an attempt to save the fate of the nation by reform from the top down to the bottom. This was the first expression of the realization by the bourgeois intellectuals of the need for reform, but they did not recognize the potentialities of the force of the masses and had no mass support—so their Reform lasted only one hundred days. The situation was comparable with that in Russia in 1812 under the Decembrists. The demands of the bourgeoisie were just beginning to be reflected in the upper strata of the bourgeois intelligentsia. This 1898 Reform was only a reflection of capitalist ideas among the ruling class. K'ang Yu-wei and Liang Ch'i-ch'ao were both bureaucrats and semifeastal in their ideas.

"At the time of this political change in 1898 Dr Sun Yat-sen also began his political activity. He did not participate in the movement then, but in a letter to K'ang Yu-wei expressed his political opinions.

"Not long after the Reform Movement, another peasant uprising occurred—the Boxer Rebellion. This opposed imperialist aggression, but it also remained a peasant movement because it had no bourgeois leadership and was utilized by the reactionary Empress Dowager; therefore it failed.

"After this time the true imperialist penetration into China began with the investing of foreign capital in railways. The previous relation of imperialism to China had been one of market and commodity. Now the period of capital export to China started.

### *I. The First Stage of the Chinese Revolution*

"In the meantime the native Chinese bourgeoisie was gradually developing and the party representing its interests

were organized—the Tung Meng Hui. The Manchu regime was weak and degenerate, and the bourgeoisie led a united movement against the monarchy. The Tung Meng Hui united all the elements in its own bourgeois class with the landlords and officials, and this opposition to the Manchus resulted in the 1911 Revolution.

"The nature of the 1911 Revolution was bourgeois, but it failed because the bourgeoisie had formed a united front not only with classes which opposed the monarchy and the Manchus, but also with feudal forces such as Yuan Shih-k'ai. It first compromised with the feudal forces, and secondly, because it expected help from the imperialists to overthrow the Manchus, compromised also with imperialism. Therefore, after successfully overthrowing the Manchus, the revolution took no further steps toward destroying the feudal forces, nor did it develop into anti-imperialism. It was too weak, and was soon subjugated by the feudal-imperialist forces. None of its fundamental problems were solved, so Sun Yat-sen was obliged to retire from the presidency of the so-called Republic, and Yuan Shih-k'ai, the leader of the reactionary elements, was substituted for him. Yuan represented feudalism and was the subject of imperialism, also, so after he became president he was supported by foreign loans and enabled to forcibly repress the revolutionary struggle in the South.

"The weakness and compromising subjugationist nature of the bourgeoisie of China was clearly shown in this 1911 Revolution—quite unlike the strength of the bourgeoisie of France in the French Revolution, which guarded its own interests.

"Shortly after 1911 the imperialist World War began, in 1914, and the general imperialist pressure on China was relaxed, except that of the Japanese, which increased. Because of the negligence of the imperialist powers in the East during the World War, the real Chinese national bourgeoisie was able to have a comparatively rapid development. This was the golden age of the bourgeoisie of China.

"Because of the strong development of capitalism in China during the World War, the bourgeois May Fourth Move-

ment was possible in 1919. This anti-feudal, anti-imperialist movement was led by bourgeois intellectuals. The leadership, however, failed to recognize the *real* feudal forces and the *real* imperialist forces, and its two slogans were only against Confucianism on the one hand and Japan on the other. They attacked only the agents of Japanese imperialism represented by the Anfu Clique, such as Tsao Ju-lin, Liu Tsung-yu and Chang Tsung-hsiang, and only barely started their struggle against feudalism. Therefore, after the few outstanding Japanese agents were driven out, the movement stopped before realizing the central revolutionary tasks of anti-imperialism and anti-feudalism.

"However, during the May Fourth Movement the new proletarian class also developed, and its political party was organized when the Communist Party was formed in 1921, the first National Delegates Conference being held in July. The Pinham Railway Incident of February 7, 1923, marks the first big step forward of the Chinese proletariat in struggling for leadership with the bourgeoisie. From then on the proletariat had its role on the political stage of China. Ch'en Tu-hsiu, who had been the leader of the May Fourth Movement, was a Leftist bourgeois intellectual fighting for Democracy and Science. Communist theories had no influence in this May Fourth Movement, though Ch'en Tu-hsiu soon afterward became the leader in organizing the Communist Party. The study of Communism and the Russian Revolution in China began only after May Fourth.

"In order to achieve its liberation, the Chinese proletariat—and its Communist Party—realized that it could not depend upon its own power alone for success, but must unite with other forces in order to overthrow imperialism and feudalism—that it must join the national revolution. Therefore in 1923 the Communist Party proposed to Sun Yat-sen that a United Front be formed against the imperialist and feudal forces.

"Sun Yat-sen said truly enough that he had struggled for revolution 'forty years.' But during all those years he somehow never found the central revolutionary tasks of his revolution. He at different times united with this militarist or

with that imperialist, and then exchanged these alliances for new ones. Only under the leadership of the Communist Party did he begin to understand the nature of the Chinese Revolution.

"Sun accepted the proposal for a United Front and on January 30, 1924, called the First Kuomintang National Congress to reorganize his party in accordance with his new understanding of the tasks of the revolution. This began the period of co-operation between the Communist Party and the Kuomintang.

"Under this United Front the Chinese revolution advanced by leaps and bounds, such as in the May Thirtieth Movement, the establishment of revolutionary sovereignty in Canton, and the organization of the National Revolutionary Army. In 1926 the revolutionary army started the Northern Expedition and scored immediate victories. Within six months it had reached the area south of the Yangtze River. This was the high tide of revolutionary victory.

"In the meanwhile the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie for leadership in the revolution had become very serious. The *real* leadership was in the hands of the proletariat, and the Chinese bourgeoisie utilized every method to try to win this away from it. During the Northern Expedition, Chiang Kai-shek became alarmed at the fast development of the mass movement and the strengthening of the leadership of the proletarian party. He could not control this development, and this was the first reason for his betrayal of the revolution. The second reason was that the imperialist powers utilized their influence and money to threaten, bribe and induce the bourgeoisie to betray the United Front. For instance, when the National Revolutionary Army entered Nanking, the imperialist gunboats bombarded it because they were terrified of the advance of the revolution. The third reason for the betrayal is that when Chiang Kai-shek reached Shanghai, the city was in the hands of the armed proletariat following the third uprising there. Shanghai was the center of the national bourgeoisie, and they were frightened and felt uneasy, so demanded that Chiang Kai-shek disarm the armed forces of the proletariat.

This resulted in the April Twelfth Incident in 1927, after which the bourgeoisie withdrew from the United Front, betrayed the revolution and began their big slaughter, though only a few hundred were killed on April 12, and not many were killed until after the Canton Commune.

"This marks the end of the first stage of the Chinese Revolution.

"After the national bourgeoisie ran away from the United Front, the remaining forces in this front—the proletariat, the petty bourgeoisie and peasants—joined together, forming an alliance under the Wuhan Government. But soon the upper leaders of the petty bourgeoisie followed the lead of the bourgeoisie and also betrayed the revolution, such as Wang Ching-wei.

"In July 1927 the Communist Party and the Kuomintang finally split.

"Under the successive betrayals of Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei, the Chinese Revolution suffered a serious setback and great losses. The betrayal of the Wuhan leaders concluded the 1925-27 Great Revolution.

"Although the remaining revolutionary forces—the soldiers, workers and peasants—suffered losses because of these betrayals, they attempted to recover the revolutionary situation. This effort was expressed in the Nanchang Uprising of the soldiers and in other uprisings which followed after that. The Canton Commune was the last battle in the retreat of the revolution, and concludes this revolutionary stage. After the Canton Commune, the Chinese Revolution was at its ebb, and China fell into a period of Reaction.

"This reign of Reaction continued for two years, from 1928 to 1930. During this time many civil wars broke out, such as Chiang Kai-shek's fighting with Kwantung and Kwangsi and the North, etc. In the period of Reaction, Chiang Kai-shek did not solve any of the national problems. All of the problems which created the Great Revolution of 1925-27 remained, and the livelihood of the people became even worse, at the same time that the influence of the imperialists became greater. Therefore in 1930 the new revolutionary tide began.

"To put it briefly, during this time the Nanking power was made up of an alliance of the landlords and bourgeoisie. This already differed from the governments preceding the Great Revolution because *the bourgeoisie now participated* in the government. But it was a reactionary government, and opposed any kind of revolutionary movement of the workers, peasants and petty bourgeoisie. This government also opposed any kind of revolution, including the bourgeois-democratic movement itself, but still talked in revolutionary phrases. In suppressing the revolution the two classes were united and on the same line, but there still remained within this unity the conflict between landlordism and the bourgeoisie. Even between the bourgeoisie and the imperialists there was also a conflict. The Chinese bourgeoisie was subjugated to imperialism, but still in conflict with it.

"The bourgeoisie hoped to use the method of peaceful compromise to relieve themselves from feudal and imperialist pressure, but this method only put them under subjugation to the feudal and imperialist forces. This is why the bourgeoisie still had so many slogans such as, 'Recover Customs Autonomy' and 'Reform the Unequal Treaties.' They actually did make a declaration modifying the Unequal Treaties and formally abolishing extraterritoriality. But, of course, with these national reformist slogans and the method of peaceful compromise they could not possibly solve any of their problems.

"In China the bourgeoisie has only two alternatives: (1) to co-operate with the proletariat and the peasantry to fight for revolution, or (2) to be subjugated to the forces of imperialism and feudalism. Since it did not co-operate with the peasants and proletariat, it had to be subjugated—so all its slogans and peaceful solutions achieved nothing.

"It was because of their failure during this period to solve any of the revolutionary problems that the livelihood of the people became worse, the condition of imperialist pressure worse, and the militarist wars worse. Therefore in 1930 a new rise in the revolutionary movement began.

"At this time the Li Li-san line of the Communist Party began—in June 1930. Li Li-san estimated this new revolu-

tionary rise as a high tide of revolution, and based on this erroneous estimation, under his line the Party had uprisings everywhere, and ordered the Red Army to capture the central cities, such as Wuhan and Changsha. All these attempts failed with great losses, and the Li Li-san line ended after six months—at the end of 1930.

“After the correction of the Li Li-san line the Soviet Revolution developed greatly, and now we come to the stage of the Soviet Revolution.

## *II. The Soviet Stage of the Revolution*

“During 1928 and 1929 many uprisings followed after the Canton Commune. The nature of these uprisings was self-defensive on the part of the proletarian and peasant forces in order to protect their own interests. Partisan groups developed everywhere, which turned into partisan warfare.

“The Soviet slogan was decided upon by the Communist Party only after the reaction and betrayal of the bourgeoisie. The purpose of forming Soviets was to continue the national bourgeois revolution after its betrayal by the national bourgeoisie, because its tasks still remained and none of Sun Yat-sen’s Three Principles had been realized. The original revolutionary United Front had had the four elements, the bourgeoisie, petty bourgeoisie, peasants and workers. Now the bourgeoisie and upper petty bourgeoisie betrayed, so only the peasants and workers remained to carry out the tasks of the revolution. These tasks remained the same as under the Kuomintang, but in the new stage were carried out by the Soviets of peasants and workers, together with the city poor and some petty-bourgeois elements—of course, the peasants are part of the petty-bourgeois class. The bourgeoisie would not join the Soviets because this class was then counter-revolutionary.

“The Communist Party decided upon the Soviet slogan at its First Congress held just after the Nanchang Uprising in 1927, and used it first in Hailofeng, Kwangtung, in the last months of 1927.

“The adoption of the Soviet slogan in China meant open-

ing the struggle for the seizure of power and the overthrow of the Kuomintang. This Soviet program obtained until after the Sian Incident of December 12, 1936, but it does not obtain now. The Soviet form still existed after the Sian Incident but not for the purpose of overthrowing the Kuomintang and seizing power—it continued only pending the completion of negotiations with the Kuomintang and the finish of the democratic elections in the Soviet regions. The changing of the Soviet slogan must naturally be accompanied by giving up also all symbols of the seizure of power, such as the Red Star and the independent name of the Red Army.

"The Soviet in China was different from that in the U.S.S.R. The Chinese Soviet was a workers' and peasants' democratic dictatorship. The Russian Soviet was a form of proletarian dictatorship. It is true that there were Soviets in the bourgeois Kerensky period in Russia, but these were also different from the Soviets in China. These Russian Soviets were a proletarian-peasant dictatorship in form but had not seized power. They were attached to the Kerensky Government, and this Government depended on the support of the Soviets for its maintenance. If at that time Kerensky could have carried out the program of the workers' and peasants' democratic dictatorship, the revolutionary transformation could have been achieved without bloodshed. But the Kerensky Government became reactionary, and the Soviets turned reactionary with it and helped in the slaughter of the peasants and workers. The Soviets became the instrument of the bourgeoisie, so Lenin abolished his slogan of 'All Power to the Soviets.' When Lenin first proposed the slogan 'All Power to the Soviets' he expected the Soviet sovereignty to break away from the influence of the bourgeoisie and to become a real organ of the peasants and workers, through the medium of which the transformation to the proletarian dictatorship could be realized peacefully. This plan failed, so Lenin changed that slogan to slogans demanding armed uprising and the overthrow of the Kerensky Provincial Government. Lenin did not again put out the slogan of establishing Soviet sovereignty until after the October Revolution had changed the Soviets into a real proletarian base.

"The Kerensky period in Russia was different from that in China because the feudal Czarist regime was overthrown and the bourgeoisie had already gained power, so the Russian bourgeois revolution was fundamentally achieved. Because of this Lenin changed to the slogan of demanding a proletarian revolution. But in China the bourgeoisie only participated in the class bloc of the United Front and did not solve any of the revolutionary problems. Because these tasks were not accomplished, the problem of the Chinese Soviet movement was how to complete these bourgeois tasks, and not how to change to the stage of the proletarian revolution. Only should the Soviet movement be victorious in the whole of China would the problem of transforming to the Socialist Revolution arise.

"In this analysis the Communist Party disagrees with the Trotskyists, who think that after the 1925-27 Revolution the Chinese bourgeoisie already began their rule, so that by 1930 the nature of the Chinese Revolution was no longer *bourgeois*; that the bourgeois stage was fundamentally completed and the nature of the revolution from then on should be a Socialist Revolution. Even during the Wuhan period the Trotskyists proposed the Soviet slogan, and the Communist Party refused to accept this because it meant the overthrow of the then still revolutionary Kuomintang, and this would have been wrong.

"The Communist Party now gives up the Soviet slogan because we think the progressive change within the Kuomintang has already begun. To continue with the Soviet slogan would be to demand the overthrow of the Kuomintang, which would mean civil war and make it impossible to realize the anti-Japanese struggle.

"The Soviet Revolution in China may be divided into four stages:

"1. The period of uprisings and of self-defensive partisan warfare under the leadership of the Communist Party, from 1927 to 1930;

"2. The period of the transformation of the partisans into the Red Army and of the partisan areas into Soviet areas, from 1930 to the end of 1931;

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"3. The period from the First All-China Soviet Delegates Congress at the end of 1931 to the Second Soviet Delegates Congress in February 1934, which was followed by the retreat from the Central Soviet districts;

"4. The period from the beginning of the Long March to the concentration of our three Front Armies in the Northwest in October 1936, just before the Sian Incident.

"The uprisings of 1928 and 1929 soon transformed into partisan warfare for self-defense, and after the Li Li-san period in 1930 the partisans were transformed into the regular Red Army and the small partisan areas became Sovietized. At the same time we shattered the first three campaigns of the Kuomintang. This phase lasted until September 18, 1931, when Japan took Manchuria. During this time the Soviet base became established.

"After the first three Kuomintang campaigns had been destroyed, the First All-China Soviet Delegates Congress was held on December 11, 1931, the anniversary of the Canton Commune, and for the first time a Central Soviet Government was established.

"The years between the First and the Second All-China Soviet Delegates Congress, held in February 1934, mark the period of the highest Soviet power. After the defeat of the Fourth Campaign in 1933, Chiang Kai-shek concentrated all his forces, changed his tactics, and began a Fascist movement and the Lushan Training School in order to destroy us. This Fifth Campaign obliged us to change our locality. But it must be pointed out that Chiang Kai-shek could not have organized this grand Fifth Campaign had he not received sufficient support from the feudal and imperialist elements interested in defeating the Soviets.

"All during the period after 1927 Chiang Kai-shek had relied on imperialist support, but at first the Soviet movement was not regarded seriously by the imperialist interests. After it had developed, they felt the menace, and the conflicts which had formerly existed between the imperialists and the Chinese bourgeoisie and landlords decreased in the face of common danger, so they co-operated more intimately against the Red Army.

"The Kuomintang Reaction was greatest just after the Great Revolution in 1927, but reached its second most reactionary point at the time of the Fifth Campaign in 1934. This Reaction is peculiar to the Chinese militarists and bourgeoisie. It began in 1927 because they were afraid of the revolution and turned against the peasants' and workers' movement. Then, after this, their internal conflicts resumed, during which period the revolution developed again, taking advantage of these internal conflicts. Again, when the Soviet power rose, the new Reaction caused a new alliance to form within the ruling powers in order to suppress the revolution.

"At the time of the Fifth Campaign in 1934 the reactionary methods of the Kuomintang had all greatly improved over those used previously, because a Chinese Fascist movement began which utilized the experience of the foreign Fascists in suppressing revolution, even to the organization of Blue Shirts, etc.

"The nature of the Kuomintang did not begin to change until 1935. After the Ho-Umetzu Agreement in 1933 the Chinese bourgeoisie began to waver, and this wavering was greatly increased after the December Ninth Student Movement in 1935. But though the bourgeoisie was wavering during those dark days in North China, there was no decisive change until after the Sian Incident in December 1936.

"The changes within the Chinese bourgeoisie cannot be plotted on a regular curve, but only in a line with many rises and falls. Changes occur abruptly because of inherent contradictions, and the bourgeoisie will follow this same line in the future.

"The fourth stage of the Soviet Revolution began with the Long March in October 1934. This was a great movement to change our locality from one place to another in China. The First Front Red Army left the Kiangsi Central Soviet district, the Second Front Red Army left the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet district, the Fourth Front Red Army left the Szechuan-South Shensi Soviet district, and the 25th Red Army left the Ouyüwan (Hupeh-Anhui-Honan) Soviet district, all joining in this Great Migration. In this Great

Migration we suffered a loss, but Chiang Kai-shek also failed. He wanted to destroy us—and could not.

"The period of the Great Migration ended only when all three main Red Front armies had completed the Long March and concentrated together in the Northwest in October 1936, just before the Sian Incident.

### *III. The United Front Against Japan*

"The Sian Incident started a new stage in the Chinese Revolution. There the development of the Soviet movement ended, and the new period of a United Front began, which will continue in the war against Japan.

"This new period of the United Front may be divided into two phases: (1) The period beginning with the December Ninth Student Movement in 1935 to the Sian Incident one year later, on December 12, 1936, which may be called the preparatory period for the realization of the United Front; and (2) the period from the Sian Incident to the war against the Japanese, when the co-operation on the United Front program actually began."

#### (3) THE STORY OF THE RED ARMY: COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF CHU TEH

After the Split between the Communists and the Kuomintang in 1927 the decade of Soviet Revolution began. This started with the Nanchang Uprising in 1927 and ended when all the main Red Armies had left their original Soviet bases and concentrated in the Northwest in October 1936, just before the Sian Incident, completing their Great Migration northward. Shortly after this interview with Chu Teh, the fighting with Japan began, and in August 1937 the Red Armies were reorganized under the Central Government forces of China as the "Eighth Route Army."

In the beginning this Communist-led armed movement was only an attempt to salvage what remained of the "Great Revolution" of 1925-27 after the Kuomintang Reaction. The disastrous defeat of the Canton Commune in December 1927 was the last gesture of the Chinese proletariat in self-

defense, and by the end of 1927 the revolutionary "Kuomintang" soldiers' movement was likewise annihilated, when the troops from the Nanchang Uprising were destroyed. Until 1930 the partisan uprisings of the peasantry were also self-defensive. Then the Soviets took the offensive, and by the time of the First Soviet Congress in December 1931, the partisan units had been transformed into the regular Red Army and the partisan areas converted into Soviets, so the Soviet Republic of China was proclaimed and its independent government set up in opposition to Nanking.

It is of interest to note that when the Split occurred in 1927 the Communists took away the best units in the Kuomintang armies—the "Iron-sides." And later on others of the best Kuomintang soldiery deserted to the Red Army: in 1931 the Ningtu Uprising occurred when the whole 26th Route Army formerly under Feng Yu-hsiang joined the Reds. Chu Pei-teh's soldiers had deserted to the Communists almost daily during the fighting in Kiangsi, and in 1929 Lo P'ing-hui, one of Chu Pei-teh's commanders, led an uprising of *min t'u'an* in Kian and deserted to the Reds.

The finest military unit during the Northern Expedition of 1926 and 1927 was the Kuomintang's 4th Route Army under Chang Fa-kuei, which won the name of the "Iron-sides." This "Iron-sides" army consisted of the 11th, 20th and 4th Kuomintang armies, having altogether about fifty thousand troops, the 11th and 20th armies numbering some thirty thousand. During the Nanchang Uprising the two divisions of the 20th Army followed their commander, Ho Lung, and all of Yeh T'ing's 24th Division of the 11th Army followed him in the uprising, together with two regiments (under Chou Shih-li) of the 25th Division of the 4th Army, who joined with Yeh T'ing. All together Yeh T'ing had ten thousand followers during the Uprising. The entire number of "Iron-sides" troops participating in the uprising was about twenty-five thousand.

The new 9th Army organized by Chu Teh during the Nanchang Uprising was made up of seven hundred cadets from the Military Training School in Nanchang, of which Chu Teh was Principal, together with some porcelain and rail-

way workers. The 9th Army, according to Chu Teh, had all together three thousand men originally. Later on, workers from the Canton Commune and other cadets joined Chu Teh.

After the Nanchang Uprising the insurrectionary troops marched to the "home of revolution," the province of Kwangtung, hoping to re-establish a revolutionary base there, but they were almost annihilated in the fighting. After the defeat of Ho Lung and Yeh T'ing in Swatow, Kwangtung, they together had only two thousand men left. Of these, three hundred of Ho Lung's forces escaped and joined Chu Teh. Most of the rest went to Hailofeng to help establish the Hailofeng Soviet, where they were annihilated. Chu Teh himself lost a thousand men in San-ho-pa, north Kwangtung, alone, and fought in the Tungkiang (East River) district later with only fifteen hundred troops and a thousand peasant partisans, of whom 80 per cent were women (whose husbands had emigrated to the South Seas and left the farms for their wives to take care of). Chu Teh collected some of the remnant troops, which, including the remnants from Ho Lung and Yeh T'ing, numbered only twelve hundred men, and retreated to South Hunan, where he led a peasant revolt and increased his army to ten thousand. Just before this South Hunan Revolt in January 1928, Chu Teh could muster together only two regiments, two thousand men. Ho Lung and Yeh T'ing were lucky to escape singly with their lives. Yeh T'ing helped organize the Canton Commune in December, then went abroad and has not been heard of publicly until 1938, when the New Fourth Army was formed, of which he was given superior command. Ho Lung escaped to Shanghai, then made his way to Hunan, where he organized a new army entirely from peasants.

The main force of the Canton Commune was also one of the best Kuomintang units, the Chao Tao Tuan (Special Training Regiment), who were students from the Wuchang branch of Whampoa Academy called the "Central Political and Military Academy." Only twelve hundred of the Chao Tao Tuan escaped from the Commune and went to Hailofeng to help defend the new Soviet there. They were re-

organized as the 4th Division. The other military unit at Hailofeng was the 2nd Division, made up of eight hundred soldiers, who were all remnants of the armies which had participated in the Nanchang Uprising. They had escaped to Hailofeng from the disastrous defeat in Kwangtung. These two thousand soldiers were annihilated almost to a man when Hailofeng was destroyed.

Therefore, of the whole twenty-five thousand of the Nanchang Uprising, only twelve hundred remained at the end of 1927, and the Communists had to make a fresh start among the peasantry. These twelve hundred Nanchang veterans, together with some survivors of the Canton Commune, were later organized into the 1st Division of the First Red Army Corps, commanded by Cheng Ken—the Red Army's finest, which has never been defeated. This was a tragic loss, not only because of the sacrifice of first-rate soldiery, but because nearly all of the armed proletariat were also annihilated.

The proletarian constituency of the earliest Red Army movement must be noted. For instance, Yeh T'ing's 24th Division of the "Ironsides" had originally been organized by him, beginning with one regiment of Kwangtung peasants in 1925. In Hunan he increased his men to five regiments of two thousand men each, and was joined by many miners from Hanyehping and Anyang, as well as some railway workers. At one time nearly all the soldiers in Yeh T'ing's division were Hanyehping miners, many being killed in the attack on Wuchang in 1926. It so happened that the biggest iron mines in China, the Hanyehping Mines near Wuhan (composed of the Anyang, Hanyang and Tayeh mines), closed down in 1925, and threw a hundred thousand proletarians out of work, free for armed revolt. These had all been trained by the famous Communist Li Li-san, and were very militant revolutionaries. Mao Tsê-tung's first worker-peasant army in 1927 had three regiments, of which the first was made up of Hanyang miners, the second of peasant guards, and the third of insurrectionary soldiers from Wuhan. Therefore the Communists were correct in calling their first army the "Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army," for the proletariat certainly had leadership in it.

While Ho Lung, Chu Teh and Yeh T'ing were suffering defeat in the south, Mao Tsê-tung had started his own army in Hunan and after heavy fighting saved a thousand of his troops, which he led to the mountain fortress Chingkanshan. In May 1928 Chu Teh joined Mao at Chingkanshan and combined their previously isolated forces. The "Chu-Mao" pair then set forth to organize Soviets with their 4th Red Army. From this time on the history of the Red Army was one of brilliant successes against great odds, until the defeat in the Fifth Campaign in 1934.

Here is the account of the development of the Red Army, given to me by Chu Teh, its commander-in-chief:

"The history of the Red Army of China may be divided into three periods:

"First, the period from the Nanchang Uprising in 1927 to the First Soviet Congress in December 1931, which included (a) the establishment of our first base on the mountain Chingkanshan in Kiangsi to the Nanking Government's First Campaign against us, and (b) the period from this First Campaign in December 1930 to the First Congress;

"Second, the period from the First Soviet Congress to the beginning of the Long March to the north in October 1934; and

"Third, the period from the Long March to the present.

## I

"The original nucleus of what later became the Red Army derived from four main sources: (1) the Nanchang Uprising of August 1, 1927; (2) the Autumn Uprisings in Hunan (i.e., the Autumn Crop Uprising led by Mao Tsê-tung on August 15, 1927, and the South Hunan Revolt led by Chu Teh on January 1, 1928); (3) the Canton Commune of December 11, 1927; and (4) insurrectionary revolutionary troops deserting from the White armies generally.

### *The Nanchang Uprising*

"The movement to form a Red Army began when certain of the best revolutionary troops of the Kuomintang rebelled

against the counter-revolutionary swing of the bourgeois class toward betraying the Great Revolution of 1925-27. The Nanchang Uprising in Kiangsi was the first expression of this. This was the revolt of part of the troops of the finest Kuomintang army corps of the Northern Expedition, Chang Fa-kuei's 'Iron-sides.' This was the strongest army, militarily and politically, of the whole Expedition, and consisted of the 4th, 11th and 20th armies. Ho Lung, commander of the 20th Army, together with Yeh T'ing, a division commander of the 11th Army, led their troops in the uprising. These were joined by a new 9th Army created during the Uprising, of which I was vice-commander.

"After the Nanchang Uprising we marched from Kiangsi to Kwangtung on our 'Eastern Expedition.' Defeated in Kwangtung, we retreated in two routes. One route went to Hailofeng, where it later helped organize the first Soviet there with P'eng P'ai. The other route, under my command, went to Kiangsi and Hunan, where we organized the South Hunan Revolt and expanded the army. We fought a hard struggle against the Whites every day at this time. As a result of the South Hunan Revolt we were able to form a new army of ten thousand men, and changed our name to the '1st Division of the Peasants' and Workers' Revolutionary Army,' carrying red banners.

### *Chingkanshan*

"In the meantime Mao Tsê-tung had led the Autumn Crop Uprising and failed. He then led his troops to the mountain Chingkanshan on the Kiangsi-Hunan border. During this time, therefore, the Red Army was in two groups. From January to May 1928 I led the forces in Hunan and Mao Tsê-tung those at Chingkanshan. At this time there was civil war between Chiang Kai-shek and T'ang Sheng-chih, and I took my troops to Chingkanshan to join with Mao. This was in May 1928. We combined our forces as the 4th Peasants' and Workers' Red Army, with myself as commander and Mao as political commissar. This new 4th Army had three divisions, the 10th, 11th and 12th. Each division had two

regiments, but only two of these regiments were well equipped and trained. One of these had survived from the Nanchang Uprising, and the other derived from deserters from the Kuomintang armies in South Hunan.

"During the time at Chingkanshan there were three small campaigns against us, all of which we defeated. The first was organized by the war lords and provincial troops of Hunan, Kiangsi and Kwangtung provinces. Each province sent two armies against us. The diameter of Chingkanshan was about 120 *li*, and we were in an excellent strategic position, being between the borders of all three provinces. Our tactics were to attack the Kiangsi troops only. We selected Kiangsi for attack because in the Kiangsi troops under Chu Pei-teh we still had some Party workers, so his men often deserted to us and were influenced by our ideas. We first defeated the expedition from Kiangsi, then the Hunan and Kwangtung armies retreated without fighting.

"The second drive was commanded by Chu Pei-teh, and we concentrated all our forces to annihilate his expedition. The Hunan troops did not co-operate with Chu Pei-teh because of mutual antagonisms, so he failed to maintain his power.

"During the third of these small campaigns, P'eng Teh-huai led an uprising of his Kuomintang troops in P'ingkiang, Hunan, Liu Yang *hsien*, and joined the Red Army. This helped us at Chingkanshan very much because it made the Kuomintang troops immobile and they could not maneuver. So we were able to take a rest on Chingkanshan and reorganize our forces.

"After the third campaign, we attacked Fan Shih-tseng's division of Kuomintang troops and occupied Ch'engchow. Then we left Ch'engchow to attack Linghsien and Tsalin. The enemy tactics were to use long-time blockade and to pursue and follow us unceasingly. The Kuomintang block-house policy began at this time and also the policy of economic blockade. The enemy sent ten divisions to surround Chingkanshan. P'eng Teh-huai had at the same time brought many new troops to Chingkanshan, so our material position was very difficult because of lack of sufficient resources. We

decided, therefore, to come down from the mountain, leaving P'eng to garrison our position there with his newly organized 5th Red Army. At this time we also received the resolutions of the Sixth Congress of the Comintern held in Moscow, agreeing with the Soviet policy in agrarian areas.

### *Formation of the Soviets*

"Forced to leave Chingkanshan, the period following was a very critical time for us. We broke the blockade and marched into Kiangsi, pursued by the enemy every step of the way. The numbers of our men decreased very much, but at the same time the masses around Chingkanshan formed Soviets, which gave us a new kind of strength. Linghsien, Tsalin, Hsueh'uan and Lienhua were Soviet villages then.

"When the 4th Red Army left Chingkanshan to march into south Kiangsi and west Fukien, the enemy moved armies of several provinces against us, including those of Kiangsi, Fukien, Kwangtung and Hunan, relentlessly following on our heels. Our policy then was to avoid giving battle, and to resist only when attacked. It was in this extremity that we developed our tactics of maneuvering warfare to a high efficiency. Our path was from Chingkanshan to Chungyi, Tayü, Hsinfēng, Huich'ang, Juikin and Ningtu. Between Juikin and Ningtu there was heavy fighting, so we went to Tungku to rest for one week. After recuperating we went east to Kwangch'ang and Shihch'en, on the boundary of Kiangsi and Fukien, and then to Tingchow in Fukien. We defeated four regiments of the local Fukien army under Kuo Hung-min, and occupied the city of Tingchow. Volunteers from Tingchow added three regiments to our forces. We then organized the 24th Army. At this time there was a civil war among the provincial forces of the enemy, as the Kwangsi troops were just returning from the North, so we were able to take a rest from April to May 1929.

"When P'eng Teh-huai's 5th Red Army at Chingkanshan left for Juikin, it was defeated by the Kuomintang forces. We of the 4th Red Army then met the 5th Army between Tingchow and Juikin. At this time we still had two military

branches. The 5th Army then took our 4th Army's original route in order to collect new volunteers and went back to P'ingkiang. The 4th Army stayed in Kiangsi and west Fukien to organize partisan war. Then the Central Committee of the Communist Party appointed three places in which to develop Soviets—in west Fukien, south Kiangsi and in the Tungkiang (East River) district of Kwangtung.

"In 1929 our Soviet district expanded greatly. The Fukien, Kiangsi and Kwangtung armies then organized a new 'annihilating' campaign against us, which included Chang Chun's divisions, the 19th Route Army and Chu Pei-teh's army. The Fukien army was very weak, so we chose them for attack and were victorious in every engagement. We destroyed the two divisions of Ch'eng Kuo-hui and Kuo Feng-min and killed Kuo himself, nearly annihilating the whole Fukien forces sent against us. Chang Chun's troops were almost annihilated in this campaign also, and the Red Army occupied Changchow, Fukien. Our tactics were to defeat the weakest forces first, then after they retreated the other two lines were in an exposed position, so they were forced to retreat, too. When we defeated the Fukien forces so badly, they saw that they could not maintain power in Fukien Province so appealed to Kwangtung for help. We then attacked Tungkiang (East River) district in Kwangtung. However, the 19th Route Army here was very strong. Our strength was about equal, so the struggle ended in a stalemate—there was neither victory nor defeat. The Red Army occupied Meihsien in Kwangtung, then returned westward to Kiangsi, then back to Fukien to our old Soviet district.

"It was at the end of 1929 that we left Tingchow in Fukien, went to Shihch'en, then to Kwangch'ang and to Chi-an at the beginning of 1930. By this time the Soviets had expanded greatly, and they had collected enough partisan troops to establish the 3rd Army, of which Huang Kung-liu was commander. The 3rd Red Army included the *min t'u'an* troops of Lo P'ing-hui (previously under Chu Pei-teh), who had mutinied and joined us, as well as part of some Chingshan forces. The 3rd and 4th Red armies marched together. From Kian we went to Hsingkuo, destroying many

enemy forces en route, and then to Tingchow. At this time the Li Li-san line began, and a Party delegate arrived in Tingchow to bring us these new instructions. We then organized the 3rd, 4th and 12th armies together into the First Army Corps under my command. The 12th Army, made up of Fukien partisans and regulars, was put under the command of Lo P'ing-hui and the 4th Army was under Lin Piao. At this time we also had the 35th, 20th and 21st armies, these three being all partisan troops.

"On August 1, 1930, anniversary of the Nanchang Uprising, we attacked Nanchang, as the city was empty and the enemy's power there very weak. Chang Hui-chang and T'ang Tao-yuan were the Kuomintang commanders at Nanchang, having two divisions. We did not occupy Nanchang but organized the peasants in the Kiangsi regions of Anjen, Hsinfêng, Kwang-an, Yifeng and Kao-an. This was a very important period for us. We expanded the Red Army greatly, collected money for resources, and organized the masses, many new villages joining the Soviets.

"At the same time, P'eng Teh-huai, on July 27, had occupied Changsha, capital of Hunan. However, we then had no radio, and our intelligence work was very poor. P'eng held the city for only one week, and no reinforcements arrived. He then was forced to leave and went to Liuyang, where he met the First Army Corps marching to his aid. Our forces together then destroyed four regiments of the Hunan army and captured many thousand rifles. We also captured the much-needed radios for the first time, but we could not use them as we had no operators. The First Army Corps had expanded to twenty thousand men. P'eng Teh-huai's 5th Red Army then joined with the 8th Red Army to form the new Third Army Corps of some ten thousand men, under P'eng's command. Together the First and Third Army Corps had thirty thousand men and five armies. We again attacked Changsha, but this time the enemy had made full preparation against such an assault, and after ten days of unsuccessful attack we retreated to P'inghsiang. However, we had several victories during those days. We then established the First Front Red Army, made up of the First and Third

Army Corps. I was made commander-in-chief, with Mao Tsê-tung as political commissar. I also kept command of the First Army Corps.

"in September we marched back to Liling and P'inghsiang and occupied Yichün. At this time the Li Li-san line was causing a great dispute. Li Li-san wished to attack the big cities of Chôchang, Yochow and Hankow, but Mao and I disagreed with this line. We wanted to rest and reorganize the armies. Our opinion finally prevailed. At Kian (Chian) we had expanded the Red Army to fifty thousand fighters, and had accumulated some \$3,000,000 in our treasury. Our financial resources during the First Campaign were based on this money. In my opinion, if we had not received the Li Li-san line before the First Campaign, we could have achieved a much greater victory during this campaign.

### *The First Campaign*

"When the Yen Hsi-shan-Feng Yu-hsiang war against Chiang Kai-shek finished in October 1930, the Central Government turned its attention to special preparation for suppression of the Red Army. At the end of December 1930 Nanking's First Annihilation Campaign against us began, which we had completely routed by January 1931. For this offensive, Chiang Kai-shek collected a great number of troops, such as T'ang Tao-yuan's division, Wang Ching-yu's army and the 19th Route Army. Then, though the Red Army had no radio service, our intelligence work was better and we estimated the enemy positions very correctly. The Kuomintang was in fact very foolish. They even published news of their troop movements and plans in the newspapers, which we promptly read. Our base was then in Tungku.

"At this time our strategy was to decoy and ambush the enemy. We coaxed them into moving forward, then surrounded and annihilated them. We decoyed the Kuomintang troops into occupying many villages in this way, and in the meantime we used our free time to train raw recruits in the rear. This was lucky because at this time the Red Army was practically all new recruits. The enemy was very foolish at

this time, having had no experience with this type of guerrilla warfare. Each Kuomintang commander wanted to win the approbation of Chiang Kai-shek, so they greedily pursued the Red Army units into its own territory. Thus T'ang Tao-yuan and Chang Hui-chang stupidly followed the Red Army nearly to our base at Tungku. We then promptly pounced upon our prey. The Red Army annihilated these forces easily, because they had invaded the heart of the Soviet districts and our information about them was exact while they moved forward blindly. They were surrounded by high mountains, so it was easy for us to cut off their rear. We concentrated all our forces to attack Chang's troops, so we had fifty thousand men to Chang's ten thousand troops and it was a simple matter to defeat them. Chang Hui-chang, whom Chiang Kai-shek had put in command of this First Campaign, was himself killed, and we captured nine thousand rifles, two wireless sets and his entire division of men intact! We did good propaganda work among these captured soldiers and afterward released all of them. In the meantime, we attacked T'ang. T'ang did not know what had happened to Chang's troops. He knew only that the radio connection was broken. However, even so he was apprehensive and wanted to retreat, but we stepped up, cut off his rear and practically annihilated his troops. T'ang 'gave' us four thousand rifles. After these two smashing victories the remainder of the enemy retreated in a rout. Thus the First Campaign was a complete victory for us. We then carried on our program of expanding the Soviet areas.

### *The Second Campaign*

"This defeat alarmed Chiang Kai-shek, and caused a reversal of his strategy. Ho Ying-ch'ing sent recommendations to Chiang which he accepted, appointing Ho as commander of this new campaign. Ho's new tactics were to move slowly to the attack. From January to May, the Kuomintang concentrated on preparations for the new offensive against us. We also prepared and trained for the Second Campaign. On May 19, 1931, this Second Campaign began. The offen-

sive line of the enemy stretched 800 *li* from Chi-an (Kian), Kiangsi, Kwangch'ang, to Chienling in Fukien Province. The enemy mobilized two hundred regiments (about two hundred thousand men) in this campaign.

"However, our experience in the First Campaign served us well. At this time we had the aid of radio communication also. The Red Army sent troops to the rear of the enemy forces to attack. In fifteen days we had covered the line of 800 *li* and broken the enemy offensive, capturing thirty thousand rifles. We destroyed the armies of Wang Ching-yu and of Chu Hsiao-liang, so the Second Campaign ended in a Red victory, too. The Red Army's strategy in this Second Campaign was the best modern tactics possible in breaking an offensive line. This victory increased the Red Army's faith in itself immensely, and at the same time the Soviet masses responded with great help to the army.

### *The Third Campaign*

"Chiang Kai-shek was furious at the destruction of his Second Campaign, and personally organized the Third Campaign, leading the army himself from Nanchang. Chiang planned to strike again immediately, and in July launched the Third Campaign. The Red Army made an error of calculation here, not expecting Chiang to be able to strike so soon. However, on the other hand, Chiang, in his high temper, also miscalculated and was in too much of a hurry for his own preparation. Chiang moved forward in four parallel lines to attack. We promptly occupied the spaces between these four parallel lines and worried and harassed them continually. The weather was extremely hot, and the soldiers were very tired from the unaccustomed fast marching, so our tactic was very successful. Hao Meng-lin was in command of Chiang's second line. His army was the weakest, so we first destroyed him, capturing many rifles and supplies. We then destroyed the divisions of Mao Ping-wen and Hsü K'e-hsiang. Chiang Kai-shek was doubly infuriated at this, so tried to concentrate all his forces instead of the previous strategy. We used our strategy of removing all

food and leaving the villages empty for the enemy. Thus the Kuomintang's food supply was very difficult, especially because of their concentration of troops. We then concentrated all our own forces at Tungku, leaving the partisans everywhere to trouble and harass the White army, so they had no idea where our exact strength was concentrated and missed direction. Surrounded on all sides by partisans, the White troops were panicky and worried to desperation. We easily destroyed many units of the enemy in this way.

"At this time, we attacked the 19th Route Army of twenty-four regiments. This was a blunder, because the 19th Route Army did not actually want to fight us, their purpose being only to save Chiang Kai-shek and give him support in getting out of his dangerous position. We, however, flushed with many victories, were too proud and happy to be cautious, so we foolishly attacked the 19th Route Army. The 19th Route Army troops were fresh, having just come to the front. Again our encounter with this army, as the year before, resulted in a stalemate, with neither victory nor defeat for either of us. They finally withdrew and we also withdrew.

"We had just destroyed the 52nd and 9th Kuomintang divisions at Tungku when the September 18th Mukden Incident occurred. Chiang Kai-shek was obliged to retreat, unable to concentrate attention on his anti-Red campaign. So both sides took a rest. At this time the troops of Sun Lien-chang revolted in the famous Ningtu Uprising on December 14, 1931. This was the Kuomintang's 26th Route Army at Ningtu, these troops having previously belonged to Feng Yu-hsiang. Over ten thousand men deserted to the Red Army, and from them we established the new Fifth Army Corps. This uprising was led by Tung Tseng-t'ang and Tsao Pao-sun.

#### *The First Soviet Congress*

"We then held the First All-China Soviet Congress on December 11, 1931, anniversary of the Canton Commune, which formed the first Central Soviet Government. There was much development everywhere, and the regular Red

Army was organized with myself as commander-in-chief. During 1931 Soviet districts had developed on the Kiangsi-Fukien border, the Hunan-Kiangsi border, the Hunan-Hupeh-Kiangsi border and on the Fukien-Chekiang-Kiangsi border, and these Soviet districts were able to make connections for the first time. We had radio communication everywhere in 1931.

"The first Soviet Congress marks the end of the first period in the history of the Red Army, beginning with the Nanchang Uprising on August 1, 1927, and carrying through a period of spontaneous uprisings and partisan self-defense fighting until the partisans were finally transformed into a regular main Red Army under co-ordinated command and the partisan areas changed into Soviet districts at the end of 1931.

## II

"The second period begins from the establishment of the Central Soviet Government and of the co-ordinated Red Army in December 1931 to the Long March undertaken in October 1934.

"Our most important work in 1932 was in 'reddening' the new areas, that is, in penetrating further and in consolidating and deepening the Soviet movement. We co-ordinated and connected the Soviet movement in all different districts, united the various armies and established schools, as well as doing much other work of this kind.

"At this time the Second Front Army under Ho Lung had no close connection with us in the Central Soviets, as they had no radio communication. Each different Soviet district had its own special conditions, of course. For instance, in the Soviets of the Hunan-Hupeh area and in the Hupeh-Honan-Anhui (Ouyüwan) bordering districts there was a firm mass basis because in those areas the 1925-27 Great Revolution had already roused the people, and these revolutionary masses formed their own Red Armies. However, in Kiangsi, the Red Army had the special task of creating the Soviets and rousing the mass movement. Nevertheless, this developed very quickly and strongly. If the armies and Soviet

districts in the three provinces (Kiangsi, Hunan and Hupeh) had been able to establish close communication and co-ordination, we should have had much greater success in our Soviet movement, that is, we might have possibly taken leadership in all of China.

### *The Fourth Campaign*

"In April 1933 the Fourth Campaign against the Red Army started. By this time the Kiangsi economic situation for the army was not good because we had already expropriated all the landlords and had no further sources of revenue in this way. Also, the Red Army's strategy was not good. We made the mistake of first attacking Kwangtung and then Chiang Kai-shek. We first attacked Nansiang on the Kwangtung line of offensive in order to decrease the threat to our rear, then marched north through the north-east part of the Kiangsi Soviet area and met the 10th Red Army.

"At this time Chiang Kai-shek had not yet established a strong blockhouse system. He was in too much of a hurry to 'exterminate the Red menace.' Having a pro-Japanese tendency at that time, he wanted to settle 'the internal problem' immediately. Chiang, therefore, sent his strongest army, three divisions under Ch'en Ch'eng, into action. The 11th, 59th and 52nd divisions were Chiang's best troops. He wanted to quickly cut the Red Army's line, while we wanted to break the enemy's line before they took action. This was a very heavy war. We destroyed the 59th and 52nd divisions of the Kuomintang troops, and captured thirteen thousand White soldiers. We captured also the rifles from twelve regiments, together with many light machine guns and three million rounds of ammunition. The 11th Division was also disarmed and eliminated from the field.

### *The Fifth Campaign*

"Then Chiang Kai-shek became thoroughly alarmed at our victories. He stopped the 'Great Wall' fighting against the Japanese in the north and made the Ho-Umetzu Agree-

ment with them. Chiang himself then rushed to Nanchang in Kiangsi to prepare for future campaigns. After the defeat of Ch'êng Ch'êng, Chiang saw that it was necessary to change his whole strategy. He got many foreign advisers, and relied upon economic blockade and the blockhouse system, in offensive-defensive strategy. Chiang at the same time reorganized his armies. Under the new strategy, he attacked only our periphery and not the central Red Army. He attacked the Honan-Hupeh-Anhui Red Army, which was forced to retreat. We thereby lost a main force in diverting and dispersing the enemy forces sent against us. During the last half of 1933 there were no major engagements, as Chiang Kai-shek utilized all his forces to prepare for the grand Fifth Campaign. By this time the economic condition of the Soviet districts was not good, due to the blockade against us. Then Chiang Kai-shek sent three hundred regiments against the Red Army, and the great war of the Fifth Campaign was on in October 1933.

"In November 1933 the Fukien Rebellion against Chiang Kai-shek occurred. In connection with this rebellion we did not act wisely. He did not give the support that we might have given to help the 19th Route Army. They did not have full trust in us, because this situation occurred just after we had been fighting each other, and our United Front tactics were not well organized. Also we had not expected the 19th Route Army to collapse so quickly.

"In July, August, September and October of 1934 the war was very heavy, with great losses on both sides. Chiang Kai-shek's new Fascist training for his officers was fairly good, for they went into battle more determinedly—the result being, however, that we were able to capture and kill a great many officers, including many brigade commanders.

"Perhaps the main reason why Chiang was able to defeat the Red Army in the Fifth Campaign was that he was aided from the outside by resources which he ordinarily could not command. Chiang Kai-shek received sufficient help, both economically and militarily, from the foreign imperialists to enable him to organize this big campaign. For instance, his troops were reorganized by the German General von Seeckt

and other foreign advisers, utilizing the tactics used by France in resisting Germany in the World War.

"The Communist Party was obliged to decide to withdraw the Red Army from the Soviet districts in the South and to begin the Long March in October. The Red Army first broke the line of the Kwangtung army in the South, then passed through Kwangtung, Hunan, Kwangsi, Kwei-chow and middle Yünnan. We originally planned to connect with the Second Front Red Army, but the Kuomintang troops blocked our way in Hunan and Hupeh, so we decided to return to Yünnan and to march to Szechuan from there. In Szechuan we met the Fourth Front Red Army and then continued on to the Northwest.

### III

"The third period of the history of the Red Army begins with the Long March on October 16, 1934, and continues to the present. Before beginning the Long March we estimated that the political situation had reached a new stage, so we marched northward to begin the anti-imperialist struggle against the Japanese and to re-establish ourselves in the broad areas of the Northwest, where the first units reached North Shensi in October 1935, after one year of constant fighting and struggle. The account of this Long March has been collected and is now being published in Shanghai, in a volume of three hundred thousand words.

"In October 1936 the Second Front Army under Ho Lung and the Fourth Front Army under Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien met with the First Front Army in Kansu, the former two armies having marched from Sikong (Tibet) since spring. All our main forces now being concentrated in the Kansu-Shensi-Ninghsia area in the Northwest, we were ready to organize our anti-Japanese United Front."

#### *Perspective After a Decade*

I then asked Commander Chu Teh what he thought had been the main accomplishments of the ten years' struggle of the Red Army and the Soviets. He replied:

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"The main things we have achieved, I think, are these:

“1. We now have the Red Army itself, which we did not have before we began the armed struggle.

“2. Ten years ago the Communist Party was not so strong as at present, because our comrades now have long and valuable experience behind them and are all solid revolutionary cadres.

“3. The success of the Soviet system and laws has made a deep impression among the peasants and workers of China.

“4. Our struggle itself has had a great political influence on the morale of the peasants and workers, not only in China but elsewhere.

“5. We still have several Soviet and partisan districts.

“6. Because of the above factors, we are at present in a position favorable to the realization of a United Front, though different from that in 1925.

“7. As a whole, our Communist Party and the Chinese masses in the ten years' struggle have had a valuable collective education and experience together.”

My next question was to ask Chu Teh what he regarded as the main reasons for the success of the Red Army in China. He answered:

“The most important reason is that the Red Army is led by the Communist Party and the Party members are models for the fighters to follow.

“Second, the Red Army has been and is supported by the masses.

“Third, the Red Army is one integrated whole, united as one man.

“Fourth, the Red Army fighters are brave and heroic because they belong to the oppressed classes.

“Fifth, the Red Army is militarily efficient because our tactics and strategy have been developed through long, hard years of battle and experience.

“Sixth, because the mass of the people support the Red Army and give us complete and accurate information, we are always familiar with the topography of the country and the movements of the enemy, while the enemy is blind, having no such voluntary support.

“Seventh, every Red Army man is fighting for the same purpose, so the command is followed as one man and dis-

cipline is perfect. Therefore, the Red Army is not only militarily but politically well disciplined and conscious.

"Eighth, our propaganda among the White troops has helped us very much. We treat captives well, and they carry back favorable reports. In general the White troops themselves are not enthusiastic in fighting the Red Army, because the common soldiers are oppressed by their officers.

"Of course, one basic reason why the Red Army was able to develop in China is the necessity of agrarian revolution in China and the need of protecting the land afterward. Another reason is the contradictions in Chinese society, which cause many civil wars to occur, thus making the position of such an army more favorable for continued existence. The Chinese ruling class is weak and cannot control some areas. This, together with bad communications and complex topography, created a situation favorable for the Red Army to maintain itself."

I then asked what, in perspective, had been the lessons learned by the Chinese Communists during their long struggle. He thought awhile, then stated:

"1. In the anti-imperialist fight in semi-colonial countries the struggle for Democracy must be emphasized and a United Front with the bourgeoisie realized.

"2. The feudal society must be destroyed by a preliminary realization of Democracy. Feudal social forms cannot be changed without the democratic principle. The peasants and workers must first break their chains in feudal society, then join in the revolutionary struggle. In this effort, if the United Front policy is adopted the struggle is easier.

"3. Such a revolution must have an armed force, but this army must belong to the people.

"In 1925-27 our mistake was in not being independent, but in following after the bourgeoisie. Therefore, when the bourgeoisie betrayed the revolution, we found ourselves in a difficult position. After 1927 the radical policy of blind action in uprisings according to the Li Li-san line was a mistake, though this radicalism was created by the pressure on the peasants and workers. After the Soviet movement began, in some parts of the Red Army the militarist tradition

was still partially retained, and because of this our work tended to become isolated from the mass. On the opposite side, we also made errors of permitting wide partisan fighting without strict army discipline. This tended toward individual action not in the broad interest of the mass. It permitted some of the peasant ideology of an inclination toward revenge to remain. The mass is always more radical than the Red Army and wants more killing than we permit. Although the Red Army comes from the mass, it does not reflect this peasant tendency toward revenge because of the strict education it receives.

"But perhaps the greatest lesson we have learned is that a people can fight victoriously with what resources it happens to have. The masses can get their guns if they have determination. It is easy to capture arms from the enemy by sudden attack and night battles. The people can fight with bad arms, or even without formal arms at all. Any kind of weapons, if utilized correctly, can defeat the enemy, if the revolutionary spirit is there. The Red Army's mobility and ability to arm itself out of thin air have already become almost a legend in Chinese history, and some of the peasantry even think our power is magic because of the apparent miracles we have been able to accomplish. Actually, our magic power lies only in the fact that we attack swiftly at night and withdraw as swiftly so that the enemy can never find us unless we ourselves wish to engage them."

Yan'an  
Liu Shao-chi  
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### III. FIELD GLASSES ON THE FUTURE

THE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS on the complex subject of the Chinese Revolution are dialectical in the polar extreme. Indeed "dialectical" is a generous term to apply to such a hard problem in finding identities in oppositions. I cannot imagine a more delightful tournament of the intellect than gathering together at this moment around a Chinese tea table all of the famous dialecticians of various ages and laying the subject open for free discussion (all heads guar-

anteed safety in advance, of course). With Plato, Aristotle and Hegel on the Right, Marx, Lenin and Mao Tsê-tung on the Left, with Stalin engineering from the chair, and anarchistic old Lao-tzû eating watermelon seeds on a bench at the foot of the table and making sly sabotaging remarks out of turn—everything should flow and spiral to nonconclusions in the proper dialectical manner. While all this philosophical spiraling is in process, however, we may as well get on with more workaday answers. . . .

Mao Tsê-tung and Lo Fu have already, in the preceding chapter, discussed the nature and historical stages of the Chinese Revolution and indicated the general course which the Communists expect to follow in the future. And Chu Teh has outlined the history of the Red Army and expressed his opinion on what has been accomplished in the past decade, why the Red Army was able to develop, and what lessons had been learned during the struggle. But certain points require more detailed discussion. The question of immediate importance which remains is, of course, how can Chinese Communism find its identity in the vast opposition now confronting it? How do these Communists expect to realize Socialism in the face of such tremendous obstacles—and when? When I asked for elucidation on these concrete "details," most of the Communists I talked with put me off by announcing, "It is non-Marxist to make decisions about the future." Finally, however, Wu Liang-p'ing agreed to draw for me a rough sketch of the immediate tactics for the realization of Democracy and the future transformation to Socialism, according to his personal opinion.

As nearly as I could make out, the Chinese Communists generally had several speculations about how Socialism would possibly come about in the future, but they hoped for a "peaceful transformation to Socialism" through the medium, not of a Soviet, but of a Democratic Republic. This republic was to be of a "new type," patterned somewhat after the antifeudal Spanish Republic before the Fascist revolt. Whether they thought a Spanish type of civil war would result, I could not determine, but they were hoping that Japanese pressure would flatten out the reactionary

sid. of the class war to the point where a transformation to a Democratic Republic would occur spontaneously and peacefully—and the later transformation to Socialism would come about somewhat in the same friendly spirit in the distant future. Just when the feudal elements would object to the new democracy was not clear. As Mao Tsê-tung said in an interview with us: "When the mass movement develops and the peasants make demands upon the landlords up to the point where no compromise is possible, there will be a split." Or as Wu Liang-p'ing put it: "Our opinion is that without a serious struggle the remnants of feudalism cannot be uprooted."

The Chinese Communists had been intensely interested in the struggle in Spain and were very much impressed with two things: first, with the overwhelming victory of the new democracy in the Spanish elections, and the loyalty of the bourgeois elements to this liberal democracy—which gave the Chinese hope for a similar peaceful victory for their new democracy; and second, with the rallying of the Fascist powers behind Franco, which caused the Chinese to realize the importance of not pushing their potential Rightist Francos into the arms of the Fascists and the Japanese, and of absorbing them in a liberal republic instead. Spain has, therefore, already had an influence on another great revolutionary movement. On May 15 Mao Tsê-tung wrote a message to the Spanish people, which included the following:

"We do not believe that the struggle of the Chinese people can be separated from your struggle in Spain. The Communist Party of China is now supporting and emulating you, the Spanish people, by struggling against Japanese Fascism. . . . Each day our press here in the Soviet regions publishes reports and articles about your struggle. Through our radios we receive the latest daily news about your heroic struggle. We firmly realize that the unity of your various parties in the People's Front is the basis for your final victory. We have read and fully support the ten-point program proposed by the Spanish Communist Party.

"Your struggle is similar to our own in the Far East because, apart from other similarities already mentioned,

there are traitors and Trotskyists hiding in our ranks, just as they hide in yours. Only by the most determined measures against such traitors can we consolidate our Front. . . .

"As many of you know, the Chinese Red Army has carried on a ceaseless and hard struggle for ten years. We fought without resources, through hunger and cold, without arms and ammunition, save that which we captured, until at last we won our present victory. . . . Our ten years' struggle has proved to us that if a revolutionary people and their revolutionary army are not afraid of suffering, but continue to fight heroically against the enemy, they will be victorious.

"We . . . express our deepest solidarity and comradeship with you. . . . Also, we express our deepest solidarity and comradeship with the International Volunteers who are offering their lives for the emancipation of their Spanish brothers and sisters, and through them for the oppressed nations of the world."

The Chinese were also impressed with the amount of international support received by Spain in its fight for Democracy and hoped to mobilize a broader basis of such support for themselves under the democratic United Front. The Chinese Red Army itself had only one "international volunteer" in its ranks—Li Teh, the German—aside from Koreans, Formosans and other oriental cousins. And they had had to suffer, all during those ten years under the Soviet banner, the enmity of the democracies, as well as of the Fascist states.

"Spain is a country very much like China," Mao Tsê-tung commented, when I discussed Spain with him on the evening of May 14.

"Do you consider Spain a colonial country?" I asked.

"Yes, Spain is semi-colonial like China. Its general revolutionary problem is similar. The enemies of the Spanish people are feudalism and imperialism, the same as in China."

"What is the difference between the People's Front in Spain and the United Front in China?" I then asked.

"We have a United Front instead of a People's Front in China because Japanese aggression also subjugates our capi-

talist class. Because the rice bowl of the Chinese capitalists is being broken by the Japanese, they can join the broader United Front.

"In reality there is no great difference. The Spanish People's Front also includes the Left wing of the capitalist class, while the Right wing of the Spanish bourgeoisie, related to the big landlords and the reactionary Catholics, went over to Franco. Later on, when the problem became more radical, the center of the capitalist class left the People's Front. Nobody has the illusion that the Right wing will stay permanently in the revolution."

"Spanish industry is more developed than that in China. Spain has 1,500,000 industrial workers to a population of 24,000,000, while China has only 3,000,000 to a population of 450,000,000. Therefore the proletarian proportion is different."

"Who will be the Chinese Franco if a Fascist movement splits in the Democratic Republic?" I then asked.

"Maybe Ho Ying-ch'ing," Mao Tsê-tung replied. "The Japanese want a Pu Yi, not a Franco, however. Chiang Kai-shek cannot now be their Franco because he represents the national bourgeoisie and the army, as well as the compradores and landlords, and he could not maintain a government position by Fascist support as in the case of Franco; on the contrary this would cause his downfall."

The victory of Socialism in China is far away; however, Mao Tsê-tung did not consider it so distant as might be imagined. When our interview ended he remarked:

"In the world revolution the backward countries will be victorious first. America will probably be the last."

And now let us discuss the Socialist future of China with Wu Liang-p'ing.

In spite of his youth, Wu Liang-p'ing is considered one of the Communists' best Marxist theoreticians, and he is Mao Tsê-tung's man Friday. Only twenty-seven years of age, he has already had a long career in revolutionary work. He is one of the very few rebels produced by the "Ningpo more-far" area near Shanghai, which has contributed most of the

Shanghai phenomena such as compradores, foreigners' houseboys, amahs, merchants and traders. Wu Liang-p'ing came of merchant stock, but his father was an intellectual and principal of the Ningpo Normal School. The son studied at Ching Ch'i Primary School in the village of his birth, Fenghua, which was Chiang Kai-shek's primary school, too. He was betrothed to one of Chiang Kai-shek's relatives, but refused to marry the girl when he came of age. Wu was an active student leader at Nanyang Middle School in Shanghai, then at Amoy University, Amoy, and finally became one of the insurgent student leaders who founded a university of their own in 1924—the Great China University, Shanghai. During the May Thirtieth Movement in 1925, Wu led student propaganda tours and was the delegate from his university to the Shanghai Student Union. He joined the Communist Youth and went to Moscow to study in 1926, returning to Shanghai in 1929, after spending several months in Berlin, France, Belgium and England. In Shanghai he did secret Party work for a year and a half and translated three of the Marxist classics—*The History of Socialism*, *Anti-Dühring*, and *Historical Materialism*. Betrayed to the police by a former schoolmate in Moscow, he was arrested in the International Settlement in 1931 and imprisoned in Ward Road Jail for over a year. After his release he took the dangerous trip to the Kiangsi Soviet district in 1932. In Juikin, the Red capital, he was People's Commissar of Economics of the Central Government for a while, then went on the Long March with the Red Army, during which time he worked in the Political Department of the First and Third Army Corps. Upon arrival in Shensi, he was made Chief of the Agitprop Department. When I met him in Yen-an he was still functioning at top speed in the Agitprop Department, and writing many articles on various political subjects for the Party magazines and newspapers.

Wu Liang-p'ing was tall, and his sensitive intellectual face had rather Western-looking features. (I was told that while he was in Moscow the Russian girls had found the handsome young Chinese student very attractive, and indeed one

of them had become his Great Romance.) He spoke excellent Russian and spent a great deal of time reading *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, and when I asked him about the future of Socialism in China, he replied in his excellent English:

"The main task of the Chinese Communist Party in realizing the transformation to Socialism in China is to get the hegemony of the new Democratic Republic to be formed during the new phase of the bourgeois-democratic-nationalist revolution. Whether this transformation will be peaceful or not peaceful, we cannot say. If we have the hegemony we can realize a more or less peaceful transformation to Socialism, and will not need another revolution. It is more possible, however, that one part of the Right bourgeoisie and petty bourgeoisie will fight against us. The landlords would already have been liquidated by the Republic.

"In the transformation to the Socialist revolution a small part of the bourgeoisie in power under the Democratic Republic, together with other elements, will struggle and a new civil war will possibly continue. But this will be easy to liquidate. We would then have the leadership in the government of the Republic and could simply envelop them. But the struggle must continue even if it does not require war. If we have international help from the U.S.S.R., Spain and France, our struggle will be much easier.

"At present we have the hegemony only of the peasants and the Red Army. During the anti-Japanese war we must win over all of the masses and troops and the whole Leftist movement, either outside or inside the Kuomintang, and educate them. Not only must we drive away the imperialists, but the agrarian problem must also be solved. Then a new type of republic will be established, which will liquidate all feudalism, carry out the agrarian revolution, confiscate Japanese property in China, control the large industries, railways and communications, and maybe establish control over the imperialist interests of the foreign powers in China. The peasants and workers will thereby be prepared for the future and educated to be conscious of Socialism as an aim. Only *after* the democratic tasks are realized, when national independence and the agrarian revolution are realized, and

the hegemony is in the masses and the army—only then will the transformation to Socialism be realized.

"I repeat, only *after* the agrarian and anti-imperialist struggle is won will the transformation to Socialism occur. And first we must drive away the Japanese, then let the revolution develop spontaneously as the situation makes necessary.

"This agrarian revolution and the anti-imperialist struggle are intermingled. How can we fight the imperialists? Only by organizing the workers and peasants. In order to organize the peasants, their interests must be taken care of. At a certain stage in the anti-Japanese war, the agrarian problem must be settled. But this is not Socialism. It is part of the bourgeois antifeudal revolution.

"This is why the Trotskyists are wrong in wanting an immediate Socialist revolution: In order to fulfill the Socialist revolution, the proletariat must have friends, must mobilize a reserve army of allies. This means the peasantry. To attempt to have a Socialist revolution in the village means to liquidate the rich peasants. This in turn influences the wavering middle peasants as allies in the democratic movement. So far the Communist Party has kept the alliance with the middle peasants, and if the rich peasants do not obstruct us and will support the anti-Japanese struggle we will welcome them to join with us.

"We must utilize all democratic elements, the petty bourgeoisie and even part of the national bourgeoisie in realizing the revolution. If we Communists should start a Socialist revolution now, this would mean that we would have to fight against these elements, especially against the capitalists, Chiang Kai-shek and the national bourgeoisie. Such a conflict would endanger the anti-Japanese struggle.

"Therefore our line is to unite with the peasants and city petty bourgeoisie, and if the bourgeoisie will participate in the anti-imperialist struggle, we should also like to unite with them. The first thing to be done is to utilize all elements to overthrow Japan. Afterward we can talk of different tasks. Unless we go slow with the democratic steps of the revolution, we may liquidate the revolution itself because we

## CHINESE SOVIETS CHANGE TO DEMOCRACY 269

would have no friends, no reserve allies to support us. It is Utopian to rush into a Socialist movement, and such a step is therefore against the proletarian revolution."

*Question:* "Is a program of agrarian reform enough to realize a mass war against Japan?"

*Answer:* "Reform is possible, but not thorough. Now we Communists demand only reforms, but the agrarian question cannot be limited only to reform. Under the terms of the United Front we want decreased rents and taxes. This will help the poor and middle peasants, and even the rich—by destroying the bureaucracy. But we do not now touch the land problem. We ask only that the Government give aid to the farmers by loans, seeds, fertilizer, organizing co-operatives, etc."

*Question:* "Will reform hinder the future transformation to Socialism by reducing the revolutionary necessities of the masses and maintaining the status quo?"

*Answer:* "The feudal remnants cannot be liquidated by reform. Our opinion is that without a *serious* struggle, the remnants of feudalism cannot be uprooted. Moreover, in leading the masses to demand reforms, we know that such reforms must be realized by the masses themselves and cannot come from above, so the struggle for reform is good experience for the masses. In the process of organizing the workers to realize reforms, they get organization and experience and we get authority among the masses. Therefore, the struggle for reform helps the transformation of the revolution into Socialism."

*Question:* "Briefly, what is the theory of the United Front in China now in terms of class relations?"

*Answer:* "We estimate that at present the class lines of the bourgeoisie, the proletariat and the peasantry all coincide on the anti-Japanese problem.

"In capitalist countries the United Front is against Fascism and the counter-revolutionary bourgeoisie. This means that the proletariat unites with the petty-bourgeoisie and all democratic elements to fight against Fascism. Lenin said that to fight against the main enemy, we must win the petty-bourgeois elements.

"The other kind of United Front is in colonial countries. To fight the imperialists, the proletariat can unite with the bourgeoisie in a certain stage if it will really fight against imperialism and not obstruct the freedom of education for the masses. Our national program is in accordance with Lenin's theory of the national question. In one stage the bourgeoisie is more afraid of the Japanese than of the revolution."

*Question:* "What are the concrete tactics for realizing Democracy?"

*Answer:* "Our general slogan is for the establishment of a Democratic Republic. We struggle for this in two ways:

"First, we demand democratic rights and civil liberties so the masses can be mobilized. We want the Government to abolish the Emergency Laws of 1931, and to reinstitute the original Provisional Laws. We demand the abolition of the censorship of the press, and freedom for all expression not harmful to the democratic revolution. But we do not want freedom for the pro-Japanese traitors. We want an 'Anti-Japanese Democracy'—just as Spain has an 'Anti-Fascist Democracy.' Spain gives no freedom to Fascists. We have made the demand to the Kuomintang that every kind of pro-Japanese organization be dissolved at once and their freedom taken away. All political prisoners must be released except pro-Japanese traitors. The peasants and workers must have the right to organize unions, and all parties and groups which are not pro-Japanese must have freedom to work legally. There must be freedom of academic thought in schools and freedom for those with political beliefs other than the *San Min Chu I*. In short, we demand that all kinds of measures for suppression be stopped, except those against the pro-Japanese elements.

"Second, we demand an improvement in the present government structure. We ask that all except the pro-Japanese cliques shall have representation in the Government and certain government organs be reformed to get rid of corrupt elements. The Government must realize universal suffrage and call a parliamentary assembly which will elect a democratic central government. In every province there

must be a provincial assembly elected by the people, and militarist leaders must be prohibited from intervening in civil affairs and obey the civil power of the Government. Every party must have the right to name candidates for direct election, somewhat as in the case of the French Chamber of Deputies. The aim of the above is to realize a democratic parliament and government and to achieve universal adult suffrage—with no limitations of property, race, level of culture, religion or sex. This is the kind of democracy we are now instituting in the Soviet districts.

"These two steps can gradually bring about a Democratic Republic during the process of struggle. We don't worry so much about laws as depend upon mass pressure.

"We cannot say exactly what the nature of the new republic will be, but we know that it will be a new type of Democratic Republic, just as Spain is now fighting for a new type of parliamentary democracy. It is not the old classical French type of democracy, but a new 'Anti-Fascist, Anti-feudal Parliamentary Republic.' Our Chinese republic, however, will be different from that in Spain, because the bourgeoisie will participate more fully in our democracy.

"The Spanish Republic is anti-Fascist and anti-feudal in character, so it clears away feudalism by confiscating the land and property of the Church, which is part of the base of Fascism and nationalizes the big banks and industries, which are also the base of Fascism. It also institutes democracy and reorganizes the old army to get rid of feudal remnants in it.

"The class basis of this new type of republic is a combination of the working class, the peasants and the petty bourgeoisie in the cities. One part of the democratic-bourgeois elements which are progressive can participate, but they will not represent one of the main forces in the Government."

THIRD ~~ELEVENTH~~ BOOK:

WAR WITH JAPAN

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## I. THE EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY MARCHES

**A**LL DURING JULY after the Liukouchiao Incident the atmosphere in Yen-an had been heavy with suspense. Had the great War of National Liberation for which the Red Army had been preparing since August 1, 1935, actually arrived? Or would there be more compromise between Japan and China? The few radio stations were crowded every night with eager listeners for news, and the streets were humming with anxious speculations. Chiang Kai-shek's firm speech at the Kuling Conference on July 19 was greeted with tremendous acclaim. Then, when Peking and Tientsin were occupied by the Japanese during the first week in August and the Shanghai fighting began on August 13, it was clear that a real war had begun at last.

The Red Army is always mobilized and ready to march to any front on five minutes' notice. After July 7 they had been on their marks and anxious to start. Chiang Kai-shek invited Chu Teh to the Military Conference held in Nanking during the first week in August, and the Communists in Yen-an waited breathlessly for his report. On August 11, I asked Mao Tsê-tung for news. . . .

Although a misty rain was falling, I found Mao Chu-hsi, or Chairman Mao, as he was always called in Yen-an, sitting in his garden in a foreign-style canvas deck chair smoking cigarettes. It was nine o'clock at night. My interpreter and I had made our appointment through his secretary the previous day. Being able to see Mao Tsê-tung was a state occasion. He preferred not to see people at all, but to have

them send him a list of short, concise questions, consecutively numbered, on which he could scribble brief "yes" or "no" answers. Appointments, however, were always made at night, as Mao slept in the daytime. He had got into the habit of working at night when he was a journalist, and this habit had been confirmed by night marches when leading the Red Army. Apparently he found it easier to sleep through the air bombings and pandemonium of the day and to do his thinking and make decisions in the silence of martial law at night.

Because Mao carried on the affairs of state after dark, his personality was dramatically aloof in the half-light of mystery. In the gregarious elbow-to-elbow world of Yen-an, he was an Olympian figure indeed. When you went to call on him at night, the affair seemed as ceremonial as keeping a tryst with an oracle.

You usually walked through the black silence of the deserted streets in a drizzling rain. You came suddenly upon the street pailous gleaming ghostly white in the darkness like ancient temple archways. Flash of a bayonet and a sentry challenge confront you on every corner. Your body-guard gives the password. You salute and march on. At the foot of the mountain a great gate opens on screaming wooden hinges, and you are ushered into the presence. Mao Tsê-tung greets you with a friendly handshake, then sits back in the darkness like the Delphian oracle in a cavern, a continuous incense-spiral of cigarette smoke rising in front of him. You sit in the candlelight, and he concentrates two bright intense eyes upon you from the outer darkness. Your interpreter fidgets nervously, anxious to create a favorable impression on the leader of all the Chinese Communists. Mao speaks in quiet decisive syllables like someone reading from a familiar book. He never shakes the shaggy black mane away from his eyes. He never plays with a pen or pencil. His large shapely hands are as quiet as his voice.

Ho Tzü-ch'ün, his gentle little wife, brings in cocoa and cakes and sits unobtrusively on the *k'ang*, lined with dozens of books on philosophy and political science. . . .

"Is there any news?" I inquire.

"Just a day or so ago the Red Army received an order from Nanking to go to the front to fight the Japanese under the command of the Nanking Government. However, Chiang Kai-shek will not yet permit us to publish the political outline of the unification of the two parties, and this can be done only after the fighting with Japan has begun.

"Although the Communist Party has got a legal position and Chu Teh can join the National Defense meeting at Nanking, on the other hand the political prisoners are not yet ordered released by Nanking. And also the Communist Party cannot yet work publicly in the White districts. Some things in China are very strange, aren't they?" (with a twinkle in his eye).

"The Red Army has not yet been reorganized, because Chiang Kai-shek has delayed this question and has not yet appointed a commander-in-chief. We still use the old name of the 'Red Army.' Now all we can do is to send the Red Army to the front and change its number there. Also, we have not yet changed the name of the Soviet Government, because Nanking has delayed this question, too."

"What is the cause of this delay?" I inquired.

"I suppose it is because Nanking is afraid of Japanese imperialism. If the United Front manifesto is published, it will raise a strong reaction on the part of the Japanese. So we want to publish the manifesto after the fighting breaks out. We ourselves wanted to publish the manifesto earlier, but Nanking refused."

"Are there any problems which have not been settled between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party?" is my next question.

"Yes, many questions are still not settled, such as the fact that Nanking wants to appoint the Red Army commander-in-chief and the head of the political department from Nanking, but we refuse this. Also we have suggested our ten-point political program\* to Nanking, but Nanking has not yet decided to accept this."

"What do you anticipate will be the development of the war with Japan?" I asked.

\*These ten points are listed in the chapter "The Celestial Red Star Passes."

"The future of this war has two possibilities: (1) victory, or (2) failure. How shall victory be achieved? We must struggle, keep up our spirit and continue to struggle and keep up our morale. If China realizes these ten points, of course we can win a victory. If not, we shall fail."

"When does the Red Army expect to march to the front?" I then asked.

"This is not yet decided."

Shortly after this interview, however, the immediate questions were satisfactorily agreed upon. Chiang Kai-shek assigned the Red Army to the Shansi-Suiyuan front under Governor Yen Hsi-shan as the "Eighth Route Army" and on August 22 appointed Chu Teh its commander-in-chief and P'eng Teh-huai as his deputy field commander. The United Front manifesto was published openly a month later under date of September 22—which marks the date of the new era.

During August and September the Red Army began secretly moving into Shansi to take up its sector of defense, and had its first big encounter with the Japanese at Pinghsingkuan, which resulted in a smashing victory for the Eighth Route Army on September 24—the first big victory of the Sino-Japanese war. . . .

In the meantime Yen-an was astir with excitement. Everybody wanted to go to the front. Nobody wanted to remain in the rear. Miss Ting Ling promptly began organizing a "Front Service Group" to do propaganda along with the troops. This was composed of thirty-one members. Most were students of the Academy, and all had recently come to Yen-an from the White regions. Originally seven girls volunteered for this dangerous work, but when I left Yen-an there were only four still enlisted, one of whom was Wu Kuang-wei, the "Bernhardt" of the local theater. This Front Service Group planned to do propaganda through dramatics, singing, lecturing, distributing leaflets and posters, and by sending out news from its war correspondents' department.

"Our work is to help the soldiers at the front and to keep up their spirit of sacrifice and belief in our race," Com-

mander Ting Ling, the *tuan-chang*, told me. "We'll also work among the Japanese captives to teach them class consciousness. As we march with the troops, we shall organize a people's movement to help the anti-Japanese soldiers by forming volunteer transportation units and other civilian support."

At first the Nanking authorities objected to any propaganda units going to the front with the Red Army, and Ting Ling's Front Service Group had to wait a long time for permission, but finally, in October, they reached their goal and were able to carry on their work in Shansi province.

I myself decided to go to the front as amateur war correspondent. . . .

My personal situation had become rather difficult during the past few weeks. I had originally meant to stay in Yen-an only during May. Then I learned that my husband was planning to bring several foreign writers to Yen-an some time in June, so I waited to return with them. This group, consisting of Owen Lattimore, T. A. Bisson and Mr and Mrs P. Jaffe of New York, duly arrived in Yen-an on June 22—my husband having decided not to come with them. They stayed in Yen-an only two days, as they had already been delayed in Sian a long time and the Jaffes had to catch the airplane to Shanghai. They had not come in a Red Army truck, however, but had been obliged to hire a small private car and driver in Sian. There was not an inch of room in this car for an extra person, so I did not insist upon leaving with them, though I had a premonition that it would have been a wise, if selfish, thing to do. I very much wanted some friends to escort me through the hostile police zone in Sian, but they had successfully eluded the police in Sian by pretending to be making a tourist trip to the famous mountain, Hua-shan, and if I returned with them my presence might have caused some embarrassment. However, I entrusted them with the custody of my films and notebooks, which were my main concern in passing through Sian.

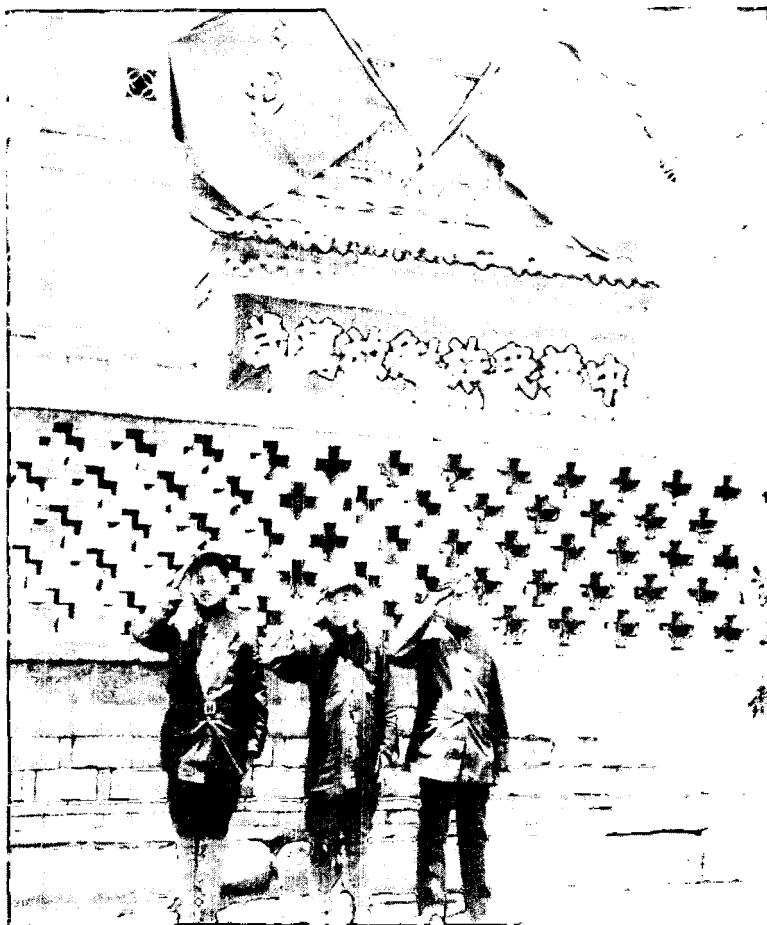
Just as we were waving good-by to their car on June 24, a light rain began to fall—a rain which increased in quantity

daily until August. This group luckily reached Lochuan before the downpour, and were held up there only two weeks. After this they arrived safely in Sian and passed through without the police having any suspicion that they had not gone to Hua-shan as planned—as I was told when I myself finally reached Sian in September. They just missed an adventure, however—for the week after they left the town, Lochuan was thoroughly looted by Yang Hu-cheng's troops as a farewell gesture on giving up their garrison there.

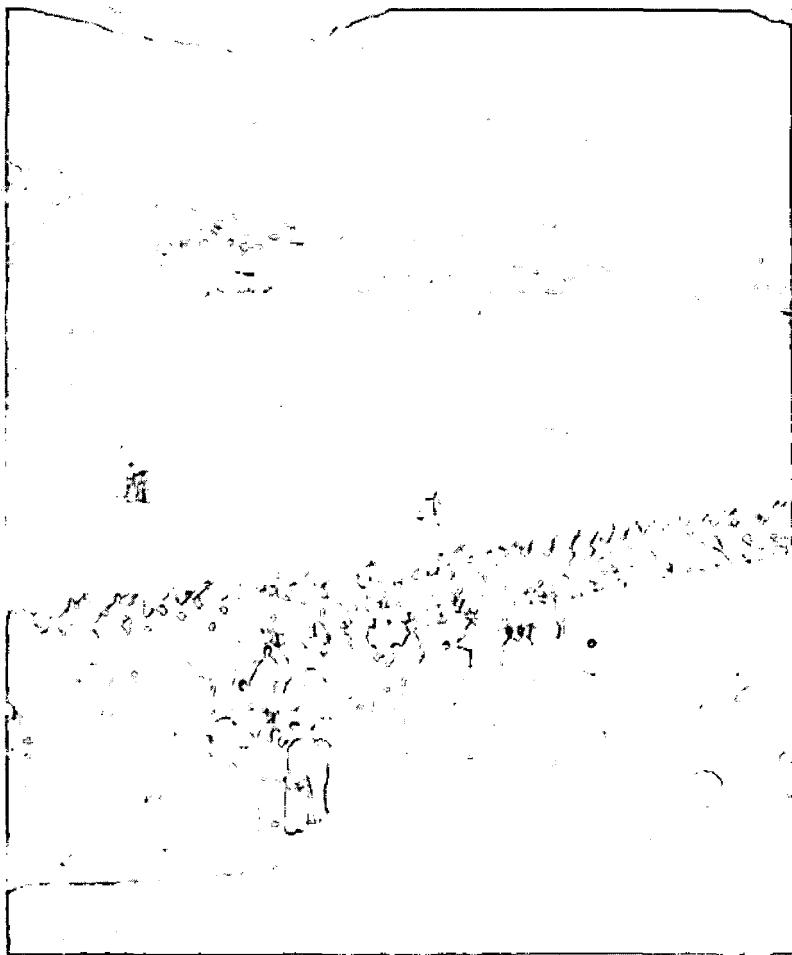
I had planned to take the next Red Army truck to Sian on June 28 and to call on Ho Lung on my way back. But this truck never departed. The downpour continued all during July and August, and the roads and bridges were washed out all along the line. As soon as repairs began, the floods destroyed them again. The oldest residents of North Shensi said it was "the first big rain for thirty years." Every week I expected to leave. Every week I was told to wait until the next. I did not waste any of my time, however, and wrote thirteen new notebooks full of interviews and discussions with everybody in Yen-an, in addition to the fourteen sent to Peking in June. Those rainy afternoons of my Soviet summer in Yen-an were extremely interesting and full of information if not of incident.

In the meantime the war clouds were gathering over my home in Peking, and they soon spread ominously in every direction. Events happened so fast that I felt the ground being cut away from me wherever I turned. Railways were cut and bombed and ports were closed with such finality that I felt myself thoroughly marooned in the interior. On August 14 over two thousand persons were killed by bombs in the International Settlement of Shanghai. On August 16 American women and children were ordered to be evacuated.

Radio news in Yen-an was sketchy and gave no instructions on how to get out for such persons lost in the woods as I. I thought the trains had all been commandeered for troop movements and that probably my only line of retreat was overland on the long route all across China from Sian to Hankow and thence by train to Canton. And still the rain came down unceasingly.



UNDER THE DOUBLE FLAG OF THE "NATIONAL UNITED FRONT"  
These Three Ragged Little Boy Soldiers Salute the Kuomintang Flag  
Crossed in Unison with the Red Hammer-and-Sickle and Star. Now the  
Red Flag Is No Longer Used at All.



CADETS FROM THE "ANTI-JAPANESE MILITARY AND POLITICAL ACADEMY"

In Yen-an, North Shensi, Once the Red Academy, Just Before Marching to the Front in Shansi to Fight the Japanese.

It is astonishing how cut off one can feel at such a time, isolated in the far Northwest on the border of Inner Mongolia. The war situation seemed gigantically exaggerated. I actually thought it not unlikely that I might be marooned in the interior for a year. I therefore consulted Mao Tsê-tung about going to the Shansi front as war correspondent. He looked at me doubtfully, but after some persuasion gave me permission. With an official credential from him for the Political Department, I began organizing my expedition.

The OGPU gave me a sturdy new bodyguard for service at the front, as little Demmy-erh was not strong enough for such strenuous work. During the summer he had developed tuberculosis and had to go to a sanitarium for rest—that was the reason for his rosebud Camille complexion, I was shocked to discover. Demmy-erh regretfully gave up his Mauser to the new guard and bade me farewell with tears in his eyes, then trudged off sadly to the sanitarium.

My new guard was enthusiastic about having a chance to go to the front, and promptly began getting everything in order. He decided that the Mauser was *pu-hao* and that we must get a good one. We went to call on Hsiao Ching-kuang, the handsome Chief-of-Staff who had spent eight years studying in Moscow. Hsiao Ching-kuang was feeling kindly toward the world because his wife had just been released from four years' imprisonment in Shanghai, and although guns were scarce and mules even scarcer, he contributed a beautiful new Mauser, two mules and a pony toward the cause. Thus equipped, Ko Sun-hua, the new guard, and I waited for the order to proceed to the front. In the meantime the people in Yen-an amused themselves by telling me how a tenderfoot should act under fire.

"Under air bombing," they said, punctuating their remarks with gruesome details, "you act individually and not collectively. Never follow the crowd, fall flat on your face where you are, unless you have time to find a stone cave in a hill. Never hide in clumps of trees—wood splinters are worse than shrapnel. And remember that a moving object is a target for machine-gun fire," etc., etc.

It was all very instructive.

In China, however, ultimatums are always penultimatums, and there is always an anticlimax and a last way out, somehow. The Communists' radio communication with Peking and Tientsin had been cut, but at eight o'clock on September 6 I received my first news from the outside world. My husband sent a radiogram from Tientsin saying, "You can still return via Tsingtao but urgent you leave immediately or cannot return this year."

This surprised me. Early in August the news had come that all Japanese nationals had been evacuated from Tsingtao, and I had assumed that they had blockaded that port first, as in Yen-an we expected them to take the Kiaotsi Railway there as the first maneuver. Tsingtao was still open, but might be closed any hour.

I decided to go to Sian and that if, when I arrived, Tsingtao was closed, I could still go from Sian to the Shansi front for a while until I found a way out of the interior. I then feared that no foreigner would be permitted on the troop trains because they were being bombed daily.

Luckily the rain stopped that very day and a group of Red Army people who had been waiting for a clear day to leave for Sian were ready to start. Early next morning I set out with them.

## II. SEPTEMBER MORNINGS

THE EXPEDITION started off well. My horse threw me into the middle of the first river we tried to cross. As my body-guard and one of the mafoos rushed to help me to the opposite bank, the more intelligent of the two mules saw his chance, pulled away from the other mafoo, threw off his load and started jogging back to Yen-an. At that, both mafoos pooled their colorful vocabularies. My *t'e-wu-yuan* had to make his way back across the stream and hold the docile mule, while the mafoos set out in pursuit. By the time the mule had been coaxed into wearing his pack again, we were thoroughly late and had to travel alone.

We four did not catch up with the rear of the main

caravan until the end of the day. However, as we rounded a curve several hours later, we came upon half a dozen Red soldiers waiting to escort us the rest of the way. While we meekly took a scolding from them for not keeping up with the rest of the caravan, two other Red soldiers came back. One was completely covered with about half an inch of mud, and the other was carrying his knapsack and helping his comrade along.

"*T'a-ma-ti!*" exclaimed the muddy one. "Not good going. I fell down up to my neck. We volunteer to escort the mules across the mountain instead of taking this road."

That made the situation look interesting.

"You can either climb the mountain with the animals or try making your way through the mud along the road," the soldiers informed me. "It's three times as far one way and three times as deep the other."

I decided to brave the mud instead of the mountain, as the only interest I have ever had in climbing high places is to get on the other side. We rolled up the legs of our trousers, tied all loose effects around our shoulders and set out across the mud, while the mafoos took the two mules and my pony up the mountainside. The first few mudholes were not so bad. But no sooner would we get our shoes back on than we'd have to take them off and get in up to our knees again. Within a short time I found that my feet were getting cut and sore—which was a fine beginning for a two weeks' hiking expedition. Soon we were floundering in seas of the stickiest clay I have ever seen. The roadway was cut through high loess cliffs, and wherever it dipped into a little valley, this dip was full of mud soaked through after nearly two months of steady rain. In the worst places landslides had occurred on one side or another, and the mudhole might be three or six feet deep, or even deeper. We skirted the edges as best we could, holding hands in a long chain like Alpine climbers. The free edges of the road usually went off into endless chasms on one side, while the slippery hill on the other was almost straight up and down.

"This is a Long March through the *tsao-ti*," Ko Sun-hua, my *t'e-wu-yuan*, grinned, referring to the famous swampy

Grasslands through which he had passed on the Long March from the South, where hundreds were drowned in the quick-sands.

After a while the *t'e-wu-yuan* became bored with such slow going and decided upon a radical maneuver. This was to run fast high up along the steep loess cliff and pass over before the sliding mud could give way under our feet. With three at a time in an Alpine chain, we succeeded very nicely, though I don't know what would have happened had we slid into one of the mud baths six feet deep below. We had already passed the carcase of an ill-fated horse who had been unable to extricate himself.

We never stopped for food, but devoured a few *man-t'ou* dough discs that I had brought along, as it was important to try to meet up with the main caravan as quickly as possible. After several hours we finally came upon several of them, including one of the five Grand Old Men of the Chinese Soviets—Teng Pi-wu, who had been temporary chairman of the Northwest Soviet Government and was on his way to work in the Sian office. Still living the hard life of a Red soldier at fifty-one, he was not objecting to the *tsao-ti* in the least. Teng Pi-wu was a charming old man, amiable and friendly. He was a lifelong revolutionary of the oldest vintage, and had participated in the first revolutionary uprising at Wuchang on October 10, 1911, the date of the foundation of the Chinese Republic. At that time he had been one of the Council of Twenty of the Hupeh Tung Meng Hui which organized this first revolt against the Manchus. In 1913 he went to Japan to work with Sun Yat-sen and studied at Japan Law College until 1915, when he returned only to serve six months in prison. He did secret work for the Tung Meng Hui among enemy troops for a while, then organized the Wuhan Middle School in 1920, which was one of the first to teach *pai hua* instead of the classical *wen yen*. He had been one of the founders of the Hupeh branch of the Communist Party in September 1920, and was the Hupeh provincial delegate to the Kuomintang Congress in January 1926, where he was elected a member of the substitute C.E.C. of the Kuomintang. After the Split he escaped

arrest by disguising himself as a sailor and fled to Japan. In 1928 he went to Moscow to study, remaining until 1932, when he entered the Central Soviets in Kiangsi and organized the Communist Party School, of which he was principal until 1937. During the Long March this hale and hearty veteran had been Commissioner of Health.

Teng Pi-wu's traveling companion was also an interesting individual. He was Teng Feng, the vice-chairman of the Kiangsi-Hupeh-Hunan Soviet, which remained in the South after the other Soviets were given up. He had come to Yen-an as delegate from there only a few weeks before. This Soviet still had ten thousand population, Teng Feng told me, and its armed force was under Han Ying, the famous proletarian leader. This Soviet included the historic revolutionary Liuyang *hsien* in Hunan. Teng Feng told me the heroic story of this battle area, which held out against the Kuomintang troops for two years after the main army had retreated. He himself had once saved his life only by lying under water in a paddy field and breathing through a reed for a whole day.

When finally we reached our caravanserai for the night in the tiny hamlet of Lao-san, I was so tired I could hardly propel myself forward and had to be pulled along by the bodyguard. I had a terrific muscular pain in my back from the unaccustomed movement of pulling myself out of the mud, and as I collapsed on a mud *k'ang* decided I would have to recuperate at least a week before attempting to go on. I was not the only one who was exhausted. Our ponies and mules did not arrive until after dark, and were all covered with mud in spite of having taken the high road while we took the low road.

The local chairman of the Lao-san Soviet gave me one of his rooms for the night. My *t'e-wu-yuan*, much concerned about keeping me alive until morning, rushed about making tea and trying to find food. Nearly everything available in the village had already been bought by others. *hui-hue* round a huge squash for fifteen cents, cut it into large crescents and dumped them into an iron kettle to boil. We ate the squash with some of the dirt-colored Yench'ang salt we had

brought with us, and I understood why the Pilgrim forefathers put squash on the Thanksgiving menu.

Next morning we were late again, and received a second reprimand from the *kuan-li-yang*, which was what they called the man from the Communications Department in charge of the trip. My two huge lumbering mafoos merely looked at the vociferous little man tolerantly, lighted a cigarette and took their time as before. Mafoos were definitely in the upper layer of Soviet society. They considered their main duties to be toward beast, not man, and it was a condescension on their part even to acknowledge the existence of people. When my bodyguard, who had got the habit of command from being a *p'ai-chang* in the army, showed a tendency toward wanting to give orders, they simply grinned at him. It was clear that the command was to be democratic if at all. All during the rest of the trip I was very respectful to the mafoos, and we never forgot to share anything we bought on the way with them, thereby putting ourselves into their good graces as best we could.

I rode my pony as much as possible that day and had the bodyguard lead him, as my muscles were too stiff to cope with the problem of handling a horse. I found that I became more tired riding an hour by myself than in several hours of sitting relaxed in the saddle while the pony was being led—a useful discovery for me, but not so good for my guard. However, he insisted upon leading the animal when he saw the point, because he was in terror lest I should not be able to carry on. The road led across the mountains, which occasionally produced wildflowers—bluebells, larkspurs and daisies, and a very pretty specimen of pink flower that I had never seen before. I picked some and put them on my saddle and bridle. After that the guard kept the equipage covered with pink flowers for me, explaining that these were nothing compared with the flora in his home in Kiangsi. Once or twice one of the tough mafoos contributed a new specimen or two, which touched me very much. All the Red Army people on the way picked flowers and wore them in their caps—looking a little homesick for the green southlands of their childhood.

We traveled sixty-five *li* to Tao-hsiao-pu that day, and the guard and I made a desperate sprint on the last lap in order to buy some eggs before the village was sold out. We succeeded in this and made a watery custard which, with sugar sprinkled on the top, was not bad at all. The *kuan-li-yang* had found two rooms and offered me one for the night, after we had shared our hard-won custard with him. A dozen people came in to *k'an-ping*, looking to be in every stage of disease. They thought every foreigner who came that way must be a doctor, and I had a difficult time persuading them that I was only a journalist and not a sister of mercy. They then decided to pay me a little social call, and sat down to ask questions and finger all my belongings. I hoped none of them had cholera or typhoid. The two rooms became so populated that my bodyguard had to show them all out—but new ones came in as soon as he left the door. He had a hard life. The occupants of the house we stayed in gave me two ears of corn, parched over an open fire Indian fashion, explaining apologetically that they had nothing else to eat that month. Corn was considered a famine diet in the Northwest, fit only for pigs and horses.

By this time I had begun to value my sturdy good-tempered *t'e-wu-yuan* like life itself, an opinion which rose as the trip lengthened out day after day. Ko Sun-hua was a veteran of the Long March from Kiangsi and only twenty-three. He was no ordinary person, but a graduate of the OGPU's special training school for *t'e-wu-yuan* in Yen-an, and had been selected to take responsibility for me at the front when it was thought that I would go there as war correspondent. A seasoned warrior, he had been in the Red Army since 1932. This "No. 1" soldier belonged to the 1st Squad of the 1st Company of Cheng Ken's far-famed 1st Division of the First Red Army Corps under Lin Piao, and had been *p'ai-chang*, or squad commander, of the 1st Squad for three months, the previous summer. This 1st Division, which had never been defeated in battle, was composed of the pick of the Red Army, including a few veterans from the Canton Commune and the Nanchang Uprising. Ko Sun-hua was one of twenty promising young soldiers who had



been recently chosen out of the First Army Corps for their superior intelligence and sense of responsibility to receive special training as bodyguards for the high command. After fulfilling such responsible positions for a while, which was a liberal education in itself, these *t'e-wu-yuan* usually became army commanders themselves. Most of his comrades had already been distributed in the service of Mao Tsê-tung, Chu Teh, Po Ku, Lo Fu and others, upon graduation, while their old *t'e-wu-yuan* went to the front as commanders.

Ko Sun-hua had been on the banks of the Ta-t'u River when some of his friends in the 1st Division made the heroic crossing, and had had many adventures during his career in the Red Army. I had great difficulty in understanding his Kiangsi dialect, in which all *h*'s became *f*'s and soft sounds were hard, but we finally had a basic mutual language in working order. Sometimes I even interpreted for him when the Shensi peasants didn't understand his machine-gun rapid Southern talk on the subject of buying eggs, borrowing a fire and such, which was all old stuff to me.

He came from poor tenant peasants and told me he had never had any money of his own. Nobody had ever given him a present, and he didn't even know the date of his own birthday. He had joined the Red Army because it was "the poor man's army." He supposed all his relatives had been killed when the Kuomintang occupied Kiangsi, because one of their number was a Red soldier. He was very enthusiastic about "our revolution" and said philosophically, "Nothing good can come easily." He knew all about Marx and Lenin and Russia and the present international political situation, accurately quoting the phrases from the political lectures he had attended.

On the third day, September 9, when we arrived at Chao-t'ao-chen after fifty-five *li* up and down mountains, one of Ko Sun-hua's colleagues caught up with us, so I invited him to join the party. This was Teng Pao-shen, whose family had died from starvation in Kiangsi. He was only twenty-one, but had joined the Red Army in 1930 at the age of fourteen. He was voluntarily going to the front to participate in the fighting. Ko Sun-hua was a very serious youth who

never sang or wasted any time on trivialities, although he was the soul of kindness and generosity. Teng Pao-shen, however, sang all day and was full of smiles, so he added a lively touch to the cavalcade.

As we left Lochuan on the fifth day, we came upon a big column of Red Army troops marching across Shensi to the Yellow River in order to reach the Shansi front. These soldiers seemed so young and so extraordinarily good-looking that I was impelled to ask more about them.

"This is part of Ho Lung's Second Front Red Army," explained Ko Sun-hua. "Most of them are Hunanese."

"But half of them don't look to be over fifteen," I objected.

"Yes, I have never seen so many *hsiao kuei* in an army before." Ko Sun-hua looked puzzled, too.

Then he asked one of the soldiers: "Comrade, are all these babies going to fight the Japanese?"

"Not all of them," the comrade laughed. "Most of the little-boys will stay in Lochuan in the rear and garrison this area."

It was certainly the most extraordinary army I had seen in China. They had such sweet, innocent and handsome boyish faces that I decided the fighting Hunanese were far and away the most beautiful people in China. They marched in perfect order and discipline, singing roundelay as they went, the "little-boys" often shifting their rifles from one shoulder to the other.

We were afraid some Japanese planes might come along and bomb the column, and Ko Sun-hua gave me fresh instructions for this emergency, and seemed to look forward to the excitement with a good deal of pleasure.

A squad of Second Front Army soldiers were given to our group—always at the tail end of the caravan—as escort, because a band of 350 daring bandits had their lair on a mountain near Lochuan and sometimes looted the merchants' caravans as they passed. A foreigner would have been ideal for the purpose of ransom. Whenever we went into a narrow defile, good for highway robbery, our guards

automatically formed into a column two abreast and had their guns ready for action. The slightest noise overhead caused the column to stiffen tensely, with a rattle of rifles like that of a rattlesnake ready to strike. But nothing happened except that once one of the guards discharged his gun just for fun, to the great indignation of everybody else.

This was a desolate no man's land between the Red and White areas, and some of the bandits were being paid by the Kuomintang armies to harass the Soviet people during their travels.

On September 11 we arrived at the historic village of Tsungpu. Here lay the traditional tomb of the First Emperor, Huang Ti, who is said to have first made the Chinese into a nation five thousand years ago. And here lay an encampment of the Second Front Army, whose young Southerners eagerly made the pilgrimage to the tomb of the First Emperor. The village was in holiday mood and looked like a meadow of flowers with the gray-blue uniforms and red-starred caps dancing up and down in thick profusion on the streets. The merchants were doing a thriving business and were very friendly and most sycophantic to the Red soldiers and officers.

The village schoolmaster chivalrously lent me his room for the night, and it was soon filled with callers. The inquisitive boys and girls of the Dramatics Society came in first. They were the cutest children imaginable, simply bubbling over with tricks and good humor. We had traveled seventy *li* that day, however, and I was so tired I could hardly keep from collapsing visibly, so my two bodyguards competently showed everybody out and kept sentry at the door after nine o'clock.

It was a strenuous trip, but very pleasant in the cool September mornings. We all enjoyed it enormously—except the mafoos, for whom it was merely a dull routine. We never changed clothes or washed our ears,\* but collapsed as

\*I must add, however, that we brushed our teeth. Though not every Red soldier had a gun, every one in the whole Red Army had a toothbrush, and it was one of the strictest regulations to use it.

we were at night and before dawn stumbled out on the road half asleep. Nobody ate breakfast, but about eleven we stopped at some village in passing for lunch and again in the evening. I have never seen such poverty as among the peasants in Shensi, where famine is perennial. Except in two or three large villages, nothing could be bought except *shao mi* (millet), corn, a few melons and sometimes eggs. Eggs were scarce, however, and by the time our end of the caravan arrived at night they were usually sold out. How the Red soldiers kept alive on the little they ate, I could never figure out. The guards with us ate nothing but a few daily bowls of *shao mi* the whole way, and never complained. At night they slept on the mud floors or on doors taken off the hinges, with only a thin cotton quilt around them.

The Red Army never carries tents, but camps in deserted buildings or in the peasants' houses. They pay for everything, even including a few coppers for the use of a cooking stove for a few minutes. In the Soviet districts payment was made in Soviet currency, but in other places it was in Kuomin-tang notes. No matter how tired and exhausted they were at night, the soldiers swept the floor and courtyard and cleaned up their quarters before retiring, following army regulations to the letter. We sometimes passed melon patches and pear orchards in a hot, dusty, deserted valley, but the Red soldiers never turned their heads—the price was high, and they were too poor to buy anything but *shao mi*. Their respect for private property was a little startling—in a Communist movement. But, of course, it is this nicety which has kept the support of the peasantry for them all these years. All the people along the way in these "White" areas were friendly to the Red travelers, including merchants and landlords, and the travelers were very courteous to them.

Nearly every hilltop throughout the length of this historic valley was coroneted with an ancient battlement or watchtower—which Genghis Khan used for signaling in his days of conquest. The loess tablelands were cut by great vertical crevasses as unexpectedly as in a glacier, and some were so deep you could hardly see the bottom. We forded rivers and climbed up and down endlessly. All bridges had

been washed away, and the road was hardly traceable most of the trip. Fortunately, however, we had clear weather until leaving Tsungpu. The elements had a vengeance against motor travelers: At Tsungpu our whole caravan, consisting of about thirty persons, exclusive of the escort and mafoos, were piled into some trucks marooned at Tsungpu because there was a stretch of good road to be utilized for about forty *li*. We set out gaily enough, but after having been towed out of the mud twice, arrived on the top of a lonely mountain just in time for a terrific downpour of rain, which continued all night. Tarpaulins were pulled over the truck bodies, and a few of us spent a fairly comfortable night in the tempest. Others had to keep smoothing out the leaky tarpaulin, which every half-hour accumulated a small lake that would cause a deluge in the interior if not taken care of properly. A guard of Red soldiers, however, patrolled the trucks the whole night in the cold rain—in mud almost up to their knees. Just across the way near Yün-t'ai was the tomb of the heroine of the Great Wall, Meng Chiang-nu.

The long caravan had previously been divided into different squads, but by this time we had caught up with the front of the column, which included Liu Chien-hsien, K'ang K'e-ching and Hsiao K'eh's pretty wife, who was taking her famous "Grasslands baby" to Sian, hoping to be able to tell her husband good-by en route. Liu Chien-hsien was going to Sian, too, but K'ang K'e-ching was trudging off to the wars. At that time no Soviet women were permitted to go to the fighting front, but K'ang K'e-ching considered herself in a special category and was determined to be with her commander-in-chief husband in the thick of the fray. We were also keeping pace with Agnes Smedley's fast-moving group. She had been hurt horseback riding a month before and was going to the hospital in Sian for an X-ray examination, hoping to be able to go to the front later on. She was carried most of the way on a bamboo stretcher. The four carriers moved at a fast rhythm meant to be comfortable, but although she stoically refused to complain, she occasionally had to ride horseback as a pleasant relief! By the end of the trip she was unselfishly insisting upon giving

medical aid to her carriers and bodyguards instead of permitting them to assist her.

In spite of the mud, we walked seventy *li* next day and arrived safely at Tungkuan, where the Red column hired a big, dry and comfortable stable for the night, just as in the donkey-traveling days of Joseph and Mary. Food was more plentiful on this lap of the journey—but feet were getting sore, and three of the mafoos were nearly incapacitated by cuts from their straw sandals, while two others were sick from drinking unboiled water en route.

Seventy *li* the following day brought us to Yao-hsien, and 75 *li* more to Sanyuan.

There was no time to be wasted, because several Red officers and K'ang K'e-ching were anxious to arrive at P'eng Teh-huai's headquarters at Yün-yang before the last of the army marched to the front in Shansi. One of these was Tsai Ch'ien, the young Formosan who had once been Chairman of the Anti-Imperialist League and Commissioner of the Interior of the Soviet Government. He was a descendant of one of the three hundred First Families of Formosa, who settled there under Koxinga. He had majored in sociology at Shanghai University, then returned to Formosa to do Communist Party work, and helped found the Formosan Communist Party in April 1928. When we arrived in Sanyuan, however, the last detachment of the newly named "Eighth Route Army" was just beginning a night march to the Shansi front, and those who planned to join with them had to cut across country in double-quick time to meet up with them.

Liu Chien-hsien and I decided to pay a visit to headquarters at Yün-yang, so next day we hired a couple of rickshas and made our way there from Sanyuan in four hours, taking only our two bodyguards along. When we arrived the army people at Yün-yang headquarters were very much upset to find me wandering about that way, as lone foreigners were considered legitimate prey for bandits, not to speak of the interest they would have had in getting a ransom for the wife of Po Ku. Without thinking of it, we had crossed one

of those dangerous "Red" and "White" no man's lands. The Sanyuan bandits had been active since the majority of the Red troops had left two or three weeks before, and the Eighth Route Army people would not consider permitting us to go back without a military escort, so we had to spend the night there and return next day. Liu Chien-hsien and I found ourselves a room, however, and enjoyed our short visit very much, although I regretted not being able to meet Liu Pei-ch'eng and Jen Pi-shih, who had left Yün-yang to march to the front only the night before.

"Liu-the-Blind," as the old veteran Liu Pei-ch'eng has been known during many years of fighting, was Chu Teh's Chief-of-Staff and had recently been put in command of Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien's Fourth Front Red Army, which had been reorganized into the 129th Division of the Eighth Route Army. Like Chu Teh, Commander Liu was a native of Szechuan and had been an experienced general long before joining the Red Army. He was tall and always wore dark glasses because he had lost one eye during a battle in Szechuan, and I was told that his body was covered with wounds and that because of this he sometimes shook with cold chills even in hot weather. In 1926 he was already a Communist while holding the position of Kuomintang Party representative in Yang Sen's 20th Army. He participated in the Nanchang Uprising as Chief-of-Staff, but when this failed went to Soviet Russia to study in the Red Military Academy for four years, where he was specially commended by Marshal Voroshilov and General Bluecher. He entered the Central Soviets in Kiangsi in 1931 and distinguished himself especially during the Long March, when he usually commanded the vanguard. He led the troops in the dangerous crossing of the Ta-t'u River, and negotiated the first Chinese-Lolo treaty of peace by drinking the blood of a newly killed chicken with the No. 1 Lolo chieftain.

Jen Pi-shih, one of the Fighting Hunanese, was a small, wiry, intellectual type, very alert and active, I was told. He had recently been promoted to be head of the Political Department of the whole Eighth Route Army at the front. After having been graduated from a middle school, he began

doing revolutionary work and at the First All-China Soviet Congress in 1931 was elected as one of the seven members of the Central Executive Committee. Mao Tsê-tung had given me a letter of introduction to him when I planned to go to the front as war correspondent, as he was in charge of all kinds of political work.

We had left Yen-an on September 7 and entered the gates of Sian in an official Eighth Route Army truck on September 18—the anniversary of the Mukden Incident and the expiration date of my Sian visa. I had not a day to spare. The whole trip had passed without any major incident. The most exciting moment for me was in Yao-hsien, in one of the stables in which we passed the nights. These stables along the way were the official guest houses for caravan travelers, and their little mud *k'angs* were alive with every species of lower animal life. Although I slept on my camp cot and in my own sleeping bag covered with smelly oilcloth, this equipment did not effectually discourage the marauders, and I had quite a display of bites after a few days. On this particular night I suddenly developed a high fever and became so dizzy I could not stand. I thought, of course, that it was the dreaded spotted typhus, always prevalent in Shensi, which is carried by the body louse. One of the delegates from the "White" districts had just died in Yen-an a few weeks before from typhus caught in one of these same informal lodgings on the way to Yen-an, and I thought I would surely be the next. My mysterious malady, fortunately, turned out to be something quite different. Tracing back its origins, I found that I had bought a package of cheap cigarettes in a street stall for a few coppers, and just smoked one on an empty stomach when I was in a very exhausted condition. This cigarette was plentifully doped with opium—one of the Japanese products designed to increase sales at a fast tempo.

The Eighth Route Army had secured a special pass for me to enter the gates, and I went directly to their Sian office in the truck. There I met some old and new friends. Lin Pei-ch'u was in charge of this office, and I found also Tsai Shufan, the Chinese "Asturian" miner, Li Po-chao and her new

baby, and was introduced to two of the most interesting of the Communist women. These two were Teng Ying-ch'ao, wife of Chou En-lai, and Wei Kung-ch'i, wife of Yeh Chien-ying.

In the quarters attached to the Eighth Route Army office, there was hardly space for people to move around in, but Teng Ying-ch'ao kindly put my camp cot into her tiny room for the night. This splendid type of Chinese woman revolutionary, who has had a long revolutionary career together with her famous husband, had just arrived in Sian after an exciting escape from Peking. When the Japanese had occupied Peking, she had been in a sanitarium in the Western Hills recuperating from tuberculosis. Teng Ying-ch'ao was a competent-looking matronly woman about thirty-five years of age. She spoke the most beautiful clear Mandarin I think I have ever heard—it was so easy to understand that I almost thought she was speaking English. She and Chou En-lai had been student leaders imprisoned together in Tientsin during the May Fourth Movement in 1919, after which Teng Ying-ch'ao taught for a while in Peking National Normal University. She was very active during the 1925-27 revolution and was then a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang. During the Soviet period in the South, she was one of the three or four most important women Communists, and arrived in the Northwest with Mao Tsê-tung's column at the end of the Long March, very ill with tuberculosis. When I saw her, however, she appeared in excellent health after a year's rest.

Wei Kung-ch'i, the wife of Yeh Chien-ying, No. 2 under Chou En-lai as Communist liaison man with the Kuomintang, had just had a new baby when I met her in Sian. Strong and healthy-looking, with pretty white teeth, she was also a fine representative of Soviet womanhood. Wei Kung-ch'i was born in Honan Province in 1908 and was a graduate of Kaifeng Middle School. During the 1925-27 revolution she joined the Women's Propaganda Department of Feng Yu-hsiang's Kuominchün, then went to Wuhan in 1927 and joined the Communist Party there. When the 1927 Split occurred, she did secret Party work in the "White" districts

until 1929, then went to Paris and Moscow for a year's study and special training in dramatics work. She returned to China at the end of 1930 and entered the Central Soviets in Kiangsi. In 1931 she helped organize the Soviet dramatics groups and the Gorky Dramatics School. At the end of the Long March she was made Director of the "Chinese People's Anti-Japanese Dramatics Society" at the rear.

For several weeks I had been worrying about how to avoid confiscation of my precious notebooks and films on arrival in Sian, where the police were waiting to pounce on me. Finally I invented a life belt and wore them around my waist under my coat. I decided to put up a brave front and nonchalantly to think nothing of the whole previous affair. I would telephone my friend Captain Wang and ask him to help ship me out of town as he had been so anxious to do previously. I had not paid my bill when I unceremoniously jumped out of the Sian Guest House window nearly five months before, and my luggage was being held by the police—I hoped they would not nab me on such a technicality.

Next morning I went to the Guest House, paid my bill and boldly demanded my luggage. Mr Chou, the manager, was cordial if not glad to see me. Within five minutes three spies appeared on the scene to "protect" me—two new ones, much tougher-looking than the last. My tried and true bodyguard, Ko Sun-hua, loyally clung to my side, and I thought there would be a renewal of Red and White civil war then and there—except that Ko Sun-hua had already been deprived of his Mauser.

But Captain Wang had more important things than errant journalists on his mind these days. Just as I was putting in my call to his office, an ominous siren sounded.

"It's the air-raid alarm," exclaimed Mr Chou, "hurry into the bomb cellar to hide."

Surrounded by four bodyguards, I spent the next three hours in a dugout. A squadron of Japanese planes had been sighted seventy *li* from Sian and were expected to bomb the airdrome there, Sian being the Northwest concentration point for military supplies. No bombing occurred, however.

The train was being bombed, but I found that the way to Tsingtao was still open. I decided not to go to the Shansi front, but to make a dash for Tsingtao if possible. Captain Wang did not come to see me, but the Eighth Route Army authorities got busy with the Governor of the province, and between the two of them they fixed up a special military pass for me along the railway.

Ko Sun-hua had never seen a train, a movie or a large city before and had been staring about the Sian streets like Alice in Wonderland. I took the occasion to insist that he see a movie, although he felt it was the most extravagant thing he had ever done. On the way back I had a long complicated argument persuading him to debase himself and human labor in general by riding in a ricksha. At first he refused, but a heavy rain was falling and he could not keep up with my fast ricksha, so he succumbed to the logic of the situation and gingerly climbed into the vehicle. The two ricksha men had listened to our argument with amusement, and thinking us a pair of silly tourists tried to soak me a terrific price, which I flatly refused to pay. Ko Sun-hua became very much alarmed and thought it was an anti-imperialist insurrection. He began to bargain collectively immediately and to explain to the belligerent ricksha pullers that I was neither rich nor an imperialist and that they should have more *k'e-ch'i*. Although Ko Sun-hua had had to take off his army uniform in Sanyuan and had bought a Chung-shan student uniform much too small for him, he had a certain air of authority that made an impression on the ricksha men, and stilled their clamor. We left them in a very puzzled frame of mind.

When I went to the railway station, two of my old spies of the April days came down with the three new ones to have a last look at me. They sedulously kept their backs toward me and talked together in a little knot of people. When they saw me looking at them, they blushed and bowed, smiling in embarrassment. But it was not to be my last appearance. . . .

Just as the train was pulling out of Tungkuan that evening about seven hours later, four military gendarmes burst

into my compartment, grabbed my luggage and put it off the train, explaining brusquely that they had received a telephone call from Sian asking that I return by the next train. They could not tell me why. I tried to refuse but was pulled off the train just as it started. They then took me through a maze of dark side streets in a ricksha for about half an hour, saying we were going to the China Travel Service Guest House. My passport was examined four times in that half-hour. I think Tungkuan is the most sinister city in China—for some reason. It is a desolate-looking military outpost guarding the important Tungkuan Pass which controls the whole Northwest area strategically. Gendarmes usually search every Chinese passenger on the trains there. I thought they might be going to try to force me to give them all kinds of information about the Chinese Reds. Or I thought that the old order to detain me, given in April, might still be in effect accidentally. In any case, it was a most uncomfortable half-hour's ride. But there was no such plot. At the Guest House, the manager put in a telephone call for Sian. The voice on the other end of the wire was garbled but familiar. It was the other-Snow in person, whom I had just missed in Sian by four hours. He had come from Tientsin to search for his lost wife. I had not been able to communicate with him in any way after receiving his radiogram in Yen-an three weeks before and was much surprised.

I went back to the station a few hours later to get the first train back to Sian. As I waited there a little knot of local employees and passengers gathered round—as few foreigners ever stop at Tungkuan.

"What country do you come from?" they asked.

"America," I replied proudly. As soon as you announce this in China you usually find yourself greeted with a warm welcome. But it did not have that effect this time.

"America is on the side of Japan now, isn't it?" One of them flourished a newspaper at me menacingly. "It says here 'President Roosevelt refuses to help China.' "

Roosevelt's pronunciamientos on observing strict neutrality and not letting America become involved in the war were causing great dissatisfaction, apparently. I denied all their

fears, but was glad when the train arrived to take me away from further explanations.

It was lucky for me that I had not gone through on my original train, for it was bombed at the Hsuchow station and the engine and several coaches were destroyed.

At the family reunion in Sian we debated whether or not to go to the Eighth Route Army front in Shansi for a short time, but the London *Daily Herald* was urgently demanding that my husband cover the major war in Shanghai instead, and he had already developed a distinguished number of gray hairs over my previous escapades, so we decided to leave the interior while we could and not risk being marooned at that time for an indefinite period. This decision we regretted very much later, however, as, contrary to our expectations, the big war in Shansi was about to begin, though we did not know it then. The Eighth Route Army's exciting victory at Pinghsingkuan occurred on September 24.

We bade good-by to Jim Bertram, who had come to Sian with my husband, planning to see the Eighth Route Army for himself, to Agnes Smedley, who, as the hospital had found nothing seriously wrong, also planned to go to the front, and to the rest of our friends, and took the train to Tsingtao on September 23.

At Hsuchow we saw the wreck of my original train, and were delayed about seven hours. The city was evacuated, and all shops were boarded up. Japanese planes had bombed daily during the preceding three days, without doing much damage, however. Tsinan, the capital of Shantung, had received its first bomb the day before we arrived—together with one Japanese message for Governor Han Fu-chu. The Japanese had begun their first serious air raids over Shantung, in which province Tsingtao is located, and its neighboring provinces on September 22. On that day eighty-five planes in eight squadrons raided various cities along the railway, including Chufu, the birthplace of Confucius. So we were in the middle of the fray and had little time to lose.

We spent a few days on the beach at the beautiful German-built city of Tsingtao, where I consumed as many

American-style ice-cream sundaes at Jimmy's as possible. It was extremely difficult to secure reservations on the few boats still calling at the port of Tsingtao, but eventually Ed went on to Shanghai to cover the war, and I returned to Peking, then under Japanese occupation, of course, to close our house, pack our belongings and take a few weeks for recuperation. My precious contraband notebooks were again and again a problem, as on the train between Peking and Tientsin the Japanese carefully searched all Chinese passengers and suspicious-looking foreigners for evidence of carrying around "dangerous thoughts." Apparently I appeared eminently respectable, for the life preserver padded with notebooks which I wore under my coat passed without observation.

The Chinese troops retreated from Shanghai on November 15 after four months of heroic resistance, and I immediately left Peking for the International Settlement in Shanghai on November 21—still wearing my life preserver. When I arrived, the fires set by the Japanese to destroy the Chinese part of the city were still burning in Nantao, but the fighting was over and on December 3 the Japanese staged their Victory Parade through the city.

My long journey was over. As Benjamin Franklin would say: "She suffered much, most of which never happened."

### III. "FOR WHEN HE WAKES . . ."

THE JAPANESE INVASION is fast accomplishing what Sun Yat-sen and his colleagues failed to do in their "forty years of struggle," what the abortive "Great Revolution" of 1925-27 failed to do, what the Soviets in a decade of daily fighting and propaganda failed to do: it is at last awakening the greatest mass of people on earth.

Whether or not the great awakening has come too late, who shall say? Suffering teaches a hard school, but turns out excellent pupils.

The central fact in the fast-moving history of the Far East today is this: If the four hundred and fifty millions of China organize, arm themselves and rouse to action in this eleventh hour, they will not only liberate themselves but break the power of militarist Japan. If they do not, and if neither Soviet Russia, England nor America takes positive action while Japan is vulnerable, a new and terrible imperialism, entrenched on a vast continent as well as its island home, will dominate East Asia and create an era of racial and imperialist wars, involving not only Asia but Europe and America as well.

Will the people of China realize their potentialities before it is too late? There are indications that they will. There are other indications that they will not be permitted to do so. It was to forestall the rise of China that the Japanese are now gambling their own future in an effort to subjugate the multiple millions before any further revolutionary awakening renders this permanently impossible.

Every few years there is a new wave of revolution in China, which somehow loses itself in her ocean of people, but the inner movement is always there. There was revolution in 1911, 1919, 1925-27, 1931 and 1936-38. One class of the population rouses itself—then another. Until the present they have never co-ordinated their efforts except for a few months in 1925-27. First it was the middle-class and overseas Chinese and the "returned students" from abroad, who supported Sun Yat-sen. Next it was the student movement and "cultural revolution" of May Fourth, 1919. Then it was the modern proletariat in 1925-27. In 1931 it was the peasants who redistributed the land and formed their Soviets. In 1936-38 it was the patriotic soldiers of China who demanded resistance against Japan.

The South became revolutionary first, stimulated by the pressure of British imperialism. The North required the occupation of Manchuria by Japan to make it realize the meaning of nationalism.

These revolutionary movements were each in turn suppressed, at least on the surface. When Japan attacked in North China in July 1937, it caught the people of China

unprepared. The Government had an army. The Communists had an army. The students had a thin small voice with which to cry out in the wilderness. But the population itself was completely disarmed, both politically and militarily. For ten years every ounce of pressure that could be brought to bear by the Government was exerted to make its soldiers and the people believe that foreign invasion was neither imminent nor important, that the revolutionary masses must be suppressed before any attention could be paid to external problems. No public anti-Japanese activity was tolerated except for a few months after the occupation of Manchuria in 1931. The Government tightened its dictatorship over the people and aspired to imitate Hitler and Mussolini. Today not only the people but the Government itself is paying dearly for this Fascist aberration. China may have to pay with her life for the past suppression of the patriotic movement and the massacre of her finest revolutionary youth who might now be leading a conscious people on to victory.

Because the population was totally unprepared, Japan was able to march her army over half of the eighteen provinces of China within a year, just as she had occupied Manchuria six years before. She was able to occupy sixteen of the most important cities of China—Peking, Tientsin, Taiyuanfu, Paotingfu, Kaifeng, Tsinan, Tsingtao, Chefoo and Hsuchow in the North; Shanghai, Nanking, Wusih, Hangchow, Soochow, Amoy and Kiukiang in the South. At the end of the year China had remaining only seven economic cities of major importance—Hankow, Changsha and Chungking in the interior and Canton, Swatow, Foochow and Ningpo in the South, though the latter two were very much under the eye of the Japanese Navy. In the far Northwest China still held Sian, Tungkuau and Ch'engchow—and of course little Yen-an, not unimportant symbolically. Japan had control of all the railways of North China except the line to Sian. Of North China, the Chinese had left little territory besides Kansu, Shensi and Ninghsia in the Northwest, and the areas under Communist control in part of Shansi and *behind* the Japanese lines.

Then, in October, Japan began her campaign in South

China and occupied Canton without a struggle, followed immediately by the fall of Hankow, on the Yangtze River.

Yet the Spanish Republicans still hold Madrid. Why? Because the citizens of Madrid are defending their city, because the population has been mobilized to participate in the war.

In China every one of these cities was occupied by the Japanese troops without any organized participation in the defense on the part of the population. Only in Shansi were the local citizenry mobilized in armed self-defense—and even there the Communists were not permitted to do this until after the Japanese had occupied Taiyuanfu. Shansi is still being held. It has withstood four or five drives against it, and has cost Japan more trouble than any other province during the war. Yet Shansi is noted as the home of the most docile, unwarlike provincials in China.

Thus after over a year of war the proposition stands out clearly in relief: If the Chinese population is not organized and armed, Japan will conquer China. If the population is mobilized before it is too late, China can still defeat Japan.

This alternative is now belatedly being realized in China. It was well understood by Japan when she first began her campaign of conquest.

The truth of the first part of this proposition has been amply demonstrated. In spite of the gallant defense put up by the professional soldiers of the Government armies, they have everywhere had to retreat. After this retreat they leave nothing behind them with which to carry on the defense, and the local population have no way to protect themselves. And now that the industrial base of the Government has been destroyed, the Chinese Army is much more vulnerable than at the beginning of the war.

But why is the second part of my proposition true? Why is it still possible now for China to defeat Japan, if the people are mobilized? There are several proofs of this, but the conclusive demonstration of the capacity of the people for successful local self-defense has been made by the Communists, first in the defense of their little Soviet Republic and, second, in their activities during the war with Japan.

Let us see what the population of China has already done under the direction of the Communists: After the disastrous defeat of the Nanchang Uprising at the end of 1927, Chu Teh had only 1200 revolutionary soldiers and Mao Tsê-tung 1,000 insurgent miners and peasants. Within four years they had organized a Soviet Republic with a population of 9,000,000. These Soviets defended themselves for ten years against an enemy as much better equipped militarily and economically as Japan compared with China. The Red Army fought against forces ten and sometimes twenty times superior, but because it was supported by the population it was never conquered. It was defeated in 1934 only by an economic blockade and a ring of forts, which Japan could never hope to use for the conquest of China. The Communist movement seemed to have been defeated again and again in China—in 1927, in 1934 and at the ragged end of the Long March. How many of their armies have been annihilated and replaced, nobody knows. But they turned every defeat into a victory—just when their struggle was most desperate, new forces from the masses, roused by the very desperate character of the struggle, refilled the broken ranks. Like the giant Antaeus, the more they were crushed to earth, the more strength the earth gave back to them. For they *were* the people.

The Communists know the strength of the people of China, for they have called it forth. But long before the first young student in China joined the Socialist Youth in 1918 and placed his faith not in armies, but in the awakening of the mass of his people, Napoleon foresaw this phenomenon when he said:

“China? There lies a sleeping giant. Let him sleep! For when he wakes, he will move the world.”

The Soviets were revolutionary, they had an economic base. The people were fighting for their new-found lands and liberties. Will they fight to the last man against Japan as for their Soviets? Yes, the answer has already been given—by the Communists, too. *Behind* the Japanese lines, *after* the occupation, the local population is now beginning to fight spontaneously under the direction of the Eighth Route Army.

While the Kuomintang is still in the "scorched earth" stage of military exigency, the Communists are already building and rebuilding in North China. Since the war with Japan began, the former Red Army of about a hundred thousand men has tripled its size and organized partisan warfare throughout the occupied provinces of Shansi, Hopei and even Chahar and Shantung.

When the Eighth Route Army was originally formed, it was divided into three divisions. The former First Front Red Army from Kiangsi was renamed the 115th Division, of which Lin Piao was given command; the Fourth Front Army became the 129th Division, with Liu Pei-ch'eng in command; and the Second Front Army became the 120th Division, with Ho Lung in command. Their first act on arrival at the Shansi front was to inflict the first defeat of the war upon the Japanese at the strategic pass, Pinghsing-kuan, on September 24, in which they caused the Japanese a loss of a thousand men in a hand-to-hand engagement, and captured seventy truckloads of ammunition and supplies. On October 18 one battalion destroyed twenty-one Japanese planes at the airfield in Yenmenpao. In the meantime they had been busy cutting communications and capturing further supplies. One of their reports stated that by January they had captured about nine thousand rifles and two thousand horses and pack animals, and destroyed over a thousand enemy trucks and motorcars. In the meantime they were hurriedly organizing the people of Shansi, Hopei and Chahar and by January had under their control forty-two *hsien* or counties in Shansi and Hopei, in addition to recovering twenty-six *hsien* in northern Shansi.

After these spectacular activities, which caused a wave of enthusiasm for the Communists to sweep over China, the Communist troops and political workers settled down to serious work. They avoided engaging in pitched battles with the Japanese, thereby rendering useless the enemy artillery, airplanes, tanks and massed formations, and settled down to the process of driving the invaders slowly mad by constantly harassing lines of communications and by sudden swift night attacks to break the morale of enemy troops. Then, while

the Japanese were concentrating on the attack against the Central troops farther south, the Eighth Route Army took the gala occasion to move in at their rear. It was a field day for them. The Communists divided their army into small mobile units which penetrated everywhere, organizing partisan support and arming the people as they went. By July every province under Japanese occupation in the North seemed to have Eighth Route guerillas maneuvering about. On July 7, to commemorate the Liukouchiao Incident, they paid a little social call at the bridge of that name near Peking, and made a raid on Mentoukou near by. They have been reported with twenty miles of Tientsin, also.

By the end of 1937 the Communist control behind the Japanese lines was sufficiently well organized to establish a new government, which was given a mandate by Hankow in December as the "Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Frontier Government." The Japanese held the railway lines and highroads, but the Communists worked in between these lines, organizing the villagers for prolonged resistance in the future. *Hsien* governments were created on a democratic basis, and local Mobilization Committees organized support for the army and recruited volunteers for the People's Self-Defense Corps. Boys and girls were recruited into the Young Vanguards, women had their own Women's Anti-Japanese Societies, and in general the organization of the people proceeded rapidly. Many schools for training in guerilla tactics, in spying activities, and in various phases of military and political work were established, and at Fuping on the Shansi-Hopei border the Communists had two academies, branches of their Anti-Japanese Military and Political Academy in Yen-an, which turned out several hundred students every three months to work among the people. Mass education through the use of Latinized characters was pushed forward in primary schools, also.

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The provinces under Japanese occupation were divided into five areas, administered by the Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Frontier Government. The head of this government was Nieh Jung-chen, a Szechuanese, age thirty-nine, and an electrical engineer. I met Nieh Jung-chen in Yen-an when he was

political commissar of the First Red Army Corps. He is tall, thin and intelligent-looking, with very irregular features. He speaks excellent French, as he studied at Paris University in 1920, then spent two years studying electrical engineering at Charles Rowe's College in Belgium. After that he went to Berlin for a while, then during 1924 spent six months at the Eastern Laborers' University in Moscow and several months at the Red Army Academy there. When he returned to China in 1926, he was made Secretary of the Political Department of Whampoa Academy. In the Nanchang Uprising he was political commissar to Yeh T'ing's division. He participated in the Canton Commune in 1927, then went to the North, where he did organizational work for the Communist Party in Peking, Tientsin and at the Tangshan Mines—useful experience in preparing him for his present work in those areas. In 1931 he entered the Central Soviets in Kiangsi. He is one of the veteran Communists, having joined the C.Y. in 1921 in France.

Within six months after having begun this work behind the Japanese lines, the Eighth Route Army people claimed to have mobilized a People's Self-Defense Army of five hundred thousand, only about one quarter of whom were armed, however, and to have a million villagers participating in anti-Japanese activities only in the Second Area under the Frontier Government, which included seventeen districts in northern Hopei and eastern Shansi. In this Second Area the Government operated a postal system for three thousand villages, had ten radio stations, and claimed to have three thousand miles of telephone lines functioning. It also published seventeen daily newspapers and maintained fourteen hospitals, as well as having several arsenals busy producing ammunition, hand grenades, bayonets and swords and other light arms.

At the same time the Communists hurriedly tried to reorganize economic activities and to help the farmers with the production and distribution of their crops. Land was not redistributed, but the people were relieved of taxes and surtaxes, rents were lowered, a three years' moratorium declared upon all debts, and the land of absentee landlords

living in Peking (which city is almost entirely populated by ~~landlords~~) and Tientsin was not allowed to lie fallow. A boycott of Japanese goods was enforced, and land formerly devoted to raising cotton and tobacco for export to Japan was utilized for foodstuffs. The Frontier Government also created its own bank and issued its own banknotes, making it impossible for the Japanese-controlled Federated Bank to gain any currency control over these areas.

The Eighth Route Army is also trying to co-ordinate the activities of the Manchurian and Korean volunteers with their work.

In the occupied areas, however, all this organizational work is still on the defensive. It should have been done *before* the occupation of these provinces, instead of afterward. The real offensive on both sides has not yet begun. As soon as their base is consolidated, the Communists will be in a position to wage relentless warfare against the invaders. And as soon as the Japanese campaign in South China is completed, they will turn back to "consolidate" the Northern provinces. Then we shall see a new phase of the Sino-Japanese war.

In the meantime, however, formal fighting was not neglected while this organizational work proceeded. On August 6 Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh published a long statement of losses inflicted on the Japanese during the nine months from September 1937 to May 1938. According to this the Eighth Route Army wounded or killed 34,007 Japanese and captured 1,094 Japanese and Manchukuoans. They had fought in 570 engagements with the Japanese, and captured or destroyed a total of 12,738 pieces of armament, including the seizure of 467 machine guns, 6,487 rifles, and 97 field guns and trench mortars. They had destroyed 24 airplanes, 5 tanks, 5 armored cars, and 901 trucks and motorcars, and had seized for their own use 190 motorcars and 847 mule carts, together with 3,367 horses and mules.\* In addition to

\*This list does not include the number of fountain pens captured. In other days the Red Army used to carefully announce the acquisition of this important item. Parker pens were their favorite—they cost about \$40 local currency in China. Once in Yen-an I remember that someone told me about a terrific battle in which he said they captured so many rifles, so many men and

the above 1,366 "Manchukuo" troops had mutinied and surrendered to them.

Not only in the North are the Chinese Communists active, but in the South another branch of the former Red Army has been extremely busy, under command of Han Ying and Yeh T'ing. Just as in the North, these Southern Reds were not allowed to take any action until after the Japanese occupation—then they were graciously permitted by the Central Government to inherit the areas under Japanese control. For a year they quietly recruited new members and carried on sabotage work and short attacks against the Japanese. Once or twice they nearly reoccupied Hangchow.

Information about this "New Fourth Army," as it is called, is very hard to come by. But I have been able to gather the following information:

When the main Red Army retreated from the Central Soviets centered in Kiangsi and began the Long March in October 1934, two of the most important Communist leaders remained behind to create a diversion to protect the main forces in retreat and to carry on guerilla activities in the former Soviet areas. These were Fang Chih-min and Han Ying.

Fang Chih-min, a Kiangsi man, who was one of the earliest organizers of Red partisans in that area, commanded the Tenth and Seventh Red Army Corps, made up of two divisions of some ten thousand men. Both these Corps were completely annihilated by the Kuomintang troops. The Seventh Army Corps, called the "Anti-Japanese Vanguards," in 1934 created a diversionist movement from Juikin to the northeast of Kiangsi, where it was destroyed in gallant self-immolation, while the main forces broke the blockade and proceeded on the Long March. Its commander, Hsiung Huai-chou, was killed in this last stand in 1935. Fang Chih-min himself, directly commanding his Tenth Army Corps,

"brought down one airplane, two pilots, and two Parker fountain pens." Each regiment in the Red Army had a group of sharpshooters especially trained to pick off the officers—I am sure that those who looked affluent enough to possess Parker pens were the first to be selected.

had his base at Yi-yang in northeastern Kiangsi, and after maneuvering about for a while in self-defense, was captured and executed in 1935, when his corps was also annihilated by the enemy.

Han Ying, an expert military and political strategist, had better luck. He commanded the 24th Independent Division from Fukien and partisans totaling about ten thousand rifles. From 1934 to 1937 he held out in the mountains on the borders of Fukien, Kiangsi, Kwangtung and Chekiang—a wonderful heroic story. Several campaigns were directed against him, and even in the spring of 1937 a "final annihilation" drive was announced by the Government, which apparently was never attempted, however.

Han Ying is the No. 1 "proletarian" of the Chinese Communists, and ranks next to Mao Tsê-tung as a combination of political and military genius. He is a native of Hupeh, now about forty years of age. During the 1925-27 period he was one of the most active leaders of the labor movement both in Wuhan and Shanghai.

It was not until long after the Red armies in the Northwest were reorganized into the Eighth Route Army and sent to Shansi to fight the Japanese in the autumn of 1937, that Han Ying's troops were reorganized into the national armies. In an interview with Edgar Snow in August 1938, Han Ying stated that the "New Fourth Army," commanded by himself and Yeh T'ing, was not formed until January of 1938. At that time Han Ying had about three thousand veterans of his original troops remaining. This New Fourth Army, however, expanded rapidly—from local volunteers in the Japanese-occupied areas particularly. At this writing they are variously said to have from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand troops in equally varying stages of armament. The Hankow Government supplies them about \$140,000 a month, and for the rest they depend upon the support of the local patriotic movement. Reports reaching Shanghai indicate that these troops are already well disciplined and popular with the people in the areas in which they operate.

This is a revival of the old 4th Army of Chang Fa-kuei's far-famed "Ironsides" Fourth Route Army, the finest unit

of the Northern Expedition in 1926-27. At that time the "Ironsides" army consisted of the 11th, 20th and 4th armies, and two of Chang Fa-kuei's best commanders became Communists—Ho Lung, commander of the 20th Army, and Yeh T'ing, commander of the 24th Division of the 11th Army. It was the 20th Army and Yeh T'ing's division, together with two regiments of the 4th Army, which revolted at Nanchang in 1927 and formed the first units of the Red Army. These insurgents were nearly all destroyed in the fighting in 1927, though some of the original "Ironsides" veterans still remain in the 1st Division of the First Red Army Corps. After the defeat in 1927, Ho Lung went back to his home in Hunan and organized a totally new Red army of partisans, which became the Second Front Red Army. Yeh T'ing, however, participated in the Canton Commune on December 11, 1927, and when this was defeated went abroad. Nothing was heard of him publicly until 1937, when he was given superior command of the newly organized New Fourth Army. Yeh T'ing is a native of Kwangtung and is now about forty years of age.

The above indicates the potentialities of the mass of the people of China, once awakened to their responsibilities. Another reason why it is still possible for China to defeat Japan now is this:

The Japanese lines are at present so extended and vulnerable that it would not be difficult to cut communications and transportation and leave her troops in the interior marooned and isolated, thereby breaking their morale completely, and affording an excellent opportunity of annihilating them piecemeal. But this work can only be done in the rear—by the local populations—as all regular troops have been withdrawn from the most vulnerable places, except the Eighth Route Army units in the North and the Fourth Route Army in the South. Had Japan not rather stupidly covered so much territory, this opportunity would not have existed.

Will the Chinese take advantage of this opportunity in time to make this urgent rear attack effective? Only now, after a year, has the Government realized the importance of

mobilizing such reserve forces. Yet the Government army is still kept on a strictly professional basis, and all recruits are selected and trained through the *pao chia* system of class domination. The local populations are not yet armed and organized to share in the defense, except where the Communist units operate behind the enemy lines at great disadvantage and with insufficient arms and not even enough stores of dynamite to effectively destroy bridges and other strategic points.

Impressed by the success of the Communists, Chiang Kai-shek has been reorganizing some of his Central armies for guerilla warfare, but these units have not had much success, owing to their inexperience and the fact that they do not effectively organize the population to support them. Such individual fighting requires the highest determination and morale and is best carried out as a partisan measure of self-defense by the local population, not by professional soldiers. It also requires the greatest initiative on the part of the squad commanders, which is the secret of the excellent command of the Communist units, and the main weakness of the Government armies. Moreover, the Red tactic is not a simple form of guerilla tactics, but a more scientific type developed over long years of experience and study of Soviet methods as well. The Communist call it "maneuvering warfare based on the principle of the short, decisive attack," and an integral part of its strategy is the mobilization of partisan units to co-operate with the army. P'eng Teh-huai, now in field command of the Eighth Route Army, explained the principles of this maneuvering warfare to me when I was at his headquarters. In speaking of the war against Japan, he said:

"The fundamental idea in our strategy must be to realize a war of maneuver and of annihilation. That is, we must decisively destroy small units of the enemy. We must chop every advance into pieces as it thrusts forward. This is exemplified by the Red Army's annihilation of advances into Soviet territory. In general, we must avoid formal positional warfare wherever it is possible to maneuver instead, although there may be some exceptions to this. Of course, there

must be positional defense of large cities, but the position in the defense plans should be by *points* and not by a *line*—that is, we must hold our stationary points but not the line between them, which we defend by maneuvering in that area, and by annihilating parties of attack. We of the Red Army are against the linear plan of defense. Defense by points instead of by a line makes it possible to use a small force to attract a big force of the enemy; thus a minority can force the enemy to deploy big forces around it, thereby making it impossible to use these forces elsewhere; thus the enemy cannot utilize its men efficiently.

"For individual battles we have the principle of the short decisive attack. We attack one point and demolish it in a short period. The advantage is that the enemy cannot use new equipment advantageously. Airplanes are of little use, poison gas of no use, and tanks of little value. By the time the planes arrive the battle is over—they can only bomb the dead. We attack as quickly as thunder—and leave as quickly. Therefore the enemy has absolutely no preparation at all.

"With the enemy in our own country, we have the advantage that the people support us, so we can know the enemy's every move and they have no information whatsoever. The terrain is always fully known to us. Under this condition we can always concentrate our best force to attack the enemy to advantage. We are always at our best and they at their worst. Through victories in this annihilating warfare, the enemy supplies us with ammunition, supplies, etc., and several such small victories cause great fear among the enemy troops. They then send large reinforcements, and we surround and blockade them and break all concentrations. When the enemy is dispersed, we attack; when concentrated, we break them up. Such a blockade is not tactical but strategic. With an armed mass and partisan movement all around the enemy, we can cut their communications while the main force of our army can rest secretly. When the enemy comes out, we attack and annihilate; when they go back (that is, concentrate again), we block up all communications and blockade them. Repetition of this soon tires them out. With no news, sickness, no medicine, etc., their morale is quickly

affected. In the meantime the partisans nab all small units that venture out. When another enemy force wants to render help to these, we move out swiftly to attack the helping army. Our forces, being rested, have the advantage over these blind reinforcements. Then the enemy does not know what to do. Help is impossible, but if no help arrives, it is likewise impossible to stay in position. This was our common experience in fighting Chiang Kai-shek's forces. If the enemy stay at one point and remain stationary, we can continually disturb and harass them with small numbers, so they get no rest at all.

"From this one can see that it is most important to mobilize the mass of the people to surround the enemy. In order to organize and mobilize the masses, some democratic freedom must be given to them, therefore Democracy is the most important prerequisite to our victory over Japan strategically. If the mass are really mobilized in self-defense, they will act themselves spontaneously, and volunteer to give information of all enemy movements, as well as to act as guides and guards. As the people of the district are familiar with their terrain, by their help we have great advantages.

"Chiang Kai-shek once gave a good description of our Red Army strategy which might well be quoted here. He said: 'When the Reds move in their own Soviet districts, they are like fish in the sea; we can't find them. When they move outside, they are as elusive as a bird in the forest.' The Kuomintang armies found it impossible to do anything in the Soviet areas while they remained Soviet. It was a no man's land for them. And the Japanese position is much more difficult than that of Chiang Kai-shek.

"We must emphasize one point: the power of the mass is still not recognized by Nanking, but we have experienced it and know its value. In the Fifth Campaign in the South, Chiang Kai-shek had one million troops in operation and the Red Army had only one hundred thousand, aside from the Soviet population of three millions. But we mobilized all these three millions against the one million and saved ourselves from being destroyed.

"Chiang Kai-shek was obliged to adopt a policy, which he

called 'Draining all the water out, so as to catch the fish.' But he didn't catch us. When we left the Soviet districts to march to the Northwest, we became a 'bird in the forest' to him just the same.

"We can utilize all our ten years' experience together to fight the Japanese, and victory is sure. Now we Chinese have a 'sea' of four hundred millions, and a 'fish' of three million soldiers in it. The enemy can only send from two to five hundred thousand troops against us. Of course, we can win.

"Our defensive plan in China is very different from that of the Soviet Union because our frontiers are gone. Therefore, we can only depend upon the mass of the people. Also because of communications our boundary is passive, not active.

"Another strategical weapon is propaganda. Japan cannot destroy China except by utilizing the Chinese against the Chinese, and she knows she is doomed to defeat unless this plan succeeds soon. The power of the people of a nation is beyond measure. For instance, we Communists in China also learned this through our experience with the tiny nation of the Man-tzü tribe on our Long March. Though there were only thirty thousand of these people, each individual was determined to save himself and his tribe. We had no method of defeating them, and had great difficulty even in passing as quickly as possible through their territory."

A year ago it was generally thought that what the Japanese wanted in China, they could take. The great hope for China was that by a war of attrition it could prevent Japan from consolidating its gains. Today, however, it is generally recognized that if China mobilizes all its population and resources in continued united resistance, Japan may suffer a great defeat. The Japanese campaign has revealed grave weaknesses, the greatest of which is a basic contradiction between her military and political strategy, which is only a reflection of the same contradiction in her crazy social structure at home. The Japanese army and its samurai officer caste has shown itself to be the vestigial remains of feudalism—one of those anachronisms which history inex-

orably destroys. It is rapidly committing hara-kiri in China by its own hand. It is not even a modern unified force bringing a true imperialism to China. It is not a colonizing force, but a looting and raping expedition in the tradition of the Huns and the Spanish conquistadores. Already it has demonstrated that it is trying to establish, not a true imperialist colony, but groups of feudal Shogunates, all quarreling for power among themselves. It is not impossible that the Manchurian-Korean Shogunate may get into a war with Soviet Russia, while the navy carries out a suicidal adventure in South China and becomes involved with Britain and America. Left to its own devices, there seems to be no limit to the number of stupid misadventures which the Japanese samurai militarist mind may contemplate.

However, one must not forget that China itself is no paradise of sweetness and light. China may yet collapse by its own weight. Chinese history may yet repeat itself. The guarantee of success is only that both the ruling class and the people are fast awakening to the common realization that united they stand, divided they fall; that it is not that China cannot defend herself against any external enemy. It is that always, either actively or passively, one vast bloc of Chinese is opposed to another, and the Chinese conquer themselves by their own internal contradictions. The third-party conqueror steps in and seizes the scepter of authority at the critical moment, and promptly begins to reorganize the internal class struggle in its own interests. It was not the Manchus who suppressed the T'ai-p'ings. It was Tseng Kuo-fan and Li Hung-chang and the Chinese landlords and bureaucracy. Today it is not the Japanese alone who may conquer China. It is the refusal on the part of the ruling class to permit the mass of the population to participate in the defense—until after their homes are already occupied. They still prefer the hope of fighting with the aid of America, England or the Soviet Union—instead of calling forth the strength of their own people and fighting shoulder to shoulder with them.

The potentialities of their own people are all too well known to the rulers of China. Too many of them fear the

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waking giant. The old-world part of the Chinese ruling class is not interested in having their fellow countrymen move the world—for, like charity, world-moving begins at home. And today, faced with national extinction, they still say, "Let him sleep!" This is natural enough from a purely individual selfish viewpoint—if you were one of a few thousand bankers, landlords, militarists, landlords and magistrates whose business it was to keep 450,000,000 under control in order to exploit them instead of being overthrown by them, you would also think many times before putting a gun into the hands of a hungry peasant or laborer, or even before permitting a young middle-school student to tell him the way out already tried and tested in other lands from the time of the French and American revolutions down to Bolshevism in Russia.

Therefore, at the moment China is not only fighting against Japan, but its ruling class is also very actively engaged in keeping "peace and order" in the rear. Where are all the guns in China? Why are they not doing service at the front? The Chinese have been spending their national treasure on guns ever since nearly forty millions killed each other with spears and blunderbusses in the days of the T'aip'ings. The country has been overrun with armed soldiers, *min t'uan*, *pao-an-tui*, bandits and police. Before the war, China had a standing army of 2,000,000 and 274,400 provincial *pao-an-tui*, or Peace Preservation Corps. All together, including *min t'uan*, or local landlords' militia, and police forces, there could not have been less than 3,000,000 armed men engaged in policing the country—one to every 133 of the 400,000,000 population, excluding Manchuria.

A great proportion of these guns are still in the hands of the "guardians of law and order," who use them not against Japan, but to keep the peace locally. If every gun in China were at the front, and every firecracker factory were busy making hand grenades instead, there would doubtless now be an answer instead of a question as to who is winning the Sino-Japanese war.

The Communists are leading the movement to awaken the masses of China to their responsibilities and potentiali-

ties, teaching them how to beat their plowshares into swords. On the other hand, the governments—both local and central—are endeavoring up to the last moment to keep a monopoly of the political and economic power. They are recruiting the sons of the people for the war, but keeping the status quo at home among the people themselves. After a year of maintaining this delicate gyroscopic balance in China, there has been astonishingly little change in the Government. The governing group has held its monopoly with remarkable success. This is largely due to the fact that London support and American purchases of silver have kept up the government currency—and partly due to the prestige which the Government derives from the former confidence reposed in it by England and America. Chiang Kai-shek has been England's darling since 1927, and so long as there is a hope that he *will be a drawing card for possible support to China* through those channels, no voice will be raised against his government. Since the Sian Incident of 1936, Chiang Kai-shek's government has held a mandate from the people, the army, and the Communists on three conditions: first, that it carry out the war of self-defense against Japan; second, that it do not engage in any further civil war against its own people; and third, that it secure help from England, America, France and Soviet Russia as part of the "international peace front"—keeping the present government in power was thought to be a guarantee of some foreign support against Japan, as it has for ten years religiously protected the rights of the foreign powers in China, and may be expected to do so in the future.

The people's movement in China, led by the Left, also demanded democracy, economic reforms to win the support of the peasantry, the arming, organizing and education of the masses, and in general the realization of all measures necessary to achieve a victory in the present war. But these latter were expected to develop spontaneously during the course of the struggle.

So far the Government has kept faith with the people on the first two conditions of its mandate—and has striven mightily to secure active support from the democratic powers

and Soviet Russia, but with not much success. If these powers compromise with Japan, then the present Chinese Government must either collapse or turn to a new revolutionary policy to win the support of the masses of its own people—unless it is firmly bolstered up by Great Britain as a puppet police force for British interests in the South in the event of a British-negotiated peace. If such a peace is successfully negotiated, China will be lost as a nation and divided into a Japanese colony in the North and a British colony in the South.

*W. J. S. 5/22*

In the meantime the Chinese Communists have been leading a peaceable but real movement to democratize the government and to secure a voice for the people—at least to secure for them the right to arm in self-defense. And they want this in order to realize a true democratic unification of the people so as to base the present resistance upon a firm foundation and so that the central government, in which they hope to participate, will have real power and strength from below instead of being a mere percussion cap as in the past. This is not a trick for them to seize power for their Party. I am convinced from talking with them that they earnestly believe that without some form of democracy, through the medium of which all parties and groups can effectively co-operate, half the battle is lost. So far in Kuomintang-controlled areas they have succeeded only in organizing a "People's Political Council," with purely advisory powers, in which several Communists are admitted to membership.

The Hankow Government also spends a great deal of time talking about "unity," but by this it means a centralized dictatorship, expanding its little circle of monopoly only so far as to utilize various elements in a peripheral way. The Communists, on the contrary, by "unity" mean a democratic form of representation through which a fundamental organic unification under a Democratic Republic can be permanently achieved.

The problem of democracy, therefore, has not yet been solved. Only now that over half the country has been lost are questions being asked about the relation of political to military ways and means.

Even Machiavelli saw what happens to a ruler who does not grant democracy to the people when their country is attacked—they perish, and the ruler with them. His basic strategy in the conduct of wars was this: Dictatorship is best for the offensive to conquer other nations, but democracy is the only way to realize successful self-defense at home.

Why did Napoleon win? It was not his generaling. In command of mercenary troops, he would have been only another first-rate European militarist. It was that he led the democratic Grand Army of the Republic, which was supported in the rear by the people of France because it defended that democracy. Why did little America win the war of independence against the greatest empire on earth? Because the people fought a war for democracy. Why did the Russian soldiers collapse on the German front and die by the millions? Yet when they fought for a Soviet democracy at home, they let nothing stand in their way.

Now, after a year, the war, with all its internal problems for China and with all its external international problems, is reaching its crisis. Each is very much dependent upon the other. Japan is now reaching a point so vulnerable that economic sanctions on the part of America and Great Britain and her dominions alone might break Japan—together with a firm stand on the part of the Soviet Union. In the case of such action in the rear, there is little doubt that Japan would be so justifiably jittery that China could finish her off with a few well-chosen attempts. But do the foreign powers want to break Japan? Great Britain is the stumbling block which may prevent the collapse of this new imperialism, just as it has supported, by compromise at the critical moment, all other imperialisms since the World War.

As previously stressed, the present outlook indicates that it is possible for China alone to defeat Japan on the condition that the mass of the people are mobilized both in the occupied and unoccupied areas before it is too late—and perhaps provided there is no intervention on behalf of Japan, especially from Mr Chamberlain's government. But there is no other condition upon which this defeat can be realized

unless the foreign powers themselves act decisively against Japan. If they do not support China, and if the present Chinese Government continues to fail in its responsibilities of arming and organizing the population, it means that a new liberal-Leftist government must grant democracy to the people and take the leadership in China, which may or may not result in a revolutionary situation.

Such a fundamentally democratic revolutionary government, however, need not alarm British, American and French interests unduly—though it will not be kind to the Fascists who have supported Japan. A removal of all the pathological remains in China, creating a healthy social and economic organism purged of all its slow poisoning would be a tremendous stimulus to world trade and economic intercourse. A democratic people's China free of the injustices and oppression which have kept it in constant civil war could begin to rebuild itself immediately and create a vast new market both for goods and capital. All legitimate economic interests would not suffer but gain by this development—just as nations trading with each other on a basis of equality mutually benefit from the wealth created by humankind in general. Nothing could be more shortsighted than for the democratic foreign powers to take a dog-in-the-manger attitude and sacrifice 450,000,000 customers for a few cancerous growths in Shanghai already in a malignant state.

There is no danger of "Bolshevism" in China for many years to come. "Yes," the British die-hards agree, "we can give up China to the Chinese. But what of India? If China wins its freedom, India will follow."

The answer to that is to ask which is the greatest danger to the British Empire—the rise of Japan? a world war? the emancipation of India? Britain can choose her tailor, but she must cut according to her cloth. The rise of Japanese imperialism means war inevitably and the simultaneous rise of Germany and the Fascist Supernational in Europe, just as the collapse of Japan means breaking the bullying power of Fascism everywhere. For Mr Chamberlain's government to compromise with Japan now—as certain indications presage—is simply to gratuitously save Japan from destruc-

tion and prepare the way for a tremendous war in the not distant future. If, however, Britain and America now give support to China in the rear, China can solve all the problems of the Far East in a way far more satisfactory to all concerned.

Mr Chamberlain's capitulation to the Fascists in Munich and granting of their claims to new colonial imperialism have already directly created a grave crisis in China. Had Hitler synchronized his provocation of a European crisis in exact rhythm to Japan's march over China, he could not have given timelier aid to his Tokyo ally. Had Mr Chamberlain calculated a blow directly at the solar plexus of Chinese resistance and indirectly at the British position in the Far East, he could not have struck with more telling force.

Just at the moment of the Munich agreement, Japan was at the threshold of Hankow. For several tentative weeks previously Japan had hesitated to attack in South China—afraid of Soviet Russia in the north, afraid to rouse Great Britain, afraid of throwing America and England into co-operative action, either for offensive economic sanctions against the aggressor, or for a firm defensive stand against encroachments on their rights and interests in the Far East. So long as there was the possibility of action against aggressors by the "democratic front"—England, America, France and Soviet Russia—Japan hesitated; and the aggressor who hesitates is lost. But Japan knew that not one of these powers would take independent action, and as soon as Mr Chamberlain made it clear at Munich that he wanted peace at any price, as soon as the compromise with the Fascist aggressors isolated Soviet Russia, Japan moved in behind British Hongkong with her reserve troops from Manchuria and occupied Canton in a flash, followed by the fall of Hankow. And now what?

Hankow and Canton were the last two industrial economic nerve centers remaining to China. Hankow was also Britain's strategic point for the control of her great Yangtze River sphere of influence, together with Shanghai on the coast. Canton was the base of British power in South China,

the military outpost of which was the fortified island of Hongkong. With Canton in Japanese hands, Hongkong is isolated from the interior and the Rock of Hongkong is only another Rock of Gibraltar—a first line of defense for Singapore.

The time element is of decisive importance to the attacker. The collapse of the democratic front against the aggressors at Munich and the resultant individual paralysis of each power now open up a brief golden period of free opportunity for Japan in the Far East. Taking advantage of this brief opportunity, Japan is moving fast. She now intends apparently to march over the whole of traversable China and to blast the remaining western cities to the ground. When this is a *fait accompli* no doubt she will turn to face the so-called Great Powers with a toothy smile and ask Mr Chamberlain's blessing for at last having made peace possible in Asia.

This paralysis of the democratic powers is temporary. It will not last long. New political forces in each country will eventually rise to take action. But in the interim, great havoc can be wrought, especially in China.

A hundred years of history is reaching its climax in the Far East today—the hundred years since Japan's Meiji Restoration and China's defeated T'aip'ing Rebellion, which resulted in the gradual rise to power of Japan and the gradual colonization of China. China is at bay—but the Chinese fight best with their backs to the wall. One of the basic traditional tactics of Chinese generals is to intentionally put their troops into a trap—and then fight like demons.

Anyone who has seen the Red Army in China, the guerrillas behind the Japanese lines, the soldiers in action under Japanese artillery and bombing, will testify to the potentialities of Japan's intended victim. Once given purpose and direction, the heroism, the morale, the endurance, the sheer ability to create an invincible front out of nothing but human spirit and flesh, of the sons of the common people of China are almost beyond belief.

**APPENDIX**

**THE SEVENTY OF THEM**

**CHRONOLOGY  
OF THE CHINESE COMMUNIST MOVEMENT**

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## THE SEVENTY OF THEM

ONLY A FEW NAMES of Communist leaders have appeared in the newspapers for the past ten years, but these have become household words in China. There are about nine of these, known in combination as:

"Chu-Mao," or Chu Teh and Mao Tsê-tung,  
P'eng Teh-huai and Lin Piao,  
Ho Lung and Hsiao K'eh,

and the three wolves *solent*:

Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien,  
Hsü Hai-tung, and  
Lo P'ing-hui.

These became publicly known as the spectacular defenders of the four far-flung Soviets, in high command of the main Red Front armies. Most of the leaders of the Central Soviets and of the First Front Red Army have already been presented to the foreign public by Edgar Snow in his recent book,\* including of the above, Mao Tsê-tung, P'eng Teh-huai and Lin Piao, together with Hsü Hai-tung from the Ouyüwan Soviet. It was partly in order to get the autobiographies of the other elusive commanders, and of the Soviet women and various political and cultural leaders, that I made my own trip to the Soviets in 1937. I was also very much interested in learning about the younger leaders and the more unknown talent in the Communist movement, as these second-leaders constitute the base of the executive power of leadership, especially in the case of the young political commissars and such.

In addition to the nine well-known names mentioned above, events

\**Red Star Over China*, Random House (New York) and Gollancz (London).

of the past year or so have brought several other names into the public prints in connection with the Sian Incident and the United Front negotiations with the Central Government. These are: Chou En-lai, Po Ku, Yeh Chien-ying, Lin Pei-ch'u and Wang Ming (the Chinese delegate to the Comintern), who are the Communist political liaison men in this United Front. Another newly publicized name is that of Han Ying (or Hsiang Yin), a veteran military and political leader who has been commanding the isolated Red troops which remained in the South after the main forces left on the Long March, and which are now reorganized into the Fourth Route Army (operating under Yeh T'ing and Chang Fa-kuei in Central China).

For those "inside Communist China," however, there are other names of veteran Party leaders of equal importance, such as:

Lo Fu, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party;

Wang Chia-hsiang, member of the Politburo and also of the Revolutionary Military Council;

Chang Kuo-t'ao,\* who was political head of the Szechuan Soviet with Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien;

Liu Hsiao-ch'i, Chief of the Labor Unions;

Teng Fa, Chief of the OGPU;

Jen Pi-shih, who was political head of the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet;

Lo Man, Principal of the Communist Party School; and

Liu Pei-ch'eng and Ch'en Po-chün, two high Red commanders, newly promoted.

Then there are the women leaders:

Tsai Ch'ang

Ting Ling

Liu Chien-hsien

Ten Ying-ch'ao

K'ang K'e-ching

Li Chün-chen, and others

What personalities hide behind these thirty names? And who are the rest of the leaders that make up this extraordinary body of leadership whose heroic achievements have already amazed the four hundred and fifty millions of Chinese?

I made up a list of seventy of them and found it of considerable interest to attempt to analyze the sources and quality of this little group who have made Chinese history move so fast during the past ten years. Luckily, I was able to meet nearly all of them during my four months in the Soviet capital.

This autobiographical material which I gathered with so much

\*Chang Kuo-t'ao was expelled from the Communist Party in 1938.

coaxing and effort, however, is of special value because it is the first available in almost every case. Most of my subjects had never had time even to think about themselves for ten years, much less render an account of their eventful lives. Hardly any of the Communists seemed to know much about each other's personal histories, so even they themselves do not have the material which I insisted upon ferreting out. Several of them, in fact, asked me to send them a copy of our interview when written up, to keep for posterity.

I found these personal histories fascinating, not only because they told the inside story of the Chinese Revolution, but because they were first-rate social documents and provided an invaluable insight into the complexity of Chinese life and history in general.

After four months of talking with these historical characters, I received many definite—and indefinite—impressions of the quality of the Chinese Communist leadership, both collectively and individually.

To begin recording these impressions deductively, working from the general down to the particular, I was, first of all, perfectly astounded at the importance of Hunan Province as a source of revolutionary leadership in China. Of the thirty names already mentioned as the most important Communist leaders, ten are of what the Chinese call the "Fighting Hunanese" genus. These include:

|                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| Ho Lung        | Lo Man           |
| Hsiao K'eh     | Mao Tsê-tung     |
| Jen Pi-shih    | P'eng Teh-huai   |
| Lin Pei-ch'u   | Miss Ting Ling   |
| Liu Hsiao-ch'i | Miss Tsai Ch'ang |

Then on my list of seventy leaders I found fifteen more natives of Hunan. Therefore, twenty-five of the seventy Communist leaders of China are Hunanese, or over one third—36 per cent., to be exact. Hunan is admittedly the home of the best warriors of China—but twenty of these twenty-five Communists are political, not military, leaders. Also, one must not forget the illustrious Hunanese names of several who have already sacrificed themselves for revolution—Huang Kung-liu, scholar and commander of the 3rd Red Army, who ranked with Chu Teh, Mao Tsê-tung and P'eng Teh-huai at the time he was killed in 1932; Hsia Hsi, political head of the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet before he was killed in battle in 1936; and the two famous Communists who were executed after 1927, Tsai Ho-shêng and his wife, Hsiang Chin-yü, the "Grandmother of the Chinese Revolution," both close comrades of Mao Tsê-tung in founding the Communist Party..

I discovered also Hupeh, the twin province to Hunan, to be a second source of first-rank leaders. These provinces are known as the "Liang-hu," or the Two Hu, provinces, one meaning South of the Lake and the other North of the Lake. Hupeh, which contains the three Wuhan industrial cities, Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang, that were the seat of the revolutionary Wuhan Government in 1927, has produced several very important Communists. These include four of the most important proletarian leaders, Han Ying, Tsai Shu-fan, Hsü Hai-tung and Li Li-san (now inactive), together with Lin Piao and Teng Pi-wu. Therefore, the sister provinces, Hunan and Hupeh, have together provided thirty-one leaders, or 44 per cent., of the Communist leadership indicated on my list of seventy.

Three Southern provinces, I found, have produced over half my seventy leaders—Hunan, twenty-five; Hupeh, six; and Kwangtung, five. These three figures total 36 persons or 51 per cent.

Altogether sixty-two of my seventy leaders, or 88 per cent., turned out to be Southerners, including, in addition to the above, seven from Szechuan, four from Kiangsu, five from Anhui, three from Kiangsi, four from Chekiang, Lo P'ing-hui from Yünnan, Dr Fu Lien-chang from Fukien, and Tsai Ch'ien from Formosa.

Only thirteen of the seventy came from the North—five of whom were natives of Anhui, three of Shansi, two of Hopei, two of Honan, and one of Manchuria—Kuan Shang-yin, a Manchu.

Four of the eighteen provinces of China proper were not represented among the seventy. These are: Kwangsi, Kweichow, Shantung and Shensi. Of course, Shensi Province (home of the late famous Liu Tzü-tan) now has many second-rank leaders in its Soviet movement, and also Shantung. I never met a Communist from Kwangsi, however. This seems rather strange in view of the fact that Kwangsi is the sister province to militant Kwangtung. They are called the "Liang-kwang" in China, or the "Two Kwang" provinces—Kwang West and Kwang East.

Southern China is the home of revolution. Kwangtung (whose capital is Canton) was the cradle of the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion and of Sun Yat-sen and his Kuomintang revolution. (It was also the cradle of all the Cantonese laundrymen abroad and of most of the emigrants to the South Seas and other places.) It is natural enough that revolutionary Kwangtung should have its quota of Communists—and also that the industrial cities of Hupeh (Wuhan) and of Kiangsu (Shanghai and Wusih) should have their proletarian leaders. But why, may we ask, is Hunan the mother of one third of our brood of seventy?

And furthermore why is it that western Hunan\* in particular should have produced most of our twenty-five Hunanese? The question is no easier to answer than why the state of Ohio should have produced one fourth the presidents of the United States, but there is no harm in trying, I suppose. Let us ask the Fighting Hunanese themselves:

According to Mao Tsê-tung (who even has red peppers cooked in his bread), it is because: "All pepper-eating peoples are rebels, and the Hunanese eat more pepper than other Chinese."

When I asked Miss Ting Ling, whose home, like that of her relative Lin Pei-ch'u, is in the famous Lin-li *hsien* of western Hunan, she replied:

"The upper Yuan valley was near the Miao tribal areas, and in western Hunan there are many Miao mixtures—this is why western Hunanese are so *li hai* and brave. . . . There were many big clans in Hunan Province, though not so many in North China. The support of such magnificent houses and their parasites naturally required great exploitation of the people, and that is why western Hunan is the most famous place in China for its rebellious peasantry. The area around Lin-li is regarded as the home of the strongest, bravest soldiers in China. Even the women there sometimes fight each other with swords! In fact women in western Hunan carry knives in their garters or in their belts, and will fight if anyone dares trouble them."

Miss Tsai Ch'ang, who comes from Hsiang Hsiang *hsien*, said it was "because the agrarian problem in Hunan is very acute and the class struggle is therefore intense."

But the best reasons I got were from the two political commissars in the "Fighting Hunanese" Second Front Red Army. Both being Northerners, they may have a better outside perspective. Kuan Shang-yin, a Manchu from Manchuria, political commissar to Ho Lung, told me this:

"Ho Lung inherited from his father the special characteristics of western Hunan, the rebel center of China, which are fearlessness, quick intelligence and self-confidence. . . . During the Great Revolution [of 1926-27] the peasants of this area [the Hung-hu region where Ho Lung's Soviet was first formed] in Hupeh and Hunan had struggled very hard and the land revolution had already begun. The

\*The important Communist leaders born in western Hunan (west of the Hsiang River) *hsien* are: Hsiao K'eh (Chia Ho); Ch'eng Fang-wu (Hsiang Hua); Miss Ting Ling and Lin Pei-ch'u (Lin-li); Hsieh Chu-tsai (Ning Hsiang), Miss Tsai Ch'ang (Hsiang Hsiang); Miss Hsiang Chin-yü (Hsi P'u); and Ho Lung (Shang Chih), and others. Lin-li and Shang Chih *hsien* are noted for producing first-rate soldiers, of which Ho Lung is the local model hero.

peasants were land hungry and because of their previous experience of struggle and high emotion gladly joined the new [Communist] revolution."

Liu Shao-wen, Hsiao K'eh's political commissar from Honan, told me in his excellent English:

"I think the reason why Hunan is the revolutionary center of China is this: Hunan is a kind of frontier or buffer province between South and Central China and is a constant arena of struggle and civil war between armies moving backward and forward and also between conflicting political tendencies. The people couldn't stagnate even if they were not hot-tempered and progressive by nature."

The genius of Hunan for revolution is equaled, however, by its genius for suppressing revolution. It must be remembered that it was Tseng Kuo-fan (of whom Miss Tsai Ch'ang and her brother Tsai Ho-shêng are relatives, incidentally) and his Hunanese warriors who so ruthlessly destroyed the great agrarian T'aip'ing Rebellion for the Manchus in the 1850s, and again it was Ho Ch'ien, governor of Hunan, who was most savage in his massacre of revolutionaries in 1927. Tseng Kuo-fan is the idol of Chiang Kai-shek and other Kuomintang generals.

L. Z. Yuan, in *Through a Moon Gate*, remarks:

"It was the formation of these armies [the armies of Tseng Kuo-fan in Hunan and of Li Hung-chang in Anhui in the days of the T'aip'ings] that made Hunan and northern Anhui the main sources of Chinese professional soldiers. In the many civil wars during the last few decades in China, there were more Hunan and Anhui sons serving in the various armies than from any other provinces. It, perhaps, is for this reason that today the Chinese government has picked Hunan as the center for the recruiting and training of new troops for the war against Japan. The populace of northwestern Anhui is declared to be as militant as the Hunanese."

Western Anhui was the home of the Anhui part of Hupeh-Honan-Anhui (Ouyüwan) Soviet. The Communists not unnaturally inherited the two most militant areas in China, it seems, when they established Soviets in Hunan and Anhui.

In any case the Hunanese are not only the best soldiers of China, the most militant peasantry, the most militant students, but they are also the most nationalistic, anti-foreign and provincial-minded. A Chinese from an outside province thinks twice before starting up a new business in Hunan. It was Hunanese troops who took the nationalistic slogans most seriously in 1927 and actually tried to oust the foreigners from Nanking at the time of the Nanking Incident. And it

was Ho Lung's Hunanese Red Army which took most interest in the anti-imperialist side line of capturing foreign missionaries during the Soviet period. Why they should have ventured to remain in such anti-foreign territory can only be explained as a fondness for martyrdom.

It must be observed that it was the above leaders who created the Soviets and not the provincial Soviets which created the leaders, for all of my seventy except four (Pien Chang-wu and Dr Chi P'eng-fei, who joined during the Ningtu Uprising in 1931, Lo P'ing-hui, who joined the Red Army in 1929, and Miss Ting Ling) were already Communists in the pre-Soviet period of 1927. The Soviet populations were only in Kiangsi, Fukien, Szechuan, Hunan, Hupeh, Anhui, Honan, Shensi, and a border of Chekiang.

Each province in China has its special character and has been historically almost as much an entity as each of the various countries of Europe. Natives of a particular *hsien* are just as distinguishable as the "men of Cork," Ulster, or Yorkshire.

But let us veer aside from the Hunanese angle and proceed to analyze the Communist leadership further.

Here is the bare list:

### POLITICAL LEADERS (53)

|                               |   |
|-------------------------------|---|
| <b>COLLEGE EDUCATION</b>      | <b>Li Po-chao</b>                           |
| ( <i>France</i> )             | Lo Fu (Chang Wen-t'ien)                     |
| Chou En-lai                   | Lo Ting-yi                                  |
| Fu Chung                      | Po Ku (Cheng Pang-hsien)                    |
| *Ho Ch'ang-kung               | Wang Chia-hsiang                            |
| *Hsü Teh-lieh                 | Wang Kuan-lan                               |
| *Li Fu-chün                   | Wang Ming                                   |
| Li Li-san (inactive)          | Wu Liang-p'ing                              |
| *Lo Man                       | Yang Shan-kun                               |
| Nieh Jung-chen (also Belgium) | ( <i>Japan</i> )                            |
| *Tsai Ch'ang (Miss)           |   |
| ( <i>Moscow</i> )             | *Ch'eng Fang-wu (also Germany and France)   |
| †Chang Kuo-t'ao               | Ho Lu-hua or Liao Ch'in-chih (also Moscow)  |
| Hsü Meng-ch'iu                | *Lin Pei-ch'u or Ling Tzü-han (also Moscow) |
| *Jen Pi-shih                  | Teng Pi-wu (also Moscow)                    |
| *K'ai Feng                    |   |

†Chang Kuo-t'ao was later expelled from the Communist Party in 1938.

## APPENDIX

## (China)

Teng Ying-ch'ao, Miss (Peking Nat'l Normal U.)

Tsai Ch'ien (Shanghai U.)

## NORMAL SCHOOL GRADUATES

Ch'eng Tzü-hua (Kuo Min N.S., Taiyuanfu)

\*Ho Tzü-chün, Miss (Hunan Normal College)

\*Mao Tsê-tung (Hunan Normal College and special tutoring under Li Ta-chao at Peking National U.)

\*Ting Ling, Miss (P'ing Min Girls' School, Shanghai, and Shanghai U. 1 year)

\*Wang Shou-t'ao

## MEDICAL SCHOOL

Chi P'eng-fei, Dr (Sian Army Hospital)

Fu Lien-chang, Dr (Mission Hospital, Tingchow, Fukien)

## MIDDLE SCHOOL EDUCATION

\*Chang Wen-ping

\*Kan Shih-ch'i (also Moscow)

*Li K'ê-nung*

\*Liu Hsiao-ch'i (also Moscow)

Liu Shao-wen (also Moscow)

\*Mao Tsê-ming

Wei Kung-ch'i, Miss (also Paris and Moscow)

## SPECIAL EDUCATION

\*Hsieh Chü-tsai (*hsiu ts'ai*, Classical scholar)

Kuan Shang-yin (self-educated, then trained in Moscow)

*Liu Chien-hsien*, Miss (1 yr. primary school and 3 yrs. training in Moscow)

*Teng Fa* (Whampoa Academy and trained in Moscow)

*Tsai Shu-fan* (2 yrs. primary school and trained in Moscow)

## PRIMARY SCHOOL EDUCATION AND AT CHINESE RED ACADEMY

*Chou Hsing* (6 yrs. primary school)

*Fang Wen-ping* (2 yrs. primary school)

\**Wang Chên* (3 yrs. primary school)

## SELF-EDUCATED AND AT CHINESE RED ACADEMY

*Han Ying*

*K'ang K'e-ching* (Miss)

*Li Chün-chen* (Miss)

## EXECUTED BY KUOMINTANG

*Chao Shih-yen*

*Ch'u Ch'iu-pai*

\**Hsiang Chin-yü* (Miss)

*Hsiang Chung-hua*

*Li Ta-chao*

*Peng P'ai*

\**Tsai Ho-shêng*

## DIED FROM OTHER CAUSES

*Chang T'ai-lei* (killed in Canton Commune)

\**Hsia Hsi* (killed in battle)

*Ku Tso-lin* (died from illness)

## EXPELLED FROM COMMUNIST PARTY

*Ch'en Tu-hsiu*

*Tan P'ing-shan*

## MILITARY LEADERS (17)

|  |                        |                                     |
|--|------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| ACADEMY GRADUATES<br><i>(Red Army Academy, Moscow)</i> |                        | <i>(Yünnan Military Academy)</i>    |
| *Hsiao Ching-kuang, 8 yrs.                             | (also Whampoa Academy) | Chu Teh (also Germany 4 yrs.)       |
| Liu Pei-ch'eng, 4 yrs.                                 |                        |                                     |
| *Tso Ch'u'an, 4 yrs. (also Whampoa Academy)            |                        | PROMOTED FROM THE RANKS             |
| Yeh Chien-ying, 2 yrs. (also Yünnan Academy)           |                        | *Ho Lung                            |
| <i>(Whampoa Academy, Canton)</i>                       |                        | <i>Ho Wei</i>                       |
| *Cheng Ken (also Moscow 1 yr.)                         |                        | <i>Hsü Hai-tung</i>                 |
| Ch'en Po-chün  |                        | Lo P'ing-hui                        |
| Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien                                      |                        | *Hsiao K'eh (Normal School Student) |
| Lin Piao   |                        | KILLED IN BATTLE                    |
| Nieh Ho-t'ing  |                        | Chao Pao-shen                       |
| <i>(Hunan Military School)</i>                         |                        | *Huang Kung-liu                     |
| *P'eng Teh-huai  |                        | Liu Tzü-tan                         |
|  |                        | Teng Chen-t'ang                     |
| <i>(Paotingfu Military Academy)</i>                    |                        | <i>(CAPTURED AND EXECUTED)</i>      |
| Pien Chang-wu  |                        | Fang Chih-min                       |
|  |                        | <i>ABROAD SINCE 1927</i>            |
|  |                        | Yeh T'ing                           |

NOTE: The asterisks in the foregoing list indicate persons born in Hunan Province; names in italics indicate those of the proletarian class.

As to the social origins of the seventy, I found that only 17 per cent. were proletarians (italicized on my list). These twelve persons, however, held key positions far outweighing their numbers in influence. Only Han Ying, Hsü Hai-tung and Ho Wei of the army high command were of proletarian origin, but most of the political commissars (who control the political life of the army) of the main Red armies were veteran trained Marxist labor leaders. Kuan Shang-yin, a textile worker from Manchuria, was political commissar to Ho Lung; Wang Ch'en, a railway worker from Changsha, to Hsiao K'eh; and Ho Ch'ang-kung, a factory worker who went to France after the World War and worked his way through school there, to

Lo P'ing-hui, Teng Fa and Chou Hsing held the strategic positions of chief and vice-chief of the OGPU, while Fang Wen-ping was national leader of the Communist Youth League, Tsai Shu-fan was Commissioner of the Interior, Miss Liu Chien-hsien was Director of Mines and Factories, and Li K'ê-nung, Chief of the Communications Department. At the same time, of those who studied in France, Nieh Jung-chen, political commissar to Lin Piao, Fu Chung, political commissar to Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien, Li Fu-chün, Chairman of the C.C. of the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Soviet, and Miss Tsai Ch'ang, chief of the women's work of the Communist Party, had all worked in factories in France while studying there, and organized Communist activities among the Chinese workers in France. Many others, though not of proletarian origin, have had long experience in the working-class movement, notably Li Li-san, who dominated the trade unions before 1931, and Liu Hsiao-ch'i, now head of the Communist Trade Union Department. Nearly all of the political leaders, in fact, had intensive experience in the working-class movement during the 1923-31 period, before it was suppressed in the Kuomintang areas.

Only 13 per cent. were professional soldiers, I found. These nine were all farmers' sons, whose families were not tenants, except Yeh Chien-ying, whose father was a Cantonese merchant, and Ho Lung, whose father was a tailor. Several of them ran away from home as boys, however, and joined the army on their own, such as P'eng Teh-huai, Lo P'ing-hui and Cheng Ken. (The other six military leaders, aside from the two proletarians, are to be regarded as "students": Nieh Ho-t'ing, Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien, Lin Piao, Ch'en Po-chün and Hsiao Ching-kuang were all middle-school student leaders before joining Whampoa Academy for military training, and Hsiao K'eh was a normal school student when he joined the army.)

As to the remaining 70 per cent., all except 3 per cent.—two peasant women, Miss K'ang K'e-ching and Miss Li Chün-chen—were what the Chinese call "*hsueh-sheng*" or "students," belonging to the educated classes. That is to say, they would all have been permitted to wear the long-gown of the scholar in the Confucian days of the dynasty. Those who have attended a university or middle school (high school) in China are considered *hsueh-sheng*—they number about 5 per cent. of the four hundred and fifty millions.

This *hsueh-sheng* 67 per cent. of my seventy came mostly from the petty-bourgeois class, nearly all of them from families of small-farmers and professionals, with a sprinkling of merchants among them. An interesting phenomenon to be noted, however, is the number of first-rate revolutionary leaders produced by the old Confucian

scholars of the dynasty whose aristocratic families were bankrupt. These include:

|                  |                   |   |
|------------------|-------------------|---|
| Miss Tsai Ch'ang | Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien | Lin Pei-ch'u  |
| Miss Ting Ling   | Hsiao K'eh        | Hsü Meng-ch'iu  |
| Miss Li Po-chao  | Ch'eng Fang-wu    | Teng Pi-wu  |
| Chou En-lai      | Li Fu-chün        | Hsieh Chü-tsai (himself<br>a <i>hsiu-ts'ai</i> scholar) |

From the above facts, it is easy to see that the leadership of the Soviet movement in China was by no means made up of peasant personnel, as has been supposed. Eighty-four per cent. were either revolutionary intellectual or true proletarian leaders, while 13 per cent. were professional soldiers.

The amount of formal education which these revolutionaries have absorbed is astonishing. I uncovered the following statistics:

Of the fifty-three political leaders, 53 per cent. were college graduates. And of these twenty-eight graduates, all but two had studied abroad in France, Japan or Moscow—ten of whom had already been graduated from universities in China before going abroad for study. Sixty-six per cent. were graduates either of college or medical or normal school.

Of the seventeen military leaders, four were graduates of the Red Army Academy, Moscow—Hsiao Ching-kuang, Tso Ch'uan, Yeh Chien-ying and Liu Pei-ch'eng, while Cheng Ken had spent one year studying in Moscow. Chu Teh had studied the social sciences in Germany four years, but not military science. Seventy per cent. (twelve) of the seventeen military men were Academy graduates either of the Red Academy, Moscow, or of Whampoa, Yünnan, Hunan, or Pao-tingfu military academies in China. Only Ho Lung, Ho Wei, Hsü Hai-tung, Lo P'ing-hui and Hsiao K'eh had risen from the ranks.

All together 85 per cent. of the seventy may be said to have received an “education,” including military-academy and middle-school graduates, and those with “special education” in Moscow. However, the remaining 15 per cent. have nearly all been intensively trained in the Communist Party School and the Red Academy of the Chinese Soviets.

Of course, education in schools is not of great importance to such leaders. Their real education has been derived from reading books and from living experience in political and social activities. They learn from each other, too—and what one has spent four years learning in college abroad is common knowledge for all of his comrades.

In addition to the thirteen political and four military leaders listed

as having received a college education in Moscow, many others have been trained there either at Sun Yat-sen University or in the Eastern Toilers' University. All together, thirty-seven of the seventy, or 53 per cent., received training in Moscow (including all of those educated in France, except Ho Ch'ang-kung). Hundreds of Chinese students were trained in these two universities, many of whom were Kuomintang but not Communist members. Because the names of the Communists were known to the Kuomintang members, when the general massacre of Communists began in 1927 scores of the Moscow-returned students were easily arrested and executed. In the same way, the majority of the proletarian leaders of the 1925-27 period were also killed in uprisings or executed after 1927, especially during the Li Lisan period, which is the reason so few remain in the Communist ranks today. Nobody could tell me exactly how many Communist Party members had been killed since 1927, but they all agreed that one hundred thousand was a minimum.

The Chinese Communists already have their levels of traditional heroes. Of course, anybody who fights with the Red Army very long has to be a hero *per se*, and merely to have kept alive during the past decade is an achievement, but the veterans are divided into:

1. Party Founders.
2. Veterans of the "Great Revolution" of 1925-27.
3. Veterans of the Nanchang Uprising, on August 1, 1927—the founding of the Red Army.
4. Veterans of the Canton Commune and Hailofeng.
5. Veterans of Chingkanshan.
6. Veterans of the 1931 Central Executive Committee (at the time of the foundation of the Soviet Republic).
7. Veterans of the Long March.

Casualties among the above have been terrific, as pointed out in my chapter on "The Importance of Dying." Veterans of the Canton Commune are exceedingly scarce, for instance, and those of Hailofeng practically non-existent.

But let us see what has happened to these:

At the time I was in the Soviets only two of the original seven Communist Party founders remained—Mao Tsê-tung and Chang Kuo-t'ao.\* The moving spirits behind the formation of the Chinese

\*Now only one remains, for Chang Kuo-t'ao was expelled from the Party in 1938. Mao Tsê-tung is the only survivor in good standing of the original founders.

Communist Party were a little nucleus in Peking National University, consisting of two professors, Ch'en Tu-hsiu and Li Ta-chao, and two students, Mao Tsê-tung and Chang Kuo-t'ao. The Party was formed in Shanghai in May 1921—nobody I met could tell me the exact day—by twelve persons, all of whom were students or professors. Only two, Mao Tsê-tung and Chang Kuo-t'ao, joined the Soviet Revolution, but both became important political leaders. Mao Tsê-tung was elected Chairman of the Central Government of the Soviet Republic, in 1931, and Chang Kuo-t'ao was political leader of the Szechuan Soviet and the Fourth Front Red Army, and was in 1937 made Chairman of the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Frontier Government which took the place of the Soviet Government.

Ch'en Tu-hsiu, editor of *New Youth* and leader of the Literary Renaissance of 1919, dominated the Communist Party until 1927, when he was expelled for Right Opportunism, and in 1931 imprisoned by the Kuomintang.

Li Ta-chao was executed in Peking in 1927.

Li Han-ching was executed in Wuhan in 1927.

Li Ta resigned and is now a professor in Peking.

Four of them, however, turned over to the Kuomintang before 1927 and became high officials, including:

Shao Li-tze (later Governor of Shensi Province and Chief of the Kuomintang Central Publicity Department).

T'ai Chi-t'ao (President of Examination Yuan).

Chou Fu-hai (who became secretary to Chiang Kai-shek).

Ch'en Kung-p'o (Minister of Industries).

Shih Tseng-tung.

Almost simultaneously the Paris Branch of the Chinese Communist Party was formed, founded by the nine students in France shown on my list, and several others who were executed, including Chao Shih-yen, the Party Secretary executed in Shanghai in 1927.

Other branch founders were three of the five "Grand Old Men of the Chinese Soviets," Chu Teh, now aged fifty (Germany), Teng Pi-wu, aged fifty-one (Hupeh), and Lin Pei-ch'u, aged fifty-five (Canton). Old Hsü Teh-lieh (now sixty-one) did not join the Party until 1927, while Old Hsieh Chü-tsai (now fifty-six) joined in 1925. These five Grand Old Men, much beloved by the young Communists, are hale and hearty veterans of the Long March. They were a familiar sight in Yen-an, walking about the streets with their arms around each other in patriarchal camaraderie.

## APPENDIX

Two other early Party Secretaries who were arrested and executed were Ch'ü Ch'ü-pai (a famous Marxist writer, captured and executed in Fukien in 1934), and Hsiang Chung-hua (arrested and executed in Shanghai in 1931). There have been only five Secretaries since the Party began, of whom Ch'en Tu-hsiu, the first, was imprisoned, and only two others now remain alive—Lo Fu and Po Ku.

Except the five Grand Old Men, all other living Party founders are now only about forty years old. Below them comes a great quantity of Veterans of the Great Revolution, nearly all of whom are still under thirty. All on my list of seventy were Communist veterans of the Great Revolution, except Miss Ting Ling, Dr Chi P'eng-fei, Lo P'ing-hui and Pien Chang-wu. Except the Party founders and the six older military leaders, nearly every one of the seventy was born either in 1907 or 1908.

The majority leadership of the Chinese Communists, therefore, is in the hands of a young person about thirty years of age. The youth of several of the very highest leaders is notable. For instance, several born in 1907 are: Po Ku, Wang Ming, Ch'eng Tzü-hua, Miss Liu Chien-hsien and Miss Li Chün-chen.

Born in 1908 were: Lin Piao, Nieh Ho-t'ing, Wang Kuan-lan, Chou Hsing and Tsai Ch'ien.

Born in 1909 were: Wang Chên and Hsiao K'eh—while Ch'en Po-chün, the youngest army commander, was born in 1910, and also Wu Liang-p'ing, Chief of the Agitprop Department.

In the military sphere, the Veterans of the Nanchang Uprising on August 1, 1927, which founded the Red Army, are the No. 1 heroes. This was led by Chu Teh, Ho Lung, Yeh T'ing, who later resigned; Lin Piao, Cheng Ken, Nieh Ho-t'ing, Hsiao K'eh, Liu Pei-ch'eng and Lin Pei-ch'u. Nearly all of the twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand troops who participated in this uprising were annihilated during the fighting in 1927. Only twelve hundred of these men remained in 1928, after part of them had been annihilated in Hailofeng. Today hardly more than a handful is still alive. These were concentrated in the best division of the Red Army, together with the veterans of the Canton Commune—the 1st Division of the First Army Corps of the First Front Red Army, under command of Cheng Ken, which has never been defeated in battle.

After the Nanchang Uprising, the first Soviet was established at Hailofeng, and afterward the Canton Commune uprising was held on December 11, 1927. The leader at Canton, Chang T'ai-lei, was killed. Survivors of the Canton Commune are: Nieh Jung-chen, Yeh

Chien-ying, Nieh Ho-t'ing, Ch'eng Tzü-hua, and Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien.

The Chao Tao Tuan regiment, which had been the backbone of the Canton Commune, went to the Hailofeng Soviet after the Commune failed. There they were annihilated almost to a man. Only Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien Ch'eng Tzü-hua and Yuan Yü (political commissar of the Red Academy at the Front) remain alive as veterans of Hailofeng. P'eng P'ai, the Chairman and founder of the Hailofeng Soviet, escaped, also, but was arrested and executed in Shanghai in 1929.

Chingkanshan was the "time that tried men's souls." Mao Tsê-tung led his little band of a thousand insurgent peasants and workers up this impregnable mountain in Kiangsi in the winter of 1927. In May 1928 he was joined by Chu Teh with his little band of twelve hundred veterans of Nanchang and the Canton Commune, together with some ten thousand new peasant partisans recruited by Chu Teh during the South Hunan Revolt in January 1928. They were blockaded, but they held their base for a year, then set out with desperate determination to conquer and build up the Soviet Republic, which they succeeded in doing by 1931.

Only a handful of the veterans of Chingkanshan remain. The leaders still alive are Chu Teh and Mao Tsê-tung and their wives, K'ang K'e-ching (now only twenty-five) and Ho Tzü-chün; Ch'en Po-chün, Hsiao K'eh, Chang Wen-ping, Dr Fu Lien-chang, Lin Piao, Chou Hsing, Teng Fa, Ho Ch'ang-kung and several others.

After the failure of the Canton Commune in 1927 many Communists fled to Moscow. As soon as the Soviet Republic was organized in 1931, they began to drift back through the dangerous secret route from Swatow across the bandit-ridden mountains into the Fukien Soviet, and thence to the Red capital in Kiangsi—Juikin. At that time many women leaders and intellectuals joined their fortunes with the Soviet movement in the South, as well as military experts. The veteran leaders of the First Soviet Government were the seven members of the Central Executive Committee:

|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| Mao Tsê-tung     | Jen Pi-shih   |
| Chu Teh          | Han Ying (now commander of the 4th Route Army)  |
| Teng fa          | (Ku Tso-lin, Secretary of the Communist Youth League, who died from overwork while ill in 1933) |
| Wang Chia-hsiang |   |

All of the seventy on my list are veterans of the Long March of 1934-35, except Miss Ting Ling, who entered the Soviets only in

1936, Li Li-san and Wang Ming, who were in Moscow. Thirty Communist Party women came on this March, without a single death among them.

The veteran leaders of the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet are Ho Lung (commander of the Second Front Red Army) and his political commissar, Kuan Shang-yin; Hsiao K'eh (commander of the 6th Red Army) and his political commissar, Wang Ch'en; Ch'en Po-chün (later given command of the 6th Red Army), together with Jen Pi-shih, head of the Government, Kan Shih-ch'i, Chairman of the Political Department of the Second Front Army, and Liu Shao-wen, Chief of the Agitprop Department. Of this Soviet, Hsia Hsi, a close friend of Mao Tsé-tung and No. 1 political leader before Jen Pi-shih, was killed in battle in Kweichow in 1936.

The veteran leaders of the Ouyüwan Soviet are Hsü Hai-tung (commander of the 25th Red Army there and later of the 15th Army Corps) and his political commissar, Ch'eng Tzü-hua, Ch'eng Fang-wu and Ho Lu-hua, of the Political Department.

The veteran leaders of the Szechuan Soviet (who are also veterans of Ouyüwan, having transferred their base from Ouyüwan to Szechuan in 1932) are Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien (commander of the Fourth Front Red Army) and his political commissar, Fu Chung, together with Chang Kuo-t'ao, the political head of the Szechuan Soviet and Miss Li Po-chao, head of the Dramatics Department.

Four of the high command were killed in the Soviet period, including Fang Chih-min, who was captured and executed in 1935; Huang Kung-liu, commander of the 3d Red Army, who was killed in battle in 1932; Liu Tzü-tan, founder of the Shensi Soviet, who was killed in battle in 1936; and Teng Chen-t'ang, commander of the famous 5th Army Corps, who was killed in battle in Kansu in 1937.

The present leaders dominant in the Communist movement are revealed in the membership of the Politburo and Military Council.

The highest authority in the Communist movement is the Politburo, or Political Bureau, elected from the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, Lo Fu being Secretary of the latter. The members of the Politburo when I was in Yen-an were:

|              |                |       |                  |
|--------------|----------------|-------|------------------|
| Mao Tsé-tung | Chou En-lai    | Po Ku | Wang Chia-hsiang |
| *Chu Teh     | Chang Kuo-t'ao | Lo Fu |                  |

\*Many revolutionaries in China cut their names down to two syllables, as they consider the first part of their *ming-tzüs* totally unnecessary. The first

The second most important organ of authority is the Revolutionary Military Council. This includes:

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Mao Tsê-tung, Chairman                                 | Yeh Chien-ying, Chief-of-Staff                            |
| Chou En-lai, Vice-chairman                             | P'eng Teh-huai, Commander of the First Front Red Army     |
| Chang Kuo-t'ao, Vice-chairman                          | Ho Lung, Commander of the Second Front Red Army           |
| Han Ying, Vice-chairman                                | Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien, Commander of the Fourth Front Red Army |
| Liu Pei-ch'eng, Chief of Staff to the Military Council | Hsü Hai-tung, Commander of the Fifteenth Red Army Corps   |
| Wang Chia-hsiang, Vice-chairman                        |   |
| Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army            |   |

The officials of the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Soviet Government, the sole remaining Soviet, while I was in Yen-an were:

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Teng Pi-wu, Chairman <i>pro tem.</i>       | Wang Kuan-lan, Commissioner of Land            |
| Hsieh Chü-tsai, Secretary                  | Mao Tsê-ming, Commissioner of People's Economy |
| Tsai Shu-fan, Commissioner of the Interior | Lin Pei-ch'u, Commissioner of Finance          |
| Po Ku, Commissioner of Foreign Affairs     | Liu Hsiao-ch'i, Commissioner of Labor          |
| Hsü Teh-lieh, Commissioner of Education    |  |

part of their given names is merely the generation name given to the children of a family rather like a number. Thus if Mao Tsê-tung should do this, he would be called Mao Tung, Mao being the surname and Tung his personal given name. His brother would be Mao Ming instead of Mao Tsê-ming.

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## CHRONOLOGY OF THE CHINESE COMMUNIST MOVEMENT

### (1) RISE OF THE COMMUNIST MOVEMENT

- 1918—founding of the Chinese Socialist Youth, the first organization along Socialist lines in China.
- May, 1920—the Socialist Youth becomes a branch of the Communist Youth International.
- November 1920—Sun Yat-sen revives the *Chung Hua* Kuomintang as the *Chung Kuo* Kuomintang or “Chinese National People’s Party.”
- 1920—the first labor strike in China, organized by the Anarchists in a cotton mill in Changsha, Hunan.
- May 1921—founding of the Chinese Communist Party in Shanghai.
- 1923—the Chinese Communist Party decides to form a United Front with the Kuomintang.
- February 7, 1923—Pinhan Railway Strike, marking the first great upsurge of the Chinese labor movement.
- January 20–30 1924—First National Congress of the Kuomintang, at which this party is completely reorganized along the lines of the Russian Communist Party, and Communists are permitted to become members.
- May 31, 1924—the Treaty between China and Soviet Russia inaugurating a basis of national equality.
- May 1924—founding of the Whampoa Military Academy in Canton, under Soviet Russian direction.

### (2) THE “GREAT REVOLUTION” OF 1925–27

- May 30, 1925—the “May Thirtieth Incident,” when the British fired upon a demonstration in Shanghai, causing a great wave of revolutionary activity in China.

*July 9, 1926*—start of the “Northern Expedition” to overthrow the Northern war lords.

*November 10, 1926*—formation of the “Wuhan Government,” jointly participated in by Communists and the Kuomintang.

*March 22, 1927*—capture of Shanghai by the Shanghai workers led by Ch'u En-lai, a Communist.

*April 12, 1927*—formation of the “Nanking Government” and the “Shanghai Massacre,” when Chiang Kai-shek effected a *coup d'état* and began the “Purgation Movement” against Communists with the massacre of thousands of Shanghai workers who had captured Shanghai on March 22.

*May 21, 1927*—the “Hsü K'e-hsiang Massacre” in Changsha, Hunan, when revolutionary peasants and workers were killed by the militarist of that name to prevent the seizure of land by the peasants.

*July 15, 1927*—“The Split” between the Communist Party and the Kuomintang, and the Kuomintang break with the Third International.

### (3) THE SOVIET REVOLUTION

*August 1, 1927*—the “Nanchang Uprising” among Chang Fa-kuei's “Iron-sides” army led by Communists, which founded the Chinese Red Army, though it was then called merely the “Peasants' and Workers' Army.”

*August 5, 1927*—the Chinese Communist Party proscribed by the Wuhan Kuomintang.

*August 7, 1927*—at a meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, Ch'en Tu-hsiu is deposed as secretary and a new line adopted.

*August 17, 1927*—the first Chinese Soviet organized by P'eng P'ai at Hailofeng, in the East River region of Kwangtung Province near Canton, which was annihilated on February 29, 1928, after severe fighting.

*September 12, 1927*—the “Autumn Crop Uprising” led by Mao Tsê-tung in Hunan, which resulted in the formation of the “1st Division of the 1st Peasants' and Workers' Army” from peasants, miners and insurrectionary soldiers. This army of a thousand climbed the mountain Chingkanshan in the winter of 1927 and held this base until the autumn of 1928.

*November, 1927*—first permanent Soviet government established at Tsalin (Ch'alin), Hunan.

*December 11, 1927*—the “Canton Commune,” when the Communists seized Canton for three days.

- January 1, 1928*—the “South Hunan Revolt” led by Chu Teh among the Hunan peasantry.
- May 1928*—Chu Teh goes to Chingkanshan to meet Mao Tsê-tung, joining forces as the “4th Red Army,” with Chu Teh as commander and Mao Tsê-tung as political commissar.
- July 1928*—P'eng Teh-huai leads the “Pingkiang Uprising” in Hunan and joins the Soviets as commander of the 5th Red Army.
- 1928*—Ho Lung begins the formation of a Red Army in the Hunghu area of Hunan, which after several reverses built the “Hunan-Hupeh Soviet” of one million population, finally consolidated when Hsiao K'eh's 6th Red Army arrived to join forces with Ho Lung's Second Front Red Army, on October 22, 1934.
- 1929*—Lo P'ing-hui leads the “Kian Uprising” of *min tuan* in Kiangsi and joins Red Army, commanding the 12th Red Army.
- 1929*—the formation of Soviets in Hupeh and Honan at the first of the year, which spread to Anhui and by the end of 1930 included ten *hsien* with a population of a million, called the “Ouyüwan” or “Hupeh-Honan-Anhui” Soviet. On November 7, 1931, the “Fourth Front Red Army” was organized under command of Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien while Chang Kuo-t'ao was head of the Soviet Government then controlling a population of two million—the highest period of the Ouyüwan Soviet.
- 1930*—formation of the 3d Red Army under Huang Kung-liu (later killed in action).
- July 27, 1930*—P'eng Teh-huai occupies Changsha.
- December 1930 to January 1931*—the Red Army defeats the First Campaign against it.
- May 19, 1931*—beginning of the Second Campaign, also defeated by the Red Army within a month.
- July to October 1931*—the Third Campaign—likewise defeated.
- \**December 11, 1931*—first All-China Congress of Soviets which formed the Soviet Republic of China and elected the first Central Soviet Government, with Mao Tsê-tung as chairman, and Han Ying and Chang Kuo-t'ao as vice-chairman.
- December 14, 1931*—“Ningtu Uprising” of the 26th Route Army

\*I had the greatest difficulty determining the exact date of this first Soviet Congress. The date has often been given as November 7, 1931 (anniversary of the October Revolution in Russia), but nearly everyone I talked with gave me December 11 as the correct day—commemorating the anniversary of the Canton Commune. It seems probable that the congress was called for November 7, but that the delegates did not all arrive in time for this, so the later day was decided upon. The “Constitution of the Chinese Soviet Republic” adopted at this congress was dated December 20, 1931.

(formerly Feng Yu-hsiang's Kuominchün), which became the Fifth Red Army Corps after joining the Red Army.

*April to October 1933*—the Fourth Campaign against the Soviets, which was defeated by the Red Army.

*1933*—formation of the "Szechuan-Shensi Soviet" under Hsü Hsiang-ch'ien and Chang Kuo-t'ao. In December 1932 the Fourth Front Red Army changed its base from "Ouyüwan" to Szechuan and in May 1933 formed the "Tungkiang-Nanchang-Pachou Soviet" of about a million population, including the three *hsien* of those names. This was soon reorganized into the "Szechuan-Shensi" Soviet.

*October 1933 to October 1934*—the Fifth Campaign, resulting in the retreat of the First Front Red Army from the Soviets in the South.

*January 22, 1934*—Second All-China Soviet Congress in Juikin, Kiangsi.

*October 16, 1934*—the First Front Red Army's Long March to the North begins, Mao Tsê-tung's column arriving in Shensi in October 1935.

*June 1935*—the First Front Red Army meets the Fourth Front Red Army at T'a-wei, Mo-kung *hsien*, Szechuan, on the Long March, after which the First and Third Red Army corps march on to the Northwest under Mao Tsê-tung and P'eng Teh-huai, while Chu Teh and Lo P'ing-hui remain with the Fourth Front Red Army, and spend the next few months in Sikong (Inner Tibet).

*November 19, 1935*—the Second Front Red Army begins its Long March from the Hunan-Hupeh Soviet, meeting with the Fourth Front Red Army in Sikong on June 23, 1936.

*February 1936*—formation of the "Special Independent Government of the Minorities" by the Fourth Front Red Army in six or seven *hsien* of Sikong, including about two hundred thousand population.

*July 14, 1936*—the Second and Fourth Front Red armies, together with Chu Teh's and Lo P'ing-hui's troops, begin the march to the Northwest from Sikong.

*October 1936*—all the Red armies meet together for the first time in Hui-ning, Kansu, as the Second and Fourth Front Red armies, and Chu Teh and Lo P'ing-hui's troops conclude their Long March and meet with the First Front Red Army in Kansu.

*December 12, 1936*—the arrest of Chiang Kai-shek during the Sian Incident, which inaugurates a United Front period of co-operation between "Red" and "White."

- February 1937*—the last battle of the long decade of civil war—between the Fourth Front Red Army and the Mohammedans in Kansu.
- July 15 to October 15, 1937*—the new democratic elections in the former Soviet regions, giving up the Soviet form of government and inaugurating a universal democracy, as the former Provisional Soviet Republic of China abdicates to make way for the “Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Frontier Government.”
- August 1937*—the Communist armies move into Shansi to fight the Japanese.
- September 22, 1937*—open publication of the United Front manifesto, under the terms of which the Red armies are reorganized into the “Eighth Route Army” as part of the regular national forces, under command of Chu Teh.
- September 24, 1937*—the Eighth Route Army’s victory over the Japanese at Pinghsingkuan in Shansi—the first Chinese victory of the war.
- December 1937*—formation of the new “Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Frontier Government” under Communist control, behind the Japanese lines in those occupied Northern provinces.

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