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Lapwood, Ralph and Nancy

Through the chinese revolution.

1954

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THROUGH THE CHINESE
REVOLUTION

THROUGH THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

by

RALPH AND NANCY LAPWOOD

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CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
FOREWORD	1
I EARLIER YEARS IN CHINA	7
II LIFE AMONG THE CHINESE GUERILLAS, 1939	22
III RETURN TO PEKING IN 1948	34
IV LIBERATION OF YENCHING AND PEKING	43
V LIVING STANDARDS	55
VI HEALTH	65
VII EDUCATION OF SMALL CHILDREN	76
VIII STATUS OF WOMEN	86
IX CONSTRUCTION	96
X EXPERIMENTS IN DEMOCRACY	107
XI GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND THE PEOPLE	120
XII FOUR POPULAR MOVEMENTS—1. LAND REFORM	129
XIII FOUR POPULAR MOVEMENTS—2. ANTI-COUNTER REVOLUTIONARY DRIVE	141
XIV FOUR POPULAR MOVEMENTS—3. RESIST-AMERICA- HELP-KOREA	150
XV FOUR POPULAR MOVEMENTS—4. ANTI-3 MOVE MENT	162
XVI THE TIENTSIN EXHIBITION	175
XVII INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT	184
XVIII CHINESE CHRISTIANS	197
XIX FAREWELL TALKS WITH OUR FRIENDS	208

FOREWORD

JOINT authors must always be faced with the mechanical difficulties of writing a book together—the use of names or personal pronouns, the differences in style, and so on. A married couple were once asked which one made the decisions in their family. The husband replied, "I make all the major decisions and my wife all the minor ones." When asked how it worked out, he said, "Very well—but so far there haven't been any major decisions." In our case the boot was on the other foot. Ralph and I discussed the broad outline of the chapters and even the details, but he did the actual writing. We revised it together while I darned the socks.

We sent copies of the first draft to several friends—some who had lived in China and some who had not—and one fairly general comment was that there was not enough information about ourselves in the book, so that we would seem too shadowy to readers. In particular they noted that I was "introduced almost by stealth." We had purposely kept ourselves out of the picture, as we felt it was more important to report the actions and reactions of our Chinese friends. But, as a little more personal detail was asked for, Ralph, now busy teaching, handed the job to me. So I have written this Foreword and inserted a few personal paragraphs elsewhere.

This book is neither an autobiography nor a history of the Chinese Revolution. For the latter we recommend C. P. Fitzgerald's *Revolution in China*. As for the autobiography, some day one of us might set down on paper some of the experiences—grave and gay—which have made our years in China so full of interest. They might include my early

recollections of being pulled by my mother, in a rickety box on wheels, through the streets of Peking, while Yuan Shih-K'ai's soldiers looted and burned the shops on both sides, calling cheerfully to us that we were in no danger—except, perhaps, from stray bullets! They might also include childhood memories of the chaotic war-lord era when family life in Peking ran on calmly against a background of constant war and rumours of war. Very different was the sophisticated life of the Treaty Port of Tientsin where I taught for twelve years in a school for western children. No such account would be complete without the full story of Ralph's long trip through the mountains with the Chinese guerillas in 1939, some episodes of which are reported in Chapter II of this book. But the most prolific source of material would be letters written to our families just after our marriage in 1940, when we travelled up and down the roads of Free China on work for the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives.

The hazardous journeys on Post Office trucks or broken-down commercial buses—the best running on alcohol and moderately well kept, but the majority on charcoal gas and looking distinctly Heath Robinsonian; the inevitable breakdowns and endless delays; the cheery resignation of our fellow-passengers, even when sitting in a growing puddle of rain-water on the back seat of a leaky bus; the atmosphere of hopefulness and courage in the face of appalling disasters and under the ever-present threat of complete Japanese domination—plenty of material there, if only one could do it credit. My father, who had been a medical missionary in China for thirty-four years, kept urging us to put our experiences into a book ("an unexpurgated edition, please!"). But we have been too busy living our lives to write about them in anything more serious than a semi-occasional circular letter.

Then why have we embarked on the writing of this book? Because we feel it is of vital importance that people in the west, particularly in Britain, should have a chance to know

what the Chinese people really feel about their new Government and the revolution through which they have been passing. Are they five hundred million oppressed souls waiting and longing for liberation by Chiang K'ai-Shck and his American supporters? Does everyone live in fear of the Secret Police? Does the State confiscate all property as a matter of course? The western Press would lead one to think that the answer to all these questions was an emphatic, "Yes." But our experiences from 1948-52 led us to believe otherwise. On the other hand, some journals and some recent visitors to New China have given such an entirely rosy picture of the country that non-Communists refuse to believe a word of their reports.

We are not Communists. We were Christian missionaries who had spent many years in China—thirty-five in my case and nearly twenty in Ralph's. We have been fortunate enough to have lived in, or travelled through, all but two of China's many provinces and seen her people under widely differing conditions. We came to regard the Chinese people with great admiration and affection, whether they were peasants or professors, students or pedicab riders, craftsmen or coolies. Deepening acquaintance strengthened our belief in the greatness of their past and the promise of their future.

Ralph returned to Yenching University in 1948 in time to witness the collapse of the old régime and the start of the new. I joined him, with the children, at the end of August 1949. We returned to China as a family, knowing that we would be living under a Communist-dominated Government there. We did not know what would happen, but were determined to stay as long as we were welcome. When other western colleagues felt they should leave, we were still urged to stay by our Chinese friends and we felt sure it was right to do so. In the tense and challenging atmosphere of the new China we could not always approve of the objectives and methods of the new Government, but we did our best to understand the viewpoint of the Chinese around us—to try to see things through their eyes.

Those were intensely interesting years to be in China—so much was happening so quickly. But still more interesting than the material progress visible on every hand was the change in the people around us. It was easy to see how poor peasants and impoverished workers would welcome a Government which gave them land or a share in the management of the factory, but we wondered how the intellectuals would fare and how they would regard the new Government. Our university teachers and students had been a privileged minority and most of them came from the well-to-do families of merchants or landlords. How would they feel about the new régime? Many obviously started with a certain amount of fear or unspoken criticism of the Chinese Communist Party, or gave lip-service to the new slogans while continuing to live comfortable, pleasant, academic lives quite cut off from the revolution going on around them. But gradually we saw them change from fear, hostility or passive resistance to a keen support of the People's Government. Kow and why did this change take place? In this book we have tried to answer that question by a factual account of what we saw and heard during four years of rapid change.

As we stayed on in China it became clear that sooner or later we must return to England. Our experiences in the new China would only take on their full significance after we had reported them in the west. So we had to balance against the service we could render by teaching in China the service of creating understanding of China in England.

At one time when national feeling ran high we began to wonder whether we would have any choice in the matter. During an anti-American campaign the last remaining American missionaries in our university were wrongfully detained as spies and then deported. We realised that the same thing might well happen to us. As we faced this possibility we came to see that whatever happened to our family we must not let it distort the picture or sway our

judgment of the total effect of the revolution as we **had** tried to observe it.

The crisis passed, and we continued our work in happy relations with colleagues and students until the summer of 1952. Then, when Yenching University was combined with two others into the new Peking University, the break in tradition and organisation, together with family and other considerations, decided us to leave. Our academic contribution, though still welcomed, was not so irreplaceable as to determine our course of action. Increasing international tension frustrated our attempts to mediate the friendship of British people towards China. The leadership and initiative in the Chinese Church lay rightly in Chinese hands. We could do little, as missionaries, to give them help or support.

We again talked over our plans with close Chinese friends. While assuring us that we were welcome to stay, they concurred with our decision to leave. They thought, with us, that we could serve the Chinese people best at this stage by reporting in England on the life and achievement of the new China. During the year of opportunities for speaking here since our return we have seen the readiness of British people to respond and the consequent urgency of the task of interpretation. It is to the furthering of that aim that this book has been written.

NANCY LAP WOOD.

NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION OF CHINESE NAMES

Chinese names in this book are romanised according to the Wade System. Vowels should be given continental pronunciation, and where two vowels stand together they should be pronounced as a diphthong and not separately. Consonants followed by (') are strongly aspirated; but t, p, ch, where unaspirated, are pronounced almost as d, b, j. Mao Tse-Tung thus becomes "Mao-Dze-Doong," with the stress thrown on the last syllable, and the second syllable having the short neutral vowel as at the end of "father." Similarly, Chu Te becomes "Jo D ϵ " the second syllable again having the neutral vowel, and Chou En-Lai becomes "Jo Un-Lie."

Where a place-name is already familiar in some other spelling than Wade's (e.g. Canton, Kiangsi, Hongkong) we use the familiar form. In the map at the end of the book, hyphens and apostrophes are omitted for simplicity.

In names of people, the Chinese place the surname first. Thus Hou Jen-Chih when in England calls himself J. C. Hou.

EARLIER YEARS IN CHINA

I LANDED in Shanghai, academic and inexperienced, a product of the British public school and university system, in October 1932. I had volunteered to teach in a grammar school for Chinese boys, and my future missionary colleague escorted me from the docks to the school. As we were pulled in decrepit rickshaws through the bustling streets, I was astonished at the swarms of people and shocked at the slums.

The school—Medhurst College—had once stood among irrigated ricefields on the outskirts of Shanghai. But when Shanghai expanded rapidly as an industrial centre, drawing cheap labour from the impoverished peasants of the Yangtse delta, the small school campus soon became embedded in a warren of mean streets and squalid alleys, struggling shops and dirty factories. As you walked towards the luxurious centre of Shanghai you passed many open-fronted workshops; inside, half a dozen grimy and ill-nourished boys were sweating over forges, filing brasswork on low stools, or forking presses, under the eye of the *lao-pan*—the boss—himself a skilled worker escaping from exploitation in another man's factory by himself exploiting little boy apprentices.

The bigger workshops and factories were not open to the eye of a passer-by, but before long I found myself inside some of them. During my first year in China I had the good fortune to meet Rewi Alley, a New Zealander working in the fire brigade of the Shanghai International Settlement. He and his two Chinese sons, adopted during holidays spent

on famine relief, taught me much about China and Chinese people that I could never have learned in the sheltered Chinese Language School. Alley was at that time responsible for factory inspection for fire hazards, and knew far more of the lives of the workers than any other westerner in Shanghai. He sometimes took me with him on inspection visits. In those days I was still moving in the world of books, ideas and techniques, and had not learned to see things in human terms. But even I could not stare indifferently at the slavery and misery that I met. There were twelve-year-old boys crowded into a cellar making electric torch bulbs over open flames, youths whose hands had been maimed by unguarded machines, boys dying of lead poisoning, silicosis or beri-beri, girls working over vats of boiling water in silk filatures—in an atmosphere like a Turkish bath. Alley pointed out factories where explosions due to dust-laden air had killed the workers, others where inadequate exits had resulted in women and children being trampled to death.

Our Chinese headmaster and we members of his staff responded as well as we could to the challenge of this sea of human misery around us. We organised night-school classes and tried to persuade factory managers to let their workers come. But when they did come, eager as they were to study, they were tired out after a ten- or eleven-hour day. We broke away from the usual routine, and organised games, dramatics, singing, newspaper-reading, discussion groups. The night school grew until it was far bigger than the day school, and we needed to mobilise all the boys of the senior school for night-school teaching. The night-school students found temporary happiness and meaningful activity, the day-school boys had their eyes opened and consciences aroused. But the more we did, the more we realised that no extension of this work of ours, however great, would solve the basic problem posed by this complex of factory slums and wretched labourers.

Rewi Alley asked me one day if I could make maps—and would I be willing to go up into a country district beyond Nanking to map the hills? I said I could and would, and learned from him the background of the request.

A friend of his, a retired missionary named Joseph Bailie, lived in the county town of Ho-hsien, in Anhui Province, thirty miles up the Yangtse from Nanking. There he was acting as adviser to the young magistrate. This man, an able and energetic American-trained administrator, was determined to show that an honest hard-working magistrate could effect great improvements in the livelihood of the peasants in his county. His first action on taking control had been to abolish the system of farming out taxes. He opened tax offices in his headquarters, and put hundreds of tax gatherers out of business—and immediately had on his hands a riot backed up by some of his leading citizens. This was suppressed with the help of the provincial garrison, and the magistrate proceeded to further reforms.

In the north-west of Ho-hsien County lay barren hills. He planned to get these planted with trees. Forests properly looked after would provide timber and fuel, would release for fodder the straw now used as fuel, and thus raise the standard of living of the local people. But needy peasants might chop down the young trees, or allow their goats to destroy them. It was Bailie's idea to allot to each village an area of hillside: this was to be their forest land and they were to look after it arfd reap the benefit of the afforestation. For such an allocation, maps were needed.

So as soon as the summer term ended I set out with five senior boys for Ho-hsien. We had very little money, so we travelled by the lowest class on the train, as deck passengers on the river launch, and spent the night in Nanking on the floor of one room of a low-class inn. From the county town we were taken in the magistrate's own car—a broken-down old Model T Ford—to the village called Hsiang-ch'uan (Fragrant Fountain), where we were to camp out in the

Christian chapel, and make daily surveying trips into the nearby hills.

This was the first of five holidays—three summer, two winter—spent at Hsiang-ch'uan. After the first, we were turned out of the chapel, so we ate and slept in the derelict village temple. In the winter the cold was intense, and we sometimes worked in deep snow. In the summer the temperature soared to 105 degrees in the shade, and in the long grinds over barren hills in glaring sunshine we longed for green pastures, still waters, or even the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." But sheet by sheet our map grew. Every time there were more boys with me than before, and the scope of our work expanded.

From the first we had naturally taken with us a fair stock of medicine, since malaria, dysentery, infected wounds and trachoma were so prevalent and so much to be feared. As soon as we arrived, villagers began to bring sick children to us, for there was no doctor or clinic in the whole county with half a million inhabitants. Pity conquered caution, and we shared our medicines, applied simple commonsense and clean treatment. We were so successful that we realised that we must make special arrangements for a clinic if we wished to be free to carry on with mapping. So after the second visit we took each time a group of boys trained in first aid and simple treatments in the Shanghai London Mission Hospital, and set up a clinic in our old temple.

For some of the patients we could do nothing but advise the long trip to hospital at Nanking, but still there were many whose trouble was ignorance and dirt, leading to festering sores and wounds. We cleaned them up and strong constitutions did the rest.

One common source of infection was the Fragrant Fountain from which the village took its name. This was a hot spring of sulphurous water. In earlier and more prosperous times a marble bathing pool had been built around the spring, and an elegant tablet praising its healing virtue was ascribed to the great Emperor Ch'ien Lung

himself. But the buildings around the spring had long fallen into disrepair and squalid filth. Because of the reputation of the spring for healing, men suffering from all kinds of skin disease came to bathe in it. In the bath they took off the squares of paper smeared with black salves which had protected suppurating sores, and stuck them on the walls, among the mass of old salve paper and busy flies.

We undertook the cleaning up of the Fragrant Fountain during our second summer. It proved a major task. We swept and washed walls and ceilings, opened up drains and cleaned out the thick black stinking mud from them. Having after much persuasion mobilised some of the villagers to help us, we removed great piles of rubble from the courtyards where they had lain since the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion seventy years before. We shifted about a hundred tons of rubbish and the villagers made new doors and planted out flowers in the courtyard.

Little education can be done in a few weeks, but some of our boys put on propaganda plays, went into the tea-houses to tell the people the news of the day, and tried to introduce into the village school the "Little Teacher System" by which the children undertake to teach their elders at home the ideographs they have learned that day.

Thus in the summers of 1934 and 1935 we had thirty or forty boys engaged in various jobs of service to the people of the village. Some small results were achieved after great efforts on our part, but the more we worked the more we realised that we could not touch the main problems. And this was only one out of the million villages of China,

One winter day the boys came to me deeply distressed. Going after a severe snowstorm into the home of an old peasant nearby they had found him starved and frozen to death. This incident threw a clear and merciless light on the problem of livelihood which underlay all those superficial problems which we were attacking. The hired peasants and poor farmers, who formed the majority of the population of that district, ate two meals of rice and pickled

cabbage a day. They were always undernourished and diseased. They aged and died early. They were clothed in patched and ragged garments. Their houses were sunless hovels, hot and airless in summer, cold and dank in winter.

Of course this problem lay beyond the capacity, even in one small village, of a bunch of schoolboys. But it was certainly the concern of the magistrate. He has been selected as magistrate of Ho-hsien because in the north of the county lay the town of Wu-chiang, where Nanking University had a Rural Experiment Station. An honest magistrate was needed to give the Station a chance to work. The university was putting much money and effort into the attempt to improve the living of the peasants by introducing better seeds and animals, and by the organisation of co-operatives to handle credit, supply and marketing.

Usually poor or tenant farmers found themselves short of grain at sowing-time. They had to borrow from their landlords or the merchants, who lent at high prices and usurious interest rates, and on condition that the crop was sold to them. When harvest came the merchants combined to depress prices, at which the farmer was forced to sell, since he had not the money to carry him along till prices improved. Thus he fell even deeper into the clutches of landlords and moneylenders.

The objective of the co-operatives was to break this vicious circle by lending money to the poor farmer, and managing his supply and sales. The co-operative with its greater financial resources could operate in favourable markets.

The surveying of a line for an irrigation canal took us to Wu-chiang, and I was able to make an unofficial visit to the Rural Experiment Office. This was very discouraging. I found that the scale of the work was small; few farmers could get the improved seed or strains of livestock, few could get loans as co-operative members. The university

could not put many men into the town or fields, and those who came had to tread very warily lest they offend the local merchants or gentry. This was typical of such efforts at rural reform—the scale was small, and the fundamental problem, that of the landlord system, could not be touched.

When I stayed with the magistrate later, I realised what an uphill job he had. He was full of ideas and enthusiasm, but all around him were old-style officials, experts on procedure, red tape, and "passing the buck," with no conception of their job as one of service to the ordinary people. The Japanese invasion destroyed his work in Ho-hsien. He went on to other jobs, gradually losing enthusiasm and hope, then growing cynical. In the end he became himself one of the old-style officials whom he had once despised. Thus the entrenched evils of the old régime defeated and swallowed up those who challenged them as *individual* reformers.

I did not spend the whole of each summer holiday in Hsiang-ch'uan village. There still remained two or three weeks which could be used in travel. There were adventurous journeys to be attempted, and noble mountains to be climbed, in many parts of China. Taoism boasted five sacred peaks and Buddhism four, and beyond these there were many other beautiful mountains carrying lovely temples beside the pilgrim routes of ascent. Rewi Alley and I, often accompanied by his two boys and by one or two of my students, spent memorable days reaching and climbing sacred mountains. My interest was still mainly in things—geology and buildings, statues and inscriptions. His was in people. So as we travelled we talked with everyone—monks in the temples, innkeepers, soldiers, railway attendants, shopkeepers, beggars, cart-drivers, children, and especially farmers and labourers. We both spoke with strong foreign accents, but we could understand what we heard, and the boys could come to our rescue as needed.

Alley could never let a human need for help go by without trying to do something about it. When in the opium-ridden city of Tung-kuan we came across a woman dying and fly-covered in a ruined temple he scoured the town trying to find someone to take her in. The officials would do nothing, but at last a mission clinic was found to help. We carried a good deal of medicine for dysentery, trachoma, malaria and skin diseases, but we never had enough for all the people Alley wanted to help.

As we travelled we saw ever more clearly the sickness of China herself—here and there the rich living in idleness, eating sumptuously, drinking and gambling, and all around them the poor living in hardship, often short of even the coarsest food, labouring day after day to create the wealth which others appropriated and enjoyed.

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On July 7th, 1937, the Japanese Army marched into North China. By then I was teaching in Peking at Yenching University. Because this was an American institution it was able from 1937 to 1941 to evade Japanese control. In our oasis of freedom we managed to keep up educational standards and encourage the secret groups which nurtured patriotic spirit among Chinese students. Many of these students after graduating made for the hills, where they joined the Chinese guerillas—the famous Eighth Route Army. Others undertook the risky journey through no-man's-land into the hinterland where Free China carried on the war of resistance. So we considered our work worth while. But still we were surrounded by conquerors and traitors, and we westerners might at any time find ourselves interned and useless. (This happened to British and Americans caught in Peking on the date of Pearl Harbour—December 8th, 1941.)

It was natural, therefore, to respond to a call from Rewi Alley to go to West China to join the work of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives Association (C.I.C.). So after

travelling across the mountains* I came in October 1939 to the town of Pao-chi, at the western terminus of the Lung-Hai Railway. The North-west Region Headquarters of the G.I.C. were there, directed by an able and energetic North-Easterner. He told me how the work had begun:

" The co-operatives were Rewi Alley's idea. Then a bunch of us living in Shanghai got together and worked out a plan to set up small self-governing factories throughout Free China. The objective was to start local production to meet wartime needs, to provide work for refugees, and to show a better way of industrialisation than the sweatshops of the port cities.

" The Government approved our plan, and provided our working budget, with a certain amount of capital to lend to the co-operatives, and we spread over the country to get to work. I came to Pao-chi, in the old days a poor and tiny town, but by then enjoying a sudden boom as the temporary terminus of the railway. As I walked through the town I passed a small blacksmiths' shop, obviously inadequately provided with tools.. I started to talk with the men at the anvil. They were refugees from Honan, and had put together their salvaged goods and cash in a pitiful effort to start up again.

" I explained to them that we were willing to advance loans, provided at least seven men, all skilled workers, would themselves buy shares in their own co-operative, and would agree to run their workshop according to certain democratic principles and procedures. Very suspicious, they promised at least to come to my office to talk things over. There I explained how they should organise themselves, keep accounts, share a limited liability, and divide the profits. Meanwhile the engineer in our office had verified that raw materials and markets were available. Finally, when all was clearly understood, the blacksmiths held their first meeting to elect officers, and to fix wages and hours of working. Their co-operative was then registered and took

* See Chapter II.

out the first loan, which they used for the purchase of implements and raw materials."

He took me to visit the Canvas-makers' Co-operative. A group of refugees, whose homes and workshop had been destroyed by bombing, had come to Pao-chi and set up, with C.I.C. help, in a group of caves. Pao-chi is in the loess district of North China, where millions of people live in caves dug out of the vertical cliffs. The co-operative owned three caves, parallel tunnels fifteen feet high—one for workshop, one for storehouse, and one to live in. They worked hard during regular daytime hours, and relaxed by change of occupation in the evening—once a week the members' meeting, once discussion of current news, once band practice (for each was learning to play an instrument), and once Bible study (they were all Christians). They took in apprentices and trained them to become full members after three years, as in other co-operatives. Their canvas was in such demand by hospitals and army that their work steadily expanded and they were able to add new members and buildings.

I worked for three years as inspector and statistician for the C.I.C. This meant extensive travel, as organising depots had been set up in sixty cities scattered over a great arc from Chekiang in the east to Lanchow in the north-west.

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During my first year in Free China I had become engaged by air mail and Nancy set out in July 1940 to join me, travelling from Tientsin by way of Hongkong and the constantly bombed Indo-China-Kunming Railway. As she described it later:

" My route was rather more conventional than Ralph's, but not altogether devoid of incident. The second-class carriage in which I was travelling—the last on the train—came off the rails on the edge of a ravine, but fortunately did not turn over. I got off with a few bruises from descending suitcases, and a shower of soot from the ancient oil-burning

lamp overhead. As our carriage could not be hoisted back on to the line without a breakdown-car, it was simply left behind and we were transferred to an open fourth-class truck near the engine to travel for another hour. Then everyone had to alight from the train and circle round the shoulder of a steep hill, heavy trunks and boxes being carried on poles by coolies, since another train had been derailed inside a tunnel some time before and the efficient French administration had not yet got round to moving it.

" After a couple of hours' wait in the sunshine at the other end of the tunnel, yet another train met us and carried us on for the next stage of our three-day journey. We travelled by day and stopped each night for fear of Japanese air raids, and felt relieved when we reached Kunming safely. Three weeks later the Indo-China section of the railway was finally closed by the Japanese.

" After an exasperating delay in Kunming, I at last secured an air passage to Chungking, only to arrive there looking a delicate shade of pea-green, the air over the deep Szechuan valleys having been unkind. My fiancé met me white and shaking—not from suppressed emotion but from the last stages of an acute attack of malaria. However, a week's holiday with friends on the slopes of Mt. Omei and an energetic climb to the top of that famous 11,000 ft. sacred peak brought healthier complexions.

" Ralph's next job was an inspection trip to the Northwest, but he promised to be back in Chengtu in good time for our wedding on October 5th. However, September, which is *always* sunny and cloudless in North and Northwest China, chose that year to produce torrents of rain for weeks on end so that landslides and deep mire made the roads impassable and there were no railways. Hope flickered and finally went out in a sea of mud, and Ralph despatched a telegram on October 1st suggesting postponement of the wedding. Friends in Chengtu enquired anxiously about the absent bridegroom, but the bride's faith and optimism were justified when the missing man arrived late on the afternoon

of the 3rd—just a few hours ahead of his telegram! The wedding ceremony was, in the end, delayed by a Japanese air raid, but only by a matter of minutes. The honeymoon, spent in a lovely old Taoist temple in the mountains, cost 30s., but that was before the beginning of the Great Chinese Inflation.

"During the first two years of our married life we were often on the move, many days being spent on trucks and buses and many nights in small wayside inns, fairly comfortable in winter but much too lively in summer. Our best score was thirty-nine bedbugs slain in one night, besides all those which got away. A pleasant interlude was provided by our stay in Kan-hsien, Kiangsi, Headquarters of the South-east Region of the C.I.C. Rewi Alley asked us to have built for him a little bamboo and mud cottage near the banks of the river, but, as he only spent a week or two there himself, we suspected he really had us in mind from the beginning."

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At Kan-hsien the C.I.C. headquarters and most of the co-operatives stood across the river from the city. It was good to saunter along the tree-lined towpath on a summer evening, past the co-operatives of boat-makers, rice-hullers, electroplaters, toothbrush-makers, and the machine shop, and to see the members, their work done for the day, sitting outside at their evening meal, or playing with their children. Grim memories of Shanghai emphasised the achievement of the co-operatives.

Among the co-operatives of the eastern provinces there were many stories of heroic escapes from the invading Japanese, or of rescues of machines from threatened cities. When members of the Ku-kong Camphor-making Co-operative needed a machine only obtainable in Japanese-occupied Canton, a party led by the woman chairman went through the lines by night and stole one which they smuggled back to Ku-kong.

The work of the C.I.C. was an upward struggle even

during the years before 1945, when wartime shortages made all industrial production welcome. Local merchants, officials and factory managers regarded the organisation of working men with deep suspicion. In South Kiangsi, where valuable wolfram ore was mined by men and children working under disgraceful conditions while mine owners made great fortunes, we were prevented from organising co-operatives. In Kuan-hsien, near the Tibetan border, a district rich in coal, wool, leather and waterpower, the gentry blocked our work. At Han-chung, in South Shensi, our depotmaster, an able and devoted young Yenching graduate, was taken by night and murdered by Government secret agents.

We arrived in Kan-hsien in the winter of 1940-1, and occupied a room in the old school building which housed our staff. One night at 2 a.m. we were wakened by shoutings and hangings, and our door was thrown open by a group of police. Somewhat taken aback at finding one bed occupied by a foreign woman, they ordered us to stay where we were and left us under guard. Meanwhile they conducted a search through the rooms and belongings of the rest of the staff. When they left we discovered that nineteen had been arrested. Our work was completely disrupted while for the next few weeks we were occupied in efforts to locate them and bail them out of the filthy and crowded jails. We failed for months to obtain the release of Lang Wang, the Head of the Region and a Canadian Chinese engineer. He was accused of being a Communist underground worker, but actually he was a pure technician and as innocent of political understanding as a babe.

Difficult as it was to get our work done in the Regions, the Chungking Central Headquarters were far more discouraging. I worked there for several months and observed at first hand the intrigue, anxiety and frustration which finally broke the health, energy and character of the friend whom I had so greatly admired as magistrate in Ho-hsien. It was his job to report to

Dr. H. H. K'ung, Minister of Finance, on whom we depended for funds. In a time of steady inflation, with no allowance in budgets or payments for increasing costs, our co-operatives were always starved for capital and our staff was always underpaid. Indeed in those days it was almost impossible for a Government official to feed his family without adding to his income by some form of corruption, such as "borrowing" public money, reporting false expenses, accepting bribes, or engaging in speculation.

G.I.G. officers always approached Dr. K'ung with fear and disgust, for a request usually meant putting up with unmerited scolding and harangue. K'ung's vile temper reflected all his domestic conflicts, and our requests were never studied rationally. Important issues were decided by emotion and as elements in the "palace intrigues" which surrounded Chiang K'ai-Shek in Chungking. We also suffered heavily from nepotism. K'ung would find a job for any relative of one of his supporters by writing to the G.I.G. some such order as, "Appoint this man as consulting engineer." Thus our already top-heavy organisation was loaded with useless or dangerous men.

Why did the men who had the interests of the co-operatives at heart submit to such treatment? Because any alternative would have been worse. If we had escaped from K'ung we would have fallen into the control of the Ministry of Social Affairs, which was manned by members of the most corrupt and ruthless clique (the C.C. clique) of the Nationalist Party (Kuomintang). Once there, our staff would soon have been replaced by men who wanted to use the C.I.C. as a new tool for control of the workers, and our funds diverted into some of the many factories which were run for private profit using public capital. These facts were well known to all who worked in the C.I.C., and Dr. K'ung's despotism, with all its disadvantages, was reckoned to be the least vicious of all the possible relationships to the Central Government.

The astonishing thing was that in spite of all the problems

and drawbacks, much was achieved. Hundreds of co-operatives provided a simple but adequate living for skilled workers and their families during the war years. Thousands of members got a glimpse of a new order in which they would govern themselves and share the profits won by their work. In those years of travel among the co-operatives I came to have a profound respect for the Chinese workman—his skill and ingenuity, his capacity for hard work and steady cheerfulness, his ability to co-operate with his mates. Given the very minimum chance, a well-organised co-operative was able to win through immense difficulties—inflation, bombing, evacuation, threats, discrimination and extortion. Here among the ordinary working men and women there lay a great reserve of wisdom, patience and energy, everywhere despised, neglected or repressed, but waiting for men who could perceive and mobilise it.

During the years of war, when local industry was needed for national survival, roughly made goods found a market. But when the war ended and communications were resumed, cheap and smart-looking Shanghai goods came up country and co-operative produce was harder to sell. Then American goods came flooding in, and holders of capital found it more profitable to hoard and speculate than to finance industry. Inflation increased in speed, and wealth became concentrated into the hands of an ever smaller class. The Government, led by this class, inevitably failed to deal with the economic crisis, and during the years 1945-8 all Chinese industry, including the co-operatives, ground to a standstill. The lot of the workers became desperate.

LIFE AMONG THE CHINESE GUERILLAS, 1939

AMONG the experiences of my first fifteen years in China there was one which contrasted sharply with the rest. In most areas and at most times one felt the immense inertia of a decadent old order, in which every blow for progress and reform seemed to glance, ineffective, from the huge mass of corruption and vested interest. But up in the mountains behind the Japanese lines there was decisive change, and a spirit of hope and confidence.

In 1939, when I had decided to leave Japanese-occupied Peking and join my friends in West China, there were two possible routes. The more orthodox way was by sea around the coast from Tientsin to Hanoi, and thence by train through French Indo-China to Kunming. The other, which I chose, lay across the wild mountainous region between Peking and the Yellow River, aiming at Sian as first objective in Free China. Throughout this vast region Japanese armies had been able to hold only the towns, motor-roads and railways, while around them on every side rose the mountain strongholds of the Chinese guerilla armies. The main difficulty lay in escape from Japanese-held territory: once among the guerillas, one could travel with them across the country.

After careful enquiries and preparations, a small party set out for the hills. From Yenching we could see, twenty miles away in the north-west, the peaks of Miao-feng-shan, which after two years of war still sheltered the outposts of guerilla armies. If we could reach those peaks we would be safely past our first hazard.

There were four of us and a guide. Hsiao Tsai-T'ien was an adventurous young mechanic from the university powerhouse—one of the new generation of Chinese craftsmen, who have learned to apply to machine work those abilities of hand, eye and brain which have made Chinese products world famous for many centuries. He was well-built, strong and tough, able to endure hard conditions and heavy toil with cheerful patience. The second man was a typical student, unfitted by temperament or training for life away from the cities. He could not easily adapt himself to the strenuous discomforts of long marches, or to the coarse monotonous food of the mountain villages. Yet like tens of thousands of city students in those days, his patriotic devotion enabled him to submit himself to harsh and dangerous conditions, and to learn in the end to overcome them. His surname was Chao—I did not know his true name, for like other underground resistance workers he never divulged it. After months of work in Peking he was going into the mountains to renew his contacts with the guerillas. Michael Lindsay and I, both young Englishmen teaching at Yenching, completed the party.

The weather favoured us, and in drenching rain our guide took us by a circuitous route past the Japanese blockhouses and village garrisons until by nightfall we were deep within the broad zone of no-man's-land which separated the opposing armies. We spent the night in an empty bungalow and next morning rlimbcd rapidly to the village of Chienkou, where we found, to our immense relief and satisfaction, soldiers in Chinese uniform, who greeted our guide as an old friend.

The guide, to whose skill we owed the safe accomplishment of this first step, was a youth who had run away from school two years before when the invading army entered his home town. He seemed to know every path and village in this wild district of rugged mountains. In spite of the widespread destruction and scarcities of a region much fought over, he found us lodging and food, help in carrying,

loads or crossing flooded rivers. He was quick and accurate in sizing up a situation, sensing when to hurry from an unreliable village where there might be Japanese agents, and when to disclose his connections with the Chinese Army. As long as we travelled in the dangerous no-man's-land he gave a different name and story in every village, keeping us westerners out of the way in the background. His whole life was spent among such hazards. It was his job to go down from the mountains into the cities to purchase supplies of radio equipment and medicines, and then to arrange for them to be smuggled out to the guerilla forces. He lived with great zest and drive, and was as hard as nails. Like many others in the mountains, he had malaria in his blood, and periodically suffered from high fevers. But even when he was shaking with malaria and could not eat he would grimly keep up with the rest of us and refuse all special treatment. He despised Chao's lack of stamina.

After six days inarching over high mountains in heavy rain, we came down to the village of Ghai-t'ang in a pleasant valley. A few days earlier the Japanese soldiers had been driven helter-skelter out of this valley, and the people were now beginning to come back from the mountain caves whither they had fled to hide. We were met by the magistrate. Each of these mountain districts had two magistrates, the Japanese puppet, who lived protected in an occupied city, and the real magistrate, who lived in a mountain village. The magistrate of Ghai-t'ang was a hatchet-faced young man of twenty-four, clad in a motley green uniform. He had broken off his university course in Peking and escaped into the mountains two years before. Now he had been magistrate of this area for a year and a half. He spent an evening in telling us of his work.

He described how Japanese punitive expeditions killed civilians, confiscated or destroyed crops, seized livestock, assaulted the women, burned the houses, until even the most unwarlike peasants became convinced that the only way was to fight. We remembered how in a ruined village where not

a single roof was left whole, an old farmer had said to us, " We do nothing but run away, and they do this to us! They are not people but beasts, and the only way is to kill them like beasts." So they gave to the guerilla soldiers and guerilla government welcome and assistance. The peasants were taught how to evacuate a village with their food and animals, and organised to supply information and cover for the Chinese soldiers. The new Government workers lived right alongside the people, sharing the same privation and danger, never leaving them.

Rents and interest rates were reduced, village associations given money to lend at low rates until harvest. Schools were set up in derelict village temples, and adults were taught in night school or by the small teacher system and street-corner blackboard. The guerilla armies never simply commandeered food, but purchased what they needed, paying special attention to grain transport so that the burden should fall evenly on all districts. Trade with Japanese-occupied cities was carefully controlled, on the principle of receiving from them only necessities, and sending to them only luxuries.

Most of the work of government was done by democratically elected village councils. The permanent officials were drawn from local leaders or else from the many patriotic young people who escaped from the cities. The ordinary official received a salary of \$10 a month—a wage equal to that of an unskilled labourer. The magistrate's own salary was \$14 a month.

As we travelled along the valley we were met at each village by an enthusiastic procession. Out to greet us were the school children, the Young Men's Association, the Women's Association, the Farmers' Association, and the National Salvation Association. Shouting slogans and singing patriotic songs they escorted us to the outdoor theatre where we made short addresses and listened to their plays, songs and exhortations. Even ten-year-old children made speeches. Banners carried the slogans: " Welcome

our International Friends," "Down with the Japanese Devils," "Long Live Chiang K'ai-Shek, Leader of National Resistance" (for those were the days of the united front). Our visit was fully used as a chance to educate the local people to the wider meaning of the war.

It was in this district that two old men resting in the market square listened while Lindsay and I talked with some of the children, endeavouring to overcome the barriers of their local dialect and our faulty intonation. At length one of the old men said to the other in pleased astonishment, "Do you know, this English language is not so difficult after all; I can make out what they are saying! "

The rains continued far longer and more heavily than usual. Streams which are normally a few inches deep became wide torrents, and rivers became almost impassable. We saw fields, copses and villages being eroded away by the swirling waters. Great standing waves marked rocks buried under the racing current, and where the river turned against a cliff the piled-up water rose several feet higher than in midstream. As we stood beside the river we could distinguish amid the uproar two notes—the higher pitch of the thrashing surface, and the deep rumbling of boulders colliding as they were trundled along the bed. We learned by narrow escapes never to wade alone into a current deeper than the thighs, and to avoid the stones at all costs. In those days many men were carried away and dashed to death in the rapids. Michael had a narrow escape when trying to find a crossing. His frightened mule bolted along the bank and dragged him by a foot caught in the stirrup. "Lucky it wasn't me," commented Hsiao. "He's so tall that he bounced along on his rump. I would have bounced on my head."

We came to rely on the local farmers. They knew the river-bed and could find the fords where the bottom was smooth and sandy. Forming chains of men, they took us steadily through currents which would have swept us away but for their strong support. Thus helped, we came in ten

days to the headquarters of General Hsiao K'e, who directed all the guerilla units of the Peking West area.

Hsiao K'e was a military leader of great experience and skill, a fiery Hunanese peasant who had come through the Long March in 1935-6 from Kiangsi around by the borders of Tibet to northern Shensi. He vividly described his recent campaigns—the successes of ambush and surprise attacks. He told for instance how the Japanese had drawn a net of ten thousand men around a centre of guerilla action. Slowly the circle closed in until at the end they found—no one. The guerilla soldiers had buried their guns, changed their clothes, and mingled among the farmers. So great was the loyalty of the local people that they would guarantee the disguised soldiers even with their own lives.

Hsiao K'e had a fine group of young men around him. While an impassable river forced us to wait for ten days at his headquarters we got to know and appreciate them. They were all ex-students who had come into the mountains rather than stay in occupied cities. They had learned to live on boiled maize and turnips with the peasants, to march thirty miles or more in a day over mountains, to give up cheerfully comfort, ambition, marriage, family, for the duration of the war. When they marched they carried on their backs all their possessions—blanket, towel, mug, toothbrush, spare pair of shoes, two or three books, and a diary. They educated themselves and each other in discussion groups, provided their own songs and plays, and regretted nothing of the city life they had renounced.

At last General Hsiao got tired of waiting to cross the flooded Chu-ma river which thundered past his headquarters. He ordered a boat to be made, and quickly. His resourceful carpenters found a dozen old ammunition boxes and fastened them end to end with staples and rope. A rough prow was added and our boat was ready. We prepared to cross one or two at a time, passengers in the middle boxes, while a soldier in the stern paddled and steered, and another in the bows held a long rope ready.

Chao and I crossed first. We were pushed off into the racing water and the steersman paddled madly. We whirled downstream smoothly until we reached a zone of tall standing waves. There the flimsy boat writhed and dipped like a live snake. The staples groaned and the ropes crackled, and water poured in over the sides. But as we began to picture ourselves swept over the rapids, each in his own small box, the boat emerged into smoother water, and the man in the bows was able to stand up and hurl the rope towards the far bank, where peasants were running along to keep up with us. One of these jumped into the river and secured the line, and soon we were pulled to the beach. Thus we all crossed in safety: next day the makeshift craft was swept downstream and broke up in the rapids.

Nearly two hundred miles farther on we came to the village of Meng-chia-t'ai—the seat of the Border Government. Without a guide we would never have found the place, for everyone we met gave a different answer to our question about the direction and distance of Meng-chia-t'ai. We discovered afterwards that this deception was deliberate; it was one of the necessary safeguards for a guerilla government that no unauthorised person should ever know where it was.

The Shansi-Ghahar-Hopei Border Government was so named because it administered seventy counties in the rugged massif where the three provinces meet. Surrounded on all sides by Japanese armies and their " traitor troops " it survived every expedition sent against it throughout the war. It had no fixed centre, but moved from village to village; its leaders lived as the farmers did—ate the same rough food, wore the same clothing, slept on the same *k'angs*,* endured the same hazards and suffering. When famine came, every soldier and official cut his barely adequate grain ration by one ounce a day (5 per cent) to

* The *Vang* is a raised brick communal bed which occupies about half the room in a North China cottage. It can be heated through inner flues.

ease the burden on the peasants. In such ways the unity between Government and people was constantly preserved.

We were welcomed by Sung Shao-Wen, Chairman of the Border Government. He was a typical northerner, with broad shoulders and square heavy features. He talked slowly and unemotionally, and by his own straightforwardness and confidence inspired confidence in others. He had graduated from Peking University and worked under General Yen Hsi-Shan in the Shansi Provincial Government. When that Government broke down under the Japanese attack he joined the united front in the mountains. Himself a member of the Nationalist Party, he found no difficulty in co-operating with the Communists in the war of resistance. Among his Government workers 12 per cent, were Nationalists, 8 per cent. Communists, and all the remaining 80 per cent, non-party men.

During the ten days that we spent at Meng-chia-t'ai we had ample opportunity to observe the bitter poverty of the mountain peasants. When times were good they ate millet and maize, with peppers, cabbage, marrows and onions for flavour. Meat and eggs were rare indeed. When times were bad—and during wars they were always bad—there was not enough to eat. They then ate *kao-liang*,* buckwheat and sweet potatoes. The army had compiled a handbook of famine foods, including wild jujubes, black dates, herb roots, tree leaves, fuller's earth, bark and various weeds.

We were waiting for news that we could proceed across the Cheng-T'ai railway, which ran east-west through a deep gorge in the mountain rampart at the pass called Niang-tzu-kuan. At last we learned that we had been assigned to travel with a large group of soldiers which was returning south after delivering military supplies. We proceeded to the rendezvous and took our place in the column. When we set out in single file there were about a thousand men

* A very coarse grain used generally for feeding animals or making alcohol.

altogether. In the van and at the rear marched a few experienced soldiers carrying sub-machine guns, next within them two main bodies of soldiers, between them the auxiliaries (cooks, radio men, medical corps, etc.) and the students from K'ang-Ta,¹ and in the middle of these the sick men and ourselves. We were not proud at being classified among the sick, for we were strong and fit, but when we saw the great stamina of the soldiers—how they completed the long daily marches carrying heavy burdens—we had to confess that that was where we belonged. The following notes on the crossing of the railway are taken from my diary.

" Orders issued in detail. Message came that J. on lookout, reinforced by 70-80 men, & informed of our passage. So change of route decided on & party divided—small group to go one way & main body another. Password *sha* fr.f Rain stopping set out abt. 3 p.m. going carefully SE. Over long ridge and at dusk plunged into narrowing valley. As daylight faded clouds cleared & stars came out. We dived into dramatic gorge, cliffs sometimes almost meeting overhead, five yards apart at base. Order passed back—' No talking.' Then another—' Put on white armband.' Then silent invisible procession, except for occasional clash of hoofs on stone, and white armband of man in front. ' Don't fall behind! If one man loses man in front the whole crowd may get lost.' Starlight showed dim outlines of hills & white pebbles shone faintly in front. Trod with high steps & toes up lest one's sandalled feet struck a rock. Fireflies like floating stars, dazzling when they came near, so sensitive were our eyes. After long march through wild gorge reached deserted village. Waited, eating cold steamed bread. Then moved fast, often running to keep up with the rapid pace of the leaders. Steep path, over field, down ditch to railway. Dived under bridge and out to

¹ The anti-Japanese university, which gave short-course training in the guerilla area.

† " Kill the enemy."

riverside. Long bridge, two planks wide, on wooden trestles. Muddy sandals slipped dangerously on wet planks, but hurried over at speed by guards. Up fast through dead village and out to hillside gully."

I now followed the man carrying the " dispensary " in two boxes on the ends of a pole. He set an astonishing speed up the hill in the dark over broken rocks. We hurried on until two in the morning, and then lay down, exhausted, to sleep. After an hour we were wakened, feeling stiff with cold, and marched on until dawn.

One hundred and seventy-five miles farther south we reached the headquarters of the famous Communist general Chu Te. There we were entertained by the group of young secretaries at what counted as a great feast—soup of cabbage and maize, and a hash of potatoes and mutton. We spent a day talking to Chu Te and P'eng Te-Huai, learning from them the long and complex story of the campaigns against the Japanese. Chu Te was entirely different from one's picture of a ruthless rebel leader. He was very quiet and gentle, his face wise and patient, lit frequently with a most engaging smile. The " small devils " who waited on him obviously regarded him with the greatest affection and no trace of fear. He wore the same clothes as his soldiers, joined in their daily exercise and occasional singsongs.

Hsiao, the mechanic, had made a good many shrewd observations during our long trek. He had been irritated by the lack of mechanical commonsense which led to inefficient telephones and radio sets and failure to utilise captured equipment. He was especially aggrieved by the custom of rolling ambushed Japanese trucks down into the nearest gully without first salvaging batteries, lamps, engine and other useful parts. But until now he had had very little hearing from the officers we met. His repressed feelings finally boiled over when he reached Chu Te, and he poured out criticisms and suggestions. Chu Te listened intently as

' Boys in their early teens who had attached themselves to **the army** and for the time being worked as batmen.

this young and unknown technician tried to tell him how part of his own job should be done. He courteously accepted criticisms and asked questions. He urged Hsiao to stay in the region to help them. (Hsiao refused at the time, but after becoming disillusioned in Free China and returning to Peking he escaped again into the hills and worked with the guerillas. When Peking was finally taken by the People's Liberation Army he turned up as a responsible officer in military transport.)

Leaving the headquarters we crossed a Japanese motor-road, marching fifty-five miles in two days and a night, and then travelled fast through territory held by Nationalist troops towards the Yellow River. P'eng Te-Huai had told us to expect to find morale worse as we journeyed west, but we were still unprepared for the marked degeneration we saw as we neared the river. We had been accustomed to seeing wounded soldiers well cared for, and carefully carried by well-organised peasants. But here things were different. My diary recorded "worst feature was large number of sick men, practically uncared for, on the way. Some who were better off could walk, but those who were being carried were so thin and wasted that skin pulled tight over bones and limbs shrunk like sticks—appearance hardly human. Seems to be no one to take care of any of them as they make their painful way over the mountain range. Hsiao says peasants cheat them over food. Hsiao going off the road stumbled on a fresh corpse in yellow uniform, partly eaten by dogs. We picked up a half-blind man walking slowly, set him on a donkey and took him on several miles. But he was too tired to stay with us and we had to leave him with some food money. So many sick needing help, and we could do nothing for them."

After crossing the Yellow River we visited the (Nationalist) base hospital to urge that better transport be provided for the sick and wounded soldiers. But the immaculate military doctor in charge said it was not his responsibility. He boasted of the small proportion of deaths in his hospital,

which he presumed was partly due to the fact that the bad cases died on the two-week journey from the front.

This startling unconcern was to become very familiar to us as we travelled in Free China, and passed streams of weakly and unhappy conscripts being driven to the front, and as we visited military hospitals and saw the wounded and sick lying on dirty sheets smeared with pus, blood and faeces, infested with bugs and lice.

Our journey of a thousand miles through the guerilla regions had occupied three months, and had taught us a deeper respect for Chinese peasants. We knew them to be superior to ourselves in stamina, patience and endurance; we were deeply stirred by their humour and kindness and courage. We were impressed too by the young men and women who had come out from the cities to the mountains. Amid harsh surroundings and formidable dangers, always under-nourished, often ill and weak, they were giving themselves completely in service. They worked with steadfastness and intensity, cheerful, confident, and full of hope. The grim material context of their lives was lit up by the joy and comradeship that they found in their work.

RETURN TO PEKING IN 1948

OUR full-time work for the Chinese Industrial Go-operatives ended in the summer of 1942. Yenching University had been closed in Peking by the Japanese on December 8th, 1941—the day of Pearl Harbour. Fifteen of the Chinese professors and some of the students were imprisoned, and all the British and Americans were interned. But many of the Chinese students and teachers slipped out of the Japanese-controlled cities and made their way to Free China. A refugee university was opened in the summer of 1942 at Chengtu, and we were strongly urged to help. This we decided to do, but we carried on work for the C.I.G. part-time.

In 1945 we were called back to England for long-overdue furlough and left by air for India—so that our two small children travelled by aeroplane before they even saw a train. VJ Day arrived while we were still in Calcutta awaiting transport to England. We wished we could turn straight back to China again, to be with our Chinese friends as they tackled the tremendous task of reconstruction, but it was obviously an impracticable course for us.

We spent a year in speaking about China in churches and schools, and two in technical studies required for Yenching teaching. Then I returned to Peking in the late summer of 1948, while Nancy, forbidden by the Mission to proceed to China in the turmoil of civil war, sailed for Australia to visit her parents and wait for the opportunity to bring the children to Peking.

Hongkong in 1948 glittered with prosperity and ill-

distributed wealth. But the destitution into which China had fallen under the postwar Nationalist Government was immediately obvious when we arrived at Shanghai. The buildings were dilapidated, the streets pockmarked with deep holes. Everywhere one saw refugees. Dirty paper, fruit peel and other rubbish littered the streets. Swarms of hungry pedicabmen fought for fares.

Three weeks previously Chiang K'ai-Shek had introduced a new currency in his last effort to stop inflation. The gold yuan, as the new unit was called, exchanged for three million of the old dollars, and its real value was about that of the dollar in 1936. Prices were pegged at the standard of August 19th, 1948, and heavy penalties were threatened for price-raising. At the time of my arrival, prices were steady, but goods were already beginning to disappear from the markets. The Government was still spending far beyond its income from all sources, and making up the deficit by printing more notes. Speculation and hoarding contributed to the financial mess, but could not be stopped since the highest Government officials were among the chief offenders.

After visiting Chinese friends I returned to the ship by pedicab. This vehicle, which had replaced the rickshaw in the main cities of China, was introduced by the Japanese as a cheap and simple means of transport wherever human labour was cheap. It is essentially a large tricycle with an armchair at the back in which the passenger sits. The pedicab in which I rode was old and decrepit, and had no brakes. A letter written at the time described the journey:

" Shanghai traffic is regarded by everyone who has seen it as the most dangerous in the world. In addition to the jostling mixture of walkers, rickshaws, pedicabs, bicycles, handcarts, cars, motorbikes, buses, trucks, trams, and even caterpillar tanks, there is the hazard created by very deep potholes in most of the streets. Traffic does not ease gently over the holes, but zigzags around them, so that sudden swerves and jerks are the rule. My rider was obviously not

an expert: twice, after dismounting, he nearly fell in getting on to the saddle. Moreover he had on poor straw sandals, so that his efforts to brake by holding his foot against the front wheel were feeble. At first the risks were not too great, but when we got near to the Bund we joined very heavy traffic, and he was in great trouble, being unable to stop when the traffic stopped, and slow to start (owing to the stiffness of the old machine) when it started. If something stopped in front of him, he had to swerve to one side, and many times he missed other vehicles going both ways by a fraction of an inch. Worst was the descent from the bridge over Soochow Creek. We swooped down with gathering momentum, and at the foot of the slope turned sharp left. The tricycle whizzed around on two wheels, quite out of control except for steering, like a nightmare sledge run. By good fortune we dodged all oncoming traffic and at last slowed down without a smash. As soon as I could I got out and finished the journey on foot, glad to overpay rather than endure such risks any longer."

This rider was a poor refugee peasant, who knew neither the rules of the road nor how to control his machine. After each day of struggling, dangerous riding and toil, he had to pay most of his earnings in rent to the owner of the pedicab.

We sailed from Shanghai to Tientsin, which lies forty miles up river from the coast of the Yellow Sea. There were a good many Japanese installations around the mouth of the river, most of them disused and falling to pieces. The big new harbour was half-finished, but no work was being done on it, so that it was rapidly disintegrating. The countryside as we travelled up river looked very lovely, with clear sunshine on the mud huts and willow trees, and here and there a patch of deep red kaoliang grain or yellow giant sunflowers. The country people went about their business and naked brown children played in the dust or in the shallow margin of the river, just the same as ever. But as we neared Tientsin we saw that hardly any of the tall chimney-stacks were smoking. On the banks factory after

factory stood idle. Textile mills seemed in good condition though locked up under guard, but chemical plants were rusting away.

At Tientsin Chinese officials—customs, police, medical, military—came aboard to make inspection. The dining-room and smoke-room filled up with uniformed men lounging around with beer and cigarettes, or putting away huge meals, all provided by the ship. The British shipping company had found it advisable, in order to avoid obstruction and delay, to entertain lavishly at each port. Sometimes as many as sixty meals were served to officials.

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Arriving at Yenching I found myself at last among friends whom I had not seen since we set off for the mountains nine years before. Most of them had spent the eight years of war in occupied North China. They had welcomed victory in 1945 with tremendous joy and hope. But this optimism had gradually faded during the three years of Nationalist Government, as mistake followed mistake and the slough of corruption deepened. Like ourselves, they had hoped to see postwar China revive under a Coalition Government; but this chance was lost when all parleys between Nationalists and Communists failed. The country was plunged into civil war; it was clear to them—in fact to all who understood the deep stresses in countryside and factory—that Chiang K'ai-Shek's Government was doomed, and his complete defeat by the revolutionary army only a matter of time. They wondered anxiously what would happen after that.

Some friends, however, were missing. During August the secret police of the Nationalists had increased their surveillance of students. As usual, information about their "black list" of suspects leaked out. On that list were thirty-eight Yenching students, including Liu Shih, one of my closest friends. While the Acting Chancellor of the University courageously refused to permit secret police to enter the dormitories to make arrests, the thirty-eight

suspects escaped. Liu Shih hid in the undergrowth in a corner of the campus for three days and nights, food being brought to him by a missionary professor, and eventually made his way out into the mountains where the Communists held control. He had been for several years a Christian leader, of brilliant intellect and progressive sympathies. In this way the Nationalists drove many of the most able of the young people into the arms of the Communists.

As I returned to China I intended to take no administrative responsibility, for I regarded the position of the western faculty members as properly advisory or auxiliary. In earlier years the leadership of westerners may have been unavoidable in certain types of institution, but I believed that time was already past. This good resolution was immediately broken, however, when I reached Yenching, for in my absence I had already been appointed to a responsibility which I could not evade—Head of the Student Welfare Department. The work of this department was to mediate between the students and the university administration. The majority of the students were very radical in their political sympathies, and demanded a person who could understand their views. But no Chinese of suitable attitude dared to take the position, as he would become an immediate target of the Nationalist Party's secret police, from whose attentions the foreigner enjoyed a certain immunity.

Of our 950 students, about 650 were anti-Government, about 200 pro-Chiang, while the rest refused to take part in politics. The feelings between the two wings grew more and more bitter. Apparently minor points, such as the method of election of the Student Self-government Committee, became the foci of angry struggles. The majority refused to make concessions, while the minority used every means, legal and illegal, to obstruct business. In a typical incident, the pro-Chiang group put up an unauthorised set of posters accusing a radical student leader of coming drunk to a meeting at which he took the chair. The charge was

false and slanderous, but when we ordered the posters to be torn down we were visited and threatened by a group of so-called students who were Nationalist agents put into the university for espionage.

Meanwhile the national economy ran rapidly downhill. Efforts to curb price rises by shooting guilty shopkeepers resulted simply in driving goods off the market. Merchants hoarded their supplies and showed empty shelves, farmers refused to bring grain or beasts to market. In the end the Government yielded, and prices resumed their upward flight. Business was poor in Peking. But good profits were made by merchants who had purchased from the immense stores left behind by the American forces. They had bought at prices so low that they were able to make a handsome profit even though underselling native goods, in such lines as tinned food, clothes, knapsacks, sleeping bags, mosquito nets, and toilet articles of all kinds. It was at this time cheaper to eat tinned turkey than fresh beef, tinned salmon than fresh fish, tinned butter than local vegetable oil, tinned pineapple juice than fresh fruit.

When the gold yuan had been introduced in August the Government had insisted that all silver, gold and American "greenbacks" must be turned in to the banks, with the threat of heavy penalties for failure to comply. Many people had obeyed, but not all. By November public confidence in the gold yuan had declined so far that surreptitious deals were being done in silver or greenbacks, and at the end of the month inflation had become so serious that the old Chinese silver dollars became legal tender once more. Meanwhile the surrendered silver, gold and greenbacks had found their way into the pockets of Nationalist officials. This manoeuvre of Chiang K'ai-Shek's Government caused greater resentment among the professional classes than any other action.

The smallest acceptable unit of American currency was the dollar, while the Chinese silver dollar was worth C\$0.50. This meant that Central Government currency

was still needed for most ordinary transactions, and an extensive trade in silver and gold dollars sprang up. At every market and at every major crossroads in Peking one could find crowds of people, and among them a steady "chink-chink" of silver coins being clinked in the palm. Thousands of impoverished merchants were earning a meagre profit as money-changers.

Buying and selling silver dollars was a difficult job. There were at least six types recognised as valid—two minted in the recent period (1932-), one in Yuan Shih-K'ai's time, one in the reign of the last Manchu Emperor, one the true Mexican dollar, and one a British coin which seemed to have been minted for use in Tibet. The Manchu dollar and one of the recent ones were of poor quality, and fetched only two-thirds of the price of the others. In buying, one had to ring the coin for pitch, and also blow across the edge, when an entirely different note could be heard on holding the coin to the ear. One had also to be on the lookout for signs of tampering with the coin by filing or dissolving off some of the silver. Amid such desperate poverty, standards of public morality collapsed as each struggled for the livelihood of his own family.

On November 30th I wrote: "Students and faculty have been on strike for the past three days against the Government's failure to control prices and supply rations. It started with the Peking University professors 'asking three days' leave to go and borrow money from their friends.' The rise of prices has been so sudden that salaried people simply don't know where to turn to get enough to live through the month. . . . On Friday we had a 'Struggle for Food and Warmth Meeting' (Cheng Wen Pao Hui) with angry speeches on problems of livelihood—by faculty, students, and workmen—and a gruesome play with a mad old woman, two deaths in civil war, a wicked landlord, suicide by drinking kerosene, suicide by meat-chopper after despatching wife by same, and death by apoplexy."

The Nationalist military collapse was just as complete as the economic. Communist armies drove down through Manchuria faster than anyone had expected—even their own leaders—and at the beginning of December distant gunfire added to the tension and fear. The American consul arranged a special ship for evacuation of American citizens, and the British consul advised women and children to leave. Hu Shih visited the Peking universities on behalf of the Nationalist Government, urging faculty members to go south, and the evacuation of whole institutions was considered. A handful of our faculty, Americans and Chinese, fled at this time.

But among our staff the general attitude was of passive apprehension and resignation. They had been taught by sustained propaganda to fear the Communists, moreover most of them came from the classes whose privileges the revolutionary movement was determined to destroy. Yet as patriotic Chinese they rejected the way of flight overseas. They intended to stay and face the music, but did not expect to enjoy it.

There were some, however, who looked forward hopefully to the coming of the " People's Liberation Army." One of them was Liu Ch'ing-Fen, who had been arrested, imprisoned and tortured by Japanese soldiers. He had returned later to his village home and met Communist guerilla workers. They persuaded him to help by teaching in one of their schools. He wrote in January 1947 of this experience:

" At first I did not have any interest in their work. Gradually I found their higher workers are very kind, humble and polite. Many new methods have been invented, the students have gradually achieved self-control and democracy. There is a new spirit in the school. I am sure that China's new education will most probably go in their direction. As I compare these things with education in the cities, I find that there the universities and middle schools are very old-fashioned, wasting the students'

lifetime, energy and money. The change in the Communist region is a challenge to the whole of China. . . . I have found that Christlike people are very many among the country Communists. They have a very eager zeal to serve the people—especially the poor and oppressed. They have invented many new methods to meet the social needs. They live very simply. They have very good self-examination and mutual examination. They have a great spirit of self-sacrifice."

Liu Ch'ing-Fen was now a graduate student, preparing in the School of Religion to be a Christian pastor, and a centre of stability and confidence among a crowd of people who feared for the future of religion under a Communist regime.

We prepared for civil war to sweep over us. Our historians told us that Peking had never been the scene of a great battle—it was defenceless once the mountain passes to the north were lost. We did not greatly fear involvement in fighting. But we did fear what might happen when defeated and undisciplined Nationalist troops withdrew past us, and the subsequent period of disorder until the new Government was properly in the saddle. We therefore laid in stores of grain and essential foodstuffs, and a small hoard of silver dollars, and prepared for privations.

During these pre-liberation weeks we lived in a queer political vacuum, an uneasy suspense. The old order, which we had come to hate, was dying; the new, which was to revolutionise our lives, was not yet born. As we waited we could make no plans, our actions could fit no pattern. The only thing that was clear was that we had, by staying, committed ourselves to life in a new Communist-dominated society. The sooner it came the better.

I V

LIBERATION OF YENCHING AND PEKING

ON Sunday, December 12th, we heard gunfire far away on the north-east. By Monday there was continuous sound of cannon and machine-gun fire about four miles away. Troops of Fu Tso-Yi (the Nationalist general commanding the Peking garrison) passed our gates in both directions, but many more were retreating towards the city (the nearest gate was five miles south-east of Yenching) than were going out to battle. Faculty members who lived outside the university campus grew very nervous, and so the students emptied one whole dormitory, into which by evening we had crowded fifty refugee families. This could be quickly accomplished because students and administration now trusted each other, after the collapse and dispersal of the pro-Chiang group.

We feared looting by defeated soldiers, so we set guards on our three gates, and closed them all at five o'clock. The university was fortunately surrounded by a high wall, built in response to student insistence during an earlier period of civil war. Faculty and students were organised to keep guard along it. The students carried staves, ostensibly for dealing with non-military looters, but really for morale. We had no fire-arms, but trusted to an order obtained by our President from General Fu Tso-Yi, that the campus should be left alone by his troops.

During the night of the 13th large bodies of retreating soldiers quartered themselves on the nearby villages. At about seven I found the street of Ch'eng-fu, where we lived, full of soldiers milling around. Not knowing whether they

were fighting, looting, or just billeting, I kept out of the way. But an urgent telephone call came from the East Gate. Soldiers had battered the gate, and then scaled it and let in others. Our police and student guards had not been able to stop them. I went out into the dark street feeling rather anxious, but managed to get through to the East Gate. There all was quiet—the soldiers had gone on to a further building to spend the night. A group of our professors interviewed them and persuaded them to leave—such was the prestige of the scholar in China!

Everyone was tired after a sleepless night, and a battle was being fought a mile away, so classes were abandoned next day. While some of our students stood on our tower and watched the battle to the north, others took the chance of flight to the city on the south. Peking was already beleaguered, all roads and railways having been cut by the fast-moving Red Army. But aeroplanes could still land on the South Airfield, and Nationalist officials were leaving as fast as they could. Evidently Fu Tso-Yi was not itching for a fight—he was withdrawing his troops rapidly into the city, which became densely crowded with soldiers and refugees.

Just as at the time of the Japanese attack on Peking in 1937, wild rumours raced each other across the city. We still had telephone communication, and every hour brought a new story: "Chiang K'ai-Shek is going to resign and if we listen in at nine we shall be able to hear it," "Li Tsung-Jen has come to Peking to make terms," "Madame Sun Yat-Sen is in Peking," "American soldiers are landing to protect Tientsin," "Fu Tso-Yi has surrendered." Every one of these proved false and was soon forgotten.

That night retreating soldiers streamed past our gates, but we saw no fighting nearby. Next day we heard heavy gunfire to the south of us, but we ourselves spent a quiet day in suspended animation. Then on Thursday morning the victorious army arrived. At intervals through the day

Ch'eng-fu village watched Communist troops arriving, well clad in padded clothes, fur-lined coats and huge fur hats. Their shaggy Mongolian ponies looked sleek and well kept, though dusty from hard travel. The soldiers got on to good terms with the villagers straight away. Fu Tso-Yi's men had behaved much better than we feared; they had not looted homes or ill-treated people; they had not stolen food. But they had dirtied houses, broken furniture and used up much fuel. The Communists, on the other hand, took neither food nor fuel from the villagers, and would not accept any presents or services. They paid, with their "Great Wall" currency, for all they needed. Whatever furniture they borrowed, they carefully returned, replacing anything damaged or broken. They carried water and swept the courtyards for their hosts. They chatted cheerfully with everyone, and the air was full of stories of their astonishing behaviour. Peking had known many armies through the past fifty years, but never one like this.

These soldiers had travelled very fast through Manchuria and were completely confident that they would take Peking before long. We were glad to see them come, for it meant that the dangerous lawless interregnum was over.

That afternoon the Acting President called the senior members of the university together and in a summary of university policy which gained very full support he made five main points:

(1) He expected that as far as religious observances were concerned we would have complete freedom, but he feared that at some future date there might come a conflict between Marxist ways and the dictates of Christian conscience. We would do our best to co-operate fully and hope that the conflict would be solved.

(2) He believed that academic freedom meant freedom for all—not simply freedom for us to resist changes. We must expect to find the Communists propagating their ways of life and thinking, but expect that they would allow

us to teach ours. We would hope that from the two a new synthesis would arise.

(3) He hoped we were prepared to accept a very low standard of living. China could not afford the way Yenching had lived in the past on American charity. Living standards above the average would probably be offered to university professors, but we would have to consider what we could accept with a clear conscience.

(4) He hoped to continue to receive funds from America, but three factors would determine that—would the new Government allow it? would the United States Government allow it? would it be given on terms which we could accept? If Americans regarded us as an outpost of civilisation against barbarism, acceptance of their help would compromise us.

(5) We had a great opportunity, for here it looked as if there was a better chance than elsewhere in the world for a compromise to be found between the two ideologies that divide the world.

Some of these forecasts proved correct, but the hopes of friendly mediation were to be frustrated by the rapid worsening of Sino-American relations, culminating in the Korean War.

It was not until three days later that the first official representative came to address the university. He was a political commissar in the People's Liberation Army. He started nervously in a strong Hunan accent, being obviously much more accustomed to addressing farmers than university audiences. But after a poor beginning he got going well and held people's attention easily. After congratulating us on the businesslike atmosphere of the campus, and the students on their earlier activities against Chiang K'ai-Shek, he went on to sketch the Communist attitude to the civil war—that they had been forced into it by Chiang. He told us how much easier they had found the recent campaign than expected, and prophesied peace in Jforth China within a month, on the assumption that

Fu Tso-Yi would surrender without fighting. He ended with rosy hopes for the future, emphasising democracy, production, education, rising living standards and friendly relations of equality with other countries.

After the speech we went out cheerfully to skate, but were rudely reminded of grim present realities when a Nationalist plane, which we had been watching idly, dropped eight bombs within a mile of us. The target had been our neighbour university; little damage was done, but there was great resentment roused against the Nationalists by this bombing.

For a few days we had no electric light. But the Red Army captured the power plant ten miles west of the city on the 19th, and promised us current in two or three days. On the evening of the 21st our lights came on, strangely brilliant, since there was no overload. Having become inured to delay and prevarication under Nationalist officials, we were astonished that the promise was promptly honoured. As time went on, we found this unexpected efficiency a regular feature of the new régime.

Two or three days later a message was sent from the besieging army to Fu Tso-Yi in Peking, saying that if he would arrange distribution at his end they would supply the city with current again. This astute offer embarrassed Fu greatly, for the citizens were suffering hardship, deprived of light and power for pumping the water supply, yet to accept meant being compromised in the battle. After several days of hesitation, Fu accepted.

It was a mark of the peace and confidence on our campus in those days that, while the Nationalists were claiming tremendous battles outside Peking, the Yenching Chorus of about a hundred voices sang the " Messiah " to a crowded audience on December 22nd. But it is also worth noting the striking contrast between the newly arrived People's Army, absolutely indigenous and drawing its strength directly from the peasants, and our sophisticated and westernised students singing a European oratorio in English.

Such contrasts were to cause much heart-searching later on.

During the Christmas week our students collected trophies from the battlefield. We knew that in addition to helmets and bayonets, which, though grim, were relatively harmless, there were displayed in dormitory rooms live shells and grenades. Moreover the battlefield was mined. So with the help of the Student Government we ruled the battlefield out of bounds, and asked for the surrender of dangerous items. When my office collection already included over eighty cartridges, two mortar shells, hand grenades, and a very large shell which enterprising students had been trying to break open, the Dean of Women said to me, " I don't think any of the girls will have been brave enough to pick up such things." Next day one of the premedical women students deposited on my desk four unexploded hand grenades, one of them highly dangerous! Breaking through all the restrictions which had bound their mothers, our women students entered into patriotic and adventurous activities with a zeal equal to that of the men.

Up to the end of the second week of this liberation' period we had lost only two days from lectures. But on December 29th a young Communist propagandist speaking to the students urged them all to get ready to enter Peking as soon as it surrendered, in order to help keep order, protect property and explain policy to the city people. The students did not require inviting twice. The same evening they organised themselves into teams for this work, and it became clear that they could not be expected to study for the next few days. The situation was further confused by the impression, for which this speaker was responsible, that the occupation of the city would take place very soon. Two days were declared holidays for preparing to enter the city with banners and slogans. On the next Monday we met

' We adopt the word *liberation* (without inverted commas!) because it came to be used naturally and sincerely by all our Chinese friends to describe the change of government.

another request—that terminal examinations should be postponed. The faculty gave way with a good grace, saying, "After all, everybody feels that we really are in the middle of a revolution, and it is foolish to try to behave as if everything were normal. The students are far too happy and excited to do any real studying."

The negotiations for the surrender of Peking were protracted, and our students champed at the bit for a month before their opportunity at last arrived. The liberating army did not want them to help in taking over anything, or in keeping order, but assigned them part of the job of explaining policies to the citizens. Five hundred students braved very bitter weather—twenty degrees of frost—and lived in unheated classrooms in the Normal University. Visiting them, I found them in high spirits in spite of severe discomforts. They spent the daytime in performing propaganda plays, singing songs and making speeches, their evenings in meetings for self-criticism and planning.

For me the main event of the period was the trip out to the ironworks with a student party. This factory (a huge one, for China) lay beside the electric power plant, about fifteen miles from Yenching. After its occupation, the Communist troops invited our students to send a group to join in propaganda work there. Knowing of this, I had asked the students to include me (as head of student welfare work) if possible. So it happened that I got a sudden telephone call one Saturday afternoon, saying that the student group would leave the West Gate in half an hour's time. I packed sleeping bag and blankets and put on extra clothes, for it was very cold, and turned up to take my place in a crowded coach carrying to the ironworks twenty-eight members of the "Kao Ch'ang Tui" (Loud Singing Team) with their bedding and stage properties.

We arrived at dusk, and found ourselves accommodated in the old hospital built for the works by the Japanese; now empty, but capable of being warmed slightly by tall cylinders, three feet across and as high as the room, which

held fires. I was taken off immediately to meet Mr. Meng, the Communist head of the "taking-over team." I found him with two other scientists in a simple bedroom in the office building. They welcomed me very cordially, and after we had talked about mutual friends for a while we had supper—"lions' heads" (large balls of minced beef) with two or three other dishes, and steamed white bread. It was their New Year Feast—very simple by city standards, but great luxury to them, and even to me in those days.

Returning to the hospital, I found the students rehearsing. Soon we went on to a New Year Meeting, with a large number of soldiers and a Propaganda Group from the local army. We sat on the floor of a large hall, and spent the next hour in singing songs in turn, first soldiers and then students. The soldiers sang with great vigour but no tune, the students with melody but much less vigour. Finally the Propaganda Corps, for which we had been waiting, turned up, and after a short speech went into action. They were to give the first half of the concert, Yenching the second. Our students had come ill-prepared, and had patched up some sort of programme, thinking that it would be good enough for the occasion.

When the Corps started in with choruses sung with terrific zest and accuracy, the students began to feel rather uneasy. This feeling increased when the Propaganda Corps went on to dancing—short items, half comic opera, half ballet, wholly entertaining, performed with great skill and abandon. Finally a play was very well produced and acted. Its point was to show soldiers how they should behave towards the peasants, and to convince the peasants that the soldiers were their friends.

Our students did their best, but the songs sounded half-hearted, the dances looked sophisticated and stilted, and their play seemed inadequately thought out and rehearsed. When the long concert finished at one-thirty, our students returned to their rooms in a very self-critical frame of mind. They realised that they had come unprepared, with

a vague idea that as university students they would be equal to the situation. In the event, it was clear that even their best would have been far below the standard of the Propaganda Corps. So they refused to go to bed, late as it was, but first held a post-mortem on the day's activities. They then planned what they must do to prepare for the workers' concerts next day, and went on to practise. Some of them did not get to bed until after four. At six we all rose and breakfasted, then rehearsed until half past eight, when the first show of the day was to begin.

This was the New Year Holiday, and two concerts were given on each of two days. After the first, the Propaganda Corps left, and Yenching students shouldered the main burden. They improved steadily, and in the end had carried their share of the work.

While the early practising was going on I wandered off and found the teachers' room of the school, where there was a stove. This was one point in its favour, as the temperature was twenty-four degrees below freezing, and there was a bitter north wind blowing. Another point was the chance it gave to talk with teachers and factory technicians, who gave me information which bore out what I was told by Mr. Meng.

A little later a telephone message came from Meng, who said that as it was a general holiday he would have time to take me around the factory. I went over with a young faculty member from Yenching, and we spent an hour and a half walking around the half-derelict plant. It had been started thirty years earlier by Chinese capitalists, but never finished until in 1937 the Japanese invaders took it over. They got the first blast furnace working, and built and operated a second. They then assembled the materials for a third—a bigger furnace—but before they had built half of it the war ended. Since they had run the works for wartime production, regardless of losses, it was not very efficient. But it was extensive, for in addition to the

furnaces there were a hundred coking ovens of six tons capacity each, chemical factories to utilise all the by-products from coking, a power house, a machine and repair shop, a tube factory and a foundry. A second coking plant, much bigger than the first, stood unfinished.

At the defeat of the Japanese, Peking was occupied by Nationalist troops ordered to stop all Japanese factories. Against the protest of Japanese engineers they ordered the immediate stoppage of the blast furnaces, with the result that both froze solid while full of iron and slag. When Chinese engineers arrived it was too late, and it took nine months to break up the iron in the smaller furnace and remove the pieces through the dismantled side. Three years later the second furnace was still stopped with a solid block of iron. Since during these years industry had been choked by the stifling control of bureaucracy and corruption, iron had not been in demand, so that even the smaller furnace had worked for a few months only. The buildings put up by the Japanese had fallen into wretched disrepair.

Meng said: " It must be put back into working order. It has an important part to play in our plans for the reconstruction of North China industry. Yet now it is half derelict, and its technicians have run away. There are no raw materials left, and most of the spare parts have been stolen and sold by recent managers. We have no adequately skilled men with us. I brought five engineers and fifty political workers, but not a single metallurgist. We found the workers unpaid and much demoralised, and this is one reason why we welcomed your students to come for the New Year entertainment.⁵

After a simple lunch of cabbage stew and millet, some of the members of the Propaganda Group came to talk with Yenching students. Their informal conversation was fired with such eager enthusiasm and sense of purpose that it carried tremendous conviction, and more than that, an impression of happiness and character. Our students broke

up the discussion reluctantly when it was time to go on for the second performance of the day. After supper, when they might well have pleaded tiredness, they organised a tripartite conference with representatives from Yenching, Tsinghua University (which had also sent performers) and the Propaganda Corps. Members of the Corps described their work in taking over the factory. The leader talked very earnestly and frankly. He told of the difficulties in trying to organise such a large body of workers, of their failures in understanding the workers' psychology, and of the deep-rooted suspicion with which they themselves were still regarded. But still he was certain that the key to successful revolution lay in the hands of the workers, and, whatever the difficulties, they must be won over.

He went on: " We have learned not to make vague Utopian promises. We have no right to promise the people that once we come everything will be rosy and easy. We must be responsible for every word we speak. We must not give blank cheques. For instance, take a phrase like ' the factories will belong to the workers.' If, when a worker hears this, he thinks he can do as he likes in the factory, so far from succeeding, we have failed. We have no right to say such a thing unless we have thought it out and are prepared to explain in what sense the factory belongs to the workers. It means a clear understanding of the various ways in which there can be worker participation in management, and the various methods of profit-sharing. It means being ready to state that the factory belongs to the whole people, and hence to the Government which represents them. It does not mean that old Chang can please himself how much work he does, or how much pay he demands. If we cannot answer such questions thoughtfully we had better not raise them by careless promises." He spoke directly in terms of experience, with commonsense and constructiveness. He analysed their own mistakes, but spent no time on blaming or scolding others.

During the concerts I was able to visit the electric

power plant, where I was also received with great courtesy and frankness. There the workers had protected the machines during the fighting, and had been able to hand them over to the incoming officers with little loss or damage.

On the way back to Yenching our coach broke down twice, and we stood about for a long time in the bitter cold of the night. But the students, still full of keenness, voted to hold a two-hour meeting that same night, for self-criticism. They certainly did not let themselves down lightly, and most of the comments they made in the light of this new experience seemed to me to be correct.

I had been included in this trip partly to act as chaperon, but this was really quite superfluous, for the students were models of propriety. They were all so keen on the job that they would not have allowed any pair to go off to whisper sweet nothings. This new attitude was to become a normal feature of student life.

The chief result of the trip for me was a renewal of the conviction I had formed in the mountains in 1939, that the Communists were not the ruthless and unscrupulous seekers for power that the Nationalist propaganda had portrayed, but earnest and efficient men and women of integrity, with whom co-operation was possible and right. My colleagues were forming the same judgment from similar experiences.

LIVING STANDARDS

DURING the six weeks after the arrival of the liberating army, but before the surrender of Peking, shopping was extremely complicated. Because Fu Tso-Yi's troops had retreated so fast, the victorious army had outrun its supplies of money, and in the new People's Bank currency (P.B.\$) there were available no notes of denomination less than fifty dollars. For smaller sums we had to use the nine kinds of notes which the soldiers had brought from previous campaigns. Most common were Great Wall dollars, of which a thousand equalled one People's Bank dollar. Northern Sea notes were ten times as valuable as Great Wall, but Farmers' notes only half as valuable. Ordinary Border Currency notes stood level with Great Wall, but if surcharged they dropped to one-fifth the value. North-west notes stood level with Farmers', but North-east with Great Wall. Jehol notes were also level with Great Wall, but South Hopei notes were worth ten times as much.

Since the Nationalist gold yuan notes were still in use within the city, from which came many of our supplies, they were also accepted. In fact they were in such demand for city shopping that they had a black market value of fifty cents People's Bank currency, nearly twice the official value of twenty-eight cents. So we met the paradoxical situation in which gold yuan, which Chiang K'ai-Shek had failed to commend to the people, rose in value after liberation. This did not please the new authorities at all, but they took no immediate action, prophesying that soon all gold yuan would be driven out of circulation. The

muddle was quickly cleared up. First, all Red Army notes except P.B.\$ were withdrawn. Then the gold yuan fell headlong in value, so that by May (in Shanghai) a hundred thousand gold yuan would buy only one P.B.\$. In March the trade in U.S. gold and Chinese silver dollars was stopped in Peking. They could be turned in to the bank at a fair rate, or saved, but not used on the street.

At first the prices of maize and millet, our basic commodities at that time, remained steady. But Government expenditure by the new authorities still ran at treble the income from all sources, and the consequent steady influx of new notes made the people retain their distrust of all currencies. Prices rose at each crisis, and speculators still engineered them to line their own pockets. One such crisis occurred when the Government stopped the transport of grain from beyond the Great Wall because of plague there, another followed the summer storms which destroyed crops in North China, a third arose in 1950 at the Chinese New Year, always a time of feasting, when speculators took their chance and pushed up prices 300 per cent in a fortnight.

Most Yenching staff members shopped in Hai-tien nearby, and on payday rushed to put their cash into goods. Hai-tien prices of flour, rice and other foodstuffs developed the habit of rising sharply on the day before university payday. We remembered vividly our years in Chengtu during the war, when galloping inflation forced us to spend a large part of our energy in planning immediate use of salary cash, and in selling our books and clothes to get enough to eat. In those days there was a famous joke about two professors meeting on the street. Exchanging condolences, the first complained, "I am wearing tomorrow's clothes today, and eating tomorrow's food today." The second replied, "That's nothing, I am eating tomorrow's clothes today, and wearing tomorrow's food today" (referring to the pawning of clothes).

At Peking in the Department of Student Welfare our main problem was now the feeding of our students. Those

whose homes were in the south—controlled by the Nationalists—had no way of getting any money. After exhausting our own resources we appealed to the Government, which helped with loans of millet. Millet was itself too valuable to eat,' and our students exchanged it for maize, kaoliang (sorghum) and sweet potatoes. They planned their food at a cost equivalent to 130 lb. of maize a month per person, and their health suffered from its coarseness and monotony. Students were so poor that we had to arrange a distribution of relief soap and tickets for haircuts. We had also to forbid fishing in the lake, for the students who cut work to go fishing obtained extra food, and took out the fish which we were breeding before they had grown to proper size.

On October 1st, 1949, the People's Government was set up—a Coalition Government in which men and women of many parties joined. It adopted the famous "Common Programme" which has been the guide to policy in the subsequent years. Those of us who wished the new Government well expected that at the best there would be a couple of disturbed years before economic and social order was achieved. We remembered that while the Chinese Communists had won the people's confidence and provided efficient government over wide areas of the countryside, they had little experience of industrial or urban conditions. We expected that there would be a long period of trial and error, with plenty of error, before such great cities as Peking, Tientsin and Shanghai could emerge to prosperity. Inflation was one of the monstrous disorders which might take many years to cure.

Events proved us wrong. Early in 1950 an important series of conferences fixed the economic policy of the Three Balances—balanced national budget, balance of grain distribution throughout the country, and balance of money collected and issued by the banks. These methods proved extremely successful, and by March prices began to fall,

' The English habit of calling millet " canary seed " obscures its excellence and importance as human food.

reaching a level in June 1950 at which they have stayed with little further change. The people around us received reports of these Government plans with general lack of enthusiasm. They had heard plenty of plans before, and had never seen any corresponding achievement. One of the items contributing to the balanced budget was to be the sale of Victory Bonds, which were to provide 7·2 per cent of the income. The purchase of bonds became a patriotic duty, promoted with all the energy and skill of Government and Party. But in most cases the buyer put down his money, willingly or unwillingly, with the feeling that it was simply a gift to the Government. Experience had made him a sceptic.

The Government sought to allay this fear by evaluating the bonds in real terms: one bond was worth the total of 8 lb. of rice, 2 lb. of flour, four feet of blue cotton cloth, and 21 lb. of coal. It would be redeemed at some time within five years at the sum of money equivalent to this. In the same way, money put into the bank could be placed in a "Guard-capital-guard-value" account. At the time of deposit its value in terms of millet was noted. At withdrawal the depositor could take cash either to the original amount or to the millet value, whichever was greater. In such ways money was drawn back into the banks in savings, and the hoarding of goods, an inevitable feature of inflation, dwindled away.

At the time of this effort to achieve financial stability there was a great deal of dissatisfaction among merchants and other business men. They could not, as patriots, oppose the Government's carefully designed moves, but they disliked the part assigned to themselves. In addition to the purchase of Victory Bonds, they had to find money for heavy taxes. Charges were made that the Government intended to drive them out of business by taxation and forced contributions. These charges were widely spread by westerners who left China during the large exodus of 1950.

But in the past practically the whole burden of taxation had been borne by the peasants; income tax had been

introduced but inflation made nonsense of it; and merchants were able to evade taxation by keeping false books and by bribing officials. During the years of inflation, the merchants had developed the habit of hoarding goods and keeping little or no cash. Now they were suddenly called on to pay large sums of money in taxes and contributions. To do this they had to dispose of stocks while prices fell, and they grumbled. They did, however, find the money, and very few shops closed down. In other words, the burden—a heavy one but a just share—was not beyond their ability to bear.

In its economic aspect, 1949 had been a year of calamities. Widespread fighting prevented the sowing and reaping of crops, and industrial production also suffered. Early drought and late tempests meant poor harvests over much of North China. At the crucial period "between green and yellow"—in the early summer of 1950, before the harvesting of the winter wheat—there were grave fears of famine. But China is so large that grain production never fails uniformly over the whole country. The famines of the past were all local, often caused or accentuated by provincial officials who for personal profit blocked the flow of food into threatened areas. In accordance with the second of the Three Balances, the People's Government transported hundreds of thousands of tons of grain from other regions to make up the deficiency in North and East China.

Then starting from the good harvests of 1950, and the stabilising of the currency, the whole economy began to improve, and we could see from the everyday lives of people around us that standards of living were slowly rising. Our friends and acquaintances, and we ourselves, gradually ate less kaoliang and maize and millet, and used more wheat flour and rice, which all preferred. White cabbage and salted turnips, our monotonous winter vegetables, were augmented by a better variety of greenstuffs, as enterprising market gardeners became free to apply their great skill unhampered by war or inflation. Farmers were encouraged

to keep more pigs and hens, and more people were able to eat pork and eggs.

These rises in living standards refer to the town-dwellers rather than the peasants. When we walked in the fields or hills, and talked to the people there, we learned that meat and eggs were still to be enjoyed only at the occasional feast. They were still eating coarse grains. But they had a new security. In the past they had often gone hungry, eaten tree bark and roots, or mixed fuller's earth with their grain to get enough to fill the stomach. Now they knew where the next meal was coming from; their food, though by English standards so austere as to be inedible, yet was enough and fairly nourishing.

We had expected that liberation would mean a levelling, and so it did, though not by any means to a state of uniformity. Whereas in 1936 a professor earned thirty-two times as much as an unskilled labourer, and lived in considerable comfort, in 1952 he earned only five times the labourer's wage. This latter is of the same order as in England, but in other respects there are many differences. Few people in China earn more than a professor, and skilled manual workers can command a wage not far short of his.

One of the most remarkable features of modern China is the " maintenance system " of treatment of Government workers. In its determination to balance the national budget, the Government carried over into national administration the economies which had worked so well during its guerilla days. Most of the young Government officers were provided with clothes (one winter, one summer suit, and shoes, to be replaced when worn out), lodging (usually part of a room, with bed, desk and stool), food (originally the same as that of peasants, but recently improved), and pocket money enough to buy soap, toothpaste, stationery and cigarettes. Our old friends who turned up in patched and faded uniforms seemed to have no personal possessions beyond fountain pen and diary, and when asked about

their original possessions which we and others had stored, they showed no interest in them.

Throughout China there are hundreds of thousands of such people. In Chinese they are called *kanpu*, and by now this word has attained to such a special meaning that I shall adopt it. *Kanpu* are civil servants, but much more than that. Their job is not only to carry out Government policy, but to explain it, and to mobilise the people in whole-hearted co-operation. To this job they give themselves with selfless devotion, and with exacting standards of hard work, honesty and self-criticism. Many of them are Communist Party members, but all are carried along by a great tide of patriotic fervour. They feel that China has been reborn, that history is being made, and that they have a share in the making of it. Thus they regard the personal sacrifice demanded of them as of little account: the satisfaction and zest of the job is full recompense for all their energy and creative effort. In the uncalculating service of the *kanpu* lies the secret of the success of the People's Government in enlisting for effective action—whether in land reform, construction, education, public health, industrial or agricultural production—the Chinese people in their hundreds of millions.

There was little chance for westerners who lived in China to meet Government leaders: our knowledge of them came indirectly from our Chinese friends. But there was enough information for us to be convinced that the Government leaders applied to themselves the same severe standards of simplicity, hard work and integrity that they demanded of the rest of the *kanpu*. Visitors from overseas might be dazzled by magnificent displays and gorged with luxurious meals, but this was typical Chinese hospitality, and a matter of deliberate policy, designed to impress. No such luxury marked the day-to-day lives of the senior Government officers. We never heard the suggestion, even by means of a current joke, that their habits departed from the austerity that they believed the national situation to demand.

The *kanpu* were not, however, believers in "plain living and high thinking" for themselves or anyone else. They looked forward eagerly to the time when material progress should bring within reach of everyone good food (of which all Chinese consider themselves connoisseurs), pleasant homes, and all those physical, mental and emotional enjoyments which make up a full and happy life.

By 1952 we saw the beginnings of the hoped-for improvement in living standards. Peking and Tientsin showed every sign of prosperity. The shops glistened with new paint, while their windows were packed with goods attractively displayed. The range and quality of Chinese industrial products increased rapidly. On Sundays, when schools and offices closed, most shops remained open and the streets were so thronged with shoppers that it was hard to move around.¹ Goods from South China, especially oranges and bananas, became plentiful and cheap. The price of sugar, made from beet in Manchuria or imported from Russia, fell slowly. Sugar is not a widely used constituent of Chinese foods, its use in North China being mainly confined to luxuries such as sweets, toffee apples and ice cream; the great increase in sales of sugar indicated growing prosperity.

The changes in general prosperity were quaintly reflected in the fashions of clothing among our students and younger faculty. In the months following the liberation they affected untidy and dirty dress, with shaved heads like peasants for the men, and untidy bobs for the girls. At the first great parade the clothes worn were motley, individual, and old. As the nation became organised, and workmen went into uniform, the general wear for men and women alike became a simple navy blue uniform of cotton, neat and clean, but very ungraceful, especially on the women. Western clothes were frowned upon. Then the parade was an immense column of monotonous uniform, aimed to demonstrate the disciplined unity of the Chinese people.

¹ The State stores closed each Monday to give their employees a weekly holiday in place of Sunday.

Marchers carried row after row of identical portraits of Mao Tse-Tung.

As conditions improved, a new differentiation began. Uniforms became neater and better cut. Women no longer tried to look like men, and students no longer tried to look like workmen. Finally in 1952 it became fashionable to dress well. Women put on again the smart frocks which had been out of sight for four years, and dressed their hair carefully. Schoolgirls displayed graceful symmetrical plaits. Young men brushed their hair smartly and put on western clothes. The parades aimed at colourful variety, with children carrying bouquets, women in their brightest summer gowns, and coloured silk flags replacing the portraits of Mao Tse-Tung. Professors arriving for parade rehearsals were sent back home to find brighter suits and more beautiful ties. The aim, which harmonised with public emotions, was to show the colourful variety and happiness of the new China.

A remarkable new sight in Peking was the crowding in of farmers at harvest time. As it became known that bargaining was illegal and that Government stores offered excellent value in cloth and other necessities, peasants began to lose their fear of the city and came in to buy. They found that their receipts at harvest time were giving them money for things they had coveted for many years—things which make so much difference to the simple life of a village home: matches, thermos flasks, enamelled mugs and washbowls, soap, towels, rubber shoes, electric torches, pencils, mirrors, and even bicycles. More important than any of these, of course, was cloth. People were throwing away their ragged old clothes and putting on new clothes. Women could buy fast-coloured flowered prints for themselves and their children.

By the summer of 1952 it was our impression that general standards of clothing had greatly improved; and to test that impression I tried one day, while cycling into Peking, to make a count. Coming towards me along the road were

streams of carters leading their mules, *kanpu* and small merchants on bicycles, peasants returning from the fields or from shopping expeditions, pedicab riders and their passengers. I counted one hundred consecutive passers-by and noted that four out of these showed rents or holes in their clothing. A second count gave five out of a hundred. I then tried to estimate the proportion with patched clothes. It is hard to observe all the patchable spots on a passer-by, but two counts agreed that about 30 per cent sported patches, 70 per cent none. During that ride in which perhaps a thousand people were observed, only one—a carter—could be said to be "clad in rags." Though I have only general impressions of earlier years to compare with these figures, I am confident that they show a striking increase in neatness and adequacy of clothing of the "men in the street."

In the autumn of 1952 a thousand men—mostly unskilled labourers—were employed in putting up new buildings at Yenching. Passing them at lunch in the open air one day, I stopped to ask what their food was. A group cheerily invited me to join the meal, and showed me rice, steamed bread, and meat-and-cabbage stew. This impressed me very much at the time. I had never before seen labourers eating such food as normal diet—it came near to what in the old days they would have called a feast.

These are a few of the observations which we were making all the time. The cumulative effect amounted to proof, as far as we were concerned, that the People's Government had succeeded in pulling together the country's economy, and had the skill in planning and organisation to ensure success in its subsequent programmes of construction.

V I

HEALTH

ONE morning, a few weeks after our liberation, as I was cycling along the lakeside, a group of students called me urgently. They said there was a corpse floating among the weeds. At first I was incredulous, but when one of the men brought a long pole and turned the dark object in the shadows, it was clearly a dead man, and, from his clothes, probably a student. The body was pulled out and identified and we went to the man's room to try to discover what had happened.

The answer was very clear. On his table were a letter and a cup. The letter was long, but the gist of it was: " I have always been of weak physique, and I have suffered once from TB. Tonight I have been coughing heavily and suddenly started to spit blood again. I have left some sputum in this cup as evidence. I cannot afford medicine. The future holds nothing but pain, misery and slow death. I am taking the way out that is quickest and best for everybody. Please try to take care of my wife and young children."

The Student Welfare Office had made vigorous efforts to help students of weak health. A careful physical examination selected each year those in need of special attention. A British gift from the Lord Mayor's Fund enabled us to issue to sixty needy students an *egg* and a glass of milk a day. Western faculty members gave us money which could be called on in cases of emergency, such as a sudden operation. But the problem of looking after students who needed special diet, medicine and nursing for many months, or

even years, was beyond our resources. If a student was found to have active TB we had to ask him to return to his family and rest there. This was sometimes impossible, and our doctors occasionally broke their own rules and allowed tubercular patients to stay temporarily in the men's infirmary. There was no hospital in Peking where a TB patient could rest and recover without paying fees. Even moderate charges assumed a monstrous aspect to the impoverished professional classes. Our faculty friends joked grimly: "It's a terrible expense to be ill these days, and nobody can afford to die." The simplest coffin cost over a month's salary.

But after the People's Government started work, rapid improvement took place. In 1951 two of my students were diagnosed as suffering from active TB and ordered complete rest. They were able to enter a special sanatorium set up for students. They went off cheerfully, and after half a year came back cured, plump and energetic. One was completely penniless and all his needs had been met by the Government.

In 1951 we were delighted to welcome back to China K'an Kuan-Ch'ing. We had known him since 1937, the year in which he was arrested by Japanese military police and spent three weeks of starvation and dirt in a crowded prison. Returning to college after having been set free, he had become a Christian leader. After a successful medical course he had won a fellowship for study of TB diagnosis and cure in America. In 1951 he brought back his wife and child to China against the advice of many American friends and with a good deal of trepidation, having heard many stories about the ruthlessness of the Communists.¹ Arriving in Peking, he soon found himself entrusted with

¹ The *Economist* of April 12th, 1952, stated: "An increase of disease in China . . . has been an inevitable consequence of the fact that the majority of foreign doctors have left China and that many of the few qualified Chinese doctors have emigrated or been arrested as counter-revolutionaries." American magazines carried similar statements.

city-wide anti-TB work. He had supervision of several sanatoria in the hills (converted temples), of a rehabilitation centre in the city, and of the fluoroscopy of workers in Government factories and children in schools. He told us, "I am offered more money than I can use. The limitation on our work comes from lack of trained people, not funds."

The high TB incidence among students had been due to overcrowding in their schools and homes, to unhygienic practices such as spitting, and to the lack of fresh air and exercise. While the first cause could not be changed without a long programme of town planning and rebuilding, the other two could be eliminated by education in public health. Here the new régime in China was seen at its best. A public health project, once worked out by experts, could be promoted throughout the whole country by the *kanpu* and astonishing results achieved in a very short time. So people everywhere have been taught to suspect a TB carrier, and to guard his family and friends from infection.

During 1951 and 1952 we observed a profound change in the attitude of our students to exercise. For thirty years the university administration had struggled against the old scholar's attitude—that manual labour was undignified, exercise a waste of time, and defeat in sport a loss of face. Students, being urged to play football, are said to have retorted, "If you need to have that ball kicked about, you can pay coolies to do it." We won some successes—we had been able to insist on two hours of organised games weekly for each student, and standards of play and sportsmanship had improved. During the first years of the Japanese occupation we had even persuaded 90 per cent of the students to take part in voluntary games. But the initiative had never come from the students as at a British university.

In the summer of 1951 the Chinese Government became aware of the widespread ill-health of students, due to a combination of poor physique, undernourishment over many years, and overwork. The problem was attacked with the usual thoroughness. After discussions between the

Ministry of Education and representatives of the universities, the Ministry proposed that faculties and students should adopt a "50-1-8 system" by which each student should endeavour (1) not to exceed fifty hours' work each week, (2) to take one hour's exercise each day, and (3) to get eight hours' sleep each night. Department heads were to obtain the co-operation of all teachers to ensure that the total demands on a student's time, including laboratories and meetings, should not exceed fifty hours. Members of each student group were to take mutual responsibility to see that the budgeted periods for exercise and sleep were observed. Students themselves took over the planning of most of the games, and for the first time our playing fields were used to their full capacity. Between four and six every afternoon several hundred men and women students, no matter whether rabbits or experts, could be seen practising volleyball, softball, basketball and track and field sports. In winter hundreds turned out to skate each day, and in summer nearly everyone went off to swim.

Country dancing and morning exercises became popular. In Peking the weather is nearly always fine, and each day at 7.15 a.m. we saw from our house the gathering of the women students for physical jerks to radio directions. Even the ancient gymnasium servants with bound feet turned out, though "jerks" hardly describes their cautious and gentle motions. Radio directions followed a scheme of ten exercises for which complete instructions with diagrams had already been published in the newspapers. The diagrams appeared a little later on a set of forty postage stamps put out in June 1952. All the stamps had the same value (\$400, the cost of an ordinary local letter) and the aim was to familiarise the whole of China's population with the campaign for physical culture.

We swam in the K'unming Lake of the Summer Palace, two miles away. There had always been some swimming there since its opening as a public park, many years earlier, but as the water had been full of weeds and the bottom very

muddy, few but good swimmers dared to risk going in. In the summer of 1951 the park authorities designated one bunded shore as the bathing area, cleared the weeds and dumped enough sand alongside the bund to make a sound bottom in water about four feet deep, and set up matting sheds for changing rooms. The glorious surroundings of this bathing beach—golden-roofed palaces and temples across the lake, the Jade Fountain pagodas beyond them, and the noble Western Mountains in the distance—made it immediately popular. Hundreds of bathers came every day through the hot summer weather until the 1st of September, when grandmotherly authorities suddenly closed the season on the grounds that there was grave danger to health in the colder water (which was still far warmer than the friendliest English seas). Each season scores of Yenching students learned to swim under expert tuition, and their bronzed skins and graceful vigour added to the beauty of the scene.

Medical treatment at Yenching could be obtained at the men's and women's infirmaries. The atmospheres of the infirmaries reflected the characters of the doctors who ran them. The women's infirmary was always spick-and-span, empty, quiet and still, run by strict regulations. No tubercular patient was ever allowed to infect its antiseptic air, no woman except a student or faculty member could go there. The men's infirmary was untidy and noisy, always crammed with patients. Visitors came and went as they pleased. No patient in need was ever turned away—in emergency even a woman almost unconnected with the university might be found a bed. All rules were broken—and often by the doctor himself out of kindheartedness.

Obviously neither was satisfactory—each needed to learn from the other. But many efforts at improvement broke against the antagonisms and prejudices of doctors and nurses. Finally pressure from the Union of Educational Workers broke the impasse, and the new methods of self-criticism and mutual criticism completed the change. The

been reprimanded for failing to grasp the spirit of the campaign.

School-children were even taught to recognise housefly eggs and sent to scour the courtyards and middens for them. Every pot left out of doors was carefully inverted lest it collect still water in which mosquitoes could breed, and even holes in the roadside trees were filled with cement. All latrines were carefully covered over to prevent houseflies visiting them (flush toilets were, of course, very uncommon). Rat holes were stopped up and the bases of all walls were whitewashed. We were not sure what the whitewashing was done for, but it looked very neat, and a great improvement on the previous custom of painting white circles on the walls to "keep the wolves away."

In the university, residents of each compound elected a committee of inspectors who examined carefully every kitchen, toilet, drain and backyard. In the village, each street chose a similar committee, and popular enthusiasm invested the committee with moral authority to deal with any family found to be "letting down the side." (It is one thing to have an unknown, impersonal "sanitary inspector" come to investigate your kitchen, and quite another, as every housewife will admit, to have a bunch of your close neighbours on the job. If Mrs. Wang and Mrs. Lin are going to come poking their noses into your house, you will see that it is as clean as soap and elbow-grease can make it—even if that means getting up at 4 a.m.)

As part of this campaign each mule-cart carried a canvas bag suspended behind the mule. One day our cook's wife heard a great commotion on the street, and found a group of angry housewives barring the way of a carter. He was not allowed to go on until he had cleared up the mess left on the street by his mule!

For many months, whenever we went into Peking, we found excavations along the roads. The sewage system was being overhauled. Friends commented that it had always taken a change of dynasty to get a radical cleaning up of

the city. In spite of its dignity and beauty, Peking of the last fifty years had been a place of open sewers and foul cesspools, unpaved mud alleys, and plagues of flies and mosquitoes. In the mornings carts of nightsoil fouled the streets (with typical Chinese humour, this was called the Golden Essence Trade). We watched the huge new sewers being laid, and the muddy lake behind the Imperial Palace cleared out and remodelled into boating pool and palatial swimming baths. Going to visit the Temple of Heaven we crossed the Dragon's Beard Ditch, originally a main course of sewage between swamps on the east and west. This was cleaned out and the swamps were replaced by pleasure lakes of clean water. The local people commented that for the first time in their lives they could sit outside in summer without being irritated beyond endurance by flies and mosquitoes.

Early in 1952 our friends were puzzled by a severe drive against dogs. Instructions came from the municipal government that local police were to catch and destroy all dogs. There was no clear explanation, and hostile westerners suggested that it was so that no watchdog should be able to give warning of a secret police raid. The true reason was probably that most North China dogs were uncared for. They were yellow mongrels, living by nosing into dustbins and garbage tubs. Often they were covered with sores and flies, and always they were potential carriers of rabies. Since it was considered unlucky to kill dogs, they continued to prowl the streets however miserable and dangerous they were. So it seems likely that at some level in officialdom it was decided to destroy all Peking dogs without distinction. A few people managed to hide and keep their pets, but practically the whole dog population was wiped out amid silent bewilderment or disapproval. This was one of the few occasions when the Government failed to carry the public with it in an action. In all the other moves described above, not only did the Government persuade the people that the proposed course was the right one; it mobilised

them to act. All the cleaning up in Ch'eng-fu was done by the villagers themselves, and with great cheerfulness and goodwill.

Propaganda work utilised every tool. Brightly coloured posters showed the life cycle of the malaria parasite. Vivid strip cartoons showed how to get rid of flies and rats. Shop windows exhibited dioramas showing the impact of cholera. School-children were taught public health in special series of lectures from doctors and nurses. Tens of thousands of people saw the great exhibition put on by the Ministry of Health. Radio and cinema were called in to help, and all newspapers ran special articles. Children even went up on to the housetops to bawl information through megaphones.

But propaganda cannot create doctors and nurses. The determination to bring modern medicine within reach of everyone led the Government first to set up short-course training for doctors and nurses, and then to mobilise the old-style herb doctors and midwives. The former, in Chinese called " chung-i " (Chinese doctors) as contrasted with " hsi-i " (western doctors), had a considerable knowledge of anatomy, symptoms and the psychology of patients. They had some drugs, such as ephedrine, which have proved valuable to scientific medicine. They were therefore given a chance to learn the use of simple western drugs and antiseptic techniques. One day when the university physician had finished a conversation in my office, I was astonished to see my secretary, the stolid Mr. Wang, come over in a state of great nervousness and implore the doctor to allow him to stand by at his clinics and observe his diagnosis and treatment. The doctor's response was cold. Afterwards I found that Mr. Wang had a considerable local reputation as herbalist, and was eager to add a little western medicine to his resources. The aloof attitude of the university physician was typical of the men trained in western medicine, who mostly despised traditional Chinese doctors. It was this attitude which the Ministry of Health challenged, saying in effect: " Admittedly western medicine

is better. But we have far too few scientifically trained doctors to treat our five hundred million people. For the present the only way of meeting urgent needs is through the herb doctors. Therefore we must enable them to do the best they can. Their knowledge of people and of symptoms is not to be despised. It can be used."

One of the tasks obviously well within the capacity of short-course or old-style doctors was the giving of inoculations. In Yenching, as in all the other schools and colleges around, we were skilfully organised and inoculated whenever necessary with a minimum of fuss. Inoculation against cholera, typhoid and paratyphoid was normal every year. Epidemics of typhus and plague, no matter how distant, called us to the clinic again. Our children, like all other school-children in Peking, had in addition to these inoculations vaccination, diphtheria inoculation and Schick test, anti-tetanus inoculation, tuberculosis test and B.G.G. inoculation, and the not fully proven inoculation against encephalitis. At first, inoculation drill for the smallest was a scene of wailing and protest, so that Stephen Lapwood, at the age of four, became a " model hero " for gritting his teeth and putting on a wry smile when the needle went in. But as time went on and explanations sank in, all the children learned to grin and bear it, while their parents gave thanks for the protection thus achieved. As to the adults, they came to regard injections as the last word in applied science, and possessing almost mystic efficacy, so that there were never too many for them!

V I I

EDUCATION OF SMALL CHILDREN

OUR children, Peter, Joan and Stephen, spent three years in a Chinese school, and greatly enjoyed it. In 1949, when they started, Peter was an alert, scholarly little boy of seven, of rather poor physique but keen and wide-ranging enthusiasms. Joan was five, a little shy, but poised and quick to learn. Stephen at two was only just ready to start talking. As time went on he became a vigorous little tough with a mind of his own and a passion for motor-cars.

The school had been running for many years, catering for the children of members of the Yenching staff. Before liberation the level of fees had made it impossible for the lower-paid men to send their children there, but after liberation fees were calculated in proportion to the father's salary, being entirely remitted in some cases. Peter's closest friend was the son of the widowed maidservant of our neighbour, while Joan's was a daughter of that neighbour.

As Peter knew no Chinese when he reached Peking in September, he went first into the kindergarten, and got some coaching at home in reading and writing Chinese characters. This enabled him at Christmas to pass the examination into the first form of the primary school—such is the speed with which children pick up a new language. In subsequent years he moved through the second and third forms, standing near the top in each. Joan followed Peter, a year behind him, and also near the top of her class. Stephen spent all his time in nursery school and kindergarten.

Miss T'ien, teacher of the first form for twenty years, was a martinet. She drove herself and the children with unremitting grim industry and old-fashioned methods. Peter would bring home night after night long lists of ideographs which he was to copy out many times—even though he had proved in class that he already knew them thoroughly. It was hard to get him to bed at eight. Miss T'ien had a reputation in the difficult task of fixing in little children's heads hundreds of ideographs and the elements of arithmetic, and she achieved her successes by ceaseless hammering. In her class there was no self-expression for the children. They never wrote letters or compositions, they copied the book. They coloured outlines already drawn, cut out figures along the dotted lines, and chanted in unison after the teacher. Miss T'ien had proceeded in this way for twenty years, impervious to suggestions from the University Education Department. It took a revolution to change her.

Peter escaped from Miss T'ien after half a year, into the class of a keen young teacher with modern ideas. We waited anxiously to observe the impact of Miss T'ien on Joan's more obstinate temper, and found with relief that Miss T'ien's real affection for all her children was able to win Joan's co-operation. Our hearts sank again when Miss T'ien moved up to second form with Joan. But to our astonishment it proved to be a new Miss T'ien. Under the influence of group study among the teachers, self-criticism and mutual criticism, she greatly reduced the load on the children, began to explore the possibilities of team study and free expression, and began to relate the lessons to real life.

At various times both Peter and Joan held the responsibilities of class vice-captain or group captain, which they took very seriously. When he was only eight, Peter would gobble down his dinner and dash off to school, where his group's duffers were waiting for him to coach them in arithmetic. In the evening he would be found concocting

problems to test their progress. He himself received coaching in Chinese songs. Each group consisted of eight or ten children, and the teachers gradually learned to emphasise the accomplishment of the group rather than that of any individual child. Peter coming home would announce with pride, " All my group passed in arithmetic," before telling us his own mark. Each Friday he would go off early to afternoon school to attend the weekly meeting where his group (with the occasional help of a teacher) discussed their failings and planned for improvement.

But school life was not all serious and intense. The favourite teacher was Mr. Han, the games master. A good-humoured, broad-shouldered Northerner, he was expert and enthusiastic at every kind of game and exercise. He taught gymnastics and games to every class above the second, and whenever we passed at playtime or after school hours we saw Mr. Han in the midst of a devoted crowd of children umpiring a game, coaching athletes, demonstrating parallel bar exercises, or practising catching. At P.T. exhibitions his teams of children outshone the university students by their skill and zest. Peter said: " He never got angry with you if you couldn't do anything. He pointed out what you should practise and gave you hints. He made you feel confident you could do it if you tried hard."

School was fun, because you joined in so many meaningful jobs. In the spring, one day was set for the Great Sweeping, and every child turned up to move furniture, sweep, scrub, dust and polish, to make the whole school a fit symbol of the New China. After winter frosts ended, each class, led by the teacher, dug and planted its garden, proud to learn to work as those heroes, the farmers, worked; and to add a little to that productive effort which was to make the country prosperous. On Arbor Day each class planted trees—partly to beautify the school grounds, but mainly to have a part in the great programme of afforestation which was to control the waters and bring back value to the

barren mountains. All the children's joy in catching and collecting was mobilised in the campaigns against the Five Poisonous Things. (Great distress at home followed the discovery that somebody had thrown away Peter's matchboxes full of dead flies, which were to have given his group high score and glory.) At the same time the children were clearly taught why flies, mosquitoes and rats were the enemies, to be hunted down and exterminated so that everyone should be set free from the danger of disease.

In addition to these special events, the schools paid great attention to civics and teaching on current affairs. Hou Jen-Chih gave one day a graphic talk on the history and glory of Peking, and inspired the children with the vision of the still finer city that it might become. Peter and Joan understood the reasons for the various inoculations they received, since before each one there was an explanatory talk by one of our doctors or nurses. Each class had a special blackboard for a daily summary of the news. Every so often Peter, at the age of nine, would be responsible for writing up, with the help of the teacher, a simple record of the newspaper headings. In higher classes the newspapers were carefully studied and discussed.

Two or three times a term joint meetings of parents and teachers were held. These tended to be formal and dull, for most of the parents had little idea of educational methods and few suggestions to make. But the teachers seized the chance to get across some ideas to the parents. They explained elaborately why it was unwise to beat a child or threaten wildly, how to co-operate with the school on such matters as homework, health, cleanliness and the suppression of hooliganism.

After leaving China, and meeting the statement that children in China were being taught to hate their parents, I asked Peter about it. He was very indignant. He said, " We were taught to love our parents. The first part of our Patriotic Vow, called the ' Five Loves ' says, ' Love your country, love your parents, love your teacher, love the

People, love public property.⁵ " I found from him that the Patriotic Vow did not carry the word "Hate." The nearest was "*fan tui*", which means "oppose" or better "take a stand against"; this came in the "Four Stands"—"Stand against destruction of public property; waste of time, books or paper; quarrelling; idleness." We asked Peter how they were taught to love their parents. He replied, "Help sweep the house, help fetch water, help cook, help tend the sick." We asked, "Were children supposed to give their parents political instruction?" "No," he replied, "we were urged to teach our parents the songs we had learned, and if they could not read we were told to encourage them to learn and help them; that was all."

In reply to other questions, he said that there was no meeting at his school at which any parent was denounced, and no secret denouncing of parents as far as he knew. There was a box in which anonymous complaints could be placed—but these were complaints against schoolmates, so that small children should not run the risk of bullying if they complained. We asked Peter if his school was special in its attitudes and teaching. He replied, "I don't think so. Our teachers went to meetings with all the teachers of the district to learn how to teach us, and every school around emphasised the same things." This tallied with our observation, that the method of organisation now used in China means that it is likely that schools everywhere will be taking very much the same line. For instance, the same Patriotic Vow is adopted in all schools.

But undoubtedly there have been cases in which children have denounced their parents. From this some people have concluded that family loyalties are under attack and their elimination designed. From our experience this explanation seems false. Rather is there emphasis on family loyalties, kindness to children, obedience to parents, but at the same time the principle that in certain cases or emergencies the family has to be sacrificed. Every nation

demands this while at war. In China now, when rival claims conflict, loyalty to the People must replace that supreme loyalty to the family which has dominated and corrupted Chinese society for so long. We knew of one or two cases when, in times of great emotional stress, university students had made speeches denouncing their parents. These seemed to us wrongly conceived and a cause of unmerited suffering in the family, but they were exceptions rather than the general rule.

Were the children taught to worship Chairman Mao Tse-Tung? One Christmas Joan asked, " Was there a star in the sky when Chairman Mao was born? " But this was because Mao was commonly called " the saviour of the Chinese people " rather than with any religious implication. Our children were taught in school to regard Mao with deep respect, but there was never any conflict between that and the ideas of God that they learned at home. Whereas in Nationalist days children had to stand silent every Monday morning before the portrait of Sun Yat-Sen, bow three times, and chant the words of his will, there was no such ceremony centred on Mao Tse-Tung.

Peter came home from school one day with broken spectacles and muddy clothes. A couple of older boys had called him an " imperialist " and bullied him. This was at the time of the outbreak of war in Korea, when feelings ran high. Peter knew the issues involved in being called " imperialist " and was more indignant at that than at being knocked over. We decided that we ought to take the matter up, and complained to his teacher, and also consulted a close friend among our colleagues. His daughter was two classes higher in the school than Peter, and captain of the Young Pioneers. The result was that the headmaster gave a talk to the whole school on international goodwill, and the little girl called a meeting of the Pioneers at which the culprits were scolded in drastic terms by their schoolmates. In spite of the rising international tension during subsequent years, no such incident occurred again.

One day the whole school was assembled for a "Confession Meeting." A fourth form boy had been caught redhanded taking money from the till of the co-operative store. After much investigation and discussion, in which it was emphasised that he had learned bad habits from a dishonest father, he was persuaded to own up before the whole school. Fearful and embarrassed, he told in detail how he had taken money on several occasions, from different places so as not to be found out, and what he had done with it. In all he had stolen \$i 15,000—about £2. He went on to say that he had come to see how shameful it was to let down public standards of honesty and stain the good name of the Young Pioneers. He broke down as he promised to turn over a new leaf and become worthy of the New China.

It was decided that he should pay back part of the money, but otherwise there was no punishment from the school. The Young Pioneers suspended him until he should have proved fit for membership by future actions. His friends promised to help him to reform. In the past such cases of theft had posed, for the school, problems which were solved by expulsion of the culprit; the school in fact washed its hands of him. The new method, demanding a courageous step and an experience of great shame, yet holds a far greater chance of redeeming the culprit.

School-children started keeping diaries during Peter's year in the second form, and he could be seen any evening jotting down in his still ungainly Chinese writing a brief account of the day. At first it was little beyond a record of play, as: "This afternoon I went to find Liu Yi-K'ang. Then Weng Ju-Lan and K'uang Shih-Ying came to play. My little brother took a stone for a hand grenade and hit Weng Ju-Lan on the head. So I said, 'Let's pretend my brother and sister are Chiang K'ai-Shek's spies and take mudballs for hand grenades to attack them. Then the spies will be dead.' My first hand grenade struck the Jittle spy dead, my third struck the big spy on the back, and the

fifth struck her on the head and she began to cry. She got home first and got a cushion to throw at me, but I met Miss Li at the door and went in with her so that the big spy didn't dare to throw."

In the second year, however, the diary began to take on more meaning. "Today at 10.45 I went to the infirmary with my mother. When we got there I saw the Doctor and the Registrar quarrelling. It was just about one word not clearly written. They were both in the wrong, but each could only see himself as right. I wanted to go and admonish them, but my mother would not let me."

The habit of carrying around a notebook-diary is now firmly ingrained among a very large proportion of the literate people of China. Listening to a speech, or taking part in a discussion, each person, young or old, will be making notes or referring to them. For most people, this is a great aid to concentration in listening and conciseness in speaking. It is a witness to the keenness, mental energy and efficiency of modern China, and it begins with the small children.

Singing played an important part in the life of everyone around us, especially the children. The Red Army had brought in strident but spirited marching songs. These gradually gave place to more melodious songs, but still filled with fire and martial rhythm. They expressed well the joy of the young people in the defeat of the corrupt old ways and in China's attainment of new strength and dignity. Occasionally old tunes were given new words. We were surprised the first time we heard the song in praise of the great engineering achievements, beginning "See these noble feats of labour" to the tune of "Shall we gather at the river?" Recent songs mirror the hope with which the Chinese people face the future, and their yearning for a world in which all nations shall live together in peace and justice. The spirit of these songs found startling symbolism when we visited the Altar of Heaven shortly before leaving Peking. There on the snowy marble dais where the

Emperor used to offer his yearly formal sacrifice to Heaven, school-children danced in the sunshine and sang the new songs of the liberated people.

In spite of the remarkable achievements of the schools in arousing civic conscience and group responsibility among the children, we felt that they were unsatisfactory in two ways.

First, we considered the methods of teaching backward and narrow. In elementary arithmetic, for instance, no use was made of such aids as counters, toy money, games and mensuration. In the teaching of geography there was no effort to make maps or models, or to start near at hand. Teaching techniques were stereotyped and unimaginative, and there were long spells of mechanical repetition and needless grind. These faults, however, had been inherited from the past, and there were signs that they would be gradually eliminated as methods of teaching were studied afresh, and as the new sense of responsibility on the part of the teachers was translated into practical terms.

Second, and much more serious, was the one-sided presentation of information to the children. For instance, they were taught that the Japanese had been defeated in 1945 by the Chinese Communists and the Soviet armies. Little mention was made of the part played by the Americans. Again, Britain was portrayed as a simple capitalist country where the workers lived in poverty and undernourishment, so that the children could not understand why the British workers did not rebel. It may certainly be argued that in every country the children learn garbled history and distorted accounts of other nations. But in China now patriotic emotions and wartime psychology make it hard for anyone to question the Government's statements.

In spite of these failings, our children all look back on school in China with pleasure and nostalgia. Peter, after a few weeks at an excellent junior school in England, summed up his impressions in the comment: "Some things are

better in England, but some were better in China. Games were better taught in China. In comparison with the stirring songs we learned there, all our songs here are just lullabies. Here we learn nothing about the news, but in China we studied current events. And in China we were taught to co-operate, but here we are taught to compete."

V I I I

STATUS OF WOMEN

IN the countryside we usually chatted with the local men. But sometimes it was possible to get talking to the women. One would meet a wrinkled old woman, toothless and shrivelled, and discover with a shock that she was only thirty-five years old. Continuous child-bearing, heavy labour in the fields and at home, undernourishment and disease, had aged her prematurely.

One day in 1934, on a country outing from Shanghai, Rewi and I met a group of women carrying sedan chairs. We asked one how many children she had. She replied: "Seven were born, but only two are alive." Another told us that she had borne six, and lost them all. The third had had six, of whom only the baby was still alive. Infection at birth, smallpox, dysentery, scarlet fever, tetanus, tuberculosis, added to the usual children's diseases, wiped out most of the babies. When we lived in the countryside in Kiangsi, no sound was sadder than the wailing cry at night, as an anxious mother went out into the dark with a lantern, in anguish calling back the soul into the body of her delirious and dying child.

To understand the harshness of life towards the women of China, one must add to this reckoning of sorrows the pain and disablement of foot-binding, the imprisonment of illiteracy, the boredom of a marriage contracted during childhood to a man whom she did not love, the savage jealousies engendered by concubinage, and the battened-down resentments caused by virtual slavery to her mother-in-law. In South China girls might be sold to live as slaves

in a rich household, and in Shanghai sold to contractors for labour in the factories.

When Nancy was a child she was cared for by the family amah. This amah moved with ungainly effort on the deformed stumps left to her by foot-binding. She had been married while still a child, and had borne six children, but not one had survived babyhood. Her husband had died young, and custom forbade marrying again. Until good fortune took her into a missionary's home, she had no prospect in life but thankless drudgery in a household which owed her no care and bore her no affection. Again and again she would say, " You women of the west have no idea how lucky you are."

The old-style large Chinese family, with its intense loyalties, certainly formed a strong foundation for the ancient semi-feudal society of dynastic China, but with a few exceptions it was not a centre of affection and happiness. Under the impact of western ideas it began to collapse and give way to the " small family " set up independently and based on mutual choice and love. During Nationalist times, under the influence of Christianity and the west, new laws sought to do away with foot-binding, child marriage, concubinage, and to give women equal status with men. But as long as women were economically dependent and the rest of the semi-feudal structure of society was maintained, there was little chance of real social equality. The reforms were confined to the coastal cities, and even there were partial and uneven.

The Communists believed in a much more complete equality and practised it. Up in the mountains during the war there were women soldiers. Women shared in all the tasks of mobilising the people. So when the People's Government was set up it announced (Common Programme, §6): " The People's Republic of China shall abolish the feudal system which holds women in bondage. Women shall enjoy equal rights with men in political, economic, cultural, educational and social life. Freedom of

marriage for men and women shall be put into effect."

The Marriage Law was promulgated on May 1st, 1950. It forbade bigamy, concubinage, child betrothal, interference with the remarriage of widows, and exaction of money or gifts at marriage. It aimed particularly at establishing and protecting the rights of women and children, so that the provisions of the law are biased in favour of the woman. This was considered necessary in order to rectify the situation throughout the countryside, where for many generations the wife has lived in complete legal subjection to the husband.

A very colourful poster set out in a series of thirty-three pictures the main provisions of the new law. There could be seen the disgruntled merchant foiled in his attempt to take a concubine, the angry mother being told that she cannot demand a dowry, the modern girl refusing to allow her mother to betroth her little sister, the People's Court trying to bring about a reconciliation, the divorced father responsible for supporting his children, the doctor issuing the certificate of sound health which both parties must produce at registration, the parents co-operating to run the home and care for the children. This poster was intended to be displayed on the wall in every village office, and its pictures explained one by one to young people who came to register for marriage.

It is one thing to pass a law, and quite another to rally the people to ensure its effectiveness. As one Government officer forcibly pointed out: "The people of North China shouted 'Long live the Emperor' but willingly watched the collapse of the Manchu dynasty. They shouted 'Long live Yuan Shih-K'ai,' and similarly for the various war lords, the Japanese puppets, and Chiang K'ai-Shek, but soon became passive critics or willing rebels. Now it is 'Long live Mao Tse-Tung.' Will they still be shouting wholeheartedly in a few years' time? It depends entirely whether the People's Government truly cares for their interests and solves their problems."

The ordinary women are being won over by the Government's practical achievements. Take Liu Chih-Te, for instance. She was our cook's wife, and she had been fortunate compared with most Chinese women. Born in a Christian family in Peking, she had been able to go to primary school, and later on to get some training as a Biblewoman with a group of fundamentalist Christians. At about twenty-five she had married Liu Han-Ying, a Christian who was kind to her, and a steady worker. For the next few years she lived a quiet life as mother and housewife, free from want. She gradually forgot her reading and writing, and took no interest in political affairs, which she regarded as of the devil anyway.

Life became harder in the thin years after 1937 when war made everyone poor, and Japanese conquerors squeezed out of North China all the wealth they could take away. But her husband still had a job. Then came the Pacific War, and cooks of foreign food lost their jobs. Liu Han-Ying was too proud to work for the Japanese, and with two children to feed, the family savings were gradually eaten away. When they became desperate, neither Han-Ying nor Chih-Te could find work. At last Chih-Te learned that it was possible to make a little money by buying salt in Peking, taking it as personal baggage in the train to Kalgan (100 miles to the north-west) and exchanging it there for grain, which was brought back and sold in Peking. She begged a little money to make a start, and for three years plied this exhausting trade, travelling in the utmost discomfort, by trains stilling hot in summer, freezing in winter, and always crowded and dirty. During this time, knowing nothing of birth-control, she suffered many miscarriages, and the one little boy who was born then grew weakly and thin. After 1945 the demand for cooks of western food revived, and she and her husband found kind employers. But inflation was rampant, no one knew how long the westerners would stay, and she feared for the future. Money must never be kept, so they hoarded

grain in their small house, hoping anxiously that it would not be eaten by rats or weevils, and that in an emergency it would not be stolen, looted or confiscated.

After liberation, Liu Gih-Te worked with us for three years, and our children had great affection for her. Stephen supposed that we all belonged to a single family of mixed races. Chih-Te was quick, neat and capable, and had a natural skill in obtaining co-operation from the most recalcitrant child.

Then just as life seemed to be getting easier, Chih-Te's eldest son was arrested. He was only fifteen, and had got into bad company. A gang had used him in stealing bicycle lamps. The parents were deeply shocked and ashamed. The boy was tried and sentenced to reform school for several months. The parents did not complain, but waited sadly for his homecoming. How could he get any further education or a decent job with this blot on his record?

When he was released, however, the Government offered him the chance of a new start. Would he go to Mukden as a new-style apprentice in a machine shop? This was the very kind of job he had longed for, and he seized the chance. It was the making of him. He did well in his work and wrote home regularly. His parents became proud of him again, and realised that they owed this recovery to a new atmosphere and environment.

At about this time, the Educational Workers' Union became aware that the household servants as a group were being exploited by the employers. The issue was highlighted by disputes over wages and hours of working, which were entirely unregulated. One or two of Liu Han-Ying's friends were involved, and he found himself being consulted, as more educated than most of them. Consequently when a Union of Household Servants was formed he could not stay out, though he would have liked to do so. He was elected to the committee and put in charge of the night school. After a while he found the work interesting and

liked the prestige, and began to take initiative. He persuaded his wife to go along to night school, where she was delighted to find that although she had forgotten much, her native intelligence responded readily to the unaccustomed demands. When she came to us next day she reported: " I thought I was too old to learn, and did not want to go. I feared I would be too tired, and wanted the time for household tasks. But the teaching was so interesting and so clear that I have decided to go to all the classes open to me and not to miss any." She joined the discussions on the news, and when she got home and started to tell her children, she was astonished to find them already well informed. In the course of a year she learned to read the newspaper again, and to write her own letters.

This was also the time of the great spring-cleaning of the village. Chih-Te had always been a firm believer in cleanliness, and her children often shamed ours by their neatness. The cleaning up of Ch'eng-fu had her wholehearted backing.

Thus Chih-Te's attitude gradually swung right round. She no longer talked in terms of keeping clear of involvement. She no longer took the line that she was too old and set. Her anxieties about money, employment and housing gradually faded as inflation and unemployment were replaced by stability and full employment. She began to tell us with enthusiasm the Government plans for local education, health work and construction. When we left she became a Government employee in the enlarged nursery school run for small children of the university staff. She was typical of the many ordinary people who were won over by the successes of the People's Government.

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During the past twenty years three excellent pieces of work among women had been done at Yenching. Dr. Brown trained Miss Chang as her assistant and established a maternity clinic in the town of Hai-tien. A Social Service

Centre was run in Ch'eng-fu. Women of surrounding villages were trained in embroidery work and enabled to earn good wages in a non-profit-making enterprise. With a few exceptions, the initiative in these schemes was taken by wives of the missionaries, and most of the burden of financing and managing them remained in their hands. It was not that they desired power. They could not find people to take the work over from them.

After liberation, the Yenching Women's Association was formed, welcoming all women on the staff or wives of staff members. Thus, as patriotic spirit made new energies available, there was no lack of people. The trouble was that in a new and inexperienced organisation some women who came into the lead were great talkers rather than effective workers. Others were willing, but too ignorant of practical affairs to do a good job. There was a good deal of manoeuvring for power and status, and fear of the Party members in the organisation. Naturally the various service projects suffered.

But through all the mistakes and muddle the women were training themselves to take responsibility. The really able people did emerge to give leadership. More business-like methods were learned through discussion of failures. So women were able to take an increasing share in the life of the community. It became usual to invite the Women's Association to send a representative to any committee for joint action by our community, and these representatives contributed more as time went on. There were, of course, other women on such committees, but since our affairs were mainly in the hands of men, it was regarded as desirable to give the women special representation.

The Women's Association naturally took leadership when the new Marriage Law came up for discussion. At the first big meeting of women to welcome the new law, Lei Chieh-Ch'iung—a militant suffragette for thirty years—in the course of an impassioned call to the members, shouted, " There's to be no more bullying of wives. Do any of your

husbands beat you? Come and tell us. We'll deal with them! " Yenching men slyly commented on their need for a parallel organisation to deal with bullying wives of " soft-eared husbands."

Lei Chieh-Ch'iung was the very antithesis of Liu Chih-Te. Chih-Te was a stolid, even-tempered, unpolitical Northerner. Chieh-Ch'iung was an excitable and voluble Cantonese, of aggressive and managing temperament. A graduate of Yenching, with subsequent study in America, she had been a leader of anti-Japanese propaganda before 1937. When war broke out she travelled south, and worked in Madame Chiang's organisation for the political education of women in Kiangsi. Her activities there brought the disfavour of the Provincial Governor, Hsiung Shih-Hui, and she was forced to flee to Shanghai. After the war she and her husband emerged as leaders of the Party for the Promotion of Democracy. They were barely tolerated by the Nationalists, but managed to survive until the liberation, when they immediately gave very full support to the People's Government. Lei Chieh-Ch'iung became a member of the People's Political Consultative Conference. Within the university she was the woman teacher most respected and trusted by the students. All over China can be found such women of courage and energy. They were feared and gagged by the Nationalists, but have been won over and their abilities made full use of by the People's Government.

Yenching had been throughout its thirty years the university in China where there was most equality in numbers and treatment between men and women, both students and faculty. So post-liberation changes for us meant minor reforms or new emphases in our administration, and a general move on the part of married women back into professional work. The Government's need for trained personnel was desperate, and it used every method to pull out from their homes women who had been trained as teachers, nurses, doctors, social workers, scientists or

administrators. Among our friends were a young couple with two children. The mother had been able to carry a half-time job, and she was faced with alternative offers. She could go on to a more responsible part-time position, with higher salary. Or she could go into a Government research position, with maintenance treatment, living away from home. She could take the latter post if she invited her mother to move into her home to take over the housekeeping and the care of the two children. After long and careful consideration of the two jobs in the light of national needs, husband and wife together decided that it was right to take the full-time job, try to make ends meet on the lower income, and entrust the children to their grandmother. The father was often away, and as we watched the small boy growing wild and undisciplined, and the wistfulness of his sister as she said goodbye to her mother after a weekly visit, we realised the heavy sacrifice the family was making. So did the parents, but they were certain that at this time of national need their course was the right one.

Such separation of families was, fortunately, comparatively rare, as the Government made efforts to place man and wife in the same institution. It is also possible to find good servants for housekeeping and child-minding, so that a mother can take a part-time job without incurring too heavy a burden.

Newcomers to the Yenching campus in 1952 were a bunch of women athletes training to become professionals or teachers. (In earlier years our Chinese administrators resolutely set their faces against offering any such course.) This group took on the university women's team at volleyball and basketball one day. Yenching girls looked very smart and neat, mostly slim and graceful. The other girls, in rather dirty sports sweaters and shorts (they wore them day in and day out), with dark brown skins from outdoor living, looked enormously brawny, not to say stout. Not a single willowy one then, whatever they were like to start with. They played with fire and determination, and the result

was a massacre of the Yenching girls. This intensity of determination to excel was raising standards fast in all games, and to watch these bronzed amazons while remembering the bound-foot fragility of their mothers was to realise vividly that a revolution separated them.

These girls were not the only specialists out to show what Chinese women could achieve. There were teams of women pilots, women tractor-drivers, women mechanics, women geologists, women engineers. When we left Peking for the last time we travelled in a train run entirely by women, from ice-cream seller to engine driver. It was kept spotlessly clean and ran on time. Loudspeakers gave us information about the train times, facilities available and regulations, summarised the news, played patriotic songs, and relayed a long jingle of advice about correct behaviour, for country people who could get the idea better that way. As we left the train we were invited to criticise the excellent arrangements for our comfort so that the " All-women Train Team " could rise to still greater heights of efficiency.

CONSTRUCTION

IN August 1951 the College of Science held a farewell party for Dr. Liu Ch'eng-Chao, Head of the Yenching Biology Department, and President-designate of West China Union University. Dr. Liu came from a poor family in Shantung, worked and won his way through school and college, studied in America, and became an authority on Chinese amphibia. A man of outstanding integrity and frankness, he was much respected by all his students and colleagues. It seemed to me at the time that his farewell speech could very well represent the feelings and ideas of many of our friends and colleagues. He said:

" It is only a year since I came here—a year which seems in some ways very short and in others very long. Short, because I have not achieved as much as I would have liked to have done, especially in research, long because I have seen and learned so much. At last we have a Government such as I have yearned for for years, a Government that does not simply talk, but gets things done—achieves all its plans and more. The railway from Chungking to Chengtu had been planned for forty years, and money had been collected from the people, but no line was built until this last year, and now trains already run half-way. Next year the line will be finished.' Or look at things near at hand. The Hsi-chih-men (North-west gate of the city) has for years been a bottleneck—the road winding tortuously through two narrow tunnels in the wall and then across a small bridge. Now the bridge has been widened and two new

' The line was finished and trains began to run earlier than planned.

gates cut in the wall, and traffic runs smoothly and safely through. There was plenty of money for it before, but now we have a Government which really takes thought for the good of the ordinary people. Or look at the building going on all around Peking, of which the new People's University is typical. These new buildings are not palaces for rich men or officials, not amusement houses or factories for private profit-making, they are universities, schools, clinics and other public buildings for the true good of the people.

" The decision to leave was a difficult one to make. I like my work here and had planned for research. I do not like administration. In considering the proposal that I should go to West China, and remembering the problems there, I sometimes felt irritated and sometimes downcast. But then I considered who it was that wanted me to go. Our Government is composed of the representatives of the common people of China, who through tremendous sufferings and bloodshed have in the last twenty years rescued China from a hundred years of imperialist oppression and thousands of years of feudalism and corruption. I thought of the achievements of the last three years—the defeat of the rotten Chiang regime, the stopping of wild inflation and stabilisation of prices, the enormous and rapid improvement in communications and the revival of industry, the increase in agricultural production to the point that instead of having to import grain we have had hundreds of thousands of tons surplus to help India.

" Seeing how I have benefited from all these and many other achievements of the People's Government and the people's labour, I knew that I could not make a choice on the basis of personal likings and ambitions, but must put myself at the service of the people, and go where the need called. Indeed I think it a high honour to be assigned to a necessary job by the People's Government. What I want to ask of Yen-ching is that as you have fuller experience of what it means to be citizens of a New Democracy than people at West China University, you will put this

experience at my call, and help me when I appeal to you."

Most of my scientific colleagues had kept clear of all politics, either because their interests and training were essentially academic, or because the corruption in public affairs had disgusted them. But starting with the engineers and applied scientists they found themselves more and more consulted and drawn into Government plans. Sun Ling-Hsien, returning to China after managing by a ruse to get out of Formosa, was invited to visit Inner Mongolia to explore the prospects for chemical industry there. Having recommended papermaking in the forests, he was called to help design the plant. Huang Wei-Te, mechanical engineer, who had spent his spare moments in rebuilding old trucks to sell for a little more income for his family, was now able to turn to the successful design and construction of an improved waterwheel for irrigation. Hou Jen-Chih, who wrote his Ph.D. thesis at Liverpool University on the historical geography of Peking, was co-opted on to the Town Planning Committee of Peking, and for some months was given the use of a jeep one day each week for field trips of exploration of the ancient system of watercourses and canals.

At Yenching we had in the past achieved excellent research and training in tanning and ceramics under the leadership of an American chemical engineer, with financial help from the British Boxer Indemnity Fund. This work was destroyed by the Japanese Army, and in 1945-8 we were too poor to do much in rehabilitation. But after the liberation, Yu Shih-Chou, one of the senior members of the Communist Party in the university, a man of dour and sombre temperament, but of great devotion to his work and executive ability, restarted both projects. Yii worked himself to exhaustion and weak health. The huge demand for such men of technical training and experience, far beyond the supply, meant a heavy strain on them.

Dr. Tai Wen-Sai, an astronomer who took his advanced work at Cambridge University, was a man of many parts—

a musician able to play a dozen different instruments, and a writer of attractive light essays and popular science. He was somewhat timid and conservative in his views, and at the time of liberation seriously considered flight from Peking. He decided to stay, and before long found himself in demand for popular articles on mathematics and books on astronomy. He was also appointed to the Academia Sinica Committee for standardising Chinese astronomical terminology.

Thus our scientists found themselves respected and consulted. They were impressed by the Government's appreciation of the value of science, and by its straightforwardness and efficiency. They were also astonished by the successes achieved in national construction. Of this there was plenty of evidence right at hand.

The road from the city to Yenching ran through five miles of open country, over ground slightly above the surrounding irrigated plain. Because this land was dry and short of water, it had been used mainly for temples and graves in the past. When the courtiers and nobles wanted to build palaces, they took low-lying and well-watered land beyond Yenching, near to the Imperial Summer Palace. The high ground is, however, very suitable for dwelling-places, and for this reason, as well as the adjacent situation of Yenching and Tsinghua universities, the whole area has been designated as the " Cultural Sector " of Peking. In future years there will be a large population of students, scholars and research men here. The region which for a thousand years has served the dead in graves and temples will become a great centre of life in schools and colleges.

Alongside the five miles of road from the city one already sees many new buildings. There are the dormitories and administration block of the *Jen-Min Ta-Hsueh* (People's University), which is to give advanced training to men and women from the farms and factories who lack the groundwork for normal university courses, but have shown considerable ability. Nearby is a new school, giving a

compressed middle school course to enable people from the same background to enter into ordinary university work. An extensive group of buildings in traditional Chinese style, looking very handsome with red latticed doors and upcurved roof-ridges against the Western Hills, houses the College of Minorities, where the students come from the tribes who inhabit the borders of China—Mongols, Tibetans, Uighurs, Kazaks, Fantzus, Mantzus, Yaos, Lolos, Miaos and many others. The students are encouraged to retain and develop their own language and customs, and at the same time are taught Chinese and the usual modern subjects. Chinese students of ethnology have been appointed to work there. On the other side of the road stand the drab and uniform red-brick dormitories of the School of Surveying. The nearby Agricultural Research Station, started by the Japanese, is being constantly enlarged. The old Western Barracks, a mass of ugly buildings which housed thousands of troops in the old days, now holds the *Ke-Ming Ta-Hsueh*—the Revolutionary University. Here come people who have been selected to study Marxism and the policy of the People's Government, and also those whose record in Chinese politics has made them suspect by the Government. They want to find employment again, and so they volunteer for a six- or nine-month course. It is mainly conducted through discussion groups. Students returning from abroad may proceed directly to jobs in China, or they may elect to study at *Ke-Ming Ta-Hsueh*, if they feel that they have been too long out of touch with Chinese life and affairs. Beyond the Revolutionary University rise the new buildings of the School of Foreign Languages.

On and near the Yenching University campus are many new buildings. In preparation for its incorporation into the new Peking University in the autumn of 1952, about a thousand workmen were engaged in building new houses, dormitories and classrooms. The workmen were divided into groups, but there were no foremen. Leadership was by

student apprentices. A broadcasting system was installed, with loudspeakers at all building sites, and from these came a steady sequence of Chinese opera, popular songs, announcements, exhortation and speeches. On one day most of the announcement time was given to urging all workmen to attend a meeting at night for reviewing the progress of the work, and making criticisms and suggestions. Every effort was made to get workers to voice their grouses, and various of the responsible leaders confessed their sins and mistakes and humbly promised to do better. On another occasion a worker who had composed a special song came to the microphone to teach it to the rest. He was no musician. " Sounds like a cow," commented one old lady who lived within range.

At the end of Chapter Five I described the excellent food these workers ate. They proudly explained to me that they had organised their own kitchen, and after paying for their food they had more money to take home than ever before. The spirit was such that groups often worked far into the night if monsoon rains or other delays had set them behind schedule. This zeal was partly patriotism and partly their response to better treatment than they had ever met before. They had night schools, a set period for midday rest, concerts and movies, and specially good work was awarded special recognition. They were able to get medical care at the university infirmary, where our doctors were very busy, dealing often with people who had never seen a doctor before.

I asked a skilled worker what he thought of the system. In general he was very much in favour of it, but he feared that " music while you work " might mean slower work while you listen. He also doubted the wisdom of cutting out the foremen. This step had been taken in an effort to break the custom by which the foreman took a large commission from each workman's wages.

Each time we went into Peking we saw new construction starting. In addition to the huge task of drainage, streets

were being paved, most of them for the first time. The *Ch'ang-An Chieh*—the main east-west highway, which ran before the old Forbidden City—was completely redesigned. Peking is a city of memorial arches. A few of these, put up recently by war lords, were removed to free the traffic, but most of them were carefully redecorated in the brilliant reds, blues and greens which, under constantly clear blue skies, give to the city such colourful splendour.

In the south-east of the city is the area where in 1860 Chinese houses and shops were destroyed to make room for the compounds of the foreign embassies. On the north and east of this area lay open spaces or "glacis" surrounding the wall of the Legation Quarter. The eastern glacis has become a popular recreation ground, and the northern the site of large new buildings for Government offices. According to the ruling of Mao Tse-Tung, which holds for all modern construction, these were planned to be very simply built, as cheaply as possible, with the idea of replacing them after ten years or so by more dignified and impressive buildings. When the walls began to rise, apparently grey brick boxes, it seemed as if these prominent additions to Peking's scene would be large eyesores. After the roofs were put on, but before completion of internal structure or external decorations, building stopped for six months owing to discoveries of corruption among the contractors (see Chapter XV). Finally work was completed in the late summer of 1952. Then we found that the addition of upturned ends to the roof-ridges, the brilliant red of the doors and windows, and the handsome traditional designs of staircases and doorways, had turned the buildings into appropriate and dignified blocks, in spite of their extreme simplicity. It was the Peking Hotel—built by Frenchmen many years earlier, and facing them across the *Ch'ang-An Chieh*—which showed up as monstrous and discordant.

At the same time as new buildings were rising fast, old buildings were receiving careful repair. The magnificent

Temple of Heaven, Imperial City and Summer Palace are generally in excellent condition, and where necessary fundamental repairs have been undertaken. Caretakers in the Summer Palace explained to us with clarity and pride the programme of repair and repainting (which unfortunately included even the restoration of the Empress Dowager's superstructure upon Chien Lung's marble boat, added with her usual execrable taste and looking like a second-class bar with its coloured glass, imitation marble, and mirrors). The caretakers pointed out to us the fire hydrants recently installed right up to the " Hall of the Sea of Wisdom " at the top of the hill. In the night-school classes they were learning enough of history to feel privileged to take care of a place of such value and beauty, and to regard themselves as stewards on behalf of the Chinese people. In the old days caretaking had been merely a job to keep the family alive.

At the time of the liberation of Peking, the incoming armies cared little about tradition. There was a tendency among the *kanpu* to think only of industry and modernisation. The ruins of the *Tuan-Ming-Tuan* (Old Summer Palace) were quarried for building stone. Some proposed razing the historic walls of Peking; others rejoiced to see temples falling to pieces, as homes of superstition. But within a couple of years a new pride in China's ancient culture held the field. The Government passed a law protecting all historic monuments, and subsidised repairs to famous temples. Exhibitions showed to the people the glories of Chinese art. Our students began to take pride in traditional Chinese architecture and design; when Government buildings, publications, and even postage stamps employed the old motifs in design and decoration, students adopted them in their posters and newsboards. The majestic early bronzes, the frescoes from the Tun-huang caves, and the folk patterns of carpenter and mason proved rich mines of lovely and dignified forms.

To the Chinese leaders, achievements such as those described above were superficial—almost by-products. They were natural symptoms indicating that a more fundamental programme was succeeding—the rehabilitation of agriculture and the development of industry. The Government had money for building and repair, for town planning and universities, because the national economy was sound. And it was sound because of the fast increasing productive power of the people.

In the university we were not in direct touch with farmers or factory workers. And as foreigners living in China we had no opportunity to travel to see factories or visit the great projects of river control.' But our Chinese colleagues travelled far more than they had ever done before. Some were enrolled for land reform, some as advisers on engineering projects. Our ethnologists went as far afield as Mongolia, Yunnan and Lhasa. When they returned we tried to get them to answer the question: "Is Peking, being the capital, far in advance of the rest of China in the constructive energy displayed?" They reported that wherever they went they found the same drive and achievement. Tsai Liu-Sheng (Chairman of the Department of Chemistry), speaking on "What I saw on the trip to Szechuan," described road-making in Hankow, Chungking and Sian, irrigation and hydroelectric projects in Szechuan, new buildings under construction in every county town he visited, and commented that in areas where supplies of wood and stone were more plentiful the speed of construction even surpassed that of Peking.

In all these achievements, the factor which impressed Yenching people most was the tremendous human energy which had become available through the enthusiasm and

' Readers who desire a picture of the immense constructive effort in river control, irrigation, afforestation, in heavy, light and fuel industry, in workers' housing, railways and roads, may find first-hand reports in the magazine *China Reconstructs* and (more intimately) in Rewi Alley's book *To Ban/a* (We have a Way).

hard work of the labourers engaged. Those who worked through the summer in factories told us of the keenness and drive of all the factory workers, who really thought and worked as though the factory was their own, in fact as if the nation was their own. Peasants who had received land showed the same attitude.

One of my friends confessed: " Until recently, we had held, implicitly if not explicitly, the idea that leadership would naturally rest with the highly educated. But we have come to discover that not only driving power, but also practical wisdom, creative thinking, organisational ability, and desire to co-operate, mark the liberated peasants and the workers beyond our expectation, and beyond our own achievement. We are learning to be humble—to see ourselves as technicians at the service of the people, to surrender our individual plans and attitudes and fit into the all-over plan of the Government." This was a very general state of mind, from the president to the freshman student.

All who worked with *kanpu* on tasks of construction were deeply impressed by their methods. They began with a painstaking investigation, followed by small group discussions in which all concerned with the task were included. The first discussions were exploratory, to seek out the key problems. Then an agenda was drawn up and the questions were argued over until virtual unanimity was reached: this took a long time, but was justified by subsequent events. Agreement having been attained, plans were made in great detail, and then carried out with strict attention to punctuality, accuracy and standards. During the task, occasional " trouble-shooting" meetings were held (in which the main weapons were self- and mutual criticism), and at the end one or more meetings for " assessment of achievement and evaluation of experience." On the whole, leadership was skilful enough to draw everyone into the discussions, so that each felt that his contribution had

been included in the planning. The result was that the whole working group went at the task with remarkable unity and drive. Wherever possible emotional energy was added by relating the job to one of the great patriotic movements which are described in Chapters XII to XV.

X

EXPERIMENTS IN DEMOCRACY

L A O ' JEN took care of my office. He had been a university servant for over twenty years. He was caretaker of the Science building, an old man now, stiff and worn. He had a wife and one son, but the son had gone out of his mind when Japanese soldiers looted his home, and could do no responsible work. So Lao Jen's meagre salary had to keep the three of them. His only comfort in life seemed to be his pipe, in which he smoked the rankest tobacco in Yenching. He had been a servant all his life, and was a " good servant"—honest and reliable, obedient and uncomplaining. The university was his master and livelihood, but the idea that it belonged in any way to him, that his voice could be heard in policy-making, would have seemed to him the utmost nonsense.

After liberation, Lao Jen and his fellow-servants joined the Union of Educational Workers. For a long time they showed the stolid passivity of the North China peasant. When organised to march, they marched; when urged to cheer, they cheered; when called to meetings, they came; when asked to speak, they repeated stereotyped phrases they had heard from others. *Kanpu* proclaimed the New Democracy, but Lao Jen's superiors still ordered him around as before, and Lao Jen cannily responded with the old deeply ingrained subservience.

When I left China, however, I said goodbye to a very different Lao Jen. He was studying his newspaper carefully

' The Chinese use *lao* (old) as a friendly or familiar prefix (*cf.* our use of " old man ").

each day, and joining in discussion groups with slow-moving earnestness. When he believed his superiors to be wrong he now said so and gave his reasons. He had begun to regard himself as part owner of the university—a "*chu-jen-weng*" (old man lord)—and even part owner of the country—and he did his work like an owner. When he explained, "This is the *people's* China, and we workmen are the vanguard of the people," he held up his head and felt himself as good as anybody. He had understood and accepted the "New Democracy."

Lao Jen was typical of most of our servants, and many others of the staff. His change of attitude was a gradual response to the experiments in democracy which we undertook after the liberation. In the old days Yenching had been at best a "democracy of professors." We were governed by committees of senior faculty members. Workmen and students had no voice whatever in the administration. As soon as the new China surrounded us, it was realised that this system was out of tune with the times. Several efforts were therefore made to broaden the representation on the key committees, by such methods as adding a couple of students and a couple of workmen. We spent a great deal of time in discussions of a revised constitution, often baulked by the facts that the Government had not yet formulated its educational policy, and we were cut off from our boards of managers and trustees. Sometimes after involved procedures of nomination and voting we ended up with the same committee as had been selected *ad interim* by the Acting President.

These time-consuming actions gradually convinced Lao Jen and others like him that times had changed, and that their opinions and interests were important. Nevertheless, there was always dissatisfaction among the more progressive and alert among us, which centred on two problems—first, the administration proved unable to mobilise *all* the university employees for enthusiastic service, and second, there was inadequate drive in working out and carrying

out our tasks for the service of the people—such as the training of overseas students entrusted to us and the running of the various short courses.

If we had been asked in earlier years what were the objectives of our work, we would probably have pointed to the university motto: "Freedom through Truth for Service." But we could not have claimed that everyone on the campus was inspired by this motto, and if we had analysed our service, to see who benefited by it, we would have found it spread rather thin over farmers, factories, schools, Government bureaux, customs offices, foreign firms and consulates, banks, shops—in fact, indiscriminately. The new régime challenged this record. Service, they claimed, must be aimed at the ordinary people and at those who promoted the interests of the ordinary people. And since more than 80 per cent of the people in China were farmers or factory workers, these people must be the object of service. So the question "Whom do you serve?" became a central challenge.

This challenge was taken up by the newly formed Union of Educational Workers, which contained everyone on the Yenching payroll, from president to garbage collector, and was affiliated to the municipal Union of Educational Workers. The union at first groped around for tasks; it could not start fighting for better salaries or housing, since it was committed to promote, not struggle against, Government policy. So it concentrated on study groups and minor welfare schemes.

But gradually the union increased the scope of its activity. It was aided by the Government, which referred many matters directly to it rather than through the university administration. Prominent among these was the promotion of the various popular movements, such as the public health drives and the "Resist-America-help-Korea" campaign.

This tendency for patriotic enthusiasm to express **itself through the union, and for the normal administrative**

procedures to be side-tracked, culminated in the events of the "Anti-3 Movement" in the university (see Chapter XV). In this campaign against waste, corruption and bureaucracy, bureaucracy was redefined as anything which cuts off the administrator from his "mass," that is, from the people whom he directs or serves. Our administration was accused, by the students and the body of union members, of such bureaucracy—and the reason was identified as "pro-Americanism" or "compradore-mentality." There followed a series of meetings for self-criticism and accusation, in which a small group of administrators was singled out and treated as scapegoat. When the movement had come to a close amid general expressions of repentance and good resolutions, we went back to work. Scores of labourers, technicians and assistants, who had never asserted themselves in the past—people like Lao Jen—had brought into the open their grievances and suppressed feelings. They had joined in, and now were made to feel responsible for the democratic and efficient running of the university. It was claimed that we had at last sloughed off the mistaken and sinful ways of the past, and had become a real "university belonging to the People." Thus everyone, right down to the least skilled labourer, should take a pride in his work of service. In answer to this challenge, men like Lao Jen began to work as personally responsible, instead of watching the clock; scrupulous honesty became the order of the day.

At this stage the leadership of the university passed into the hands of the group who had shown most vigour in promoting the work of the union. They naturally put much more drive into all the tasks of the university—we were in the hands of wholehearted enthusiasts rather than half-critical co-operators with the Government. Thus the problems of mobilisation and drive were met. The cost

¹ Compradores were the managers of Chinese personnel in the service of foreign firms. They were regarded by patriotic Chinese as "running-dogs" who helped the foreigners to exploit the Chinese people.

was heavy—the abandonment of the traditional academic status of critical bystander, the denial of the value of independent criticism or reasoned opposition.

But with very few exceptions our Chinese colleagues welcomed the change, and considered it well worth the strain and anxieties of criticism, self-criticism and accusation meetings. They were inspired by a new hope for China, and they regarded national unity and teamwork, efficiency and speed in the progress of industrialisation, as paramount. Individual nonconformity they regarded as a luxury which they would give up if necessary. It was a wartime psychology.

But this unity did not mean absence of discussion. Within the ground marked by certain common assumptions there was still scope for debate. The debate, however, was conducted in a new way, as I shall try to make clear in an account of the prolonged preparations for elections of the union executive in the summer of 1952. It had been decided to make this election an exercise in democracy, utilising the method of "consultative election." The union was divided, for discussions during the election, into forty small groups, and most of the work was done in these. I belonged to the Mathematics Department Group.

The union included, in its 450 members, faculty (teachers), staff (clerks, secretaries, accountants, technicians, librarians, etc.), and workmen (caretakers, cleaners, maintenance men, gardeners, power-house men, etc.). On this occasion the constitution of the union already decreed that the executive should contain eight faculty, five staff and six worker members, and we had to select them, anyone being eligible for office.

The small groups met first to prepare lists of nominees. These lists could be of any length, but the retiring executive had suggested that each group should concentrate on nominees who could represent its own interests. So in the Mathematics Group we considered mainly the eight faculty members. We also elected one of our number to state our

views at the Meeting of Representatives. The first Meeting of Representatives lasted about five hours, and went carefully through the whole composite list of nominees of the forty groups. Naturally names occurring in one list only were not very seriously discussed, but those appearing on several lists were all considered with care. Other factors than ability and popularity were kept in mind—for instance, physical strength and other commitments. Finally a list of nineteen was agreed on—so formulated as to have every interest cared for—seniors and juniors, men and women, scientists and non-scientists, administrative staff, librarians, labourers in different areas, and so on. This list of nineteen was taken back to the small groups for comment. Any small group could propose to strike out any name and replace it by any other. Our group thought the list of nineteen a good one, and although it did not contain all our nominees we proposed no change after a name-by-name discussion. But some small groups made strong comments.

One workmen's group objected to a proposed faculty member on the grounds that on a certain occasion he had lost his temper with a workman. Did not this show that his basic attitude to workmen was superior and old-fashioned? Several groups objected to one of the proposed staff members, saying that he had been hard to work with in the past, and had been irresponsible as Chairman of the Go-operative Society. Another man was criticised as having been on bad terms with the soldiers quartered in his home. Was he therefore deficient in public spirit? The Meeting of Representatives spent long hours on such questions, and referred some of them for fact-finding enquiries. Finally after about twelve hours' work they reached unanimity on a revised list of nominees. They then reported back to the small groups, and each representative was expected to make clear to his small group why he had accepted and voted for the final list. Members of the small groups could still voice disapproval.

These preparations having been made, a mass meeting was called, and was very well attended. After a report (quite redundant, to my mind) on the procedure and results so far, and an exhortation by Hou Jen-Chih, who maintained that such careful discussion meant a truly responsible democratic spirit on all hands, we voted for the new executive. We were given slips of paper containing the nineteen names recommended by the Meeting of Representatives. We could tick names we approved of, or strike out those we disapproved of and substitute any others. The slips were then dropped unsigned into the ballot box. No fault could be found with the careful procedure of voting and counting.

The result was of course that all nineteen nominees were elected, most of them with over 90 per cent of the votes. In the Mathematics Department afterwards there was a long argument, one member maintaining that after the exhaustive consultative process the result was certain, and the voting therefore an empty ceremony. But the majority felt that the freedom to vote as you pleased was real and must be kept, even if it were known that the majority had already been convinced that the list prepared by their representatives was the most reasonable one.

Four thousand man-hours had been consumed. But it was felt well worth while as a real exercise in democracy, since in the end each person voted after having heard the pros and cons set out from the viewpoint of the common good, and not just on personal acquaintance or prejudice. The method of voting without consultation was stigmatised as too haphazard, and unlikely to produce as good or representative a committee as this did. My own main comments were: (a) there was good discussion, and an excellent executive was chosen, (b) an enormous amount of time was used (up to twenty-five hours by some representatives), and (c) the effectiveness of the method depends on the assumption that everyone is out for the common good. In cases where this last assumption is justified the

consultative method does produce very good results—indeed it is commonly used by religious and other homogeneous groups elsewhere.

I have reported in considerable detail in order to show that the adoption of a block list of nominees by an almost unanimous vote does not necessarily imply that the electors are blindly submitting to orders. The methods of New Democracy do have a serious claim to be considered democratic, though they differ from traditional methods of the west.

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Among students, we observed a very remarkable change in mutual relations. It can be well illustrated from the Athletic Sports Meet, where the centre of interest moved from questions like " Who can jump farthest? " to " How many of us can jump more than five metres?" There were still individual events, but team races counted as far more important.

This same shift from individualism to life in the group showed in studies. Before 1948 students worked alone and competed keenly for marks. The range in achievement in a class was very great, and each year some unfortunates were dismissed as below standard. But recently students and teachers adopted as objective " that every student in the class shall get a grasp of the subject." To achieve this, two main methods were employed. On the teacher's side, much more time was spent than before on tutorial and discussion sessions. Where the class was too large or the professor too busy, assistants were assigned to deal with individual or group problems.

On the side of the students, a close organisation of the class for mutual help had emerged from various experiments. One of my classes held thirty chemical engineering students for Calculus. They had elected as Study Captain a responsible and competent man. The class was divided into three Mutual Aid Groups, and these were further divided into

" Small Groups " with three or four in each. The members of a Small Group worked together. With one or two exceptions, they avoided simple dependence or cheating, and co-operated in a rational way, teaching each other as they needed, and as they were able. A problem or theory by which they were puzzled would be referred to the Mutual Aid Group, and probably solved there by joint effort. Those which proved too hard would go before the whole class, and the captain would arrange with mc to deal with them in special sessions.

On the other hand, I could get reliable class reaction very quickly. For instance, if I wanted to know whether students were interested in the inclusion of a particular topic, I would ask the captain. He would consult the leaders of the Mutual Aid Groups, and they the leaders of the Small Groups, who would consult their members. Answers would come through the same route, edited at each stage, and within a couple of days I would get a carefully framed analysis of the reaction, if need be with detailed positive suggestions. Naturally a high level of mutual responsibility was needed to make such a complex system work, but that level was reached. To English ears the system sounds cumbrous, but it should be remembered that modern Chinese are not attached to the British tradition of avoiding system, and that the principle of mutual responsibility inevitably involves more organisation than does individualism.

The same Small Group organisation served many other purposes—in fact practically all of the activities of the students were covered by it. Many courses included group discussion. Groups studied newspapers together. (Our students knew a great deal about current events, though all from one angle.) Morning exercises, singing and dancing practice, attendance at theatres, cinemas or meetings, holiday camps and excursions—in all these the small group of three to twelve students was the unit. Some, used to individualistic ways, held out against the groups for a long

time. But in the end they came to enjoy group life and find it satisfying, having no desire to return to the old ways, either in studying or playing.

Such activities did tend to press the participants into a mould—the social pressure on the nonconformist was heavy. But that did not mean "subordination of the individual to the mass, and consequent submergence of personality." While on the one hand the group imposed certain standards and assumptions, on the other it cultivated traits of mutual frankness, mutual care, civic responsibility and self-discipline. It gave to each in turn a chance to lead. It encouraged the timid to venture on new experiences, such as learning to speak in public, or to swim. It "doubled the joys and halved the sorrows" of its members in experiences shared.

Most important, it was in these small groups that each person was constantly challenged to give up the self-centred life, and to dedicate himself to the service of the people. The attitude of the others, and the atmosphere of the group, made this step possible and effective, and in the taking of it many students were rescued from the slough of self-centred and petty-minded cares to the happiness of outgoing lives of service.

Although our experience lay mainly in an academic institution, we realised that the same learning of democratic methods was to be found throughout Peking. Our Chinese language teacher, an old-fashioned scholar, described meetings of the people who lived on his street. Similarly our cook and his wife joined in the meetings of their street in the village and in those of the Household Servants' Union. Pedicabmen talked about their meetings and classes, peasants about their Farmers' Union, housewives about their Women's Association—there were few people left outside this far-reaching scheme.

Training in democratic methods takes time. People have to learn to speak one at a time, to speak to the point, and not about a private bee in the bonnet, to obey the chairman,

to accept a majority ruling; then to plan an agenda, to act as secretary or chairman, to act as treasurer and produce clear accounts, to co-operate with other leaders. How could China, suddenly emerging from semi-feudalism, accomplish this for all its immense population? Again the secret lay with the *kanpu*. During the years of war and civil war they had been severely trained, and had learned to understand the minds of the peasants. They had acquired the ability to express ideas simply and clearly, to wait patiently for minds slowed down by grinding toil, to stay in the background while learners made mistakes. Now in hundreds of thousands they taught the people to organise themselves.

Critics often state that no real democracy can exist in China because there is no Opposition Party, and because certain people (the so-called "three enemies"—landlord, compradore and bureaucratic capitalist) are denied political rights. Our friends met this criticism as follows:

"The vast majority of the population have for the first time become able to voice their demands and to exercise an influence on local and national affairs. The Government is a coalition in which are represented all who belong to the 'four friends'—peasants, workers, middle classes and national capitalists. It is like a wartime coalition in England. It is true that our democracy is limited to the 'four friends' and denied to the 'three enemies,' but this is the only way to ensure that the vast majority can exercise those rights. For instance, in a country district, the only way to ensure that the poor peasants enjoy freedom of speech and assembly is to deny freedom of speech and assembly to the landlords, who with their experience and power can easily dominate unprotected peasants."

On the closely associated question of freedom, our friends argued that the Chinese people are tasting freedom for the first time. They were thinking primarily of freedom from want, freedom from bullying by landlords, officials and other rich men, and freedom from external control by

stronger nations such as Japan, Russia, Britain and America. Turning from defence to attack, they criticised western democracies on the grounds that in them enormous power rested in the hands of a comparatively small group of men who bore no responsibility to the people as a whole—owners of chains of cinemas, of newspapers and of great industries. They maintained that such power inevitably limited the freedom of the rest of the people, though the control was often a hidden one.

The Chinese called their own system "*min-chu chi-chung chih*"—"democratic centralism" or "centralised democracy." These cumbersome terms naturally raise suspicion in the minds of western readers alert for signs of totalitarianism. But as we observed the system in action it seemed to us to be a sincere attempt to secure at the same time wide consultation and efficient execution of policy. The discussions on higher education illustrate this.

For two years, universities were left to run themselves as they wished. They had constitutions of all kinds, faculties of all sizes and standards. In spite of the administrative difficulties of dealing with such a heterogeneous group, no hasty standardisation was attempted. But the Ministry of Education informed all institutions that it intended to bring in regulations governing university administration, and asked for suggestions. These suggestions were examined and a plan drafted in the Ministry. This plan was printed and copies sent to all universities with the request that it be fully discussed in small groups of the unions. Criticisms and counter-proposals were welcomed. In the light of these the plan was revised and submitted again for general criticism. Finally a conference was called to which each institution sent representatives. A new revised plan was laid before this gathering, and argued over in small groups and in full session until it commanded the support of the large majority of representatives. Then it was adopted and went to the Government for legislative action. When it became law, each institution was required to modify its administration

to fit, though there was allowance for divergences in special circumstances. Curricula of different departments were determined in the same way.

This method may be open to criticism as making for uniformity, and leaving inadequate scope for experimentation, but it should not be confused with the imposition of a plan by a small group in authority.

X I

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND THE PEOPLE

LAO CHANG worked occasionally for us as gardener. Very honest but not at all bright, he seemed to have been born for misfortune. Skin disease had removed most of the hair from his head, so that even after recovery his scalp looked mangy. His first wife had died childless and early, and he had been married again to a mentally deficient woman incapable of looking after the home. Lao Chang went around in patches and a sad dispirited air, target of pity or exploitation according to the person.

Before the Japanese war, he had done odd jobs for one of the university professors, and in return had been given housing in the professor's small orchard near the village. When war came the professor retreated to the city, leaving Lao Chang to take care of the orchard and the buildings in it. Through many difficulties and anxieties Lao Chang faithfully preserved the property intact, and in 1945 the professor came back. He sent his nephew's family to live in the orchard house. Lao Chang gave up the best rooms and did not complain. But the nephew disliked Lao Chang's presence, and continually encroached on his share of the buildings, until at last Lao Chang had only one room left. Then by a series of insults and planned inconveniences the nephew indicated that it was time for Lao Chang to move. But Lao Chang had nowhere in the world to move to. He owned nothing. Finally in desperation he decided to go to law. This news astonished people. In the old days it would have been inconceivable—Lao Chang the simpleton, pushed around all his life, suddenly deciding to go to

law against a university professor. But Lao Chang cleaned himself up and went to the local People's Court, where his incoherent angry story was gradually disentangled. He won his case and was guaranteed adequate housing in the orchard.

Liu Han-Ying, our cook, received many visits from the local police because he worked for foreigners. He and his wife answered questions politely but noncommittally, on the principle "Don't get involved." Like everyone else, they disliked and suspected the police, and believed in keeping away from them. They lived in a rented house in the village. When the demand for local housing increased with the expansion of the university, the landlord put up the rent. They complained but paid. The rent was put up again, to an extent that they believed was illegal, but they still bargained and paid rather than refer the matter to the local government. Finally strangers came to look over their house and they realised that the landlord intended to sell over their heads. This again was illegal, and the crisis broke their fear of the police. They went to the local office, where, after investigation, their claims to possession and lower rent were upheld.

At the People's Court a poor man could state his case and be sure of a fair hearing. He needed no lawyer. There was no commission to be paid to the various minor officials, as in the old days, and to try to bribe a chairman at the People's Court was unthinkable.

Although the main concern of the People's Court was to bring justice within the reach of people who in the past had suffered without redress, judgment was not automatically in favour of a workman plaintiff. In Peking an ex-employee of the Salvation Army, hoping to benefit from the Government's suspicion of missionaries, brought a false charge of wrongful dismissal and demanded a large payment in compensation. An English officer of the Salvation Army was summoned as defendant, and attended the court with considerable apprehension. He was called to one of a

number of tables in a large room, around which sat the contesting parties and the judges of many different cases. The plaintiff stated his charge with fervid protestations, and the foreigner was given an opportunity to reply. He was then requested to retire for a short time. On returning he found the plaintiff looking crestfallen. The young woman in the chair dismissed the case with a strong rebuke to the man who had cooked up the false charge, and with a friendly statement to the Salvation Army officer that no innocent foreigner need fear the People's Court.'

When I first went to China I was much amused at the city police of Soochow, who went on duty with umbrellas and large guns. This amusement was snuffed out when a nervous policeman shot at and killed a running man under the mistaken impression that he was a thief. In later years the guns gave place to revolvers, and policeman thus armed were a regular feature of Nationalist China. They were poorly paid, and especially when inflation developed they eked out their income by demanding small levies from roadside stalls and shops. Those on traffic duty made no attempt to control motor-cars and trucks, but made up by fierce attacks on rickshawmen and pedicab riders. One of the most unpleasant sights in China was that of the imported Sikh policemen of Shanghai browbeating the rickshawmen.

The People's Government took over this police force, and began a steady course of training, emphasising the principle that the police were the servants and not the masters of the people. But they were to become servants with a duty not only to see that the law was obeyed, but to explain why it should be obeyed. So the megaphone replaced the pistol as the policeman's weapon—used for bellowing instructions

' Missionaries from other parts of China have reported frequent discrimination against foreigners, but we knew of only one such case among our acquaintances in Peking or Tientsin. We ourselves, in many dealings with the police on questions of travel permits, mission property and relief funds, were always treated with correctness, sometimes with courtesy and occasionally with friendliness.

far down the street. It became common to see a policeman lecturing a traffic offender in the reasonable and dignified tones of a stern father to a careless child.

In the old days the rickshawmen and pedicabmen were a constant source of danger because so many of them were flood and famine refugees new to the towns and ignorant of traffic rules. Desperate from the need to earn some money, they would disregard traffic signals and dash suddenly across the road for a fare, fight each other at the railway station to grab a passenger's baggage and so claim him, pull a machine so old and broken that it constituted a public menace, and undertake loads beyond their strength or power to control. On the other hand, they had no protection from unscrupulous passengers, who would beat down the rate of payment, and insist on enormous weights being carried. But with improved conditions the refugee element disappeared, and proper regulation of the rights and duties of pedicabmen, understood and enforced, meant more secure livelihood and more skill amid traffic. The changed attitude of the police met with co-operative response from the pedicabmen, and we began to see queues of waiting pedicabs controlled by riders themselves, and even pedicabmen on voluntary point duty. As co-operation replaced struggle the natural cheerfulness and sense of humour of the ordinary Chinese people came to the surface, and greetings and jokes punctuated each pedicab ride.

Considering the heavy and mixed traffic, and the people's propensity for jay-walking, accidents in Peking were remarkably few. But the municipal government was not satisfied, and during the last month we were in Peking there was a big campaign for "Safety on the Roads." This embodied many features of a similar campaign in England, but in addition the police with megaphones and personal warnings redoubled their efforts at instruction. Drivers of public conveyances competed in caution and courtesy, and commendations won by a driver were displayed by stars

stuck on his windscreen. It was rigorously forbidden to carry a second person, even a child, on a bicycle. Teams of inspectors stopped all bicycles at certain points and checked them for safety, adequate brakes, and bells.

During the years 1949 to 1952 the increase in the general efficiency of life in Peking was very great—almost unbelievable to a person versed in the ways of old China. The traditional system of bargaining was abolished, and each shop was required to display prices clearly. We took two trips to the district where metals were sold, to buy brass rods and sheets for the construction of a mathematical machine. On the first it was necessary to visit store after store, comparing qualities and prices, taking an expert mechanic along to guard against fraud and assist in bargaining. On the second, six months later, visits to two or three shops showed that the prices and qualities, now clearly displayed, had been standardised. Purchasing was simple and quick, and economical in time, money and temper.

An allied reform was the introduction of receipts on standard forms for all purchases. This struck against the old custom of underestimating sales when reporting for taxation, or even of keeping two sets of accounts—one for the tax officer and one for the merchant himself. Regarded at first as a nuisance, the receipts became normal and expected. Although the rate of tax on sales was small, its payment on all sales brought in a very large revenue.

In the past, travel in China always provided quaint and humorous stories. Our journeys for the C.I.C. gave us many opportunities to appreciate the comical confusion which arose from inefficiency married to corruption. There was one occasion, for instance, when our coach driver, having run out of petrol, took a collection from the passengers to buy some more. Then, puncturing a tyre and having no spare, he made all of us get out and walk behind the coach as it lurched slowly into town with our luggage. But those are ways of the past. In Peking and its neighbourhood, for example, the ramshackle and unreliable buses of

pre-liberation days have been replaced by a very good service. Buses run by various routes through the city, at intervals of a few minutes. Along the main road past Yenching, new buses from Czechoslovakia provide an eight-minute service. These improvements, all post-liberation, are due partly to the general economic stability, partly to the financial strength of the Government which can capitalise new ventures, and partly to the new spirit among bus crews, maintenance men and office staff, who take pride in each forward step.

Train travel in China was always a pleasant relief from bus journeys. There was more space, less dust and mud, and more likelihood of arrival at the destination. But timetables were approximate, arrival and departure wild scrambles, and general standards of cleanliness low. By contrast, the trips we took by train to Tientsin or to the Great Wall (at Nankou) in the past two years were marked by clean food, floors and toilets, punctual running, courteous and efficient porters and attendants. There were magazines on free loan to passengers; loudspeaker information; a special coach for women with children; and ice cream, sweets, biscuits and tea brought around for sale. At the stations porters and pedicabmen no longer struggled for clients, but waited in line and came forward in turn. Tipping had been abolished, and a proffered tip would be returned with the comment that this was the new China in which no tips were desired.

While the improvements in transport show how the Government has worked for the people, they do not show the co-operation between officials and people at its strongest. For that one may look at the fight against widespread pests. When I first went out to the east I was impressed in India, Malaya and China by the careless attitude to litter and stench. Cities and countryside in China were not worse than other places, but in the summer flies and mosquitoes abounded, and latrines were often a mass of loathsome maggots. In my first summer I awoke from sleep on a

temple bed after a hard day to find my arms and torso covered by a mass of bug-bites. I soon learned that it was rare to find a temple or inn where one could sleep unbitten on the bed. Better take down the door and use that, hoping that not too many others had thought of the same plan.

Rats were also numerous. At a small inn in Chekiang we asked the host why he didn't replace the tattered and broken paper which covered walls and ceiling. He replied: "I do, frequently, but the rats break it down immediately." This was an area where plague, spread by fleas from rats, was endemic. In bombed Chungking enormous rats could be seen scuttling over ruined buildings by the river even in broad daylight, and the anaemic cats of the town were reputed to be afraid of them.

Successive drives, led by the *kanpu*, and culminating in the great spring-cleaning of 1952, radically changed this picture. In Peking alone it was reckoned that the citizens accounted for 450,000 rats and 400,000,000 flies in the first half of 1952. Armed with flyswatters, D.D.T. and detailed instructions about traps for rats and insects, they joined the fray with such enthusiasm that the Peking we left in 1952 was cleaner and freer of houseflies than the London we lived in in 1953.

Co-operation between people and *kanpu* was most of all needed in the countryside. There the distrust of officials lay deepest. But the *kanpu* lived alongside the peasants, helped them in the fields, gave leadership in digging wells, building dykes, fighting crop pests. They learned to talk the local dialects, to give talks in the slow, simple, repetitive way that peasants understood, to put their teaching into jingles, comic plays and puppet shows that the peasants appreciated, and gradually, through these efforts, to see problems through the eyes of the peasants. Chang Fu-P'ei, son of a landlord, and a Yenching graduate, came back to the university after two years' work among the farmers, for which he had earned special commendation, and said: "It was not I who taught them, but they who taught me. They

are honest and patient and hard-working and wise. I was smart and superficial and unreliable in spite of all my education, until I began to learn from them."

This note ran through all the enthusiastic reports made by old friends when they came to see us after work as *kanpu*. They believed that in abandoning the standpoint from which they had been brought up to look at the world around them, and in deliberately "adopting the standpoint of the workers," they had taken a step without which all "service" was tinged with condescension, and doomed, sooner or later, to misdirection. The true needs of the workers and the true answer to those needs could only be seen from the standpoint of the workers.

This attitude, on the part of the *kanpu* and the Government which led them, issued in a new care for the ordinary man. Rewi Alley, returning to Shanghai after many years, revisited some of the factories where as factory inspector he had battled in vain to get safety measures adopted. He was astonished at the progress there. Machines were protected, anti-dust fans installed. Exits and staircases had been remodelled for safety. Nurseries took charge of the babies of women operatives. Workers participated in the control of the factories. In Tientsin he saw the same things, and a worker said to him: "In the old days the machines came first, and we were their servants. Now we are the masters, we make them work for us. We feel that we own the factory." Alley commented: "Heads are erect, eyes meet one's eyes calmly, enquiringly; tools are firmly gripped and the people move forward with purpose. In all their movements is the knowledge that today's Tientsin of 2,200,000 people is theirs, and that they 'belong' as they have never through all the centuries of labour and suffering belonged anywhere."

This same care for the common man can be seen in all the new provisions for recreation—theatres, cinemas, sports grounds, swimming pools, parks and libraries. It can be seen in the vast programmes of housing for workers

which have been begun in all manufacturing cities—Tientsin built 70,000 such houses in 1952 alone.

A miner whom we met on the bus going into Peking made this new care very vivid to us as he said: " In the old days, we continually had fatal accidents, and if a man was killed in a mine it was nobody's business. But now we have severe safety regulations and accidents are few. We have our own inspection teams and rescue squads. The miners are being paid a much better wage, and people regard them as heroes of production instead of slaves. This Government really cares about us."

X I I

FOUR POPULAR MOVEMENTS— i. LAND REFORM

MY first year in China was spent at Soochow in language study. At the weekends I roamed around the surrounding countryside. One day I came to a small dilapidated temple among the gravemounds that lay scattered along the lower slopes of the hills. There was no priest inside, but in one corner a bundle of rags lay on an old grass mat. This was the bed of a man who came in and spoke to me. He was a landless peasant, a hired labourer. "We men in the fields," he said, "are worse off than the dogs in the city." At the time I supposed this to be the grumbling of a man down on his luck.

A year later I travelled with Rewi Alley across Shansi, our main objective being to visit the Wu-t'ai-shan, a huge mountain block bearing on its ridges and summits 360 Buddhist temples. The temples were magnificently built, and many of them maintained in costly splendour by the gifts of pilgrims and the income from temple lands. On the long journey up the mountain, which occupied several days, we passed through many villages whose people farmed for the temples. There was in them an air of wretchedness and poverty which contrasted grimly with the luxury of the temples. Their homes were dark hovels, bare of any comforts, their food coarse and tasteless, their clothes rags, their bodies diseased.

Travels for the C.I.C. took Nancy and myself in 1941 into the very different region of Northern Kuangtung. Poverty in Shansi might have been due to the barren mountains

and harsh winters. But the Kuangtung climate produced luxuriant vegetation and two sure crops every year. Yet the poverty there was even more evident and oppressive than in Shansi. I talked with an old man outside the town of Ho-p'ing. He laughed at me for asking whether his children had been to school. " They have to work," he said. " Everyone here has to work from the time he can toddle until he is too old to move." I asked what the very young and very old could do. " They can mind animals, gather firewood, cut and carry grass for fodder. They must do something to earn their keep. Even if there were plenty of schools and everything there was free, we couldn't send the children."

When I asked how it was that in such a fertile land there should be such poverty, he explained that at each time of harvest the landlord sent his bailiff into the fields to supervise the division of the crop. The grain was divided into two piles—seven-tenths for the landlord and three-tenths for the tenant. If the harvest was good the landlord might take more than seven-tenths. What remained was just enough to keep the tenant and his family alive through the year. This was the general system in that area.

" Why not appeal to the Government? " I asked, guessing what the answer would be. " The local government is staffed by the landlords or their men, and the police are theirs too." " Could a man not get away to a better district or to one of the towns? " " Sometimes people do, but we don't know how to do anything but farm, and most of us are in debt to the landlords or merchants, and cannot escape."

The power of the landlords was well illustrated in an incident which took place in the far west. Two of us, Englishmen, had walked over the mountain west of Kuan-hsien, and in the evening came down to a small town where fair-skinned people were a great curiosity. The magistrate regarded us with a good deal of suspicion, and finally put us for the night under guard in a room in the

yamen.' Throughout the night we heard a hoarse rhythmic screaming in the distance, but could do nothing about it. Next morning we were told what it was. A peasant up in the mountains had owed money to his landlord. He had said that he could not pay, but the landlord believed that he really had the money. So the landlord bound the peasant and brought him before his friend the magistrate. The magistrate ordered the peasant to be strung up by his thumbs and beaten through the night to make him confess that he had the means to pay his debt.

Experiences like these had convinced us that nothing less than a radical change in the conditions of land tenure would lift the burden from the backs of the peasants. Many of our Chinese and western colleagues were ignorant of the problem and its acuteness, but those who had studied at first hand the life of the villages knew that efforts at reform which left intact the dominating position of the landlords had all failed, and would fail. For whatever measures improved rural health, productivity and efficiency simply added to the wealth of the landlords, who took a larger share while leaving the tenants a bare livelihood as before.

The solution proposed by the Communist Party was the confiscation of the land of the landlords, and its division among needy peasants. After various experiments in lenient and ruthless methods of treating the landlords, a regular procedure was determined, and in 1950 land reform was carried out in most areas of North China. In South and Central China land was not confiscated, but rents were drastically cut. Land reform over most of East and South China was planned for 1951, and it was important to get as much of the job done as possible before spring sowing, as uncertainty meant that no one would sow, lest someone else reap. A group of our faculty went down to the Shanghai area, on the Government's invitation, to observe the land reform process there. One of them was an old friend, Hou

' Yamen: the set of courtyards housing law courts and offices of the county government, or other government.

Jen-Chih, whom I have known intimately and respected greatly for seventeen years. He spent an evening with us after his return, and the following paragraphs form a more or less direct report of what he told us then.

" The plan was to complete land reform this spring over an area of 540 counties in South-east, Central and North-west China, with 140,000,000 people. The Government understood that this needed to be not just redivision of land, but a revolution. For previous simple redivision had resulted in the landlords going secretly to peasants and warning them to take good care of the land, ready for the time when Chiang returned and they would have to give it back. Thus the peasants never really understood that the land was to be their very own for keeps.

" So this year the landlords were to be dealt with much more drastically. The landlord class was to be abolished—in five months over a million landlord families were to be dispossessed, and in such a way that they could never return to power. This was the biggest revolution of its kind in the history of any nation. The task could not possibly be carried out unless the people themselves were mobilised. For instance, the area which I observed had seventy-five small villages, and only seven *kanpu* to carry through the work. So four steps were planned, on the basis of previous experience:

" (1) Mobilisation of the masses—the stirring up of the poor peasants to profound discontent with their lot. In that area it started when one of the workers talked with a poor old man existing in a ruined temple.

" ' Why are you living in such poverty? '

" ' Because Heaven decreed my fate this way.'

" ' But have you not worked? '

" ' Yes, I worked hard every day of my life.'

" ' Then how much wealth have you produced? Let us work it out. How much ground can you take care of? How much grain does it produce? What costs must be deducted for seed, fertiliser, extra labour, tools? '

" The worker made a very detailed inventory. So much money was earned.

" ' Then how much money did you get? '

" The old man listed his wages.

" ' What happened to the rest? '

" ' The landlord had it, of course, it was his by right.'

" ' By what right? What work did he do? How did he get hold of the land? How did he and his family spend their time? '

" Gradually the idea was understood, that labour had produced the wealth, and deserved to enjoy the proceeds, and that there was something disgracefully wrong if a man could work hard and faithfully for a whole lifetime, and be reduced to poverty and misery at the end, while another who did not work yet lived in luxury. In this way there were mobilised for the purpose of land reform all the suppressed resentments and feelings of injustice on the part of the underdogs.

" (2) Then the farmers were classified—as hired labourers, poor peasants, middle peasants, rich peasants or landlords. Persons who obtained more than half of their income from land rent or the exploitation of the (farming) labour of others were classified as landlords. The list was published, after having been made out by people's representatives. Anyone could argue his case for some other classification, and as far as possible such disagreements were talked over to a generally accepted conclusion. Finally a revised list appeared.

" (3) Then a committee of peasants worked out a fair redivision of the land. All the land of a landlord was confiscated, except a share for him to work on the same basis as others. In my district the division gave five-twelfths of an acre per person. Everyone had the same share, except for eligible bachelors, who had two shares each. Thus a family of man, wife and three children received about two acres.

" There were no maps, and the land varied in productive

power. There were also bamboo groves, fishponds and such areas to take into consideration. Redivision would have been impossible except by the peasants themselves. The farmers had the maps in their heads. They knew in detail how large each piece of land was, how much its crop was worth, its advantages and defects. As a geographer, I was deeply impressed by the skill with which an equitable division was made.

" At this stage, denunciation meetings were held to disgrace the landlords and ensure that they lost all their previous prestige. Terrible stories were told of the inhumanities that they had inflicted on the defenceless peasants who depended on them. There was no doubt about the truth of these stories. They were told with small variations by too many witnesses. As the hideous record came to light, the speakers telling with bitter cursing or with uncontrollable grief the hidden secrets of the past, the landlords under accusation found themselves faced by an angry hostile crowd. I felt those emotions myself. When the men around me on one occasion yelled, ' Beat him, beat him! ' I found myself wanting to shout ' Beat him! ' too. But the chairman, an experienced *kanpu*, kept his head and said: ' They have been inhuman, unreasonable and unjust. But we will be human, reasonable and just. Do not touch him. If he is worthy of beating or death let him be properly convicted by a court and punished by the Government.' Ordinary landlords received no punishment, those guilty of trying to frustrate the reform were punished, and those whose record contained crimes of murder or treason were executed.

" (4) Finally new deeds were written and distributed, amid general celebrations and merrymaking, and immediately a great drive to increase production began. Now that the peasants owned the land themselves, and themselves benefited by increased production, they were prepared to put in any amount of extra work for it.

" In the course of our enquiries we found that none of

the local landlords had won his land by hard and efficient farming. All had got hold of it through official connections, trading, Japanese power, or gangster cliques. Many landlords lived in the big cities and never saw their land. But some of those who formed the local gentry had terrible records of cruelty. One kept a private prison, and a debtor told how he was imprisoned in the winter, but driven out to work on the fields for the master in the summer.

"The tactics of the *kanpu* were to organise chiefly the hired labourers and the poor peasants, who formed the majority, for they had the most urgent need and the most keen determination to get things changed. They tried to get the co-operation of the middle farmers, and to isolate the rich farmers.

"The *kanpu* had already won the confidence of the majority of the poorer peasants by helping them to fight floods and crop diseases, and by stamping out banditry. Now they handled the denunciation of the landlords with great skill so as to prevent violence. The upsurging anger of the peasants could not always be restrained, but in nine cases out of ten the policy of law, not violence, won the day.

"Joyful emotions dominated the villages after the redistribution of land. Peasants worked very long hours on their own land, and hated to go home at nightfall. One old man got up in the middle of the night to go and see that his land was still there, and gaze at it. Gratitude was centred on Chairman Mao, who was given the credit for having designed the principles and methods of land reform, and having led the people through suffering to the point where they had the power to dispossess the landlords."

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Li Ou was a lecturer in the Department of Mathematics. An able and ambitious man, he grasped eagerly the chance to take part in land reform, in spite of his precarious health. He was assigned to a team which went to work in Northern Anhui, near the course of the Huai River. The doctors,

teachers and men and women from other professions who had been invited by the Government to join the land reform work first underwent a period of training. They studied for a week in Peking, listening to lectures, reading, and discussing documents on the general principles on which the land reform work was to be carried out. Then they travelled south to Peng-pu, the administrative centre of the region of Northern Anhui. There they studied for another week, this time the special problems of land tenure and reform in that region. From Peng-pu they went on to the county town Wu-ho, where they spent four days with the local officials learning all they could of the county. Finally they were divided up to join the local teams of land reform *kanpu*. Li Ou went to the district of T'ung-hsi which contained seventeen villages. There he spent a further week in study.

This was an area much fought over, and an area of yearly floods of the Huai River. For thirteen years there had been no main harvest worth reaping. In 1945 the People's Liberation Army had entered the district, and thereafter there had been three years of uncertainty and strife. In 1946 gentry had organised the killing of nineteen revolutionary workers. In 1948, with the decline of Nationalist power, poor peasants had seized houses and land from the landlord families in a spontaneous move towards equality.

The social structure of the district was very strange. In the village of eighty-five families (372 people) where Li Ou worked, all the land was in the hands of thirty-one families, all surnamed Yang. The other fifty-four families had no land, and worked as hired labourers for the Yangs. Not all the Yangs were rich, however, and especially after the impromptu redistribution of 1948 some were reduced to poverty.

The land reform work took fifty days. The first thirteen were used in examining the situation and mobilising the non-Yang " poor peasants " to provide evidence of the

previous behaviour of the members of the landlord families. In order to do this it was necessary for the *kanpu* first to work alongside the peasants in the fields, where farm work could not be postponed.

As a result of this investigation, four persons of the landlord families were classified as public enemies. Two of them had fled long before, and no one knew where they were. Of the other two, one was universally hated. He had killed two men and beaten over a hundred in the days of his power. The other was a woman with a vicious tongue, and a long record of ill-treating servants. These two were accused in a big "Struggle Meeting." The man was sent along to the county court for trial, but the woman, already reduced to poverty in 1948, was put on parole. Emotions ran high, but neither of the accused landlords was struck or manhandled. The *kanpu* kept saying, "They treated you unfairly and brutally, but we will show strength and justice by treating them reasonably."

The landlords having been picked out, the classification of the remainder of the peasants was quick, since all non-Yangs belonged to the class of "hired labourers." This second stage—classification and Struggle Meeting—took twelve days.

The third stage was the redivision of the land and goods. Owing to the destruction of landmarks during the floods, the memory of the old people was the surest guide to land areas and values. Li Ou tried to use mathematical methods of estimating areas of fields, but he soon found that the experienced guesswork of the old peasants was much quicker than his measurements and just as accurate.

The share of the land (which was much poorer land than that at Soochow) was three-quarters of an acre per person. Of this about half was to be good land, and the rest "medium land" or "poor land." There was slight discrimination against landlords in that they were assigned some of the more distant land. Implements and stores of grain were divided in a similar way. The work of

redivision took fifteen days. Finally the General Meeting of peasants chose a new village government, composed of those who had come to the fore during the meetings for land reform. They also chose the team of fifty-five workers to take part in the Huai River control work.

After giving this report to the Mathematics Department meeting, Li Ou added some personal comments. At first he had felt like a fish out of water. When he tried to join in he made mistakes. After spending a morning in friendly discussion with a man whom he estimated to be a promising leader of the hired labourers, he discovered that the man was notorious as a bad landlord. He found in himself a tendency towards sympathy with the landlords, and analysing it realised that it was because the landlords, being educated and living on a higher standard than the mass of the peasants, could talk more easily with him, and enjoyed the same types of pleasure.

Realising how far removed he had been from the peasants and their sufferings, Li Ou was all the more impressed by the young *kanpu*—their humility and experience, their ability to enter into the lives of the simplest peasants, their cheerful endurance of hard conditions, and their systematic and enthusiastic work.

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Most of our colleagues came from professional or landlord families—very few had known in their own homes the troubles of a poor peasant. This was common among the educated people, and naturally meant that they regarded the land reform movement with a certain amount of detachment, or even with a silent sympathy for the expropriated landlords. This was why Government leaders, believing here as in other matters that people must become emotionally involved as well as intellectually convinced, invited a large number of professional men and women, like Li Ou, to join in the actual work of reform. A large number of Yenching teachers were able to do so,

and the whole student body of our College of Public Affairs spent half a year in the villages working alongside *kanpu*. These people were scattered to many parts of China.

When they returned to Yenching the reports of what they had seen and done added up to a good synopsis of the whole land reform movement. Their statements naturally showed many common features. They had been deeply shocked at the brutal and inhuman ways in which many of the landlords had treated their tenants—beatings, imprisonment, raping and even murders coming to light. They had realised their own lack of human understanding and concern compared with that of the *kanpu*. And they had come to a new respect for the country people—for their patience, wisdom and reserves of energy. Often they realised for the first time how much of their own privileged position in life had been paid for by the toil of the peasants.

For instance, Huang Chi-Chung, a tall, handsome and intelligent young man, came from the family of a small landlord. When his father died early, his mother ran the family affairs efficiently, husbanding all her assets carefully in order to give her children good food, a comfortable home, and every opportunity in education.

Huang Chi-Chung took part in land reform work in a village very similar to his old home. There he heard the complaints of the villagers against the landlords, especially against one woman whom they hated bitterly for her merciless exaction of the last grain of rice in rental or repayment of debt. She excused no one, no matter how desperate his own need. Whenever she lent, it was at the highest rate of usury.

Suddenly Huang Chi-Chung realised with a sinking heart that he was seeing his own mother from the other side. These two women had the same character. To their own children they were kind and generous, resourceful in making ends meet, constantly scheming for their family's good. To their tenants they were harsh and merciless, oblivious of their needs, selfish in their determination that

at all events their own children should have the best of everything.

So Huang Ghi-Chung was faced with this dilemma in its most acute form. Was his loyalty to his mother or to the common people? Like many others at that time, he decided through considerable personal suffering that the people must come first.

X I I I

FOUR POPULAR MOVEMENTS—

2. ANTI-COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY DRIVE

MISSIONARY teachers and doctors in coastal China naturally lived in the shelter of comparative culture and enlightenment. It was only occasionally that the brutalities of the semi-feudal system impinged upon them, as when gangsters burst into a Shanghai mission hospital to kill an injured member of their gang, and shot their way out. The *Hung-pang* (Red gang) and *Ch'ing-pang* (Green gang) ramified all around us, we knew, but in general their activities lay below the surface, a menace feared but hidden.

In the west, the corresponding secret society—the *Ke-lao-hui* (Elder Brothers' Society)—worked more in the open, and everyone knew that little could be achieved in any Szechuan town until the *Ke-lao-hui* had decided at least not to oppose.

These secret societies, or gangs, held much of the life of each district in their grip. For instance, a man could not get work in transport unless he became a member of the local gang. But after he had been initiated into the secrets he was completely in the power of the leaders of the gang. He had to pay over to them a large proportion of his wages, to make them frequent presents, to obey even to the point of becoming an assassin. The leadership of the gangs lay within the same landlord-scholar-official class that held property and position, the class on which the Nationalists had come to depend for their local support. It was therefore impossible for the Nationalists to suppress the gangs, and mutual utilisation was the common relationship. Many

Kuomintang officials were members of the *Ch'ing-pang*, even including Chiang K'ai-Shek, according to popular rumour. Leading Shanghai gangsters received many honours from the Government.

Returning home from my office one day in 1950, I was surprised to meet on the Yenching campus a long string of people of types rarely seen there. It included sly wizened old men, gross lumbering bullies, witchlike old women. Many were clad in the long gown, silk waistcoat and small button-topped cap which proclaimed that the wearer despised manual labour. All had the same hard, shrewd and furtive expression. I learned that they had come to register as members of "*I-kuan-tao*"—a secret society common in North China, strangely associated with magic foxes, witches, casting spells and curses, and unadorned gangsterism. Those who registered and reported their past activities would be paroled by the Government; only those who refused to register, or to denounce their past actions, would be likely to meet trouble.

For the first two years after liberation, the Government followed a policy of remarkable leniency towards the leaders of the gangs. It was hoped that they would be won over and reformed. Then suddenly, as war developed in Korea, the policy was reversed. There began a series of mass accusations followed by trials and public executions, in which the victims, after having been subjected to violent denunciation and hatred, were refused any chance to speak for themselves except in confession, and were killed amid the plaudits of the hostile crowd.

Spokesmen of the Government explained that lenient methods had failed, that gangsters still exerted their evil influence, and that the ordinary people could not be wrenched free from their power. The only way for the ordinary worker, cowed and browbeaten for many years, to be convinced that the gangster boss could never return to victimise him was to see that boss disgraced and executed. Then only would he be prepared to trust himself to the

reforming Government and co-operate for his own redemption.

In Peking the strongest gangs operated in the region of T'ien-ch'iao (The Bridge of Heaven). When the leaders were put up for mass denunciation many of our students and faculty attended the meeting. During the angry statements of the crimes they felt themselves carried along in the general emotion of disgust and hatred. Afterwards they went into the homes of some of the speakers, and in conversation with them became convinced of the truth of the accusations and the unrepentant viciousness of the gangsters. They came home believing that they had understood the problem for the first time. When I argued that the function of law was to prevent any individual from suffering unjustly at times of mass indignation or unreason, they countered that it was more important to protect the mass of people from the evil designs and actions of criminal elements. When I argued that the doomed man, no matter how criminal, should not be exposed to universal enmity and gloating as he died, they replied that if the spectacle of his condemnation and ignominious death could inspire others with horror of his actions, then it was worth while. I realised that ideas derived from the long humane tradition of the west were not acceptable during revolution in the east (as indeed they have often been abandoned in times of crisis in the west). In China the Nationalist Government had constructed a facade of law hiding the failure and perversion of justice. This had been swept away by the people's anger, to be replaced by methods crude and dangerous, but far more just.

A friend of ours, a cultured and fastidious woman student, after watching the execution of several gangsters, wrote as follows for one of the newsboards: " I went nervously, being intellectually convinced of the Tightness of the execution, yet dreading the sight of blood. Then I thought to myself, ' You fear the sight of their death because you do not really hate these evil men. You have heard of their crimes and yet

you have not properly envisaged the suffering of the people under their brutal control. If you identified yourself so completely with the ordinary people that their sufferings became real to you, you would rejoice at the death of their oppressors.' So I determined to identify myself with the people in emotion as well as in mind, and I hated the criminals so sincerely that I felt glad when I saw them fall dead to the ground."

The Government and its spokesmen confused the issue for westerners by referring to all those condemned as " counter-revolutionary elements." It was consequently supposed in many quarters that this was a suppression of opposition of all kinds—a purge, or reign of terror. To us, living through the movement, it was nothing of the kind. It was clear that the attack was being directed against people who would have been classed anywhere as criminals. They were murderers, assassins, traitors, with records of callous brutality scarcely imaginable in law-abiding England. For twenty or thirty years they had been able to buy or bully their way out of the consequences of their crimes. Now they were brought to book. They were described as " counter-revolutionary elements" because the Government believed that they did represent the spearhead of those forces inside the country which worked against the revolution, and because they were regarded as the worst products of the old order of society. They were condemned not simply as individual wicked men, but as agents, corrupted by the feudal or capitalist forces which had utilised them.

We heard, while still in China, that statements were being made in the west that enormous numbers of people had been executed during this movement. This did not fit with our own impressions, and we therefore tried to assess the estimates. Reputable papers in England had stated that two million people had been liquidated, and it was implied that these people had died because they disapproved of the revolution. They would therefore have belonged presum-

ahly to the landlord class or anyway to the wealthiest 10 per cent of the population. Among this group there must therefore have been executed one out of every twenty-five. Our own acquaintance ran to, say, a thousand people in that group, so that we should have known of the execution of something like forty of our acquaintances. But in fact we did not know of a single one. And when we asked among our Chinese colleagues, it was rare to find one who knew of acquaintances who had been executed. This cast considerable doubt on the figure of two million.

We tried to make our own guess at the number of people who had been executed during this drive, since no full statistics had been published by the Government. We excluded deaths in the final stages of the civil war, when People's Army troops were engaged in seeking out and killing or capturing remnants of Chiang's army who had not succeeded in escaping to Formosa. In Peking two hundred criminals were executed during the Anti-counter-revolutionary Drive, in Hankow two hundred, and in Shanghai five hundred. In the ten major cities of China two thousand people were executed, according to a count of published figures made by one of my friends.

We questioned many of our friends as they returned from participation in land reform, as to how many executions they knew of in the county where they worked. For in the countryside the two movements were parallel, and the men charged as criminals were usually at the same time landlords of very unsavoury record. From their reports it seemed that the average number of executions was about five per county where land reform was going on. Rewi Alley reported three in Shan-tan (Kansu), which he thought typical of the North-west. In the North-east, where conditions had been settled longest, the number of executions was comparatively few, and in the South, where Nationalist spies and agents were most active, they were most numerous, but we had no means of estimating them. These incomplete figures lead to a guess that the total must have been of the

order of a few tens of thousands. This is a large number, but seen as the cost of putting an end to the immense and widespread evil of gangsterdom it falls into proportion in the picture of revolution.

Tracing back the figure of two million, which had been mentioned by high-ranking Chinese officials, we found that it referred to the " number of bandits liquidated " after the end of the civil war. The context made it clear that these men had not been killed but sent to classes or work camps for training. Most of them were, of course, Nationalist soldiers, guerillas or secret agents.

In papers which reached us in Peking from abroad it was sometimes stated that many of the huge projects of construction were manned by slave labour.' We were unable to obtain permission ourselves to visit any of these projects, but we were able to question several friends who had done so. Rewi Alley, after a visit to the largest—the Huai River Control Project—told us that he had gone off the beaten track and left his guides behind, and everywhere he had talked to peasants and found them understanding the purpose of the work, and joining in cheerfully. Li Ou, whose experience in land reform is described in Chapter XII, reported that the villagers in his district were due to lose some land when a new channel was cut, but that nevertheless they understood the reason and were co-operating very willingly. Our engineering teachers who went to Szechuan and the North-west also denied that there was any slave labour on the jobs they had visited.

This is not to say that there were no coerced workers. In many cases persons convicted of crimes and sentenced to " reform by labour " were employed on such projects. I do not regard this as slave labour but rather in the category of the " hard labour " to which criminals are commonly sentenced in western countries. Two miles away from

' By " slave labour " I understand labour of persons guilty of no crime but forced to work against their will and for very inadequate remuneration.

Yenching there was a farm at Ch'ing-ho (appropriately meaning " Purifying Stream ") to which spies, saboteurs and other agents of the Nationalists were sent for " reform by labour." Hou Jen-Chih visited it to see Liang Ssu-Huan, one of our ex-students.

Liang when in the university had become notorious for his laziness, immorality and bad influence on others. Patriotic students proposed to demonstrate popular resentment by throwing him into the lake. The Student Government, however, decided that a more rational way of dealing with him would be to put him up for public criticism at a meeting of all students. He agreed to come provided he were given a chance to speak for himself. He proved to be so skilful a debater that the public meeting failed to shock him into reform or to shame him in the public eye.

Meanwhile, the university, seeking a chance to get rid of him, discovered that the credentials he had submitted when transferring into Yenching were all forgeries. On this ground he was dismissed. But as he left he was arrested by the city police as a Kuomintang agent. Search of his baggage confirmed this, and after trial and conviction he was sent to Ch'ing-ho farm. Work in the fields, combined with study and self-analysis, was turning a crowd of secret agents into hard-working and straightforward citizens. Hou Jen-Chih found the food and living conditions there good, and the officers men of ability who were determined to give their " students " a fresh start in life. It was apparently easy to escape from the farm, yet few tried it, both because the prisoners had come to enjoy and appreciate their life there, and because it was hard to avoid recapture in a country where no one would help a fugitive from justice. The farm was situated on a wide stretch of land previously very alkaline; they had built irrigation canals and washed the soil free of soda, and by scientific methods were now producing crops better than any around.

We never met or noticed any secret police. All the investigations in which we were concerned were conducted

by ordinary policemen or officers of Government departments. No shadowy figures watched us or lurked around. Although we were British citizens and liable to suspicion as spies during the Korean War we were never followed, even when we went to see friends in the British Negotiating Mission which occupied the former Embassy Compound. Although it is impossible for an onlooker to speak with certainty on such a point, we believe that even the search for Nationalist agents and criminals was carried out without the use of secret police. The Government had developed a much more effective method.

This was the method of reliance on popular vigilance. The general attitude of enthusiastic support had become so strong by 1951 and 1952 that the Government could be confident of immediate and wholehearted co-operation even when it made heavy demands on the citizens. So when there was a call for everyone to clear up the past by confessing shady deals publicly, the willing response was great enough to create an all-pervasive atmosphere of frankness. The unrepentant sinner in this atmosphere felt the same kind of discomfort as if he had been present at a revival meeting, called on to bear witness to repentance, and unable to escape. Moreover he was subject to the unnerving fear that some old confederate's confession might expose him too. So would it not be better to make a clean breast of it, and hope to emerge through the shame and pain of confession into that unity with the group which others had found with such a sense of release and freedom? Many decided to do so. Many others, whose misdeeds had come partially to light through the statements of their friends, received warnings which decided them to take the plunge.

In general, to confess all was to be forgiven, and even to enjoy a short popularity as a hero. One of the students in my Calculus class, throughout the term very quiet, unhappy, and left on the fringe of group life, suddenly emerged at the end as a centre of attention and a hero.

He had confessed, what no one had suspected, that he had been for years an agent of the Nationalists, specially trained for secret intelligence work. The past was wiped clean by courageous confession.

The danger of this method is that unscrupulous people can use the opportunity to vent spite on enemies, putting them into trouble when they are innocent by baseless accusations. Or sheer mistakes may mean tragic mental and emotional stress for innocent people. Most mistakes were discovered and righted in the end, but there had been undeserved suffering. It was the chance of becoming such an innocent victim or scapegoat which added a very unpleasant tinge of fear during the drive against counter-revolutionaries. That was the nearest we got to the "reign of terror," and commonsense dispelled it as revolutionary passions subsided.

In watching and commenting on this movement against counter-revolutionaries, we tried to keep in mind all the time that we were involved in revolution. This revolution, drastically changing the whole lives of five hundred million people, may well be regarded as the greatest in human history. It has also been the most orderly, carried through with astonishing efficiency and humanity. But no revolution can succeed without an element of ruthlessness, and none can avoid the mistakes which cause the innocent to suffer. We believe it is important to see this ruthlessness and these mistakes in the perspective of the tremendous and essential gains which the revolution has brought to the people as a whole.

X I V

FOUR POPULAR MOVEMENTS— 3. RESIST-AMERICA-HELP-KOREA

YENGHING UNIVERSITY was founded in 1918, when after long negotiations four missionary colleges in North China were combined and Dr. Leighton Stuart was invited to become President. At first the university occupied a site within the city, but this was obviously too cramped to allow it to grow into a great centre of learning. So when opportunity arose a new site was purchased five miles north-west of the city wall. This was a ruined palace garden. Ho Shen, Prime Minister of the great Manchu Emperor Ch'ien Lung, when at the height of his power and wealth, had acquired the land and planned the artificial hills and lakes. Just as Ch'ien Lung set a huge stone boat in the lake of the Summer Palace to symbolise the stability of the ship of state in his firm hands, so Ho Shen placed a smaller stone boat in his lake to show that he also had a hand in the steady piloting of the nation. He built lovely courtyards there too, but when British and French troops in 1860 waged a punitive campaign against the Emperor Hsien Feng these were looted and burned during the orgy of destruction visited upon the Summer Palace. By 1920 the garden palace of Ho Shen was a waste of barren hillocks, reed beds and heaps of rubble.

Dr. Stuart, in spite of having stipulated that he should not be required to beg for money, soon embarked on a series of trips to America, where he was able to raise extensive financial support. On the new campus were erected in the years 1922-8 very beautiful new buildings in the traditional

Chinese style, but with all the strength of ferro-concrete and the conveniences of modern life—electricity, gas, water, drainage, telephone and central heating. At the same time the campus was planned and planted with great skill and care, so that, when the trees and flowering bushes had grown tall, the buildings stood once more in a garden—one of the most beautiful university campuses in the world.

When I first joined Yenching I was deeply impressed by its atmosphere of scholarship and friendliness. It was the only institution I had seen in China where salaries and living conditions were the same for Chinese and westerners. (It contrasted sharply with another university familiar to me where the houses of the missionaries dominated the scene, and the Chinese lived in tiny bungalows tucked away at the rear of the campus.) Academic standards were high and the scientific and other equipment excellent. The missionaries had a genuine love and appreciation of China, and accepted their Chinese colleagues as equals in every way. The students were politically alert and active, and enjoyed the sympathetic understanding of a progressive group within the faculty.

Nevertheless I could not fail to observe, coming directly from work in Hsiang-ch'uan (see Chapter I), the enormous gulf between the crude simplicity of life there and the elaborate and artistic luxury of life at Yenching. By western standards, Yenching teachers did not live extravagantly, but by Chinese standards they belonged to a tiny privileged minority. Some were aware of this gulf and tried to diminish it. Professor J. B. Tayler sponsored rural service in Ch'ing-ho nearby, and in the larger district of Ting-hsien, where great efforts were put into a programme of reform, including the establishment of schools, clinics, co-operatives and the replacement of old officials by keen and idealistic young graduates.

Such pioneer work had its value, but in general failed to rouse the peasants to enthusiastic co-operation, because it

always failed to solve the basic problems of land tenure and the domination of the mass of people by the corrupt gentry class. Some few splendid young people began to understand the problems which faced China, but their difficulties of adjustment to the simple life of the villages, and the immense effort required to produce even those few, underlined the failure of Yenching education to fit its men and women to China's most urgent needs. Our students' pleasant rooms, appetising food, lovely surroundings, shower baths, telephones, central heating, electric light, modern sanitation, libraries, games, gramophones, cinemas, electric fans, ice cream, buses and bicycles made all the harder the country life of mud huts, coarse dull food, bare brown fields, scanty water, rapeseed oil lamps, open cesspools, long marches—without music, games or books except what the worker could himself supply, and without means of modifying summer heat or winter cold.

The great majority of our students came from city families, more or less prosperous and comfortable. After four years at Yenching they went back into the cities to work—as teachers, bankers, business managers, newspaper men, factory managers, customs and consular officials—to become part of the upper class in the decaying social order, at the best ignorant of the injustices which supported them, at the worst joining in the effort to preserve privilege and prevent change. It was not that we had not put up to them the idea of service. It was that the ideal of "service" had not been accompanied by a clear analysis of the structure of Chinese society, so that service given indiscriminately acted to buttress up the existing order more often than to change it.

After liberation, criticism of the old ways at Yenching became more and more severe as understanding of the old inequities deepened. It reached its final uncompromising form with the Resist-America-Help-Korea Movement. This movement aimed to arouse and unite popular feeling in support of the Government's action in sending Chinese

volunteers into Korea, and at the same time to harness patriotic emotions to all the tasks of production on which depended the success of the three-year-plan of rehabilitation (1949-52).

Government agencies, and Communist Party members everywhere, utilised with great skill every means of propaganda to persuade the Chinese people to give their enthusiastic support. But the most effective factors in convincing the educated people were the actions of the American Government and Army. This was clearly shown in speeches made during 1952 by Yenching faculty members. A lecturer in English gave the following account of his gradual change in attitude:

" I was good at English and liked reading English novels. I enjoyed playing bridge and spent a lot of time on it. I found the society of westerners very congenial, and even went to live in their houses. They made a fuss of me and I liked to feel I was accepted as one of themselves. I copied the sophisticated attitudes and conversation of American films and novels. I had few clear ideas on politics; I naturally disliked aggression and imperialism, especially Japanese and French. But I made excuses for British imperialism, and never dreamed of regarding the Americans as imperialists. Up to the liberation I considered that China should copy America.

" My first doubts about the United States came after VJ Day. I had assumed that since everyone was aware of the corruption of the Nationalists, America would give aid to some kind of United Front Government including the Communists, but instead America helped Chiang. I excused this on the grounds that Americans did not understand China. After liberation, when we had begun to feel proud of our reborn country, the United States opposed the People's Government, refused recognition, withdrew consulates, refused to consider the People's Government as a member of the United Nations. I had to admit that America was hostile to the new China. Then I considered

that America was strong and China weak, and that since America was not interfering with us we had best not stir up trouble.

" Then came the White Paper on China, published by the State Department. In this it was stated that the United States Government believed that it had friends within China—namely those Chinese intellectuals who because of their education in mission schools or advanced studies in America believed in the American way of life. This obviously meant people like myself. Along with most other Chinese intellectuals, I was shocked and disgusted at the idea that I should be regarded as an asset to a hostile country and a potential traitor. The White Paper roused very uncomfortable queries in my mind.

" When the Korean War started, Truman announced that the American Fleet would protect Formosa, although we were not involved in the conflict. For the first time I felt angry at American action. But I still hoped to see the relationship patched up. On the contrary, things got worse. MacArthur moved his troops across the 38th Parallel, towards the Chinese frontier, and American planes dropped bombs on Manchurian towns. In spite of clear warnings by our Prime Minister, and contrary to his own promises, MacArthur advanced steadily towards the Yalu River and more American planes flew over Chinese territory. I was forced to recognise the United States as an actual aggressor against China. I was in favour of our sending volunteers into Korea, but still hoped that only small-scale clashes would occur. This hope was disappointed, and at last I perceived that we were engaged in a real struggle. However much we liked individual Americans, the American Government was our mortal enemy.

" I tried to analyse why I had been so much in error in my judgment of the situation all along. I discovered that I had absorbed with my reading and from my American friends the individualist attitude to life of a *laissez-faire* capitalist. The books on which I had spent most of my

time were superficial and escapist—opiates leaving me content with the existing state of affairs, instead of challenges to change it. I had developed the mind of a mere technician, seeking knowledge for its own sake, without purpose or plan. I had been paid for translating propaganda by the American Information Service. I had become so much westernised that I was indifferent to the sufferings of the Chinese people. I had lost my patriotic conscience at Yenching. Consequently my thinking was all wrongly based.

" It is one thing to recognise mistakes of judgment; it is quite another to embark on the course of self-reformation which shall lead to true judgments. For me this course began when at the meeting for denouncing counter-revolutionaries I realised how the gangsters and landlords had plucked up courage and taken new initiative when the American armies attacked in Korea. I then determined to renounce all affection for American ways lest I too become an enemy of the people. My second step came when I met members of the People's Volunteer Army and felt the challenge of their devotion. How could I find the same energy and drive and self-sacrifice as they? I began to study to imitate them. Through this study I learned more of the standpoint of the workers. Now I am trying to identify myself with them. I have learned to distinguish between friends and enemies. I have learned to hate American imperialism."

Most of our faculty had taken a very pro-American attitude prior to 1948. Many of them had studied in the United States for a doctorate, and had met much kindness from American people. Working in Yenching, their livelihood depended on financial support from America until the American Government stopped mission funds going out to China at the end of 1950. (This action was revoked after several weeks, but by that time most of the institutions in China originally financed by missions had made arrangements for financing by the Chinese Government.) So they

had consciously or unconsciously adopted American ways, and hoped that China would develop along American lines.

When these people went into the villages to help with land reform, or joined the meetings to denounce gang leaders in the cities, they became acutely conscious that what they had supposed to be China was only the tiny circle of their own class, that they had despised and neglected the vast mass of the people. Filled with shame they hated their past attitude, saw it to be formed by selfish motives associated with their family or education, and by the mechanism of projection cast the blame on America. The obvious faults and follies of American life swelled in their imaginations until they could see nothing else. They rightly denounced the inanities and vice of American films and magazines, the ruthless and wasteful strife waged by big capitalists, the race and colour prejudice, but forgot the energy, generosity and initiative of the American people. In Yenching, as elsewhere at such a stage, the errors and failings of missionaries were seized upon and emphasised, while their devoted lifework was dismissed as the conscious or unconscious service of imperialist interests. Dr. Leighton Stuart, who had become American Ambassador in his last years in China, was regarded as the perfect example of the missionary-imperialist, and was denounced even by those who had been his closest friends.

It is not surprising that the aggressive speeches and actions of General MacArthur, which finally became intolerable even to the American and British Governments, should have convinced Chinese observers that he was determined to invade China, or at least to seek an excuse **for** large-scale bombing. When Chinese volunteers crossed **the** Yalu River into Korea this was regarded by all our friends as a defensive action. Some feared the consequences of such a challenge to United States troops, but none **doubted that** the move was justified by self-preservation.

The general slogan was, " Fight a small war to avoid a big one."

The Government called for aid of all kinds, and the response was immediate and wholehearted. Most of our students volunteered to serve in Korea. The Government made severe conditions. No science student was acceptable, no fourth-year student, no one of weak health, no only child, no one whose parents refused their approval. After further weeding out by interview, just over a dozen Yenching students were accepted and bidden farewell as heroes by the whole university. Government offices, hospitals, schools and universities reacted in the same way, so that the Government's problem was not to find people, but rather to decide what to do with so many willing but untrained helpers. In the end few but the soldiers went to Korea. Most of the others who were accepted worked in Manchuria on associated tasks.

Those who could not go planned to help the resistance in other ways. The staff of the University Accountant's Office gave up their Sundays during the summer to cutting grass for the dairy cows. The money thus earned was subscribed for buying arms. The mechanics of the machine shops voted to work an extra half-day each week and contribute the earnings. Faculty members gave the income from published articles. Throughout China, contributions were promised, money was given, and production increased. Among factory workers and farmers it was this increase in production which mattered most. The challenge of war, with its deepening of patriotic spirit and enlargement of responsibility, was thus utilised to raise the standards of achievement. Under the stress of urgency and danger, the people drew closer together and closer to the Government.

Later came the conclusion of a Peace Treaty between the United States and Japan, to be followed by Japanese rearmament. No single American decision roused so much bitter resentment in China as this one did. **Throughout**

North and East China the people remembered with sorrow and anger the cruel and bestial behaviour of the Japanese soldiers. " They are wild beasts," it was said in those days, " and we must fight them as we do wild beasts." Every family had memories of homes looted and burned, farm animals slaughtered or stolen, crops wilfully trampled down or set on fire, civilians mown down by machine-gun fire, women and little girls assaulted and raped, men tortured by beating, racking, drowning, starving, burning, or babies and children bayoneted, at the hands of the Japanese Army. When this army was re-created at the will of the American Government, the last wistful hopes in the minds of pro-American Chinese were snuffed out.

Throughout the movement to " Resist-America-Help-Korea " responsible people always drew a distinction between the ordinary men and women of America, with whom China had no quarrel, and the people who determined Government and military policy. This group, identified as the leaders of American capitalism, and loosely called " Wall Street," was the object of hatred and attack. The enlightened treatment by the Chinese of United Nations prisoners of war—long denied but in the end admitted—was regarded as natural by all our acquaintances. Certainly it was good propaganda to treat prisoners well, but it was also the normal reaction towards people with whom Chinese had no quarrel.

It was clearly Chinese Government policy to avoid exacerbation of relations with Britain. Incidents of friction were played down in the Press. In spite of the failure to accept British recognition, the Chinese Government did give many special privileges to the British Negotiating Mission (which still remains in Peking). Although Hong-kong is so vulnerable that it could be taken overnight, it remains a point of contact and mutual convenience. Chinese agencies seek trade relations with British firms with increasing insistence. It is also obvious, however, **that the Chinese Government is not prepared to resume Sino-**

British relationships on the old basis. British firms of long standing in China have been cold-shouldered, and have been subjected to such an entanglement of red tape and restrictions that business has dwindled near to zero and yet the firms have found it impossible to close down and withdraw. My Chinese friends had little sympathy for the British firms. " They have made immense profits out of China for a hundred years," they said; " it will not hurt them to lose a little."

As individual British subjects in China we found no change in the common attitude of friendly curiosity that we had always known and enjoyed. Knowing us to be British, but seeing us to be friendly, peasants and workers chatted with the old frankness, though with new enthusiasm and hope. When we took our fair-haired children to a public park we were likely to be surrounded by children clapping and shouting " Welcome, our Soviet elder brothers." When we divulged the fact that we were not Russians, but British, we found to our surprise that our popularity was undimmed. We were taken to be representatives not of the " imperialist British Government " but of the great British People who had produced Shakespeare, Newton, Dickens and the Dean of Canterbury(!). We were often sympathised with as being ground down by our own or American capitalists (for the common source of information was the *Daily Worker*). When we tried to tell our informants that England's problems were not as simple as that, nor the ordinary man to be pitied quite so much, they listened courteously and pitied our ignorance or lack of insight.

We were aware that many western commentators took it as certain that the Government heads in Peking were really puppets, their strings being worked behind the scenes by the so-called Russian advisers. So we naturally kept our eyes and ears open for signs of this secret domination. It was hard to find any. No one claimed that Russians were present at the sessions of the People's Political Consultative

Conference or its National Committee other than as occasional guests. Plenty of Russian visitors motored out to the Western Hills to call on the highest Government officers at their home, but there was no suggestion that any Russian lived there. Friends of ours had Russian advisers in their factories or offices, and found them experienced, frank and correct in behaviour. In technical matters, where Russian experience counted heavily, the advice was probably taken. In other affairs, such as town planning or rural organisation, where Chinese tradition and psychology were dominant factors, the advice was likely to be outweighed.

The Chinese feel that at last they have driven out the agents of foreign nations that had divided China into "spheres of influence"—Britain in the Yangtse Valley, France in Yunnan, first Germany and then Japan in Shantung, Japan in Manchuria. They are at last masters in their own house. Being a very proud race, they are not likely to surrender this newly won independence voluntarily, and there is no sign that Russia has the strength available, either within China or on Chinese boundaries, to impose policies against Chinese interest.

The behaviour of Russian advisers has been very correct, contrasting with the imperious ways of earlier American advisers in both the method of giving advice and its content. One of my friends said to me: "When American advisers came at the request of Chiang to plan the Yangtse Dam and hydroelectric plant, they worked out an enormous scheme on T.V.A. lines and said: 'This will cost a thousand million gold dollars, which you will probably be able to borrow from America. We can supply the engineers and build the machinery which you can buy from us.' Whereas when Soviet engineers helped us to build the Chungking-Chengtzu railway they said: 'Let us see what resources you have available. We find out how to make them do the job.' The result was that the railway was built entirely out of Chinese products. Thus it is clear that the American

engineers were not out to help China so much as to make business for America, whereas the Soviet engineers were genuinely out to help us develop our own country."

As there were no signs of dominant Soviet agents in Peking, it seemed to us more reasonable to explain the close alignment of Chinese and Russian policy by common interest and mutual advantage. China, being set towards a planned socialist economy, naturally looks for experience to the country which has progressed farthest along that road, and not towards any capitalist country. China, being an enormous agricultural country determined to become industrialised and modern in twenty years, naturally finds Russian experience more appropriate than American, British or that of any western nation. China, seeing the hostility of America shown in many actions, seeks strong support, and finds it in U.S.S.R., with which friendly relations would, in any case, have to be fostered, owing to the length and vulnerability of their common boundary.

Every hostile action taken by America cements more firmly the bond between China and Russia. The " Resist-America-Help-Korea " Movement made these facts clear to the mass of the people in China.

X V

FOUR POPULAR MOVEMENTS— 4. ANTI-3 MOVEMENT

IN Mao Tse-Tung's New Year Speech in 1952 he called for a nation-wide campaign against waste, corruption and bureaucracy, using the words, "*Ta chang ch'i ku, Lei li feng hsing*"—"Put on a great show with flags and drums, as sudden and severe as the thunder, as all-pervading as the wind." He and his colleagues had seen the warning signs of growing corruption in public life, and this drive was their answer. The struggle had been sure to come, and observers had anticipated it with relish or foreboding, according to their standpoint.

China inherited from the decadent Manchu dynasty a body of hundreds of thousands of families traditionally employed in official positions. Trained in the stultifying practices of evading responsibility and manoeuvring for prestige, skilled in obtaining office by nepotism and retaining it by personal connections, they formed a massive threat to any subsequent Government. For they were the people of education and technical knowledge. They knew how to write official documents and manage official files and accounts. Even the most unorthodox war lord soon found that he could not govern without them.

Sun Yat-Sen's Kiiomintang (Nationalist Party), starting off as a clean and uncompromising group of reformers, became gradually corrupted by absorption into the old official class. The situation was already past repair when Chiang K'ai-Shek, realising that he could not survive without a more honest administration, launched the "New

Life Movement." It is interesting to compare this with the Anti-corruption Movement of Mao Tse-Tung. Chiang said in a speech in 1934:

" China needs new life; our people are spiritless. We have lost our soul-force, our ancient goodness, and are in danger of being destroyed. No one can ruin us unless we first ruin ourselves. The nation must be regenerated by reviving the Confucian virtues of loyalty, filial piety, kindness, love, faith, justice, harmony and peace. Away with dirtiness, untidiness and laziness. Practise the four standards of the New Life, which are courtesy, righteousness, honesty and purity."

Clearly Chiang could not evangelise the whole nation by himself. A Government bureau to promote the New Life Movement was set up in Nanking, and soon staffed with a great hierarchy of officials like other bureaux. These officials drew up rules of conduct to impose on the people, and soon the New Life Movement had degenerated into the observation of a multitude of pettifogging regulations. In its name policemen confiscated bread from hungry rickshaw-pullers guilty of eating in public places. They made sweating coolies stop to button up their coats lest the naked chest be exposed. Boy scouts from Medhurst School blocked the traffic in neighbouring streets by marching down them in double file telling pedestrians to keep to the left. Worse, good regulations like that forbidding gambling were enforced on the poor while the Government officials played mahjong unhindered in their homes. The Government, it was said, " swatted the flies and spared the tigers." At first I had agreed with the majority of missionaries, who, carried away by Chiang's appeals, hoped that the New Life Movement would be the beginning of real new life for China. It needed Rewi Alley's rough humane sarcasm to make me see that it offered less than nothing to the oppressed workers and peasants—that, so far from solving the problem of corruption, it was itself a demonstration of the hypocrisy which sheltered corruption.

By contrast, the Anti-3 Movement (for so the movement against corruption, waste and bureaucracy soon came to be called) began within the Government itself, and in all institutions with Government connections. Meetings were held at which the processes of corruption were described—first the feelers put out by merchants, then the invitations to simple meals or drinks, then feasts, then gifts, then commissions, and finally even direct bribes. They told how some who had reaped benefits from official position in the past had begun to hope that they could once more feather their nests. Old party members, who had taken part in the Long March and faced the rigours of life in the Old Liberated Areas remained for the most part free from taint, but a few even of them, now living in comparative comfort, their official position calling for better food, clothes, rooms, motor-cars and such amenities, had begun to count their new power, prestige and comfort more highly than the good of the nation.

Graft and waste were easily discerned, but bureaucracy was harder to recognise. It was in general taken to include throwing one's weight about, "passing the buck," insisting on red tape, obeying the letter but not the spirit of directives, acting like a petty dictator, and becoming aloof from colleagues.

During this stage all newspapers and magazines carried articles and strip cartoons explaining policy; posters in trams and buses depicted the Seven Tricks of Dishonest Conductors. Each department at Yenching put out blackboard-news with illustrations. Those in the Chemistry Department looked like pictures from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with sin-burdened *kanpu* struggling up the steep ascent; where the road forked, horned capitalists enticed the weak on to the precipitous path to destruction, while uniformed angels welcomed the strong up to the sunlit heights of honest administration and national prosperity. Shops in the city gave their windows to the display of dioramas illustrating the fall, repentance, confession and reinstatement

of an official, so that even the illiterate could not miss the point.

Next came the "stirring-up meeting" in each institution. Examples had been collected to illustrate each of the three sins—the merchant who kept two sets of accounts, one for himself and one for the tax assessor, the department head who paved his office floor with wood blocks from the Philippines, the hospital which had stored away enough of a rare drug to last for a thousand years, the village *kanpu* who delayed action so long in a divorce case that the injured wife committed suicide. These stories were followed by an urgent appeal to each person to analyse his actions, thoughts and motives, and confess his faults. This was to be done within a given time, after which there would be chances for mutual criticism or indictment. Those who made a clean breast of it might hope for leniency, but not those who tried to obscure the facts. The climax was the "*Tou-cheng Ta Hui*"—Mass Meeting for Struggle. The struggle was aimed against certain conceptions of life, but since these were exemplified by persons, it tended to become an exercise in denunciation. There were violent orations against those who had been found implicated in embezzlement or bribery, and some were forced to kneel on the platform throughout the meeting. None of the accused was given a chance to say anything except in confession.

This method naturally gave opportunity for spiteful accusations, and errors arising from inadequate information. In the Anti-counter-revolutionary Drive few people were affected, but in the Anti-3 Movement everyone was afraid of being wrongly charged without chance of explanation or rebuttal, and anyone who had held authority went about in a dark cloud of nervous apprehension. In Yenching there were cases where the attack and punishment were altogether disproportionate to the crime. My friends claimed, however, that the investigation of charges was so thorough that those prompted by malice or error were finally discovered and dismissed, and injustices righted.

My own experience of the Anti-3 Movement occurred mainly in the group of teachers and students of the Physics and Mathematics Departments of the university. We began quietly with the question as to whether the movement concerned us. The answer given was that no one could stand aside from a movement which aimed to create a new atmosphere of honesty and frankness through the whole nation; but we still thought of ourselves as a cheering squad rather than struggling in the arena. We were to receive a brusque awakening. The next meeting challenged each person to apply to his own actions rigorous standards of honesty and austerity. We seemed to take a big forward step, as teachers cast aside care for "face" and admitted peccadilloes such as wasteful use of department supplies, carelessness over library books, and failure to purchase bicycle licences. For seniors to be willing to make such frank admission of faults was a startling change.

We moved on to a more intensive discussion on "What is waste?", using Physics Department purchases as examples. A new standard was stated as follows: "Yenching funds come from the national income, which is mainly provided by the grain tax. Even a small sum has meant many days of heavy work by some farmer. The Government is determined to observe rigid economy so as to reduce the load on the peasants, and so must judge carefully between the needs of different institutions. Similarly in each institution expenditures must be considered in relation to the whole national economy. So, for instance, the purchase of an electric drill for very occasional use, when we already possessed an adequate hand drill, was wasteful. Purchase of an extra camera without careful planning of its use was also wrong. These purchases fell within the budget, but the idea that one should try to spend up to the budget lest the balance be diverted to another use is to be condemned as narrow departmental loyalty which obscures the more important loyalty to the whole people."

As the various items were considered, some were approved

as justified expenditure, some stigmatised as waste. The final test was always that of benefit to the Chinese people, and this meant the labourers who make up the vast mass of the population and produce the nation's primary wealth. Another point emphasised was that narrow loyalty to department or institution is inevitable in a competitive society, where it is strongly developed, but in a planned society it is a hindrance and must be replaced by ability to see the larger objectives.

The next meeting opened the phase of self-criticism. The head of a department gave a long talk, admitting mistakes and oversights in his own work, and analysing the reasons. This talk, which had been worked over in committee, set the tone for similar talks by the rest of the teachers. Self-justification was banned, and concrete situations were described so that others might help in analysis of the causes of failure. My notes, which follow, are left in the form in which they were jotted down during the speech.

" I now see many errors of the past, mostly unconscious. I have learned of them from criticisms received during A-3 M. (Anti-3 Movement). These errors arose because I thought in terms of my own advantage. Self-sufficient. Onlooker. Question of 'face.' My inner dynamic was self-protecting individualism. Purely academic attitude. I see there the influence of the old social order—i.e. capitalist education and its worship of knowledge for its own sake.

" I supported the A-3 M., but when the waste in my own department began to be exposed I became very passive. My 'face' was involved. Now I see that such an attitude in a department chairman helps to obstruct the national development.

" Why when the university was closed by the Japanese in 1941 did I not escape into the hills to join the guerillas, or engage in underground resistance work? Fear of personal danger. Such selfishness is unfit for the new China.

" I have taken a purely academic attitude, searching for **truth** for **its** own sake. I **did** not see that such a man becomes

the tool of others. I now realise that a scholar must be politically alert, but in the past I went blindly. Beneath such an attitude lay personal ambition. I hoped to make a name as a physicist. So, desiring to spend all my time on science, I begrudged the use of any of it on administration and consequently did the job badly.

" In national movements I have been a bystander. I agreed intellectually, but my will and emotions were not mobilised for the common good. I felt an odd man out.

" I have always taken considerable pains to build friendly relations all around, never angry or offending people. Now I see this as 'unprincipled cordiality.' When students criticised a teacher I did not take the matter up frankly with that teacher, but tried to smooth it over. This was a failure of responsibility to both sides. When a student needed severe warning I spoke gentle unoffending words. Why? This desire to please everybody—like a shopkeeper—is a method of self-protection in the old society.

" Looking at my teaching I see lack of adequate preparation, especially in the Freshman course which I regarded as beneath my dignity. I failed to build teamwork among the staff, or to inspire them. I did not consult them properly. I was guilty of bureaucracy in this field. I have been reading Mao Tse-Tung's essay on 'Laissez-faire Individualism'⁵ and I see myself portrayed there. Now I realise the need to change. I want to serve the people, starting right in my own department among teachers, workmen and students. But my attitudes and decisions need a much firmer basis of principle. I am determined to enter more fully into our political studies, and apply them in every part of life."

The use of the word " political " in the last sentence deserves comment. As used now in China, this word has a purely good connotation, and a very wide scope. " Political studies " include an emotional attitude and the action of the will; their keynote is service of the common people.

In spite of the obvious sincerity of this talk, and its amazing victory over fear of losing face, the audience was not satisfied. A two-hour meeting for criticisms produced four main points: failure to analyse the reasons for lack of teamwork in the department; failure to analyse adequately the effects of capitalist and American education; Jack of a clear conception of the meaning of being a " People's teacher "; lack of struggle. A " People's teacher " meant a man whose vocation was teacher (at any level) whose choice of job, choice of teaching material, attitude to students and Government—whose whole life, in fact, was determined by the criterion, " What is best for the Chinese people? " Such a man should be able to stimulate and inspire his students to the same attitude.

The principle of " struggle " was being applied all around us. People were taught not to be afraid of conflict and struggle, but to welcome it as the inevitable requisite of progress. It was believed that real unity comes only as a result of successful struggle, and the unity achieved without struggle was suspect as superficial. If a man's self-criticism showed little evidence of struggle in thought and emotions it was suspected of being shallow.

So the department chairman received a severe grilling. In fact it was realised afterwards that although the motive had been a desire to help, an atmosphere of antagonism had crept in. Thenceforth the method was changed, and small groups held the discussions, sending in criticisms to the steering committee, which then selected key problems for general discussion. The cross-examining attitude was discouraged.

After several days of consideration of the criticisms submitted to him, the department chairman made a second and much shorter report. He said:

" I realised from your criticisms that I had not gone deep enough, had not really hated the faults I confessed. I had been careless of students and undemocratic in the department, failing both, and consequently failing the

People, and yet it did not seriously worry me. It was inadequate to call myself an individualist. It would have been more honest to speak of personal ambition—the desire to make and leave a name, which took me into science as a field offering a chance of permanent achievement. I now see my life as a student dominated by the desire to get ahead. I went to America to study, not because I realised that our people needed that knowledge, but because it would advance me personally. I undertook research with the same ambition, and not because the solution of those problems met the people's need.

" In America I caught the prevalent attitude to a professor's job—research first, advanced courses second, fundamental courses last. I saw many professors regarded as eminent, who yet were not responsible towards their students, and lectured badly. They were concentrating on research to make a name. I brought their attitude back to China with me. Now I see it as part of the competitive individualistic system belonging to capitalism, and I reject it. I want from now on to plan my teaching and research to be in every phase and emphasis of maximum use to the ordinary people.

" I feel disgusted by the ' politeness all round ' attitude which hindered the effectiveness of my work—it was because I did not care enough for my colleagues that I failed them. It was because I did not care enough for the ordinary people of China that I wasted budget funds on unnecessary purchases. When the Government cut the studies of the 1949 class by one year I assured the students that it would not alter their status or salaries, instead of stressing the privilege of going out earlier to serve. Students have **rightly** criticised me for such failures to grasp essentials.

" I have come to a fuller realisation of the hatefulness of my personal ambition and my blind worship of American capitalist ways. I want to beat down that selfish ' I ' **and** that foreign idol. I want to uproot the old shameful **ways** and make a new start. I used to desire **to** make a **name for**

myself; now my only desire is to become identified with the People. To be one of them, to join in the dignity of their labour in the building of a world at peace and a new China, to be at one with them, to be a ' People's teacher ' —in this lies the meaning of life."

This statement met immediate general welcome. After various expressions of approval and joy, the meeting closed with what sounded quaintly like a benediction. Colleagues and students looked forward to a new relationship. The department chairman himself felt a sense of relief from a great burden; he had become one of the group. He had emerged from the shame of confession of failure, and discovered that instead of losing the respect of all he had gained a firmer place in their affection.

This is an example of successful use of the method. The central person spoke with courage and dignity. He never tried to get himself out of trouble by blaming or implicating others. Because he was honest and popular, he was not subjected to the ruthless hostility which terrified less fortunate or less honest victims. Moreover he was not one of the unfortunate few selected to be scapegoats. There was one catchword of terrible implications—" The eyes of the People are crystal clear "—which meant that *if* for some reason the great majority of the community were agreed in condemnation, they must be right. Under its influence our hot-headed students, led by young *kanpu*, carried investigations, criticisms and accusations to excess, and brought about injustices and unmerited suffering. The words of Lenin—" Left deviationism—an infantile disorder " were all too aptly illustrated among us.

The last remaining American missionary professor, an engineer of saintly character who had served the Chinese people with unsparing labour and devotion for thirty years, who had only recently been urged by the students to stay on in China, was suddenly singled out as scapegoat, accused with trumped-up charges of being an American spy, given no chance to defend himself, placed under house arrest,

deprived of all his property, and finally deported, with his wife, in deep distress and sorrow.

But it is necessary to look at the whole picture. Of over a hundred Chinese faculty members who volunteered for self-criticism (and in that general atmosphere it was almost impossible to avoid volunteering), three leaders were selected as scapegoats and felt the full weight of hostile accusation, about a dozen failed at second attempt to satisfy the audience, and the rest all produced self-criticisms which convinced the audience and produced real change in the character and attitudes of the speaker. When the paroxysm was over, the movement declared "victoriously completed," and the work of the university eagerly resumed, most of my colleagues felt that a real victory had been struggled for and won. The self-satisfaction and face-saving manoeuvres of many of the teachers had received a mortal blow. They had become humble, had renounced their privileged status. They had come through uncomfortable self-analysis and forthright criticism to the conviction that they too needed to change, and to start putting the good of the people before their personal comfort, prestige, preference and ambition. The labourers in our employ, on the other hand, had come to realise that they were as good as anybody else, and had overcome their ingrained fear of the scholars. They felt that at last they too had stood up.

The teachers had greatly feared this new equality, and their own loss of face when faults were exposed, but in fact relationships between faculty and workmen or students were much better during the subsequent term than ever before. At last the students felt that their professors were with them in desire to serve the people, and regarded them with new affection and respect.

While the Anti-3 Movement drove through Government institutions with the thunder and tempest which Mao Tse-Tung had conjured up, a movement of equal turbulence was turning upside down the world of industry and finance. This was the Anti-5 Movement—a campaign

against five types of business immorality, namely bribery, smuggling and tax evasions, stealing public property, using inferior materials on contracts, and using inside information from Government offices for personal profit. Here again every means was used to achieve the object of clearing up the past and setting new standards for the future. As usual, the Government relied mainly on the organisation of those who had nothing to lose—the clerks and attendants in shops, the factory hands in industry. The search for cases of corruption was carried out with painstaking thoroughness. Many lived under a cloud for many weeks until the cumbersome processes of inexperienced investigation had shown that charges against them were baseless. Merchants and others who, though known to be guilty, refused to confess, were called "tigers," and "tiger-baiting" was a regular activity of the local leaders of the campaign. This consisted of long sessions of amateur cross-examination, between which the "tiger" was left alone to meditate and remember. Here again the method, though usually effective, could lead into grave errors through inexperience, prejudice or spiteful accusations.

Nevertheless, remarkable positive results were achieved. Enormous sums were received by the tax office in back payments. The habit of giving correct receipts for all purchases was acquired. The old method of bargaining, even for common vegetables, was abandoned, and fair prices were fixed and clearly marked. As we stayed in Tientsin on our way out of China, Stephen bought a small red comb and, like any five-year-old, lost it immediately. The same afternoon, happening to return to the market where he had bought it, I was glancing around the floor in case by chance it had been kicked into a corner, when a stall-holder hailed me: "Lost something?" "Yes, a comb." "What colour was it?" "Red." "Is this it?"—and he produced Stephen's comb. Then he went on to point the moral. "Somebody found it on the floor. As he couldn't see any owner, he gave it to me to hold in case the

owner came back. A year ago, you wouldn't have had a chance in the world of getting that comb back. But we have turned over a new leaf. From now on we are all going to be honest and square with everybody."

Thus new standards of morality have spread. They are coming to have such authority of the popular will that no threat of punishment is required to impose them. In Yenching Chemistry Department it was discovered during the summer term of 1952 that three students had cheated in a monthly test. A series of articles in the Department Blackboard-news criticised them by name, discussed their motives and reasons. They were condemned as unpatriotic and unworthy to serve the people. The final headline was "WE DEMAND THAT THE STUDENTS WHO CHEATED MAKE A SINCERE AND THOROUGH SELF-CRITICISM." There was no proposal about punishment. The puritan morality of modern young China was very striking. Whether in honesty, sex relations, hard work, discipline of life, use of time or money, challenge to self-sacrifice and service, the standards set by public opinion were high and severely applied.

How then shall we judge the Anti-3 and Anti-5 movements? We observed in them harshness and cruelty which repelled us. Yet at the same time we saw immense achievements, not merely in the material sphere, but in public morality. We need to guard against our tendency to compare Communist practice with Christian ideals. Faced with the problem of uprooting ancient traditions of dishonesty and setting new standards for five hundred million people, and the need for quick and striking results, were there better methods which would have achieved the objects? If indeed the problem was so immense that the sharp tools used in China were the only effective ones, then we have to accept the dangers and errors as the inevitable cost. In the west we may avoid the errors, but we also avoid the nation-wide onslaught on sources and habits of corruption and selfishness in national life.

X V I

THE TIENTSIN EXHIBITION

ONE evening in the middle of October 1951, Hou Jen-Chih called on us, boiling over with enthusiasm after his visit to the Tientsin Exhibition. Being concerned by profession with economic geography, he had gone as a guest of the Government to inspect the Exhibition of Exchange of Goods between Town and Countryside. A couple of days later he reported to the whole university, and roused such great interest that our union decided to organise a mass expedition to Tientsin, in order that all students, faculty, staff and workmen could have the chance to see the exhibition for themselves. A holiday from Thursday to Sunday was declared, and a special train chartered to take the group from the nearest station non-stop to Tientsin. The cost was moderate, and a thousand people elected to go.

We travelled down *in* high spirits on a train pulled by the " Mao Tse-Tung " engine, passing the time playing bridge, yarning, and learning patriotic songs. At Tientsin station we were received with a short speech of greeting and a *yang-ko* display. This is a development of one of the rare survivals of dancing among the country folk of China. Men and women in pairs, representing peasants in gay holiday dress, beat small drums and dance to variations of the rhythm " turn turn tum-ti turn," which accompanies the basic movement of two steps and a skip. Good dance teams weave complicated patterns as they dance, but otherwise the dance is rather boring, as witnessed by its rapid decline **in popularity in Yenching when the more vigorous and**

elaborate dances of the Chinese tribespeople and the Eastern Europeans came in to replace it.

Tientsin schools and colleges had taken responsibility for arranging our board and lodging, and eventually we were adequately cared for, though it took some time for goodwill and enthusiasm to overcome the inexperience of the hosts and the great size of our party. We progressed slowly from the station to a middle school where we were given tea to drink, then after a long wait to a huge mat shed on the recreation ground, where we ate voraciously the plentiful but simple supper supplied to country guests, and at last to the ex-Catholic university where we were to sleep. Women went along to a nearby girls' school, men students slept in classrooms, while the men of the union occupied a large assembly hall. There 160 of us lay in four long rows on the straw-spread floor, the organisers having thoughtfully specified which way heads were to point. Chinese bedding—composed of quilts—is very suitable for makeshift beds, and before long conversation stopped, lights went out, and snoring began. One rarely has the chance to hear 159 simultaneous snorers filling a single hall, and the rich midnight orchestral effects of our great range in intensity, pitch and tone stand out in memory.

Most of the daytime of Friday and Saturday was spent in going through the seventeen large exhibition halls. Each morning we mustered at seven o'clock and marched singing to the grounds, where we studied the exhibits until breakfast at ten. Then after a short rest we went back to work and moved along steadily until six, when we marched back to the recreation ground for supper. Stern patriots endeavoured to organise discussion groups after supper, but it soon became very clear that the majority preferred to drift into town and relax after a pretty exhausting day.

The purpose of the exhibition was to demonstrate how the farmers from the country and the workers of the cities could benefit each other by the rapid flow of products both ways. The farmers were the guests of honour, and most of

the exhibits were aimed at their interests and needs. The Government had enabled each county of North China to send a group of peasant representatives to spend a week going around the halls and studying the exhibits. While in Tientsin, the peasants were the guests of the factory workers and other townspeople. They were accommodated in five thousand homes, and given free transport on trams and buses. Enormous simple meals of the kind they liked were provided by the city for many hundreds at a time. The farmers could be recognised by the towels worn turban-wise round their heads (a custom brought from Szechuan to North China recently), and by the yellow silk ribbons with the characters " Lai-Ping " (Guest) written on them. Many wore medals they had won as heroes of production. Wherever they went they were greeted by clapping, wherever queues stood they took precedence, and on all sides people treated them as honoured guests.

Hou Jen-Chih, who had grown up in a country village, first pointed out to us the striking contrast between this welcome and respect for the peasant, and the earlier attitude of despising and cheating. In the old days the farmers feared the smarter and more experienced townspeople, and avoided the towns if they could.

In accord with its name and purpose, the exhibition showed mainly two types of goods: products of the countryside, especially those which could serve as raw material for industry, and products of the city industries, especially those which the peasants could use. In the first category, for instance, was a hall devoted to fresh and dried products of the hills. There were dates, peppers, sweet peppers, almonds, mushrooms, sunflower and melon seeds, nuts of all kinds, fruits of all kinds, edible flowers, fungi and roots. For each of these there were shown the best varieties and the regions where they grew, the statistics of present production, and the possible uses. It was emphasised, for instance, that the bitter variety of apricot kernel, usually despised, was a possible source of oil, and that some of the

Japanese and Chinese bicycles do not wear well, while American bicycles are clumsy toys.

A western observer new to China would not have been impressed by the industrial products; one needed to know something of the past to appreciate the progress. Having lived among the factories of Shanghai, and struggled to help wartime production in the industrial co-operatives of the hinterland, I could see the speed of advance, not only in range of goods, but also in quality. Especially later, after the Anti-5 Movement, the Government was able to demand very high standards from manufacturers; but already at the time of the exhibition standards were rising fast. The newspapers constantly published letters criticising manufacturers of faulty products. The firms were expected to reply to these—if they did not, reporters were sent to interview them. By this and other means, standards were pushed up, and buyers became more insistent on good quality.

For my own part, I was particularly interested to see that Chinese firms were able to make mechanical computing machines, Chinese typewriters, wireless sets, microscopes, fine balances, automatic telephones, clocks, watches, and a great range of medicines, including penicillin and many sera for inoculation.

To westerners, the most interesting hall must have been that devoted to handicrafts. I was fortunate in meeting there Kuo P'ei-Yuan, an old friend of C.I.C. days. He had become the manager of the Peking Handicrafts Co-operative. He took me through the long ranges of stalls filled with familiar hand-produced goods—baskets, screens, sieves, hemp and ramie goods, leather goods, brushes, iron pans, ploughs, nails, oilskins, felt, linen, silk, and cotton cloth, and on to the final section, where the work of his factory was displayed. There we saw the great tradition of Peking craftsmanship still living in rugs and carpets, tapestry, embroidered silk, carvings in ivory and jadeite, painted, carved and inlaid lacquer, porcelain and

cloisonné ware, jewellery, furniture and carvings in redwood and blackwood, screens inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl and semi-precious stones. Under a magnifying glass lay the ultimate product of delicate skill—an ivory pip the size of a rice grain, incised with a poem of a hundred Chinese characters.

Kuo commented: " You will notice that there are here two distinct types of work. Both are of exquisite craftsmanship, but they differ artistically. The one type is a continuation of the art of the end of the Manchu dynasty. It is marked by the elaboration and fussiness which characterise a decadent period. Although the dynasty ended forty years ago the craftsmen had received no fresh inspiration, and simply copied the old designs. The colours are often crude and poorly matched. The other type is new—in fact we are still experimenting, and only a few of the designs are on the market. We have been able to find modern artists to adapt for us some of the great traditional designs. These cloisonné dishes use designs found in haloes among the lovely Buddhist frescoes of the T'ang dynasty at Tun-huang. This porcelain bowl is decorated with a modern copy of a Tun-huang pony. Here are more cloisonné dishes—this time decorated with a design taken from Shang dynasty bronzes. Here are others with modern pictures of *yang-ko* dancers; they are less successful at present. Professors from the Schools of Art are doing this adaptation for us, and as they are busy people, we cannot progress as fast as we would like. But notice the enamel here—the colour is clean and the texture smooth. Whether the design is a traditional one or a new one, we are able to produce work of far better quality by close attention to purity of materials and techniques of mixing and firing."

This determination that the famous crafts of China should not die out, but should rather find a new lease of life in the burst of creative energy following the revolution, **was** already meeting with success. When the products of the revived traditional crafts reach England, people **here will**

be able to appreciate directly the vigour and beauty of the newest work.

The Tientsin Exhibition bore witness to the outstanding ability of modern China to plan and organise. Four of the seventeen halls, each the area of a large cinema, were permanent structures; the rest were temporary, with kaoliang matting fastened to a stout wooden skeleton. Four thousand builders, sometimes working double shifts, had put them up in two months. During the same period a hundred students of the Peking Art Academy had spent their whole time making graphs, posters, signs and dioramas. There were eighteen hundred demonstrators and lecturers, so that every stall had an attendant. The lecturers had been quickly trained, and differed in ability, but most of them gave competent explanations in simple language that peasants could understand, and the best were very good indeed. They answered questions well, and would go to any amount of trouble to secure the answer to a new question.

Every aid had been called in to put across the meaning of each exhibit. There were working scale models, lantern slides, live animals, aquaria, oil paintings (some very good), and maps with routes in neon lights or hundreds of little bulbs. One amusing exhibit showed on an illuminated changing map the annual migration of prawns up the coast of North China, with their steady increase in size and commercial value. There was a small textile plant in constant operation. The two big halls explaining flood prevention and communications were especially well provided with working models of rivers and dams, railways, canals and roads. One large model showed a whole countryside with interlocking types of transport, from farmer's cart to train, all working together to ship goods from farm to town and back.

The exhibition grounds still bore traces of having been the Tientsin Racecourse, where in the old days none but foreigners could hold membership. It was good to see this place of privilege and waste taken over and used by those

who were previously despised. The grounds were excellently laid out, with plenty of stalls for simple refreshments, broad concrete pathways bordered by masses of potted chrysanthemums, and although twenty thousand people came every day there was no litter to be seen. The crowds were cheerful and orderly, and with few exceptions the people were going around with much enthusiasm. Altogether over a million people saw the exhibition, and business contracts to the value of twenty-five million pounds were concluded between country co-operatives on the one side, and state or private industry on the other.

The deepest impression that I carried away was that made by the sight, in almost every hall, of photographs, pictures and stories of the Heroes of People's Production. Here the men and women held up as models to admire and emulate were wrinkled old peasants and grimy factory workers, deeply scarred in the struggle for livelihood. Not sportsmen, film stars, millionaires or politicians, but simple folk. The fisherman who organised co-operatives, and called other ships when he found shoals of fish instead of keeping the find to himself; the Mongol shepherdess who tended her sheep better than anyone around; the cotton spinner who found a quicker way to tie broken threads; the hunter who conquered personal tragedy and went out to kill a record number of wolves; the old farmer who found a better way of collecting grubs off the corn plants; the peasant who lost his feet in guerilla warfare, but carried on and organised his village Farmers' Union; these were the heroes. If they came themselves to the exhibition they were mobbed by autograph hunters and held for hours answering eager questions about themselves and their methods. Here one saw a glimpse of a society in which labour is really dignified, and the hero is the humble and honest man, whose conscientious work sets the challenge and example.

X V I I

INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT

WE were able to listen to B.B.G. news as often as we desired, and we had occasional access to British newspapers and magazines at the British Legation, but we found that a satisfactory regular source of news was the *People's Daily*—the leading Chinese newspaper in Peking. Any other daily paper would have done almost as well, for all carried the same news and similar comments on it, but the *People's Daily* being a Government paper, was the best authority for persons wanting to follow events in China. It was also extremely well printed on good paper.

At first we found the paper dull. So did most of our Chinese colleagues. We missed breezy style and variety, which had given way to sober uniformity. The newspaper no longer offered half an hour's entertainment; its purpose was information and propaganda, not escape. Daily papers carried little sports news, no society news, no scoop stories of crime or perversion, no exploitation of sex, and practically no advertisements. We were not sorry to see the disappearance of these items, and we gradually got used to the monotony of the views expressed. Then we became able to appreciate the newspaper as a source of information. As a Chinese friend remarked: "Learn to put up with the jargon, and you will find an enormous amount of useful reporting."

Having become accustomed, when working with the C.I.C., to the complete unreliability of Chinese Government statistics, and to paper plans which never began to achieve realisation, we started by discounting almost

completely the accounts published by the People's Government of achievements or plans. But gradually we discovered that the achievements claimed fitted in with our observations, and plans became accomplishments within the promised period. Our cynical attitude gradually gave way to a cautious acceptance of Government plans and statistics.

The newspaper was usually a single sheet folded to give four large (*Times-sized*) pages. Each page contained about ten thousand words, not counting headlines, and was printed downwards, right-to-left, and from the back forwards, in the old style. (In books, especially on science, the same arrangement as in English is frequently used.) The first page carried major news items, the second news from China, especially of industrial and agricultural production, and letters from readers. The third page held feature articles on current questions, and the fourth foreign news. One-seventh of the last page was occupied by advertisements plainly stated with no eye-catching nonsense!

In order to obtain a typical table of contents, I took a paper at random—that of September 29th, 1951—and listed the titles of all articles. They were:

- p. 1. Governmental instructions to officers investigating the carrying out of the new Marriage Law.
Message from Pollitt (of British Communist Party) congratulating the Chinese Government on the second anniversary of its inauguration (October 1st).
Message from five women's organisations pledging help to the Government in carrying out marriage law reform.
Editorial: "Make the Marriage Law effective, protect the rights of women."
- p. 2. Plan for the rapid expansion of machine-tool industry to provide for the needs of transport, irrigation and agriculture.

Contribution of the labourers in improving railway transport.

Great progress made this year in promoting trade between towns and countryside.

1951 Plan for tobacco production exceeded.

Workmen in many areas greet October 1st with plans to increase production.

Letters to the Editor: complaints about primary school teachers, local officials, factory managers; answers to such letters.

- p. 3. How to write correctly (one of a series of articles on the accurate use of terms).

News of progress in marriage reform.

Critical review of a book recently published as feudal in its thinking.

Life story of a local official.

- p. 4. Foreign news—mainly taken from Communist newspapers abroad or from Soviet agencies.

Feature article: " American imperialism is Japan's fiercest enemy."

Reconstruction in Sinkiang.

Advertisements: cinemas, new books, local government announcements.

The " Letters from Readers " form a very important section of every local paper. They are a valuable medium for complaints against officials, especially against superiors who refuse to deal with criticisms or suggestions privately made. The editor calls on the person or organisation criticised to make a reply to ensure that the question is no longer shelved. To illustrate the uses of the " Letters from Readers " I add some examples taken from newspapers of the last month before we left China (September 1952).

Editor Comrade:

From June 1951 to September 1952 we (Kuei-sui City People's Advice Bureau) have sent thirty-one letters to the Kuei-sui County Government for action, and we have received just one reply. We have sent reminders every

seven or ten days without result. We finally got the City Government to approach the County Government directly, and received the answer, " Most of our officials are away on Land Reform, and your five-day limit for a reply is unreasonable, so we cannot keep up with your demands." To our second attempt they made no reply at all. To the third they replied, " All our *kanpu* are busy with the Anti-3 Movement. They have no opportunity to go into the country to investigate." On May 24th we reported to the Provincial Government, but still got no satisfaction, and the thirty cases still await action.

We demand that the County Government quickly clear up the accumulated people's communications, and guarantee not to delay in future, and moreover correct their attitude of despising letters from the people.

Sa Yeh.

Editor Comrade:

I come from T'ang-chia-chuang in Hsi-chai County in Honan Province. I used to be a hired worker for a landlord, but in July 1947 I became a *kanpu* in Chengchow. My father T'ang Chan-Ch'i was also a hired labourer, and after liberation he joined the district Farmers' Union. Now that the whole nation is joining in the work of reforming the legal processes, I want to recall a happening of two years ago.

In July 1949 there was a revolt of landlords, bandits and reactionaries in my home district. Previously a bandit had come to hide in the home of a rich peasant, Chang Chun-Te, who had been puppet village head under the Japanese. My father knowing of this immediately told the District Head. When the Head sent police to investigate, the bandit fled. Chang Ghun-Te was questioned at the District Office, without result, but he learned from the questioning that it was my father who had laid information against him. The bandits came back and again hid at Chang's home, and taking advantage of a night of disturbance, at the instance of Chang Chun-Te, seven of them armed with guns raided my father's house, and murdered my father, my mother and my younger brother.

The bandits were caught but Chang Ghun-Te escaped. When I heard this, I wrote appealing to the County Government, and Chang was arrested. I heard that he had been sentenced to ten years' hard labour, but a few days later he was out and about in the village again. Relatives wrote to me that he " had influence," " had cultivated good relationships," and " could pull strings."

I believe that this is not simply a matter for my own family. It should be investigated, and I request you to report it to the right authorities, demanding that they search thoroughly and punish severely.

T'ang Hui-Chung.

Editor Comrade:

In your paper of July 31st, Kuan Kuo-Chang and Han Lien-Yu wrote to criticise the error of our " blind planning " for fundamental construction. This criticism was basically accurate, and we sincerely take it to heart.

The reason for the extra work needed in building the new dormitories was that our planning was not thorough. For instance, when on May 6th we had already started to build, we found that the subsoil was weak and exuding water. After making three drill-holes we found that the site was a silted-up pond, and the strength of the ground only about eight and a half tons per square metre, which was below the requirement of the plan. So the Planning Section made an extempore change, deciding to put in 414 wooden piles and to put steel girders into the concrete base. When the piles were in place it was found that the strength was still inadequate, and another fifty-nine piles were added. Moreover a hundred man-days were wasted in changing the position of the steel girders.

The chief reason for these errors was inadequate checking of the original plans. We guarantee that in future we will check adequately, especially by making enough borings, so as to avoid waste of national resource?

Tsi-tsi-har Railway Admin. Constr. Bureau.

Editor Comrade:

In the "Readers' Letters" of August 21st, T'an Han-Chang and five others proposed " that the Hsiang-tan

County Government should investigate the encroachment on personal liberties by Magistrate Yu Tien-Wu." This suggestion is a very good one, and can assist in teaching *kanpu* to overcome bureaucracy.

The circumstances were as follows: soon after the event occurred, Yu Tien-Wu realised his mistake, and ordered *kanpu* to make a fuller investigation. When the whole question was clarified, Yu Tien-Wu voluntarily reported to the authorities, and making a self-criticism, asked to be punished. Moreover he apologised to Chao Lin-T'ung whom he had detained. The authorities agreed with Yu's self-criticism, and decided that there need be no further punishment. Chao Lin-T'ung's organisation also had no further comment to make.

In August this year, at the mass meeting of *kanpu* during the Anti-3 Movement in this county, Yu made a further self-criticism, reiterating his determination to correct his errors. So we consider that the matter has been adequately dealt with.

Hsiang-tan County Communist Party Committee.

Chinese newspapers are now studied so carefully that it is fair to assume that the most important articles in the papers play a large part in forming the opinions of the readers. In order to show what these articles deal with, six further newspapers were examined (September 23rd to 28th, 1951) and their chief contents noted:

Sept. 23 Slogans for October 1st.

Poem to China (translated from Russian).

Complete recovery of railway transport and the building of a new line.

Criticism of dictatorial methods by officials.

Great extension of Public Health work during the past two years.

Sept. 24 National grain production will surpass last year's by 8 per cent.

Great progress in industry owing to the energy of **the** labourers.

Maps of China found on captured American airman.

Full page with big map on Huai River control work accomplished this year.

Sept. 25 Korean armistice talks: full text of letters exchanged with Ridgway.

Long article on the contribution of the liberated peasants to the Huai River control work.

"How to be an actor for the People."

Letter from a Turkish worker to the Chinese people.

Japan under American rule.

Sept. 26 Details of Korean armistice talks.

Record cotton crop anticipated.

Recovery of textile industry.

"What I learned from Huai River control work/" by Deputy Chief Engineer.

How to write correctly (instalment).

1,700,000 factory workers studying in night schools.

General Election put forward in Britain.

Open letter to Chinese builders (from **two** Russian engineers).

Supplement: two pages of pictures on afforestation, forest preservation and efficient use of lumber; one page on standard method of proof correction; one page of letters from readers.

Sept. 27 Progress of war in Korea.

Texts of official messages in Korean armistice negotiations from both sides printed in full.

Progress in forestry during these two years.

Recovery of Shanghai industry.

"How my thought changed during these two years," by a merchant.

"Elimination of feudalism and dirty habits from the stage" (e.g. playing of decapitation, vulgarities, making fun of pigtailed, bound feet, etc.).

Opposition to American Peace Treaty by Japanese people.

Sept. 28 Nation-wide contributions for Resist-America-Help-Korea Movement exceed \$900,000,000,000 (£15,000,000).

Completion of stocktaking by Shanghai Railway Bureau.

Progress in setting up modern auditing and planning in factories.

Notes on recent meeting of county magistrates. Congratulatory articles for October 1st from Russian writers.

Arrival of delegates from other countries for October 1st celebrations.

The *People's Daily* was intended for the educated people. In Peking and its neighbourhood less educated people (among whom Nancy classed herself) read the *North China Monthly*, which was simple in style, brightly produced and inexpensive. Contents, planned mainly for farmers, included illustrated articles describing improved agricultural implements; grain pests and their life cycles, with new ways of suppressing them; stories about new-style courtship and marriage; the story of a midwife who learned that the death of babies was not due to unlucky stars; list of North China products and their uses. The last page contained simple puzzles, games and songs.

As we debated the biased presentation of the news, a Chinese friend said to me: "Almost all newspapers and magazines aim to get across to their readers a certain point of view. Think of the *Economist*. Consciously or unconsciously, they select news, and in their comments emphasise this or that point according to their own interests. This is often obscured or hidden, so that the readers do not realise that they are subject to propaganda. We start from the fact that all newspapers are media for propaganda and education, and ensure that this propaganda is aimed not at furthering the interests of a class or group but at education

for the common good. So all our newspapers make it their job to explain the policy of the People's Government, and persuade people to support it. Our papers are uniform because they reflect the new unity of the Chinese people. To the outsider they may look dull and monotonous, but to us they bring just the information we want. When you experienced a very strong national unity during the war you did the same thing."

When after three years under the People's Government we came to Hongkong from Peking, Hongkong newspapers seemed to us to be filled mainly with futile and meaningless matter. There were great spreads of advertisement, large cartoons to attract the eye or give a moment's humour, detailed news of small crimes, photographs of fashionable Hongkong society. There was plenty of comment, but very little factual reporting of important events or statements. The main function of the newspapers seemed to be to provide sensation, entertainment or escape. We remembered the comment of my friend in Peking: "Western society is now full of frustrations and tension. People constantly seek to relax and escape. But here we have a sense of direction and purpose, and everyone is filled with a new hope. We do not need to escape; we want our papers to give us solid matter—news and comments to study and assimilate. Our daily reading of the newspapers is one of our most important and meaningful activities—it helps to fit us to serve the people."

Newspapers were only one of many organs for popular education. There was one strident period when the children of all the neighbourhood were seized by the craze for announcing the news of the day from the housetops. Every evening when people had finished their evening meal and were sitting out in the cool dusk, they would be engulfed by competing howls from all the points of vantage, as children chanted through megaphones, "*Lao-hsiang-men ch'ing chu-i. Hsien-tsai pao-kao k'aishih . . .*" (Old fellow-countrymen, please listen. We are now beginning our

report . . .). Fortunately this phase died a quiet death; the object was good, but the moment and method ill-chosen.

News-blackboards could be seen everywhere—and ranged in quality from the simplest street-side board, written by a group of waiting pedicabmen, to the artistic efforts of university students. The more ambitious were illustrated, and, with the rediscovery of the great treasure of design in Chinese tradition, the borders and decorations of the blackboards were sometimes very attractive.

The Government made extensive use of exhibitions. In the old Imperial Forbidden City there was a permanent exhibition showing the development of mankind from the primitive Peking Man. The old T'ai Miao, which used to hold the ancestral tablets of the Emperors, has become the People's Hall of Culture, and there excellently designed exhibitions have made fullest use of all the techniques of visual education. Among them were a mining exhibition with a great set of models showing the working of a modern mine, a railway exhibition, an exhibition of pictures of Tun-huang frescoes, and various public health exhibitions.

While these methods of reaching the illiterate were constantly in use, the Government was nevertheless determined that everyone should learn to read. In 1952 sixty million copies of the textbook from which peasants learn to read were printed, and the number of children in primary school was fifty million—twice the number in 1949. The Ministry of Education plans that in five years all workers, and in ten years all peasants, will be literate, and judging by the present speed these goals will be reached. Wherever we went we saw people working at their primers, and attacking them with confidence that they *could* master the work. An old gardener squatting in the shade at the Summer Palace, using his rest hour for practice, showed us his booklet proudly, and described the classes run by his trade union. He told us that this was the first time in his life that he had had a chance to study. Our cook, Liu Han-Ying, became enthusiastic as he taught the

old women-servants of campus families, who had never before believed that they could "look with understanding" at a book.

Most of the traditional entertainments were enlisted for propaganda and education. Drama in the western style told of the victories of the people over their oppressors, classical operas (highly stylised and sung in falsetto) were chosen for their patriotic message, and divested of feudal concepts. The various turns beloved of peasants—puppet shows, shadow plays, comic dialogues, tea-house stories, rhyming narratives—all received new content with its moral about public health, literacy, patriotism, mutual aid, self-criticism or service. Much of this adaptation was skilfully done, and the work gained new life from its topical interest.

One type of entertainment rose very fast in popularity. It was reported that Mao Tse-Tung one day happened to pass a troupe of juggler-acrobats, who in the old days were very lightly regarded as good only for the amusement of the lowest classes. Mao exclaimed, "Here we have a real people's art right under our noses. It ought to be developed." So the troupes of variety artists began to be invited to public functions, put into smarter clothes, and paid better. They responded by revealing amazing skill in acrobatics, juggling and conjuring, so that when they travelled abroad as representatives of national art they received great acclaim. From being among the poorest and most despised of entertainers they found themselves universally honoured.

The ordinary people of Peking found life far fuller than it had ever been before. In addition to all the plays and films and variety shows, they were able during 1951 and 1952 to see the best teams of dancers and singers from Mongolia, Russia, Rumania and Czechoslovakia. Their own facilities for games, swimming and skating were constantly improved, and more and more representative contests and exhibition games were staged. A new popular game, "*K'e-lang-ch'i*"

(carroms), gained enormous vogue. Four players joined in a snooker-like game on a square board, round wooden discs being used instead of balls. Every office, shop and recreation room seemed to possess a board, and on summer evenings the pavements would be lined with groups playing out of doors. Club-rooms in schools and factories and People's centres for culture and play swarmed with men, women and children, after the day's work was done, enjoying *k'e-lang-ch'i*, pingpong, both kinds of Chinese chess, cards, draughts and dominoes. Thus whether in learning or playing, the ordinary people found life fuller than ever before. Moreover they had found purpose and zest in life.

But a western observer, while appreciating all the new opportunities and new happiness, could not be blind to the severe restrictions and one-sidedness, especially in the realm of ideas. Chinese biologists were gradually forced to teach the theories of Lysenko and condemn without question those of his opponents, whether they were scientifically convinced or not. When the Chinese Government insisted on repatriation of every prisoner of war in the armistice negotiations, no one dared to speak for a compromise plan until the Government itself had proposed one. When a missionary had been falsely labelled "a conscious imperialist in cunning disguise" no one dared to stand up for him. Independent disinterested criticism was suppressed by the less mature and more dogmatic Marxists; what they demanded was wholehearted participation. For this reason the Chinese Government refused entry to all non-Communist newspapermen and confiscated progressive journals from Britain and America, and no one dared to protest, though these actions have worked to China's great disadvantage.

But we must state clearly that our Chinese friends, almost without exception, regarded national unity and strength as more important than individual freedom. They had in many cases spent several years in Britain and America, but deliberately gave their allegiance to the new ways in

China, including the propaganda, one-sidedness and restrictions. These they accepted as the price they had to pay to create a new China which should really belong to the ordinary people. The peasants and workers felt only liberation and new hope; problems of academic freedom and scientific objectivity lay outside their field. So in answering the question "Whom do you serve?" the intellectuals abandoned objectivity and detachment, and threw themselves with unquestioning co-operation into the immense task of material construction.

X V I I I

CHINESE CHRISTIANS

THE Common Programme, adopted by the First Session of the People's Political Consultative Conference, guaranteed freedom of religion in Article 5, which stated:

The people of the People's Republic of China shall have freedom of thought, speech, publication, assembly, association, correspondence, person, domicile, change of domicile, religious belief and the freedom of holding processions and demonstrations.

Dr. Wu Yao-Tsung, leader of the Chinese Church Reform Movement, stated in a recent article:

"Religious liberty is guaranteed in the Common Programme of the People's Republic of China, which is the Magna Carta of our Chinese citizens. The preaching of the gospel has never been interfered with. There is no censorship of religious literature or of any other literature. The Bible is freely circulated."

As Christian missionaries we were naturally deeply concerned as to whether this stated freedom did in fact exist. We concluded that on the whole it did, and that the Christian Church was not in danger from persecution by officials. There were cases where church property had been seized, pastors forbidden to preach, Christians frightened away from the church. But these were mistakes made by prejudiced or inexperienced officials. After the first year or two, such wrongs were righted, and no further oppressive actions occurred. In such matters the church benefited much from the departure of the missionaries, who were regarded with deep suspicion and dislike by

Government officials. After the church had become entirely governed and supported by Chinese, leaders were able to approach the local Bureau for Religious Affairs and obtain quick redress. Thus the leaders of the Presbyterian Church in Peking, hearing that their churches near Paoting were unable to get back buildings which had been seized by *kanpu* for meetings, visited the Provincial Government at Paoting, and got the matter put right.

The challenge to the Church, and the main danger, came from another quarter. Emphasising that freedom to preach religion also implied freedom to speak against religion, many anti-religious radicals took up the argument that religion was out-of-date superstition—at best comforting nonsense, and at worst an opiate with which the rulers had kept the masses quiet throughout history. This was the conviction of all Communists and other Marxists, and it determined the teaching in schools, the propaganda on radio, cinema and stage, the attitude of magazines and newspapers. Explicit or implicit in these was the idea that science could solve not only all the material problems of the modern world, but all the problems of human relationships too. Christians, along with members of other faiths, were thus regarded as backward and muddleheaded, despised and subjected to ridicule. It was this general atmosphere of hostility towards religion which constituted the main danger.

In our experience, the harshest actions against any Christians were those taken by fellow-Christians on the grounds that the accused had failed in patriotism. Here again the pressure which forced Christians into actions which seemed to us wrong was from the general atmosphere, not from Government or other organisations, and the immediate cause of failure was conflict within the church.

Young Christians found it hard to stand firm. While the popular Youth Corps accepted Christians, it did so unwillingly, and Christians once accepted were subjected to such a load of compulsory activities that no time was

left for the church or Christian Fellowship. No Christian could become a Communist Party member, and since the fullest opportunities of service usually lay by way of the party, this was a heavy handicap. Young Christians were subjected to a massive barrage of argument from Marxist friends; and not a few became convinced that Communism had more to offer to China than had Christianity. One evening in 1950 we listened to a long account by a very close friend of how he had come to give up his Christianity and apply for membership in the Communist Party. He said:

" In 1948 I was a keen Christian, but becoming suspect by the secret agents of the Nationalists for my radical sympathies, I was forced to flee from Peking. Underground Communist workers helped me to get out of Nationalist territory into the liberated area. There my wife and I were kindly received. We were in poor health, and so were given special diet and extra rest. We were assigned to jobs, spent a good deal of time in the open air, and to our astonishment, in spite of the rough food and hard living, we became fitter than when in the city.

" We found real friendship and a strong sense of purpose among our fellow-workers. We appreciated their single-mindedness, and the way they cared for each other and worked as a team. There were hammer-and-tongs discussions, and I was impressed by the cohesion of their Marxist interpretations, and the unity of theory and practice which marked their thoughts and lives.

" They criticised Christianity as unscientific and impractical, pointing to its long history of obstruction to progress. By contrast they spoke of the achievements of the Communists in China, and the present success of the revolution. I found it hard to meet their arguments.

" Much harder to meet was the challenge of their lives. As a Christian I had believed for years that a man must surrender himself, give himself for others, forget personal **pride and 'face,'** personal emotions and prejudices, in the

service of mankind. These *kanpu* had given themselves more wholeheartedly than I, had achieved more than I, had more energy and drive, better teamwork, a clearer plan of living.

" In the end, after many struggles, I decided to adopt their way. I gave up belief in God and adopted Marxism. I decided to accept the leadership of the Communist Party as the true voice of the people. Realising how much I was the product of my class, I have started to learn to see things in a new way, from the viewpoint of the ordinary peasant. I find all that I sought in Christianity—purpose, energy, joy, comradeship, self-giving—and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am putting my whole energy into work which is of direct and immediate value to the Chinese people."

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Some missionaries have reported pessimistically that most of the churches have been shut down. On the other hand some Chinese Christians have told visitors optimistically that the Church is now more flourishing than ever before. We came to the conclusion that these views were equally extreme. As far as we could see, though no Peking churches closed down, most of them lost members during the years 1948-52—perhaps on the average one-third of their numbers. On the other hand the quality of the life of the churches, judged by the earnestness of Bible study, prayer and mutual care, has greatly improved.

For example, in Yenching the " Messiah " was sung each Christmas. In 1951 it was sung for the first time entirely in Chinese, and for the first time in the chapel as a simple act of worship. One of the choir, speaking at the next Sunday service, said: " This Christmas has been less noisy than in the past, and the rejoicing in the university has been more or less confined to Christians. But we have learned more from it than from any previous Christmas. **For instance, although the technical standard of the singing of the ' Messiah ' fell short of previous years, and our choir**

of sixty was smaller, yet we who took part in the singing found it a great inspiration. Especially in the singing of the Halleluia Chorus we found a unity in prayer and worship beyond all our previous experience. In the careful preparation for Christmas in Bible study and morning prayers we have realised its meaning more clearly and vividly than ever before. At the same time we have felt anew the challenge to go out to spread the good news. This experience is too precious to keep to ourselves."

Chinese Christians, influenced by new ideas, and often swept along on the great wave of patriotic pride which has surged through China, have revised their opinions of missionary work. Earlier they had depended heavily on missionaries for leadership and tended to set them on pedestals. They had accepted the judgments of missionaries even on the Chinese situation, of which most missionaries understood little, as witness their strong support for Chiang K'ai-Shek and the Nationalist Party. But after liberation, Chinese Christians began to note that many of the things in which missionaries had believed were not part of the original Christian gospel, but were accretions due to western tradition and social structure. They looked at Chinese churches and found most of them built in Gothic or "Bethel" style, quite inappropriate to the Chinese scene. They found their hymns and prayers taken over from western services, with very few Chinese tunes. The churches maintained sectarian divisions, based on western history, but meaningless in China.

Some missionaries had lived as on little islands of American or British life, on standards far removed from those of their Chinese fellow-workers. Sometimes they had praised American ways and pointed to them as models for China. Indeed it was not an easy thing for even the most devoted missionary to become so much identified with his Chinese friends that he could see his own country objectively and refrain from pressing his own patriotic judgments on his Chinese colleagues.

Chinese Christians, with the new standard of service of the underdog, became keenly aware of the falling short of missionaries from ideal standards. So when the *kanpu*, who believed that all missionaries must have had some economic or political motive, conscious or unconscious, in coming to China, took up an attitude of hostility, the Christians felt unable to defend the missionaries. They gave their support to the general verdict of the *kanpu* that the missionaries had been imperialist agents, while believing that they had known exceptions.

There was some truth in the statements of the *kanpu*. The same unequal treaties which had obtained the entry of British business men into China had also obtained the right of entry for missionaries. Many missionaries had maintained close contacts with officials of their own Governments whose duty it was to serve those Governments rather than China. Some American missionaries had acted as liaison officers between Chiang K'ai-Shek and the American Army. In America Dr. Judd, an ex-missionary, was one of the chief spokesmen for the notorious China Lobby, and Mr. Dulles, a leader in the church, was the chief protagonist of a policy unfriendly to China. Chinese Christians found it impossible to refute these and other similar facts, and so the Government was able to insist that missionaries must leave.

But the departure of the missionaries, and the cutting off of funds from abroad for the Church, was not all loss. The Chinese Church was forced to become self-supporting and self-governing—objectives desired by far-sighted missionaries for a score of years. The various denominations began to draw together more closely after the withdrawal of the missionaries. Chinese Christians set themselves to live down the criticisms that they were ignorant of China, unpatriotic and westernised.

Influenced by a new environment of ideas and led by such men as Dr. Wu Yao-Tsung, Chinese Christians began to see the records in the Bible from a new angle. They

emphasised characteristics of Jesus which they felt they had neglected in the past. They came to think of Him as a manual worker, one of the proletariat, and consequently in inevitable opposition to exploiting and controlling groups—Romans, Herod and his court, Pharisees, Sadducees. They set in the front of their thinking His announced objective—"to preach the gospel to the poor ... to preach deliverance to captives ... to set at liberty them that are bruised." They took these words literally, and emphasised the continual struggle in which Jesus was involved, quoting His statement that He came to bring not peace but a sword. They regarded His recorded message to Herod, His attitude to Pilate, His condemnation of the Pharisees, as evidence that scorn, scathing criticism and hatred were part of His life (directed not at men as men, but at men as representatives or tools of an evil or exploiting order). At the same time they saw this as God's personal intervention into history, His judgment on human life and redemption of human life. This led them to a severely critical attitude towards churches (including their own in the past) which had lived among human degradation, poverty, misery and exploitation, and failed to act against them.

Some Christians of the west, not in sympathy with these new ideas of Chinese Christians, have feared that the Chinese Church has come so far under the influence of secular forces that it has forsaken its own message. I am therefore setting down, in the following pages, notes which I took of a sermon preached by Dr. Wu Yao-Tsung at Yenching a few months before we left China. In order to make this report as objective as I can, I am making no changes in the notes as taken down, except where necessary to clarify the meaning. Dr. Wu said:

"I want to speak about the Fundamentals of Christianity. My text comes from Luke 10, 27: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy

neighbour as thyself.' I shall speak about God, Jesus, the Holy Spirit, and the Meaning of History.

" I. *God*.—Soon after becoming a Christian I began to doubt the existence of God. But through meditation my faith was confirmed. I came to see God creating the world all the time, in nature and in the creative life of men, immanent in the universe. All around us is evidence of God's action.

" Since God exists, He sees and hears us. But we cannot see or hear Him. He is like the sun irradiating the whole earth. We cannot look directly at Him, can never know what He is like in His completeness. But we can see some aspects of God. He shows Himself in all Truth. Sometimes we go out to find God, sometimes His Truth impinges on us, and we cannot escape or refuse to accept it. When we see God in Truth, we cannot but love Him. Without this love I am like a fish taken from the water, in stress and torment.

" These thirty years I have depended on God. Without Him I would have been full of misery, pessimism and failure. With Him in the midst of all problems I have found joy. So I worship God. Nothing in the world is more precious to me than faith. If I were to lose that, I would lose all.

" 2. *Jesus*.—In Jesus, His only son, God became flesh. In Jesus we have the final revelation of God. What did He show us, and why does salvation come through Him alone? Not His teaching, great as that is. Jesus showed us how to confront God. God is like the sun; we cannot look directly at Him. But looking at Jesus we see God through Him.

" Jesus' coming was like taking us from this world into a new world. I do not mean an imaginary heaven. I mean a world of completeness and clarity. That is the ' Kingdom of Heaven ' of which Jesus spoke. He never defined it, He spoke of it always in similes. But He taught that the

Kingdom is among men. When you enter it, you find a new sense of values, a correct perspective. You know your own mistakes. As Paul said, you leave what is behind, strive toward the goal—not having attained, nor perfect, but striving. So problems are solved, and freedom lies ahead, in an illimitable future.

" Then comes the new creation—the new person. The old self is crucified, and the new man born into freedom. Where the spirit of God is, there is freedom. With this experience, you cannot but love men.

" 3. *The Holy Spirit*.—There is a world of material things and a world of the spirit. In fact, they form one world. A tree has material existence, and so has man. But life is more complex for him. He demands to know *how* to live. ' *How?* ' He asks this question and moves from the material to the spiritual world. He desires to know his place in the universe, and his right action.

" Then the Spirit brings light to guide us, help us and teach us. So it makes the whole of material life serve spiritual life. When these two are integrated, the Kingdom of Heaven is here. But men are weak, and fall constantly. Then the Spirit comes as Comforter, clears the clouds away and shows the blue sky. Whether you are wise or foolish, good or bad, the one condition for the coming of the Spirit is humility.

" If we humbly obey the instruction of the Spirit we shall in the end find God, completion and peace. But we may be sent where we do not wish to go, like Moses, Peter and Paul. In these three years there were many things I was unwilling to do. But a Power within me drove me on. Obedience to this inner guidance is the sole demand. It may lead to pain. No matter. God's strength is available. For Jesus it led to the Cross.

" We are thus liberated from the small ego into the larger life of God. This is the work of the Spirit if we are humble.

" 4. *History*.—Christianity is denied in China today. This is because organised Christianity had failed God and

Jesus and had become a stumbling-block, an escape from the demand for justice and progress. But now we are reforming ourselves, and we pray that the Church throughout the world will undertake the same reform.

" We speak of love. In land reform, the movement against counter-revolutionaries, the Resist-America-Help-Korea Movement, I see God working to put right the evils of the past. As we look forward to Socialism and Communism we see God using present powers to put His love into action. When we achieve Socialism and Communism this will be a partial achievement of Christian objectives. It will be liberation from the individualism which has limited us in the past.

" In modern history we can see God even in the very denial of organised Christianity. The tide of history is the movement of God's will, and we must move with it. Then we find the further vision. This is the lesson of history.

5. *The Future of Christianity*.—Has Christianity any destiny, in the light of the modern situation? I believe that it has. Though the form of Christianity may change, the fundamentals I have been describing will not change. Limited man will still continue to search for God, the partial for completeness.

" I do not fear for the future of Christianity. As far as it represents the truth we need, it cannot fail. In the highly developed society of the future, more of truth will have been discovered. The form of Christianity may be much changed. Many things which we now regard as vital in form and theology may be left behind. Now we are like fish trying to live on land. When we find the water to swim in, life will be filled with God. We shall find new forms of worship.

" But two things can never change. They are (1) the attitude of humility towards Reality, that is, towards God. While acting with courage on what I know, I have to remember that today's truth is tomorrow's error. In tension truth is gradually revealed. (2) The sense of mystery—the

numinous. Beyond the finite known there is the unknown and unknowable infinite. When we look at the stars, when we consider a tiny flying insect, when we are uplifted by the beauty of the flowers, we realise that beside this seen world is the unseen world waiting to be explored. Within that unseen world lies the mystery of the Resurrection of Jesus, the fundamental fact of Christianity, which we cannot and dare not deny.

" Fundamental religion is this—to stand like children before the infinite majesty of God, to adore, depend and obey."

Critics may question the theology or the political judgments of this man who leads Chinese Christians today, but the sincerity and depth of his commitment to the Christian faith, which shone through this sermon, impressed one still more in personal conversations. He was typical of the Christian leaders who had chosen to throw in their weight behind the People's Government.

Will the Chinese Church survive? Small in numbers (there are in all 700,000 Protestant Christians), brief in traditions, isolated from the churches of the west, can it stand up against the tremendous impact of Communism, which takes the place of religion for the majority of the young people of China? The answer lies within the Chinese Church. Among our friends there we can count many whose faith has grown through the tests of suffering in war, civil war, deep poverty, occupation by a foreign army, disease, imprisonment and torture by Japanese soldiers. The Church is young, but the Christians are old in experience. We believe that the leaders and the ordinary church members have the maturity and the earnestness of conviction which will enable the Church to stand.

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FAREWELL TALKS WITH OUR FRIENDS

IN the summer of 1952 we decided, after long talks with Hou Jen-Chih and other colleagues, that it was time to leave for England. In the subsequent weeks, during which we prepared for the various authorities the twelvefold lists, in English and Chinese, of details of all the items we intended to take with us, we had many opportunities for farewell conversations with colleagues and friends. We also seized chances of talking with random acquaintances, so as to try to assess the general standing of the Government with the people.

No matter with whom we talked, we found enthusiastic approval. When we offered criticisms, we found that even those who might be said to have suffered from actions of Government or party members would strongly argue the Government's case. One young Christian, to whom I protested that he had been made a scapegoat and unjustly blamed, replied: "I believe that I was right, but I can understand the viewpoint of those who thought I was wrong. Moreover, although I myself was not guilty, yet the people were being aroused to new heights of awareness and patriotism by the movement that condemned me. It was more important that that movement should succeed than that I should be vindicated. If my unmerited accusation can benefit the mass of the people, it does not matter what happens to me. As for me, nothing that has happened affects my enthusiastic support for the Government."

A young carpenter came to make packing-cases for us. We were intrigued to see him doing the job himself, for on

previous occasions he had given an estimate for the work, and then sent an employee to carry it out. I asked him, as we chatted over a problem of materials, how life went for him these days. He replied: " In the old days I was boss, and employed several workmen. I did little work myself, though I was a skilled carpenter. I lived better by exploiting the work of the six men whom I employed. But times were hard, there was rapid inflation, business was anxious and life was unsatisfactory and meaningless. Now I am no longer a boss. All the carpenters in the village work together in a co-operative. As I join in the labour I feel proud of my work, and ashamed to have lived on the labour of other men. Now I am earning, in a steady job as a skilled craftsman, a better living than I squeezed out of the men before, and I am very much happier. I feel that I am doing an honourable share in the task of building the New China."

Another old friend had been trained as a shoemaker, but during the last years of the Nationalists he had found that there was not enough work to go round, so he had become odd-job man for a missionary household. He was a very shrewd observer of the world around him, and smart in looking after his own interests. When revolution loomed before us he had said to me: " We who are not rich have nothing to lose. We are not afraid of Communists, for life can't be worse than it is now." All the same, he took elaborate precautions lest his two acres of land be confiscated and divided, but his fears were groundless. When the missionary left, he decided that the time had come to set up once more as shoemaker. He told us that with his new-style wife, whom he had taught to use his sewing-machine, he was able to earn over a million dollars a month—rather more than the wage of a single skilled worker, and equal to the salary of a university professor. From a cynical attitude towards all governments he gradually changed over to support of the People's Government—not from any

altruistic motives, but because he found himself better off in the stable economy with full employment.

Probably skilled workers were the group whose living standards advanced most rapidly. But farmers felt the same relief from anxiety. One morning when Peter and I went out for a run before breakfast on the north of the university, we talked with a farmer who was resting after carrying fertiliser. He told us that in the land reform he had received one acre of dry land and half an acre of irrigated land for his family, which consisted of himself, his wife, and five small children. Previously he had rented one acre of dry land only, so he was much better off. But last year he had been ill for many months, and had had to borrow money. As yet there was no credit co-operative to borrow from in such an emergency, and so he had had to get a private loan, which was to be repaid with 50 per cent interest. Still he was very cheerful. His family had enough to eat and his eldest child was going to school. When I asked what they ate, he said : " Millet and maize and salted turnips. We cannot afford vegetables or meat yet. But if I remain well, and we are able to get spare-time employment, which is not difficult, we shall soon be able to eat better and clothe the children better. It is already far easier than in the old days when we didn't know where the next meal was coming from, and some days went without food."

As yet there is no national health scheme in China, and illness of the breadwinner is a calamity in any peasant family. But all Government institutions and all large factories provide free medical treatment and sick pay for employees and their families. This meant a great deal to some of our friends. One of them, a junior member of the teaching faculty, ran into a long spell of family illness in 1951. He himself, having a history of tuberculosis, succumbed to it again after a period of overwork. At about the same time his daughter also contracted it. His wife, worn out with caring for the two of them, and already afflicted with asthma, took to her bed, and after a long

illness died. These illnesses all occurred before the provision of free treatment began, and he fell heavily into debt buying medicines and giving his wife a costly funeral. He borrowed from university, union and all his friends, and lived each month on credit from the tradesmen. Consequently, although he had been sympathetic towards the People's Government from its inception, his physical weakness and suffering had made him unable to join in the general attitude of optimism and zeal. Finally the era of free treatment began, and an enormous load of anxiety was lifted from his shoulders. After a while he realised that in the new China he had a place. The Government would care for him and would expect from him his contribution in teaching. He found security from financial cares, and security in the knowledge that his work would count, and our final conversation was the most cheerful and positive of all.

Most of my colleagues who were scientists had originally shown little interest in political affairs. Partly because in the nature of things the man who is absorbed in scientific research tends to find human relations too difficult and unpredictable, partly because in Nationalist China politics was a dirty business, they had held themselves aloof. But the Government's faith in science, and the fact that their work had been appreciated and given the maximum chance of development, gradually won them over. Then they had begun to see that the scientist cannot in fact remain neutral. If he himself does not determine the right application of his science, others will utilise it and him.

Ten days before I left China I met by chance Dr. Huang K'un, a physicist just back in Peking after a distinguished record of research work in England. Finding that I was about to return to England he quizzed me apprehensively as to what I was intending to report. "Have you really grasped the tremendous thing that has happened here? Have you felt the general atmosphere of hope and confidence? Have you realised the immense creative energy that

has been released now that the people are set free? When I was in England I did not truly understand the spirit of the New China. You must not go until you are ready to make people see the outstanding significance of what is happening to us here."

Tai Wen-Sai took a doctorate in astronomy at Cambridge, but for the past six years he had been teaching elementary calculus to freshmen. He was a good writer, but an indifferent teacher, and was worried by it. In a last conversation, just before I left, he remarked how much he had gained from the Mathematics Department "Group for Study of Teaching Methods." In this group he had reproduced three of his lectures for criticism. He had learned a lot from this, and from observing the "criticism lectures" delivered by others. The new frankness between teachers and students which followed the Anti-3 Movement had dispelled secret fears and criticisms on both sides, and Tai Wen-Sai had been especially happy when the students' blackboard-news had singled him out for comment as the most improved lecturer of the term. He told me that in the radical reorganisation of higher education in Peking he was assigned to teach and to research in astronomy. Moreover, instead of being a lone astronomer as before, he was to be one of a team of six. Thus his interest and training would be put to the most efficient use.

As a Christian he had been subject to the inevitable tensions of the general hostility to religion, but he had come to give a very thoroughgoing support to the People's Government. He believed that Christians everywhere had a special responsibility to work for world peace, and urged me to give this challenge to Christians in England.

Hou Jen-Chih had been an intimate friend since we had been young instructors together in Yenching in the harsh years when Japanese armies invaded North China. He was the son of a country pastor, and had been a leader in the Christian Fellowship. During his three years' study at Liverpool, however, his religious zeal was very gravely

dampened by his observations of the churches in England and their lack of social conscience. The murder of his brother by Nationalist secret agents had given him a deep hatred of Chiang K'ai-Shek's régime, and so he went back to China after the liberation of Peking fully expecting to throw himself into the building of the new China. A man of intense enthusiasms, brilliant equally as teacher or public speaker, he quickly emerged to leadership on the campus. He was elected chairman of our union, and constantly represented the faculty on municipal or national committees. During this time he adopted more and more of Marxist ideas, and drifted away from the church. Shortly before we left he said: "The opportunities for serving the people in the spirit of Jesus which I am finding through the Government under the leadership of the Communist Party are greater than I ever found in the church. The church gave me ideals, but modern China gives me a programme of action and a method. The patient and searching criticisms which I have received from party members have helped me more than all the exhortations I heard in sermons."

Our Director of Physical Education and his wife were also very old friends. The Director, although a Cantonese, had been so much influenced by his western training that he habitually used English in his teaching and coaching. He was a man of industry and devotion to his job, but rather impervious to suggestions, so that there were discontented colleagues in his department. He was also very cautious towards any new thing, so that the spirit of the new China seemed to pass him by. But in the Anti-3 Movement the honesty and sincerity of his self-criticism were such that it won popular acclaim. This opened up a new era of co-operative relationships in the department. He gave up the use of English and used Chinese for teaching, adopted the democratic methods of the new day, and began to accept new ideas. Thus he began to fit into his environment and find the satisfaction of "belonging."

His wife was engaged in writing materials for use in

teaching primary school science. After an uphill job on her own for a while, she was invited into a group organised for such work by the municipal government. Thereafter she first met with teachers who would handle the material. After discussion, the next topic and line of treatment were decided upon. She then wrote up the lesson, which was tried out by all the teachers. Another meeting produced comments and criticisms, and led to a final revision of the writing. She found this method much more stimulating and effective than her previous efforts to work by herself. This was one example of what is meant now in China by " combining theory and practice " and " keeping close to the people."

This pair also tried family meetings with their children for self-criticism. The mother first examined her own attitudes in the home, and then listened quietly to the criticisms of her children. Each of the family took a turn. The parents were enthusiastic about the results, felt that they enjoyed the confidence of their children more than ever before, and that suggestions made within the family in this spirit of patriotic endeavour had far more effect than any amount of nagging.

A close neighbour of ours was a widow whose husband had died during the Japanese occupation. She had courageously taken up teaching and had brought up her children on her own. Her mother had been an American, her father Chinese, and she naturally felt very keenly in her own mind all the stress of the conflict between American ways and ideas, and the new proud patriotic China. After long months of disquiet and slow readjustment she decided that she wanted to identify herself with China, to become wholly Chinese in sympathy. When urged from America to leave China, she found that she did not want to go. The things that the new China stood for now appealed to her more than the things America stood for. The children who lived with her were very active and happy, and she was happy in them.

A very different person was our Chinese teacher (we still studied Chinese in spite of long years in the country). He was a Manchu and a scholar of the old type—gentle, courteous, learned, steeped in the old traditions. He seldom talked about his own opinions, and we imagined at first that he might find little to sympathise with in the new world around him. But we learned that he had a son in the army as a volunteer, another son who was a doctor in a municipal hospital, that he himself joined with evident enjoyment in the great parades on May Day and October 1st, and that his wife was the leader of the Public Health Committee of their street. We told him one day of a rumour among Peking foreigners that one of the old teachers of Chinese had been executed, during the Anti-counter-revolutionary Drive, because he had taught foreigners. He laughed it to scorn. "All the old teachers from the Peking Language School are my friends," he said. "It is true that some of them are poor these days, having few students and little else they can turn a hand to. But none of us has got into trouble for teaching Chinese to foreigners. This Government is not like that."

As I left Yenching for the last time, travelling to Peking in the early morning by pedicab, I had the chance of a long talk to the rider, about the difference that the People's Government had made in the life of his family. "In the old days," he said, "getting fares was a desperate job. There were too many pedicabs. Sometimes I would not get a single fare all day, and my family had to go without food. We were never sure where the next meal was coming from. The police were our enemies, and would beat us on the slightest pretext. We had no organisation or trade union. There was neither night school for us nor day school for our children.

"Now pedicabs are being steadily reduced in numbers. Although there are many more buses than before, business is so good that there is work for all of us. We can get a fair price for our labour, and we can appeal to the police if we

need the help of authority to insist on the correct fare. I can now send all my children to school, and our food and clothes, though simple and rough, are adequate. Because I can read and write a little, I am a teacher in our night school and an officer in the union. The union is not yet strong enough to undertake insurance against low earnings or damage to the pedicab, but we do now contribute to a fund which helps the family in case of the death of a rider.

" I do not expect to be riding a pedicab much longer. The Government is determined to cut out pedicabs. So no new licences are granted, and pedicabmen are being trained as skilled workers for new factories. The youngest get the first chance, but we expect that we will all get a chance before long. I would rather be a skilled worker than a pedicab rider, of course, but I never had a chance before. So my future is quite hopeful."

We talked with many old friends among the faculty and students. They knew we were leaving, and had confidence in us. If they had harboured in their minds doubts and suspicions of the present régime, or wished to send messages to the outside world of persecution and resistance, this was the chance to speak. But none of our friends had such confidences to give. What they did give was the message, repeated many times with individual variations, that they felt themselves proud citizens of a resurrected China, and that they looked forward with hope and confidence to a future of rising standards of living and fuller life for all its people. They also urged us to tell people in the west of their longing for a peaceful world, and their certain conviction that they and we would see the day of true friendship and co-operation among the peoples of all nations.

Sketch map of CHINA

Showing places mentioned in this book

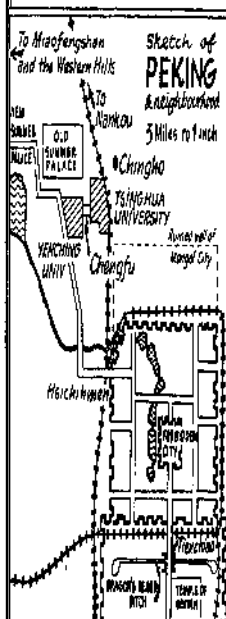
Roads and railways
are shown as they
were in 1942-5.

The communication network is now much more intensive

+++++ Railways
~~~~~ Roads

PROVINCE HOMES ARE  
SHOWN ABOVE IN BLUE

200 miles to truck



← To Afrofengshan  
and the Western Hills

NEW  
SCHOOL  
MUSE

Q.D.  
SUMMER  
FALL

TEACHING  
JANUARY 11

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